

True Freedom.

Oh, tear the tight bound fetters off! And cast forever from your sight The cruel, rusted chains of pain.

Free as the sea, in love as broad, To move where God would have you be!

Be free to lend a helping hand, To ease some heart's distress to-day.

Free as the sea, in love as broad, To move where God would have you be!

MISS EMMELINE

BY THOS. G. FESSENDEN

Noel Thornton, feeling very much a martyr to duty, walked up the old elm-lined street in the gray gloom of the winter afternoon.

"And while you are in Exmouth," his mother had said, "be sure and call on Miss Emmeline."

A delay in forwarding girders had temporarily stopped work on the bridge, and back at the hotel he had so reluctantly quitted the other engineers were starting a game of pitch.

The fact that Miss Emmeline had been a friend of his philosopher grandfather (Noel termed his ancestor "A brainy old boy, but way beyond him") filled him with dismal forebodings.

He fancied himself endeavoring to keep pace with Miss Emmeline's conversation, and groaned inwardly. Nevertheless, he walked briskly on, and presently stopped before a huge old colonial house on whose polished doorplate shone the name "Calvert."

He mounted the steps and gave several resounding blows with the brass knocker.

To the portly colored woman who answered his summons he handed his card, and was shown into what evidently was the reception room.

"Some day," he said quietly and firmly, "I shall find her, and she will be like you."

Miss Emmeline drew away her hand rather abruptly. Noel looked up to find her blushing furiously. She murmured something indistinctly about "hoping he would find her," and left him there alone. Noel went out extremely puzzled.

That night he wrote his mother a long letter setting forth the charms of Miss Emmeline. "The face of a girl—and the mind of a sage," was among the things he wrote.

Two days later he received an answering letter from his mother. "I can't understand about Miss Emmeline," she wrote. "She is here in New York, and the house is in charge of her grandniece."

Noel waited impatiently in the reception room. Presently he heard the swish of silk and Miss Emmeline came in. He took her hand and held it firmly.

"I've found her," he said abruptly, "the one like you."

She looked at him narrowly. "Will you marry me?" he asked, quietly.

"My dear boy, at my age—" "Pardon me," said Noel, "your wig has slipped back."

It was a choice bit of fiction, but it worked beautifully. She gave a little cry of dismay and sank into a chair. "Oh," she said, almost in tears, "I was masquerading in these clothes the first day you came, and—well, it was an awful temptation."

Noel came over to the chair and took one of the hands in his. "Will you marry me?" He felt the little hand tighten about his own.

"You'll never tell Aunt Emmeline!" she whispered.—Boston Globe.

Why don't they raise girls like that now?" he burst out.

Noel called again on Miss Emmeline the next Thursday and the next. After that he went often. Whether it was her soft, vibrant voice, her gentle eyes or her girlish manner that drew her to him he could not say.

One bleak afternoon as he was about to take his departure they were standing together in the hall. Noel suddenly seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

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Old Lady Was Surprised. In the great Boston public library there stands on a pedestal in a corner of Bates hall, the main reading room, a bust in very dark bronze of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the patron saint of Boston.

As Lindsay Swift, the assistant librarian, was walking about keeping an eye over his charges the other day he saw two old ladies who were wandering about the building approach the shrine, and to his astonishment and horror overheard the following words as both the good dames critically examined the likeness:

"Why, I never knew," remarked one to the other, drawing back a little, "that Dr. Holmes was a negro!"

"New York Times." Know the Locality. One of Simon Ford's latest stories is about a Pennsylvania Sunday school. A young lady with philanthropic motives was teaching a dozen or two little ones in the mining district.

"Now, where did I tell you the Savior was born?" she asked one morning.

"Allentown!" shrieked a grimy twelve-year-old.

"Why, what do you mean, Johnnie? I told you he was born at Bethlehem."

"Well," replied Johnnie. "I knowed 'twuz some place on de Lehigh Valley railroad."—New York Times.



In the gray gloom of a winter afternoon.

MUSIC WAS NOT WANTED.

Bandmaster's Sudden and Unwelcome Realization of the Fact.

A Philadelphia recently gave a breakfast in John Philip Sousa's honor. As the breakfast began a stringed orchestra struck up, and Mr. Sousa said, with a smile:

"This music, striking up just now, reminds me of something that happened on the frontier a year ago. "A noted European soldier was spending several weeks on the frontier studying certain military questions there, and whenever he dined at headquarters the regimental band, to show its respect for him, voluntarily played. "Day after day the foreigner messaged with the officers, and day after day, as soon as he sat down, the admiring band hurried to its place and began to toot."

"These little attentions," the bandmaster went on explaining, "are what foreign officers of rank like. They are used to them at home, and if they didn't get them here they'd feel that they were being slighted." "One evening, as the band was playing with great industry in the foreigner's honor, the old man, at the end of a rousing march, suddenly uttered an oath that resounded through the room. "Perdition take that band!" he exclaimed in a thunderous voice. "It always begins its noise just at the time I'm sitting down to dinner and want to talk."

"Thereupon the bandmaster, flushing, signaled to his men, and they all trooped out silently with their instruments and music books, not altogether complimented with the effect of their strains."

THE RETORT THAT BITES.

Some Experiences of a Saleswoman on a Busy Day.

"When a complaint is coming my way," said the experienced saleswoman, "give me the customer who is an out-and-out scold instead of one who is brimming over with sarcasm. You can always get a word back somehow with the cross woman. But the sarcastic snapper has gathered up her bundles and gone before you understand what a nasty bit of talk she has thrown at you. In the department for children's wash suits, the other day, I was kept waiting for a customer's change. When I took it to her she said:

"Oh, you might as well go back and get me a size larger. My little boy is sure to have grown while I have been waiting for this change."

"I had to get even with somebody for that one. My chance came next day in the ribbon department. We were getting rid of job lots at a bargain.

"Only three cents a yard" asked one woman.

"Yes, ma'am, I replied. "Shop-worn, I suppose?" she asked suspiciously.

"No, ma'am, I said. "Did you want them shop-worn?"

Mizzpah. Go thou thy way, and I go mine, Apart yet not afar. Only a thin veil hangs 'tween thee and me. The night winds we are. And 'God keep watch 'tween thee and me."

This is my prayer. He looks thy way, He looketh mine, And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may be, Or which way mine shall be, If mine will lead thee to parching sands, And thine beside the sea; Yet God keep watch 'tween thee and me, So never fear. He holds my hand, He claspseth mine, And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine, And my lot lonely be; Or you be sad and sorrowful, And glory be for me; Yet 'God keep watch 'tween thee and me, Both be his care. One arm round thee, and one round me, Will keep us near.

I'll sigh sometimes to see thy face, But since this may not be, I'll leave thee to the care of Him Who cares for thee and me. "I'll keep you both beneath my wings." This comforts, dear; One wing o'er thee, and one o'er me, So we are near.

And though our paths be separate, And thy way is not mine, Yet coming to the mercy-seat, My soul shall meet with thine; And 'God keep watch 'tween thee and me, So we are near. I'll whisper there He blesseth thee, He blesseth me, And so we are near. —Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury.

In Death as in Life. They tell a good story of a well-known contractor in Chicago, named Coleseed, who had always been very active with all sort of schemes. Although his means were not large, he had managed to keep his head above water through the aid of pretty nearly all the banks.

His wife was discussing with him the sudden death of Herman Butler and said:

"Mrs. Butler, told me that her husband selected his pall bearers before he died. I think it was so nice of him, my dear; if you were taken before me, who would you like to have act as pall bearers?"

Coleseed thought a moment and then said: "Well, dear, ask the presidents of the eight leading banks of Chicago. They have carried me all my life."—New York Times.

Many Getting Insured. Statistics that speak with the authority of complete knowledge point to the existence to-day of a good supply of ready capital among the rank and file of America's eighty millions of inhabitants, for not in many years has life insurance business been so active as now. This branch of industry serves as a barometer, as money placed in this direction is usually classified under the "luxury" list.

Two men in this country are now insured for more than a million and a half each, one for a million, eight for three-quarters of a million, and twenty-seven men carry individual policies of half a million.

A New Language. The last man to propose a universal language is Prof. Plano. It is essentially Latin, but without inflections, tenses, moods and genders. Persons, cases and numbers are also abolished. It looks easy, but its very omissions may prove dangerous.

Conway Is to Rest. Moncure D. Conway has finished his autobiography and has gone to London for a long rest.

WITH THE VETERANS

Dead at Liao-Yang. He had no quarrel with any man, He knew not what they called him for; Yet, roll and pack upon his back, To bear his rifle—and his cross. "The little father calls," he said, And followed, followed as he sang, Till on a trampled trench he lay Among the dead at Liao-Yang.

Not his the dream of land and power, The greed of gain, the dread of loss; He marched with orders to the field To bear his rifle—and his cross. God had ordained it, so he faced The pelting hail that snarled and sang And gave his patient blood away Among the dead at Liao-Yang.

He had no quarrel with any man, He had no cause to battle for; Yet, roll and pack upon his back, To bear his rifle—and his cross. Ivan, the peasant, went to war. A minister had made a map, From which a deadly army sprang. So Ivan fell and made no sign Among the dead at Liao-Yang.

Grant Wouldn't Scare. Soon after Mr. Lincoln's great spirit had taken flight, April 15, 1865, Gen. Halleck appeared at the Baltimore & Ohio station to escort Gen. Grant to the war department. They parted at Secretary Stanton's private office door and Halleck paced nervously up and down the corridor. At length, turning to Grant's staff attendant, he said:

"Don't let Gen. Grant stop at Willard's. He will not be safe there."

"But, general," the attendant replied, "wouldn't such advice to my chief be presumptuous?"

After a moment's reflection, Halleck so modified it as to request its delivery as an earnest wish from him. This was done in front of the white house, eliciting instantaneous response:

"I reckon if they want me they'll find me wherever I may be. We'll go to Willard's."—Grant's Shadow, in National Magazine.

Drummer Boy of Chickamauga.



This is a picture of "Johnnie" Clem, aged 12, the "Drummer Boy of Chickamauga," now Col. John L. Clem, chief quartermaster of the Philippine division.

Fun on Picket Duty. "I can't see yet," said Dan R. Anderson, "where those Russians and Japs have any fun on picket. Now, in the old days there was always something doing in the First Kentucky, and it was more exciting in the early days of the war to go on picket duty to go scouting. On one occasion while we were in camp at Kanawha Falls I was detailed for picket with Bob Murphy, Donald Brick and John Banister of my own company, and five or six men from other companies. We were sent down the river road and posted at the lower end of the narrow. There was only one post and the reserve held the road.

"The picket post was a natural fort, formed by detached rocks that had broken loose from the mountain and fallen so as to make a rock-enclosed bastion large enough to hold comfortably five or six men. On the side next the mountain was a large rock, nearly flat on top, this top sloping downward toward the inside of the fort. This rock was seven or eight feet high, with a flat face and a step, or shelf, about two feet high, which was a standing invitation to a man of average parts to sit down.

"I was on first relief and was posted in the fort, the officer in charge saying: 'If you hear anyone coming down from the direction of the mountain fire and fall back on the reserve.' Soon I heard someone coming—coming boldly and making a good deal of noise. I brought my gun into position, and the old muzzle loader seemed, in its anxiety to get into action, to describe all sorts of curves and circles. It gyrated like a searchlight striving to locate the enemy, and the inclination to pull the trigger was almost irresistible, and finally I pulled it.

There was a tremendous explosion in my immediate vicinity and a noise in front like the scurry of a cavalry company. Then there was a thumping against the big rock and in three minutes I was reinforced by the entire picket outfit. There was still a thumping noise in front and some of the boys went forward to see how many cavalrymen I had put out of action. Snug up against my little fort lay a fine, fat 2-year-old steer, with a short piece of chain around his neck, and, mark you, shot in the head. That meant fresh beef in camp."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gen. Elack's Farewell. Gen. John C. Elack, who has just retired from the office of the head of the Grand Army of the Republic, crowned a very successful administration by presiding with marked dignity and ability over the national encampment the proceedings of which were characterized by unblemished good feeling, earnestness and zeal. Gen. Elack's address to the encampment was touchingly eloquent and grandly fraternal. We quote from it briefly as follows:

"A year since, at San Francisco, you elected me commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. In accepting the high office I was enjoined to use the power with prudence and judgment and with regard to the feelings of those associated with me and only with one thought—the interest of our noble order. This was the charge laid upon me by that Senior of us all whom we delight to honor, and whose wise counsels have ever been at his comrade's service. The obligation I then assumed I have to the best of my ability kept and performed; it is for the record now opened before you to testify in what measure I have succeeded. Touched by unflinching Time, our ranks are thinned (despite all recruiting), but they remain firm and united. Those who survive are the Old Guard of the Republic, who have never known overthrow, whose noble obligations are unbroken. Those deeds of fraternity charity and loyalty still bind up brothers' wounds, still minister to the wants of the weary and worn; still lift on high the unsullied standards of country, humanity and God. For us all abides one unalterable purpose—the Union, the whole Union; one prayer—that its blessings of peace and liberty may be wide as the world; one pledge—of life and fortune and sacred honor to the upholding of stately Splendors of Freedom's flag."

Suffered in Libby. Among the many old soldiers that are still living in Wrentham, Mass., says a dispatch from that place, none have passed through any greater sufferings than those which Martin Van Buren Murphy endured while he was confined in Libby prison for a period of four months. Mr. Murphy enlisted from this town and filled up its quota in the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts. After the battle of Cedar Creek he was sent out to reconnoiter with a number of others and was captured by a detachment of cavalry under Mosby and sent to Libby prison. When captured he weighed 120 pounds; four months afterward he was exchanged and taken to a Washington hospital, and after a month's treatment was discharged, weighing sixty-seven pounds.

The diet in Libby prison, he says, consisted of an inch square of corn bread with the cob ground in, and a bit of mule meat in the morning and at night another inch of bread and a cup of bean soup with a dozen beans in it.

When he was discharged from the hospital in Washington he was in time to see Sherman's army march through the city, and the memory of that grand spectacle still lingers in the old soldier's mind.

Two Notable Grand Army Men. The Grand Army post of Lynn, Mass., has the distinction of having the oldest and youngest of civil war veterans in the persons of Edward I. Goldsmith, aged 93 and William A. Hammond, who is 51 years old. Mr. Hammond comes of patriotic stock. His grandfather Hammond was a veteran of the Mexican war, and he has a brother Thomas M. Hammond, who served on the frigate Hartford during the civil war. He was born in Boston Nov. 4, 1852, and enlisted Nov. 27, 1862, when 11 years of age, for three years or the length of the war, as messenger boy on the second-class frigate Ticonderoga. The enlistment was not accomplished without difficulty, but as the little fellow was large for his age he was finally accepted. Mr. Goldsmith does not look a day over 70 years of age. His eyes are bright and his hearing is very slightly, if at all, impaired. He goes for a walk on nearly every fine day, and is a familiar figure about the streets of Lynn. Although he was over the age limit for service when the war broke out, an exception was made in his case.

Cause of Meade's Gray Hairs. After the final surrender of the Confederate forces at Appomattox Gen. Lee and Gen. Meade, who before the outbreak of hostilities had been comrades in the United States army, met with mutual delight and immediately resumed the terms of intimate friendship which had been temporarily interrupted by the war. In the course of the great conflict they had several times been pitted against each other, Meade being the victor and Lee the losing commander at Gettysburg. In the course of their talk on the day of the reconciliation Lee remarked playfully to his old friend that he was beginning to feel the weight of years; time was telling upon him. To this Meade replied: "It isn't time, but Gen. Lee who has made me gray and wrinkled."

Women as Social Slaves

"I can't help wishing," said a woman who values her friendships, "that we women could rid ourselves of the debit and credit system in our exchange of visits and letters."

"Perhaps it is a relic of my Quaker ancestry, but I feel as if in the paying of visits and the writing of letters I would like to be 'moved by the spirit' rather than impelled by the mere circumstance of indebtedness. Often I feel as if I could really enjoy an hour's chat with a friend, but the fact that she owes me a call keeps me at home, for I lack the courage to face her well bred surprise over my forgetting the conventionalities."

"On the other hand, it may happen that more than the accepted length of time has elapsed since I visited an acquaintance. Then I am sure, when I do go to see her, to feel a chilly atmosphere of injured wonder as to why I have not called before."

"No one more thoroughly enjoys writing long letters to her family and friends than I do, but there are days, even weeks at a time, when the mechanical pushing of a pen is irksome, and I long for some power of telepathy to communicate with my friends at a distance. To force oneself to

write letters at such a time seems almost a sin. "I know one woman who actually averages a letter a day the year through. If she misses writing her daily stunt on week days she forthwith makes up for it by grinding out seven letters on Sunday. I could not consent to become such a mechanical letter writing machine as that."

"I think we women might learn a lesson from our husbands and brothers. For instance, at dinner my husband will say, 'Oh, by the way, So-and-So dropped into the office, and we went out to lunch together. Hadn't I seen him for ever so long. Had a good visit with him and he wished to be remembered to you. Fine fellow. Always enjoy meeting him.' Or, 'Had a line to-day from What's His Name. He's out on the Pacific coast. There's six months. It's the first time I heard from him since he left New York. I'm glad he's found the place he deserves.'"

"Imagine such ease of social relations between two women! With us it is forever: give and take, pound for pound. In the realms of calls and correspondence there is no such being as an emancipated woman."

Byron's Tribute to Boone

Of all men, saving Sylla the man-slayer, Who passes for in life and death most lucky, Of the great names which in our faces stare, The General Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky, Was highest amongst mortals anywhere; For, killing nothing but bear or buck, he Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous harmless days Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him, she is not the child Of solitude; Health shrank not from him, for Her home is in the rarely trodden wild, Where if men seek her not, and death be more Their choice than life, forgive them, as they would; By habit to what their own hearts abhor, In cities caged, The present case in point Cite is, that Boone lived hunting up to ninety;

And, what's still stranger, left behind a name For which men vainly decimate the strong, Not only famous, but of that good fame, Without which glory's but a tavern song. Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame, Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong, An active hermit, even in age the child Of nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his nation; When they built up unto his darling trees, He moved some hundred miles off, for a station Where there were fewer houses and more ease;

The inconvenience of civilization Is that you neither can be pleased nor bless'd; But where he met the individual man, He showed himself as kind as mortal can. He was not all alone; around him grew A sylvan tribe of children of the chase, Whose young, unawakened world was ever new; Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a mark On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view Her features on nature's or on human face; The freeman forest found and kept them free, And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot, were they Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abstractions; Because their thoughts had never been the prey Of care or gain; the green woods were their portions; No sinking spirits told them their grew gray; No fashion made them times apes of her distaff; Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles, Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers; And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil; Nor yet, too many nor too few their numbers; Corruption could not make their hearts her own; The lust which stings, the splendor which encumbers, With the free foresters divide no spoil; Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes Of this unshining people of the woods. —Byron (Don Juan).

One of Woman's Problems

For one blessing man is enviable—his pockets. Woman occasionally has a pocket, but she can't use it. "Put in a pocket," she pleads, and the dressmaker sends home the new skirt with a pocket stowed away in the recesses of a hook-up pocket hole. It is not a workable pocket for three reasons:

First, it bulges if there is even a handkerchief in it, destroying the symmetry of the outline.

Second, things aimed at it rarely succeed in forcing an entrance, but fall alongside, downward, with a whack on the floor.

Third, who could fumble through a whole row of hooks and eyes, placed in the center seam at the back? As a trifling obstacle in the way of blind manipulation it may be mentioned that such hooks are usually of a tricky patent, or they would not stay fastened at all.

At the hem of the garment, under the "foundation" frill, pockets like a tiny crescent-shaped pouch may also be found lurking. A handkerchief can repose in one in safety, merely involving some suppleness in the owner, who must execute a kind of dive in withdrawing and reinserting it. A

silks foundation sometimes accommodates quite a practical looking receptacle to which the unwary at first intrust even a purse or a pocket knife. But hard objects dangling on a level with the knee are ill companions, and those who have once knelt on a latch key never desire to repeat the experience.

"I asked for pockets and they gave me handbags," is the plaint of the petticoated throng, who wonder who will invent them a third hand for their umbrellas while they guard their money with their right and with their left keep their garments from the mud.

In the meantime, while Fashion is decreeing that sovereigns shall jingle in jeweled coat of mail from the end of a slender chain, apparently designed for the ready pliers of the deft, womankind, more cunning than they seem, are carving a way out of the difficulty. They may carry their purses for all the world to see, and a handkerchief peeps out of their sleeves, but in many a silken under-skirt, where it will not interfere with the set, is a pocket, roomy and secure. There it is that the wise woman keeps her gold and her love letters.—London Graphic.

Cure for Whisky Habit

"Talking about not having anything to take the place of whisky when one wants to quit for a while," said a thoughtful man, "reminds me of the interesting plan of a friend of mine, and one, by the way, who had an original method of doing almost everything he undertook to do. He was in the habit of getting on sprees, and they were lively events, I can assure you. But when he quit, he quit in dead earnest. There was no middle ground in his case. He did not drink to get drunk. He drank for the fun there was in it, and he could get more fun out of the game than any other man I have ever known. But these sprees did not come often enough to interfere with his business plans. However, I started out to tell you about his sober life, and not about the drinking part of his career, except as an incident to the story. Drinking is exciting. It is a most difficult matter, as a rule, for a man who drinks to find anything that will take the place of drinking because of the excitement of the habit. If this were an easy

task I am sure there would be less drinking in the world because it would be easier for men to control the passion for strong drink, once the passion finds lodgment in the system. My friend had solved this problem, and he solved it in an original way. He would take to dime novels. He would buy a carload of the most exciting stories he could find, the very yellowest of the yellow, and whenever you found him with a lot of these books you could bet he was in for a long sober spell. He would carry one in his pocket all the time, and whenever the hours began to drag and the day got dull, you would find him pouring over the book. "It's just as exciting," he would say, "and a whole lot cheaper than drinking." And so it was. But he is the only man I ever knew who hit upon a really successful plan of finding something that would supply the excitement needed to overcome the longing for drink in the case of the man who once becomes used to that sort of thing."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Hooligan Helped Old Man. In Twenty-third street, between Lexington and Third avenues, a venerable man sits all day long beside an assortment of shoelaces and lead pencils which he offers for sale. He seldom speaks, but attracts the attention of passers-by by motioning with his forefinger to a painted signboard on the pavement, which reads: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Please Do Not Let an Old Man Starve." In the lid of a box close by is an assortment of nickels and pennies, spread out like checkers on a checkerboard, indicating that the old man is quite willing to take the public into his confidence as to his day's receipts. There was enough to keep him from starvation there the other afternoon, when a travel-stained wayfarer of the distinct Hooligan type happened along. He gazed pitifully at the long white hair and spot-

less white waistcoat of the shoelace beggar.

"Poo' ole chap!" he exclaimed. Then he dug a nickel from somewhere in his tattered clothes and disappeared into a saloon. Buying a beer, he stepped to the free lunch counter and stowed away in the broad and dirty palm of his hand a substantial lunch of leberwurst, bread, cheese, radishes and sliced cucumbers before the astonished bartender could interfere. Without stopping to wipe the beer foam from his mustache, the Hooligan hurried to the old man and deposited his burden of food flat upon the neatly painted canvas sign.

"There, ole fel," he said, "shan't starve if I can help it. I've been a panhandler myself. But I never had to work selling shoelaces."—New York Times.