



## THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Burly, doing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is mine for me.  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek;  
I will follow thee alone.  
Thou animated torrid-zone!  
Zigzag steeper, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines;  
Keep me nearer, me thy hoarser,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion!  
Sailor of the atmosphere;  
Swimmer through the waves of air;  
Voyager of light and moon;  
Epitaph of June,  
Wait, I prithee, till I come  
Within earshot of thy hum—  
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,  
With a net of shining haze,  
Sifts the horizon wall,  
And with softness touching all,  
Tints the human countenance  
With a color of romance.

And infusing subtle heats,  
Turns the sod to violets,  
Thou, in sunny solitudes,  
Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow, breezy blast.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days and solid banks of flowers;  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
In Indian wildernesses found;  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen;  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple-sap and daffodils,  
Cloves with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue  
And hither-rover, dwell among;  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breasted philosopher!  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.  
When the fierce northwestern blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
Thou already slumberest deep;  
Voe and want thou canst outsleep;  
Want and woe, which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

## NOTES.

This week witnesses the centennial birthday anniversary of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the literary world, together with cities of his birth and intimate associations have joined in celebrating the natal anniversary of the great essayist.

The attention which is being paid to Emerson by all sorts and conditions of people at this time, proves conclusively that his fame has transcended the transcendental blight under which it languished for a good many years. Emerson, gifted with an amazingly receptive and understanding mind, a learner gifted beyond all other learners since Goethe, began as a sort of sublimated expression of all the most spiritual systems of thought. The prodigious force of the accumulated spirituality in and behind him seemed at first to carry him beyond the reach of human sympathy. But man capable of learning so much could not help learning a lesson far above the exalted and rational Puritanism of which he had made himself the prophet as well as the personal exemplar.

As men look at him today, Emerson appears big enough to include everything. Everything can be proved out of him. He himself had no concern for consistency, and he believed that it was the very last thing that a noble mind should trouble itself about. With Michelangelo, his motto was to the last, "I still learn." It takes a strong man to be willing to let go this year what he knew last year. Emerson was quite willing to do this; John Jones or Richard Roe may be willing to do it, too, but Emerson and John Jones are likely to possess a certain enlightenment that Emerson possessed to build a new knowledge upon.

At this maximum Emerson was quite high enough to be beyond the reach of the ordinary critic. The great American world has mostly got him, and still gets him, at second hand, filtered down through the higher minds; and this not because he was incomprehensible to no man wrote more luminously—but because he is morally too lofty for most men to care to measure their stature against his. The thought of the whole country has been more or less Emersonized since the '30s. The impress of his mind has cut deep into every mind that ever came into contact with it, and the impress has been passed on, not much blunted, to those who have rubbed up against his minds so influenced. Thousands of people who never read Emerson use his words every day, unawares; they have become proverbial; they seem to have come down from the antiquity of English speech. "He bulled better than he knew," "Good-by, proud world; I'm going home," "Beauty is its own excuse for being," "All mankind loves a lover"—these and other sentences are habitual, and prove the genius of their author for putting a universal thought in the most striking way.

## HEARTBURN AND BELCHING ALL GONE.

"I am aware that the afflicted are somewhat dubious about buying medicines, so I think it my duty to the sick and ailing to let them know of the success I have had with Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

For eight years I have been afflicted with constipation, stomach, kidney and liver trouble.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has given me relief I found in no other medicine.

The movements of the bowels are regular, do not have any more heartburn or belching of gas after eating, in fact I think I can eat almost anything now.

THOMAS TAYLOR,  
Manager Daily News, Pottstown, Pa.

"Favorite Remedy" is a vegetable help to the stomach and bowels in performing their duties properly. It overcomes indigestion, biliousness and rheumatism. It is absolutely harmless and purely vegetable. It contains no narcotics or minerals in any form, no dangerous stimulants, no mercury or poisons, and is the only kidney medicine that does not constipate.

Druggists sell it in NEW 50 CENT BOTTLE and the regular \$1.00 size bottles. Sample bottles—enough for trial—free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N.Y.

High a note as he. It is as a poet that he takes strongest hold on the people. Yet his poems, like his philosophy, are too strong wine for the mass. He wrote in no fine frenzy, and generally he dipped his pen in his brain instead of in his heart. Yet his product is wonderful and inspiring.

Whether or not America has produced a greater mind than Emerson's it is certain that it has produced no other such mind as his, and probably it never will. He remains the greatest apostle of the individual that the modern world has produced; and he was the greatest, not because he was willing to upset existing arrangements to increase in some specific way the

## LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



JOHN AND DAN SPENCER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY BACK.

John D. Spencer is easily recognizable in this old picture, but his companion will be less readily known. The face, however, is that of D. S. Spencer, present assistant general passenger agent of the Oregon Short Line, as he looked in the days of his callow youth. Contrary to the general belief the two Spencers are not brothers; J. D. is the uncle and D. S. the nephew.

## BOOKS.

No one knows who the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" may be, but the book's popularity proves as perennial as Barbara's garden, of which she writes with unfaltering charm. From the time of its publication, nearly two years ago, the book has enjoyed a demand comparable in steadiness only to that of a text-book. This is probably owing to the book's atmosphere of cheery companionship, of human friendship, of flowers and birds and nature, and of a rarely delightful personality. Its philosophy is wholesome, unselfish, kindly, but above all alive, vigorous, energetic—and entertaining. It will be good news to its thousands of readers that the book has gone through many editions—to know that its successor, "People of the Whirlpool," is being published this week by the Messrs. Macmillan. In this new volume Barbara continues the narrative; but the new book has something in the way of a plot, it is said. At any rate, there is no need to know anything whatever about "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" to relish the coming book. Happily described characters are said to be among its attractions, which include pungent humor. Some New Yorkers build cottages near the home of Barbara and Evan, and Barbara records their amusing doings.

In its field, Miss Winifred Buck's volume on "Theory and Practice in Boys' Self-Governing Clubs" promises to fill an important place. The boys' club idea took root a few years ago in our large cities. Since then it has grown and developed because it proved successful. Its aim is to furnish a meeting place where boys can enjoy themselves and still be out of the range of bad influences and mischief, and where they can be turning themselves into good men. Miss Buck has gathered up the facts and theories regarding these clubs and their conduct, and sets them forth in chapters on such themes as "Ethical Lessons of the Playground," "Preliminary Arrangements," "Starting the Club," and "The Place of the Club in Relation to Play in General." The book is really a contribution to the literature of philanthropy. One of its good points is its suggestions as to how to leave in the club; another is its explanation of the development of ethical perceptions through discussion in business meetings of the club.

## MAGAZINES.

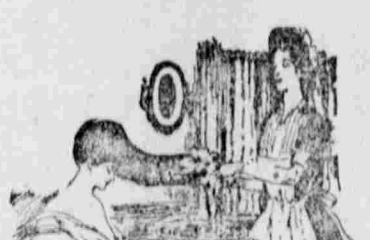
You will rarely see as interesting a table of contents as that of the June number of Everybody's Magazine. Beginning with the full-page frontispiece of Thomas Wallace Russell, who has taken Parnell's place as leader in the fight for Ireland's freedom, and ending with "some additional remarks" by Simon Ford, with his quaint and irresistible humor, the magazine is brimful of bright, snappy, entertaining work by good writers, some of them well known, others who are sure to be. "Then Ireland Will Be Free," by Frederick James Gregg, makes romance of Ireland's long struggle for liberty, and at the same time reduces to simplicity the much discussed home-rule question. Justus Miles Forman, in "The Needle of the Damned," weaves a difficult choice into a somewhat strenuous love-story. Intimate Portraits as usual are exclusive and introduce you to people whom you very much wish to know. The Weaving of Ah-Te" continues the Indian story begun in the May number. The "Marquis and Miss Sally" is a

Western story by O. Henry. "Twice Born," by Edmund Russell, is a description of childhood in India, which conjures up the dreamy atmosphere of the east. In "A Dakota Romance," M. W. Law, while telling a strong love-story, manages to paint a convincing picture of emigrant life on the Western prairie. James L. Ford is at his best in "The Coming Queen of Comedy." Lillian Pettigill concludes "Tollers of the Home," making many interesting statements about the lives and thoughts of servant girls. Read "Significant Autobiographies." If you would know how it feels to be lifted from a small western town into Congress and out again, in "The Imperturbable Moores" Will Payne has written one of the finest character studies that has ever appeared in any magazine. Herman Whitaker, in "The Wheel of the Potter," gives us a stirring tale of the northwest. The four "Little Stories of Real Life" in this number are above the average. Mary Stewart Cutting's "Glad Tidings" is an exceptionally good story. "With the Procession" is full of information, interest, and a great many bright things. Don't fail to read it.

A pretty and appropriate cover design appears in the Youth's Companion for this week, in commemoration of Memorial day. It is in the form of a

## YOU CAN SEE HAIR GROW AFTER WASHING THE SCALP WITH MUYON'S WITCH-HAZEL SOAP.

IT MAKES THE HAIR GROW THICK  
IT MAKES THE HAIR GROW STRONG  
IT MAKES THE HAIR GROW BEAUTIFUL



Muyon's Witch Hazel Soap is truly a blessing to those who are losing their hair and becoming bald. This soap is a food and vitalizer; it stimulates and acts as a gentle tonic to the weak and sick roots, and gives them new life and vigor. It promptly removes dandruff, scales, humors and all sores of the scalp. Give this soap a fair trial, and if there is a particle of life in the roots, this soap will stimulate and invigorate them into new life and healthy growth. Of course, you know that Muyon's Witch Hazel Soap for the complexion and for the toilet is superior to any high-priced French soap made. It makes the skin soft as velvet and keeps one free from pimples, blotches and most skin eruptions.

If your blood is out of order, take Muyon's Blood Cure. It will drive all impurities from the system and make good, rich, red blood.

If your liver is sluggish and you have a sallow complexion, use Muyon's Liver Cure. These two remedies, taken in alternation, will soon rid the blood and system of all impurities, and give life and vigor to the whole body, and when used in conjunction with this soap, makes the skin glow with youthful freshness.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Received from Harvard the degree of LL. D., 1866.  
Elected an overseer of Harvard college, 1867.  
Visited California, 1871.  
His house burned and rebuilt by friends, 1872.  
A third journey to Europe, October, 1872.  
Died at Concord, April 27, 1882.

Epigrams from Emerson.  
Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. The master of the world is a proud, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us, who will not let us sleep—looks.

Life is not so short but that there is force of any sentence, whether there be a man behind it, or no.—Representative Men.  
The secret of genius is to suffer no notion to exist for use, to realize all that we know, in the high refinement of modern life, in arts, in sciences, in books, in men, to exact good faith, reality, and a purpose; and first, last, midst, and without end, to honor every truth by its representative Men.

There is no luck in literary reputation. They who make up the final verdict upon every book are not the partial and noisy readers of the hour when it appears, but the calm, disinterested, public not to be bribed, not to be enticed, and not to be overawed, decides upon every man's title to fame. Only those books come down which deserve to last.—Spiritual Laws.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Social Aims.  
Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own mannerisms and face.—Representative Men.

Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn rising on mid-noon, and under every deep a lower deep opens.—Circles.

Nature paints the best part of the picture; carves the best part of the statue; builds the best part of the house; and speaks the best part of the oration.—Art.

And what is originality? It is being, being one's self, and reporting accurately what we see and feel and think. In the first instance, sensibility, the capacity of receiving just impressions from the external world, and the power of co-ordinating these after the laws of thought.—Quotation and Originality.

The lawgiver must have the better, the fewer laws, and the less confidence power. The antidote to this abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the individual.—Politics.

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.—Friendship.  
The great Pan of old, who was clothed in a leopard-skin to signify the beauty of variety of things, and the firmament, his coat of arms, was but representative of thee, O rich and various Men! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxies in thy brain the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart the bow of love and the realm of right and wrong.—The Method of Nature.

## WITH THE WRITERS.

Special Correspondence.  
Chicago, May 19.—Few writers and particularly writers of verse have come to eminence and estate from more unpropitious beginnings than Whitcomb Riley. There was little in his boyhood surroundings to suggest poetic fancy, and he was not particularly gifted with the encouragement of the muse. Yet in his sphere he has attained a large measure of fame and a substantial fortune.

The secret of his success is interestingly told in an interview with Mr. Riley by M. C. Chomicki published in the Lamp, the "Young writers who achieve success all at once," said Mr. Riley. "They are not willing to spend years and years at work, and the hardest kind of work at that. There must be unceasing toil and an eternal striving after success. Good writing is hard work, just as everything excellent is hard work."

"Do you not find it easier work now to write a poem than it was when you first began?"  
"It is just as difficult for me to write today as it was in the old days when I was experimenting before my country audience trying to make money and at the same time striving to learn what the people wanted, and it was many, many weary years before I began to really find out. It is the same with the editorial audience. I never became an angry man, a poem was sent back to me a great number of times. Then I was angrier at myself than at the editors. It is patient, unceasing toil that counts. I did not learn to write legibly until I was a grown man. An accident to my right hand rendered penmanship very difficult, but by dint of constant practice after months and years of patient effort I finally mastered the art of writing legibly. I am the same with composition. A line does not please me until I have written it out as I want you to. But it won't do it. And I say, 'I'll make you do it'—and I keep at it until I get what I want. Anybody can write that selfsame recipe."

"I remember when I was a young fellow I used to picture how delightful it would be when I wanted an extra fine book of some favorite author to sit down and 'dash off' a poem and then wait complacently for a check. But I have learned that real poems are not dashed off. Nor do great writers become famous in a day. When you wake up some morning and hear that somebody or other has been discovered you can put it down as a fact that he discovered himself years ago since which time he has been working and toiling and striving to fit and make himself worthy of general discovery."

"You can't possibly do good work. If you write to order you can't do it. You must be sure to find it and exclaim: 'Hello! By George! There is a poem under here!'"  
Herein is some exceedingly good advice for ambitious youngsters who would thrive by the pen.

When Charles Godfrey Leland was editing in New York the Knickerbocker Magazine he gave a weekly reception that was popular among literary people.

There arose at one of these receptions a noisy argument about religion. To quiet them Mr. Leland cried out in a voice loud enough to be heard above all:  
"Intelligent persons are all of the same religion!"  
A full ensue. Some one asked:  
"What religion is that?"  
"That," answered Mr. Leland, "is what intelligent people never tell."

A copy of Professor Salvatori's Italian translation of "The Bible" has been presented to the pope, who is said to have "graciously accepted it." This is not surprising when it is remembered that "The Bible" has been translated into more foreign languages than any other book except the Bible and is read by all sects of religion.

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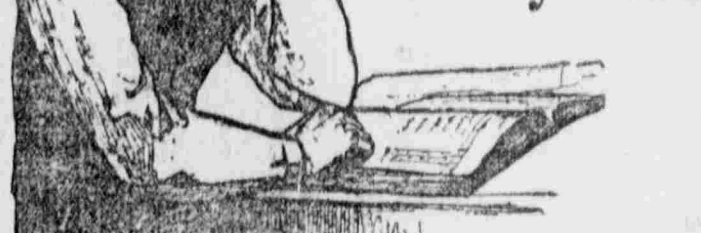
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You say it's from overwork, when you're all tired out from sitting at your desk all day long, from sticking right to it, no matter what your daily task may be. You go home with a tortuous ache in the small of the back, with sharp pains in the loins. The kidneys rebel at overwork and the many aches and pains tell you they are sick.

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