

WIELAND--NAPOLEON.

THE ACED POET MEETS THE EMPEROR.

Both Seemed to Be Impressed by the Interview of Two Hours—The Ruler Made the Plain Scholar His Equal—Various Subjects Discussed.



A MID the brilliant scenes arranged for the entertainment of Napoleon in the stately little town of Weimar, and when surrounded by that German aristocracy which he had humbled, the emperor also summoned to his presence the man who in the two periods of his career personified first the strength and then the weakness of the German folk—the aged Wieland.

During the evening this gentle and now temperate old man had heard the actors of the French comedy, brought among other decorative trappings from Paris, declaim the "Death of Caesar" from the stage of the dual theater; he had listened to Tolma's significant utterance of the words, "rule without violence over a conquered universe," and then, wearied by the excitement of these strange experiences, had withdrawn from further revelry.

Wieland would never tell or write what was said, and we know only enough to feel that the great soldier's words were worthy both of his genius and of the occasion. He had treated the German nobility with haughtiness; this plain scholar he treated as an equal. Speaking of the ancients, and defending the Caesars against Tacitus, he discussed the rise of Christianity and emphasized the value of all religions in conserving morals.

"Admirable! admirable!" said Napoleon. "It is not just to paint everything dark, like Tacitus. He is certainly a skillful artist, a bold, subjective colorist, but above all he aims at effect. History wants no illusions; it should illuminate and instruct, not merely give descriptions and narratives which impress us. Tacitus did not sufficiently develop the causes and inner springs of events. He did not sufficiently study the mystery of facts and thoughts, did not sufficiently investigate and scrutinize their connection, to give posterity a just and impartial opinion. History, as I understand it, should know how to catch men and people as they would appear in the midst of their epoch. It should take account of external circumstances which would necessarily exercise an important influence on their actions, and clearly see within what limits that influence wrought. The Roman emperors were not so bad as Tacitus describes them. Therefore I am forced to prefer Montaigne; he is more just, and his criticism is closer to the truth."

In discussing Christianity Napoleon said: "Philosophers seek in vain a better doctrine than one which has reconciled man with himself, and guaranteed the peace and public order of peoples, as well as the happiness and hope of individuals." The talk lasted for two hours, and the interview ended by a movement not of Napoleon, but of Wieland himself, who seemed weary of standing. "Go, go," said the emperor, gently. "Good-night."

The size of a man's world is the size of his ideas. Small ideas, small world. Small world, small man. The nature of the man's world is the nature of the man. If his ideas are pure, he is pure. If his ideas stoop to low things, he must sink to the same low level. The man with ideas rules society. The man without ideas is the sponge that takes up. Ideas are in the intellectual and moral world, a standard as in the commercial world. It takes a certain number to measure up.—Bishop Joyce.

LAST DAYS OF CHEROKEE BILL.

The Scaffold on Which He Died—George Maledon's Discoveries.

The crimes of Cherokee Bill were not only numerous, but the cold-blooded viciousness with which he committed them gained for him the appellation of the "Gorilla."

Clint Seales planned with Rogers to secure the desperado, and they played friendly with him. Bill, however, would never allow any one to get behind him, and even at dinner that day ate with his Winchester across his lap. After finishing the meal he approached the fireplace and stooped for a cigar with which to light a cigarette, when Seales knocked him senseless with a poker and placed handcuffs on his wrists. He was taken to the federal jail at Fort Smith. Here he and other desperate characters in "murderers' row" planned an escape, and in some clandestine manner Bill was furnished with a revolver.

At that moment a ragged, unkempt and typical vagabond came forward and bent over the victim and asked: "Wall, jim, they say you hev to go?" "Yes." "How ye fellin' over it?" "Sorter. No use to kick, Tom." "That's right; you never was no liker, nehew. Got any friends?" "No." "Want word taken to anybody?" "No."

One of the curious forest growths of the Isthmus of Panama and Lower Central America in general is the vine which the Spaniards call matapalo, or "tree-killer." This vine first starts in life as a climber upon the trunks of the large trees, and, owing to its marvelously rapid growth, soon reaches the lower branches. At this point it first begins to put out its "feelers"—tender, harmless looking root shoots, which soon reach the ground and become as firmly fixed as the parent stem.

Nearly all the chickens in the western part of Guinea are perfectly white. The great Cilmo ranch, in southern California, composing 40,000 acres of land, is to be sold to a London syndicate for \$2,999,000. During the month of March last a little over 19,000,000 feet of timber was shipped from the port of Darien, Ga., to foreign and coastwise ports.

The United States steamer Detroit, which arrived at Hong Kong on Feb. 20, made the passage from Nagasaki in twenty-six hours, which is a record run. An examination of pieces of the meteorite which recently burst over Madrid shows that its substance is identical with that of the mineral chautou-nite.

The appearance of a dock-tailed horse on the streets of Lewiston, Idaho, a week or so ago, created a wave of excitement throughout the town. It was the first time such a curious thing had been there, and the new-fangled eastern innovation was subject for the comment in several newspapers in the region.

ONE WAS A TRAMP.

Fatistic Little Scene at a Dying Man's Side.

The way-train ahead of us had struck an open section and been derailed, and two passengers were killed outright and five or six others more or less injured, says the Detroit Free Press. The killed and injured were lying on the depot platform as our train came up, and among the latter was a professional tramp who had been stealing a ride. After the doctor had looked him over the vagabond, who had not lost consciousness for a moment, smiled faintly and asked:

"Wall, pard, what's the verdict of the jury?" "You are badly hurt," was the reply. "I know that, I was right in the squeeze when the two cars cum together. I'm as flat as a pancake. Will I over tramp agin?" "I'm afraid not." "Ar' my legs off?" "No; you are fatally injured, how ever?" "That means I'm a goner?" "Yes." "Wall, I'd hev liked to got over this and had smuthin' to talk about and brag over, but I ain't doin' no kicken. My pard was on the car ahead. Was he hurt?" "No; here he is."

At that moment a ragged, unkempt and typical vagabond came forward and bent over the victim and asked: "Wall, jim, they say you hev to go?" "Yes." "How ye fellin' over it?" "Sorter. No use to kick, Tom." "That's right; you never was no liker, nehew. Got any friends?" "No." "Want word taken to anybody?" "No."

Another doctrine of this society is that it would be infinitely better for families, when an adult member died, if he should be made the subject of careful scientific study. In this way the children or relatives of the deceased might be warned of and taught how to guard against hereditary maladies which might menace them.

It was this double point of view—scientific and humanitarian—that brought about the organization of the Mutual Autopsy Society. The constitution of the society is carefully drawn, and each member is obliged to sign the following pledge:

I, the undersigned, desire and wish that after my death an autopsy of my body be held under the auspices of the Societe d'Autopsie, duly authorized, and also under those as well of the Society for the Advancement of Anthropological Science, both legally recognized to be of public utility.

"Therefore, for the purpose of being useful to science, I bequeath to the laboratory of the aforesaid association my brain and any other part of my body, or my entire body, if that be judged useful in the course of the autopsy."

"Should, however, contrary to my present and wish, my desire in these instances expressed, be contested by my heirs, I bequeath, free of all incumbrance, to the poor of (for example, to the poor of the commune of) or to such and such an association."

FOR GOOD OF SCIENCE.

AN ORGANIZATION WITH A PECULIAR PURPOSE.

Pledged to the Cause of Knowledge—Frenchmen Who Bequeath Their Bodies and Brains to the Mutual Autopsy Society.



HERE IS IN PARIS a large, carefully organized society of scientists with several women members— which has a glibly and horribly purpose, says the New York Journal. Each member has solemnly pledged himself that when he dies his body, instead of having ceremonious burial, shall be delivered to his surviving associates, who shall dissect it, and that his brain likewise shall be studied and probed for its secrets, and finally, immersed in alcohol, it shall be ranged in a glass beside the skull which held it along with many other brains and skulls of those that have gone before.

The name of this strange organization is the Mutual Autopsy Society (La Societe d'Autopsie Mutuelle). It has about 100 living members, and the dead, whose skulls and brains are neatly catalogued in a glass case at one end of the meeting-room, number fourteen. Within a few days the fifteenth ghostly relic will have its place there.

This fifteenth was in life the property of M. Abel Hovelacque, director of the Anthropological Society, who died a short time ago. It now rests, immersed in alcohol, on the table of the dissecting room, where soon will gather the man's former comrades to weigh and cut and probe and discuss it and try to pierce the mystery which it holds.

The Mutual Autopsy Society was organized in 1876, when several professors and savants of the Anthropological Society decided to offer themselves as examples in making a sacrifice to science. "Why," they asked, one another, "should we render immediately to earth the deserted mortal tenement, the study of which offers so vast and interesting possibilities for the advancement of science?"

"I believe you profess to be able to extract teeth without pain?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "and if I don't do it I'll refund your money."

The young man obtruded his head for a moment, glanced reproachfully about at the demolished furniture and his own sorry plight, wavered for a moment and then exclaimed: "Pay! You get out of here!"

It seemed that the judge under the influence of the gas had cleaned out the establishment and the dentist didn't get the tooth, either.

Not long ago one of the secretaries resolved to commit suicide, and wrote to the president of the association to that effect. But at the last moment a terrible doubt passed through his mind as he asked himself if his wife would likely consent to his autopsy.

AT THE AMATEUR REHEARSAL.

The Star Bode a Wheel in a Pink Silk Gown.

"I think you were to enter on the right instead of the left," said the manager, according to the San Francisco Examiner. "Yes, that would be a great deal better."

"But the left side of my hair is much prettier than the right," said the star, decidedly. "I can always do it better. The left has got to be toward the audience."

"But you will have to face Sir Thomas anyway, and he is over here by the side-board," the manager explained. "Well, we'll turn the stage around," said the star, cheerfully.

"I'm afraid that will confuse the others," said the manager, apologetically. "You see, there are only a few more rehearsals, and they have all practiced this way."

"You can easily get accustomed to it," said the star. "In an amateur play looks do make such a difference. I've been in loads of them. Of course you are used to professionals, and that is quite different, I suppose they have to be frisky about exits and cues and things like that."

"Yes, we consider them quite essential," murmured the manager. "With amateurs it's all clothes and looks," went on the star. "Now, tell me, would you wear pink Dresden silk or white moure in the second scene? I can't make up my mind."

"But, considering it is a garden scene and you come in on a wheel—"

"I won't wear a bicycle rig," broke in the star. "They don't suit my style at all. I'll do anything but that."

"I suppose the bicycle might be left out altogether," said the manager, with a perplexed frown. The star turned on him indignantly.

"Leave it out after I've broken half the furniture in the drawing room and ruined the carpet and torn three dresses learning that entrance!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, I won't. The audience can suppose I've been receiving at a tea and come home on my wheel—or anything else it chooses. I don't care."

INGENIOUS BANK SWINDLERS.

Some Devices by Which Shrewd Financiers Are Taken In.

The recent experiences of a cloak dealer in New York, who cashed a check for \$1,000 after the signer of the check had withdrawn her deposits from the bank, has brought up among bankers a number of stories about queer swindlers, says the Indianapolis News.

George B. Yandes, of the Indiana National, tells of a swindler who is a regular customer of that bank and has been there for three years. He travels through northern Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin. He has a number of catalogues printed, purporting to be from some Indiana lounge company.

These are profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings and the goods are represented as being the best. He goes into a town, registers at the best hotel, and then starts out among the retail furniture dealers to sell lounges. Few of the dealers have ever heard of the firm the man claims to represent, but they can hardly doubt its existence when its representative shows them his catalogues and quotes prices to them.

His prices are considerably less than such lounges can be bought for anywhere else and he always succeeds in taking a number of orders. After he has loaded up his truck with orders he usually presents a check purporting to be signed by the Indianapolis firm and asks it to be cashed. The check is always for the same amount—\$75.55. He gets it cashed and disappears.

This man carries on his business so systematically that an average of one check every twenty days is received at the Indiana national bank. Most of the furniture dealers who cash these checks send them to their local bankers; then they are sent to St. Louis or Chicago, and finally they reach the bank on which they were drawn, usually two or three weeks after they were cashed.

Recently one reached the bank only two days old, and at once Mr. Yandes telegraphed to the old man that had cashed it, hoping to catch the swindler. The man had gone, however, and the Indiana national received a bill for the telegram. And still the checks come in.

The word "dandelion" is a corruption of the French "dent de lion." Lion's tooth. In Latin "Leon todon," in Italian "dente di leone" and in many southern languages the name of the flower bears the same significance as in French. Why this is so is a question that baffles the etymologists.

"I know a lovely skirt dance," she added, after a moment's reflection. "It might be a good idea to run it in in the garden scene."

"Do you think it would be exactly suitable?" suggested the manager. "You see you are there to stop a duel between your brother and the man you are in love with."

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

People glory in all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbor.—George Elliot.

Notes of the Day.

Labor Notes.

Wisdom.

What Girls Marry For.

Agosticism.