

# GOOD SHORT STORIES

Before dinner, at the house of a rich banker, in Florence, Colonel (afterward the Earl of) Dundas had said some sharp things about the crudities of Americans. Notwithstanding this rudeness, it fell to his lot to take Mme. Bonaparte (Betsey Patterson) in to table. He impatiently asked Mme. Bonaparte if she had read Hall's book on America. In which she pronounced all Americans vulgarians. "Yes, Colonel Dundas," she answered, "but it did not surprise me in the least. If my compatriots were descended from the Italians or Spanish, any display of low breeding might astonish me, but being the direct descendants of Englishmen, it is natural enough that they should be vulgarians."

Commercial travelers find most of the natural curiosities along the lines of travel. This is a story told by one after a trip through Southern Canada. "Being impatient to get out of a sleepy little town I ascertained the time of the outgoing train and hurried down to the station. After a while an object slowly emerged from the distance and shrank up alongside. I boarded the solitary coach, and after a tedious wait the engine began to gasp feebly, the old coach creaked a little, but the train did not move. I was about to get out to see what was the matter when the forward door of the coach was suddenly flung open and a head popped in. "Hey, you," said the engineer, leaning at me, "climb off till I get a start, will y'?"

On the first night of the representation of one of Jerrold's pieces, a successful adapter from the French rallied him on his nervousness. "I," said the adapter, "never felt nervous on the first night of my pieces." "Ah, my boy," Jerrold replied, "you are always certain of success. Your pieces have all been tried before." He was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment, and questioned him: "I hear you said—was the worst book I ever wrote." "No, I didn't," came the answer; "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote." Of a mistaken philanthropist, Jerrold said he was "so benevolent, so merciful a man—he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."

A certain lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best-known wits and literati of the day. The rule of the mansion is that while one person discourses, no interruption whatever can be permitted. It is said that M. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and, being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Toward the end of the dinner, a guest was heard to commence a sentence; but he was instantly silenced by the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the distinguished individual that, as M. Renan had now finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he had to say. The guest modestly declined; the hostess insisted. "I am certain it is something of consequence," she said. "Alas, madame," he answered, "it is, indeed; but now it is too late! I should have liked a little more of that lead pudding."

**AUTO RACING BY COWBOYS.**

Unwritten Rules Which Are Rigidly Enforced in Western Texas.

There are certain unwritten rules that must be rigidly observed by automobilists in the ranch region of western Texas, a Brady (Tex.) dispatch to the New York Sun says. The joy rider soon comes to grief in this part of the country.

The automobile is in general use in the range territory, but the cowboys do not permit any undue liberties to be taken in running the machines. The shooting up of automobiles by cowboys is a common practice. This method of bringing an automobile to a stop is not used unless the cowboy thinks that he has not been treated with proper consideration.

An instance occurred near Brady a few days ago. Dick Davis started from here on a thirty-mile trip to his ranch in Concho County. He was driving his automobile himself and had no passenger. He was in a hurry to reach the ranch and did not observe the rules of the road as laid down in this part of the country.

He was spinning along at a high speed when he came upon a drove of mules in charge of a man on horse back, who carried a rifle in a scabbard. Instead of bringing the automobile to a stop when he came upon the mules Mr. Davis sped right past them, causing a stampede. A moment later three quick reports of a rifle were heard and the automobile's two rear tires collapsed.

"The bullets knocked the machine completely out of commission," Mr. Davis said in telling of the affair. "The man with the mules got his stray animals together and continued with them right down the road. I knew that he was right, so I didn't try to round him up."

A man from Ohio opened a real estate office at Sweetwater recently and bought a big automobile in which to convey customers over the country. He had an experience on his first trip that taught him a lesson.

He had four Missouri land prospectors in his automobile and was on the way to look at some land about forty miles south of Sweetwater. In order to make a short cut to the property he was crossing a big pasture. In the distance could be seen large numbers of cattle which were being driven by cowboys.

"None of you men ever saw a cattle round up, did you?" inquired the real estate dealer.

There was a chorus of answers in the negative.

"Well, that's what's going on over there. I'll just run you over to the place and we'll watch 'em a while."

The automobile was headed in the

## PHOTOGRAPHING A VOLCANO IN ERUPTION

Hawaii, a Half-Mad Frenchman with a Touch of Genius.

It is not always that a poet's genius is acknowledged during his lifetime, and it is rarer still for the acknowledgment to be made known to the poet. This has just occurred in Paris under the auspices of the review La Poetique and a brilliant committee of men and women of letters, who have succeeded in making the voice of Humilis heard as a cry of love for love's sake.

"Savior Almer" ("To Know How to Love") is the title of the book containing the verses, says the Gentlewoman, which would have been lost but for the memory of a zealous friend, Count Leon de Larnaudie.

Thirty years ago Humilis was a clerk in the ministry of public works, side by side with two Bohemian spirits, Leon de Larnaudie and Camille de Sainte-Croix. Humilis left the office in consequence of a duel with a comrade who had banged the door.

"The door," said Humilis, "is my servant, I cannot allow my servant to be outraged!"

This speech was the starting point of the madness that developed later. Some time after this incident M. de Larnaudie met Humilis writing verses on a barrack wall, revelling verses but revealing a mind of no ordinary power. That same night the poet recited his work to his friend and gave him the manuscript that has now made him famous.

With a madman's tenacity he forbade the copying of his work and insisted on having it returned to him as promised without having it shown to any one. The poems fired the imagination of M. de Larnaudie and he learned them by heart, thus saving them from destruction, for the original manuscript has disappeared, buried perhaps in some hole in Aix, the poet's birthplace.

During several years he led the life of a saint, walking during fourteen months barefooted from one pilgrimage to another, from France to Spain, from Spain to Italy, living on nuts and fruits and the bread of charity. For a while he disappeared. His friends made inquiries, and at last the information came from Aix in Provence that the man they sought was a beggar on the steps of the cathedral. For eight years he had begged and made sufficient to keep himself alive—tenpence a day, said the police. For they knew him well, with his long beard, his monk's dress, a cross in cloth upon his breast. They also knew his name, but for many reasons it was not made public and he will be Humilis forever, as Verlaine is Verlaine and Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Mallarme are known—the "accursed poets," as Humilis called them, because they were unrecognized.

**KHEDIVE AS A FAMILY MAN.**

Excepting His Opposition to the Haussens, is a Pious Mohammedan.

In the middle of the day the ruler of Egypt lunched with the only woman who has ever sustained to him the relation of wife, the Paris Figaro says. His highness could, were he so inclined, allow himself the complement of four wives affected by the pious feud of the land. He has none the less remained strictly monogamous. The one wife dwells in strict seclusion on the khedivial domain of Keubeh except for occasional visits to the great Abidin palace at Cairo. She is a Greek with Circassian blood, some five years younger than the khedive—he is nearing 40—and exquisitely beautiful. It does not appear that any European or American of the male sex ever gazed upon the features of this lady. She is the mother of six children, five girls and a boy. The latter is now about 10 years of age, and unlike the eldest born of Mohammedan rulers generally, he is to inherit his father's throne. This young "prince heritor," as he is officially styled, quite overshadows his sisters in importance. The lad is understood to resemble his mother in the fairness of his skin, the slenderness of his frame and the tallness of his form.

As a family man the khedive sets an example which the Christian father, as our French contemporary observes, might emulate with profit. The girls study English, French, Arabic and Turkish with the idea, it is said, of fitting them for the position of monogamous wives. Abbas Hilmi seems to have set his face firmly against that plurality of wives which is the vogue among the wealthier of his subjects. He will not allow a daughter of his to become the inmate of what is commonly understood by the term harem. In all respects but this he has long been famed as the most Mohammedanly pious of potentates, for his orisons are performed with infinite fervor and an undeviating regularity. The five daughters receive from their mother a training which, from the point of view of the Mohammedan faith, is orthodox enough, but their father deviates markedly from Mohammedan ideals in his relations with his son. This boy is to be brought up with the dynastic conception strongly defined in his education. He will be the first scion of Mohammedan royalty to inherit a throne upon the formally recognized principle of primogeniture alone.

**Its Place of Business.**

The child who defied a mountain range as "a large-sized cook-stove," and imagination if not accurate information. On a test paper at the Sheffield Scientific School, an editor in Everybody's Magazine, an older student made a much worse blunder.

The question read: "What is the office of the gastric juice?"

The answer, no doubt struck off in the heat and hurry of the examination, was: "The stomach."

**Placing the Blame.**

Mr. Penman—Poets are born, not made.

Mrs. Penman—Of course; go and blame it on the poor stork!—Yonkers Statesman.

**Subtle Flattery.**

"I made a big hit with that woman, all right."

"What did you say to her?"

"Nothing. I just kept still and listened."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## PHOTOGRAPHING A VOLCANO IN ERUPTION

**T**UESDAY, July 1, 1899, reports reached Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, that the volcano of Makuawoewoe, situated at the summit of Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet high, on the island of Hawaii, had burst forth with all the fury of years gone by. I left with the intention of reaching the scene of action, writes Frank Davey, by the most difficult route of all—right over the great mountain from the Kona side. The obstacles to be overcome may perhaps be imagined when I state that Mauna Loa is a volcanic mountain, nearly 14,000 feet high.

It was with great difficulty that I managed to get horses and mules from the natives, who knew the condition of the country, for the animals inevitably got badly knocked about, their legs being terribly cut by the lava. A number of gentlemen arrived and expressed their desire to join me in the expedition. The first part of the journey was one of the most delightful rides I ever had. We rode for hours through magnificent tropical growths. There were giant ferns, some of which must have been thirty or forty feet high and three feet in diameter, groves of guavas, coconuts and other fruits, miles of wild mint and bright-colored flowers, and orchids of most delicate shapes. At dusk we reached the edge of the timber line, in a drenching rain.

We resumed our journey at daybreak, over the most terrible country that can be imagined. We reached the summit just as it was getting dark. Near the center of the mountain top an area of about four square miles sinks to a depth of 1,000 feet. This is the great crater of Makuawoewoe.

We found that the worst outbreak was about 5,000 feet further down the mountain side. Walking across the congealed masses of lava, one began to think that at any moment one was liable to drop through to the most horrible of deaths. Underneath one was a bottomless abyss of mud, sulphur and rock; and to contemplate being cast into that fearsome-looking lake of fire and brimstone was not at all comfortable. Presently we reached a cone where the lava had piled up to the height of about 100 feet, then, bursting out at the side, disappeared into the ground, to reappear about a quarter of a mile farther down and repeat its action. These cones averaged 200 feet in height, and we passed five "dead" ones. A sixth was still smoking, but was not active. No. 7 was belching forth huge volumes of steam and sulphur. Boulders that must have weighed a ton were being hurled high into the air as if shot from a cannon. Others followed to meet those coming down, and as they met they burst like explosive shells, scattering molten matter on all sides. This flowed down the incline in cascades like water, showing red, yellow, blue and all the colors of the rainbow.

It is impossible to describe the grandeur of the effect, and a knowledge of the force that was causing the display made one feel very small indeed. Some of the ejected masses were as large as a horse, and when they

were belched forth were at a white heat. They went so high that they had time to cool and return to the vortex black.

The wind changed, and to our consternation we saw a cloud of sulphur blowing right across our path. These masses of vapor are so impregnated with sulphur and poisonous gases that it is impossible for any living thing to exist among them, and to get caught in their midst means death. Alarmed, we started to go around on the other side, but found the lava was too hot. We kept on until the lava began to move under our feet, and then made a number of attempts to pass that deadly barrier of vapor, but were forced to return each time, nearly suffocated. Just at this critical moment I happened to turn round and saw an arch, as it were, in the sulphur smoke, where the wind was blowing it up from the ground. We had scarcely got through that arch of clear air when down came the cloud again.

Once past the danger point, we crawled along at our best pace. It was now night, and the only light we had was the lurid glare from the volcano. If it had not been for this we should undoubtedly have perished of cold and thirst, as we should have been compelled to stop walking. As it was, we dared not halt for any length of time, or we should not have had warmth enough to keep the blood circulating. All that night we crawled over the terrible lava. We fell down at intervals of about twenty feet, often breaking through the black crust, sometimes up to our waists, cutting ourselves on the sharp projection until our hands and legs were woefully lacerated. Almost as soon as we fell we dropped asleep; then, as we got colder, we would wake up and force ourselves on again for a few dozen yards or so, only to fall asleep, wake and struggle up once more.

At last it began to get light, but still we had come across no water, and that in our canteens had long since been exhausted. We hunted the depths and crevices of the lava, sometimes going down ten or fifteen feet, looking for water, only to be disappointed again and again.

Suddenly I saw a break in the lava nearly full of beautiful water. I leaped over the side, holding the canteen for a companion to fill. He went down a few feet, and then stopped. I motioned to him to fill the bottle, croaking, "Water." He did not look around, but mumbled, "I see no water," as if in a dream. Picking up a piece of lava, I tossed it down and cried, hoarsely, "There is the water!" But to my astonishment the pebble went down, down, out of sight, with no sound of a splash, into a fathomless abyss. The crevice was so deep that we could not see the bottom, and the shock of the discovery made me faint.

After a time we scrambled on again until we came upon a guide sitting upon the edge of a high crack, eating frozen snow; and tearing it with his teeth. We followed his example, not without pain, but the snow tasted good. The journey home was, comparatively speaking, easy, but the memory of that night amidst the lava will last me to my dying day.

**HARRIMAN, THE BUILDER.**

Some of the Great Achievements on the Roads He Controlled.

E. H. Harriman was one of the greatest railroad reconstructionists this country has known. When he took over the Union, Central and Southern Pacific he foresaw that the entire lines would have to be rebuilt. He put his whole energy into the task of expending many millions of dollars for that purpose; some \$20,000,000. He straightened out crooks and curves; tunneled mountains at their bases, where the roads formerly went over them; put steel viaducts and bridges across ravines and streams; reduced grades, built excellent roadbeds and placed on them the heaviest steel rails.

Starting at the east end of the system, the new double structural steel bridge across the Missouri river between Council Bluffs and Omaha is considered one of the finest railway structures of its kind extant.

Greatest, perhaps, of all the achievements to which Mr. Harriman devoted his personal attention and effort is the Lucin cut-off, crossing Great Salt Lake. This structure crosses the inland sea, with an average depth of thirty feet, cutting out forty-four miles of the former line around the lake and 1,515 feet of elevation, or grade. There were 3,000 men engaged day and night in building it. It required 28,256 trees, from 100 to 200 feet high, to create the piling of the trestlework, twenty-three miles long. Eleven miles of this trestle were filled in with several big hills or small mountains, torn down by

## THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.



I am 6 years old. It is my first day in school. It is all so strange, I guess I want to go home right off. The boys all stare and stare. The girls all smile and smile. The room is so big. There is such a lot of books and desks and chairs. There is such a big crowd. They say I will not be let go home for two hours. I know my A B C. Ma taught me. But there is a great big lot in all them books, and I have got to learn it all. Then they will teach me out of some more big books, years and years, and when I am as big as Ma, I will be done with school. Oh! the world is so big! It takes so long to grow up. I am such a wee thing in this big crowd of boys and girls I feel lost. I want my Ma. I want to go home. Now, I guess I will cry.—Detroit Times.

years he was building the cut-off. He straightened the Central Pacific Railway by cutting out 350 miles of curves; knocked out 3,109 feet of altitudes, or grades; constructed thirty-six steel bridges across ravines, canyons and streams, and dug four tunnels two miles long, reducing the time seven hours on that line.

When Los Angeles needed a port on the Pacific, where steamships could connect with his trains, Mr. Harriman built a great rock wharf, curving far out into the ocean, to battle successfully with gigantic waves and afford a harbor of refuge. He also constructed a similar and even greater rock wharf at San Pedro, Cal.

**A "Sort of Cousin."**

The lawyer eyed the woman in the witness-box in silent despair. Then, on the authority of a writer in the Detroit News, he rallied bravely.

"You say, madam," he began, "that the defendant is a 'sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that—just how you are related to the defendant?"

"Well, it's like this," replied the witness, beaming upon the court. "His first wife's cousin and my second cousin's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his step-mother married my husband's step-father after his father and my mother died, and his brother Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I ain't ever figured out just how close related we are, but I've always looked on him as a sort of cousin."

"Quite right," assented the lawyer, feebly.

**A Question.**

"Are the colors fast in that new tub suit I bought, Jane?"

"That depends on how you look at it, ma'am."

"What do you mean, Jane?"

"Well, when I went to wash it I'd call 'em fast the way them colors ran."—Baltimore American.

A new popular wedding song is entitled "If I But Knew." Heaven! that is why the ceremony goes on; because neither one knows.

## FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

Some authorities say the founder is only a codfish with a flattened head.

A queen bee at the height of her season deposits three times her weight in eggs a day.

Australian boomerangs and noiseless guns are both now seen in the same New York shop window.

In 1907 no fewer than 444,121 pounds of crude opium (for medicinal purposes) and 151,916 pounds of smoking opium were imported in this country.

Germany, Austria and Hungary have established museums in Constantinople for the display of samples of various manufactures that interest the Turks.

Exports of manufactures from New York city are increasing rapidly, and at the present rate the total exports of this year will not be less than \$700,000,000 in value.

Ten years ago the St. Paul building, at Ann street and Broadway, was the tallest in New York, and its 308 feet of altitude was looked on with wonder. Now it attracts no particular attention.

A Swedish geologist has explained to his government the reason for his prediction that all the world's supply of iron will be exhausted in fifty years. Little more than one-tenth of the deposits, he says, are in the United States.

There is a falling off in the number of immigrants landing at the port of New York. Poland and Italy are now sending the most, and the figures show that while 28,213 from these countries landed in June there were 50,411 in May.

The value of the total output of minerals in Alaska since 1880, when mining first began, is given at \$148,000,000; of which gold composed \$142,000,000; copper, \$4,100,000; silver, \$1,500,000; the balance representing the value of the marble, gypsum, tin and coal products.

In British Columbia platinum is found in many of the alluvial gold workings, where it can be saved as a by-product. The saving of it in a small way is, however, attended with so much trouble that it has been practically neglected and no appreciable production made recently.

Bees were unknown to the Indians, but they were brought over from England only a few years after the landing of the pilgrim fathers. It was more than two centuries after the first white invasion of New England, however, before modern beekeeping began. The industry of the present day dates from the invention of the movable-frame hive by Langstroth, in 1852.

Finders Petrie says men have not advanced in designing art work or decoration, making jewelry or in their ability to correct social abuses, and the human intellect now does its work just as it did 6,000 years ago in Egypt. The advice of Ptah Hotep to his son, 6,000 years ago, reads very much like Polonius' lines to his son Laertes.

The penalty for desertion from the navy is trial by court-martial, and in case of conviction a sentence for a term of from six months to three years, generally, and dishonorable discharge on the expiration of sentence. However, few serve full terms, but are restored to duty and pay and their "good name." The circumstances in each case determine the sentence.

In the beginning of last century half-bred emigrated to deeper and deeper water, until they are now caught in depths of 150 to 250 fathoms in deep sea valleys. Half-bred capture cod by stunning them with strokes of the tail. The roe of a 350-pound halibut weighed forty-four pounds, was over two feet long and contained more than 2,000,000 eggs, says Prof. David Starr Jordan.

Dr. Cardamitis says infancy less than a year old has a higher tendency to malaria than any other age. Malarial children's blood should be kept disinfected with quinine, as they are the main carriers of malaria. Mosquitoes catch it from malarial children before starting an epidemic of chills, fever and ague. He recommends chocolate quinine tablets, three grains a day, for children.

Wood mines are found in Upper Tonquin, China. The wood was originally a pine forest which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction and in sandy soils, which cover them at a depth of about eight yards. As the top branches are well preserved, it is thought that the geological convulsion which buried them can not have occurred very long ago. The wood furnished by these timber mines is practically imperishable and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins.

A movement which will meet a warm welcome among housekeepers and commission merchants is that which the International Apple Shippers' Association will take up at its forthcoming meeting in Buffalo. It is to bring about the standardization of boxes and barrels in which fruits and vegetables are packed and is along the lines of bills prepared for introduction in Congress. There is no good reason why there should not be uniformity in weights and measures throughout the country, it is held, and there is a hope that it will be brought about by law, if not strictly enforced.

In one of the big jewelry stores in Maiden Lane there is a man who rents a desk room and makes a business of winding clocks for wealthy New York families. He has wound the clock in one house in upper Fifth avenue for fifteen years and now, though the family is abroad, he goes regularly every eight days and keeps the timepieces going. He has several families who have as many as a dozen clocks in the house and every one is attended to personally by him. On his list there are several year clocks, which are wound on the anniversary of the owner's wedding, and he has to keep track of these timepieces very carefully. For twenty-five years this man has been building up his business until he has a very tidy income.—New York Sun.