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The Crown of Failure.

When you have lived your life,
When you have fought your last good fight and won,
And the day's work is finished, and the sun
Sets on this darkening world and all its strife
Ere the worn hands are rest with all they've done,
Ere the mind's strength begins to droop and wane,
Ere the first touch of sleep has stilled the brain,
Ere the heart's springs are slow and running dry
When you have lived your life,
'Twere good to die.

It may not be so,
If you but fight a fight you may not win
See the far goal but may not enter in
'Twere better than to die and not to know
Defeat, to die amidst the rush and din,
Still striving, while the heart beats high and fed
With glorious hope, if you must fall, at bay,
So hard were lost, with all your hope not all
Your right in the world,
Then, when you fall,

Far better so to die
Still hoping, upward through the mists of sense,
With all things possible and nothing sure,
Than to be pinched by glory and passed by,
To win by chance, fame that may not endure,
That dies and leaves you to lie, while you strive
With weak breath to keep its flame alive,
And fail, with empty hand and proud regrets,
Remembrances of the past
The world forgets.

Chambers's Journal.

A NOVEL PROPOSAL.

John Raeburn, a counsellor at law, sat in his office, a volume of "Wait's Practice" on his knee, but his eye wandered through the open door to the outer office, where he could see a graceful figure of his stenographer, Bertha Wilson, as she bent over her work, her pretty hands tapping the keys of her typewriter with unerring swiftness and precision.

"A lady, every inch of her," mused Raeburn, as his gaze dwelt lovingly upon the delicate profile. "By birth and breeding as well as in manner; but, thanks to the whirligig of fortune, compelled to work for a living.

"If I only knew, now, how she would take it—for I would rather not venture than meet a refusal—and then the upshot of that would be that I would lose my stenographer as well and if I cannot have her in one capacity, I surely do not want to be deprived of her in the other. Dear me, forty seems dreadfully old and twenty-three childishly young, when I think of the contrast; and yet is only seventeen years' difference and a great many people would consider that no obstacle. And she need have no foolish scruples about disparity of position, for intrinsically her position is as good as my own, she only wants to regain it, that is all. How I wish I could discover some plan of judging her feelings without the danger of driving her away altogether, in in case they were not favorable. Ha! I have it! The very idea—and she will not suspect the ruse. I will put it to the test this very minute."

John Raeburn was a good scholar, an excellent lawyer and a gentleman in every sense of the word, but in regard to the fair sex he was most unaccountably shy.

Not that he was not capable of as sincere, deep and ardent an attachment as any man, but the very intensity of feeling brought along with it a discouraging and aggravating sense of every real or fancied deficiency of impediment that might interpose a barrier between himself and the young lady, whom he had at first esteemed, then admired and finally loved.

He touched a bell on his desk.

Bertha wanted to check off one last word and adjust her typewriter for the next line, and then, notebook in hand, appeared at the door.

"Come in, please, Miss Wilson," said her employer, drawing forward a chair perhaps a shade closer than usual. "This is a personal letter, so I will supply the address in my hand."

"My Dear Miss ," began Mr. Raeburn, with a side glance at his pretty amanuensis, who looked at the prettier for the little bit of color that came into her pimply cheeks, "you will excuse me, I know, for communicating with you by this means, being well aware, as you are, that my handwriting is very difficult to decipher, and you will appreciate the fact that I wish there to be no mistake in your interpretation of what I am about to write. Your name and address, of course, I shall add myself, so that to all intents and purposes this letter—while having the added merit of being legible—is as confidential as if it were in reality penned as dictated by me.

"I have enjoyed your acquaintance now for a number of months"—Miss Wilson's cheeks grew a little more vivid just here. "Short as that time has apparently been, it has been sufficient to reveal to me the fact that you have awakened a sentiment much deeper and more lasting than can be compared with or included by the word 'friendship.' The disparity in our years has made me diffident of expressing these sentiments to you, but I have finally resolved to make my plea, with the hope that it will not prove an insuperable obstacle to my deep, sincere and devoted affection for you; and with the further hope which it remains with you to ratify or extinguish, that my affection is returned. Will you kindly give me an answer, dearest friend, and kindly make my suspense a brief one? If fate is adverse I must bear it like a man; if you grant my suit I will not wish to lose a moment in hearing your lips confirm the precious news. Please let me have a reply by the first post in the morning, and believe me, under any and all circumstances, devotedly your friend."

"There," said Mr. Raeburn, after treating himself to a prolonged survey from behind his hand at the pretty face, now flushed and unmistakably agitated that bent over the note-book, "You are a young lady of taste, Miss Wilson, and I should like your opinion. How do you think that sounds? Not very diffuse, eh?"

"No, sir; but, what is better, straightforward and manly," replied Bertha, with just the faintest little tremor in her voice, which she skillfully concealed—or fancied she did—by a cough of consequence.

"Thank you! If the lady for whom it is intended will only regard it as appreciatively, I shall have little fear," replied Mr. Raeburn, with a very benignant expression. "Now, if you will kindly copy the letter for me that will close the work for today. And you need not come down tomorrow, for if the answer is favorable I shall spend the day with my friend and the office will be closed. So you can have a holiday and enjoy yourself."

"Thank you, sir," another unanswerable quotation of the pretty clerk this time.

If Miss Wilson could have seen the look on her employer's face a few minutes after she left the office, her thoughts would have taken a very different turn.

"Eureka! Eureka!" he exclaimed. "I am answered! Bless her dear little ingenuous soul, she could not keep the telltale story out of her eyes and voice. They betrayed her with every evidence of the letter. John Raeburn, you are the luckiest man alive!"

Then picking up the finished letter he first pressed it rapturously to his lips, added a hasty scrawl at the bottom, addressed and enveloped it and took it to the postoffice himself; then went on home, whistling like a boy.

Meanwhile Bertha Wilson had reached her home, put her things away with scrupulous care, spread her little table and sat down for the first time in her healthy young life without a morsel of appetite.

As she sat toying with her spoon there came a ring at the door, and in another moment a letter with a special-delivery stamp was placed in her hands.

She opened it, glanced at the first few lines, then fell back with a hiss, while an expression of mingled incredulity and rapture overspread her face; and when she came to the last few lines, written in a hand which, between natural imperfections and agitation was reduced to a series of hieroglyphics has nothing short of the inspiration of love could have enabled her to decipher, she just cried for pure joy.

"Dear, Darling Bertha," it said, "will you forgive the little ruse by which I sought to learn what I had ventured to hope was really true—that you did care for me? I wanted to read in your dear face whether such sentiment from me would be acceptable to you, and what I saw there was emboldened me to send this letter tenfold dearer to me because your dear hands traced it to assure you that you and only you were the one for which it was intended and the object of my heart's sincere affection. May I come tomorrow? Just say one little 'Yes.' We can say the rest when we meet. Yours devoted,

"JOHN RAEBURN."

"The dear, darling, wicked, deceptive fellow!" exclaimed Bertha, in one tremulous rapture of joy and surprise. "To take such a mean advantage of me and make me write my own love-letter! Never mind! I had the double pleasure of reading it and hearing it, and knowing that it came right warm from his heart. And I wasn't so far out of the way in applying so many of those expressions to myself and fancying how I would regard them. Say 'Yes,' indeed I shall!"

And, springing up, she went over to her desk, tore off her very prettiest sheet of note-paper, wrote on it simply the words:

"Dear John: Yes. BERTHA."

Sealed it, kissed the mucilage and had it in the post box at the corner, with the special delivery stamp which John had thoughtfully enclosed to facilitate its journey, and went back to eat her supper to the last mouthful and then to enjoy a good, comfortable, grateful cry because she fell asleep with a smile on her pretty lips.—[New York Advertiser.

Most Gorgeous Sight in Asia.

A well-conducted Chinese funeral is the most gorgeous sight in Asia. It may seem to us a little tinselly, but that is a mere matter of taste. At the front of the funeral procession walk the noisy musicians. Then come men who may be friends, they may be coolies, to augment the magnitude of the dignity of the dead, it is hard say. Next walk more men, carrying figures of animals, sticks, umbrellas, and blue and white streamers. After them come men carrying pans of perfume. Just before the coffin walk bonzes, Chinese priests. Over the coffin a canopy, is usually carried. The casket is borne by about a score of men. Immediately behind the coffin walk the children of the deceased. The eldest son comes first. He is dressed in canvas, and leans heavily upon a stout stick. He is supposed to be so exhausted by grief and fasting to walk without the aid of this staff. The other children and relatives follow this chief mourner. They are clothed in white linen garments. White is the mourning color of the Dames, of the Bureaux, and of the Chinese. The women are carried in chairs in the Chinese funeral procession. They sob and wail at intervals and in unison.

When the burying place is reached, the bonzes begin chanting a mass for the dead, and the coffin is put into the tomb. When the coffin is laid in its final position, a large oblong white marble table is placed before the tomb. On the middle of it is set a censer and two vases and two candlesticks, all of as exquisite workmanship as possible. Then they have a paper crematory. Paper figures of men, horses, garments, and a score of other things, are burned. They are supposed to undergo a material resurrection, and to be useful to the dead in the Chinese heaven. The tomb is sealed up or closed, and an entertainment concludes the ceremony at the grave. The forms of Chinese tombs vary somewhat according to the province in which they are built, and very much according to the means of the relative who undertakes the expense. With the very poor the coffin is placed upon the ground, earth and lime are packed about it, and a rude grave is formed. With the rich a vault is built in the form of a horseshoe. If the dead was of note or position the decorations of the grave and of the coffin are very elaborate. There are a thousand interesting things to be said about Chinese mourning, about the ceremonies commemorative of the dead, and about the funerals of the Chinese royal family. But they cannot be put into a paragraph or into a column.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Memory.

"The science of memory," said James W. Dodd to the corridor man at the Lincoln, "is very little understood and the more it is investigated the farther one gets from the solution of the difficulty. I am acquainted with a man who could never learn to write or to calculate although a large sum of money was spent by his wealthy parents in attempts to educate him. To this day he can scarcely distinguish one letter from another, but he can read easily from sight in some manner neither physician nor philosopher can understand.

"He is fond of reading out loud, and seldom stumbles over a hard word, although he cannot spell out the easiest ones. Strange to say, he has a most wonderful memory of what he reads and will repeat the plot of a book with the exact quotations of leading incidents and expressions, after reading it once. His general habits indicate mental weakness in various ways, and the only memory he seems to have is in regard to printed matter.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Financial Activity.

"How is Gallen getting along?"

"Splendidly, for him."

"How do you know?"

"He has just succeeded in borrowing ten dollars from me."—[Chicago Record.

Great Britain and her colonies have 57,306 ships of all kinds; France has 15,279; Germany, 2,635; Russia, 4,406; Italy, 6,810; United States, 22,623; the world, 167,137.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

WHAT HOLIDAYS WERE MADE FOR.

"Tomorrow is a holiday!"
Cries John with shouts of laughter;
And all the other children say it
As they come trooping after.
"What will you do?" he gives warning,
"What kind of celebration
Will best express your sentiments
On such a grand occasion?"
"Why, we shall do just what it says,
The name, you know, that's given!"
Mamma looks puzzled, and the boy
To desperation driven
By her obtuseness, shouts aloud,
"Well! I would give a dollar
To guess you knew that holidays
Were made for boys to holler."

New Orleans Picayune.

CANINE INTELLIGENCE.

T. Sidney Cooper, the English animal painter, off a most valuable studies in Cumberland at places where he drew his labor with their cattle for the night. On such occasions he often had a chance to see illustrations of an animal's intelligence as well as of its physical perfection. One day when there was a pouring rain a man consented to sit for Mr. Cooper at the inn where he was stopping. He brought his collie with him and both of them were dripping wet, so he put off his plaid and laid it on the floor by the door. The artist made a sketch of the man, but before it was done the dog grew fidgety with the wet plaid and his master said to him: "Tak' it awa' man tak' it awa'." The dog took the end of it between his teeth and dragged it out of the room. The artist wished to sketch the dog too, so his master whistled for him. As he did not approach the artist and the drover went to find him. The dog was sitting before the kitchen fire with the end of the plaid in his mouth holding it up to dry.

THE CAPUCHIN MONKEY.

The white-throated capuchin, or capucin monkey named after the monks, and his near relatives, are some of the poor little fellows who find the monkeys' purgatory on this earth. They are less miserable who go about with the organ grinder, dance when the chain is jerked, and pass the tiny hat for the pennies. Poor little beggars! How much better for a monkey is the hunter's bullet in the leafy jungle than the deadly hand-organ on the hot pavement, and lifelong misery!

As a household pet, or a captive in a zoo, the capuchin monkey is the prince of good fellows. He is of good, comfortable size, neither too small, nor too large, fair in proportions, active, intelligent and docile, and decidedly affectionate. Many Old World monkeys are treacherous and dangerous brutes; but so far as his human human friends are concerned, the capuchin is nearly always to be trusted. He has a countenance like a pale, sad-looking old man, heavily burdened with care.

Out of a large collection of monkeys of various kinds that I once kept, the white-throated capuchin was the only thoroughly satisfactory inmate. He was sincerely attached to me, and whenever I came near him would purse out his wrinkled lips and complain to me about his disagreeable neighbors at a great rate. When frightened, his shrill, rasping shriek and the expression of his mobile face, made a representation of terror so perfect that a tragic actor might well have copied it. When coaxing his keeper for food or attention, he would thrust out his lips until they formed a funny looking little tube and say, in a plaintiff tone, "Poo-oo-oo-oo!"

These graceful and interesting monkeys are found in Eastern Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, and northern South America. At home they are not nearly so active and bold as the spider monkey, doubtless because they are not all legs and tail like the spiders. They not only eat fruit of all kinds, but are also very fond of beetles and other insects, eggs, and even young birds. The tail is prehensile, but not powerfully so like that of the spider-monkey.—[St. Nicholas.

Gems From Meteorites.

The notion of obtaining gems from meteorites seems extraordinary, yet a few of these celestial messengers have been found to contain olivine in crystals or masses scattered through them. Some of the crystals have been fine enough to furnish good stones for cutting. One meteorite picked up in Brown County, Kansas, yielded a number of pretty crystals of bright yellow olivine, which were broken out, leaving casts of their shapes in the iron. Another from Carroll County, Kentucky, consisted largely of olivine, with iron traversing it irregularly.—[Mail and Express.

CIVIL WAR RECORD.

A Big Series of Books Prepared by the Government.

The Largest History Ever Published in the World.

The biggest literary work ever undertaken in America is the military history now being prepared by Uncle Sam under the title of "War of the Rebellion; a Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." It is not only the largest history ever published in the world, but it has for its subject, as its name indicates, the greatest conflict of ancient or modern times. The preparation of the big compilation work, it is announced, will be practically finished by the close of the next fiscal year. It was begun twenty years ago, and in the process of evolution has assumed undreamed of proportions.

The whole work when completed will embrace 120 large royal octavo volumes of 1,000 pages each, and a gigantic atlas, and the cost will be about $2,500,000. Each separate book in a set is 2 inches thick and weighs from 50 to 60 ounces, and the combined weight of an entire set will be 520 pounds. The volumes if set up in a row on a single shelf of our library, will extend a distance of thirty feet. Eleven thousand copies will be printed, so that the edition will comprise 1,320,000 books, of 1,000 printed pages, aggregating 1,320,000,000 pages of matter, exclusive of the atlas.

Up to this date eighty-nine several volumes have been published, and about $1,800,000 has been spent in all branches of the work, or about $20,000 per volume. This average may be somewhat reduced in the later volumes, but in the main it is expected to obtain throughout. The printing and binding alone cost $10,000 per volume, while the previous preparation of each volume for the printer's hands costs an equal sum of $10,000.

The method of treatment personal throughout is absolutely unbiased, non-partisan and colorless. The official documents, printed and arranged in the natural order of the events they treat of, are allowed to tell their own "plain, unvarnished tale," and no comments, remarks, opinions, or speculations whatever are permitted to intervene between the successive links of the narrative. Nothing is printed in the volumes save duly authenticated contemporaneous records of the war, and newspaper accounts and private reports are rigidly excluded.—[Washington Star.

The Judge's Recreation.

"There is a judge in a good-sized town in Pennsylvania," said a business man, "who leads a double life without committing any crime against the decalogue. In the East he is a well-dressed, dignified judge, but in the West he is a farmer and utterly reckless regarding his personal appearance. He has a small farm in Kansas and spends all his vacation on it. I never knew where he took himself when he disappeared from his usual haunts until I was in Emporia, Kan., on business, and then I was startled at recognizing in an uncouth, shabbily dressed farmer the learned jurist. At first he denied his identity, but seeing that it was no use, his manly love of fun came to the rescue and he told me he would take me around and show me how he was leading a vacation on the West. At a hardware store where he tried to buy about a hundred dollars' worth of implements he was told he must either pay cash or give security, and at a loan agent's he was told that his application would not be entertained without the guarantee of two old settlers. He received rebuff after rebuff for over an hour, regarding every insult as a brilliant stroke of humor. Finally he returned to the hardware store, paid cash for what he wanted, and told the proprietor there was no jail in the country small or mean enough for him, and he then got himself involved in a quarrel at a harness store by trying to buy a seventy-five cent whip for fifty cents, which he declared was all the money he had. As the judge has a private income of over $5,000 a year besides his salary, his only object in burlesquing as a working farmer is to rest his brain, though, judging from his experiences when I was with him, I should think he would regard getting back to his work after his vacations as a sweet relief."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Deer are said to be becoming a great annoyance to farmers in Northwestern Maine, whose farms are adjacent to large forests.

How Armour Charged a Freeze-Out.

A few months ago there was a movement to crush Armour, the Chicago packer, out of grain entirely. He had contracted to deliver several million bushels of corn at a given date. Delivery of this sort, as is well known, means delivery in the elevators, and at that time Armour's granaries were full. The combination would not let him have a bushel's room in any other structures. And still he had three million bushels to move from the for week, and there were but thirty days left for the completion of the undertaking. When he discovered the "freezing out" designs of his competitors he goes himself to see Armour. He came in office to tell. Arbell responded, "Send for Mr. the builder." Mr. daily made his appearance.

There was a brief conversation. Forty-eight days after that the new and largest grain elevator in the world was in Armour's possession. It had been built for him in the interim by an enormous force of men working in three eight-hour shifts each day. The three million bushels were stored on the twenty-ninth day, and there was room to spare for a million more.—McClure's Magazine.

Many One-Legged Tramps.

A young story is told relative a friend of a brakeman running out of Kern City. One evening recently he started to clear the trains off the cars soon after leaving the station, and in so doing found a legless man dealing a ride. Taking pity on him, the "brakey" told him to go back to an empty refrigerator car, lift the latch and crawl in, where he would be safe from observation.

After a while "brakey" came back and found the one-legged man near where he had left him. He again told him about the refrigerator car, and again went about his business. For the third time this was repeated, and then, at the fourth, the brakeman, supposing the crippled tramp did not know what a refrigerator car was, said, "Come along, and I'll show you where it is."

When he reached the car he lifted the latch, and, swinging his lantern downward, he was just about paralyzed to see no less than three one-legged men already comfortably ensconced therein, while the fourth was ready to join them.—Bakersfield (California).

Alcohol's Effect on Rabbits.

Experiments are being tried in the pathological department of the Johns Hopkins Hospital to ascertain the effect of alcohol on rabbits. Six rabbits were started several weeks ago on a diet of alcohol. They had a drachm a day diluted with water. The object of the experiments is to ascertain what amount and degree of fatty degeneration follows the use of stimulants. The liquor is forced into the stomach of the rabbit by means of a rubber tube.

It takes only little more than a minute for the effects to become apparent. Unmistakable signs of drunkenness set in. As with men, these spells of intoxication differ according to the nature and disposition of the subject. In one case a lively mood was noticeable. In other cases the rabbit will become stupid and heavy, his breathing will become fast and deep, and he will soon stagger like a drunken man, and fall down repeatedly. The rabbits of their choice come a day, and in a few cases every other day.—New York Sun.

He Could Not Bear the Drops.

"I saw an amusing experiment in Kansas City yesterday," said Henry Walker, of Omaha, who is at Hand's. "Some one started that no man could stand a quart of water dropped on to his head, drop by drop, from a height of two or three feet. A bystander bet $20 to $1 that he could, and the wager was accepted. In less than a minute there was a blister on the man's head, and in less than three minutes his face gave evidence of intense suffering. Before a pint had been dropped he gave up exhausted, and described the sensation as the most terrible one he had ever experienced. The man who pocketed the $20 offered to give odds of ten to one that no one could stand a pint of water dropped on his head drop by drop. When he could get no takers he volunteered the statement that a man could have gone through the ordeal and retain his reason, a statement nobody present seemed qualified or anxious to contradict."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Slave Indeed.

"Parker is a slave to reason."

"How does he show it?"

"Why, he sat up all night last night trying to find a good reason for taking off one shoe before he removed the other."—[Harper's Bazar.

A Little Way.

A little way to walk with you, my own—
Only a little way!
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until its day.

A little way! it is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
We would not have one withered rose to give
If we did so.

And if the lips should ever learn to smile,
Or the tears for from mine,
'Twould be for you that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

You never realize how near an alarm clock is till it "goes off."

"His Honor is at steak," said the waiter when the Judge was at dinner.

The position some women have for attending auctions is a morbid taste.

The World's strong face that man has. He: Yes, it carries him everywhere.

"Johnny, fold seven apples to two apples, and what will you have?" "Colic, sir."

"Now I want to give you a point," said the doctor as he prepared to jab with his lancet.

Maud: Why do you call that ring a war relic? Ethel: I won it in my first engagement.

"Did the neighbors have any music at their receptions?" "We couldn't tell for the singing."

Tom: Rosalind is your sister Mabel? Ned: Her round, do you mean, or basal headed?

"Does your wife keep a cook at any?" "Jerusalem, no. Two weeks is generally the longest."

The difference between a form and a ceremony is that you sit on the former and stand on the latter.

Mother: Johnny, why aren't you more polite? Johnny: I guess I don't have to be; there's no company around here.

"My husband is just lovely. He paid fifty dollars for that little monkey over there." "That's just like him."

Reggie: Would you ever take Bradshaw an artist just to look at him? Peggy: Not if I could get any other.

Tom: I wonder why Nettie Gaye screamed so loud when I kissed her. Extreme modesty? Dick: No. Force of habit.

One piece of ice is called an icicle, but it would not be correct to call two pieces of ice an icycle, or three pieces a tricycle.

When a man marries he fully intends to be Number One in the family, but often the period drops out and he lapses into no one.

Priscilla: A girl never marries her first love. Prunella: No; she's lucky, indeed, if she can marry her twenty-first nowadays.

"Why have you tied about my St. Bernard dog?" "Why?" "He's losing his appetite." "Has worried about mine, too." "Why?" "He isn't."

"Yes, I am a good man, but I saw him steal a small thing at the church social." "What was that?" "Dishes out of the soup."

Dr. Adams: Don't you admire that painting, Miss F'Ashion? Miss F'Ashion (pensively): Not at all. Why, all the dolls in it are last year's styles.

A tramp in Colorado being unable to write when receiving a bill used to draw the sketch of a man with a rope around his neck. This meant settled.

Gentleman caller: Nobody at home, eh? Perhaps I'd better leave my name. Servant: We couldn't use it, sir. There are no marriageable ladies in the family.

Tim: Did Miss Goldcoin recognize you when you met her in the park? Flip: Yes. "Did she bow or speak?" "Neither one; that's how I knew she recognized me."

Jack: So you know I loved you? Ada: Yes. I have known it for some time. Jack: Ah, I presume your womanly intuition told you? Ada: No, your sister Jennie.

Cholly: It may be all right, you know, but I am glad it doesn't hold to believe that we are descended from monkeys. Miss Smart (after looking him over): I don't.

After the dinner at the cafe, Bobby noticed with full eyes the heaping piece of cheese which the waiter brought back to his father. "Oh, papa," he exclaimed, "Oh, papa! I'd like a piece of that, too!"

"I'm a believer in fate. I think our lives are laid out for us." "You are wise to believe so." "Ha! you think I am?" "Yes. A man who lives as you do is wise to shift the responsibility for his actions on to something or somebody else."