

HE TALKS TO HIMSELF.

The Sage of Rocky Creek Gets Into a Contemplative Mood.

Fool Politics Make Fool People—Looking Backward—The Man and the Boy—At Peace with the General Government.

It was on a raw and gusty day in the windy month of March, and says I to myself, fool politics makes fool people. Down there on the old Jackson trail road the other side of Panther Creek bridge I met up with old man Tobe Murray. He was driving a yoke of oxen to a covered wagon. He had one cow and three dogs and all the rest of his family along with him. After passing the regular compliments in regards to the weather and the crops, I wanted to know if they were running away, or moving out west, or traveling around or just naturally going somewhere.

A Joyful Old Candidate. "We have forever shook the sands of Panther creek from our unklawful feet, Rufe, and we are now moving up to town," old man Tobe came back at me. "I have sold out in the old settlement, look, stock and barrel. I have rented a fine house in town with green bay windows and lightning rods on it, and henceforth from now on old man Murray and his folks will keep company with the highbrow society."

"You must recollect, Rufe, that I am the next high sheriff of the county," old man Tobe went on, waxing warm and joyful as he went, "and I thought I ought as well to move up to town and get ready for the business—git familiar with the documents before I go up again the game, as it were."

"Of course the election ain't come off as yet, Rufe, but Tobe Murray ain't nobody's natural-born blame fool, and I don't have to wait forever to see which way the cat will jump. I have done been the rounds and counted the roses, and the people are most all for me. In all the rounds I didn't meet up with but a few scatterin' votes that ain't at-footed for Tobe Murray for high sheriff. By golly, Rufe, I have got the thing in a sack and game with it. All I have got to do is to wait till the returns come in and then proceed with the proceedings."

"With that old man Tobe laughed and laughed till he laughed all over himself, so to speak, and then him and his folks drive on towards town."

"Foggy Up the Creek." Now then, the primary election come to pass as usual one day last week. The weather was clear as a bell on election day, but as the returns came in and before the sun went down it was looking tremendous foggy up the creek for old man Tobe. And when finally at last they swung down under the wire it was plain to a man on the grandstand that the candidate from Panther Creek was the hindmost horse in the race.

Old man Tobe he got left. He likewise also got foam in mad. But the other fellow got the votes.

The very next day old man Tobe lit out for the Panther Creek settlement. He wouldn't take a meal of victuals nor hit a lick of sleep till he ruced the trade and got hold of his farm and farm implements onest more. He is now ready to give up his town house and return back to the old Hick log, where he belongs.

"I am plum satisfied with the way in which the democrats run, and I am more than willin' to quit the game as it now stands," says old man Tobe to me right after the storm. "But it really hurts me, Rufe, when I think about how many of my horny-handed fellow citizens are silver-tongued liars. Dad blame 'em, the woods are full of 'em!"

And that's what makes me say to myself, says I: Fool politics makes fool people. Never count your chickens till the old hen comes off. The mainest thing is the votes.

Looking Backward. I do reckon about the most lonesomest thing in this world is a rale lonesome man. And as for me, when I git one these big lonesome spells on me I will stoop mighty low down for company. I have seen the time when I was so hard run for company till I would talk in my sleep. Sometimes I go out and talk to the horses and the dogs. And then sometimes, when I can't do no better, I pitch in and talk to myself.

So the other day I was down in the orchard sunnin my old clothes, and watchin the bees hum and hustle, and listenin at the birds, and smellin of the apple blossoms, when presently I got to talkin and argifyin with myself at a scandalous rate. When I got back to the house mother lowed I must be practicin for a stump speech or goin crazy. But I was neither.

on Caney branch? The sap is up now—how would you like to run away and go swimmin in the old mill pond, or cut some hickory sprouts and make whips and whistles? Wouldn't it be bully times if a whole passle of us boys and girls could fling in together and hunt for honeysuckles and sweet violets, or play mumble peg, or build flyin Jennies?

But honest Injun, Rufe, comin right down to business and rock bottom, would the grown man love to swap places with the boy? Do we raley want to throw down the hand we now hold, and draw to others which we know not of? We haven't got so very high up I know, climbin as best we could, but would it suit us to turn loose and drap back down the ladder and take another pull from the first round? Would it pay to spit on the old slate and spill out and start over? Take a good look at all the surroundin circumstance, Rufe, and see what a general, all-around spill out would mean for you and me. We have come over a long and rough and dusty road—sometimes up and sometimes down—and by now we ought to know that the time to count the costs is before you take the trip. We will stop right now and count up the costs of this business, and then I reckon we will turn around and come back before we start.

Stacking Up "The Costs." Now, what would it cost the old man to spill out and swap places with the boys? You would then have a home with the old folks, but you wouldn't have a foot of land, nor a horse, nor a cow, nor a pig—nothin which you could call your own in your full and proper name. You could play a little around the edges, as it were, but you would have to work a whole tremendous big lot. You would have to take hold and turn off all the various and sundry odds and ends and jobs that ought naturally fall to a peart and handy boy. And that wouldn't be so very infernal nice and pleasant, would it? Blamed if the very thoughts don't make me tired and hungry and sleepy.

But that ain't all, by a whole lot. If we was to take and spill out for a new deal you wouldn't have mother and the babies. How in the round created world could you put up with that, you blasted old idiot? You might maybe come over the old trail and fall in love with the same girl and git married to the same. But there ain't no tellin. Men ain't quite altogether as skceere around Rocky Creek as they use to be. Some other youngster might pull in ahead and turn up Jack and block your game next time. Then you might have to wiggle and worry through without mother and the babies. Nobody to smooth down the wrinkles, and pull out the silver threads, and let in the sunshine, and brush away the tears, and sew on the buttons, and darn the socks, and patch your Sunday breeches. Nobody to pout and cry for dolls, and picture books, and new shoes, and bear stories, and swings and playhouses and rocky horses, and the good Lord knows what not.

No more of that, Rufe, says I to myself. The spill out don't go. It would cost too outrageous much. You are a bloomin, beautiful old rooster to be raisin a rumpus with fate anyhow, I went on with myself. This world has been monstrous kind and good with you, Rufus Sanders. You have been young onest, and now you are old, but we have never yet seen the righteous man around at the kitchen window beggin cold grub. You raley ought to spend half of your time readin the Scriptures and sayin Amazin Grace. We have been wild and wayward in our generation, and in spite of all that could be said or done our wanderin feet have sometimes straggled out of the good and narrow way. But so far as the record runs we have never run up the white feather in a fight or took up with anything that didn't belong to us. We have met the enemy at the dead line, and no man ever come around by our house spillin for a fight but what he got accommodations. We have held up the good name and standin of the Sanders generation, and we have never yet got called when we couldn't show down.

So and the Government. There is another thing, Rufe, for me and you to shake hands over and be glad about, says I to myself. We are movin along smooth and easy without kickin up any big dust to speak of with the general government. If the shchang ain't agin us we are not agin the shchang. All we want is an open field and a fair fight—then let the best man win. Blessed be God, we are spruin from the aristocracy of simple homes and honest hearts and hard knuckles, and if we can't swim without a full set of government gourd around us, by jings we can stay out of the water.

No doubts you have heard tell of the big scheme some of the candidates are fixin up so a man can borrow all the money he wants by puttin his farm prooduments in soak with the general government. We will be agin that move on general principles. They say Dunk Strickland has got a little one-eyed, siab-sided, wobbly-legged, razor-back steer, which he wants to put in soak for \$50. He maintains if other people can soak their lands and their crops he can soak his steer, cause he ain't got nothin else, and every man is free and equal in this great country. That would be a big thing for Dunk, you understand, but if we start the soaking business with the government nobody knows for certain where it would stop. As for us, we couldn't soak our corn and cotton and seed potatoes if we had done been and run heels over appetite in debt, and so long as we don't owe nothin we can keep the stuff here at home, or sell it and put the money away in the family chest.

Consequently, says I to myself, if it ever comes to that pass where we can't make tongue and buckle meet without soakin somethin with the government, then I will move that we go and put our blame fool head in Rufus.

RUFUS SANDERS.

POLITICS IN A TANGLE.

The Central Georgia Philosopher Summarizes the Situation.

Bill Arp Says There Are in the Seventh Three Candidates for Congressional Honors—There Will Be Others.

We used to have our politics in the fall of the year, but it seems to have worked back into the spring. Stump speaking has begun in earnest. Candidates are looping up all over the state and every one is chock full of patriotism and knows exactly how to save the country. Those who are in office have saved it several times and will do it again if the people will let them. Five thousand dollars is a wonderful fertilizer to patriotism. And besides having saved the country a man wants to be vindicated. He wants the people to rise up and say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Then again there is the line of promotion that must be observed. In the army a lieutenant aspires to be a captain and a captain to be a colonel and a colonel to be a brigadier. Just so the young lawyer must go to the legislature a few times and get acquainted with the boys and by and by the boys will elect him to the bench and that brings him in contact with the people of his circuit and in course of time he climbs into congress and then maybe into the governor's chair or the United States senate. The professional candidate wants to be climbing the golden stairs all the time, and he could do it if there wasn't some things in the way. There are some selfish people in this world who don't want a man to have but little nor have that little long. By the time a man has fairly settled down in congress and learned how to save the country and has fertilized his patriotism with \$15,000 or \$20,000 he hears a voice away down in his district say "rotate, rotate, rotate!" And by and by he hears another and another and so he gets leave of absence and comes home to mend his fences.

But there is no telling where we are at down here in the Seventh, for politics is in an awful tangle. We have got two democratic silver candidates in the field right now and one independent, who, like Dr. Felton, defies the field, and there will soon be a prodigal backed by the administration and before long the fusion candidate of the populists and republicans will give a "Comanche whoop and let loose the dogs of war and 'ery havoc" and the spoils of office. Of course, the old-time rock-ribbed democrats will stick to their party if they can find it, but there is a lot of restless souls who say they can't be worsted and intend to vote for whom they don't please. They are discordant, disaffected, belligerent, and like King David's little army, include "all who are in distress or in debt or are discontented." My good friend, Newt Tumbin, said a long time ago that the only way to get even with the republicans was to "jine 'em," and I hear some old-time democrats say they are going to do it if our platform don't suit them. But if the fusion of populists and republicans does take place then the republican platform won't suit our disaffected democrats, for it will be a straddle both on silver and the tariff. There are a good many protection democrats around here and more goldbugs, but it is rare to find a democrat who favors both. Among the office seekers the spoils will cover everything, for as one told me recently, these party platforms are only intended to get in on. Passengers must not stand on the platform while the train is in motion. The way it looks now a platform cannot be made that will harmonize the people of any party. The cohesive power of public plunder may harmonize the leaders and the office seekers, but the people will not follow like they have done. They have lost confidence in parties and platforms.

They are better educated politically than they have ever been and will not go it blindly. This is an age of surprises and nobody can foretell who will be the next president nor representative from the Seventh district. We have not forgotten that Dr. Felton, an independent, carried this district three times nor that the populists nor elect their representative to the legislature from this county, nor that this county went republican when Garfield was elected, and there is more political dissatisfaction in these parts now than ever before. The people have good cause for their discontent. Take a man who four years ago bought a good little farm for \$4,000 and paid \$2,000 down and gave his notes at one, two and three years for the rest of the purchase money, and still owes it with interest, and he can't sell the farm for more than \$2,000 now. That man is holding somebody to blame for his desperate condition. He is like the Irishman who said he did not know what party he belonged to, but, begorra, he was agin the government. Take another man who owns a mine of manganese, or who works in the mine or hauls the ore to town and has made a fair living in some connection with the mineral business, and suddenly without warning the tariff reform committee takes off the duty on manganese and it comes in free from Cuba and Brazil and its price drops away down, and all this was done to please Carnegie and the Chicago steel works. Well, of course, that man is agin the government, and there are scores of them right here in Bartow county, and they are all for protection. In this subinary world almost every man prays the Lord for a blessing on "me and my wife, my son John and his wife—us four and no more." I've long been hunting for that man who, when he was robbed of his coat, gave the robber his coat too. He is as scarce as the wandering Jew. Everybody wants protection of some sort—especially if it comes out of the public crib. An honest man is not the noblest work of God, but I don't blame Mr. Pope for saying so. An honest distributor of public money is worthy of a pension and a monument. So many men are dishonest and so many are deceit-

ful that poets and philosophers seem to have lost confidence in the whole human race. The old Scotch preacher was reading a psalm to his hearers, and when he got to the verse that reads: "And I said in my haste that all men are liars," paused and apostrophised: "Ah, David, me man, an' if ye had lived till now ye might have said it at your leisure." But happily there are many honest and many truthful people. The salt has not lost its savor and the smile of the Lord is still upon the land. Neither war nor famine nor pestilence nor any great calamity has for a long time befallen us.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

STORIES ABOUT PARROTS.

Kate's Clever Speeches and Tricks—Romantic Disappearance.

An American gentleman has a parrot named Kate. She had a splendid time of it, for she was never kept in a cage. She was so tame that there was never any fear of her not coming back to her owners, and she flew about wherever she liked. She could talk very well, and sometimes her speeches were quite unaccountably clever and very amusing. Here is one of the stories her owner told about Kate: "Kate used to sit on the mantel while father said grace, and as he always used the same form of thanks the parrot got so that she knew it by heart. One day the minister took tea at our house, and of course father asked him to say grace. Kate was on the mantel as usual, and before the preacher had finished his first sentence she shouted: 'That ain't right.' The parson went on, but Kate kept shouting 'that ain't right!' at him till he finished, when she flew to father's shoulder, and said, coaxingly: 'Pa, you say it!' Father asked the blessing to please the parrot, and when he got through Kate perched herself on the preacher's chair and muttered: 'That's the way to say it.' The parson was a very serious man, but the parrot's caper tickled him greatly."

This is very funny, but it is also rather wicked. Perhaps you think it too clever for any parrot to have done. But this is not so, for I know a parrot which did a similar thing, and made everybody in the room just shake with suppressed laughter. This parrot, which was called Polly, as most parrots are, was always in the room when evening prayers were read to the whole household. As a rule she was perfectly silent and well behaved during prayers, but one day, when everybody was kneeling down, listening to the prayer, Polly at once became restless, clucked like a hen, crew like a cock, and began to whistle the tune of "Knocked Him in the Old Kent Road." "Take the bird out!" said the head of the household to one of the maids, and she got up, took the cage, and went toward the door. But before she had got half across the room with the cage Polly called out, in funeral tones: "Sorry I spoke! Sorry I spoke!" and then the door was shut upon her.

This was quite as bad as Kate's speech, was it not? Another story about Kate runs like this, and shows the bird from her worst side. A pack peddler who came through our region periodically gave Kate a cuff one day because she was treading on the goods he had spread out for mother to look at. He had long hair, and while he was strapping his pack Kate flew in with her claws full of mud and plastered his head with it. Then she called him a thief and broke him of calling at our house.

And last of all, there is a story of Kate's disappearance, which, though it is sad, is very romantic and picturesque. You remember, of course, from your "Leather Stocking" stories that in North America enormous flocks of pigeons migrate every spring and summer.

"In those days millions of pigeons flew north every April, and one spring the parrot got in the notion of sailing into a flock several times a day, seizing a pigeon by the neck and flying back to the house with it. She seemed to take great delight in taking the pigeons to death. One morning Kate plunged into an enormous flock some distance below the house, giving a screech as she met it. The great mass of birds completely surrounded the parrot in an instant, and when the big flock came along and darkened the sky we could hear Kate shouting: 'Stop crowding! Behave, there! Give me room!' and other exclamations of distress, but we couldn't see her. The parrot was swept away by the thousands of moving birds, and we watched in vain for Kate till the flock went out of sight. The pigeons must have carried the parrot many miles away before they released her, for the poor bird never found her way back, and we children had many a crying spell over her sad fate."—Westminster Budget.

Contents of an Ostrich's Stomach.

One of the flock of ostriches owned by the Barnum & Bailey show and kept in the Central park zoo died recently. To ascertain the cause of death a post-mortem examination was made by J. Rowley, the taxidermist of the museum of natural history. In the bird's stomach were found these articles: One wooden clothespin, two bottoms of beer bottles, a mouth harmonica five inches long by two inches wide, a metal skate key, the ferrule of an umbrella, with a piece of the handle about four inches long, an ordinary brass door key five inches long, a black horn comb, a silk handkerchief with the initial "M," two pieces of coal about an inch thick and three stones about an inch thick. Death was not caused by any of these nor by indigestion, but by tuberculosis.

A Hat as a Life Preserver.

It is not generally known, says an exchange, that when a person falls into the water a common felt hat may be made effectual use of as a life preserver. By placing the hat upon the water, rim down, with the arm round it, pressing it slightly to the breast, it will bear a man up for hours.

AN OX IN THE DITCH.

Sam Jones Outlines a Plan for Getting Him Out.

Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep It Holy—Better Work Could Be Done in Six Days than in Seven—Work for the Idle.

If all the animals in the world were oxen, and they were all in the ditch, humanity could not be much busier getting oxen out of the ditch. In my peregrinations throughout the country I find so many tired men—tired in mind, tired in body and tired in soul. With these I find men who are tired of doing nothing. I believe we might kill two birds with one stone if there were not so many oxen in the ditch.

I was in Baltimore, Md., the other day riding up the street with a friend. I saw an odd name placarded over a door—simply "Ould." I said: "That's a peculiar name."

He replied: "It is the name of a successful business man."

I asked: "What does he do?" "He makes ice cream and cake," he replied. "He has been doing business here for perhaps 30 years. He has grown immensely rich. He makes the best ice cream and the best cake in all the land. And another peculiar thing," he said, "he never furnished anybody either cake or ice cream on the Sabbath! No orders are filled from his place of business after 11 o'clock Saturday night until Monday morning."

And I asked: "You say he has grown rich?"

"Yes," the gentleman said. "He began a poor man and is now one of our wealthiest citizens. He made a good cake and good ice cream, and labored six days a week and outstripped all his competitors who labored seven days a week."

This put me to thinking on a subject that I would like to see the world reformed on. One of the Ten Commandments reads: Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. Thou, nor thy manservants, thy maidservants, thine ox nor thine ass neither shall labor on the Sabbath. Sunday trains and Sunday druggists, Sunday soda water, Sunday dry goods merchants, Sunday ice cream and cake manufacturers; and I have seen in the state of Missouri farmers running their harvesting machines on the Sabbath. I don't believe that a man can steal a march on Providence. I do believe that the best things a man ever did for himself or his family or his business are the things he does inside the boundary lines of human and Divine law. It has been demonstrated that a man can do more work in six days than he can in seven. Then why cannot this be true in an aggregation of men? I honestly believe that railroads can haul more passengers and move more freight in six days than they can in seven. God knew when He wrote the Ten Commandments on the tablets of stone on Sinai's top that it would be a struggle for existence and a battle for bread with the human race, and the great God who knows all things and who advises always to the best, says: Six days shalt thou labor. One day shalt thou rest. The tired railroad men, the tired clerks, the tired office man, the tired laboring men, when we look upon their constant, everlasting, never-let-up labors we feel sorry for them.

We can adjust ourselves to six days of labor and one day of rest, and the world will be better and happier thereby. God's law will be honored and man will be benefited. I have been approached by wives and mothers and asked to say something to employers on this subject. A railroad that can't make its dividends and do its work six days a week either deserves a change of management or ought to go permanently into the hands of a receiver. A man who can't make a living by six days of honest toil a week ought to be cared for by public charity or arrested as a vagrant. If God's own hand guides and His eye overlooks this world, and all infraction of law brings His displeasure, in this way I can account for railroad wrecks, commercial disasters and financial ruins. We have watched and waited for three years for better times and upward tendencies, but our watching and waiting have not availed us anything. It is largely true, as Dr. Parkhurst said some time ago, a crowd has no conscience; and just as men multiply and human beings congregate and aggregate it seems that conscience dies or is relegated to the rear.

Custom curses the world when custom conflicts with the law of right and wrong. I would hail with delight a state law that would prohibit all kinds of work upon the Sabbath day. Not simply because it is a violation of God's law, but because the desecration of the Sabbath works ruin to humanity. A man cannot pray who does not live right. A man cannot ask in confidence the guiding help of God that violates law at every turn or looks with complacency upon those who violate the whole law. There are many things even now that our lax laws will not tolerate men doing on the Sabbath day. Every state has its law against the sale of intoxicating liquors on the Sabbath. A man has as much right under God to sell liquor on Sunday as he has to sell beef, or potatoes, or ice cream, or clothing; and I have as much respect for one class of these hucksters as the other. It is wrong for a man to keep his clerk confined to business on the Sabbath. It is wrong for the railroads to let men down not only away from the church and the means of grace but to rob them of the rest their bodies so much need. By working only six days a week we could find work for one more seventh man, and thereby take in nearly all the idle men here and there throughout the country. Our national machinery is not working right. Our commercial and manufacturing machinery does not roll without friction and fire. We violate law at every turn, and hope that things will turn out well by and by. When an old horse gets sick we doctor

him and rest him up. When an engine gets out of fix it goes to the shop for repairs; but when our national and commercial life gets out of fix we gaze and stare and wonder like idiots and never lend a hand in making repairs and readjustments. Livery stables frequently do their biggest business on the Sabbath. So with railroads; sometimes so with drug stores, peddling soda water, cigars, etc., and the ice cream dealers frequently make it their busiest day, confining their men and desecrating the Sabbath; and frequently the orders they supply are for the homes of deacons and stewards and elders in the church of God.

It is a shame upon our civilization, to say nothing of our Christian vows to God. Six days shalt thou labor, and these days are yours, says the great God. The seventh is mine. If I were to meet a blind beggar in the road and give him six of the seven silver dollars I had in my pocket and he were to prop his way to my room that night and steal the other one I had left for myself he would be no greater sinner than the man who takes the six days God has given him, and then steals the other. I frequently hear men say: "I don't like these Sunday Christians." I am free to confess they are the only ones I am stuck on at all. Show me a man who keeps the Sabbath day holy and I will show you a man that keeps every day in the week holy. Show me a man who desecrates the Sabbath and I will show you a man who desecrates every day in the week.

But I believe we are getting better along these lines. I see some improvements. I hope for greater improvements. In common with all we need rest, and with all who deplore the state of things now obtaining I lift my heart to God and pray that the wickedness of the wicked may come to an end and that the righteous may be established in the earth. SAM P. JONES.

EYES ARE ROENTGEN'S RAYS.

Prof. Salvioni's Methods for Enabling Us to See Through Solids.

From a translation in nature of the proceedings of the Academia Medico-Chirurgica di Perugia:

Though the retina may be fluorescent to the Roentgen rays, as is the glass of the photographic plate, it is hardly probable that it could see objects directly through layers of wood, aluminum, flesh, etc. This, however, does not exclude the possibility of seeing them indirectly, by transforming, so to say, the Roentgen rays into ordinary luminous rays before they reach the eye. I have made a simple arrangement by means of which I can distinctly see the shapes of bodies enclosed in boxes of cardboard, aluminum, etc. This cryptoscope, which I have the honor of showing to the academy, consists of a small cardboard tube, about eight centimeters high. One end is closed by a sheet of black paper, on which is spread a layer of fish glue and calcium sulphide (there being no barium and platinum cyanide at hand); this substance I have found to be very phosphorescent under the action of Roentgen rays. Within the cardboard tube, at the other end, at which the eye is placed, is fixed a lens giving a clear image of the phosphorescent paper. On looking through this cryptoscope one can see, even in a light room, the shape and position of metallic bodies enclosed in boxes of cardboard, wood, aluminum, and within the flesh. Its action is obvious; the fluorescent paper under the action of the rays is illuminated only in those portions which receive rays, consequently the silhouettes of the objects intercepting the rays appear dark. In this there is, of course, nothing new which could not have been deduced from the original experiments of Roentgen; the novelty, if, indeed, it is so, consists merely in making use of the known facts to design the arrangement.

It seems to me that, in a more perfected form, it might be of extensive use in surgical and medical science. The sulphide of calcium may be replaced with advantage by the cyanide of barium and platinum. It is further clear that when, by a camera or other means, not only the shadows, but also the images, can be photographed (which, I believe, Profs. Battelli and Garbasso, of Pisa, have already succeeded in doing), the same cryptoscope will render visible also the images of bodies enclosed in wood or other materials.—Troy Times.

Paderewski on Chicago Music.

"This music infatuates me!" It was thus Paderewski spoke of the efforts of the Chinese artists who are now filling every hole and cranny of the Chinese rookeries with the din of their unmelodious but classic productions.

"Then it is music?" was asked. "Music," he answered, "music? Why, it is wonderful music. I never say more dramatic expression put into tones. In their plays fully half their effects are produced by the orchestra. I could not understand their words, but the music told the story."

"What appealed to me most was the beautiful simplicity of it all and the evident art. There can be no doubt, it is art," he asserted, when some one questioned the work of the musicians coming under that head. "It is art, too, that is the result of centuries of study. Those players do not sing as they do without great study and practice. Neither could the instrumentalists produce the effects they do without having been carefully trained. It seems to me to combine many peculiarities of the Slavic and of the Scotch music. The rhythm is perfect. Through long bits of recitative the entire orchestra rests, yet the measure is never lost."—San Francisco Call.

Pestered by Cranks.

Dr. Jameson is so pestered by invitations, requests for his autograph and photograph and gossipy letters from total strangers that he has been obliged to employ a secretary to answer letters of no moment.