

# REDHOT JOURNALISM

## TRIALS OF A CONFEDERATE NEWS-PAPER DURING THE WAR.

### Wanderings of The Rebel in Three States. Henry Watterson Was Editor in Chief. His Meeting With General Bragg—How the Paper's Career Was Closed.

The story of The Rebel in its wanderings over the south is one of interest. Survivors of the Army of Tennessee especially remember the little sheet that found its way to the camps daily and inspired the boys to renewed energy and hope for the cause they deemed the right. Like the loved and inspiring "Dixie," The Rebel fired the southern heart by its very name.

The Rebel first saw the light Aug. 1, 1862, in Chattanooga. It was a four column folio, published by Frank M. Paul. Thousands of copies were sent to Bragg's army at Tullahoma, Tenn., and often the supply was inadequate to the demand, owing to the fact that the publisher's press, a drum cylinder, could not print them fast enough. Often the press was kept going all day to supply the demand from the army sutlers.

So popular did The Rebel become in a few weeks that the publisher in October, 1862, engaged the young but versatile and rising journalist, Henry Watterson, to edit the paper. Mr. Paul brought to the assistance of Mr. Watterson Mr. Albert Roberts, a vigorous writer and trained journalist of Nashville. He was a humorous writer, using the nom de plume of "John Happy."

Watterson and Roberts kept The Rebel at white heat, and the paper grew in importance and size, being made a five column paper shortly after the publication began. Well does the writer remember the eagerness of the army for the only highly prized paper. The boys in camp could not rest until its arrival every morning on the train from Chattanooga.

When General Bragg began his retrograde movement in the spring of 1862 to Chattanooga, The Rebel was supplied to the army with much difficulty. When the army arrived there, the paper was in still greater demand. In the summer of that year, however, it became evident that the Federals were coming to Chattanooga for the purpose of capturing that important point. And then it was The Rebel began its meanderings over the south.

The paper was removed to Marietta, Ga., Messrs. Watterson and Roberts staying in Chattanooga for a few days after the plant had been shipped. The shelling of Chattanooga in that month soon convinced the editors that they, too, must go if they would avoid capture by the Federal army, and they left to join the paper. Editor in Chief Watterson had been sharply criticizing General Bragg while the paper was in Chattanooga. One evening he visited a gentleman's house in that town, and it happened that General Bragg was also a visitor. The two gentlemen had never met, and while waiting for the host to appear, after being ushered into the parlor by a servant, Watterson and Bragg began a casual conversation, which soon turned upon the war. Although he knew he was in the presence of an officer of high rank, Watterson little suspected it was the commander in chief of the army. He indulged in some criticisms of General Bragg as he had been doing in The Rebel. The general listened for awhile in almost speechless wonder, but controlled himself till his fiery critic had abused him for some minutes, when he arose, and addressing Mr. Watterson asked:

"Do you know who I am, sir?" The editor replied that he had not that honor.

"My name is Bragg, sir," said the now fully aroused commander.

Of course Watterson was somewhat taken aback, but in his most courtly and chivalrous manner assured General Bragg that he had not meant to be offensive, but that his criticisms were made in good faith and from motives of sincere desire to promote the welfare of the Confederacy. But apologies were not asked or given.

General Bragg, however, never forgot nor forgave his critic. After the battle of Chickamauga, while the paper was at Marietta, Watterson continued his attacks on General Bragg, who informed the publisher of The Rebel that unless the irate editor were discharged the paper could not come into his lines. Mr. Watterson then realized that he must seek other friends, for he was not the man to retract a word nor to be dictated to. As editor in chief he would write his sentiments despite any one, so he made arrangements to become one of the staff of Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk. After serving a short time in that capacity Watterson resigned and became editor of one of the papers published in Atlanta.

After an uneventful existence in Griffin for awhile the approach of the Federal army to Atlanta in July of that year warned the publisher that he must move on if he would keep The Rebel afloat and save his scalp, so it was taken to Selma, Ala., that fall.

Here it was that the eventual paper came to an untimely end with the Confederacy it had so long and faithfully upheld. It was in the latter part of April, 1865, that Selma was taken by General Wilson. The Federals knew of the existence of The Rebel, and one of the first things they did to appease their wrath was to fire its office, which was in a building beside the river and built partly over it. The Yankees printed a small sheet, in which they announced their victory over the "rebs" and probably the "general orders from headquarters" announcing the surrender of the armies of the southern Confederacy. They then threw the materials in the river and burned all the files they could find.—Boston Herald.

Society is very queer. The people most sought after are those who do not pay their debts.

# THE DESTRUCTIVE TEREDO.

## Filing of Wharves and Railroad Trestles Endured by It.

The teredo is the most destructive marine animal we have. It enters the submerged part of the piling of wharves or railroad trestles and bores into the interior. When it penetrates the surface of the wood it is about the size of a pin, but increases in size, always lengthening, but never leaving any part of the hole it bores until its full mission is accomplished. In this way it stretches from the original pin hole entrance far into the interior of the wood and swells in size to the diameter of a large lead pencil. At the big end are the cutters, two clam shells that rotate from side to side and cut a smooth, round hole. The worm sometimes attains the length of ten inches.

Hundreds of such worms attack the exposed wood at the same time, and in a short time honeycomb it. However numerous they are, they never interfere with one another, and no instance is found where one borer has cut into or crossed the boring of his neighbor, though the partitions left between the borings are sometimes no thicker than a sheet of paper. Another peculiarity is that as the places of entrance are no larger than pin heads and the worms remain and do their growing inside, the wood may be almost entirely consumed inside, yet the surface appears sound and unaffected. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the wooden pile gives way and its fellows follow in short order, and the wharf which appeared substantial is wholly ruined.

To combat the teredo many expedients have been resorted to. One is to sheathe the piling in copper. Another is to cover the surface of the wood with broad headed tacks—the rust from which spreads so as to discourage the teredo's operations. Still another method is to boil the wood in creosote under heavy steam pressure, so that the creosote saturates the fibers of the wood.

All these methods are efficacious, and the creosote process is used with perfect success in wharf and trestle building all along the gulf coast. Its cost is the chief drawback, a single stick of creosote timber costing sometimes as much as \$50.—Mobile Register.

# SOME PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

## Eccentricities That Fasten Themselves to Men With the Firmness of Habit.

The late Senator Reagan of Texas used to do his thinking with a short string on his fingers, and this string he wound up and twisted and untied and tied again mechanically as he followed the debate. Senator Vest always chews a quill toothpick. Carlisle used to tear paper into bits and drop the pieces one by one on the floor. The latter is a tobacco chewer and sputters when he talks, making it uncomfortable for the interviewer.

Max Freeman, the expert stage manager, pulls you by the coat lapel and then pushes you away with his thumb in the most embarrassing manner. He will suddenly pull you, and then, as if he feared you are likely to tread on him, push you away from him quite as unexpectedly.

Jim Thompson, who aspires to be the best dressed man in town, and comes pretty close to it, has been trying to raise a mustache, but his habit of fingering one side of it wears that section out, and then the whole must be shaved off and he has to begin over again.

A gentleman comes down through Herald square every day who may be seen glancing at his left shoulder and flicking at it with his right hand. There isn't anything there—not even the nap of his coat, which he has thus worn away. Yet he will keep pecking at it about twice a minute. Another man of my acquaintance is always glancing from one shoulder to the other, as if to see if they are yet really there.

A popular Pittsburger on the square sounds your lungs with his forefinger while he talks to you—tapping away like a woodpecker on a hollow limb. Another from the same burg—a good story teller—always emphasizes his stories with liberal punches in your ribs.—New York Herald.

# His Words Verified.

About 25 years ago a certain southern man brought a suit against the South Carolina railroad for damages to his property. He lost the case in the superior court, but insisted upon carrying it to the supreme court, where he represented his own cause. He began his argument by saying whimsically:

"May it please the court, there is an old French adage which says, 'A man who is his own lawyer hath a fool for a client.'"

The next week the supreme court pronounced its decision, which was adverse to the southerner. He was in Augusta at the time, but received the announcement of his second and final disappointment by means of a telegram sent him by a prominent judge, who was an intimate friend of his.

The telegram read as follows: "Judgment for defendant in error. French adage affirmed by supreme court."—Yonah's Companion.

# Thus Endeth the Lesson.

Her Mother—Bessie, dear, I'm sorry to see my little girl show such a lack of respect for her seniors. When a neighbor comes to call on us, you should sit quietly and not speak unless you are spoken to. You do not mean to be disrespectful, I am sure, but you should think of the impression you are making on your neighbors, and you will try hereafter, I hope, to—

Bessie—You'd better look out, mamma. You'll talk yourself to death.—Chicago Tribune.

# A Memorial to Her Pet.

Lowell has on one of her roadsides a large urn, which is kept constantly filled with fresh flowers at the expense of a wealthy lady who resides in the vicinity as a memorial to her pet poodle, which was killed by the cars at that point.—Boston Herald.

# TO SCARE BURGLARS.

## A FEW DEVICES SOMEWHAT OUT OF THE COMMON RUN.

### They May Happen to Frighten People Who Are Not Burglars, but There is No Doubt That Most of Them Are Calculated to Scare Every Time.

A little party of women, brought together last week by a family reunion over in Brooklyn, had under debate a communication recently printed in The Sun respecting domestic devices to serve as burglar alarms.

"We believe in tin," said one. "John cut a little groove like half of an angle hole across the tops of the front and back doors, a few inches back from the outer edge, and before we go to bed we poke into each one a stick supporting some old tinware on the extreme end. A leaky watering pot, with some old tin cups inside, hangs on one, and on the other an old dishpan, with a couple of baking tins tied to it. So long as the door stays shut nothing happens, but if it is pushed open the least mite of a crack down comes the tinware with a clatter fit to wake up everybody in the ward."

"That's all well enough for your doors, but how about the windows? A thief can open one of these new fangled catches by poking a table knife up between the sashes, as easy as you'd say cat."

"But that wouldn't open our windows. John has bored holes slanting in through the window casing into the sashes and put long iron pins in them. It is just as if every window was nailed fast, and a burglar, to get in, would have to cut away the whole sash."

"Did any of you ever try newspapers?" asked another. "No? Well, let me assure you, from my own experience, there is nothing better. Lay one or two dry newspaper sheets in the lower hall and pin a couple on the stairs. It is impossible to step on them without making a noise that, in the stillness of night, would surprise you if you never tried it before. And you can't pick them up or fold them or slide them out of the way or step over them without more noise. As for the ones on the stairs, they are simply the thief's despair. My husband laughed at me when I first put them down, but within a week, as it happened, their efficacy was proved. I was awakened one night by the rustling of paper in the hall below and awoke my husband. We lay quiet and listened. Presently there was another rustle. Then a long silence. Then more rustling, and as the sound of it died away we could hear somebody swearing in a whisper. It was so funny that my husband burst into a roar of laughter, and the fellow down stairs jerked the front door open and fled."

"I don't think scaring a burglar away is enough punishment for him," commented an elderly woman. "He ought to be hurt somehow. Mr. B. thinks so, too, and his 'warm welcome for the uninvited' is something that, as he says, 'just about fills the bill.' The bolts on our front door and the are light brought to free us of all apprehensions of attack from that direction, but twice our house was entered by petty thieves through the back door, which faces a dark garden and is in the shadow of a vine covered porch. The second time inspired Mr. B. with an idea. At one side of the door, about the height of a man's face, he fastened to the wall a springy bamboo cane, with a tin cup wired to its free end. During the day it can be turned up on the wall out of the way, but at night, when he sets it for business, it is sprung out about 1½ feet and held there by a short stick and a figure 4 trigger so set that opening the door will trip it. The tin cup, I omitted to mention, holds a good ounce of cayenne pepper."

"For a month after Mr. B. rigged that contrivance up nothing happened, and he was getting low spirited over the neglect of the burglars to take note of his new invention. Then, one night, the sharp 'spang' of the cane against the wall rang sharply all through the house and woke us up. That was followed immediately by language on the back porch fit to make your blood run cold. We got to the window in time to see two men in the garden, one leading the other, who was howling and swearing terribly. We fancied that some of the pepper had got into his eyes. Before Mr. B. could get his pistol they had disappeared in the shrubbery, and we have not been troubled since."

"That trigger, set to go off when the door was opened," remarked another woman, "reminds me of a horrid thing my husband brought home with him from a trip out west last year. It was like a pistol barrel, with a long screw on one side for fixing it to the door frame and a long spring on the other to project over the edge of the door. A little touch would make the spring fall hard on a cap and fire the thing off. The first night after Jack got home, when I was setting a chair upside down against the door, as I always did, he stopped me and put on his new contraption. When I got up first in the morning, as usual, I had forgotten all about that thing, which was down as low as my knees, and did not notice it when I went to go out. Then it suddenly seemed to me as if the world had exploded. The thing had worked all right, and in addition to making a noise louder than the sunset gun at the fort, had ridden the vestibule wall with backshot. Jack said 'it would have filled a burglar's legs with lead,' and I believed him, but I never would allow him to put it on the door again. One such scare is enough for a lifetime."—New York Sun.

# His English Fit.

"What makes the rhinoceros so sulky today?" asked the gun.

"Some one told him his clothes did not fit him," explained the springbok.

"Dear me! And he is very angry at that? He is so thin skinned."—Indianapolis Journal.

# MINING OF PHOSPHATES.

## Where Deposits Are Found and How They Are Prepared.

The Florida phosphate deposits are of great importance, yet their existence was discovered so recently and their extent is still so uncertain that few persons not engaged in the sale of fertilizing materials have much knowledge of the large industry which has sprung up in the Peninsular State. It has practically created a new city—Ocala—which had a population of but a few hundred in 1870, but is now a thriving business center with modern improvements, banking facilities and ample railway and transportation facilities. Engineering, the leading engineering journal of the world, makes the following statements concerning the region, which are of considerable interest as coming from an unbiased source: "There is no phosphate region in the world known today that possesses so many advantages for successful mining as the Florida deposits. The grade of material is the highest average that is being worked anywhere. The facilities for moving the products to points for distribution are good. The average distance from mines to ports for shipments is about 150 miles.

"The distributing stations for the hard rock district are Port Tampa, Fernandina, Brunswick and Savannah, the largest tonnage being moved from Fernandina, where storage bins are located and loading facilities are good. Port Tampa, the terminus of the Plant system of railroads, is constantly adding facilities for prompt handling of cargoes of phosphate and at present very nearly equals Fernandina in the amount of its shipments. Railroad are numerous and cheaply constructed when necessary to extend them into new sections. The machinery needed to mine and prepare the material is simple and inexpensive compared with that generally used in other mining operations, and the cost of a plant with sufficient land to work upon is within the reach of small investors. The working days at the mines are about 280 during the year. The climate is healthful, laborers readily obtained at a fair compensation, and skilled operatives are at hand who are becoming familiar with the business.

"The mining camps are generally well regulated, and proprietors and employees can reside at the mines with safety and with little inconvenience, as supplies of all kinds can be readily obtained at the towns located in the near vicinity of all the large mining fields. Telegraph and mail facilities are within easy access of nearly every mining camp in the state. Florida phosphates are mostly shipped to European ports and are manufactured into fertilizers in England, Ireland, Germany, France, and quite recently shipments have been made to the Sandwich Islands. Foreign agents of consumers and dealers in phosphates have their offices near the center of production, and contracts for delivery and prices are commonly fixed at points of shipment, the material being sold at a price per unit of its contents of phosphate of lime. The Florida phosphates are all used in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers and superphosphate."—Boston Transcript.

# THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

## He Finds It Hard to Accustom Himself to Ordinary Hours of Living.

"My chief trouble now," said the retired burglar, "is about my hours. I have been so long accustomed to working nights and sleeping days that I find it difficult to change back to the hours of other folks. Instead of having my breakfast at 7 o'clock in the morning I have it at 7 o'clock in the evening. Some folks make their dinner the last meal in the day, but I never could get used to that. I can sleep better on a light meal, so I have my dinner in the middle of the day—I mean the middle of the night—and my supper about 5 o'clock in the morning.

"This schedule works all right for the first half of the night. There's plenty of life then, and I can go to the theater and one place and another, but after dinner, I must say, I find it pretty tedious. When I was at work and my mind was occupied, I never thought anything about it, but now it is different. This is a bigger town than it used to be, and it's open all night. There's plenty of occupations nowadays that people work at all night, but the people that work at 'em are working at 'em. You don't see 'em around the streets, and the general fact remains that most people work days and sleep nights, and the cold fact is that from dinner time to supper time I feel sort of 'lost."

"But I'm not discouraged. I don't suppose I could change the habits of a lifetime in a minute, and I shall just keep on trying till I get my hours shifted around again like other people's."—New York Sun.

# Trunk Labels.

"I wish you would have a porter come up and wash the labels off my trunks," remarked a well dressed man as he signed his name to the book at the Continental last night. The guest as he spoke pointed to three big trunks that stood in the baggage room. The trunks were covered with the various labels that indicated that they had made a long continental journey. In days gone by these labels were the proper thing, and the man just home from Europe considered those glaring tags as almost sacred. But fashion has changed this year, thanks of the Prince of Wales setting the pace, and now these glaring showbills indicative of travel are no longer in vogue.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

# A Redeeming Feature.

A—My dwelling is bounded on the north by a gas works, on the south by an india rubber works, on the west by a vinegar manufactory and on the east by a glue boiling establishment.

B—A nice neighborhood, I must say.

A—Quite so; but it has one advantage. Lean always tell which way the wind blows without looking at the weathercock.—Humoristische Blätter.

# AT THE MERCY OF A CATARACT.

## Perilous Adventure of an Acrobat Under the Niagara Falls.

"I was pretty near heaven for half an hour," said H. C. Prentice, the acrobat. Acrobat Prentice's remark just quoted was the prelude to the story he told the Buffalo-Express reporter of his adventures while viewing Niagara falls for the first time.

Mr. Prentice and Thomas Adamson went to the falls, and they tried to keep together as they went from point to point viewing all the famous spots about the cataract. They spent an hour or so in viewing the falls from above, and then they put on rubber suits and started below. They went down the elevator and then down the stairway to the rocks. After a time they concluded that they had seen all that was to be seen below, and were upon the point of returning when Prentice told Adamson to go and ask one of the guides if there were anything else to be seen down there. Mr. Adamson turned about and went to hunt for the guide. He was gone about five minutes, and when he came back his friend Prentice was missing. Adamson was puzzled at the disappearance of Prentice. Adamson had spent about half an hour looking for Prentice, when the news reached him that his companion had been found down between the rocks up to his neck in water. In a few minutes after this news reached Adamson he was joined by Prentice, who told of his experiences after Adamson had left him to look for the guide.

Mr. Prentice said that after Adamson turned back he thought he would walk down into a gully between the rocks. He noticed that it was comparatively dry there. He was therefore considerably surprised soon after he got down into the gully to have a stream of water two feet deep and moving with great violence strike him in the back of the legs. The stream was so strong that it staggered him, and to avoid being swept from his feet and carried on into the river he crouched down in an angle of one of the rocks, with his back to the torrent and braced himself to resist the power of the stream that had cut off his line of retreat. He had hold of the edge of the rock with his hands and he did not dare to let go for fear the current would sweep him out from behind the angle. He yelled for help, but the noise of the water drowned his cries. At one time he looked over the edge of the rock and saw the Maid of the Mist 100 feet away in the river. He shook his head, hoping that the passengers on the little boat would notice the motion, but no one saw him.

After he crouched down behind the rock the water washed over his body up to his neck. He was on the point of giving up when a stranger who had also come down to the rocks saw him and notified the guides. Prentice was hauled out with a pole. The stream of water that surprised him came from a millrace that is closed part of the time.

# BROKEN HEARTS IN FRANCE.

## Held of Less Account by the Law Than Broken Legs.

In no instance does the profound difference of national character in England and France appear more striking, says our Paris correspondent, than in the views held on both sides of the channel regarding breach of promise. Of course engagements are broken off in France as well as in England, but it is only in England that heavier damages are awarded for a broken heart than for a broken leg. The offense is all but unknown in the French law courts, whether it is that Frenchmen are less inclined to it or that the French girl dislikes bringing her sentimental troubles into court. To show English readers how incredibly prejudiced French persons of both sexes are upon this subject it is enough to say that a young lady who attempted to turn her wounded feelings into cash would be regarded as only a degree less mean than the faithless man.

The very small number of suits for breach of promise have always been supported by a plea that the lady was put to expense, and there must be besides evidence of an intent to deceive. Damages in any case are very small beside the royal amounts awarded by English juries. Recently an action for breach of promise a l'Anglaise was brought into the Third Paris police court. The lady and her father, as nearest friend, produced a bill showing that they were £50 out of pocket for the broken engagement. They might have had this; but, badly advised, they put on another item of £350 for the moral prejudice. The French judge did not understand this, and he dismissed the case.—London News.

# Napoleon's Statement About Enghien.

When Napoleon was on his deathbed, a maladroit attendant read from an English review a bitter arraignment of him as guilty of the duke's murder. The dying man rose, and catching up his will wrote in his own hand: "I had the Duc d'Enghien seized and tried because it was necessary to the safety, the interest and the honor of the French people, when by his own confession the Comte d'Artois was supporting 60 assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I would again do likewise." Nevertheless he gave himself the utmost pains on certain occasions to unload the entire responsibility on Talleyrand. To Lord Ebrington, to O'Meara, to Las Cases, to Montholon, he asseverated that Talleyrand had checked his impulses to clemency.—"Life of Napoleon," by Professor William M. Sloane, in Century.

# Kleptography.

He—See that nice looking chap over there?

She—Of course I do. Would I miss anything like that?

He—Well, you want to watch him. He'll take anything in sight.

She—Gracious. Is he a kleptomaniac?

He—No. He's an amateur photographer.—Detroit Free Press.

# WHEN RICHARD LOVELACE CAME TO WOO.

## The feet of time make fast their pace. And we, like players in a play. Strut up and down our little stage. And act our parts as best we may. Ah! Alack, and well a day!

The stage is dim in somber hue, Where once that stately vogue held sway. When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

And much we marvel as we trace The feuds and foibles passed away, While pomp of power and pride of place Troop down the years in grand array. In court and camp, in fete and fray, Fickle and flippant, staunch and true, Such were the gallants, bold and gay. When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

In doublet fine and frills of lace, The lover sought his suit to pay, With such a form and such a face, Who could resist his plea, I pray? And then that tender roundelay, So like a wood dove's plaintive coo Sweet Lucy could not say him nay, When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

Ho, Kentish towers! Your lordly race Had swords to draw and deeds to do, In that eventful year of grace, When Richard Lovelace came to woo.—L. H. Foote in Overland Monthly.

# A VALUABLE DIME.

## Ten Cent Pieces Coined in San Francisco in 1894 Are Worth \$3 Each.

Whoever has a dime of 1894 coined by the San Francisco mint has a coin for which \$5 has already been offered, and when all the facts are known regarding its scarcity it is not unlikely that it will command a much higher premium.

Inquiry at the mint elicited the information that during the fiscal year of 1894 only 24 dimes were coined at the San Francisco mint. How this came about was told by Chief Clerk Robert Barnett.

"All undercurrent subsidiary coins—viz, those containing other than the design now being used—when received at the treasury are not again allowed to go into circulation, but are sent to the mint to be recoined with the current design. In the course of the year 1894 we received a large sum in these coins, but having an ample stock of dimes on hand it was not intended to coin any of that denomination in 1894. However, when nearly all of this subsidiary coin bullion had been utilized, we found on our hands a quantity that would coin to advantage only into dimes, and into dimes it was coined, making just 24 of them.

"My attention was first drawn to the matter particularly by the receipt of a letter from a collector somewhere east requesting a set of the coins of 1894. In filling this order I found there were no dimes of that date on hand. Subsequently I received quite a number of similar letters and in each case was of course unable to furnish them.

"Plenty of dimes were coined that year at Philadelphia and New Orleans mints, but there are many collectors who accumulate the coinage of each mint, as each has its distinguishing mark. Those coined here bear a letter S under the eagle. New Orleans uses the letter O and Carson City the letter C, while Philadelphia coins are identified by the absence of the letter.

"We receive each year about 50 requests from coin collectors for coins, mostly for those of silver."—San Francisco Bulletin.

# Lincoln's Good Breeding.

The writer remembers very well to have heard a very fastidious lady, a member of the Speed household, say that, though at that time Lincoln had none of the polish and gracefulness to be expected from those acquainted with the usages of society, he was one of nature's gentlemen because of his kindness of heart and innate refinement. And after saying this she recalled an instance of real good manners on his part. At dinner there was a saddle of mutton.

The servant after handing the roast passed a glass of jelly. Mr. Lincoln took the glass and ate the jelly from it. The servant got another glass and passed it around. Mr. Lincoln noticed that the others at table merely took a spoonful. Without embarrassment or apology he laughed quietly and remarked, "I seem to have taken more than my share," and then he went on with his dinner.

Most persons, this lady thought, after committing such a solecism would have been covered with confusion and profuse in apologies.—John Gilmer Speed in Ladies' Home Journal.

# Beggars Bothered the Bostonian.

Last week a citizen of Boston was "touched for a dime" four times in walking two blocks on Broadway, New York. All of the beggars were well dressed. It was rainy, and two of them had silk umbrellas. One of them sported a watch chain, while the tops of a couple of cigars stuck out the vest pocket of another. How such men have the nerve to beg on the street in a brisk, businesslike way is a mystery to a man from Boston.—Boston Post.

# Equal to the Occasion.

Mrs. Luhn, an Oshkosh (Wis.) woman, had arranged to have an addition built to her barn, but a neighbor threatened to enjoin her from building. She was equal to the occasion. During the night she hired 20 carpenters, and with the aid of an electric light the building was erected before day broke.

There is an English superstition alluded to by Milton that when cats wash their faces and lick their bodies more frequently than usual a change in the weather is imminent and that rain with wind may be anticipated.

Ever must have felt that she had lost one of the chief joys of fresh young love when she reflected that she could not ask Adam if she was the first woman he had ever cared for.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend is so much like your second self that he will judge too much like you.—Pope.

There are two sides to every question—ours and the wrong side.