

### Is Life Worth Living.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long  
As spring revives the year,  
And hail is with the cuckoo's song,  
To show that she is here;  
So long as May or April takes,  
In smiles and tears, farewell,  
And wild flowers dapple all the brakes,  
And primroses the dell;  
While children in the woodland yet  
Adorn their little laps,  
With lady'slock and violet,  
And daisy-chain their caps;  
While over orchard daffodils  
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,  
And ouse-pipes and hawcock trills,  
And young lambs buck and bleat;  
So long as that which bursts the bud  
And swells and tenses the rill,  
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,  
Life is worth living still.  
— Alfred Austin.

### "A HOUSE TO LET."

It was advertised in the papers after this fashion: "A bijou residence, suitable for small family, charmingly situated on one of the loveliest reaches of the Thames. A house of unique design and exceptional sanitary arrangements; sleeping garden to river, boat, boat house, stabling, fruit garden, etc."

Yet despite the alluring character of this announcement, the bijou residence went through two seasons unlet—its notice boards leaning lower and lower as the seasons went on over the stone box-fringed garden walls, with pathetic irresponsibility.

At length, simultaneously, one morning in late July, two people caught the glow of that announcement from opposite corners of England—the one a man, the other a woman, and they bent their faces in its direction.

A geographical as well as a railway time book, dispersion d-dered also these two people should make their debut simultaneously at the little wayside station, situated some mile and a half from the bijou residence in question. After that, how much fate or destiny had to do with it? How much man? How much woman? Remains problematical. I defy two people of the opposite sexes to walk for a mile and a half along a boxed-in country lane, and not be oppressively conscious of each other. I defy a man possessed of the slightest modicum of taste not to pick out the various beauties of that woman if she have them, and briefly tabulate them on the retina of his appreciation as he walks. I defy her, if she have a grain of that coquetry which is said to be innate in woman, not to display those beauties to the best advantage for his especial delectation.

And what woman ever walks along a country road rich in wild flowers without stopping every five minutes to pick some.

Finally, the two drew up at the garden gate, if not simultaneously, almost so, the man pushing the gate wide for her and waiting, and they arrived face to face under the trellised porch.

The woman had put a bunch of scarlet rosettes in her hat, a corresponding bunch in her waistband. She held sufficient wild grasses and daisies in her arms to decorate a font at a harvest festival. Her dark gypsy face had caught a glow from these berries; her dark eyes shone; she was not young, the man thought, but extremely attractive.

The sound of advancing footsteps—footsteps presumably of the caretaker—roused him from his temporary abstraction. It occurred to him that speech was the only thing possible to save the situation. He raised his hat, displayed a grizzled but patrician head, and smiled.

don't want to be knocking up again each other all the livelong day." Here the figure in the rowan berries summarily disappeared into the tiny drawing-room. The tall patrician man, preternaturally embarrassed, strode into the tiny dining-room and the garrulous caretaker was left to finish her speech to empty benches. She imagined herself to be a woman of singular penetration, however. It was her boast that she could grasp a situation at a glance and take it all in. Therefore she was by no means disconcerted till a flutter of skirts smote her ear, and the woman with the rowan berries reappeared, the man having gone upstairs, saying in a whisper, with indignation traceable in every word:

"That gentleman is a perfect stranger to me. I have never seen him before today in my life. We chanced to arrive at the station together. And now you can go. There is no occasion for you to follow me over the house—I prefer to look at it alone. By the bye," she added, "I should advise the owners to put it in other hands. You evidently don't want to let it."

It does not take long to look over a six-roomed cottage. In ten minutes the man was out on the slope of garden in the rear looking idly ahead of him across the reach. He had seen in a flash through the stair case window the rowan berries going upstairs. He caught in a flash now the rowan berries coming down.

"Would she go straight out by the hall door?" he asked himself. "or come into the garden?" A rattle of the silk skirts coming down the path towards him, a glimpse of a comely figure silhouetted momentarily against the pond-cut ivy, was the agreeable answer to his query.

"As we have both some long distances, and indisputably upon the same quest," she began, "it is but fair, in deed, the right and civil thing to do, I think, to ask you if you have come to any decision about the house? I believe"—here her eyebrows went up and she showed a gleam of teeth—"in all business matters man takes precedence."

"But in matters of sentiment," he interrupted her, "woman."

"Sentiment?" she said. "Do you think, then, even in her business transactions, a woman is necessarily sentimental?"

"I certainly do," he answered. She moved on down nearer the flagged edge of the reach, and stood looking away across it to the green meadows opposite, each detail of her charming person depicted in the water with distracting accuracy.

"Ah, if you know me better," she said, "you would find that I am a most prosaic creature. I threw aside sentiment ten years ago, when I threw aside my youth. My head at this moment, if you could see the workings of it, is full of the prosaic speculations to the drainage of the estate, the exact character of the soil on which it stands, for I have a strong suspicion that it is built upon clay. I am propounding, too, whether I like the kitchen range. The scullery strikes me as having been thought of afterward; and about the bathroom fittings I am just wondering. It seems to me they are inadequate, as compared with the flowery suggestion of sanitary perfection conveyed in the Daily Telegraph; and, well, the drawing and dining rooms are certainly rather circumscribed, aren't they?"

He dropped his hazel eyes upon her and leaned on his cane. "Yes," he said slowly; "I have certainly seen something that pleases me today. But," he added quickly, "I am willing to waive priority, if I have it, which I doubt, in your favor and back out of all competition with regard to the bijou residence. After all, what does it signify? I am a bachelor, anything will do me."

"And I am a spinster," she said with a smile. "Why should not anything do for me?"

"For all their never 'avin met fill this 'ere morning, they seem to be mighty friendly," observed the caretaker, watching their departure down the shady road together later. "It seems to me to be more a question of taking each other than taking the house. They ain't said nothing about the house one way or 'other, but they have said a good deal about each other judging by their eyes."

The woman picked more wild flowers as she went back, the man assisted her. Midway down the dusty lane they rested on a fallen oak, the victim of a recent cyclone, and told each other their biographies. At the inn, close to the railway, they lunched together in the inn parlor, criticising the proprietor's ideas of art afterwards, a task of elastic quality according to the degree of opportunity for lingering desired. And she—she never looked prettier, even in her palmist days.

Have you ever traced the genesis of an acquaintance? It may be quite as capable of wide advances and undreamed conclusions as the genesis of speech. You may begin in the Tropics of Cancer and end in Siberia; or you may begin in Siberia, and end in the Tropics of Cancer; it's all a matter of chance. But this man and this woman began and ended in the Tropics of Cancer, and so there was a marriage in the paper; but the bijou residence is still unlet.—St. Paul's.

### Japan's 817,000,000 Cathedral.

When foreign architects visit Japan and see the cathedral of Buddhism for the first time, they are generally astonished at the magnitude of its structure. It is executed in pure oriental style, and is richly ornamented with carvings. H. Ito, a famous builder of Nagoya City, designed it. The structure was commenced in 1878, and was completed last year. The cost has been estimated at seventeen million dollars. It would have greatly exceeded this amount had not numbers of Buddhists worked without any recompense.

As the structure neared completion the committee having the work in charge was much perplexed as to fire insurance. They found that no company would assume the risk on such a valuable wooden structure, the danger of destruction by fire being very great, and that the premiums would amount to an enormous sum of money. At last the committee decided on a design devised by Dr. Tannabe. Numbers of powerful fountains were constructed, both exterior and interior, which can be made to play on all parts of the structure at the same time.

Usually only one great ornamental fountain is playing, rising to the great height of 157 feet. This is probably the largest artificial fountain in existence, emitting 82,000 gallons per hour. In case of fire all the water pressure is directed through the numbers of exterior and interior fountains; thus every part of the structure, both inside and outside, could soon be drenched, and any conflagration soon extinguished.—Washington Star.

### To Prevent Smallpox Pitting.

The human skin in a condition of health may be inflamed by light of great intensity, and in smallpox the already inflamed skin seems to be as sensitive to the chemical rays as a photographic plate. This discovery has led to recent experiments in the exclusion of the actinic rays of sunlight from smallpox patients, to prevent suppuration and pitting. From an account by Dr. N. R. Pines, of Copenhagen, it appears that the treatment should be commenced as early as possible, that the chemical rays should be excluded by means of window glass of a deep red color or by very thick curtains, that the patient may safely use weak candle-light when taking his meals, and that natural daylight must not be admitted until the vesicles have dried up. This treatment does not interfere with any other that may be considered necessary. In several cases of unvaccinated children suffering from smallpox, one physician, at the first skeptical as to the influence of the red light, was surprised at the favorable course of the disease, as the vesicles did not suppurate, there was no secondary fever, and no permanent pitting resulted.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

#### LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY.

Little Mr. By-and-by,  
You will mock him by his cry,  
And the way he lingers when  
Called again and yet again,  
Glimp if he must have his play  
Though all time be holiday.

#### LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY.

Little Mr. By-and-by,  
Eyes cast down and mouth awry,  
In the mountains of the moon  
He is known as Pretty Soon;  
And he's cousin to Don't Care,  
As no doubt you're well aware.

#### LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY.

Always has a fretful "Why?"  
When he's asked to come or go;  
Like his sister—Susan Snow,  
Hope will never, you nor I—  
Be like Mr. By-and-by.  
—CLOCKWORK SOUVENIR IN ST. NICHOLAS.

#### A HOLIDAY DINNER.

Hurrah! Washington's birthday,  
and no school. Outdoors they  
all ran—Jimmy and Jacky and  
Chubby and Fidgets. It had been  
thawing all night, and the snow was  
soft and sticky, just right for snow-  
balls, and perfectly splendid for snow  
men!

Jimmy rolled up the snow, Jacky shaped it into figures, Chubby admitted, and Fidgets barked. Soon they had quite a group of snow statues. Here was General Washington with his cocked hat and one; the face was carved with an old kitchen knife, and mamma said it was really a likeness. Cornwallis hung his head, because he had to surrender, and Benedict Arnold looked so cross that Fidgets growled at him.

"Now for a statue of America!" shouted Jacky.  
Soon a stately figure towering above the rest; all that was wanting was a sceptre in her hand.  
"Take a cob of corn," suggested Chubby. "It looks so pretty."  
So America pointed her corn sceptre at the Revolutionary heroes. Then the children ran into dinner, they were so hungry!

But what do you think? Mrs. Red Squirrel was keeping holiday, too, and she was just starting out to do her marketing. She peeped from her door first one way and then the other, and when she saw that Fidgets was no where in sight, she gave a chuckle, and slid down from the oak tree.  
She cocked up her sunny little head at Washington and the others; then she made a bold dash at America, and knocked the sceptre right out of her hand. Next she gnawed off some of the corn, and stuffed it into her shopping-bag, which, by the way, was her own little mouth.

"My dear, what a bargain-hunter you are!" said Mr. Red Squirrel when she came home.  
He even curled up his tail in the latest style, and started out to help her carry home her bundles. Up and down the tree they scampered with their cheeks puffed out like rubber balls, till they had brought in the last load. Just as their tails whisked in at the hole, out rushed the children again.

"Somebody has stolen America's sceptre!" screamed Jacky.  
"Somebody has gnawed it all up!" piped Chubby.  
And Fidgets barked.  
But the squirrels lay still in their hole, and didn't care a bit. They ate their holiday dinner, and chuckled to themselves.—Youth's Companion.

### THE REGULAR ARMY

#### It is Small Numerically, But of The Highest Grade.

#### What the Applicant Must Do to Get Into the Ranks.

It seems to be the general belief, perhaps because the United States army is small in number, that its file is made up of rather inferior men. Probably this idea was always wrong. Certainly it is today entirely unfounded, for the very good reason that the standard by which applicants for enlistment are measured is higher in the United States than in any other country in the world, and the boys who wear the blue are as fine specimens of healthy and intelligent manhood as were ever mustered under a flag.

Only unmarried men between twenty-one and thirty years of age are now accepted, and most men are at their best physically at that period of life. The applicant is allowed to state whether he wishes to go into the foot or the mounted service, and his desires are generally respected. For infantry a man must not be less than five feet four inches in height, and weigh not less than 128 pounds, nor more than 190 pounds. For cavalry the height must not be less than five feet four inches, nor more than five feet ten inches, while the weight and chest measurements are as follows:

- For a man 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weight 128 pounds, chest 32 1/2 inches.
- For a man 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weight 130 pounds, chest 33 inches.
- For a man 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weight 132 pounds, chest 33 1/2 inches.
- For a man 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weight 134 pounds, chest 34 inches.
- For a man 5 ft. 8 in. tall, weight 136 pounds, chest 34 1/2 inches.
- For a man 5 ft. 9 in. tall, weight 138 pounds, chest 35 inches.
- For a man 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weight 140 pounds, chest 35 1/2 inches.
- For a man 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weight 142 pounds, chest 36 inches.

If the regulations should be stretched so as to let in a taller man than five feet ten, then his size must increase in similar proportion to his height. For instance, a man, six feet one in height must weigh 176 pounds and have a chest measurement of 36 1/4 inches. Indeed there is no prejudice against tall men, but they are scrutinized very carefully and must be symmetrical also.

When the applicant goes up for examination he is weighed, measured and described by a sergeant, and a blank filled out which when complete, reveals every possible thing about the applicant's physical structure and condition. This is scrutinized by the recruiting officer, and then the applicant goes before the surgeon and is stripped that the medical men may verify the previous examination. This is done in the most minute way and a certificate that is as exact as may be is given. If he is accepted the recruit is sworn to the service by the recruiting officer, and if the enlistment be in New York he is sent to Devil's Island and from there to the command with which he is to serve.

Men are not enlisted especially for the artillery, but the most intelligent of those who go into the mounted forces are selected for this arm of the service when there are vacancies in it. The artillery, therefore, is composed of picked men, and this accounts for the splendid bearing of these soldiers whenever they are seen on parade.

The term of service in the army is now three years and the number of men about 20,000; and therefore it is necessary to secure each year by enlistments and re-enlistments something like 7,000 men. About 1,000 of these are re-enlistments of men who become attached to the service or who acquire what might be called the army habit. The examination of a man who has served one enlistment or more and has a good record is naturally less severe than that given to a new recruit, for the man of experience may have acquired benefits as incidents of his service and these, unless debilitating, are quite properly not counted against him. The man of experience, too, is considered a much more valuable soldier than the novice.

The scheme of the statute under which recruiting is done, while it encourages reenlistment, also provides for the probable return of discharged soldiers to civil life. Now, when a man is discharged he is not re-enlisted until three months after that time if he care for such a turlough, so that he may have a taste of civil life, and this period is counted as a part of his service.

Provision is made for the retirement of soldiers after thirty years' service on three-fourths pay and three-fourths commutation for clothing and subsistence, the allowance to be made on the basis of the pay that was received when the retirement occurred.

Thus it was seen that the government looks after the old soldiers with much consideration.

A private receives \$13 a month for the first two years of enlistment, and \$14 a month for the third year if he has served faithfully, and the writer was informed that a careful man could easily save \$300 during the three years. This would seem to be impossible, but it should be borne in mind that a soldier's clothing, quarters and food are supplied to him. Considering these facts, in connection with the advantages of the post schools, libraries, gymnasiums and cadets, a term of service in the United States army cannot be considered as other than a wholesome and beneficial experience. To those who fret at restraint and who cannot submit themselves to discipline an army experience is likely to be very valuable unless the lawless soldier be driven to desertion.

There are less than forty recruiting stations at present in the United States and these are scattered over the country from Boston to San Francisco. Last November about 250 recruits were secured and Boston supplied more than any other station, New York next, St. Louis next, then St. Paul, then Albany. For many years after the civil war the majority of the enlisted men were of foreign birth and many of them were not even citizens. Now, no man is eligible who is not a citizen or who has not made legal declaration to become a citizen and can speak, read and write the English language. Indeed, the great majority of the recruits to-day are native born, though many of them are of foreign parentage. There are post-schools at which soldiers who desire it can acquire, free of cost, a fair English education. Not many enlist for the sake of this advantage, but very many young men, once in the service, take advantage of these schools and an account of the instruction received return to civil life much better equipped for self-support and the exercise of intelligent citizenship.—Detroit Free Press.

### Cocaine on the Race Track.

Within a recent period cocaine has come into use on the race track, as a stimulant. Horses that are worn and exhausted, or are uncertain as to speed and endurance, are given ten to fifteen grains of cocaine by the needle under the skin at the time of starting, or a few moments before.

The effects are very prominent, and a variable muscular debility follows, in which the horse displays unusual speed, and often unexpectedly wins the race. This agitation continues, and the driver has difficulty in "slowing down" the horse after the race is over; not infrequently the horse will go half round again before he can be stopped. The exhaustion which follows is not marked, except in the great thirst and loss of appetite. But good groomers give unusual attention to rubbing and bathing the legs in hot water and stimulants. The general effect on the horse is depression, from which he soon recovers, but it is found essential to give cocaine again to make sure of his speed. The action of cocaine grows more transient as the use increases, and when a long period of scoring follows before the race begins, drivers give a second dose secretly while in the saddle. Sometimes the horse becomes delirious and unmanageable, and leaves the track in a wild frenzy, often killing the driver, or he drops dead on the track from the cocaine, although the cause is unknown to any but the owner and driver. Some horses have been given as high as twenty grains at a time, but this is dangerous and only given to worn-out animals, who may by this means win a race. It appears that cocaine is only used in training races, and as a temporary stimulant for the time. It is claimed that the dosing eyes and trembling excitement of the horse is strong evidence of the use of cocaine. *Quarterly Journal of the Veterinary Society.*

### Presidential Coincidence.

John Adams was eight years older than his successor, Thomas Jefferson; he eight years older than James Madison; he eight years older than James Monroe; and he eight years older than John Q. Adams.

George Washington ended his term as president in his sixty-fifth year, so, too, did John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the same day July 4, 1826, exactly fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. One other president, James Monroe, died on July 4. His death occurred in 1831.

Every president, it is said, with the single exception of William H. Harrison, has had blue eyes.

### Cross and Flag.

At his feet they placed the flag he loved,  
At his head a flowery cross;  
As if to say that liberty  
Means sacrifice and loss.  
The flowers lay their sweetest,  
The stars began to fade;  
And doubting hours the lesson told  
In vain the light was made.  
But through the years the program  
Of duty shone undimmed;  
And floats the flag, with added stars,  
Above my dead and yours!  
—Geo. T. Packard in Youth's Companion.

### HUMOROUS.

Mr. Muckmoney—I love you for all that I am worth, darling. Miss Bull That's just what I love you for.

Bikins has his own way in his house. "Yes, his wife always tells him what it is going to be before-hand."

Mrs. Fogg—You should be careful about that cold, David. Mr. Fogg—Careful about it? Just as he'd lose it as not.

"You sneezed off a completion of diseases, did he not?" "Either that or a completion of debility; I am not sure which."

"What's the matter with that fellow?" "Well, if a man is notorious he's still alive; if he's famous he's dead."

Muggins—I went to two parties last night and lost my umbrella. Muggins—I went to three balls yesterday and I haven't seen my watch ever since.

"Can't I interest you in accident insurance today?" "No, sir; I'm in no need of it." "Excuse me; I understood you were learning to play the violin."

Brown—Your wife's mother helps her a good deal, doesn't she? Smith—Yes; she has gone into town today to buy a dress to match some buttons her mother gave her.

Larry—The wretch! And so he has been proposing to both of us? I wish we could think of some fearful way of punishing him. Jennie—Have an idea. You marry him, dear.

The generous charge of the Light Brigade. By Tomson's lamely song, teaching us that which my dear mate For taking a look at my tongue.

"Uncle George—Was Doggenes a tramp?" "Dad's what we would call him in this enlightened age, my son." "Then the tub he lived in couldn't have been a wash-tub, could it?"

Young Gunnington—My means are not large, sir, but I think that, with prudence, your daughter and myself—"Oh! Gaddy—My dear boy, don't be an idiot! I can hardly support that girl myself!"

"What are you doing there?" exclaimed the mate parent, as he suddenly opened the parlor door and found William in the act of kissing his daughter. "Killing microbes, sir!" was William's ready response.

Yeast—Who's that really dressed lady coming out of that fashionable restaurant? Crismonhook—She's an artist's model. "And this needy-looking fellow coming out of the free lunch saloon?" "Oh, he's the artist."

"My dear," he said to his lady love, "I've been busy all day—not manual labor, you know, but brain work, which is the hardest kind." "Yes indeed; I know it must be for you," and there was a tender look of sympathy in her eyes which aroused him.

Mrs. Weckhard (the landlady)—How is it that you are taking your medicine after dinner? I thought the doctor told you to take it before meals? Mr. Oldboarder—He said it didn't make any difference, as long as I took it on an empty stomach.

"You advertise to pull teeth without pain for fifty cents," growled the victim, "and here you not only had pulling free of cost, but want me to give you a dollar. What do you mean by it?" "I charged you that extra fifty cents for a diploma," said the dentist. "I let you drive away all the possible customers within four blocks."

### Monstaches in Office Hours.

When monstaches first came into fashion in this country the authorities of the Bank of England issued a mandate that their clerks should not wear them "during office hours." A degree of somewhat similar import, which has recently been published by the German Admiralty, is causing consternation among the barbers of Wilhelmshafen and Kiel. In future the officers and men of the Imperial Navy are either to be clean-shaven or to wear full beards. The monstache is condemned, apparently, as a worthless camouflage. But the hairdressers are not men, foreseeing that their usual customers, when forced to clean-shaven, will adopt the latter alternative.—London Globe.