

The Wind in the Maples. The wind in the maples...

For I hear the mountains calling Where the sun forever shines...

Through that fair, old fashioned garden, Thick, with eglantine and rose...

Oh, the nights so cool and soothing, Oh, the Jasper tinted day...

Where I waited on the turnpike By the field of new mown hay...

So I hear the mountains calling In the glad notes of the pines...

For I hate the murky city With its mills and trolley lines...

Down the old path by the mill And list the distant taps for hands at noon...

While we lunch beneath the hemlock locks At the spring that bubbles still...

To return by scented meadows at the moon. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Treasure Trove.

Mr. Jehu Pontifex stood in his gorgeous drawing room at Wimbledon...

"It is a heavenly idea," the great man said, "people's people's people..."

"The newspaper man makes something by it. What can you do, Jehu, and what can you want?"

"It's business, my dear business, and I ain't going to be beat by any newspaper man..."

"Don't argue with me, Anne Maria. Now, listen to this I drew up at the office this afternoon..."

"I'm not a fool," her husband replied. "There's other geniuses in this world except them literary geniuses..."

"Yes, it's wonderful," Baggs said. "I could have staked anything on ordinary treasure hunter..."

"I should think it was a gift! I can understand your finding one, or even two, but—all the blessed lot!"

and Pontifex was a stern parent of the good old Surrey side style of melodrama...

"But," Mirabel often said to her lover, "if you could only show father that you had some way of making a living..."

"No," Herbert Gay would reply gloomily, "I can't, I suppose I must set a job somewhere."

But now, as he walked down the lane in question, he was not bent so much on meeting Mirabel as on going to an old oak tree...

"I'll just see," murmured Herbert Gay, "whether Mirabel has left a letter or not, and then I'll go and find out..."

Upon which Gay put his hand in the hollow tree, and when he had done so he found a letter from the girl of his heart...

"I understand," he said. "That man employed by the newspaper to hide these things all over the place..."

"Your young man a genius," Mr. Pontifex said to Mirabel a few days afterwards. Then, turning to Herbert Gay, he continued: "However did you manage to do it?"

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Better Prices Under the Present Methods of Buying Grain.

ware in vogue. It is true that in most of the primary markets throughout the West his buying is limited to two or three parties...

There are a number of large grain concerns which put into the hands of every regular buyer at every local station on every railroad each morning of the year a postal or telegraph order based on the close of the previous day's markets in Chicago, New York and Liverpool...

Under the old method a margin of three to six cents, and frequently more, was exacted by the buyer in order to insure himself against loss.

Under certain conditions, a buyer can do the work of four men. The animal is being used to draw telephone cables through long conduits.

They Really Do Everything But Talk, It Seems.

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It was in 1853 that the first regular stage coach began running between the two capitals, London and Edinburgh.

How the Great Struggle Made Business for the Backstop Stage.

Land in the arid portions of Mexico is still very cheap and can be bought in tracts of 1000 to 1,000,000 acres.

Not all of these young men who sought New Brunswick for safety were residents of Maine by any means.

The Kansas City Star notes that Miss Oklahoma is satisfied now that her star is on straight.

NEW YORK AS SEEN BY A DIXIE GIRL.

One of "Seventeen's Most Popular" of the South Gives Her Impressions—Hurry in Work and Play—From the Rocky Island is Clamped Down With Steel to Keep It From Running Away to Sea—Says Women Look Hard—Wishes to Visit in Grand Hotel, but Feared For a Little Girl's Name or Boy's Name.

By KATHERINE ROBERTSON.

How New York hurries; hurries in and out with such spirit. They stop at nothing. They have such an air of knowing all about life; their manners are perfect; they are so bright and up to date, and their conversation is always interesting and entertaining.

Hard Look About the Mouth.

The expression of the faces of New York women, although I cannot exactly describe it, is something which one is not likely to forget.

All Classes Have Play Time.

Of course, I know that somebody really does work, but when? At midday, in the afternoon, in the evening, at any hour of the day or night you go to places of amusement, you sit in the restaurants—at luncheon, breakfast, tea, dinner, supper.

How big and clean and shiny the whole city is with its tall skyscrapers without a speck on them, just as they were dusted every morning, and the great apartment houses which look as if they were washed all over every night!

IN OLD WAR DAYS.

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HARD BLOW TO AMERICA ABROAD.

CHICAGO MEAT SCANDAL HAS AROUSED EUROPE'S HORROR.

Foreigners Less Tolerant of Public Abuses Than Americans, and Effect of Disclosures Will Not Easily Be Overcome—Call Our Business Methods Rotten.

Much has been cable about the effect in Europe of the Chicago beef exposures, but it is difficult to give an adequate idea of the worldwide fury and horror created by Upton Sinclair's novel "The Jungle" and the daily despatches to the European newspapers, writes the London correspondent of the New York Sun.

It is frequently said here that American memories are short and the American public the most tolerant of abuses in any of the world, but the manufacturers of American food products will not find either of these characteristics among European consumers.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A cow's hide of average size produces about thirty-five pounds of leather.

Twenty-four survivors of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava mustered on the stage at the Alhambra, London, recently, when Mrs. Clement Scott recited Tennyson's stirring poem at the annual matinee in aid of the survivors.

One of the cherished relics of the Hale family of Boston is a watch once carried by Nathan Hale, the martyr spy of the Revolution.

Nature Study.

Sitting by my open window, I distinctly hear the grass grow. This is an old joke, among minstrels, but I believe it has never before appeared in a nature study.

Have you ever observed grass? It is very intelligent. Two blades of grass may be made to grow where one grew before, and do other tricks hardly less surprising.

On the Spouter.

OLD MEASURES IN USE.

In Philadelphia 100 Feet is 100 Feet 3 Inches—Argent and Barleycorn.

In connection with the attempted introduction of the metric system into this country Cassler's Magazine publishes several interesting interviews.

Even the barleycorn is in wide use today, for the difference between the sizes of our shoes is a barleycorn. The State of Texas has been United States soil since 1846, but in the portions of the State which were settled by the Spaniards—how it is in the other portions I do not know—the common unit of land measure to-day is the Spanish vara.

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A New York publisher directed one of his clerks to hang out a sign, "Buy now!" Five minutes later, says a writer in the New York Sun, a red-headed little "lad" appeared in the office with the sign under his arm.

IS MARRIAGE A HINDRANCE?

Is marriage a hindrance? Well, you bet it is—In various ways to a fellow in his pocket money to "Unwedded as a "bunch" The whole shooting match. He thinks he's the master of his own fate. To do as he pleases. In running the house—From the roof of a sausage to that of a "house."

He thinks that the woman is weak and should trust all matters to him, or the household will bust. What is his own? Is marriage a hindrance? From the roof of a sausage to that of a "house."

Vicar's wife—"Now, can any of you children tell me of another ark?" Bright child—"Ark the 'Grand Angels Sing'!"—Punch.

The Golf Girl—"John seems to have forced in making love to me." The Auto Girl—"Well, something's gone wrong with my spark, too!"—Judge.

"I really believe she married him for his money." Bella—"Well, eliminate his money, and what else would there be to him?"—Philadelphia Record.

"The people in the next flat seem to be fond of the latest songs." "Yes, they don't appear to care for any that are sung earlier than 10 p. m."—Washington Star.

Fella—"Professor Lee says candy is a cure for fatigue." Bella—"That's true; a man who brings me chocolates never makes me as tired as a man who doesn't!"—Harper's Bazar.

First tramp—"Says in this 'ere paper as 'ow some of them millionaires works eight and ten hours a day, Bill." The Philosopher—"Ah, it's a 'ard world for some poor blokes!"—Punch.

The Wife—"He told me that if I married him my every wish would be gratified." The Mother—"Well, is it not so?" The Wife—"No, I wish I hadn't married him!"—Cleveland Leader.

"Hello, Bill!" "Hello, Mr. Smith at the telephone." "Mr. Smith says if you want to see him at the telephone, you will have to come to his office; he hasn't time to go to yours."—Baltimore American.

Jinks—"Hello, Blinks! Hear you had a great time getting married—closed with the girl—father and mother furious—gave chase, but they didn't catch you, did they?" Blinks, sadly—"No!"—New York Weekly.

"Are you ready to live on my income?" he asked softly. "She looked up into his face, trustfully. 'Certainly, dearest,' she answered. 'If—If—' 'If what?' 'If you can get another one for yourself.'—Judge.

"You are taking a great deal of interest in this investigation." "Yes," answered the Statesman. "I have to give it close personal attention. I want to make sure it doesn't develop anything I don't care to have known."—Washington Star.

"What's the matter dear, you look puzzled?" said Tess, meeting Jess on the avenue. "I'm sure I lost something just now," replied Jess, "but I can't think what it was." "Probably it wasn't anything very important." "No, it wasn't; I remember now. It was that little Mr. Sniffkins who was walking with me."—Philadelphia Press.

"This bill for your new frock is really a bit high," observed the plutocrat to his daughter. "Six thousand dollars is considerable to pay just for an auto suit." "But, papa, the suit itself really is quite inexpensive. The most of that bill is for the trimmings." "Trimming?" "Yes, I spent \$6300 for an auto of the right tint to match the suit."—Puck.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that the new minister was somewhat reconcile last Sunday?" "I didn't know what it was at the time," replied her hostess as she toyed with her diamond-studded fan, "but I do remember that his face looked kind of red and his eyes were sort of glassy. Still we ought to be too hard on the poor man. He might of taken it for the 'la grippe'."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Confided to the Press.

This notice appeared exactly as follows in an English newspaper published in a town not far from London: "Will the girl who helped a lady with a leg down a coal hole on Sunday afternoon between three and four o'clock please call at No. — street."

The mere American reader, unused to English ways, will wonder what the "lady" wanted down the coal-hole, and where her leg lay; or did the latter belong to the other "party"? The notice is ambiguous.—Harper's Weekly.

FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE