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sparkling lakes, forests of vast extent and rich coloring, and snowy peaks, lifting their white summits against the blue of the sky until in the dim distance they blend almost imperceptibly with the low-lying clouds. And Shasta itself, as the day fades, and the evening glow comes on, presents a beautiful picture to those who are at a sufficient distance to appreciate the rich purple tint that veils the dark forests of the lower slopes, and the rosy flush that tinges the purity of the great cone. The distance hides or softens the savage features of the mountain, and in the light of evening it glows like a huge jewel, till at last night's veil is drawn across it, and only a dim outline looms through the darkness.

The Talk of the Day.

Rossetti, the poet-painter, was once visited by an Indian prince, who said to him:
"I wish to give you a commission to paint a portrait of my father."
"Is your father in London?" asked Rossetti.
"No, my father is dead," replied the oriental.
"Have you some photographs of him, or any portrait?"
"We have no portraits of him of any kind."
"How can I paint a portrait of him, then?" asked the artist. "It is impossible! I could not think of attempting anything so absurd."
"Why is it absurd?" demanded the prince gravely. "You paint pictures of Julius Caesar and Hannibal and John the Baptist, and yet you have never seen any of them. Why can you not paint my father?"

The Gentle Cynic.

Supply is generally governed by the demand, except in the matter of making mistakes.
The fellow who makes hay while the sun shines doesn't have to borrow an umbrella when it rains.
The worst thing about becoming famous over night is that we are sure to wake up in the morning.
Society forgives a man if he breaks the Ten Commandments, but never if he breaks a dinner engagement.
The mere wearing of high heels makes some people feel that they are head and shoulders above their neighbors.
A woman can fairly blaze with diamonds without setting the world on fire.
It is natural that we should learn to crawl when we are babies, but some men never get over it.
Some men are despondent because they can't get out of debt, and others because they can't get in.

Mark Twain, the Philosopher.

No humorist has ever won permanent fame by virtue of his humor alone. The jokes of Aristophanes were excruciatingly funny in their day, but if our appreciation of this old Attic comedy depended on its power to keep us laughing now, the shelves, whereon it reposes would be even dustier than they are. Mark Twain holds his place because he has thought deeply and seriously about mankind and its needs. The thought has been colored, of course, by his own situation and experiences. Once, when he was young, writes Samuel E. Moffet in the American Review of Reviews, and the prizes of life were fresh and sweet and the road from success to success stretched invitingly ahead, and the Great Divide seemed a long way off, his feelings were optimistic. He looked on the bright side of everything. If everything were not for the best in the best of all possible worlds, things were at least doing very well, and this was a pretty good world. Later, when bereavements came, and disappointments, and the rough edges of life intruded where their touch seemed a profanation, and fame seemed to have less enchantment in the possessing than had glowed about it in the winning, and the snow fell upon the hair of friends, and life offered little more to look forward to, his thoughts became more somber. But the character of his philosophy has never changed. From the first to the last he has fought the good fight. Whether he has fought in the buoyant certainty of victory or in the resigned been on the same side.
expectation of defeat, he has always expected it. He has always tried to lighten the world's ills, to abolish injustice, and to help the victims of oppression, whether the oppressor be an American boss, a Russian Czar or a Belgian rubber-trading king. Nobody ever needs to ask where he stands. It is enough to know that a wrong has been committed to know that he is against it. The sufferer may be an American negro, an Indian, a Chinaman, a Filipino, or a Congo savage—he will find a defender in Mark Twain. And with all that there is charity for the oppressor, too, unless he has sinned against the light. The sympathy with the slave in "Huckleberry Finn" was no more perfect than the sympathy with the slave-holder who suffered from the same system. That is why the world is learning to call Mark Twain something more than "humorist."

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No heavy doctors' bills. Here, for instance, is a sample of the kind of letters we get every day and we don't have to ask for them:

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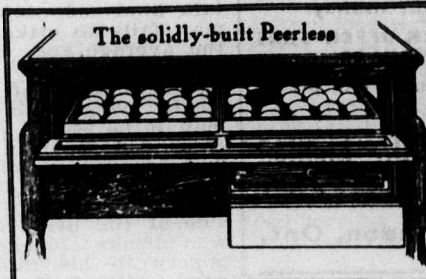
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