

Nor scorn not things of low degree,  
 And sigh for wealth and state;  
 Far better court humility  
 Than burdens of the great.  
 For he who wins ambition's fight  
 Can never be at ease;  
 He gains, 'tis true, a worldly height,  
 But has a world to please.  
 For cares increase as honors grow,  
 And in his new estate  
 He finds, though bright those honors  
 glow,  
 'Tis thralldom to the great.  
 The flatterers that about him throng  
 Each has some dole to ask!  
 But please them is no idle song,  
 But an Herculean task.  
 We value things as they appear,  
 Nor count the cost and pain  
 Which line the road to that bright  
 sphere  
 The envied ones attain.  
 Fame is no royal heritage;  
 Its crowns are free to all;  
 But who its dizzy heights would  
 gauge,  
 Must risk its dizzyest fall.  
 Then sigh not for ambition's meed,  
 Its sceptre and its crown;  
 Uneasy lies the kingly head,  
 Though pillowed upon down.—  
 True Flagg

"How can you tolerate it, Lu?" Exclaimed Mrs. Gorman. "If he is my brother, I say it is a shame!" Then, allowing her listener no time to reply, the energetic little lady rattled on: "I suppose you and Clarence must have an understanding, or you would have dis- charged him long ago. Here has Sydney Lawrence been waiting and serving for you no less patiently than Jacob for Rachel, these seven years and more, and yet my recalcitrant brother is the fa- vored one. Unless you take him in hand soon your roses and lilies will wither, and even faithful Sidney will come to worship at a younger, fairer shrine. Every one supposes that you and Clarence are engaged, and yet he has never in so many words made you an offer of marriage. Now, while we know that he considers you his be- trothed, he does not seem to realise the embarrassing position in which this tedious courtship places you and should therefore be brought to a knowledge of it or punished for his delinquency."

During the earlier portion of her husband's remarks a smile hovered around Lulu Brandon's lips, and she continued her task of cutting the leaves of the last new magazine, but as the final sentence was pronounced her face flushed deeply.

in his hand first to Clarence and then to Roberts, at the same time motioning her to a seat by her side. As Roberts for a few moments engaged Sidney in conversation, Curtis managed to ask Miss Brandon why she had not informed him of her desire to come to the theatre. She frankly replied that she had felt no special wish to do so until Sidney unexpectedly called and asked her to accompany him. This she told him with a mother's deep devotion, and he felt reassured, and she left with a complacent feeling that she was quite sure of her affection.

He called to see her the next evening as usual, and nothing was said of the recent incident. Clarence's brief jealousy was forgotten and he calmly accepted the old conditions of things. Why should he be in haste to marry even the most charming girl in the world?

He hesitated to give up the freedom and luxury of bachelorhood for the restraints which marriage must inevitably bring. Lulu was such a delightful companion and sweetheart! Would she be equally charming as a wife? Whether or not she wished to marry was never considered. He had always lived for his own comfort, and self was his first consideration. So when he left that evening the words were still unspoken which would bind her to him, and he was yet a free man.

A fortnight passed as usual, with no change in the relations of the two. Lulu was a proud girl and Mrs Gorman's look of inquiry every time they now met was hard to bear. Matters reached a climax on the day when Belle incautiously said:

"I have been scolding Clarence about you, Lulu. I tell him he will rue his indifference when it is too late."

"Indeed!" Lulu's laugh was rather forced. "And what did my lover say?"

"O, that he was sure of you, or something of that sort. He is abominably conceited, though he is my brother."

"Are not all men so?" asked Lulu lightly; but her eyes were like sparks.

When at 8 o'clock next evening Clarence called to see Miss Brandon, the maid informed him that she had just "went out with Mr. Lawrence." Again the green-eyed monster seized the tragedy which at this time it wonderfully quickened his latent love. He resolved to ask the important question at once. Early the next morning he went to the home of his sweetheart, only to find that she had gone out for the day. Clarence was seriously disturbed. He felt that something was wrong. If he could only see Lulu for a few minutes matters would be settled to his satisfaction, he assured himself. But, alas! that little word "if" has often proved a barrier stronger than prison walls or iron bands.

For weeks he was baffled in every attempt to see Miss Brandon alone, until he was forced to admit that she purposefully sought to evade a meeting with him. This only made him more eager and determined to bring one about, but more than two months elapsed before he succeeded in securing the long and much desired interview. At last he wrote her a note, requesting somewhat imperatively to be allowed to see her privately. The reply was brief, simply stating that she would receive him that evening at 8 o'clock.

Promptly at the time designated Clarence entered the familiar parlor and was greeted cordially by Lu, who yet retained the accustomed lover-like caresses.

"Great minds run in the same channel," Clarence. At the moment I received your note I was writing you an invitation to call."

This little speech quickly dissipated the suspicion which had arisen in his mind at his reception, and he resolved to state the object of his call without delay.

"Dear Lulu," he said, taking her hand in his. "I have come this evening to ask you to name an early date for our marriage. I want my wife as soon as possible."

She allowed him to retain her hand, but the crimson deepened upon her fair cheeks as she replied:

"Clarence, I have something to say which may give you pain. During the last few years I have been dimly conscious that we are not exactly suited to each other, although a month ago I should have indignantly refuted such an implication from any one else. I am now fully convinced that if united we should not be happy. More than this," she spoke very softly and tenderly, "I have been mistaken in the object of my affection, and I know that I have truly loved any one but Sidney Lawrence."

Speechless and pale, Clarence's eyes sought hers beseechingly. At last he reached the magnitude of his love for the woman his fishiness had put for ever from his life. But he read no hope in her face and in silence he rose and left her.

Years have passed since then. Clarence Curtis has never married, and the gossip says the handsome bachelor silently worships the wife of Sidney Lawrence.—Waverly Magazine.

**What Becomes of Metals.**

The greater portion of the lead mined is converted into white lead, red lead and orange materials which are used as pigments for paints. Much lead is manufactured into sheet, some into bullets and other projectiles, and the only lead which comes back into the market in the form of scraps is that which is used for lead pipes.

Zinc is largely used in galvanizing sheet or iron, in manufacturing brass, and a sheet zinc, and as oxide of zinc is used in paint. The only zinc available for the new use is that used in making brass. Next to scrap iron and steel, scrap brass is found on the market.

Most of the world's zinc product is available in tin plates. Tin scrap is not available and, though many efforts have been made to utilize tin scrap, no considerable amount of metal has been obtained this way.

Next to iron and steel, copper is most used in metallic form, only a small proportion being used in the salts of copper, and in the manufacturing of brass, of which it forms two-thirds, in electrical conductors, sheet roofing and cooking utensils and pipes.

Just what becomes of the enormous amount of metal mined every year is a mystery, as a very small proportion is returned in the form of scrap material.

A sparrow's egg seems of little or no value, and yet there is a man in Paris who can transform it into a prize really worth having. Indeed, this ingenious gentleman makes a very handsome income through his skill in coloring birds' eggs. As to the legitimacy of his business the reader can judge for himself.

A few years ago this widespread Parisian was an assistant in a provincial museum of natural history, and while there he learned and saw a great deal which has since been of much use to him. So much, indeed, did he learn that when he lost his position he went to Paris and determined to start in business for himself. His apprenticeship at the museum had shown him the value of birds' eggs, and he promptly decided to make a living by dealing in rare eggs. True, he had only a very small collection of eggs with which to start business, but this was a trifling obstacle to a man of his versatile genius. He knew that there were many collectors in various countries who were willing to pay fancy prices for eggs, and he resolved to supply their demands, no matter how extravagant they might be.

Of course, not having many rare eggs and lacking the necessary facilities for procuring them he could not supply them unless he manufactured them, and this he did. For example, if a collector wrote to him for a penguin's egg, he would make out of gypsum a shell exactly resembling that of a penguin's egg, and he would forward it to his customer, who would never dream that a penguin had not laid it. As a rule, however, he uses the shell of some common egg, his sole care being to see that it corresponds in size with the desired egg. The eggs of the common fly-catcher are very cheap, and by coloring them properly they can be made to resemble much costlier eggs. Again, a duck's egg costs very little, and yet our ingenious French gentleman could easily transform it into an egg worth from forty to sixty francs. Pigeons' eggs are also very useful for a similar purpose, since they are of exactly the same size as many very rare eggs. Any one with a knowledge of chemistry could change them so that the pigeons themselves would not recognize them.

Almost every collector of birds' eggs desires to have one or two finely marked nightingale's eggs, and is willing to pay a high price for them. The Parisian dealer was well aware of this little weakness, and, larks being more abundant than nightingales, he found no difficulty in getting larks' eggs and coloring them so that they were exactly like the genuine article as deposited in remote places by the timorous nightingale.

It can be seen that this is a very profitable business and a little consideration will show that there is not much risk of detection. True, the tricky methods of this Parisian dealer have been brought to light, but the discovery was apparently made more by chance than by any suspicion on the part of his customers that they were being swindled out of their money.

The average collector, no matter whether he has a passion for autographs, postage stamps, coins or birds' eggs, is inclined to be gullible, and this seems to be especially the case with collectors of eggs. They know that certain birds lay eggs of a certain size and color, and if they can get eggs that seem to be faultless in these respects they are satisfied. The thought that the coloring may not always be natural does not seem to enter their heads. At any rate, such has been the experience of this Parisian dealer. He has forwarded specimens of his skill to collectors in all countries and it does not appear that any of them ever discovered that he was a fraud. Hereafter, collectors will probably be more cautious about buying eggs, especially from foreign dealers.

Not the least interesting of astronomical puzzles is the *Gegensein*, or counterlight, a faint light twenty degrees or thirty degrees in diameter that is seen by the naked eye only in the zodiac and always exactly opposite—or 180 degrees from—the sun. This little observed phenomenon is as great a mystery as the zodiacal light. A late suggestion is that it is due, like the luminous redness of the eclipsed moon, to the refraction by the earth's atmosphere of sunlight, which is made to converge in the shadow of the earth and be reflected—in the one case by the moon and in the other by the dust of space. Spectroscopic evidence tends to show that the zodiacal light is sunlight reflected from a dust ring accompanying the earth.

The largest bridge in existence is not, as one would imagine, the work of some famous English or French engineer. This bridge, comparatively little known, was constructed long ago, in China, in the reign of the Emperor Keing Long. It is situated near to Sangang and the Yellow sea, and measures not less than eight miles and a half. The bridge of Lions, as it is called, is supported by 300 immense arches and its foundation is 21 meters under water. On each pile of this wonderful bridge is a marble statue of a lion, three times larger than life size. The view of these 300 enormous arches, each one supporting an arch, is stupendous in its magnificence.

Nobody starves to death in our village, but even on our mountain folk, who live far away from the plains, where the places which are often inaccessible in winter, are very poor, ill-housed and ill-clothed. However, the prevailing tone in Asher Dill's store, and in the village generally, is a humorous one—a tone of irony and of good-natured sarcasm. Almost everybody cultivates a fine sense of humor; in fact, to be humorous, and especially to be good at repartee, is the one intellectual ambition of the community. We do not care for much learning of any letters—which we put off until winter, about six months after they are due—to not to be ignorant or penmanship. And it is really astonishing, even to ourselves, how little we care for what is going on in the outside world. We read the papers with only a languid interest, being more concerned about the trivial events in the next town, duly chronicled in the county paper, than we are about what is said or done in Washington, in London or in Paris. But the sense of humor is developed among us in childhood, and is never lost even in the moments of difficulty or of danger.

Last Fourth of July a desperate character, who lived on a mountain road in the outskirts of the town, drove to the village in a little rickety cart, carrying over his head a woman's broken and battered sunshade, which he had picked up somewhere. He was very drunk, and before long the cart was upset. His horse, a half-broken colt, kicked and plunged and tried to run away. The fellow pluckily clung to the reins, and was dragged about on the ground hither and thither, being finally extracted from the ruins of his cart. Through it all he kept the sunshade in his hand, "I don't care for anything about this," he said, as he blood was assailed by his feet, "nor am I streaming from his face," nor about the horse, nor about the cart, but I was determined to save this beautiful parasol."

To discuss why this humorous spirit should be the prevailing spirit in an Anglo-Saxon community of Puritan descent would be a difficult but pleasant task; but I must content myself here with the obvious remark that it could not exist except in connection with an ample background of leisure. Our village—perhaps this cardinal fact ought to have been stated at the outset—enjoys a blessed immunity from railroads. The nearest station is ten miles off; and the mails come by stage, which arrives anywhere between 7 P. M. and midnight—except on some nights in winter, when it does not arrive at all, being prevented by snow storms. Our manners, though

"Did the man weep at the sound of his loved native tongue?"

"No, my dear, he did not. He looked surprised and I thought he was deaf and raised my voice, but he only looked startled and shook his head. In the end he said, 'Disappointed, I am, but I perceive that he did not have the power of languages. Then I was determined to do it, or die, so I repeated my remarks slowly, syllabifying each word.'"

"Oh, well, perhaps he was dumb."

"I wish he had been, but he wasn't—he took all the pennies out of his cap and put them in his pocket; then he said, in a loud, clear voice, 'Me no speak English,' and he was playing 'Daisy Bell' in front of the next house before I could catch my breath."

## A black and white illustration of two women standing outdoors. The woman on the left is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved dress with a high collar and a wide belt. She is holding a small object in her hands. The woman on the right is wearing a dark, long-sleeved dress with a high collar and a wide belt. She is also holding a small object in her hands. They are standing in front of a large, leafy tree. In the background, there is a small building and a fence. The style is that of a woodcut or a similar early 20th-century illustration.

Bessie—You can't get something from nothing.

Jennie—Oh, yes, you can. I just got a proposal from Cholly.

Two or three West Pointers who were spending a part of their graduate leave in Europe found themselves conversing in a Paris hotel.

While they were at dinner a maid came to the door and asked:

"Does any one here speak English?"

An attendant engaged the inquiry in conversation, and one of the lieutenants said to the others:

"I wish we could see his face. The police sounds very familiar."

"That's what I was thinking," replied the other.

In a moment or two the new arrival came in, and there stood the West Pointer, French professor—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegram.

"How sad! Don Froilan has just died moment ago!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed his doctor; "there is his own fault. He never would take the pills I ordered him, and as would be expected he is dead. If he had taken them he would be alive now."

"Oh, but he was run over by a coach."

"Well, people who take my pills keep doors a long time and don't get run over."—Bremon.

They were from Omaha at Long ranch. She was deeply awed at the vast stretch of rolling waters, and exclaimed:

...do you suppose they would be  
ed build a \$1,000,000 hotel side of a  
airle slough?"—*Minneapolis Journal*.

**Ragged Reuben**—It's dis yerre impost,  
 peaple labor dat's ruinin' m' ou-  
 respecta.

**Watered Tawny**—Sure 'nuff! Dem  
 noddin' noddin' are countin' over

Too Much for the Money.  
Walter—WIM you have spinach to-  
day, sir?  
Guest—Yes, but I don't want it.

ript.

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In Chicago.

Mistress (greatly scandalized)—Is  
sensible. Huldah, you are making trouble  
about having washed your hands!

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**In the West.**  
**First Citizen**—(to the young fellow)—  
 who is that you're going to marry?  
**Second Citizen**—That's the man that

[illegible]

Edison Bernard Thompson, known as Tom, Thomas A. Edison went back to his home in Orange, N. J., last evening. He spent the day very quietly in the office of the Edison Electric Company. As he did not have any work, particular on his hands and was wrestling with any big problem, to just sat around and talked to President William D. Marks and the men. He is a most unassuming man, without any trace of big head, and enjoys a good story with all the heartiness of a boy in college.

He told Prof. Marks more strange and wonderful things that he had come upon in his laboratory work than the professor would have believed if he had heard them from anybody but Einstein. Now and then he would talk out with one of his ideas, and Prof. Marks would realize that there was a giant at play in his office.

While, as President of the electric company, Fred Marks began to shovel a pile of correspondence, Marks told a story of consideration that few men then would have for their stenographers.

"A day," said he. "People write to me from all parts of the world—not about my business, but their own. My stenographer was sick for six weeks, and the letters piled up a couple of thousand of them. I didn't have any time to open them myself—other people's business, you know—so I left them there. By and by the stenographer came back, but just before he came back I took the letters and burned them. He couldn't attempt to go through 1,000 letters, could he?"

"Prof. Mark's stenographer was impressed by the thoughtful act, but was also very much shocked."

"Oh, nothing ever came of it," explained the wizard, easily.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Yes, I had to move the eggs off the counter," said the Indiana street druggist. "There are too many bright men in this neighborhood, that's the reason."

A fish of blue white eggs was on a side counter, but I can't put my paw on it without getting them defecated. What you never heard of doing eggs like that? One that real estate office got there. Well, that fellow would come over here for a drink and as soon as I turned my back he would pick up an egg and mark it with a lead pencil. April 1, 1967, and set it back in the dish so that any one who came up to the counter could see it. Of course I couldn't see it behind the counter. I've seen a man come in to order an egg for the first time, when he glanced at the eggs and saw one on top dated four or five months ago. He looked weaker and take a piece of my best drink.

The real estate man was the first to do it. He started the others, and they had all sorts of fun with them. I didn't mind much so long as they dated the eggs 1967 or 1978, but when they dated them about a year back or wrote "feathers" on them I thought the joke was going a little too

They thought the eggs were six or eight months old. That's why I have to look the eggs on the back shelf. Too many numerals in the neighborhood." - One  
egg Record.

**The Political Record.**  
In every county of Kentucky you will find a lot of old men who have grown grays in telling you that for forty or maybe fifty years they have never voted anything but the Democratic ticket. They began, perhaps with Jackson, and have come on down the line.  
An old man of this sort, who was called "Uncle Billy," and who was very close-knit, hung on, say, around at the house of Governor Bruce. "Uncle Billy," leaning on his tall staff, led his way in and asked to be introduced. He was formally presented

evident pride. "I certainly am the oldest  
 voter in the county. If any man  
 will catch a man as has thrown a  
 Democrat voters than I hev, I'll give  
 him the liquor."

Hereupon several of the crowd, know-  
 ing Uncle Billy's stinkiness, but more

for any chance to come into a track, pricked up their ears, and Uncle Billy, noticing this, and becoming alarmed at the probable outlay if he should be proved wrong, hemmed and hawed and said:—"that is, I'll furnish the money, my man, as fetches the moon."

Foreman but a few days ago to do some work around the mouth of an old mining shaft, and he took a green soldier with him as an assistant. In a couple of hours the Foreman's men came to the Colonel's office and reported.

"Oh, He fall down de chair, 'cause he  
outrage, an' he don't want no  
he jumped him self - an' I jump too.  
Foot.

"No," replied the other.