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MIRACLES

Said the man with the monocle: "A miracle is a miracle, and that's all there is about it." And the man with the monocle replied: "What's a miracle?" and the man with the monocle replied: "It's an interruption of the operations of the laws of nature." "Tommy-rot," ejaculated the man with the big black cigar. "What do you think?" asked the man with the monocle of the man who had not spoken; but the host said: "It's time to join the tables. He can tell us next Sunday." So here goes, but with the preliminary proposition that on this subject one person's opinion is as likely to be as good as another's, and no one's is likely to be worth very much. But possibly something may be said that will be of interest, and if any who read what follows would like to carry on the conversation, they can have the floor next Sunday.

First, let us try and reach a definition of what a miracle is, that is, supposing there are miracles. You remember the story of the talking chip, but in case you do not, it may be mentioned that a missionary, who was building a church, wanted a saw, and sent his wife a note written on a chip. To the ignorance of people among whom he was, the use of the chip was a miracle. There are people to whom the telephone, wireless telegraphy and many other things would appear as miracles; but as they are explainable by the laws of matter, they cannot be so classed, and even the most ignorant savage, when he learned that they were produced by mechanical appliances would cease to regard them as miracles. The use of the compass points to the north is not a miracle. We do not know why it does point to the north, but as it always does, when free to move, we recognize that it does so in accordance with some law inherent in matter. Now if some one without any physical means whatever could make the needle point due east, that would be a miracle, for it is the complement of a physical effect by a psychic cause, and this, perhaps, is as good a definition of a miracle as can be suggested off-hand. Can such effects be produced by such causes? Obviously this is a matter of proof, and proof depends upon evidence, and the trustworthiness of evidence depends upon a great variety of things. This is the main of investigation in which no one is quite ready to accept the testimony of another. When your physician calls and tells you that you must take a certain medicine, and that it will produce certain effects, you believe him, take the medicine, and either it, or your faith in it, produces the effect which the physician said it would, and you have no misgivings about the medicine being infallible. We accept as proved a thousand things in every day life that we have never attempted to demonstrate, and could not if we tried; but when it comes to the contact of the physical with the physical, we all hail from Missouri. We must be shown. It is obvious that, except to those who accept the Bible as an infallible record, the accounts of miracles therein do not prove anything except that certain persons, concerning whose opportunities for observation we are unable to form any opinion, believed that physical effects were produced by physical causes. The supreme illustration of this is the raising of Lazarus. In this case we are told that in response to the call of the Divine Master, a man who had been dead for four days, came back to life. It is hard to believe this, unless we first admit that in Jesus of Nazareth there dwelt a power which was limitless in its operation. And so we are brought at the very outset of the inquiry to what is the crucial question in it, namely: Is there a power which is supernatural in the sense that it is dominant over physical nature? Or of course, nothing that is called supernatural in one sense of the term. What exists in the physical or spiritual world is just as natural as what exists in the physical world. It is just as natural that there should be a Creator as that there should be a Creation. From the standpoint of human reason, everything that exists presupposes a cause, and while we may, by our investigation, find the Cause further and further back in the evolution of physical existence, we cannot by any possibility crowd God out of His universe. It seems to be only logical that the physical preceded the physical. Therefore, if we reach, either by experiment or by logic, the conclusion that there is such a thing as psychic power, the possibility of miracles is at once established.

When we eliminate from the scope of testimony any supposition that the statements advanced have divine sanction, and that is the course that must be taken if the possibility of miracles is considered from the standpoint of scientific investigation, we must take each recorded or reported instance of a miraculous act upon its own merits as a fact. If the proof of the occurrence is satisfactory, and if investigation discloses that the event cannot be explained by physical means, then the cause must be psychical, and we have the miracle established. In pursuing investigations of this kind we must bear in mind the greatly diversified forms in which a force may be manifested. To take an example from the physical world: The resemblance between the energy exerted by a magnet, the "sparks" which are developed by rubbing a cat's back in the dark, the means by which the voice is transmitted over the telephone, and the lightning flash, which seems to rend the heavens asunder, is not very apparent, and yet we have learned that they are all manifestations of the same thing. So it may be that one day we will learn that the influence which raised the dead, healed the sick, hypnotized the healthy, reads the thoughts of others, and is exemplified in an almost infinite number of ways, is the manifestation of the same power, and possibly that the "image of God" in which man is said to have been created, consists in our possession to a limited degree of this power. Of course, no one can claim to have demonstrated that so as to convince others, but there are thousands who claim, with greater or less reason, that they have been able, not by the exercise of blind, unreasoning faith, but by actual, unquestionable proof, to show that such a power is just as imminent today as it was when Jesus and His disciples walked the earth.

And so the man with the monocle may not have been right when he said that a miracle is a miracle, and that the day for them is passed. It may be that we are encompassed about with psychical forces, which we do not, and perhaps cannot, use, because we are "of the earth earthy." There is hardly one of us who will not admit that he is conscious of being something more than a mere physical entity; but we, of the white race, and especially those of the white race who profess to be at least nominally adherents of Christianity, are literally afraid to call our souls our own, and therefore we hesitate to admit that we possess what we are all the while conscious of possessing.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

No. XXXV.

Hundreds of men have a place in history much more prominent than some of those, whose careers have been mentioned in this series of papers, and the reason why some have been considered, whose names are unfamiliar to most readers, is because the object is not so much to tell of individuals who have been conspicuous as of those whose lives formed pivotal periods in the affairs of mankind. The name of Nadir Kuli, which means Nadir the Slave, has been read probably by few who will

read this article, and yet as the principal facts of his life are presented it will be seen that their influence is affecting the welfare of millions today, and that out of them may yet arise problems of vast moment. The great question presented by British India results from conditions to which Nadir contributed as much at least as any other individual, and possibly more, because his achievements made the British conquest of India possible. We have seen in a previous article that Beber, who was born ten years before Columbus discovered America, and died in 1530, founded the Moghul Empire in India, that its sway extended across the mountains of Afghanistan, through Persia and as far as the Caucasus on the northwest and to the plains of Siberia on the north, and that Beber at one time contemplated the conquest of China. So powerful was the race of monarchs who were called the Moghuls, that the name of Moghul has become synonymous with supreme authority. His greatest successor was Akbar, his grandson, but Aurangzeb, who ascended the throne in 1658, was in some respects equally famous. Aurangzeb died in 1707 after a reign, which towards its close was disturbed by dissensions. The empire, which he had combined with the aid of his vassals showed great disinclination to recognize the supremacy of the emperor. After his death the sceptre fell into weak hands, but a powerful leader might yet have saved the state, if it had not been for the appearance of Nadir the Slave.

Nadir was born in Persia about the year 1687, and at an early age became engaged in the war, then being waged by the Persians against the Afghans. Nothing is known of his ancestry with any degree of certainty, but he was a born leader of men, with wonderful powers of organization. He drove the Afghans out of Persia and placed Tahmasp upon the throne, but this king having made a disgraceful treaty of peace with the Persians, Nadir took to his throne from him, replacing him with the infant son of the deposed monarch. Then Nadir began a glorious campaign against the Persians, wresting from them territory which Tahmasp had surrendered, and securing some provinces which Peter the Great had annexed to Russia. In 1735 the infant king died and Nadir proclaimed himself king. His claims to the sovereignty of Persia being disregarded by the Moghul emperor, Nadir determined upon invading India. He reached Peshawar without difficulty, where he was joined by the hill tribes, who had grown disaffected towards the emperor. He was unopposed as he marched down through the Panjab, and was within seventy miles of Delhi before he was met by the Moghul army. He was crushed, after which he was offered a sum equal to two million pounds sterling, if he would withdraw his troops to Persia. He accepted the money, but was induced by one of the disaffected Moghul princes to continue his march to Delhi, where it was represented he would easily gain ten times as much as he had been offered. He entered Delhi with 20,000 men, composed of Tatars, Afghans and Uzbeks. Between these people and the Moghuls there was bitter hatred, but so thoroughly disciplined were the forces of Nadir that they refrained from every excess. On the following day some of the inhabitants of the city committed assaults upon the troops, but although the latter simply returned the assault, the Moghul army, the populace, resolved upon their massacre, and many were slain. On the succeeding morning Nadir rode through the streets accompanied by a strong guard, and as he came upon a number of the corpses of his soldiers, he was assailed by showers of stones, arrows and shots from small arms, and he was killed. He was buried in the city, and his body was taken to Persia. The Moghul army, the populace, resolved upon their massacre, and many were slain. On the succeeding morning Nadir rode through the streets accompanied by a strong guard, and as he came upon a number of the corpses of his soldiers, he was assailed by showers of stones, arrows and shots from small arms, and he was killed. He was buried in the city, and his body was taken to Persia. The Moghul army, the populace, resolved upon their massacre, and many were slain. On the succeeding morning Nadir rode through the streets accompanied by a strong guard, and as he came upon a number of the corpses of his soldiers, he was assailed by showers of stones, arrows and shots from small arms, and he was killed. He was buried in the city, and his body was taken to Persia.

This Nadir at a single blow shattered the Moghul Empire. It did not at once cease to be. Indeed, the shadow of it lingered until Delhi was captured by the British forces at the time of the Mutiny, but it was little more than a name. A new power arose in India, namely, the Marhattas, a race which had been driven southward when the Moghuls invaded India. These people became very powerful and for a time overruled the feeble emperors at Delhi; their prominence here further increased by the Moghul dynasty. Later the Marhattas forced their way to a crushing defeat at the hands of the Afghans, who were continually invading India from the northwest, and after this there was no stability among the native governments of India. Therefore, when Clive began his wonderful war of conquest, the Moghul empire was powerless to resist him, and a handful of English troops, under his leadership, were able to establish English supremacy over a land, where some of the mightiest armies and greatest commanders the world has ever seen once played their parts.

Personally, Nadir was a remarkable man. He was over six feet in stature, swarthy in countenance, with large, piercing eyes and a voice of tremendous volume. He was the very incarnation of strength and ferocity. In some respects his equal has never appeared upon the stage of history. Beginning life a slave, he re-established the empire of Persia, and, after overthrowing it, set up again the Moghul empire under his own protection. He compelled the warlike and almost invincible Turks to use for peace. He made Peter the Great bend to his will. His one great error of administration was his attempt to put an end to the dissensions of the Mohammedans in religious matters. With this object, he endeavored to reconcile the two great sects of Islam, the Shi'ahs and the Sunnis, and declared the latter to be the state religion of Persia. He was a spirit of fanaticism, which armed force could not ally, and in 1747, when he was sixty years old, he was assassinated. He had reigned only eleven years, but they were years full of remarkable deeds. No contemporary ruler accomplished such achievements, exhibited such administrative power or produced such a profound effect upon his times, as did the future of southern Asia. A hundred and ten years after his death one of his descendants, the young and favorite queen of the reigning sovereign of Delhi, angered because Lord Canning, then Governor-General of India, would not recognize her son as heir to the crown, and favored the claims of an older son of the king, by another wife, with a vigor which showed that she had inherited the ambition and energy of her great ancestor, brought to fruition, if she did not actually originate, the plot, which led to the famous Mutiny.

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

XVII.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

TALLEYRAND AND THE DUC D'ENGHEN

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Perigord, Prince of Benevento, is described by history as one of the most clever, crafty and unprincipled of modern diplomatists, and a man of no moral strength of character, having the reputation of being a decided Lethario in his countless affairs d'amour. He was born in 1754 of an ancient and honorable family, and lived through the most strenuous and exciting years in the history of his country. He was trained in the Church, but at no period of his life displayed the slightest inclination to follow any religious teaching whatever. So notoriously licentious was he that Louis XVI. hesitated to confer ecclesiastical honors upon him, though he had already been appointed abbot of several important dioceses. His administrative and diplomatic qualities were of no great value, and he was bound to rely upon his recognition, and he was appointed to one important position after another. He, with Sieyes and several others, framed the famous new constitution for the Republic, and was responsible to a great extent for the drawing up of the Declaration of Rights. It was Talleyrand who made the startling proposal, that the property of the clergy should be confiscated to the State. He was made President of the Assembly in 1790, and in 1792 was sent to negotiate with the English Parliament. He met with a cold reception at the hands of King George and Pitt, and would have returned to France had he not in his absence been denounced as an emigrant, and he was obliged to remain in exile several years, and took no part in the most atrocious affairs of the Revolution, though it has been said that had he been permitted to return to his own country, he would have followed without hesitation in the steps of the "extremists." However that may be, his character does not seem to have been disloyal to his country. In 1794 he returned to France and became a frequent of the salons of the famous Madame de Stael, daughter of the brave old Swiss, M. Necker, who had served the late king as minister so ably and disinterestedly.

When Napoleon Bonaparte began his career as Commander-in-Chief of the Italian army, he was among the first to recognize the ability and genius of the young soldier, and solicited his friendship, keeping Bonaparte in constant touch with events at home while the latter was absent on his numerous campaigns. It was through his influence to a great extent, that the Directory was overthrown and the Dictatorship established. The change was brought about by the aid of the "General Bonaparte," the most successful against the foreign powers, that the people thought they saw in him a deliverer from internal strife as well. On the 18th Brumaire, 1799, occurred the final overthrow of those who desired to oppose the will of the new master. Napoleon and his soldiers entered the hall where the representatives were sitting, the soldiers shouting: "Long live Bonaparte!" General Dujardin, mounting a few steps of the tribune, cried: "Citizens—representatives, I invite you to retire; we can no longer answer for the security of the council!" The grenadiers traversed the hall twice; the second time they beat a salute; the soldiers pushed the representatives from the hall, and the latter, driving them out, upon that same evening a law was voted, at a small but influential gathering of the Council of the Ancients, that a consular executive commission be composed of Citizens Sieyes, Rogers-Ducos and Bonaparte. This commission was invested with the plenitude of dictatorial power, especially charged with the duty of restoring order in all parts of administration, with the re-establishment of tranquillity in the interior, and the bringing about of a solid and honorable peace. Thus was Napoleon set upon the first step of the ladder that was to lead him to the imperial throne.

Talleyrand took an active part in all political affairs which followed, serving Napoleon no small capacity, and he was in various ways casting the personality of his master in the shadow, as the latter took care that though he might honor Talleyrand, he would not allow him too much latitude. There is probably no more inexcusable act in all of Talleyrand's career than the part he took in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. Napoleon was in a larger degree responsible for this crime, but Talleyrand, driving him under the weight of his sin to his dying day, though he had no hesitation in expressing himself to the effect that Talleyrand was to a greater extent culpable than he was himself. History has given us a vivid account of this pathetic affair, and we cannot wonder when we read that the indignation of the French people was aroused by such a display of exhibition of brutal injustice.

Napoleon had decided to strike a decisive blow at the House of Bourbon in order to frighten any would-be claimant to the throne from making any demonstration or gathering any following. He was much angered because the two princes, the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Berry, had escaped him. This young man was the Duc d'Enghien, son of the Princess de Conde. He bore the reputation of being a soldier of noble qualities, quite incapable of using questionable means to gain his ends. "The only crime of the Duc d'Enghien," wrote Pierre Langrety, "was being within reach of Bonaparte" at the moment when Bonaparte needed the blood of a Bourbon, and it was for this reason alone that he was chosen and struck."

In the middle of the night a detachment of dragoons set out from Schlestadt, crossed the Rhine and going to Ettenheim, surrounded the home of the young duke. So confident was he in the supposed security of his innocence that he smilingly silenced the fears of his friends, and he was led to the ditch of the chateau; the executioner proceeded him carrying a lighted torch. They stopped at the brink of the grave which had been prepared, and where a company of gendarmes stood arrayed in order of

battle. The condemned asked if there was one among them who would take the last message of a dying man, and an officer stepped out of the ranks. The Duke handed him a packet containing some of his hair, and bade him deliver it to his wife. The command was then given to fire, and the innocent prisoner fell back dead into the open grave.

This horrible crime is absolutely without a vestige of justification. Whether or not Talleyrand was as guileless as some historians believe, he was no doubt party to the act, and to be in any way responsible is damning evidence of the brutal injustice of the man's character. Josephine believed implicitly that whatever part Napoleon took was owing to the influence of his mentor. But it seems reasonable to suppose that in this matter as in all calculations, and used Talleyrand as an instrument and an accomplice.

Talleyrand displayed his administrative ability in many ways during the years which followed. Working hand in hand with Napoleon, he broke up the European coalition which had been formed against France, and later organized the famous "Confederation of the Rhine," for which service the Emperor conferred upon him the principality of Benevento. He did not hesitate, however, when the time arrived to further his own personal schemes at the expense of those of Bonaparte. It was he who dictated the terms of the deposition of the Emperor to the French. He was made Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis XVIII, but fell into disfavor with the Bourbons after the Battle of Waterloo, and lost all his offices. During the years just previous to his death he was ambassador to the English Court.

THE STORY TELLER

A Simple Remedy

"What will we do when the trees are destroyed?" asked the forestry experts. "I suppose," answered the serenely solemn statesman after some thought, "that in such an event we will be obliged to depend for wood entirely on the lumber yards."—Washington Star.

Whisky Today

Dr. Harvey G. Wiley, the government's famous food expert, was talking at Mackinac Island about impure whisky. "I once saw an old Kentuckian," said Dr. Wiley, "take a glass of whisky, sniff it, set it down and shake his head sadly. 'One thing,' he said, 'was never seen coming through the river, and that's the kind of whisky they send us nowadays.'"—Washington Star.

The Law Escaped

The late Albert Pell, a Conservative member of Parliament, who devoted his life to the betterment of agriculture, the prevention of cattle disease and the administration of the poor laws, was a man of ready wit.

It is stated in a recently published volume of reminiscences of Mr. Pell that during an election he was misinformed of the result of the election. He asked if it was not the member who had made the law which commanded poor men to support their parents.

"No," he replied out, "that is an older law." It was written by God Almighty on two tables of stone and brought down by Moses from Mount Sinai; and as far as I can make out, Thomas, it is the same old law that has got into your head."—The Bitter.

Scholarship and Politics

Mr. Asquith, who recently presided at a meeting of the English Classical Association at Birmingham, again brings home to us the depth and breadth of the mental equipment of some of the English politicians of the greatest. The scholarship of Gladstone, of Salisbury, of Balfour, is well known. In this country we have but few men like Wyndham, who can both edit Tudor Texts and grapple with the problems of current legislation. Mr. Asquith, at the Birmingham meeting, said of himself: "I can honestly say that I have never wavered in my allegiance to the great writers of antiquity, or ceased to take a lively interest in the progress of scholarship, or to throw new light on their meaning, and laying deeper and broader foundations of their imperishable fame."—Harpers Weekly.

He Could, Too

When Sir William Gilbert was 27 and was known to the world as a promising writer, his father, who was a retired naval surgeon, wrote a semi-metaphysical, semi-medical book, entitled "Shirley Hall Asylum," his first book. Not long ago "Edith Brown," who was then preparing a biography of the younger man having heard that the son was the incentive from without which spurred into action the inherent but dormant literary talent of the father, asked if such was the case.

"Yes," replied the author of the "Bab Ballads" and the wittiest librettos ever written, "I think the little success which had attended my humble efforts certainly influenced my father."

"You see," he added with suspicion of a smile, "my father never had an exalted idea of my ability. He thought if I could write anybody could, and forthwith he began."—Youth's Companion.

An Old Fable

One of the very old fables credited to Lafontaine, borrowed by him probably from some other writer, tells the following story:

"A very good man had a very good tame bear. The bear was a vigorous creature, deeply attached to his owner."

"The owner lay down to sleep and the bear was much annoyed by the conduct of the flies. One fly especially was quite dead to all feelings of decency. As often as the bear shed the fly away the fly came back to the face of the sleeping man."

"Finally the bear said to himself I know what I'll do. I'll be strenuous. I'll show that fly something."

"He did so."

"He picked up a large rock weighing fifty or a hundred pounds, and as soon as the fly appeared on the nose of the sleeping man, he smashed the fly with the rock—he also smashed the head of his boss, although he hadn't intended to do so."—Harpers Weekly.

WITH THE POETS

Love's Way

Oh, I could sing of love, and sing again,
Fashion a wonder-word love's way to prove,
Attune my lyre to love's potential strain,
Who knew not love!

Now I would sing, would sing of love and fire,
It is the day of days. But I am dumb,
Yea, helpless I beseech a vacant lyre,
For love is come.

—Agnes Lee in Appleton's Magazine.

The Stars

I shall walk bravely through my days,
Though love, that flaming torch that lighted me,
Has dropped away in darkness utterly,
I shall not falter on these ungraced ways,
Nor cry aloud for any spark to see
The forward step, lest, falling, I might be
A lost thing dashed and waiting in the haze,
For God, who gives each soul its certain light
Will leave me not in darkness. For a space
I may go blindly where no guidance bars;
Yea, confident that in this torchless night,
Sudden shall break above my upturned face
The white, unchanging radiance of the stars.

—Theodosia Garrison in Albee's.

The Friend

Take the lid off your heart and let me see within;
Curious, I, and impudent, a rugged man of sin.
And yet I hold you truer than would president or priest;
I put my bowl against your lip and seat you at my feast;
I probe your wound and chafe your limbs and get my gods to see
That you are strengthened as we fare the forest and the sea,
Strike hands with me—the glasses brim—the sun is on the heather,
And love is good and life is long and two are best together.

—Richard Wightman, in Success Magazine.

Regret

Like one who thinketh back to his gone youth,
And of the strange, fair women that were there,
And over the bar of sunset and twilight pale,
For its own self, and poignantly doth bear
The aching of a sorrow for things lost,
Things left behind, leave-takings, light farewells;
Belinquishments that seemed a little cost
When they were made; but now, as round them knells
The dim-heard threnodes of the storied years,
Do seem of priceless worth, that their recall
Would be as some vague hand to stop the tears
Which on the tomb of perished Time slow fall,
And all the pang is what we may not see
Again what was but not again shall be.

—Humphreys Park, in October Appleton's.

Outward Bound

Freighted with fancy, golden, frail,
There by the marge of day,
The new moon rears a slender sail,
Filled with the breath of the evening gale,
And over the bar of sunset and twilight pale,
Into the dreamlight gray,
Fearlessly steers for the mystic deep—
Into the night away,
Let us be sailing, soul of mine,
Far from the cares of day—
Unfurled your sail so fragile and fine,
Filled by the breath of the night divine,
And over the bar of sunset and twilight pale,
Out of the dreamlight gray,
Steer for the deep of the unplumbed sleep—
Into the night away.

—Ethel Allen Murphy, in the December Appleton's.

Home of My Heart

Where can you find a sky more blue?
Where can you find a scene more fair?
With the pulse of the past in the fragrant air,
The pulse of the past like a whispered prayer,
That breathes to my soul of you.

Where can you find a joy more pure
Than that which the purple mountain holds?
Such peace as the silent shore enfolds
Like the benediction of a passing soul
That bid us strive—and endure.
Home of my heart, my empty hands
Have naught to give, but my soul is riven
With the love that made my life a heaven,
The loss that makes the void its leaven,
To the soul that understands.

—May Austin Low

Good Old Ways

There are times when things go wrong—dead wrong—
And aches must a dismal gray be.
When we don't know how we would get along
If it wasn't for good old ways—
Why, maybe there won't be a cloud tomorrow,
Maybe there won't be a passing sorrow,
Good fortune may wait just past our sight—
Maybe tomorrow
'Twill all come right.

Maybe your treasured secret dream
Will cease to be just a vision,
Maybe the longed-for light will gleam
Through the mist of your life's decision,
Maybe the worst is for the best,
Maybe you're near the unseen crest,
Maybe it's hidden by just tonight—
Maybe tomorrow
'Twill all come right.

—Kansas City Times

The Song

The vagrant minstrel stopped to sing
Upon the highway of the king,
And made the trembling twilight ring
With music of his song.
In purple pomp and gold array
The perfumed lord and lady lay
And puppet prince and popinjay
Passed by in tangled throng.

A fool approached with mocking chat,
Who kicked his heels and laughed threat—
With "Marry this and Marry that,"
He piped his way along.
And rode a knight on clanging horse,
Impetuous on his stately course—
He heard the tocsin call to wars,
But heeded not the song.

And came the artless village girl,
And with her came the village churl—
To him a ribbon and a curl
Were all beneath the sky.
The miser mumbled by and thought
Of what he sold and what he bought—
He heard the ring of gold he sought,
And passed the singer by.

Ah, all the lords and dames are dust
The fool is gone where sages must,
The miser's gold has turned to rust
A long long time ago.
The knight is but a legend gray—
But ah, the song, it lives today,
The minstrel built it so.

—Wm. F. McCormack, in Smith's Magazine.

"Say, pa, General Washington and his army were good for small players, were they?"
"Why do you think so?"
"Because my United States history says that General Washington and his army fell upon the Hessians at Princeton and killed a lot of them."—Town and Country.