

CISSY'S BUSINESS VENTURE.

The tall young man at the desk by the big window looked up with a start. There was something strangely familiar about the little figure in the doorway. He arose hurriedly from his chair.

"Why, it's Cissy," he cried, and stepped forward. The child's figure swayed toward him and he caught it in his arms.

"George Henderson," a tired little voice panted, "why don't you live up to heaven and be done with it?"

"What is it, Cissy?" cried the young man, as he placed the child in the great padded chair in the corner and unloosened her big hat and anxiously looked her over.

"It's these eight flights of stairs, George," the faint voice panted. "But I'm all right. Just gimme time to get my breath."

"Gracious, Cissy, did you walk up?" The tired head weakly nodded.

She was a slender girl of perhaps a dozen years. Her features were prominent, her eyes keen, her chin aggressive. Her light hair was brushed tightly back from her face, and this emphasized the sharpness of her features and her look. She was very neatly dressed, and under one arm carried two handsomely bound books.

"Why in the world didn't you take the elevator, Cissy?"

Her breath was coming back now, and she smiled up at the young man, and lifted one eyebrow in a whimsical way.

"I'll tell you, George," she answered, "I went into the vestibule, way down by the sidewalk, you know, and I was just going to step into the elevator when the fresh kid in brass buttons that runs it pointed to a sign on the wall. While I was reading it he runned the elevator up. You know the sign. It's the one that says, 'No book agents, peddlers, nor dogs allowed in this building.' I read it and walked up."

"But I don't see—" began the puzzled young man.

"George Henderson," cried the girl, "don't you look at me as if you thought I took myself for a dog? I'm a book agent."

"A book agent, Cissy Jayne?"

"Yes, a book agent, George Henderson; is there anything the matter with my being a book agent?"

"Certainly not," laughed the young man. "It's an ancient and honorable profession, even if a rude and unap-



SHE AIN'T BEEN HAPPY A MINUTE SINCE YOU QUARRELED.

precitative janitor does classify it with peddlers and dogs. But how did you happen to adopt it?"

The girl scowled at him.

"See here, Georgie Porgie," she snapped, "don't you give me any of your Harvard talk. Kindergarten words is good enough for me. I'm a book agent 'cause dad put it in my head. At the table yesterday he got mad at me and said I had brass enough for a book agent. 'Do you think I'd make a good book agent, dad?' says I. 'It's just what you're fitted for,' he growled. And so this noon I picked two books of mine from the big bookcase and started out."

"See here, Cissy Jayne," cried the young man, "you don't mean to say that you came all the way downtown alone? How did you do it?"

"With a nickel and a transfer," giggled the child.

"And your father, and—Miss Ethel don't know where you are?"

"No, they don't."

"I'll telephone to them at once," said the young man, as he turned toward the phone.

"Don't you do it," cried the child. "Papa Jayne is downtown at his office and of course hasn't missed me, and Sister Ethel is out to luncheon with Mame Oliver and she won't miss me until she comes back. An' now let me ask you 'tention to these nice books. They are very choice. One is 'Little Women,' by the author of 'Little Men,' an' the other is 'Little Men' by the same author. They are nice moral books. There are pitchforks in them. Lemme put down your name for both."

"Good," cried George Henderson, "very good. Your father was quite right. You have found your profession and you are sure to rise in it."

"Haven't I already come up eight stories," laughed the child. Then she quickly added: "Do you take the books?"

"I have so many books now," laughed the young man.

"You'd better take them," said the child; "I've got something to say to you about Sister Ethel."

The young man started.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Cissy," he said. "I'll take them on approval."

"What's that?"

"It means that I'll take them and look them over," replied the young man. "and if I like them I'll keep them and pay you for them. If I don't like them I'll return them to you."

"Is that straight, George?"

"Certainly. Besides, Cissy, you know the elevator boy can't keep you out if you haven't the books with you."

"All right, George. I'll trust you."

"And now, Cissy, what have you to say to me about Ethel?"

But the child had perched herself on the broad window sill, looking down on the public square, and was softly humming, "Hullo, My Baby." She paid no attention to George's inquiry. George looked at her curiously.

"Cissy," he said, "how would you like a heaping plate of ice cream?"

The child nodded, but did not cease her tune. George smiled and glanced at his watch.

"Cissy," he said, "what do you say to getting the heaping plate of ice cream and then going over to the matinee of 'Jack and the Beanstalk'?"

Cissy looked around quickly.

"Honest?" she cried. George nodded. She sprang from the window sill. "You're a darling," she murmured, and snatched up her hat.

"Plenty of time," said George. "You were going to tell me something, you know."

"Yes," assented Cissy. "I know. It's about Ethel."

"It's about Ethel," softly repeated George.

"Well," said Cissy, "she ain't been happy a minute since you quarreled with her."

"I didn't quarrel with her," protested George.

"Well, I heard some of it," said Cissy, "and even if Ethel is my sister I don't think you ought to put all the blame on her. She felt awful bad about it. I slept with her that night, 'cause Aunt Laura came to see us, and I heard her crying. An' yesterday—well, you know there's a basket of photographs on the piano, and ma expects me to keep the piano dusted, an' sometimes I forget it, and I sneaked in the parlor and there was Ethel looking at your photograph, an' when she saw me she shoved it in the pile and walked away. An' I looked on the top of the piano an' there was four big tear drops in the dust. Say, what was it you quarreled about—Annie Pleasant-on?"

"I believe her name was mentioned," said George. "Somebody told Ethel that they saw you and Annie riding together in the park, didn't they?"

"I believe so," admitted George.

"Yes," said Cissy calmly, "that was me."

"You told her that?" cried George.

"Yes," said Cissy, sweetly. "I told her. She wouldn't let me wear her second best hat."

George looked black for a moment, then his face cleared. He turned abruptly and stepped to the phone.

"E. 7301 L," he called.

"Knows it by heart," murmured Cissy.

"Is Miss Ethel there?" inquired George. "Yes, I wish to speak to her."

"George," cried Cissy, "don't you forget that the girl at the exchange is listenin' to every word you say."

"Is that you, Ethel?" inquired George at the phone. "Yes, it's George. I wanted to tell you that Cissy is here with me. Yes, she's all right, and I hope you didn't worry much—"

Yes. She came on business. She had a little confession to make."

"George Henderson!" cried Cissy. "I will explain it all to you when I come up. Yes, I'm coming to dinner if you will let me. Cissy is going with me to a matinee and then we'll come up together. What's that? Cissy isn't dressed to go anywhere? Why, I fancy she's got on her best clothes."

"Much you know about it," snorted Cissy.

"Anyway, she is looking charming." "Ring off!" cried Cissy.

"I think that's all until we meet—good-by," and George reluctantly rang off.

"If I hadn't been here," said Cissy, "you'd have most likely melted that wire."

"All ready?" queried the smiling George as he took up his hat.

"All ready," said Cissy, with great alacrity. "And my stock—the books, you know?"

"I'll take care of them," said George. "Two more excuses for coming up," giggled Cissy.

"Come along," cried George.—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

With Improvements.

From the Washington Post: A delegation of representative citizens of Washington called at the white house one day last week, as many delegations do, to lay before the president the merits and claims of a certain aspirant for office, and to urge upon the chief executive the desirability of his appointment. As the several gentlemen in the party were introduced, the president greeted them cordially, and had something pleasant to say to all. Some of them he had met before and remembered, while others were strangers to him. Several in the line had been presented, when a certain merchant, well known and highly esteemed, was reached. The president immediately recognized him, and said, as he grasped his hand warmly: "Yes, I remember you very distinctly, Mr. X. I recall when I was a member of congress I purchased a number of suits of clothing at your establishment. And I also recollect," continued the president, smilingly, "that it was necessary for me to climb three or four flights of stairs to reach your tailoring department."

"Ah, Mr. President," exclaimed the merchant, quick to make the most of the situation, "you should come to see us again. Now we have elevators."

The Probable Reason.

A schoolmaster recently informed an anxious mother that her sons were so thoroughly disciplined that they were as quiet and orderly as the very chairs in the schoolroom. It was probably because they were caned.

THE PERFUMED WOMAN.

He Goes Into Ecstasies Over Her Genuine Femininity.

"I observe," said a coarse, brutal man who doesn't know the difference between the higher and nobler and a load of ash coal, according to the Washington Post, "that the advertising ends of this month's magazines are publishing a testimonial as to the merits of a certain brand of toilet soap, written by one of the ladies who has been doing her little bit during the last half century toward securing the franchise for woman. Her picture is run in with the ad and her testimonial is surely a heap fulsome for a voluntary contribution. In the course of her remarks she says, 'I abhor a perfumed woman.' It is to take a short, jerky sniff at this remark that I emerge from my cave and leap into the fracas. I love a perfumed woman. I think a perfumed woman is the real thing in femininity—the daintily perfumed woman, who, when she swishes by you, has something about her that makes you vaguely remember the old honeysuckle covered porch that you knew a quarter of a century ago; who carries with her the suggestion of asphodelian daisies and starlit meadows. It isn't particularly because of the elusive, hop-smoky, garden-of-Daphne fragrance that the perfumed woman daintily emits that I think she's the one and only real thing in long dragones. It's because she typifies the feminine woman. Gimme a lyre, or a harp, or a fiddle, or a kazoo—any old thing—that I may sing the praises and the glories of the feminine woman! She was here in the world's early dawn, and she's going to be right here alongside of us when we're having \$2.48 round trip excursions to Mars! It's because she's feminine that she's adorable! It's because every once in awhile she gets her work done early so she can 'go upstairs and have a good cry'; it's because she crushes us into pulp with her 'because'; it's because she admits our premises and denies our conclusions; it's because she'll begin to purse her lips for baby talk when she sees an infant a block away; it's because she loves roses and lacey things and only \$2 per pound candy; it's because she gives us the reproachful eye when we ought to be sewed up in a blanket and clubbed; it's because she'll dig and delve and scrape and scarp for her husband and her little ones until icy stalactites hang from the roof of Gehenna; it's because she dabs her eyes with a little wad of mouchoir until her nose is red when she sees real human suffering; it's just because she's feminine, Bill, and therefore such a darned big sight better than we are, that she had us on the lops and plum loco over her ever since the days of the Hyksos kings of Egypt! Gimme a lute that I may chant of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual loveliness of the perfumed, who is also the feminine woman! May she be with us until the grand bust up of all things!"

CHINAMEN FEED THEIR DEAD.

Curious Custom of the Orientals That Is Observed Twice a Year.

Twice a year, in the first week of April and October, the Chinese feed their dead. They think that once their friends and relatives leave this mortal coil they ought to stay away from this world, and to prevent their return they faithfully transmit to them all the necessities of life. It has been discovered by oriental wisdom that the way to transmit servants, songs, plays, books and money is to manufacture them in paper and burn them. But actual eatables must be carried to the grave. The Chinese are not stingy, and wagon loads of roasted chickens, pigs, ducks, various sweetmeats and fruits are taken to the cemeteries. The food is piled before each grave, amid burning red, carrot-shaped candles and joss sticks. Then the living prostrate themselves before the dead and beg them to rise up and enjoy themselves. Chinese wines are then sprinkled liberally over the graves, while some graves receive boxes of cigars and packages of cigarettes. But you must not suppose that the eatables are left on the graves. Oh, no! That would be throwing too much temptation in the way of heaven's tramps. In about two hours it is believed that the ghosts get the essence of the eatables conveyed to them, and then the devotees gather up the offerings and carry them home again to feed their own material bodies. But the cigars and cigarettes are burned on the graves.

To Clean Diamonds.

Just at this season, when the world is full of brides, and sunbursts and stars and other dazzling "gifts of the groom" seem as common as plain gold wedding rings, a hint on how to clean diamonds artfully may not come amiss. The stones should first be washed in warm water and yellow soapsuds, with a small but not too hard brush. Rinse and dry them carefully with a soft cloth or silk handkerchief, and put them into a box containing boxwood dust. Move them about in this for some time until they seem perfectly dry, free them from the powder and polish with tissue paper.

A Queer Lot.

Stranger—I have heard that you have a good many queer people in this town. Citizen—As odd a lot as you'd find in a year's travel. They are a queer set, the whole of 'em, outside my family. And my wife is almost as bad as the others; but then, you know, she wasn't originally of my family.—Boston Transcript.

The heir to the Russian throne is said to be a good shot, but this will not be as useful in his future business as to be a poor target.

GREAT IS BELFAST.

THE PREMIER CITY OF OLD IRELAND.

It Has Five of the Largest Things of Their Kind in the World—The Biggest Shipyard and the Biggest Ship—Linen and Other Industries.

Mr. W. J. Gordon takes as the subject for one of his charming city sketches in the September number of the Leisure Hour the port of Belfast. He frankly confesses that it is a much better place than he expected "in these days of unscrupulous advertisement."

Belfast, standing on land mostly won from the water, and on a harbor which is artificial for miles, is "the largest and most progressive town in Ireland, numbering a third of a million inhabitants, and extending and improving yearly." Comparing it with other towns, Mr. Gordon says: "It is in a better position, with better surroundings than most; it has no particularly brilliant architecture, but nothing conspicuously monotonous or bad; of churches or chapels it has a hundred and fifty, of which perhaps half a dozen are memorable for their good features, but there is no center, nothing that dominates the crowd of spires and chimneys, which perhaps may be done by the city buildings now rising on the site of the old Linen hall. Its streets are wide and modern."

It became a port in 1637, but its principal progress as a seaport began with the making of the river eighty years ago. The harbor commissioners have now four miles of quays under their control, and receive yearly in dues £150,000.

"Belfast," says Mr. Gordon, "admires the large, and fortune has favored it." It claims to have the five biggest things of their kind in the world; the biggest shipyard which built the biggest ship, the biggest rope-work, the biggest linen factory, the biggest whiskey store and the biggest tobacco factory. The biggest shipyard belongs to Messrs. Harland and Wolff; the biggest ship is the Oceanic; the biggest rope-work is that which has the son of "Self-Help" Smith as its manager; the biggest factory, built by Mr. Murrell, now belongs to the York Street Flax Spinning company. As a set-off to the biggest whiskey store may be put the fact that Belfast is the chief seat of the manufacture of aerated water in the united kingdom; and though it has the biggest tobacco factory, Belfast is, as Mr. Gordon's pictures show, by no means one of the smokiest of towns.

ON A CALIFORNIA RANCH.

Women Work in Fields Just as They Do in the Old Country.

It is quite widely believed that nature responds so generously to man in California that very little labor need be expended to supply himself with many of the necessities of life. This may be true to a certain extent, says the Minneapolis Journal, but when the necessary labor falls to women it appears of much greater proportions than when it is accomplished by men. Among the foreign tenant ranchers of the state the women work much harder than the men, for beside carrying on their household duties they toil in the field, in the garden and in the barnyard. Mrs. Ramos, whose husband rents one of the many Stanford ranches in Santa Clara county, is one of those who, living within sight of some of the largest educational institutions of the state, has toiled for many years as do the peasant women of Europe. During this time she has not only kept her house and raised enough chickens to clothe her family, but has built fences, planted and dug potatoes and walked miles through the grain fields carrying and throwing out poisoned wheat to exterminate the squirrels that swarm in this section of the country. Her life has been no harder, however, than the lives of her Portuguese sisters, and no more entirely devoid of amusements or recreation. In appearance Mrs. Ramos is prepossessing and intelligent, and while her face hardly bespeaks so much endurance, it shows will power and ambition.—Minneapolis Journal.

Reward for Literary Work.

James I., on March 8, 1603, granted letters patent under the great seal to John Stowe (London's great historian), authorizing him to beg. The letters patent of James I. authorized Stowe to collect the voluntary contributions of the people. The letters recite that, "Whereas, our loving subject, John Stowe (a very aged and worthy member of our city of London), this five and forty years hath to his great charge, and with neglect of his ordinary means of maintenance (for the general good, as well of posterity as of the present age), compiled and published diverse necessary books and chronicles; and, therefore, we, in encouragement to the like, have in our royal inclination been pleased to grant our letters patent under our great seal of England, dated March 8, 1603, thereby authorizing him to collect amongst our loving subjects their voluntary contributions and kind gratuities." John Stowe died on April 5, 1605, and was buried in the parish church of St. Andrew Undershaft, where his monument, erected by his widow, is still to be seen.

Placing the Blame.

She—Why is it that you never take me to a decent play? He—Because, my dear, this is the end of the 19th century and we live in New York.—Life.

What Next?

Salesman—Sox, sir? Yes, sir! How many pairs? Cockey—One, of course; d'ye think I'm a bloomin' centipede.—Brisbane Review.

PRAYER IN A HORSE CASE.

It Was Diplomatic and Cogent, but It Lacked Efficacy.

A ten-minute prayer in a Pennsylvania court in a horse case created quite a sensation recently. Robert F. Thomas had brought suit to recover the part payment he had made on a horse. He bought the animal from Peter German of Heidelberg Township for \$80; paid \$50 on him, and the balance, \$30, was to be paid in sixty days. The horse was guaranteed sound. Later Thomas returned the horse and wanted his \$50, saying the horse was not as represented; that the animal "knuckled." German denied this and refused to give back the money. Thomas then brought suit. The case came up before Judge Albright, Thomas took the stand, took the oath, and before answering the first question as to where he lived, turned to the learned judge and asked whether he could offer prayer. "Certainly," said Judge Albright, with a quiet nod, and while on the witness stand Thomas prayed aloud. "O Lord, Thou who ruled over all and art willing that all shall have justice, we appeal to Thee, in this our trouble, to lend ear and give Thy presence. Guide us and all of us to tell the truth to this honorable court and to this jury that I bought that dark bay horse from German for \$80; that German said he was solid and sound; that I paid \$50 on him; that the horse was not solid and sound, as represented, and that by right and justice this court and jury should compel German to give me my money back and receive his horse back again, as the horse is now just as I bought him. O Lord, we hold no grudge against German, and we don't want him to have any enmity against us; but we want our money back because we are entitled to it. Thou hast said that brethren should dwell together in unity, and it is our desire to do so, but we can't do it if German doesn't take his horse back and return my \$50. Soften his heart toward us; forgive our enemies; give me a safe deliverance in this trial, and bless this good democratic judge who has just been endorsed by the solid republican party of Lehigh county."

Thomas went on in his prayer for ten minutes, and at its conclusion the trial gravely proceeded. The jury patiently listened to all the evidence. The parties were farmers near Slatington, but German deals in horses. The jury brought in a verdict for the defendant, and apparently Thomas' prayer had not been answered as he desired, German, the defendant, having shown that the horse was not "knuckled," but was big-boned and sound, as represented—Green Bag.

THEY KEEP SILENT.

The Rule of Secrecy in the Royal Household.

One of the many rules hedging those who cater to the wants and pleasures of royalty is that a strict secrecy shall be maintained as to the sayings and doings of their royal masters and mistresses, says the New York Herald. Many a secret has gone to the grave untold owing to the conscientiousness of the hearer or seer, who, bound by the oath of office, would rather die than divulge what the world is ever on the qui vive to learn. It is said that when Miss Adeane, who is now Mrs. Mallett, was appointed maid of honor in the queen's household, she was visiting in a household where was a well-known man of letters and wit. "What a fine opportunity you will now have to keep an interesting diary," he said to her. Miss Adeane responded that, according to the queen's conditions, no one was allowed to keep a diary when at court. But, disbelieving, the man laughingly responded, "I think I should keep a very secret one, all the same;" to which the future maid of honor courteously replied: "Then I am afraid you would not be a maid of honor." The term "maid of honor" seems to have a wider significance than is usually applied to it. It is to be not only a maid who is honored by her elevation to the membership in the royal household, but it is to be a maid whose honor is used in defense of her mistress by speech or silence, as may be required.

College Professors and Free Speech.

Liberty of speech is so precious that congress is forbidden by the constitution to abridge it, and such arrests as are common in Germany for lese majeste are impossible here. There is danger, however, of carrying this freedom too far. "I believe in free speech," said the duke of Wellington, "but not on board a man-of-war," and abstinence from ill-timed speech has given Gen. de Gallifet, the new war minister of France, the appropriate nickname of Le Grand Muet. The trustees of the University of Chicago not long since considered the desirability of restraining its professors from "undue loquacity" about controverted public matters. While the decision was unequivocally against such restriction, the question raised deserves consideration, for the college as an institution has rights, as well as the teachers within its gates. The minister in his pulpit has a legal right to free speech; but when his opinions misrepresent the principles of his sect, he has other rights than his own to consider. When a professor's pronounced statements are credited against the university of which he is a part, his liberty of speech is a moral wrong, which his manliness should condemn and his conscience restrain. "All things are lawful for me," said St. Paul, "but all things are not expedient."

Her Point of View.

Enpeck—Saunders is a man of unusually sound judgment. Mrs. Enpeck—In other words, I suppose his opinions always coincide with yours.

LETTERS TO MAIL.

Absent-Minded Man Discovers a New Way of Forgetting Them.

"The folks at home, with a blind trustfulness that I cannot understand," said the absent-minded man, "still give me letters to mail, though they know it may be days before I get 'em into the postoffice. Time and again, carrying a letter in my hand so as not to forget it, I have walked right past lamp-post letter boxes and toted the letter right up to the ticket office of an elevated station, forgetting that I was carrying it until I wanted to reach for money to buy a ticket with. Then I'd put the letter in my pocket and that was goodby letter, perhaps for days. But this morning I did something different; I started out before breakfast with a letter that I was to mail, and two cents with which to buy a stamp for it, the letter in one hand and the money in the other. I reached a sub-station of the postoffice that is in our neighborhood in safety and bought the stamp all right and stuck it on the letter, looking, as I did so, at a curious and yet familiar-looking tall red box with rounded top, that stood there by the desk. Still holding the letter in my hand so as not to forget it, I carried it into a store where I had an errand to buy something for the house, and there I set the letter down on the counter where I couldn't fail to see it while I reached in my pocket for money. When I walked up the steps of my house a little later with an appetite improved, if anything, by the breath of fresh air, it suddenly came to me that I had left the letter in the store, and I turned, of course, and went back for it. When I came to the corner nearest the store I found the young man who had waited on me just dropping my letter in the letter box there. Now, in this case, my forgetfulness resulted in the prompt mailing of the letter, but while I am, of course, pleased over this, I am at the same time disturbed by the thought that I may now develop my forgetfulness in some other new form that may not work out so happily."—New York Sun.

EFFECT OF FLOWING ICE.

As Compared with That of Other Sculpturing Agents.

The action of flowing ice, whether in the form of river-like glaciers or broad mantling folds, is but little understood as compared with that of other sculpturing agents, says the Atlantic. Rivers work openly where people dwell, and so do the rain and the sea thundering on all the shores of the world; and the universal ocean of air, though invisible, speaks loud in a thousand voices and explains its modes of working and its power. But glaciers back in their cold solitudes work apart from men, exerting their tremendous energies in silence and darkness. Coming in vapor from the sea, flying invisible on the wind, descending in snow, changing to ice, white, apriti-like, they brood outspread over the predestined landscapes, working on unwearied through unmeasured ages, until in the fullness of time the mountains and valleys are brought forth, channels furrowed for the rivers, basins made for meadows and lakes, and soil beds spread for the forests and fields that man and beast may be fed. Then, vanishing like clouds, they melt into streams and go singing back home to the sea. Standing on this adamantine old monument in the midst of such energy, getting glimpses of the thoughts of God, the day seems endless; the sun stands still. Much faithless fuss is made over the passage in the bible telling of the standing still of the sun for Joshua. Here you may learn that the sun stands still for every devout mountaineer—for everybody doing anything worth doing, seeing anything worth seeing. One day is as a thousand years, a thousand years one day, and while yet in the flesh you enjoy immortality.

Wives and Marriages.

From the Providence Journal: Is it lack of money that keeps men from marrying? This is the reason often advanced, and it seems to be justified by the recent episode at Chicago, where fifty couples rushed to take advantage of a free performance of the ceremony—how they were to live afterward evidently being a less important matter. Perhaps it is only in the higher walks of life that the blessed estate of holy matrimony is avoided on financial grounds. Society demands more and more of those who belong to it, and young men in moderate circumstances dread the burden of a wife and family, preferring their own selfish pleasure. This may be deplorable, but it is hardly strange.

Cured by the Telephone.

There is a popular character in Pendleton who has a slight impediment in his speech. He talks eloquently, but he stammers some. He recently located in Pendleton because he admires Missourians, and he has found the right kind here. The other day he went to the telephone to talk to a friend in Portland. When the talk was finished the Portland caller said: "Well, old man, you seem to talk better since you went to Pendleton. You do not stutter anything like as much as you did." "No," said the Pendleton man, clear and straight as a bell, "a man cannot afford to stutter through a telephone when to talk costs 75 cents a minute."—East Oregonian.

An Artistic Appetite.

From the Boston Transcript: Rossini and Paganini were one day bantering each other about eating, and Rossini made a wager of a large sum that he would eat six full-grown lobsters at one meal. Paganini accepted the wager, and Rossini actually won, but came very near dying from the effects.