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Effectually Squelched.

The clerk in a dry goods store was waxing sarcastic at the boarding house table because the schoolteacher said she was tired. "I don't see how you have the nerve to say that," he said. "You have a snap. Your hours are short, and, although you say you have to look over papers in the evening, I reckon you don't have to spend much time on them. Then look at the vacations you have—a week or two at Christmas, another in the spring, two or three days at Thanksgiving time and then the entire summer. Look at me. I have to work eight hours every day, with only a half hour at noon, and once in awhile I have to put in an evening at the store when they take inventory of stock. And my vacation! I get the legal holidays, two weeks in the summer and during the hot months a half day off, and heaven knows what a good half day does! Gee! Schoolteachers certainly have a cinch."

During this harangue the schoolteacher listened carefully to the noise he made while he talked. When he finished she said sweetly: "Well, why don't you become a schoolteacher? There's no law to prevent you that I know of."

And the rest of the table grinned audibly, while the clerk grabbed a toothpick and went out.—New York Press.

On the Dynamite Ships.

There is a service whose conditions are little known to the outside world, that of the men on the dynamite ships that lurk in the shadow of Canvey island. It once happened that a cargo boat took fire near Canvey island. The crew could not extinguish the flames, the vessel had to be abandoned, and the tide carried her straight for the dynamite ships. By a miracle the blazing hulk steered safely between them. But the tide turned, and with it back again she came. Another miracle and the floating inferno missed them all a second time. A spark from her blazing timbers, the least shock from a collision and she had exploded such a mine as would have blown the half of Essex into Ireland. She floated, hissing and spluttering, down the tideway and passed away, to burn herself to the water's edge beyond the reach of dynamite. And the silent, lonely men stayed unstirring at their posts and twice saw the grave open and close before them.—Army and Navy.

Missed the Towpath.

There was a little girl five years old or so living in an inland town up the state. Near her home there was no river nor, in fact, any water but the Erie canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay and of how wonderful the sea had looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mamma," she said.

Her mother made an effort.

"There's the beach," she said, "all smooth white sand. You stand on it and look out over the ocean, and all you can see is water, just moving water, waves coming in and breaking—nothing but water and sky."

The child sat trying to picture it, then in an awed little whisper asked:

"Oh, mamma, isn't there a towpath?"—New York Times.

Little Mamie Rose Rose.

"It doesn't take these little Russian children long to catch on to things in this country," remarked a teacher of the Educational alliance. "When one explains a word to them they never forget it, and they are always ready with an illustration of its meaning too. I remember that some time ago I had explained to the class the meaning of the word 'ambiguity,' and then, as the custom is, I turned about and made them explain the word to me.

"'Now, is there any one,' I asked, 'who can give me an illustration?'

"A grimy lit[illegible] the back of the room stu[illegible] hand.

"'Here's a [illegible]' he cried. 'Little [illegible] at on a tack—little Mam[illegible]'

"Oh, no," co[illegible]er, "you don't have to [illegible] the east side child tw[illegible] Sun.

The Lo[illegible] Boy.

There are an[illegible] who would ask wh[illegible] if you hinted t[illegible] ly masters in [illegible] yet these [illegible] of their [illegible] really [illegible] foe [illegible] or [illegible] to [illegible] and give [illegible] The protein [illegible] fish, eggs, chees[illegible] and in beans and p[illegible] like.—London Answers.

British English.

Englishman—I say, ye knaw, what's the bookage to Boston? Railroad Ticket Clerk—The whatage? Englishman—The bookage, ye knaw—the tariff. What's the tariff? Ticket Clerk—I haven't time to talk politics.—New York Weekly.

The success of a movement depends much less upon the force of its argument or upon the ability of its advocates than the predisposition of society to receive it.—Lecky.

...The... FISH FAMILY.

THE Fish family of New York, Newport and Chicago has been considerably in the limelight of late. Stuyvesant Fish has had his name in the news a great deal on account of his controversy with E. H. Harriman over control of the Illinois Central road. Mrs. Fish is as prominent in society as her husband is in the business world. Their daughter Marian contributed to the family fame by furnishing the occasion for one of the biggest and swellest weddings of the season when last summer she became Mrs. Albert Zabriskie Gray.

Stuyvesant Fish's quarrel with E. H. Harriman dates back to the period of the insurance inquiry. He was then president of the Illinois Central and in various matters of policy found himself at variance with the "colossus of roads." This disagreement with the great railway financier and transportation expansionist led to Mr. Fish being defeated in his campaign for reelection as president of the road. At a directors' meeting not long ago Mr. Fish and his successor, James T. Harahan, had a clash, and it was reported that there was a "mixup" in which President Harahan got the worst of the encounter. The fight now on for control of the road between Mr. Harriman and his allies and Mr. Fish and his followers is a bitter one, and the public awaits with interest the outcome of the meeting of stockholders on Dec. 18.

Mr. Fish and his friends claim that they are making a fight for a principle, and rightly or wrongly an impression prevails in the railroad world that he

MR. AND MRS. STUYVESANT FISH.

has been made a martyr to principle. He has contended for the right of the Illinois Central stockholders to have that road managed in its own interests rather than in the interests of other lines, and he is credited with the belief that the railroads of the country should be run for the benefit of the people rather than to build up great individual fortunes. He once said, speaking of the Illinois Central:

"I [illegible]ever run this railroad from W[illegible] and I shall never do so, no matter what happens. With all the strength and power that is in me I shall [illegible] keep this property from the clutches of the money octopus which is represented by Edward H. Harriman."

Mr. Fish is a six footer and well preserved at sixty-six, so that he makes a contrast physically to Mr. Harriman, whose outward appearance and slight figure give little indication of the brains he possesses. Mr. Fish is not the kind of man most persons like to run up against in any kind of a fight. Mr. Harahan is not a large man, and it is said that when Mr. Fish took hold of him in the encounter at the recent directors' meeting it was like a terrier shaking a rat.

E. H. Harriman was recently quoted as saying it was about time to divorce the railroads from Newport. That was a slap at Mr. Fish on account of his wife's prominence in the Four Hundred. Mr. Fish himself is not overfond of society, but he does not interfere with the social programme of Mrs. Fish, and she is generally reputed to aspire to the place in society long held by Mrs. Astor. Mrs. Fish has been in the limelight recently by reason of the position she has taken against the so called international marriage—that is, the exchange of American wealth for European title. Of course Mrs. Fish in speaking of the unwisdom of international marriages in general did not mean her remarks to apply to the case of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and Count Szechenyi specifically. "I am only giving my general opinion on the subject," said Mrs. Fish. "I make no reference to the Vanderbilts, who are my friends."

Wonderfully Good Sight.

The Duchess of X. once went to Greenwich to see the marvels of the observatory. It was a lovely night, and for the fair duchess' benefit the great telescope was duly leveled at the dazzling field of stars.

"What is that star?" she said, pointing to a very bright one.

"Oh, that's Aldebaran, a star of the first magnitude."

"Is it very far off?" asked her grace.

"About six or seven light years, your grace."

"What is a light year?"

"Merely an expression which one uses to convey an idea of the distance which light travels in a year. Roughly speaking, light travels at the rate of 190,000 miles in a second, and there are about 31,000,536 seconds in a year. In one year, therefore, light travels above 5,991,840,000,000 miles. The expression 'light year' includes these figures."

"And is that star all those millions of miles away?"

"Yes, your grace, as nearly as we can calculate."

"Then all I can say," remarked the duchess, "is that you must have wonderfully good eyes to make out that star's name at that distance, even with this big telescope. It's really most marvelous."—London Tit-Bits.

Slaughtered the Anthem.

"When I went west first," said a Unitarian minister, "I was in a small town called L., and in the choir of my church the village blacksmith did noble work as baritone. He had a voice that could shake mountains, and whatever it lacked in any other feature it made up in volume. He couldn't read music any more than he could English, but he learned a tune very readily.

"One Sunday we were to be favored with a new anthem because it was a special occasion, and the baritone had one portion all to himself. Unfortunately he had missed many of the practices.

"The anthem went along excellently until it came to a beautiful part which reads, 'And, dying, bids us all aspire.'

"Here the rest of the singers stopped short in that quick, sudden way that choirs have, and in the ensuing stillness sounded the ponderous tones of the blacksmith:

"'And dying brides are filled with fire.'"—Boston Herald.

To a Higher Table.

John Barrett, chief of the bureau of American republics, after various other experiments in diplomacy, came to Washington from Oregon during President Cleveland's second term to get anything he could. He brought a bunch of Oregon boomers with him, and for a time they stayed at the best hotels. The job was slow in coming, and they went from cheaper place to cheaper place, like Mark Twain's office seeker, until they were forced to eat at one of the lunch places on Pennsylvania avenue. One night while they were at dinner word came that President Cleveland had decided to appoint Barrett minister to Siam. Barrett rose from the table and put on his coat.

"Hold on, John!" cried one of his companions in misfortune. "Where are you going? Aren't you going to finish your dinner?"

"Gentlemen," said Barrett as he stalked out, "this is no place for the minister to Siam to dine."—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Certain About That.

Mrs. Verdigris was enumerating her various ailments. "I haven't kept track of all of 'em," she said, "but one of the first things I had was the lumbago in the small of my back. Then I had the influenzy awful bad. The next thing was the rheumatiz. Since then I've had neuralgy, nervous headache, sore throat, indigestion, a breaking out on my skin and ever so many other pesky little troubles that I can't remember."

"It would be an interesting list," said her sympathizing neighbor. "Why didn't you take an inventory?"

"I'm not certain but what I did," answered Mrs. Verdigris. "I took ever so many things. I'll try it if you think it'd help me, but unless it's very mild I just know it won't stay on my stummick."—Youth's Companion.

Made a Record.

"Yo' said in yo' sermon, Brother Dickey, dat Jonah wuz eat up by de whale?"

"I sho' did."

"Well, den, how comes he live ter tell it?"

That seemed to stagger the old man, but he gathered himself together and replied:

"Dat's easy. You see, Jonah wuz de fust fisherman, an' he had ter make a record!"—Atlanta Constitution.

An English View of Robert E. Lee.

General Robert E. Lee was indeed fully Washington's equal as a hero and a gentleman and much his superior as a soldier. It is only in the larger political or semipolitical sphere that he stands lower and there perhaps only because his opportunities were so much smaller.—London Times Review of Trevelyan's History.

What Dropped.

"I heard you let something drop in the kitchen just now, Kate. Did you break anything?" asked the lady of the house when dinner was being served.

"Only one leg of the chicken, ma'am!" replied the girl innocently.—Charity.

Inquisitive.

Nell—I declare! That woman finds out everything. I never knew any one so inquisitive. Belle—That's right. I believe she would even pump an organ.—Philadelphia Record.

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