

THE EXPANSION IDEAS

They are Kept Open Purely for Campaign Purposes.

WHAT BRYAN'S ELECTION MEANS.

Restoration of Unrestricted Prosperity, Lower Wages and Heavier Employment—His Policy Could Not Be Carried Out, Even Though He Were Elected—A Comparison of the Two Great Parties.

Those who so fondly hoped and believed that the "anti-imperialists," as certain republicans termed themselves, would support Bryan for the presidency, are to be disappointed. The senator from Nebraska gave out a statement a few days ago, in which he said:

"I do not intend, yet, to foreclose the issue of this business. The alternative of electing Mr. Bryan is not, in my judgment, to be contemplated for a moment. His election means, if he and his party can have their way, the destruction of our unrivaled prosperity, lower wages, a scathing condemnation for our workmen, the abolishing of our standard of value, tarnishing the national faith, the destruction of credit, the arraying class against class, being into contempt the authority of the supreme court, and undermining the security of property and values. No one of our friends says that it is better that all these things should happen than that this policy of imperialism should be persisted in. But that is not the question.

"It is not the question whether Bryanism or imperialism be the worse for the American people. The question is whether anything can be done to prevent the present administration from being able to accomplish its object in opposition to imperialism is worth anything at the price of all these other sacrifices. For one, I cannot see anything to expect in the way of a return to the ancient principles of the republican party by the election of Bryan. We could have stopped the whole thing by defeating the treaty of Paris, which would have compelled it to be amended by making the same provision as to the Philippines that we thought it right to make in regard to Cuba. That purpose was baffled by Mr. Bryan. The defeat of the treaty, or rather its amendment, as I have indicated, was assured when Mr. Bryan came to Washington and by his personal influence induced enough of his followers to vote for the treaty to insure its passage with but a single vote to spare. It would have been defeated, as it was, if Justice Moor had lived. I have no doubt that Mr. Bryan did this for the sole purpose of keeping the question open as an issue for the campaign.

"Now, what can be done if he is elected? Congress will settle the question so far as the establishment of a government of the Philippines archipelago is concerned, before the present administration shall go out of power, and in all probability before the present session shall be over. Whatever may be the fate of the presidential election, the Republican ascendancy in the Senate for at least four years longer is assured. If it were not so, there are many Democratic senators—my information is that there are at least nine—who agree with that large number of republicans who are in favor of holding those islands forever, or at any rate for a long and indefinite period. I suppose the same thing is true as to many Democrats in the house."

THE TWO PARTIES.

One the Party of Progress; the Other the Party of Blind Opposition.

At a banquet on the occasion of the Lincoln birthday at Chicago, Hon. J. K. Cullodon of Kansas, in responding to a toast, said:

"The Democratic party has but one positive idea and that is opposition to the republican party. Its platform is rotten from age and defective from use. Only one new plank has been added in its platform during the last forty years, and that plank was sawed in Arkansas, transported to Chicago by Coxe's 'army' as the Kansas 'pop' says, because the bulwarks of the Chicago convention, 'free and unlimited coinage of silver' is the only new song the Democratic party has learned since the civil war, and that song like the song of a dying man became the melody of its dying hour.

The Democratic party is a national mourner. Every four years it buries its treasures. In 1860 it buried 'states sovereignty.' In 1868 it buried 'opposition to the war.' In 1884 it buried 'opposition to reconstruction.' In 1872 it buried a 'renegade republican.' In 1876 it asked the republican party to furnish the cadaver. We refused, and with great grief and lamentation it finally buried 'Hannock and local tariff issue.' In 1884 it missed the funeral procession, but continued to wear mourning. In 1888 it buried 'tariff reform.' In 1892 under the leadership of Grover the Second the Democratic party obtained absolute power in all the departments of the government. It almost immediately commenced divorce proceedings against Grover, and made preparations for a first-class funeral which followed in 1896, when the Democratic party with tears in its eyes laid away forever the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The ratio is 16 to 1. In the coming contest the Democratic party will enjoy another carriage ride to the cemetery, and this time it will bury three things—Bryan, Aginaldo and all hope of future success."

Showing Up the Frauds.

The Democratic Party has been telling some more truths about the sham reform state officials, it says:

"One cannot read the published accounts of the proceedings of yesterday's meeting of the State Board of Transportation without reaching the conclusion that Messrs. Meserve, Wolfe and Cornell acted more like servants of the railroads than servants of the public. Meserve offered a resolution to rescind the action of the board in 1897, requiring the roads to grant carload rates to shippers of live stock, and his resolution was adopted notwithstanding a vigorous protest by Attorney General Smyth, who was supported by Secretary Porter. To a man up a tree or in Nebraska it would seem times appear that Wolfe, Meserve and Cornell were representatives of the railroads and not servants of the people. Language too strong cannot be employed in condemning these men who are selling the people and their party to the railroads. This latest action on their part shows clearly where

WHEN HE LAUGHED.

When Larkins laughed all Digger City laughed with him. Never was a laugh more merry, more contagious. The men of Digger City were a sober lot, and to them the bright side of life was generally reflected in and measured by the gold they dug, but by luck good or bad, not one of the rough men that made up the mining camp ever had the temerity to dispute Larkins' right to laugh and make others laugh with him.

And yet there was a suspicion that Larkins laughed because he was sad. Larkins arrived in Digger City one stormy winter night, no one knew from where. With him was a child, a chubby, golden-haired boy of 4 years. Some one asked how long the journey had been, and Digger City then heard the laugh it was to know so well.

"The kid and I," said Larkins, with a wave of his hand toward the east, "came from there. We didn't leave much behind, and maybe we haven't got much in store ahead. But we'll stick together, won't we, old boy? Dad and his kid will stick together, eh?" Then Larkins smoothed the baby's hair and laughed until the crowd had caught the infection.

Months passed and still Digger City learned little of Larkins or his boy. In mining camps a man is judged for what he is. The man with a past can bury it. Digger City learned to know and to love Larkins for himself and for his boy. The man lived for the child, and when other miners were at the Serech Eagle bar trading their dust for drinks Larkins might be found at his cabin humming some lullaby to the baby.

Often Larkins and the boy would visit the Serech Eagle. "It's just to give the boy a time," Larkins would explain. "His dad's too old to care on his own account." Yet the man could not have been over 30 at the most.

THE NEW CENTURY.

Friendly Islanders Will Be the First to Greet It.

The first people to breathe the breath of the twentieth century will be the inhabitants of the Friendly Islands. Though they are not by any means the most progressive people on the face of the globe they will be living in the twentieth century while all other people will still be living in the nineteenth century. It will be Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1901, to the Friendly Islanders at a time when the rest of the world will be at the far end of the nineteenth century; will be eating, or working, or playing, or sleeping, during some phase of Monday, Dec. 31, 1900. The first dawn of the new century will break upon a point in the Pacific ocean just to the east of the Friendly Islands, along a line conforming in general to the meridian of 150 degrees east and west longitude from Greenwich. On this meridian is what is known as the date line. The date line in theory follows the meridian, but in reality it varies from the theoretical line in a number of places. At the date line comes the change of day which navigators in the Pacific ocean experience. A vessel sailing eastward skips a day when reaching this line, but a vessel sailing westward repeats a day. The Friendly Islanders will, for a brief period, be in advance of the century, so far as we or any other nation are concerned. In New York people will be at breakfast on Monday morning, Dec. 31, when the Friendly Islands will be celebrating the advent of the new year. At that time San Francisco will be sleeping the sleep of the just after a well-spent Sunday. At London it will be lunch time on Monday, while at Melbourne it will be about 10 o'clock in the evening. At Calcutta it will be about 6 o'clock in the evening. So over this whole globe there will be a time when the Friendly Islanders alone among the people of the earth will belong to the twentieth century. Of course, it may be that some ship may be crossing the meridian at the point in the Pacific where the twentieth century will begin. Then those on board the ship will get ahead even of the Friendly Islanders. Indeed, just at the moment of crossing the date line the people in the forepart of the ship would be in the twentieth century, while those in the rear would be still in the nineteenth. An east bound vessel approaching the meridian at night might have the unique opportunity of celebrating two New Year's days.

LAMP BULBS HIS WEAPONS.
Burglar Put to Flight by a Bombardment from the Householder.

"Of all the outlandish weapons ever employed in a fight," said a business man of the south side, "I think I brought the most fantastic on record into play one night last week. My family are away on a visit at present and I am keeping bachelor hall out at the house. On the night to which I refer I was aroused at about 3 a. m. by a noise somewhere in the region of the dining room, and thinking I had shut up the dog there, I jumped up very foolishly and came down stairs in my night clothes, without so much as a pocketknife. When I opened the dining room door I was startled to see a big, rough looking fellow bending over the sideboard at the far end of the room, and after we had stood there a tableau for a moment the fellow made a rush at me. I leaped back into the hall and glared around for a weapon. On a table near by were a dozen incandescent light bulbs, which I had brought home to replace some that had burned out, and purely by instinct I grabbed one of them and threw it at the burglar. It hit the door casing close to his head, and to my amazement, exploded with a noise like a young lyddite shell. I suppose it was a still greater surprise to the other fellow, for he let out a yell and broke for the rear, followed by a rapid-fire bombardment of 16-candle power incandescent bulbs, which I continued to chuck at him as long as he remained in range. They smashed against the furniture with a series of crashes that alarmed the whole neighborhood, and I have been gathering up fragments of broken glass ever since. The burglar must have thought I was chasing him with hand grenades. It was the first time I ever knew incandescent made such a row when they broke. An electrician tells me it is caused by the air rushing into the vacuum."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



Then Larkins and the boy would proceed to have the "time," and while it lasted the onlookers would declare that the frowzy-headed baby was quite as old as the big, bearded miner who would toss him in the air and gallop about the room as a horse for the little driver. To the baby this play was a serious matter, as it clutched its father's suspenders and lisped commands for which he labored all day, and the room would ring with merriment.

One day while Larkins was at work the child wandered from the cabin and was drowned in Otter creek. That day every pick in the camp was laid down. No man could work when Larkins' "kid" was dead.

The miners went at once to Larkins' shanty and found him there, sitting on a barrel, his head buried in his hands. He did not look up when they approached, and "Bill" Wheeler, gambler, who was with the party, touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Larkins, we've come to do what we can. It ain't much, but we can search the creek for the boy. Cheer up—"

Larkins raised his head, glanced about him, and smiled. No one but Wheeler, perhaps, who was accustomed to reading the faces of men, noticed the gleam in his eye.

"Thank you, boys," said Larkins, simply. "You're good, but you don't—you can't—understand. The kid is gone, and it's a father's place to find him. I'll start out after a time, when I feel better. I'll find the kid, boys, never worry. You don't think his dad would desert him now? Good-by."

Larkins spoke earnestly, and the miners left him by himself, still sitting there on the barrel. They knew that nothing they could do could soften his grief.

That night practically every man in Digger City assembled at the Serech Eagle, but there was little drinking and no stories. They were there to wait and could not tell for what. Some one had suggested that Wheeler and another go to Larkins' cabin to find out how he was coming on, when a laugh—"It was Larkins"—was heard just outside the door. Then the man, with a dripping beard held tawdry in his arms, stalked into the room.

"Late, ain't it, boys?" said Larkins, cheerily. "Couldn't help it, though, for the kid and I have been having a romp that pretty near played his dad out. Pretty soon now he'll be too old to play, and his dad won't be much use then. But we had a great time, didn't we, my boy? Now, baby, let's play horse. Come on! Ha! ha! ha!"

IS LIKE NAPOLEON.

"OOM" PAUL TO BE CONFINED ON ST. HELENA

If the Tide of Battle Goes Wrong with Him in South Africa—Rumor Predicts This Fate for the Grand Old Farmer President.

The statement that has been going the rounds of the English press to the effect that if Oom Paul Kruger is captured he will be imprisoned on the island of St. Helena, draws attention to this island retreat, which has been immortalized as the home of the first Napoleon. The island, which lies over 1,000 miles west of Africa, was discovered by the Portuguese in 1501. At that time the discovery was of considerable importance, for the island lay on the route of ships going around the world, or part way around it, to India, and it was looked upon as a safe and convenient stopping place for vessels. The island was accordingly well stocked with "goats, asses, hogs and other cattle" for the benefit of passing ships. The first human inhabitant arrived in 1518, and the event came about in this way: The Portuguese had taken a victory in India, and had taken captive a number of Portuguese deserters. The victors of Portugal ordered that the deserters should have their ears, noses, right hands and left thumbs cut off, and that they should be sent in that condition back to Portugal. But in returning they were mercifully landed at St. Helena, where they were given poultry, fowls of different kinds and partridges, and other wild fowls were set free on the island for them. Vegetables and fruits were also left that they might have subsistence. The few inhabitants grew in numbers and prospered, planting fruit trees and vegetables, which grew abundantly. In June, 1588, Thomas Cavendish, the English explorer, sighted the island, and the first account of it was given to the English public.

In 1600 the British West Indies company was organized, and the island was more frequently visited by the English as well as by the Portuguese. But the latter people had made numerous settlements along the coast of Africa, and they no longer needed the island for the benefit of their ships on the way to India, so they abandoned it. Thereupon the Dutch seized it with alacrity. But in the middle of the seventeenth century also abandoned it, leaving it for the more promising colony of the Cape of Good Hope. It is interesting to remember that it was at that time that the Dutch took their hold on South Africa, leaving a way for the English to occupy St. Helena. Out of the Dutch occupation of Cape Colony, followed in the beginning of the century by the English occupation thereof, has arisen the present trouble in the Transvaal. It would be passing strange if that trouble should result in President Kruger's occupation of the island. When the Dutch left the Cape of Good Hope the English took possession of the island of St. Helena; that is, the East India company took it, for a stopping place for their ships. The first governor of the island under English supremacy erected in 1658 a fortification. In 1672 the Dutch recovered the island by stratagem, but the next year the English regained possession. From that time until 1824 the island remained in possession of the East India company. It then became a possession of the British crown.

The event, however, which made St. Helena famous for all time was the banishment of Napoleon Bonaparte to its rocky shores, and his death there after the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon landed on St. Helena in November, 1815. The population of the island was then but a hundred or so more than 4,000. The former emperor occupied a residence and grounds known as "Longwood." This was situated on a plateau at the summit of a mountain about 2,000 feet above the sea. The grounds embraced 1,500 acres, and were three and a quarter miles inland from the little town of Jamestown. Here it was that the great soldier spent his last days, and it was here that he finally passed away May 5, 1821.

Dublin's Death Rate.
The death rate of Dublin, Ireland, has become alarmingly high, has always been quite appalling. The city is plentifully supplied with hospitals and doctors—more plentifully, perhaps, than any other city of its size in the world—but the mortality, especially among the poorer classes, seems to be daily increasing at an alarming rate. The main drainage and the house drainage, both of which are as bad as bad can be, are generally regarded as the chief cause of the mischief, combined, of course, with the unsanitary conditions under which the bulk of the citizens are obliged to live. Houses that were originally intended for one family will be found occupied by five, six, seven, and even a dozen families. There are 20,000 families, or 100,000 of the population, living in filthy tenements, and there are only 4,894 families living in self-contained houses in the city. The public health authorities appear to be utterly powerless to cope with the evil and grave complaints are heard as to the remissness of duty on their part. But, pending the completion of the main drainage scheme, no radical improvement need be expected.

Proved His Theory.
The late Hall McAllister some years ago entertained a visiting scientist at the Union club, before its amalgamation with the Pacific, and during the evening, a particularly foggy one, made some whimsical remark conveying the idea that fog was an excellent conductor of sound. The scientist took exception to this novel theory and asked Mr. McAllister on what it was based. "On phenomena which we have all observed," returned the ready jurist. "On an evening like this we hear the fog horn quite distinctly, but when there is no fog we cannot hear it at all."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Scarlet Fever Shuns the Tropics.
A medical paper directs attention to the curious fact that scarlet fever has never been observed in an epidemic form in the tropical or sub-tropical regions of Asia or Africa.

RUSSIAN LACEMAKERS.

Peasant Women Who Employ the Winter Hours at This Calling.

The Russian peasant women are among the finest lacemakers in the world. The lace made by them is strong and practically indestructible. The women make their lace in winter, for during the summer time they are much occupied with agricultural duties. Lacemaking is entirely a home industry, for the peasants even produce their own materials. If they have seed they grow the flax, spin the thread and weave the lace; or, if they have sheep to yield them wool they spin and finally convert it into the celebrated and beautiful Orenburg shawls. Sometimes a woman makes her lace from the very beginning—that is, from the sowing of the flax seeds—that she may even sell the lace for herself, but that is not always the case. It often happens that some women raise the flax and spin the thread and then exchange with the lacemakers, but the whole thing is done by the peasants among themselves, and it is entirely peasant labor, the men even making the spinning wheels and the looms for weaving. The women get up early in the morning. It may be at 4 or 5 o'clock, and they work on until 11 or 12 at night. But for all that they are a gay people, and in the evening a great many will assemble at one house and will sing as they work. Occasionally they will stop for a little while and will dance, and then start working again. They are happy, and as they all work for themselves and have no masters they are at liberty to use the design they like working best and to labor or rest according to their own convenience. Many of the lace designs are old, while others are made by the workers from things they see around them, the frost on the windows being a frequent source of inspiration. Every thread in a piece of lace has to have a pair of bobbins. The children begin with a piece of narrow lace with about ten pairs of bobbins, and experienced workers use more or fewer bobbins, according to the width of the lace. Lacemakers generally live in one place, and the women who do other kinds of work are together in other towns. Near Moscow there is a town which is filled with lacemakers, and on approaching it one can hear the sound of the bobbins.

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FAKES

Newspaper Man Who Gulled Both the Public and His Employers.

"The most incorrigible faker that ever spilled ink on a daily paper is at present a director in a big trust in the northeast," said an old reporter last evening. "The way he got out of the newspaper business was rather peculiar and the story is now pretty generally forgotten it may be worth telling. He had persuaded one of the big northern dailies to send him on a trip to Hawaii to write up the sugar industry, but after he arrived at 'Frisco he concluded it would be foolish to make a long ocean voyage when there were so many good cyclopedias at hand, and proceeded to grind out his letters from a room in the Palace hotel. The correspondence attracted a good deal of attention, and his description of island life were generally regarded as the most truthful and graphic that had ever been penned. Just how he arranged about getting his remittances I don't remember, but he fixed it somehow and kept the thing up for several months. Then he was supposed to return, and at last really took the train for the east. En route he got broke in a Pullman car poker game. It was then he executed his great coup. He got off at a little town in Arizona and telegraphed his office: 'Just held up by train robbers. Got all I had. Wire me \$250.' The office answered: 'Money sent. Rush in full account hold-up.' In response he promptly wired a lurid story of a train robbery on the great American desert, which his paper printed under glaring headlines next morning, and when a few western correspondents denied it later on the superintendent of the road, however, was very sore, and took the trouble to send a bunch of affidavits to the merry romancer's editor. When the young man was confronted with the proofs he said calmly that a chap on the Pullman had held a sequence flush against his four aces, and if that didn't constitute train robbery he would like to know what did. The argument was ingenious, but it didn't save him. He was ignominiously fired, and now, as I said before, he is a bloated trust magnate, rolling in riches. I always thought he would come to some bad end."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

FEASTED UPON FOE'S CARCASS

Merrymaking of a Frisco Neighborhood Over Death of a Ghost.

Two hundred residents and property owners of the Sunset district participated in a novel entertainment on the evening of Nov. 17. For some time past a voracious goat belonging to Philip Diez has been a constant source of annoyance to its owner's neighbors on account of its depredations in their yards and its beligerency when disturbed on these occasions. All sorts of schemes were devised and executed for the purpose of circumventing this unwelcome visitor, but with persistence worthy of a better cause the goat overcame all obstacles, overruled all objections and continued to show an extremely bold front to all who sought to discourage his raids. Finally, in desperation, a committee of his victims called upon the goat's owner and demanded satisfaction. Recognizing that his goat was incorrigible and anxious to conciliate his angry neighbors, Diez consented to sacrifice the animal to the public good and suggested that his visitors help him to eat the carcass of the brute. This idea was accepted with avidity and the committeemen left, highly elated over the success of their mission. On talking the matter over with their friends, however, other victims of the goat's idiosyncrasies expressed a desire to attend the obsequies and the idea suggested by Diez was finally adopted as the keynote for a public demonstration. A committee of arrangements was accordingly appointed, a formal program drawn up and some 200 invitations were issued. The affair took the form of a banquet at Park View hotel, followed by an entertainment. The goat's meat had the distinction of being served on a separate table. P. J. Diez was given the place of honor as toastmaster in recognition of his generosity in sacrificing his pet.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Predictions Were Wrong.

In 1186 astrologers said the world would be destroyed by the conjunction of the planets. A few years later another alarm was raised, and in 1532 Simon Goulari claimed a mountain had opened in Assyria and a scroll had been shown him on which was written the prediction the world was coming to an end. He frightened everybody. Again, in 1354, the end was foretold; a famous astrologer was the prophet, and people were so terrified they sought refuge in churches, but the dreaded day passed. In the sixteenth century a famous prophecy was made by Jean Stoffer, a German mathematician. He said in 1524 there would be a universal deluge in February. People in Europe, Asia and Africa thought their end had come, and in Germany people sold their property to those who had less credulity. Thousands fled to the mountains, some took to boats, and one man built an ark. Not a drop of rain fell during February. In the eighteenth century there were many prophecies and, as usual, the common people were vastly frightened. In 1832 it was claimed Biela's comet would hit the earth, and turmoil resulted. Mother Shipton sang that the world to an end would come in 1881, but the earth stayed on, and the inhabitants were properly thankful. A Mr. Baxter created a sensation in England by saying 1887 would see the end of things temporal, and thousands believed. They were much surprised to find themselves still living when 1888 dawned.

Who He Was.

Visitor—"And who are you, my little man?"
Cuthbert [with conscious pride—"I'm the baby's brother."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

ENTERPRISING YANKEE WIDOW

She Knew the Value of a Life Pass and Made Use of It.

One of the islands in Panama bay used to belong to an enterprising old woman from Connecticut, the widow of a sea captain, and she lived all alone there in a little cabin for several years after her husband died. In the course of time—that is, about ten years ago—the Pacific Steam Navigation company desired that particular island for warehouses and repair shops, and when it came to make the purchase the ancient Yankee dame drove a very hard bargain. She made it a condition of the sale that the company should give her a life pass upon its steamers for herself and a maid, to be used at her pleasure. This was done without misgivings. The manager of the company thought it was only right to give the old woman a sea voyage now and then, but experience caused him to think differently, for as soon as she had conveyed the title to the property, and had received a card signed by the president and general manager granting her passage at all times on their line, she calmly moved aboard their best steamer, selected a stateroom and cruised up and down the coast for several months. At Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaiso and other of the large ports she would go ashore while the ship was loading and unloading, but she always left most of her traps in the stateroom and came aboard again before the sailing date. When she got tired of one steamer she would try another, and was not contented with getting her living free of cost, but actually attempted to make a profit out of the arrangement. The old woman had never enjoyed the luxury of a maid in her life before she entered into this contract with the steamship company, but on several occasions brought a woman aboard whom she introduced as such, and she demanded that she be allowed free passage. The company's officers discovered that she was collecting fare from these women—that is, scalping her passengers—and declined to carry any more of them. The old woman made a terrible fuss about it, and threatened to sue the company for violating its agreement, but a lawyer she consulted advised her not to prosecute the case, and she reluctantly abandoned it. She continued to live aboard the Pacific steamers until her death a few years ago.—Chicago Record.

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A searchlight isn't necessary to enable a man to find fault.