

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## SYMPATHY.

WE talked together, you and I :  
It was a queenly night in June :  
Low hung the moon in yonder sky,  
And on your cheek low glanced the moon.

Your gentle hand was mine to hold ;  
My ill-fed heart began to speak ;  
And ever, as the tale was told,  
Dear friend, the moon was on your cheek.

Old loss that would not let me rest,  
Old grief that slept, but ever lay  
A languid load upon my breast,  
Awoke, and wept themselves away.

Up climbed the moon, slow waned the night,  
And still you bent to hear me speak ;  
I drank the comfort of the light  
In those bright tears upon your cheek.

From off my life the burdens fall,  
Still in their grave through tranquil years  
They rest, those weary sorrows all,  
That faded in the light of tears.

—*Danske Dandridge, in Harper's Bazar.*

## AN AMUSING ANECDOTE ABOUT CHOATE.

THE study which Choate made of words, the wonderful richness of his vocabulary, while it had much to do with his power over a jury, had a fantastic side to it, which naturally gave point to sarcasm. Thus, Mr. Justice Wilde of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, comments in his dry way on the passion of the great advocate for adding to his verbal equipment. And when a member of the bar happened to ask the judge if he had heard that Worcester had just published a new edition of his dictionary, with a great number of additional words, Wilde answered: "No, I had not heard of it; but, for God's sake, don't tell Choate." No doubt Choate himself would have appreciated the point of this sally; for no one was more conscious of the exuberant prodigality of his utterances, which, however, the judge himself would probably have been as unwilling as anybody to restrain. The torrent of his speech bore down on its resistless flow the fact and argument of opposing counsel, but yet this was not due so much, after all, to the flow of his eloquence as to the skill with which he laid bare the weak points of his adversary, and the imaginative ingenuity that put the case in a new and totally unexpected light.—*An Inspired Advocate, in August Arena.*

## HELIGOLAND.

THE relative value of national possessions is curiously illustrated by the fact that England, with her 9,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface, receives for this little island, which is not as large as Central Park, an indemnity representing about half a million square miles of African soil. Even this may prove less than profitable, for Heligoland yields an annual revenue of \$40,000, while he would be a bold prophet to assert that any European power will make both ends meet in the administration of the Black Continent. But though as a mercantile exchange the British have received a questionable property from Germany, still it is a matter of congratulation for the civilized world that the two greatest Protestant nations of Europe, both belonging to the same Germanic race, and both rivals in the same industrial field, should have removed from between them the cause of what might at any time provoke a war. Heligoland became English after the defeat of Napoleon and his exile to Elba. At that time no one but Gneisenau dreamed of such a thing as a mighty German Empire, stretching from the ocean to the Russian frontier, and England had little difficulty in holding it by treaty. It lies adjacent to Germany's greatest seaport, and commands the approach to the second in importance as well. If a foreign power should claim possession of Block Island or Fisher's Island, we could realize how Germans regard Heligoland in British hands. Or if we could imagine an island off the mouth of the Mississippi, or between Sandy Hook and Fire Island, the cases would be somewhat analogous, provided the British flag floated over them. Fortunately Heligoland has long since ceased to be considered valuable to England, while to Germany it has risen in importance with every increase in the German navy, every addition to Germany's merchant marine, and, above all, every indication of having to reckon with Russian or French cruisers.—*Poultry Bigelow, in Harper's Weekly.*

## INVENTION AND THE PRESS.

THE growth of the printing business is one of the most wonderful phenomena of the century. The increase in the number, size, and circulation of daily and weekly journals, magazines, and other periodical publications is startling even to those who have watched its course for fifty years. The consumption of printing paper in the United States amounts to about as many tons in 1890 as it did pounds in 1790. The regular Sunday issue of a leading metropolitan daily requires from sixty to eighty tons of white paper. Many trains of freight cars would be required to transport the weekly output of one of the many great publishing

houses. Science and invention have been taxed to supply material for paper, and the printing industry, as it now exists, exhibits some of the greatest triumphs of inventive genius. The newspaper had a slow growth until the steamship and the telegraph annihilated distance and made all the civilized world one common neighbourhood; then, as if the conditions for which it had waited were come, it entered on a career of development such as the wildest enthusiast could not have foreseen in his most fantastic dreams. It is to-day the most potent of all influences in moulding public opinion and directing the course of events. Doubtless the newspaper has its faults, for it is made to suit the demands of the reading public and, therefore, caters to various tastes. It is too often an intermeddler in private affairs, too often intensely partisan in politics, intemperately sectional in religion or unwholesomely bigoted in sociology. But, with all its defects, the newspaper is, next to the school, the great educator of our time, and the amount of good that it accomplishes should make us tolerant of the evil that is justly charged to its account. The daily papers gather from the pulpit, from legislative halls, from secular and religious conventions, from scientific and sociological bodies, from magazines, books, interviews and all other sources of information the freshest thought, the latest views on all sides of every question that attracts public attention. The cream of current thought is found in the editorials, interviews, correspondence, and extracts printed in the leading daily papers. The results of the learning of all the ages are condensed in these utterances. When they are classified and collated so as to give a just and adequate view of present opinion on a live issue, who can conceive of a more powerful and useful educational influence than such a collection? —*The Inventive Age.*

## THREE ROSES.

TOGETHER on a slender spray they hung,  
Dowered with equal beauty, passing fair,  
And blent, as though an unseen censer swung,  
Their mingled perfume with the morning air.

Not theirs the fate to linger till decay  
Strewed their sweet scented petals on the ground,  
For ere the close of that bright summer day,  
Each sister rose another fate had found.

Twined in the meshes of a beauty's hair  
One blossom faded slowly, hour by hour,  
Until at parting, some one in despair  
As a memento craved the withered flower.

One went an offering to a vain coquette,  
Who plucked its leaves, and as they fluttering fell,  
Whispered a test that has believers yet,  
He loves me—loves me not—he loves me well.

A maiden's form lies in a darkened room,  
In folded hands, upon a pulseless breast,  
One touch of colour in the deepening gloom,  
The last of the three roses is at rest.

## ENVOY.

O Love and cruel Death, so far apart,  
Rose sisters fair, could I but change with thee  
And choose the fate of either of the three,  
O happiest rose of all, my choice would be  
Thy place above the maiden's pulseless heart!

—*J. H. Symes, in Chambers' Journal.*

## THE LIFE OF A FUNNY LECTURER.

THE lecture platform (alack that it should be so) is become a booth in Vanity Fair, and they that stand therein have wares to sell. And their be some of us, standing in the market place, who mourn, that the passer-by may lament unto us; some of us there be who pipe, that the light of heart may dance. And others still are there, good as the best of those who toil, and stand idle even until the eleventh hour, because no man hath hired them. But alike are they all in the market place. The lecture business is a "business." The lecturer invests—comparatively speaking—much in it. He causes to be made a lithograph of himself, which resembles him "as the mist resembles rain," or a silver dollar resembles the goddess of liberty. He compiles a book of "press notices," so uniformly and extravagantly laudatory that we might fear he stood in danger of the woe pronounced upon us when all men shall speak well of us, did we not suspect that the press notices undergo a rigid civil-service examination, and that only the fittest for the business survive the ordeal of natural selection. He salaries an advance agent, or nestles under the wing of a lecture bureau. He provides for himself many changes of raiment, extra sandals, and scrip for his purse. He pays full railway fares; often he travels hundreds of miles between engagements; he eats when he has opportunity and there is ought to eat; he goes to bed when the committee is too sleepy to sit up in his room any longer; he passes sleepless nights on freight trains; he endures, because he must, the maddening roar, and racket, and rush, and jar of railway trains, day after day, months in succession; he lives without companionship; there is no time to read; he hears no lectures save his own, and of them perhaps he grows a-weary. He attends no concerts, no theatre; he sees little of his friends, less of his family.—*Robert J. Burdette, in the August Forum.*

## MODESTY.

"WHAT hundred books are best, think you?" I said,  
Addressing one devoted to the pen.  
He thought a moment, then he raised his head :  
"I hardly know—I've written only ten."

—*John Kendrick Bangs, in The Century.*

## PYGMIES IN AFRICA.

THE longevity of the animal creation found in the rivers and shades of these aged woods is something worth glancing at. The elephant and the hippopotamus and the crocodile may boast of their four hundred years of life, the tortoise a century, the buffalo fifty years; the crows, eagles, ibis, and touracos nearly a century; the parrot, the heron, and flamingo sixty years. From the chimpanzees, baboons, and monkeys, with which the forest abounds, is but a step, according to Darwinism, to the pygmy tribes whom we found inhabiting the tract of country between the Ihuru and Ituri Rivers. They were known to exist by the Father of poets nine centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. You may remember Homer wrote about the sanguinary battle that was reported to have taken place between the pygmies and the storks. In the fifth century before Christ, Herodotus described the capture of five young explorers from Nassamoves while they were examining some curious trees in the Niger basin, and how the little men took them to their villages and showed them about to their fellow-pygmy much as you would like us to show the pygmies about England. The geographer Hekataeus in the fifth century located the pygmies near the Equator of Africa, under the shadows of the Mountains of the Moon, and I find that from Hipparchus downward geographers have faithfully followed the example of Hekataeus, and nearly a year ago we found them where they had been located by tradition under the names of Watwa and Wambutti. The forest which we have been just considering extends right up to the base-line of the Mountains of the Moon. We were just now paying due reverence to the kings of the forest who were born before the foundations of the tower on Shinar plain were laid, and because it seemed to us that in their life they united pre-historic times to this society-journal-loving nineteenth century, let us pause a little and pay honor to those little people who have outlived the proud Pharaohs of Egypt, the chosen people of Palestine, and the Emperors of Babylon, Nineveh, Persia, and the Macedonian and Roman Empires. They have actually been able to hold their lands for over fifty centuries. I have lately seen the wear and tear on the Pyramids of Egypt, and I can certify that the old Sphinx presents a very battered appearance indeed, but the pygmies appeared to me as bright, as fresh, and as young as the generation which Homer sang about. You will therefore understand that I, who have always professed to love humanity in preference to beetles, was as much interested in these small creatures as Henry Irving might be in the *personnel* of the Lyceum. Near a place called Avetiko, on the Ituri River, our hungry men found the first male and female of the pygmies squatted in the midst of a wild Eden peeling plantains. You can imagine what a shock it was to the poor little creatures at finding themselves suddenly surrounded by gigantic Soudanese 6 feet 4 inches in height, nearly double their own height and weight, and black as coal. But my Zanzibaris, always more tender-hearted than Soudanese, prevented the clubbed rifle and cutlasses from extinguishing their lives there and then, and brought them to me as prizes in the same spirit as they would have brought a big hawk moth or mammoth longicorn for inspection. As they stood tremblingly before me I named the little man Adam and the miniature woman Eve, far more appropriate names in the wild Eden on the Ituri than the Vukukuru and Akiokwa which they gave us. As I looked at them and thought how these represented the oldest people on the globe, my admiration would have gone to greater lengths than scoffing cynics would have expected. Poor Greekish heroes and Jewish patriarchs, how their glory paled before the ancient ancestry of these manikins! Had Adam known how to assume a tragic pose, how fitly he might have said, "Yea, you may well look on us, for we are the only people living on the face of the earth who from primæval time have never been removed from their homes. Before Yusuf and Mesu were ever heard of we lived in these wild shades, from the Nile Fountains to the Sea of Darkness, and, like the giants of the forest, we despise time and fate." But, poor little things, they said nothing of the kind. They did not know they were heirs of such proud and unequal heritage. On the contrary, their faces said clearly enough, as they furtively looked at one and the other of us, "Where have these big people come from? Will they eat us?" There were some nervous twitches about the angles of the nose and quick upliftings of the eyelids, and swift, searching looks to note what fate was in store for them. It is not a comfortable feeling which possesses a victim in the presence of a possible butcher, and a possible consumer of its flesh. That misery was evident in the little Adam and Eve of the African Eden. The height of the man was 4 feet, that of the woman a little less. He may have weighed about 85 pounds; the color of the body was that of a half-baked brick, and a light brown fell stood out very clearly. So far as natural intelligence was concerned, within its limited experience, he was certainly superior to any black man in our camp.—*From Henry M. Stanley's recent address before the Royal Geographical Society.*