

Young Folks.

THE DOLL OF O-TUKI-SAN.

The Japanese children have a curious and pretty belief that their dolls, after a certain length of time, have souls. They think that their little paper or cloth playmate knows them, feels sorry for their troubles and can also speak to them in dreams. A doll in Japan, you must know, is not thrown away after it has been in the hands of the children for two or three years. It is given by mother to daughter, and when the daughter is a mother, to her daughter. And the longer a doll is in the family, say these gentle people of Japan, the more soul it gains and the more it feels for the little one to whom it belongs.

Because of all this a little Japanese girl treats her doll with the respect that she feels is due to another person. She shares her joys and her sorrows with it and keeps it carefully, knowing that so long as the doll lasts so long will its soul continue to grow. And when a little Japanese girl dies her doll is always put in the temple where the spirits of the children are supposed to come and play, so that the plaything she loved most in this life will also be in the other to delight her.

O-Tuki-San was a little girl in Tokyo, and she had a most beautiful doll. It was all dressed in shimmering colors of silks, and had real black hair and a pair of butterfly-like dragonflies. And this doll has been with the family for over 100 years. O-Tuki-San would sit and talk with it for hours, and the little, smiling doll would smile at her and seem to nod its little black head as though it understood. But one day O-Tuki-San wandered off away from her little house into the great dark woods near by, carrying with her the doll.

That night there were parties searching all over for the little girl, but no one could find her, and the searchers came back. But O-Tuki-San's mother had been weeping so long that she fell asleep out of sheer weariness. In her sleep she saw a little smiling doll come through the door, all dressed in shimmering, gayly colored silks. It was O-Tuki-San's doll. It turned and the mother seemed to follow. Straight into the forest they went, the doll turning now and then to smile upon the trembling mother. At last, in a hollow of the rocks, in the depth of the forest, the doll ran suddenly forward and leaped into the arms of the little O-Tuki-San, sleeping peacefully. The mother awoke.

A party at once set out with her to the place of her dream. They went along the road shown her by the doll, until they came to a hollow in the rocks, and there, sure enough was O-Tuki-San, with the smiling little doll clasped tightly in her arms. You may be sure there were no honors too great after that for the little doll. The family of O-Tuki-San adopted it as their daughter, and even now it is called O-Tuki-San's, which means "The Honorable Little Sister of Tuki." Such is the story of the dolls that live in Japan.

CUNNING RATS.

Even the girls who are afraid of mice cannot help thinking that their smooth gray coats, their nimble movements and their bright eyes make them "cunning." But it is as thieves that they are the most interesting. To steal is their business, and if there is anything to be stolen Mr. Rat will find a way to steal it.

A man who has been studying them for a long time, the other night saw some of them stealing an egg. They are not selfish with the things they find, and if they can they always take the good things home to their nest. This time the way home was over some very rough ground, and the wise old rat knew that the egg would be very easily broken, and if they were not careful the little rats would not get any of it. So one of them took the egg in his four paws and rolled over on his back with it. Then the other rats caught hold of his tail and dragged him home with the egg sticking safely up in the air. He is to be hoped that the rat whose back was scraped along the ground got a little more than his share.

The same man saw some of them trying to get some olive oil out of a bottle which was too big to upset or carry away. At last they found a way. Each one of them took turns in standing on top of the bottle and letting their long tails stick down into the oil they liked so well. When the tail was wet with the oil Mr. Rat would pull it out and the other rats licked up the oil that dropped off. Now who will say that rats cannot think?

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

There is one sin which, it seems to us, is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is common as air, as speech—so common that, unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which probably every one in the room or in the car or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal, stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be

found in the course of every day's living, even of the simplest, if one keeps a sharp eye on that side of things.

PLANTING FLOWERS.

Plant a kitten and what will come up? Answer: Pussy willow, pussy will, O.
Plant a puppy, and what would come up? Answer: Dogwood, dog would.
Plant a sunrise and what come up? Answer: Morning glory.
Cupid's arrow? Answer: Bleeding heart.
Box of candy? Answer: Marshmallows and buttercups.
An angry wise man? Answer: Scarlet sage.
Days, months and years? Answer: Thyme, time.
A man who has paid part of his debts? Answer: Gladiolus, glad I owe less.
John? Answer: Johnny jump up.
Sheep? Answer: Phlox, flocks.
Kiss? Answer: Tulips, two lips.
Bury the hatchet and what will come up? Answer: Sweet peas, peace.
Christmas eve? Answer: Star of Bethlehem.
The middle of the afternoon? Answer: Four o'clock.
Preacher? Answer: Jack in the pulpit.
King of beasts? Answer: Dandelion.
The dark? Answer: Nightshade.
Faust? Answer: Marguerite.
"Not guilty"? Answer: Innocents.
A red pony? Answer: Horse radish, reddish.
Fairy's wand? Answer: Goldenrod.
Cuff on the ear? Answer: Box.
Grief? Answer: Weeping willow.
A hand? Answer: Palm.
Sad beauties? Answer: Bluebells, belles.
Reynard's mitten? Answer: Fox-glove.
Labyrinth? Answer: Maize.
Star-spangled Banner and the Union Jack? Answer: Flags.
Plant you and me and what shall come up? Answer: Lettuce, let us.
Sealskin wraps? Answer: Firs, furs.
Richmond caterpillar? Answer: Virginia creeper.
Tiny bottles? Answer: Violets, phial-ets.
Contentment? Answer: Heartsease, Furlough? Answer: Leaves.
Imitation stone? Answer: Shamrock.
What a married man never has? Answer: Bachelor's buttons.
A nice way to play this game is to give a carnation or other pretty flower to each one who guesses one of the questions.

CURIOUS SIGHTS AT ST. PAUL'S.

Various Forms of Irreverence in London's Great Cathedral.

Visitors in London have often been astonished at the conduct of some people in St. Paul's Cathedral. They have seen men sitting about the entrance eating bananas and nibbling sandwiches; others have been dozing and many have evidently not been attracted there by the idea of worship or sightseeing. The beggars that hang about the continental churches and the guides who lie in wait for sightseers may be no better looking, but they present a more reverential aspect. One visitor who has been in the church at intervals for the past ten years says he has never failed to notice these offenders. On Sundays there are fewer of them than at other times, but he recalls one curious incident on a Sunday afternoon when a popular canon was preaching. The body of the great church was occupied by a congregation that filled every chair. Among the worshippers sat three men eating oranges. They apparently had no ears for the eloquent sermon and the beautiful singing. When they had finished their meal they simply left the church.

A Londoner has described in a newspaper some of the remarkable sights he has witnessed at St. Paul's. One regular attendant was a well-known bookmaker, who was always to be seen at the afternoon services. His case did not present the mental contrast that might have been supposed of gambler and man of religious nature in one. He came simply to reckon his daily gains and losses in the quiet of the building. He did not linger like others at the rear of the church, but seated himself among the worshippers with his accounts in the cover of the prayer book to which he seemed so attentive. One visitor recently saw a peddler offering knives for sale to the loungers seated near one of the entrances. One man habitually sells pipes in the cathedral and an actor confessed that he always went to St. Paul's to study his parts. The vergers admit that they are unable to deal with the tramps who infest the church in winter. The most they can do is to eject those who create a disturbance. Tramps by the way, have also proved a nuisance to some extent in the large churches here which are always open. The persons who cause more trouble in this way are old women, who go to a church as soon as it is opened and remain there all day. They are occasionally removed by the police, and are attracted to the church chiefly through religious enthusiasm. The St. Paul tramps are of quite a different kind. The cathedral has long been a favorite meeting place of lovers, and the couples constantly meeting there are one of its familiar features. St. Paul's is unique among the great show churches of the world for this lack of reverence and even decency among the persons who frequent it. No continental church has ever offered a similar sight, although none of them is, of course, in a city of such size.

QUEER ANCIENT CUSTOMS

THAT STILL CLING TO THE GREAT CITY OF LONDON.

Quaint Ceremonies Hoary Customs Old With Grave Formality Are Observed To-Day—Curious Mixture of Gilt and Hot Cross Buns—The Lord Mayor the Whole Show.

London takes a pardonable pride in its ancient customs. The charity, at St. Bartholomew's was threatened with extinction through want of funds. It has been re-endowed by the will of a citizen but lately deceased. The name of the first testator has not survived nor the date of the first endowment. Time out of mind, then—let us say—at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, on Good Friday morning, 21 poor and aged widows have been invited to pick up an equal number of new sixpences from off a tombstone in the graveyard and have been further presented with a hot cross bun each. Charitable persons in the olden time not infrequently ordered that their aims should be so laid upon their graves. In this way they hoped to keep their memories green.

THE LOVING CUP.

Naturally some of the ancient city customs are connected with the art of dining. Gastronomy and the Guildhall are inseparably associated. One of the most curious of these is the passing of the loving cup, which takes place at all guild dinners as well as at the banquets of the corporation. The cup is a two-handled one with a lid. While one guest is holding the lid the next sips the speed wine; a third, on the other side of the drinker, stands up. Then, the brim having been wiped with a clean napkin, the cup is passed to the other guest holding the lid. He drinks in his turn, while his next neighbor takes charge of the lid. In this way the cup makes the round of the table. This custom dates from Anglo-Saxon times. The holding of the lid was not then an act merely of courtesy, for the guest who held it was thus prevented from drawing his dagger and stabbing the drinker—a playful after-dinner practice not uncommon in those times. Meanwhile the guest who was standing guarded the drinker from an assault from behind.

The office of Lord Mayor is itself hedged about with the most elaborate formalities. He has gowns of scarlet, violet and black for various occasions, and a train-bearer. The lady Mayoress is attended by maids of honor; the train is borne by pages in costume. In the city His Lordship takes precedence immediately after the sovereign. When His Majesty visits the city the Lord Mayor meets her at Temple Bar and hands to her the sword of state, which she returns to him. This quaint ceremony was strictly observed at the Jubilee of 1897.

Sword-rests may still be seen in nearly all the city churches. Sad to say, late in the last century, as the Lord Mayor with his retinue was returning from a state visit to Kew, he was stopped and robbed by a single highwayman. And the sword-bearer—who ought clearly to have hewed the villain down—stood by and saw it done!

BOWING AND SCRAPING.

There are other emblems of office—the diamond scepter, the seal, the purse, the mace. They play an important part at the swearing-in of the Lord Mayor elect. The City Chamberlain, with three obeisances, presents the scepter to the retiring Lord Mayor. He in his turn delivers it to his successor, who lays it on the table in front of him. The Chamberlain retires, with three more reverences, to return with the seal—and three reverences more. The purse is similarly presented. Further genuflections follow from the sword bearer, who renders up this sword; the mace-bearer also resigns the mace. The ex-Lord Mayor then surrenders his key of the coffer in which the seal is kept. There are three keys; of the other two, one is held by the Chamberlain, the second by the Chairman of the Lands Committee. To unlock the coffer all three must be produced.

Though this complex ceremonial may seem sadly belated, it has great historic interest. It implies the sovereign power and authority, in ancient times, of the chief Magistrate of the city. The scepter, sword and mace are emblems of royalty. The Lord Mayor was a merchant prince in fact as well as in name. He is still, by virtue of his office, Admiral of the Port of London—a delightfully Gilbertian appointment—gauger of wine and oil, and other gaugerable articles; meter of coals, grains, salt and fruit, and inspector of butter, hops, soap, cheese and other articles coming into the port of London. Needless to say these duties are performed by deputy. He is, to mention but one or two more of his dignities, a governor of four hospitals a trustee of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a Magistrate "in several places." Perhaps his most curious office, next to that of Admiral of the Port, is that of Coroner. Here again the function is only nominally his. No troops may pass through the city without the Lord Mayor's consent. The passport of the Tower is sent to him; he is entitled to enter at any hour, day or night.

PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME.

The Company of Fishmongers, to whom the inspection of the fish supply is delegated, employ certain officers called "fish meters." Many tons of fish are monthly condemned at Billingsgate by them. The company also undertakes the prosecution of persons found taking fish out of season or below the prescribed size. The punishment in-

flicted at the Mansion House upon the dishonest tradesman is the same as elsewhere, fine or imprisonment. Formerly the seller of bad wine was compelled to pledge a bumper in it, while the rest was poured over him as he stood in the doorway. The butcher, the baker and candlestick maker met with punishment similarly designed to fit the crime.

At Christ Hospital some curious customs are still observed. Easter Tuesday is a gala day with the boys. On that day they pass in procession before the Lord Mayor, who presents each one with a plum bun and a piece of gold or silver, fresh from the mint, according to the scholar's rank; the Grecian, a bright sovereign; the monitor, half a crown; the mere ordinary boy, a shilling. The costume of the boys dates from the time of Edward VI. The visit, not long ago, of one of them to Paris produced a sensation. He is said to have been mistaken for a new kind of pilgrim!

The city, by the way, has certain privileges in respect to the mint. A Treasury warrant is issued every year for the testing, at Goldsmiths' Hall, of the coinage. This is known as the "Trial of the Pyx." So many of the officials of the Mint are chosen, so many of the Goldsmiths' Company. A jury is impaneled, and the members retire to the laboratory to do the weighing and the testing. A certificate is issued to the Deputy Master of the Mint, attesting that the gold and silver coinage is true. The verdict has been a favorable one for more than two centuries.

The distribution of livery cloth is another curious survival. Four and a half yards of the best black cloth are by the Court of Aldermen sent every year to the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Home Secretary, the Foreign Secretary, the Attorney-General, to three officers of Her Majesty's household and to three of the city officials. The Town Clerk receives six of green and six of black cloth, and the principal clerk at the Guildhall four yards of each.

BEATING THE BOUNDS.

"Beating the bounds" seems formerly to have implied beating the boys as well. The children of the parish had the boundaries painfully impressed upon them by a drubbing from the beadle, administered as they came to the marks. It was, too, considered the thing, when a stream cut the boundary line, to throw in a boy or two. All this gave an infinite zest to the proceedings, especially for the boys. The officials were very zealous in the performance of this ancient custom. In one instance a nobleman's carriage stood across the boundary line; the coachman declined to move out of the way, whereupon "the church warden and other substantial men" of St. George's opened the door and marched through the carriage followed by a motley train of "sweeps, urchins and scavengers." Thus was pride humbled to a fall. Parochialism and patriotism may, as it seems have points in common. The oldest boundary mark in the city is dated 1615. It is fixed low down in the outer wall of Copthall Buildings, Coleman street, in the parish of St. Stephen's.

"Beating the bounds" is common to most of the city parishes, but "Reading for Bibles" is peculiar to the parish of St. Sepulchre. Copies of the Bible are presented to children over the age of 12 who can read a few verses in an intelligent manner. The Bibles, finely bound in leather, bear on the back the name of Sir John Fenner, who early in the seventeenth century, endowed the gift.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The best remedy for an injury is forgetfulness.

Wise men are wrong much oftener than fools are right.

Loafers and postage stamps are usually stuck on corners.

Call a woman an angel and she will plead guilty every time.

A small boy says the worst nation on earth is vaccination.

Women in politics are about as graceful as hens in swimming.

As soon as a political campaign opens the speakers come to blows.

A man of letters has but little show in a breach of promise case.

Never run a policeman down when out for a spin on your wheel.

No amount of culture will make a man stop snoring in his sleep.

The worst that can be said of little vices is that they won't stay little.

Possibilities are all right in their way, but they never prove anything.

A girl should have a chaperon until she can call some other chap her own.

No man who paints his nose ought to kick if his wife pants her cheeks.

A woman likes to be told how pretty she is and how homely some other women are.

An adherent of the faith cure says the red lights in a drug store are danger signals.

Many a stupid man has gained a reputation as a wit by being interviewed by a bright reporter.

When a man really does stumble onto a good money-making scheme he seldom has enough money to work it.

Electricity has displaced the mule on the street car lines, canal tow-paths and in mines. At this rate the mule will soon be as useless as the dude.

THE CORNFED PHILOSOPHER.

While it cannot be denied that all men are liars, said the Cornfed Philosopher, yet not all liars are men.

HER CHANCE.

Do you, said the notary, swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and—

Oh, how lovely! the fair witness interrupted; shall I really be allowed to talk all afternoon if I want to?

AWFUL FALL OF A MINER.

PLUNGED DOWN A ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FOOT SHAFT.

Not a Bone Was Broken in the Body of the Man Who Came Through This Terrible Experience.

A miner named Hartz, living in Oakland, Cal., has had what is probably the most remarkable fall that a man ever experienced and lived to tell about. That he could be precipitated a distance of 150 feet and not be fatally injured sounds fishy, but it is true, and the shaft down which he fell and himself prove the assertion. It was last April that Frederick Hartz had this experience. He is badly bruised, but not a bone in his body was broken, and he will recover. Hartz's story of his thrilling experience is best told in his own language, and is as follows:

"I was working in the Mount Jefferson mine in Tuolumne county. I had been there about a month and was considered quite an old hand for that place for the fact was that few men would stay in the mine after they became aware of the dangers that surrounded the work. They would generally work a few days or two and then demand their time and leave, usually with very few words in the way of explanation.

MISTAKE OF THE ENGINEER.

"My partner was Mr. Dick O'Neil. We were drilling a set of holes in the face of the vein matter of the ledge, and had made some haste to get the blasts in these holes ready for firing or shooting by noontime, so that the smoke and powder fumes might have time to clear away while we were at dinner. We had finished the work, and, it being my turn, I started to go up to the 300-foot level to get the powder used in blasting. I made the trip up safely enough, and, having secured what I wanted, got into the skip with my load, intending to go down again.

"I gave the signal, two bells, to the engineer for descending, but he always declared that he never got but one, though, as he left the place very suddenly after I was hurt I cannot help thinking that he knows he made a mistake. One bell would raise instead of lowering me, and at once I felt myself ascending through the black darkness toward the surface.

TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

"This did not alarm me seriously, for I thought I would simply go up to the next level and there stop, and see if I could find out what was wrong with the signal bells. I had proceeded upward perhaps thirty feet when I felt the skip, a sort of truck in which I was riding, leave the track upon which it rode. It trembled for a moment in a staggering way upon the edge of the track, and then, quick as a flash, it turned squarely bottom upward.

"Instantly the light of my single candle was snuffed out and I found myself in total darkness in mid air and standing upon nothing, at least 150 feet from the bottom of the shaft. "Of course, I fully understood what that meant. Death, sure, swift and terrible, was upon me. In a few seconds its cold fingers would be clutching at my heart, and then would come for me the end of all things.

A LIFE-TIME IN VIEW.

"I have read that persons in such situations have declared that the most important events of their lives, and especially matters where conscience had condemned had passed swiftly in review before them but I had never believed the statements. Now I know that such things do happen. In that awful moment I saw numerous phases of my past life. Many that I thought long forgotten loomed up before my mind's eyes. They were far too numerous to mention here, but I will say that among them I saw my wife as I had left her in my Oakland home, and even my mother in the old cottage among the hills of Germany. The latter has long since been dead, but I remember that I wondered then if I should see her in a few moments.

"Of course, I was plunging downward all the time that I was doing this. Down, down, I fell, with such frightful rapidity that the very breath seemed being sucked from my body, and yet I remember thinking that I seemed a long time in reaching the bottom of the shaft.

"Finally, when it seemed to me that I must strike the ground the next instant, I drew myself together and braced my body for the shock. I remember doing this, but I remember nothing more for some time.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS SAVED HIM.

"Either the swift descent, or being beaten against the sides of the shaft, or the terrible fright, or all these combined, had deprived me of consciousness before I struck the earth, for I had no recollection of the collision.

"The next thing that my senses told me was that my partner was extending his bruised limbs by the light of the candles in the stop where we had been working. O'Neil said that he had heard the awful shout I gave when the car left the track, though I do not remember uttering a sound, and that he rushed to the edge of the pit just in time to see my body shoot past and plunge into the dark below.

"Recovering consciousness, the first words I uttered were: 'Where is the powder?' thus showing that I remembered my errand upward first, notwithstanding the many other things that I have described as passing through my mind in my fall. I had been terribly bruised and beaten about in my descent, but, strange to say, not a bone in my body was broken."