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Ambition.

The German Emperor and I
Within the self-same year were born,
Beneath the self-same sky,
Upon the self-same morn,
A kaiser he, of high estate,
And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince, and mine—
Why, just a farmer—that is all.
Stars still are stars, although some shine,
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;
But argue, cavil all you can,
My sire was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I
Eat, drink, and sleep the self-same way;
For bread is bread, and pie is pie
And kings can eat but thrice a day,
And sleep will only come to those
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work,
And he at five, and does the same.
We both have cares we cannot shirk;
Mine are for loved ones; his for fame.
He may live best, I cannot tell;
I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he.
And yet, if pictures do not err,
As far as human sight can see,
Mine is by long odds twice as fair.
Say, would I trade those eyes dark brown?
Not for an empress and her crown.

And so the emperor and I
On this one point could ne'er agree;
Moreover, we will never try.
His fran suits him and mine suits me.
And though his sons one day may rule,
Mine stands A1 in the public school.

So let the Kaiser have his sway,
Bid kings and nations tumble down,
I have my freedom and my say,
And fear no ruler and his crown;
For I, unknown to fame or war,
Live where each man is emperor.

—Fred W. Shirley in Boston Globe.

THE CRATER CITY.

"There's a great many curious things in this world," said my friend, Andrew Johns, as he removed his cigar and looked meditatively into space.

"And you look as though you were seeing some of them," I answered, smiling at his abstraction.

"So I am—in my mind. I see a sand crater facing a river in India. Inside of this dismal hole is a miserable village, peopled by miserable inhabitants," he went on, soberly. "There is no escape, no hope for them—they are dead! But wait: you shall hear the story. I have a notion for telling it to-night."

He threw away his cigar and was silent for some moments, while his wife, a slight, dark woman, moved to a seat by his side and laid one hand caressing y on his.

Andrew had married her abroad and had never revealed her nationality.

"I will tell you of a strange adventure which befell a friend of mine—Hal Andrews. It happened while he was stopping at Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos and the stronghold of idolatry and superstition, when making a lazy pleasure tour of Asia.

"Benares had a peculiar fascination for him, as the oldest known habitation of man on the globe, and the Ganges, the sacred river, was especially attractive.

"More than once he watched the burning of bodies upon the funeral pyres along the river. These pyres are of logs—the bottom ones five feet long, with shorter ones across until they reach the height of three feet, then the naked body is placed thereon, more logs are added, and all is set on fire. When burned the ashes are carefully collected and thrown into the Ganges.

"Widows were formerly burned alive with their dead husbands, but it is now a matter of choice, and—strange as it may seem—many of them choose that horrible death to the living death of being without caste or friends, as a widow must.

"One morning as he was watching funeral preparations, the corpse suddenly showed signs of life. Instantly there was a startled commotion among the howling relatives.

"Mud was hastily thrust into nose and mouth, but still the ungrateful maiden would not die.

"At last she sat upright, and the relatives fled, the spectators shrugged their shoulders and turned away, and four native police advanced and bound the maiden, in spite of her cries and entreaties.

"'Will they kill her?' Hal asked, indignantly, of a bystander.

"'Oh, no!' was the indifferent answer. 'She is already dead, and must go to the Crater City.'

"'Is there, then, a city of the dead where unfortunates who escape the pyre are kept until death really claims them?' asked Hal again.

"'There is.'

"The answer was given reluctantly.

"'Where is it?' persisted Hal.

"'No one can tell.'

"The answer was significant and decisive.

"'You mean no one will tell me, but I will find out!' cried Hal, hotly. 'It is a shame—an outrage!'

"'Very likely.'

"And with another shrug of the shoulders the man turned away, after giving Hal a few last words of advice:

"'Don't say too much about it while you stay in India.'

"But the scene haunted Hal. The maiden was young and beautiful, for Hindoo women are among the most beautiful on earth.

"'What a horrible death in life!' he mused, as he mounted his horse and rode out into the surrounding country, followed closely by Baba, his native servant boy, who was devotedly attached to him.

"He followed along the course of the Ganges, and his thoughts were with the lovely maiden, who had recovered from the semblance of death to meet a worse fate than the funeral pyre.

"Suddenly his horse shied and dashed madly ahead, regardless of all efforts which Hal made to control him.

"Baba uttered a cry of dismay, and dashing along as fast as possible, tried to keep him in sight.

"On rushed the frightened horse, while Hal tried in vain to check him—up a sloping, sandy ridge, then along the rise, until—Hal gave a low cry of incredulous surprise—the horse snorted, and turned to flee, the sand gave way under his feet, and Hal knew no more after the fall.

"When he recovered consciousness enough to feel an interest in his surroundings, he saw a wretched village surrounded by a natural barrier of sand on three sides, and by the river in front.

"A number of half-naked people crowded curiously around him, and among them was the maiden of the funeral pyre. He was in the city of the dead!

"The day passed slowly enough, and night came.

"As Hal was meditating upon the chances of escape, a soft voice near him said, in broken English and Hindoo, of which he knew enough to understand the meaning:

"'Do you wish to escape? It is useless. This is the city from which none ever return.'

"'There is—there must be some way of escape!' cried Hal, impatiently.

"'The sand barrier prevents all escape by land; and see,' the maiden continued, leading him to the river bank.

"The river was filled with numberless crocodiles—great, wicked-looking creatures—waiting viciously for any attempt at escape; and, besides these hideous sentinels, a boat filled with native soldiers was anchored near by.

"'You understand?' said the maiden, significantly, as Hal sank back with a groan.

"Two days passed. Hal made desperate attempts to scale the sandy wall, but in vain, as the maiden watched him with sympathy, and the rest of the miserable creatures viewed his struggles with the calm indifference born of the despair resulting from similar trials.

"The third night came, and as Hal paced the circuit of the inclosure, he heard a low whistle.

"Looking up, he saw Baba's eager face peering over the sandy bank, while a coil of rope fell at his feet.

"A soft sigh near by told him that his companion in despair had seen his chance of escape, also.

"Gently with swift, eager fingers Hal fastened the rope around her waist, whispered a few directions, and gave Baba the signal to draw her up.

"She reached the top safely, again the rope fell, and Hal took his own turn, not a moment too soon, for from all points of the miserable village, eager, howling wretches came hurrying to take the chance of escape from him.

"'Hurry, master!' said Baba, excitedly. 'Tomorrow's sun must see you far from Benares, for dead people must never return to mingle with the living, and you have seen the mysterious city.'

"Faithful Baba! He had disobeyed the laws to save his master, and no wonder that he wished to leave the place.

"There is little more to tell. He reached—they reached the frontier in safety, for the maiden accompanied him. If she had remained, she would have been returned to the dreaded Crater City, or else doomed to a living death upon the funeral pyre."

"What more?" I demanded, as he stopped, with a significant glance at his wife.

"Nothing—except this," he answered, emphatically. "My name is Henry Andrew Johns. Sometimes I have passed under the name of Hal Andrews, and my wife was a Hindoo maiden, before an English education changed her views of life."—[Saturday Night.

Japanese as Metal Workers.

The Japanese are past masters in the treatment of alloys, both in texture and color, and no better guides exist, says the Jewelers' Review. They achieve their grand results by the simplest means—a judicious blending of various metals, inlaying and picking. Copper is the basis of their chief alloys, and by incorporating with it certain proportions of gold and silver they obtain remarkable results in color through the pickling process. But not only do they get striking effects from their alloys and pickling, their mode of working up the metals is a thing to be studied. For instance, they will take six or seven plates of different metals and alloys, weld them together, and then, by drilling, punching up and filling, get a surface in which all the metals show in a manner which is truly wonderful.

By the range of tints at their command they can work out on a metal surface scenes of animal life, landscapes, etc., with effect never dreamt of by metal workers in the western world. Among some examples recently shown in England was a knife handle, on which was a representation of a duck dipping its head under the water of a stream on which it was swimming, the arrangement of the different alloys by which it was composed and the picking being so well arranged that the neck of the duck was seen as under the water when the handle was held in a certain light. Another example was a sword hilt on which some minnows not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in length, and each having a pair of gold eyes, were swimming upon a gray stream, the effect of their being actually below the surface of the water being suggested with marvelous skill. Imitations of wood grain and marbles were also shown.

Evolution of a Farm Hand.

Eben D. Jordan, the famous drygoods merchant of Boston, is like so many prosperous people in Massachusetts, a native of Maine. Left very poor and fatherless in an obscure village while a boy, he was bound out to a farmer in the neighborhood and got a rudimentary education at an adjacent district school. At 14 he went to Boston to seek his fortune and eventually found it. Getting nothing to do there at first he went to work on a farm in the vicinity at $4 a month, and, three years later, was employed in a mercantile house in the city at $275 a year, which he considered affluence.

Before twenty, he had awakened a strong interest in Joshua Stetson, then a leading drygoods merchant, by his industry, energy and intelligence, and Stetson backed him in setting up in a small business for himself at Hanover and Mechanic streets. The steamers from Maine and the provinces then arrived at Boston very early in the morning, and young Jordan, in order to secure the trade of the incoming passengers, opened his shop by 4 o'clock, and thus did considerable business before breakfast. As a result it became popular and made money. He advanced step by step until his present firm was formed and housed in Milk street.

Ten years later the present big establishment in Washington street was occupied, and has gained a national reputation. Jordan, now 67, has made up for his lack of early advantages by reading, association, experience and travel, and has shown great public enterprise and large private benevolence. He is descended from Robert Jordan, a clergyman of the Church of England, who emigrated two and a half centuries ago.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ripening Lemons in Florida.

English Industries states that a novel business, resting strictly on chemical principles and needing nothing but a little capital to develop it, is said to be practised in Florida.

It consists in avoiding dependence upon the slow and imperfect ripening of lemons by the sun's rays by picking the fruit while green and exposing it to the fumes of burning sulphur, whereby its color is changed to a rich golden yellow, infinitely more attractive than the natural hue.

"It is true that the interior of the lemon is practically free from juice, a fact which the hypercritical might reckon a slight drawback; but this is, after all, a trivial matter, affecting only the consumer," is the salve applied to the conscience.

She Was Talkative.

Sanso—Mrs. Cumso always uses the right word in the right place.

Rodd—She could hardly help doing so, seeing that she uses every word in the language in every place.—[New York Herald.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes,"
But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.
Let it be about Indians, Pirates, or Bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.
Now, isn't that queer?
At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound,"
Very weary of life, and of "tramping around."
But if there's a band, or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
The showman will capture him, some day, I fear,
For he is so queer.
If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit."
But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon;
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.
Do you think he "plays 'possum?" He seems quite sincere;
But—isn't he queer?

—[St. Nicholas.

VIRTUE TRIUMPHS IN FELINE NATURE.

In the mountain districts of Pennsylvania two wrens had built their nest under the eaves of an old farmhouse. They lived together harmoniously and caught the early worm, and in the course of time had a family. Among the attaches of the farmer's household was a white cat, and, when the wrens became so tame that they used to hop around the piazza in search of crumbs that were daily thrown to them, the cat, in a murderous spirit, would lie in wait for them, and several times came within an ace of catching the old birds. When the farmer noticed this he kicked the cat whenever she was detected in her murderous work. It didn't take the cat very long to learn that it wasn't healthy to fool with those birds and that they were as much a part of the family as he was.

Toward the middle of the summer, when the babe wrens in their nest under the eaves were big enough to place themselves in peril by clambering around the nest, one of them one day fell out, and in spite of its frantic flutterings came to the ground, and, being too weak to run and unable to fly, lay helpless in the grass. The cat saw the accident, and, following the first instincts of her kind, ran rapidly to seize the bird. Before she got to it, however, she seemed to remember that this was a part of the family which she was taught by the farmer's foot not to touch, and so when she got near the little helpless thing she touched it daintily once or twice with a paw in which the claws were sheathed as though inviting it to play, and then lay down and watched it.

A yellow garden snake had seen the bird come down, and came wriggling through the grass toward it. Its beadlike eyes were gleaming, its forked tongue protruded, and when it got within two feet of the bird it curled itself and got ready for a spring. Now the cat was old, and when she knew that she must not eat the bird and that the bird was too young to play with her she had dropped off into a doze. She was awakened by something fluttering against her face. The little bird, alarmed at the approach of the snake, had fled for succor to the cat. The first thing that attracted the attention of the cat when she opened her eyes was the upraised head of the snake. She realized the situation instantly, and, rising to her feet, she spat and struck at the reptile with her paw. This was an enemy the snake didn't appreciate, but still it was hungry and was bound to have the bird, so it darted forward and attempted to seize it under the very shelter of the cat's head.

Like a flash the cat seized the snake just back of the head and with one bite killed it. This happened along in the afternoon, and after supper the farmer came out to feed the cat. He stood on the piazza and called it, and heard the cat reply; he called again, and again heard the cat. He went down to investigate, and there found the cat crouching in the grass sheltering the bird, and ten feet away was the dead snake. This made it clear that the cat had carried the bird away from the snake. The old wrens were hovering around in the air in a very anxious state of mind. The farmer restored their baby to its nest.—[New York Sun.

The Lesser of Two Evils.

"James," exclaimed the proprietor of the store, angrily, "put that glass cover back on the limburger cheese."

A customer came in smoking a cigarette.

"James," vociferated the proprietor, "take that cover off the limburger cheese again!"—[Chicago Tribune.

Peru spent in the year 1889 $7,889,751.

CURIOUS REMEDIES.

Queer Things Utilized as Medicines by the Chinese.

Pearls for the Liver and Salted Scorpions for the Smallpox.

The medicines of Caucasian civilization are derived from many a curious origin, but if you want to find funny things utilized as remedies for disease, you will discover them in the Chinese pharmacopœia.

Medical science in that country has been somewhat impeded by the respect which the Chinese pay to a dead body. Worshipping their ancestors as they do, their physicians would never think of cutting up a corpse. Consequently they know nothing of anatomy. Such knowledge on the subject as they pretend to possess is derived, according to their own account, from a man, born some centuries ago, who had the misfortune to be of a transparent consistency, physically speaking, as if he were made of glass, so that it was possible to see just how things went on in his insides.

From observation of this extraordinary freak it was discovered that certain channels ran to each part and extremity of a human being and that by these channels it was possible to convey any remedy that might be necessary to any organ or member requiring treatment internally. Ever since then celestial doctors have been able to tell just what sort of pills or decoctions were intended for the cure of this or that disorder. The glass man doubtless suffered from the experiment tried upon him by science, but medical knowledge was benefited inexpressibly.

Probably the Chinese pharmacopœia is more elaborate than that possessed by any other people. Physicians in the flowery kingdom mix up together such extraordinary things for remedial purposes as we should never dream of. One of their cures for liver complaint is obtained by administering the fossil teeth of various animals, which are known to them as "dragons' teeth." Antelopes' horns, powdered, they believe to be excellent for rheumatism and glue from the hides of asses is supposed to be an admirable tonic and diuretic. The shell of a certain freshwater turtle made into jelly is a sure thing for "misery in the joints." A decoction from the hedge hog's hair is excellent for skin diseases, and tigers' bones mixed with hartshorn and terrapin's shell in the shape of jelly is a first-rate tonic in cases of disease of the bones and of ague.

Dried snakes, the Chinese believe, are good medicine where a complaint is difficult to diagnose, for the reason that the serpent in life inserts itself into all sorts of holes and crevices and is likely after death to seek the uttermost parts of the body. Such concretions of slimy matter as are formed in the gall bladders of cows cure St. Vitus' dance and smallpox. These same concretions are the very things that are known by people in this country as so-called "mad-stones," used for applying to snake bites. The pigtailed orientals believe in the effectiveness of dried toads as a tonic and think that caterpillars are a sure remedy for bronchial troubles.

Salted scorpions, they assert, are admirable for smallpox, and silkworms, as well as the skins which locusts leave on trees on vacating them, are supposed to have wonderful medical virtues. Bones of the cuttlefish or sepia are believed by them to have virtues in the treatment of cancer. They think that the sepia is a bird transformed into a fish. They use clam shells for a cathartic and maggots to cure dysentery. Powdered fossil crabs are, in the opinion of their physicians, an antidote for poisons of all sorts and seed pearls cure troubles of the heart and liver.

A favorite Chinese remedy for various disorders is made by inclosing any sort of bird or other animal within a case of moist clay and burning it until the body of the creature is reduced to charcoal. The charcoal thus obtained is administered with expectation as to its effect according to the nature of the animal burned. But of all remedies believed in by the people of China the ginseng takes the lead. So much so, in fact, that $1,000,000 worth of ginseng is exported from this country to China every year.

All primitive races which have any acquaintance with the remedial value of the ginseng regard this peculiar root with an especial awe because of the rude likeness which its shape bears to the human figure. The most prized ginseng root of China bears a really surprising resemblance to the human form, and brings a much higher price than the American product on that account. Physicians among the celestials divide up the root anatomically, as it were, prescribing portions of the body for this complaint, of the legs for that disease, of the arms for another and so on.—[Washington Star.

American and English Girls in Germany

The German girls are beginning to complain with considerable bitterness, notes Eugene Field in the Chicago News, that American and English girls are encroaching upon their preserves. Very many Americans and English send their daughters to Germany to be educated; the pretty dears not only master the language in a short time—quite as quickly and as easily—they make a conquest of the hearts of the susceptible German officer. The number of army officers in Germany with American and English wives is very large, and the fad appears to be increasing. In Dresden, particularly, the English and American girls are in great demand; the native maidchen (be she ever so pretty) seems to have no chance at all. In Berlin there is a fancy for a peculiar style of feminine beauty; the Berliner admires brown eyes and hair and a dark, clear complexion; these features argue amiability, fidelity and gentle breeding, they claim. The German girls complain that the American girls are natural adepts in affairs of the heart—that they seem endowed by nature with all the arts, the audacity and the confidence of the average young widow.

Wearing Shoes Alternately.

It is true economy for every person to have several pairs of shoes, and to wear them alternately. In the first place, by so doing, corns and other soreness of the members may be to a considerable degree avoided. These come from continuous friction or pressure at a certain point, and, as no two pairs of shoes "bear" on the feet quite alike, the change breaks up the continuity and obviates or prevents the unpleasant result. It is also better for the shoes themselves, says Good Housekeeping. Do not wear them in ordinary weather, if the best service is desired, more than three or four days, or a week at most, before giving them a chance to become thoroughly dry. Many, if not most feet emit sufficient moisture to affect the shoe, giving it the sticky, unpleasant feeling which is so familiar, but to which we not often give a second thought. Contrast this feeling with that of a shoe which has been standing unused for a week or a month, and notice how grateful the feeling of thorough dryness in the last named. Perhaps the reader never thought of that before.

The Cat in Railroad Construction.

The cat in railroad construction is something new. Yet a little girl's pet tabby was successfully impressed into the service of the cable car company a day or two ago. It was necessary to get a line through the main pipe through which the cable is to run. Where the cable tracks cross the Northern Pacific the thing became a puzzle. A man could not crawl through, and there seemed no way of stretching the cable.

The cat was then brought into service, a long string was tied around her neck, she was put in the main pipe, and some one yelled "scat." Away she went, and in a jiffy she was clean through the main pipe. The string she had pulled through with her was attached to the rope, and everything was lovely.—[Spokane (Washington) Spokesman.

A Frozen Corpse.

In the doorway of a furniture store on Howard street, in Baltimore, Md., in plain view of passers-by, stands an ordinary-looking refrigerator that contains, and since Aug. 21st has contained, the dead body of an infant. Although nothing has been done in the way of embalming or otherwise preserving the body, the flesh is just as solid and odorless as if death had taken place a few hours before. On this fact the inventor bases his claims to a most valuable discovery. By a very simple arrangement he has obtained this startling result at little expense. He expects to apply it to a coffin.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Which Grow Faster, Boys or Girls?

Quetelet has expressed the opinion that, as a rule, boys in growing keep ahead of girls, but recent measurements of 21,000 children of both sexes made in the Freiberg (Saxony) district are against this conclusion. The boys up to their eleventh year, were found to run about 0.6 to 0.9 centimeters taller than the girls. They were then overtaken by the girls, who surpassed them in height till their sixteenth year, when the boys again grew faster than the girls and came to the front.

The Last Sweetheart.

Gran'pa's locks are white as snow,
Those he still possesses,
Ghosts of curls of long ago,
Wraiths of boyhood's tresses.
Wrinkles o'er his features thin
Zigzag without pity,
Like the streets and alleys in
Famous Boston city.

Time has bent his form with years,
And his legs are thinner
And less comely than the shears
Used by any tinner.
Lusty was he once and gay,
Full of manhood's graces,
But of that long vanished day
There are now few traces.

Yet he in his youthful pride
Pleased the fair sex greatly;
Many lasses for him sighed,
Many ladies stately.
Hearts once throbbed and ached for him,
Tears wet silken lashes,
But those eyes in death are dim
And those hearts are ashes.

Gran'pa has one sweetheart yet
Daintiest of creatures,
Whose two eyes of deepest jet
Still approve his features.
Nellie is her name, you see,
And, if I remember
When her age is she was three
Sometime last December!

Oft her hand, so chubby, falls
O'er his face she passes
Tenderly, and with great care
Not to touch his glasses.
Oft her form I've seen her woo
And I've caught her saying,
"Gran'pa's such a handsome man"—
Thus her love betraying.

—George Horton in Chicago Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Penned by night—The pigs.

A front stoop—Bowing to your partner.

How to get some large bills for a small one—Go to law.

It is a habit of saints and pugilists to be strong in the right.

Families are a good deal like clocks. Too much regulation may make them go wrong all the time.

He tried at whiskers, then at beard—
Dead failures till they droop.
He's only now a lone mustache,
And even that's "in the soup!"

Landlady—"That new boarder needn't try to make me think he is a bachelor. He's either married or is a widower." Millings—"How can you tell?" Landlady—"He always turns his back to me when he opens his pocketbook to pay his board."

Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding)—My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you. Bride—Never mind, pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to go housekeeping, so you may not lose me, after all.

I met a poet once, a worthy man,
Who after years had won the fame he sought;
I wished him joy. He blushed and wrung my hand
And borrowed dollars from me on the spot.

New York's Fire Chief.

Hugh Bonner, Chief of the Fire Department of New York City, is tall and broad-chested. He is quite the ideal hero in appearance. His manner is agreeable. At a fire he is the incarnation of authority, coolness and decision where activity is needed. When the danger is over the Chief retires perhaps to the sheltered seclusion of a convenient doorway, and scans the general situation until satisfied that there is nothing left undone to prevent a recurrence of the conflagration. A fireman's life is one of never-ceasing watchfulness and the Chief, in particular, is practically never off duty. No work is more trying than his. Hugh Bonner was born in Ireland, but he came to this country when yet a child, and he is a thorough American. In common with most members of the force, he has several gallant rescues to his credit. It is not generally known, however, that he is an inventor.

Some of the most useful appliances in the department were originated by him. Among them, an especially useful one is a circular net by which persons jumping from roofs or windows can be caught with comparative ease. Then there is the roof cutter, by the use of which one man can do as much work as half a dozen formerly did, the combined battering-ram and a wall breaker, the cellar and sub-cellar pipes, ingenious contrivances that enable firemen to direct a stream of water into cellars so densely filled with smoke as to be absolutely impenetrable. A device which provides a new thread for the nozzle of a hydrant, in case the thread has been twisted—formerly a very frequent source of dangerous delay—is not the least valuable of the Chief's inventions, which are far too many to catalogue.—[Epoch.

The Unexpected Sometimes Happens.

"Here, Bobbett. Here's that ten dollars I owe you."

"What? Well, I declare—you are a genius. You're always surprising your friends."—[Epoch.