The Joke of Long Ago.

He stops you on the corner, and he gaily spins it o'er,
And you pause and listen, silent, though you've heard it all before.
You remember every syllable, anticipate each pause,
And can point the usual time for interruption and applause.
'Tis to him a thing of beauty, as an everlasting joy;
He finds the entertainment fraught with charms that never cloy.
A tide of things forgotten at its call begins to flow—
That good old joke—that dear old joke—that joke of long ago.

You have heard it in the orchard as you lolled beneath the trees,
Shirking algebra and Latin for the humming of the bees.
You have heard it at the corner when the day's dull labor's o'er,
The leisure-blest assembled at the village general store.
Though each reciter altered it for fear it might grow tame,
It lived in the affection staunch and faithful—still the same.
Ah! one likes to hear him tell it—take his time and tell it slow—
That good old joke—that dear old joke—that joke of long ago.

My Fiddle.

My fiddle? Well, I kind o' keep her handy, don't you know?
Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,
And my fingers were more limber like and caprish and spry.
Yet I can plonk and plunk and plink
And tune her up and play,
And just lean back and laugh and wink
At every rainy day.

My playin's only middlin'—tunes I picked up when a boy—
The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' that the folks call corduroy;
"The Old Fat Gal" and "Ryestraw" and "My Sailor's On the Sea,"
Is the cowtillions that I saw when the ch'ice is left to me.
And so I plunk and plonk and plink,
And rosum up my bow,
And play the tunes that make you think
The devil's in your toe!

* * * * *

That' how this here old fiddle's won my heart's endurin' love!
From the strings across her middle to the schreechin' keys above—
From her apern, over bridge and to the ribbon round her throat,
She's a wooin' cooin' pigeon, singin' "Love me" every note!
And so I pat her neck, and plink
Her strings with lovin' hands,
And, list'nin' clost, I sometimes think
She kind o' understands!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

From Night to Noon.

BILDAD THE SHUHITE.

How can vile man be justified with God?
And how can he be clean of woman born?
Behold, the very moon is dark before Him;
The very stars beside Him are impure!
How much more man that's but a worm, that feeds
And festers in the dark and loathsome earth?

JOB.

Man is indeed unclean and worthless; but
With joy I know that my Redeemer liveth;
That He shall stand at the appointed day
Upon the earth; and that although the worms
Encompass and destroy this body, yet
In my own living flesh I shall see God.

PAUL.

The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Doth purify His people from their sins;
And unto them that put their trust in Him
There is no condemnation, but, instead,
Acceptance, life and joy for evermore,
Procured and purchased for them on the cross.
—W. M.

Baby.

One little head of golden hair.
Two little cheeks so round and fair,
Two little lips with fragrant sighs,
One little nose and two blue eyes,
Two little hands as soft as a peach,
Two little feet with five toes each,
Two little smiles and two little tears,
Two little legs and two little ears,
Two little elbows and two little knees,
One little grunt and one little sneeze,
One little heart, but no little sins,
Plenty of skirts and lots of pins,
One little cloak and plenty of frocks,
One little hood and two little socks,
A big disposition to haul and to pull,
One little stomach that's never full,
One little mouth of the rose's tint,
One little bottle of peppermint,
Plenty to eat and lots to wear—
And yet this baby is as cross as a bear.

Johnnie Got it Mixed.

Mrs. De Courcy Bluff—Good gracious, Maude, what is this I hear? Johnnie says you told Miss Van Gilt that young Astorbond was a frightful hog.

Maude—Why, Johnnie, how dare you? What I said was, mamma, that Mr. Astorbond was a dreadful bore.

Johnnie—Well, I knew it was some sort of a pig, but couldn't quite remember.

The Penny Post in Australia.

Victoria introduced the penny post all over its territory this year at a loss estimated at about £80,000 per annum, and now New South Wales is proposing to follow suit, and the estimated loss will be about $60,000 to the revenue. Up to this year the postage over the whole colony was 2d, with a penny rate in Melbourne and Sydney only for local letters.—*London Star.*

To Farmers.

Don't sign any paper which a stranger presents, no matter what he says about it, and no matter how innocent the thing appears. It is the season when gangs of swindlers visit the rural districts—glib-tongued fellows who have educated themselves to lie black out of white.

The general opinion among those who have made a study of the subject is that the imperial Rome is bankrupt. The municipal authorities and private individuals, presuming too much upon the immediate growth of the city as the capital of Italy, have gone into extravagant enterprises, far beyond the normal and reasonable needs of the municipality; for, although Rome is the leading city of Italy, it does not possess the trade and commerce to put it on a par with the capitals of France, Austria and Germany.

In the first election for the Japanese House of Peers, under the new Constitution, forty-four commoners and one noble have been chosen to fill the forty-five elective seats. The empire has now fairly entered upon an era of representative government, and the adaptability which the people have already shown to new political and social conditions is an earnest of still greater progress and development.

Farmer Tillman, who is a candidate for Governor of South Carolina, is an enemy of the colleges, which he calls "dude factories."

In a recent lecture on cookery at Chautauqua, Mrs. Emma P. Ewing declared that good food is indispensable to piety.

FIFTY YEARS HENCE

A Prophecy by the Past Master of St. Cecile Lodge, F. and A. M.

There is a Masonic lodge in New York which holds its meetings in the day time. It is known among the fraternity as the "afternoon lodge," or the "matinee lodge," and its membership is chiefly made up of actors, musicians, morning newspaper men and others whose occupations oblige them to be on duty at night.

This lodge, the designation of which is St. Cecile, No. 568, F. and A. M., celebrated its 25th anniversary on June 17th in the commandery room of the Masonic temple, A large audience of members and friends were most agreeably entertained by a number of actors, singers and instrumentalists, including Fred. Solomon and Geo. Olmi of the Casino, the "County Fair" quartette, Geo. W. Morgan, the organist, and others.

When the programme was rather more than half finished, Mr. Charles H. Govan, a former master of the lodge, was presented to the audience, and gave a most unexpected address. He began by saying that twenty-five years was quite long enough to determine the vitality of an organization, and that it was reasonable to suppose that St. Cecile Lodge was destined to an existence of great duration and vigor. "I have no doubt," he said, "that fifty years from now, in this same indestructible edifice, there will be a celebration by the members of this lodge of the magnificence of which we can form only a faint conception. I expect to be present on that occasion (Laughter.) It has often been said that sickly people live the longest if they are not too sickly. They are prudent and temperate because they have to be. Therefore, as I have not enjoyed robust health for twenty years, and never will again, I expect, by reason of the extraordinary precautions I will have to take, that I will be alive when all my big red-faced brethren of middle age have died off from congested livers, apoplexy, fatty degeneration and other ailments peculiar to those who live not wisely but too well. I will ask you to imagine that the 75th anniversary has arrived, and that an old gentleman—not a 'lean and slippered pantaloon," but a tolerably well-preserved old chap—by the name of Govan is brought forward and introduced as the oldest living Past Master of St. Cecile lodge. I will pull myself together and say something in this strain:

"Brethren,—I have just arrived from the great metropolis—Chicago—where I have been making a visit to some of my grandchildren and great grandchildren, who are settled there. Worshipful Brother Griffith, of this lodge, accompanied me to the station, and as the electric express was about to start, not more than six hours since, his last words were: 'Tell the brethren of St. Cecile that although I cannot be with them in the flesh I will be with them in the spirit. Tell them also that I will address them for a few minutes through the micro telephone.' Fifty years ago it took me nearly a third of the time to reach this spot from the eastern section (then called Brooklyn) as it did to-day to come from Chicago, and as I overlooked this beautiful city from the top of the tunnel tower, at the western end of this street, before descending the chute, and recalled the smoke-enshrouded desert of brick and mortar known as New York in the past, I rejoiced that I had been spared to see this happy time. I can appreciate the change as you young men cannot. You have never known what it was to live in a city with so few parks; that the only playground for most children was the streets; where, instead of the beautiful elevated sidewalks, with all the retail stores on the same level, with roadways underneath, and the ground floors of the business district given up to wholesale traffic, horses, carriages, carts and pedestrians, bales, barrels and boxes were all jumbled together on the dusty ground, and you had to risk your life at every crossing; where, instead of the silent electric motor, which takes you wherever you want to go at a rate of five miles a minute, you had to depend on a horrible, nerve-wearing arrangement on stilts, called an elevated railroad, which roared like a leviathan while it crept like a snail, and on which you shivered in winter and stewed in summer.

"This is now a city of homes, but in my young days it was largely a city of hovels. Since the government first took the transportation business out of the hands of rascally corporations it has gradually become possible for every workingman to sit under his own roof-tree, for it now costs no more either in time or money to ride twent miles than it formerly did to ride on mile, and the portions of Westchester Long Island and East Jersey lying within a radius of twenty miles from this spot, which were once solitary and desert-like, now blossom like the rose. In my early days hundreds of thousands of strong men tramped the country looking vainly for somebody to hire them. I have seen women picking up rags and paltry odds and ends in the street for a livelihood. I have seen little children barefooted on November nights selling papers or begging pennies. I have seen swarms of them at work in dingy factories when they ought to have been at play. I have seen sick men at work, when they ought to have been in bed because they could not afford to stop. All these evils were rife in my time, because of a system of taxation which choked production at the foundation head and permitted a few idlers to grow rich at the expense of their toiling brethren.

"Meanwhile the people, though daily conscious of a great wrong, were sorely confused by the sophistries of the press and the pulpit, both of which tried to delude us into the belief that we were a free and happy people, amid the clamor of socialism, anarchism, nationalism and I know not how many other isms, each of which was warranted to be a sure cure for all the ills afflicting the body politic. I am thankful that the people had at length the wisdom to see that the remedy for all the evils besetting them lay in a simple amendment of the laws by which the products of labor were released from taxation, and all government revenue was derived from a single tax on the rental value of land. No words of mine can describe the magical change which followed when the incubus of land monopoly was lifted from our civilization. The good results were so pronounced and unmistakable that our example spread like wildfire throughout the world. Natural opportunities being everywhere set free, no man suffered from enforced idleness. Land speculation was abolished, for the reason that holders could no longer afford to keep land idle, but had to build, cultivate or sell. This caused such a demand for labor that wages went up like a rocket and have stayed up ever since. The working and business day was gradually shortened from ten or twelve hours to six—from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.—because every labor-saving invention, instead of serving to still further enrich the land owners, went to lighten th burden of life for all mankind.

"St. Cecile, as you all know, was once an afternoon lodge. Now, the only difference between this and other lodges is that we meet two hours later—at 9 in the evening instead of at 7. Theatrical and musical performances being now given between the hours of 5.30 and 8.30, actors and musicians are enabled to attend lodge in the evening and meet with their brethren in other walks of life. The ladies are no longer obliged to wear themselves out and spoil their beautiful complexions over cooking stoves and wash-tubs, or to roughen their fingers with ashes, clinkers and caustic soda, washing powders, or to burn themselves up with kerosene oil; for all laundering is now done as if by magic at the public laundries, hygienic knowledge has become so widespread and the race has so gained in vigor that raw food has largely taken the place of cooked, and tea and coffee are no longer a daily necessity; every house has its own electric light plant and its own ice machine; manufacturing and culinary operations are now conducted by means of water gas, which is far cheaper than coal used to be, and a roaring fire is now started by simply turning a gas-cock, which at once turns on the gas and ignites it. The whiskey business has ceased to be profitable; the old prohibition party found out long ago that the chief cause of intemperance was poverty—that men drank to forget their misery—but when poverty was abolished there was comparatively few troubles left to be drowned in the flowing bowl. Drunkenness is now considered a disgrace, because there is no excuse for it. Inventions have not proved an unmixed blessing, however, for us Masons, for since the wonderful improvements in flying machines we are obliged, during our meetings, to have a tyler at every window.

"The beautiful and spacious parks and commodious dwellings which distinguish the east central quarter of this island occupy ground once the site of wretched tenement houses, where neither decency nor comfort was possible and where children died like murrian-smitten sheep. The struggle for existence is no longer the desperate battle it once was, in which men grew prematurely old and sank into the grave before their time; business and professional jealousy no longer array men against each other; standing armies, so long a standing menace to the peace of nations, have been disbanded to engage in peaceful pursuits, and the lesson of universal brotherhood set for mankind one hundred and fifty years ago by Brother Robert Burns has been so well learned that, really, my brethren, I do not see that there is much further use for our order, except to preserve well loved traditions and to promote sociability."

Englishmen.

What do I like best in England? asks Bab, The men.

I like them because they are real, and by real I mean lacking in pretence.

I like them because they are big and healthy-looking.

I like them because they wear their clothes as if they grew on them, and not as if they were assumed by the assistance of a shoe-horn.

I like them because they realize their own rights and insist upon having them.

I like them because, while they are polite, they do not make you think it is a sugar icing like that on pound cake.

I like them because they like children, dogs and horses.

I like them because they can row a boat, ride a horse and drive a four-in-hand well, or else not at all.

I like them because they are big and strong looking—I prefer a brute to an effeminate man.

I like them because they like American women.—*New York World.*

Gorgeous Parasols.

A contemporary has this to say for the parasol offering: "The sun umbrella, or as the French say, the *en tous cas*, is in danger of being displaced by the parasol. The former is the most useful article, as it serves a double purpose, Chiffon and crepe and other flimsy stuffs of gossamer lightness are the materials run on for parasols. Some of the most gorgeous are flounced all the way up. Artificial flowers ornament the handles. These are rooted to the stick itself, and don't get out of order by the heat or pressure of the hand. Some of the newest parasols are entirely veiled with butterfly net. They are wonderfully pretty." Nevertheless, the red sun umbrella has been the seller "par excellence" of the spring season, and at the present writing is having the strongest kind of summer resort popularity.

Curious Lore of the Hog.

In Buffalo, when anybody shows a trace of hoggishness in the street cars, or does anything wicked on the streets, they say he is a Canadian. In St. Paul they lay it on the Minneapolitans; and when anybody in Chicago starts to paint the town people shake their heads pityingly and say he is from St. Louis. So in Philadelphia, whoever raises a row in that peaceful hamlet is said to be from Jersey, just as in New York the victim of the bunco steerer and visitors who show themselves delightfully fresh and green are said to be Jerseymen. "To Jersey" means, in Philadelphia and among New Yorkers who know Philadelphia customs, to go on a spree, to the theatre, or on a vacation in which each man pays his own expenses.—*New York Sun.*

The difference between a self-made man and an "upstart" is simply this: One is your friend and the other isn't.

Rosettes of different colors, of narrow velvet ribbon, are the only stylish trimming on some of the bonnets, with crape or tulle rosettes of different colors decorate large hats.

THE DEAD HAND.

A reporter who has been investigating the Newfoundland trouble on the spot writes as follows: "The colonial fishermen are a lot of big, strong, good-natured fellows, inured to every sort of privation and hardship. They are two nationalities—Englishmen from the west country, and Irishmen from the south of Ireland. The present generation of them is native-born. Immigration ceased fifty years ago. The families of the greater part have been in Newfoundland for more than a century, and have never moved from the granite cliff, or the sheltered cove, where their forefathers first made a home. A braver people could not be found, but their simplicity, utter lack of ambition and their long continued wedlock with poverty have taught them to suffer the extremes of misfortune with patience. The evils of which they complain to-day have existed for fifty years, but it is only within the last six months that they have begun to use the language of menace. Now they speak up frankly. They have gradually acquired a knowledge of what the old treaties contain, how they came to be made and what the interpretations are which the contending politicians put upon them, and they do not hesitate to say that they will endure them no longer. One of the fishermen, an intelligent old chap, with a frame of iron and a face as gentle as that of the great black dog which lay on the 'flake' beside him, put the case in this way: 'It were all well enough, sir, in them days begones before me an' me fourteen childer was borned at all, fer thim two ould kings to patch up their quarrels by slicin' up Nuffunlon' betwixt 'em. Ay, it were all right thin, dye see? But now, me an' me fourteen childer is here, an' we couldn't help bein' here, none of us, and bein' here, we've our livin' to mek, and we don't give a dom about them dead-an'-gone kings, nor what they said.'"

We confess to a strong sympathy with the sentiment of the concluding sentence. Too much respect is paid to the sayings and doings of old dead-and-gone kings. "The evil that men do lives after them." King Charles presented great estates to his illegitimate children, and the people of England two hundred years later pay large sums every year to the progeny for permission to use a portion of their native land. King William was equally generous to his Dutch crony Portland or Bentinck, and the terms of the gift keep Englishmen poor two centuries after William's death. What right had Queen Anne to compel men, who were not born when she died, to hand over a large portion of their earnings to the descendants of the Duke of Marlborough, as a perpetual pension? In the early days of Upper Canada, the Crown Lands were granted lavishly to men who had political influence. Who has not read of the old documents—"I, "Peter Russell, Administrator of the Gov-"ernment of Upper Canada, do grant to "you, Peter Russell, gentleman, that "portion of land," etc. By virtue of that performance, the Toronto Baldwins have been able to live in luxury without labor. The payments by Canadians to the Hudson Bay Company, and to the Canada Company—something for nothing—betoken our respect for the doings of dead-and-gone kings. How much better and nobler is the Jeffersonian idea that the land belongs in usufruct to the living. The people who want to use it should have easy access to it. The rent of the land should go to the Government for current public expenses. The men of a past age were at liberty to rule in their day, but what a farce it is that they should continue to rule and hamper the men of this age. Was wisdom buried with them?

A LIVING DANGER SIGNAL.

New and Promising Industry as Proposed by a Tramp.

Tramp—Madam, I have called to ask you to give me employment.

Lady of House—Go away. I have no work to give you.

T.—Don't be too sure of that, madam. Is it true, as your next door neighbor informs me, that you are going to have your front fence painted to-day?

L. of H.—It is quite true.

T.—Very good, madam. Now after it is painted you will put a sign out with the word "Paint" on it, won't you?

L. of H.—It is my intention to do so.

T.—H'm! I was sure of it. Now everybody who passes will put out a finger and touch your fence to ascertain whether it is paint or not. This will not only disfigure your fence, but will cause a great deal of profanity among those who soil their fingers and get you disliked in the neighborhood. See?

L. of H.—Well?

T.—Well, for a trifle I will stand outside here and say to every passer-by "It is paint. You needn't touch it. I'll take my solemn oath it is paint! paint! paint!" What do you think of my idea madam?

L. of H.—You are hired at 10 cents an hour and victuals. Come along the moment he work is done.

A Very Mean Swindle.

Bernard Aronson, who carries on a banking establishment on Canal street, New York, was remanded Saturday in Police Court on the charge of swindling many poor people, who have been sending money and tickets to Europe. More than 300 poor foreigners were complaints, and they crowded the capacity of the court-room. Yesterday there was a lively scene at the banking establishment when a crowd of people who had been swindled broke into the place and used the banker and his clerk very roughly. Mrs. Annie Josephs told a sample story. She had sent to the banker $75 to be forwarded for a ticket to her sister and children in Poland. After her sister travelled 300 miles to the steamer's pier she found her ticket was no good. There were 100 people in the same fix, and the scene of misery was pitiable.

Object Lesson.

Teacher—What's the past tense of see?"
Pupil—"Seed."
"What's your authority for that form?"
"A sign in the grocery store."
"What does it say?"
"Timothy seed."

A little, unprotected, electric light wire can beat a gigantic one-price clothing house way out of sight when it comes to giving a man ready made fits.

SLEEP IN HOT WEATHER.

Its Great Importance and the Way to Get It.

One reason, no doubt, why so many people become "pulled down" in health during hot weather is that they do not exercise care to get their necessary amount of sleep.

At the very time when the demands upon the endurance are greater than at any period of the year, they devote fewer hours to recuperating their bodies in nature's perfect way than at times when the demand upon the physical resources is only normal.

Of course it is to be remembered that this is the season when there is the greatest temptation to neglect the good old maxim of "Early to bed." At no other time of year is a bed-room less inviting than now, when, especially if it is near the roof, as bed-rooms often are, its air will be hot and stagnant until changed by the evening breezes from the lake.

At no other season are the temptations to sit out on the front piazza so great as now. This latter practice is one of the pleasantest of those which characterize American informal social life and need not be entirely sacrificed. But to devote to it hours which should be passed in sleep is to shorten life and one can be of very little use to society after he is dead—or to himself either so far as the matters as this mundane sphere are concerned. As the comic Irishman in the rhyme puts it:

What's the world to a man when his wife is a widdy?

The young can stand even less than the old the drain on their vitality caused by insufficient repose. The growing time of life, the time when body and mind are in the developmental stage, is a time when nutrition and conservatism are imperatively necessary. So let the young folk, as well as the old folk, see to it these summer evenings that they get to bed betimes.

Those who find it difficult to sleep on account of the heat can readily circumvent old Sol by taking a bath. If it is only a hasty sponge bath it will do wonders in cooling the body, softening and freshening the skin, and preparing the system for the ready enjoyment of "tired nature's sweet restorer."

Awakening from such a sleep as it is possible to secure even in warm rooms through which there is a draft of air, one is refreshed and fitted to cope to much better advantage with the hottest of weather than the tired and jaded beings who have tried to get along without duly availing themselves of the only recuperative process which is at everybody's command.—*Evening Wisconsin.*

Popular Theories May Be Exploded.

We should not be surprised if the labors of the Prison Reform Commission exploded a few popular theories. Chief McKinnon, of Hamilton, and several other good authorities are of the opinion that the prevailing idea that jails are schools for crime is mainly fiction. They hold that criminals are made outside and that want of classification is not a main factor in causing crime. Perhaps the overcrowded Toronto jail is an exception. There is also a prevailing impression that boys are injured by coming in contact with men in jail yards and corridors Some of the experts say it is the other way. The boys are often worse than the men. The governor of the Hamilton jail says that as a rule the boys under his care use language that the men would not use. The revelation is a sad one, but no doubt there is much truth in it. There are several other points on which the public hold views that may be shown to have little or no foundation in fact. What is wanted is the truth, and let us have that no matter how many popular theories have to go by the board.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

An Ingenious Definition.

Teacher—Now children, here we have the word "Intuition." Who can tell me what it means?

Phenomenally Bright Scholar—Intuition is that faculty of the human mind which enables a person to distinguish at a glance a patent medicine advertisement from a real news article.

We hear a good deal now and then of the "shot-gun" policy down South and of the negroes flying in terror from the wrath of the white men. A colored man from Virginia, however, after a visit to the Northern States, comes to the conclusion that the Southern negroes are better treated and have more rights than their brethren of the North, He says:

Being a native of Danville, Va., and the son o a former slave, I have been living North but a brief period, but from what I have seen of the two sections I claim the Southern negro has more privileges and advantages than his Northern brother of the same race. Though I have used my utmost endeavor to avail myself of the "equal rights" so boastingly mentioned by the "friends of the negro" in the North, I am debarred from the workshops, from the counting-rooms, from official positions, or from any occupation I may seek, except that which requires me to wear the white apron badge of cook, or waiter, or as a hod-carrier. I must seek only the positions least remunerative if not the most menial. When I pass along Lombard street, Philadelphia, I find that prejudice against them has crowded the negroes together like hogs in a pen, and I venture to assert that there is not a spot south of Mason and Dixon's line where the negro is in so much misery, or faces such squalid poverty, as the poor denizens of Lombard street and the other miserable quarters in which he has been compelled on account of his color to reside in the "good City of Brotherly Love." It would be wise to let a little of the sympathy that arises from the love of the brother in black to begin here at home. The South has done, and is still doing, more for the negro than many suppose. Negroes have been sent from the South to the United States Senate, to the lower House of Congress, to the State Legislature, and they have held minor positions, but I have yet to hear of a "black Congressman" from the Republican North—a single negro that has ever been considered good enough to hold the position of postmaster or any other position that requires an ounce of brain-work. It is well enough to live in the North and talk of negro domination in the South, but where is the Northern, town, county city or State that will swallow the same medicine? The Northern negro is not born a slave, but he is just as effectually shut out from the advantages of humanity as though the chains were forged upon him. He can never be anything at the North but a "nigger" still, and the maudlin sympathy so freely expressed for the "rights of the negro" down South can be better extended in the North.

Mme. Patti, it is said, has an insatiable appetite for stewed prunes, which she eats for her complexion.

The King of Belgium requested the honor of contributing best man for Stanley's wedding and named Comte Daroche for that honor.