

Mountain, the fruit of so much love, thought and patient labor, will never lose the world's interest nor fail to be a spot of pious pilgrimage so long as his books endure and his exile be unforgotten. For Stevenson was an exile; he knew he would never see his native land again when the steamer carried him down the Thames; he knew he had turned his back forever on the Old World, which had come to mean no more to him than shattered health, shattered hopes, a life of gray invalidism, tragic to recall. What over the future held in store for him, he knew it would be no worse than what he was leaving, that living death of the sick room, the horror of which he never dared put to paper. I can remember the few minutes allowed him each day in the open air when the thin sunshine of South England permitted; his despairing face, the bitterness of the soul, too big for words when this little liberty was perforce refused him. I recall him saying: "I do not ask for health, but I will go anywhere, live anywhere where I can enjoy the ordinary existence of a human being." I used to remind him of that when at times his Samoan exile lay heavily upon him and his eyes turned longingly to home and to those friends he would never see again.—*Lloyd Osbourne, in October Scribner's.*

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

The man who sold windmills adjusted his chair at a new angle, crossed his feet on the railing of the balcony, locked his hands over the top of his head, and began:

"Curious fellows, those Wayback farmers are; droll chaps to deal with, too; cute and sharp at a bargain. Most of them know a good thing when they see it, so I took a good many orders; but once in a while I come across a conservative old hayseed whose eyes are closed to anything modern. One of that sort helped me to a good laugh the other day, and I might as well pass it on.

"He was a genial, white-headed old fellow, who owned several fine farms, with prime orchards and meadows, barns and fences in apple-pie order, and dwellings serene in comfort.

"He listened closely while I expatiated on the excellence of our make of machines; then taking a fresh supply of Cavendish, he squared himself in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and held forth in this fashion:

"'Waal, stranger,' he said, 'your machine may be all right; but now see here. I settled here in the airly fifties, broke the trail for the last few miles, blazin' the trees as we came along. I had a fair start, good health, a yoke o' cattle, a cow, an axe, with one bit an' three coppers in my pocket. I built a log house with a shake roof an' a puncheon floor, an' a cow-shed of poplar poles ruffed with sod. I worked hard, up airly an' down late, clearin' up land by degrees, an' diggin' a livin' out o' the sile by main strength, an' no favors except the blessin' o' the Almighty. The Lord's been good to me. He's gi'n me housen an' barns; He's gi'n me horses an' cattle; He's gi'n me sheep an' swine, an' feathered fowl o' many kinds. An' now, stranger, after all that, I can't be so mean as to ask Him to pump water for 'em.'

"And then," continued the storyteller, "he brought his hand down on his knee with a whack that fairly echoed through the house. Of course I couldn't

urge him to purchase after that expression of his sentiments, and I left him. Independent, wasn't he?"

Then the windmill man chuckled, as if he enjoyed the memory of the scene he had just described; and his hearers enjoyed his story so much that when he left he was richer by three or four orders.—*"Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine for November.*

A GIFTED PEOPLE.

The Armenians are a civilized people, a people of great natural gifts, and a people who have played a considerable part in history. Since their ancient monarchy, which had suffered severely in the long and desolating wars between the Roman and Persian empires, from the third to the seventh century of our era, was finally destroyed by the Seljukian Turks, a large part of the race has been forced to migrate from its ancient seats at the headwaters of the Euphrates, Tigris, and Aras. Some of them went southwest to the mountain fastnesses of Cilicia, where another Armenian kingdom grew up in the twelfth century. Others drifted into Persia. Others moved northeastward, and now form a large, industrious, and prosperous population in Russian Transcaucasia, where many have entered the military or civil service of the Czar, and risen, as the Armenians used to rise long ago in the Byzantine empire, to posts of distinction and power. Russia's three best generals in her last Asiatic campaigns against the Turks were Armenians.

Others again have scattered themselves over the cities of Asia Minor and southeastern Europe, where much of the local trade is in their hands. But a large number, roughly estimated at from 1,300,000 to 1,700,000 remain in the old fatherland round the great Lake of Van, and on the plateaus and elevated valleys which stretch westward from Mount Ararat to Erzerum and Erzingian. Here they are an agricultural and (to a less extent) a pastoral population, leading a simple primitive life and desiring nothing more than to be permitted to lead it in peace, and in fidelity to that ancient church which has been to them the symbol of nationality, as well as the guide of life, for sixteen centuries.—*Hon. James Bryce, M.P., in the Century for November.*

THE DECAY OF LITERARY TASTE.

The only hope for literature is, that in spite of the indifference to—nay, the positive dislike of—careful writing on the part of the public, those who write, being themselves artists or artisans, shall continue to give to their productions this technical finish which alone invests it with dignity. It is only fair to say that, in our own age, there has been no lack of those who have honourably and unselfishly turned out work, not slovenly finished as the public preferred, but fashioned and polished in accordance with the laws and traditions of the art. But I am bound to confess that I see, and I deeply deplore, a relaxation of this noble zeal in some of our youngest fellow-craftsmen. I fear that something of the laxity of public taste has invaded their private workshops, and that they are apt to say to themselves that second-rate writing is "good enough" for the publishers. Whenever I see it boldly put forth that "the matter" is everything and the "manner" nothing, that to write with care is an "affectation" or an "artifice," that style may take care of itself, and that an "unchartered freedom" is the best badge of a writer,—there seems to rise before me the lean and hungry scholar, scraping and cringing before the great vulgar patron, with "What you wish, my lord! I don't presume to decide." And from this sort of obsequiousness to public "taste" no return to self-respect is possible.—*Edmund Gosse in the North American Review.*

Our Young Folks.

FALL SONG.

The dry leaves on the pavement lie,
Until the wind comes whistling by;
Then they are whirled along the street,
And some are blown beneath our feet.

CHORUS.

The wind is blowing hard to-day,
Up in the tree-tops 'tis at play;
It turns the windmill round and round,
And shakes the apples to the ground.

The ripe fruits now are gathered in;
The corn is stored safe in each bin;
The birds have left their nests in the eaves;
The plants will soon sleep 'neath the leaves.
—*Child-Garden.*

FOR WHAT?

I thank Thee for my parents dear,
For all their tender love and care.
For brothers, sisters, playmates dear,
For friends around me everywhere.

I thank Thee for my pleasant home,
For food to eat and clothes to wear,
For all the happy hours that come
From Him who doth my gladness share.

I thank Thee for the summer past,
For all its long and sunny days,
For flowers and birds whose memories last
Within my heart to sing Thy praise.

I thank Thee for the autumn, too—
Its luscious fruits, its glowing skies,
Its forests clothed in varied hue,
Its garner filled with rich supplies.

—*Anon.*

A ROADSIDE TRAGEDY.

It was a beautiful country road. The houses along the road were only cabins standing back from the road and almost hidden in trees and bushes. The sun was shining brightly and the air was cool.

Right after breakfast we started for a long walk. After climbing the hill we found this road. We had gone but a little way when a little chipmunk ran—not at all swiftly—across the road. He was fat, and did not seem at all frightened. Suddenly a black cat bounded out of the bushes; she ran after the chipmunk, and seemed in thoroughly good humor. We never dreamed of danger for the pretty little chipmunk. But when we saw pussy put her paw on the chipmunk's back and hold it down, we knew that she was trying to kill it. We ran, but pussy picked the chipmunk up as she would a mouse and ran under a stone that covered the ditch. We poked at her until she ran out, and the chipmunk ran feebly up the bank. Pussy saw it and sprang after it. We ran after her, but it was too late; she caught the chipmunk by the throat and gave it a little shake, and the chipmunk was still. How angry we were at pussy, who stood looking at us defiantly! She was not moved by our anger, and seemed utterly indifferent when we called her "cruel" and "a miserable cat." Suddenly it occurred to us that perhaps pussy thought that the chipmunk was a mouse. If so, had we any right to scold her?

Still, we were sad and distressed, and the road did not look as pretty, and when we saw a bird we looked about to see if there was a cat that might catch her.

There was a cottage high up among the rocks, perched almost like a nest on the side of the mountain, where the family were always happy, and lived at peace with all the world. Sad and distressed, we went to them for comfort. We did not tell them of the tragedy on the road, for the squirrels, chipmunks, and birds were their special friends. We talked of the view, and the clouds, and of books, and somebody turned her head, and there sat two chipmunks listening to us, with

their pretty heads turned on one side. They were not startled when we looked at them, for they were in the habit of coming on that piazza. They seemed interested for a time, and then they seemed to speak to each other, for suddenly they ran indoors, where a big fire was burning on the hearth. We looked indoors, and there they sat as if getting warm. Having become warm, or having satisfied their curiosity, they jumped on the chairs, from chairs to table and from table to stair railing, and then to the pictures, as if they had discovered a new kind of tree. They chattered and laughed, it seemed, by the happy sounds. We forgot all about the little chipmunk in the road until we walked back, and then we saw the same pussy. She ran in the bushes when she saw us. The next day we heard that pussy had lived all summer with a family who had closed their cottage and gone away, leaving pussy homeless. So the reason why pussy killed the chipmunk was because she was hungry.

The family who went away and left pussy homeless were to blame for the death of the chipmunk, not hungry pussy.

ORIGIN OF NURSERY RHYMES.

'Three Blind Mice,' is a music book of 1609.

'A Froggie Would A-wooing Go' was licensed in 1650.

'Little Jack Horner' is older than the seventeenth century.

'Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?' dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

'Boys and Girls, Come out to Play,' dates from Charles II., as does also 'Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket.'

'Old Mother Hubbard,' 'Goosey, Goosey Gander,' and, 'Old Mother Goose,' apparently date back to the sixteenth century.

'Cinderella,' 'Jack the Giant Killer,' 'Blue Beard,' and 'Tom Thumb' were given to the world in Paris in 1697. The author was Charles Perrault.

'Humpty-Dumpty' was a bold, bad baron who lived in the days of King John, and was tumbled from power. His history was put up into a riddle, the meaning of which is an egg.

'The Babes in the Wood' was founded on an actual crime committed in Norfolk, near Wayland Wood, in the fifteenth century. An old house in the neighborhood is still pointed out upon a mantel-piece of which is carved the entire history.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

A CHINESE DESCRIPTION OF A PIANO.

The *Francis Quotidian* quotes an amusing legend of the Chinese notion of a pianoforte:

"The people of the West are in the habit of keeping in their homes a singular animal. It has four feet, sometimes only three, and it can be made to sing at pleasure. Men and women and occasionally quite young children, have only to sit down in front of it and tap on its teeth, now and again treading on its tail, and immediately it commences to sing. Its song is louder than a bird's but not so harmonious. Despite the terrible development of its jaws, and its habit of showing an alarming array of teeth, it never bites. There is no necessity to chain it up, for it will not run away."