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The Mendicants.

We are as mendicants who wait
  Along the roadside in the sun,
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
  Of morrow clothe us every one.

And some are dotards, who believe
  And glory in the days of old;
While some are dreamers, harping still
  Upon an unknown age of gold.

Hopeless or witless! Not one heeds,
  As lavish Time comes down the way
And tosses in the suppliant hat
  One great new-minted gold today.

But there be others, happier far,
  The vagabondish sons of God,
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,
  And care not how the world may plod.

They idle down the traffic lands,
  And loiter through the woods with spring.
To them the glory of the earth
  Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They too receive each one his Day;
  But their wise heart knows many things
Beyond the eating of desire,
  Above the dignity of kings.

One I remember kept his coin,
  And laughing flipped it in the air;
But when two strolling pipe-players
  Came by, he tossed it to the pair.

Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart
  Danced to their wild outlandish bars;
Then supperless he laid him down
  That night and slept beneath the stars.

—Bliss Carman.

One Woman's Judgment.

BY MABEL M. THOMPSON.

In a pleasant room, where the soft glow of a shaded lamp cast its warm light, were two people, a man and a woman. The woman was twenty, perhaps, and tall and slender. Her face was unusually pretty, with its round, girlish outlines, and the sweet curves of the mouth; but the gray eyes were thoughtful and dreamy, telling of the exalted ideals and noble purposes that are ours in the springtime of life. The man stood near her, looking down with a gentle yet amused smile. He was thirty or more, and his face hinted of battles fought and won, of manhood which had struggled with the world and yet retained its tenderness.

"What is it, Ruth? What is this terrible something which may come between us and separate us forever? Tell me, and let me show you that it is made only of April snows, and will melt away."

"You mustn't treat it so lightly, Richard," she answered, with a troubled look. "It's a very serious question, and one which is growing in importance, and—we women must do our duty at any cost. Miss Rogers told me that."

"Oh, bother Miss Rogers. I beg your pardon, but what has that estimable old maid to do with us? What is the question, Ruthie? You quite make my hair stand on end when you call be Richard in that tone."

"'Dick' is much too frivolous," she said, "and Miss Rogers is a very intellectual, advanced woman, and a friend of mine."

"Indeed!"

There was an absolute silence for a moment, then Ruth observed:

"I think 'indeed' is such a horrid word. I wish you wouldn't fling it at me."

"I am sorry. I suppose I should have said of course. See here, Ruthie, I want to know about this barrier affair."

"Well, Richard, it's this," she began, folding her hands primly in her lap, and studying the pattern of the carpet. "I want you to think, to think over your whole life—you know what mine has been—and see if there is anything in your past you could not tell me, anything you would not be willing to have paralleled in my past. Indeed, I am serious—no, don't try to stop me. I'll give you fifteen minutes to think about it."

There was a rustle of silken petticoats, and Richard was alone. He stared absently into the fire, and gradually his face changed and hardened. His mouth grew set and stern, and the lines, which had scarcely been visible, deepened and multiplied. The moments passed, the clock ticked on, one of the logs on the fire broke and fell in showers of sparks. Again there was the swish, swish of a woman's skirts, and the tread of slippered feet. He turned to her coldly.

"Do you mean," he said sternly, "that if I cannot truthfully say that my whole past is just and pure and white as your own, you will retract your promise? That you will break with me?"

"It's my duty, Richard," she answered, nervously twisting her rings.

"Then listen. There are things in my past which I am thankful you can never know. My life has not been blameless, free from sin; it has been a long, hard fight, with many blows given and received. I know this, that every time I have been beaten, I have risen with new strength, and with greater knowledge of the battle I was waging. I see that you have judged me—that in your heart you have already told me to go. You stand there and judge me. You! What can you know of sin—of temptation? You, who from childhood have been shielded from any knowledge of the world, whose purity has been carefully guarded, whose life has been lived among the people whose every thought is for you and of you? What can you know of a man's life, of the sin that surrounds him everywhere, of the temptations resisted as well as those yielded to? Do you not know that there is no strength in mere innocence—untried virtue? With a temptation overcome, a sin repented of, comes the only real strength of manhood or womanhood; and I am a purer man today, worthier of you in every respect, than I was ten years ago, when there was nothing in my past which might make you shrink from me. My love is a purer love, less selfish, than I could have offered to you then. Oh, Ruth, you cannot know the bitterness of repentence, the anguish of self contempt, nor the somber strength which it brings! Some day, perhaps, you may know and understand." He paused; then, as she made no reply, threw back his head defiantly.

"I see your decision," he continued. "If this is what you call your love—you may keep it. Good night."

He closed the library door behind him, and stood alone in the great, dimly lighted hall. One of the rugs was twisted, and he stooped mechanically, to straighten it as he buttoned his coat.

"What's the use in telling any woman the real and candid truth?" he muttered, and turned to go; but some one called in a half-choked voice.

"Oh, Dick, come back."

She stood in the doorway with both her long white hands stretched out to him in pleading invitation.

"You are right, Dick," she faltered. "I dare not judge you!"—Munsey's Magazine.

Photographing Thought.

It might be rash to pronounce that anything is beyond the photographer's art. But the communication just made to the Paris Academie de Medicine by Dr. Baraduc is so astonishing that if he had made it before Dr. Roentgen had rendered his discovery public, very few people would have been inclined even to inquire into the matter. Indeed, Dr. Baraduc affirms he has succeeded in photographing thought, and he has shown numerous photographs in proof of his assertion.

His usual method of proceeding is simple enough. The person whose thought is to be photographed enters a dark room, places his hand on a photographic plate, and thinks intently of the object the image of which he wishes to see produced. It is stated by those who have examined Dr. Baraduc's photographs that most of them are very cloudy, but that a few are comparatively distinct, representing the features of persons and the outlines of things. Dr. Baraduc goes further, and declares that it is possible to produce a photographic image at a great distance.

In his communication to the Academie de Medicine he relates that Dr. Istrate, when he was going to Campana, declared he would appear on a photograph in plate of his friend, M. Hasden, at Bucharest. On August 4, 1893, M. Hasden at Bucharest went to bed with a photographic plate on his feet and another at his head. Dr. Istrate went to sleep at Campana, at a distance of about three hundred kilometres from Bucharest, but before closing his eyes, he willed with all his might that his image should appear on the photographic plate of his friend. According to Dr. Baraduc that marvel was accomplished. Journalists who have examined the photograph in question state that it consists in a kind of luminous spot on the photographic plate, in the midst of which can be traced the profile of a man.—London Standard.

A Surprise.

A man who answered a matrimonial advertisement in a New York daily paper was astounded when he confronted a remarkably aged and tough looking female.

"Are you the young widow who advertised in the World that she desired to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of culture and refinement?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Well, how long is it since you have been a young widow."

"Ever since you were a gentleman of culture and refinement"

Then he bade her adieu.

Getting Into Parliament.

In the first place, the initial cost of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons is always great. Candidates are obliged, by the corrupt practices act of 1883 (which has fixed a maximum scale of electioneering expenses, varying in amount according to the extent and character of the constituency) to furnish a return of their expenses; and, according to a blue book on the subject—issued in connection with the general election of 1892—it appears that close on a million of money was spent by the 1,307 candidates who fought for seats in the House of Commons in that electoral campaign.

The average expenses of the 670 successful candidates were about $3,500 each. But that does not, as a rule, represent a third of the financial cost of the honor and dignity of the office of Member of Parliament. Before the contest takes place, the constituency has to be "nursed" with the view of obtaining the good-will and support of the electors. "Nursing" is a very expensive process. Many a man has spent from $5,000 to $25,000 a year for two or even five years before the general election in the constituency he aspires to represent. A newspaper has often been run by a prospective candidate at a tremendous loss, ostensibly for the laudable object of supplying the electors with news, but really to keep prominently before them the virtues of the man who is wooing their suffrages, and the grandeur and magnificence of the political principles he supports.—Chambers' Journal.

The Betel Nut.

The use of the betel nut among the Hindoos of India is declared to be almost general. The nut grows on a tall palm. Before being chewed it is wrapped in a betel leaf, which grows on a vine and has nothing more to do with the betel nut than cream has to do with strawberries. The chewing of the nut increases the flow of saliva, and as the resultant juices are red, it makes the chewer apparently spit blood. Many of the public buildings in India are painted red several feet from the ground, so that the expectorations of the betel nut chewers will not be so noticeable.

The devotees of the betel-nut chewing habit claim to derive much comfort and enjoyment from it without any deleterious effects. The Mohametan religion condemns spirits, and Brahminism forbids anything that intoxicates or stupefies. No great religion condemns the betel nut, and it may be used by all. No European has ever been known to acquire the habit, and its soothing effects, if such it has, affect only the Hindoo constitution.

The nut is used as an ingredient in a popular tooth-powder, and it is said to harden the gums. It has no further utility except in India, where it is grown in immense quantities purely to be chewed.

Sisters Three.

"There is in Tennessee a family of three sisters which presents some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable," said a gentleman from the state in question who is staying at one of the New Orleans hotels.

"The three sisters live together on a farm, their sole means of subsistence, and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field; the third does the cooking and other housework. There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring, and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When fall comes and the crop is harvested they break the silence, and then only to quarrel over the division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible silence reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters have made a name for themselves. They are known far and near as the 'deaf-and-dumb' triplets, although this title is scarcely appropriate."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Tree of Iron.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia Professor Carter gave an account of a wonderful tree-trunk discovered in a sandstone quarry in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. It is ten inches thick and eighteen feet long, and has been turned into iron through a natural process of substitution, by which the wood has been replaced with iron hematite derived from the sand. This is analogous to the transformation into agate undergone by formerly submerged tree-trunks in Arizona and the Yellowstone Park.

The chief of the London fire brigade receives $4,500 a year and quarters.

UNIQUE FESTIVAL.

Feast of Lanterns on a Sacred Island in Japan.

A Splendid Spectacle in Honor of a Japanese Victory.

Describing a sojourn on Miyajima, a picturesque Japanese island, a contributor to the Century Magazine says:

One drowsy noon the town crier came to the door, clapped two pieces of wood together, and in a long chant besought all people of Miyajima to come to the temple for "speak-meeting" at two o'clock that day and for the five succeeding days, to hear read the official news from the army in Corea. We sent our agent to listen for us, and our erratic and only Inudzuka returned breathless, to tell, in excited Japanese English, and jargon, of the victory of the Heijo. We had intended to make a farewell offering to the temple to secure an illumination as a fitting close to our stay in Arcadia, and here was an opportunity. In the shortest time Inudzuka was speeding back to the temple to beseech the high priest to have the thousand oil-saucers of the lanterns filled at once, the illumination to begin at dusk, without waiting for the midnight high tide.

The priests shook their heads at such an irregularity, such a disregard of ancient custom on short notice. "But this is an American matsuri, and in honor of the Heijo! How can you say you have any custom for such an illumination. And when did you ever illuminate at any tide for a battle won in Corea?" And the high priest said, "Surely, surely! Yes, for Beikoku [America] and the Heijo we can do it." And the circle of eagle-eyed, excited priests sprang delightedly to begin preparations.

Our joyous sendo was at the temple steps with the sampan as usual before the sunset hour, and he had not pushed off until he let us know that the village was agog at the double news of victory and the honorable illumination. We could see the lay brothers all along shore filling the oil-saucers, laying wicks, and pasting fresh papers on the tall stone lamps; and when we sculled back, long after sunset, lights had begun to twinkle under the temple eaves. A lantern came forth and went bobbing along the water-line, stopped a moment, and a second light shone forth, then a third and a fourth, and so on along shore, as the lamplighter went his way.

Soon the whole curving bay from headland to headland was outlined in living lights that gleamed double and wavered in long reflections toward us; and the temple was a great set piece of fireworks, each shrine a sun-goddess's glowing cave, with the many-jeweled pyramids of votive candles. The spectacle lasted in full splendor for more than an hour, the villagers flocking along shore, trooping through the temple galleries, and drifting about in boats to watch the splendid spectacle. Then lights dropped out here and there, and the glow of the rising moon made the firmament pale; but even when the shore-line was lost in darkness, Itsuku-hima's inner shrine by the sea was still aglow with votive lights.

The next morning the village officers called "to thank your spirit" in celebrating Japan's victories; the high priest sent sacred gift-papers filled with rice, and asked for the honorable names in full, that they might be written among the temple's contributors; and when he went to the village every one bowed and made pretty speeches about the American matsuri. Weeks later a Tokio artist wrote in his quaint idiom that he had heard of my "favorably presenting a great deal of money to the temple, praying for the war, and lighted the thousand lamps of Miyajima for the war. I seen it in our Japan newspapers." Surely never did one obtain so much pleasure and glory by an expenditure of four yen (two dollars in United States gold.)

A Dog and Monkey Fight.

A score and more of people at Muncie, Ind., were the involuntary witnesses of one of the funniest fights to a finish imaginable. A monkey belonging to an Italian escaped from its confinement and was ambling along the street when it was attacked by a large yellow dog of mongrel breed. For several seconds there was such a blinding rush of dust that the spectators could scarcely see which was ahead, but finally the monkey broke away and scaled up a pole close at hand while the dog established himself at the foot and bayed loud and angrily.

The monkey chattered in several dialects, running up and down, and all the time keeping a wary eye on its enemy. Finally it began to slowly slide down the pole, and, coming within range, it bounded plump on the dog's back, and with teeth and claw, made the hair fly. The dog jumped and howled and shook himself the crowd yelling hoarse shouting "Go it, Tige," "Hold to him, Monk."

The dog finally flopped over on its back, dislodging the monkey, which again bounded up the pole.

By this time the dog was crazed with rage and pain, and it made herculean efforts to reach its chattering enemy, who again brought into play the same tactics as before. A second time it landed squarely on the dog's back, and there was a repetition in which teeth and claws played a leading role. This round resulted in a complete victory for the "monk," the dog eventually unhorsing his enemy by rolling over, and then bounding to his feet and running away as fast as his legs could carry him. The monkey chased him for a few yards and then returned to the pole satisfied with results.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Origin of "The Blue Danube."

It was originally written on a pair of cuffs. It was the linen cuff and the quick thought of the woman who wore it that gave us one of the prettiest of the tuneful Strauss' waltzes. Johann Strauss and his wife were one day enjoying a stroll in the park at Schonau, when suddenly the composer exclaimed: "My dear, I have a waltz in my head; quick, give me a scrap of paper or an old envelope. I must write it down before I forget it." Alas! After much rummaging of pockets, it was found that neither of them had a letter about them—not even a tradesman's bill. Strauss music is considered light, but it weighed as heavy as lead on his brain until he could transfer it to paper. His despair was pathetic. At last a happy thought struck Frau Strauss. She held out a snowy cuff. The composer clutched it eagerly, and in two minutes that cuff was manuscript. Its mate followed, still the inspiration was incomplete.

Strauss was frantic, and was about to make a wild dash for home, with the third part of his waltz ringing uncertainly in his head—his own linen was limp colored calico—when suddenly his frau bethought herself of her collar, and in an instant the remaining bars of "The Blue Danube" decorated its surface.—Toledo Bee.

A Four-Year-Old Trick Rider.

If Master Fenner Hodgins continues as he has begun, he is going to be the star trick rider of the world. He is only four years old and is an expert rider, but that is not what is so remarkable about him.

He doesn't take the trouble to wait until he gets his wheel out on the street before he mounts it. His father, says the American Wheelman, lives on St. Charles avenue, New Orleans. The boy mounts his wheel inside the house and rides down a half-dozen steps to the sidewalk, and then jumps from the curb into the street, a distance of about a foot. And the charm about it is that he does it all with the abandon of an old trick rider.

He does other astonishing things also. He can ride on one pedal, out of the saddle, and coasts while kneeling on the saddle, with arms folded in front of him.

His little sister, three years old, can steer a wheel as well as any one. He puts her up in front of him on his bicycle and dismounts and takes her off without help.

Shoe Manufacturers and Bicycles.

"Talk about the street railways losing by the advent of the bicycle," says a shoe salesman, "I think it is the shoe manufacturers. Of course, there is a demand for bicycle shoes, and that practically opens a new market; but it must be a limited market when it is considered that one pair of such shoes will outlast three pairs of ordinary foot coverings, not because the shoes are better, but because they are not subjected to the scuffling wear of the others. People ride to and from their work all the time now, where they formerly walked, or on bad roads in the cars. If a person wants to go around the corner he will get on his wheel instead of walking, as he once did. It is these thousands of steps that he saves that save the shoes and make the shoeman's heart sad."—New York Tribune.

She Saw the Point.

Beggar—Please, Mister, gimme a cent.

Dude—Aw, go way! I haven't any cents.

Young lady smiles, and dude doesn't know why.

PETRIFIED FRUIT.

Strange Freak of Nature in a New York Village.

Apples and Pears Turned to Stone by Spring Water.

Near New York city, in Rockland county, is a pretty village where many summer guests find their way for a few weeks of absolute quiet and rest. The Hudson river runs close by its shores, making boating and bathing possible, hence boarding houses are numerous, but only one so far has been discovered which can boast of a distinctive and curious freak of nature.

A spring whose veins seem to go zigzag in every direction petrifies any object with which it comes in contact. Close to the kitchen door, spreading its wide limbs laden with fruit in season, grows an apple tree.

The gnarled branches almost sweep the ground, and the fruit thereon first revealed the phenomenon. It so happened the owner of the place wished to utilize this water, more like sparkling wine without the "heady" effect. It was valuable to him as an inducement to secure summer guests.

Digging began in the early fall, and before the well could be cemented and built Jack Frost set in and work had to be abandoned until springtime. An old basket in which fruit nearly decayed was carelessly thrown stood near the kitchen entrance and happened to be upset, falling into the place where the well was to be built.

Without the slightest idea of any unusual element or peculiarity in the water, the excavation was temporarily covered with ashes and earth. The result has been that the fruit has come out petrified. When the work was resumed, no one at first noticed this curious manifestation of nature.

As is almost always the case, the stupidest man on the place, in regard to science, discovered what he thought to be very well preserved fruit, until, taking it from the shovel, the weight seemed like stone.

The apples retained their coloring perfectly, as did the lemons and pears, for that matter, but the blush of the apple remained in an almost remarkable manner. The same decayed condition also showed quite perfectly, making everybody around at the time doubt the authenticity of the statement that it was petrified fruit.

Scientists were consulted. The proprietor wished to find out the truth if possible, and every test was made to substantiate the first surmise. Scientists decided that the fruit was petrified, and the workmen felt they would rather not work on the place, fearing all sorts of accidents to limb and life. Then many wild rumors spread. One was that a man who had gone up the mountain to trace the course of the stream and test the petrifying qualities had fallen, so as to come in contact with the water, and had instantly become petrified, and others kept the village for weeks in a state of ferment and excitement, which only subsided after the departure of the scientists and the completion of the well.—New York Herald.

Saves Wear of the Tongue.

Those who have become addicted to the questionable habit of licking the flap of an envelope before mailing a letter ought to hail with delight the invention that does away with all possibility of contracting disease from indiscriminate contact of the tongue with possibly impure mucilage. A St. Louis man claims the invention, which is so simple that it has been suggested scores of times by writers of articles on health. This shrewd St. Louis fellow, however, is manufacturing the new envelopes, and expects to make a lot of money out of them. He ought to.

The invention consists merely of placing the mucilage on the body of the envelope instead of the flap. With this envelope you wet the envelope as of old, but the tongue does not touch the possibly unclean mucilage. The letter is sealed by pressing the moistened flap against the dry gum. It is not so sure a way as sealing a letter, because the gum requires considerable moisture before it will stick, but it is much cleaner than the old way, and in time we may get used to it.—Toledo Blade.

When His Wife Was Away.

Billycut—When did Mrs. Sturmup go to the country?

Mrs. Billycut—I didn't know she had gone.

Billycut—Guess she must have. I heard Sturmup boasting yesterday that he was boss in his own house.

Love's Way.

"Come," said Love, upon a day;
"Come, and fare my rosy way:
If perchance the thorns we meet
They shall make the roses sweet."

So with Love I passed along:
All the world was sweet with song;
Never thorn was mine, for he
Hid them in his heart from me!

Frank L. Stanton.

HUMOROUS.

"How often do you cut your grass?" "Every time my neighbor has his lawn mower sharpened."

She (in drug store)—Do you cater to the wants of bicyclists? He—Oh, yes; we keep arnica and court plaster.

"Billy is in love with Miss Billingham." "Did he tell you so?" "No, but he's got her picture hung up by the side of the portrait of his best dog."

"Well, Willy," asked grandma, "have you had all the dinner you want?" "Nome," answered the truthful little boy; "but I have had all I can eat."

Bloomer—That man Crafty, why he doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain. Gloomer—Yes; but he does know enough to hold on to an umbrella.

Oh, lightning long, how fair your fate,
What peaceful hours you pass:
You lavishly illuminate,
And get no bills for gas.

He—I hear that small waists are going out of date. She—I think not. Who told you? "Laura Flagg." "Yes; poor Laura is getting quite stout of late."

"May I have a word with you, sir?" said Borely to Cynicus. "Well, that all depends on the word," said Cynicus. "If it's good-by, I'll join in with you with pleasure."

She—How provoking this is! I've been waiting an hour for the tide to get up. He—Yes, but you shouldn't get impatient. Remember its been out nearly all night.

"Miss Fly is so clever; she can sell women shirt waists that fit every time." "Pooh! Miss Cutpper is more clever still; she can sell them shirt waists that don't fit."

Hobson—How do you stand on the currency question, Dobson? Dobson—I'm awful sorry, old man, and I'd be glad to accommodate you, but the fact is I'm broke.

Visitor—What makes you so ugly, Tommy? Don't you love your new baby brother? Tommy (viciously)—Well, I did till somebody came in and said he looked like me.

He did it in sport;
He alone is to blame;
The joke was too short,
Now his finger's the same.

Amicus—Why do you use the expression funny joke? Aren't all jokes funny? Editor—Not by a long shot. The jokes that other fellows get off at your expense are never funny.

She—Do you remember, Jack, this day one year ago you offered me your hand and heart and I cruelly refused you? I—I have thought better of it since. He—Umph! So have I.

"I am not understand ze language," said the despairing Frenchman; "I learn how to pronounce ze word 'hydrophobia,' and zen I learn zat ze doctors sometimes pronounce it fatal!"

Eastern Visitor—How was it you did not hang that murderer? Did he establish an alibi? Quick Drop Dan—That's just what he did. When the sheriff went to the jail to hang him he wasn't there.

"A women's no means yes," said the man of twenty, who naturally knows all about women. "That may be the rule," assented the married one, "but it doesn't work both ways. Unfortunately a woman's yes doesn't mean no."

An Army of Five Soldiers.

The Republic of Gonst, which is the smallest republic in the world, is situated in the Lower Pyrenees. It contains a population of about sixty persons, and maintains a standing army of five soldiers, the son-in-law of the President being the Commander-in-Chief. The republic's independence is recognized by both Spain and France, between which it lies. It elects a President every five years, and its revenues amount to $5,000. It is claiming outside attention now because of a threatened revolution owing to the publication of a newspaper by one-seventh of the population without receiving executive sanction, a proclamation having been issued by the President prohibiting the publication of any newspaper without his consent.

The tiller of the Mayflower is still extant, and is now in the possession of Mr. Mortimer of Crediton, Devonshire, England.