

AS IT SHOULD BE.

Ben and Ann the parson sought,
And soon were much elated;
For Bene-fitted was the groom,
And the bride was Anna-mated.

PRISCILLA MULLINS

The sweetest love tale in American history is that of Priscilla Mullins—the Puritan maiden. Myles Standish, a stern old soldier man, who had no fear of the deadly peril of war, was afraid to speak of his love to this slip of a girl and got John Alden to go and woo her for him. The result was that she advised John to speak for himself, and John married her. This is the story written for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch by Frank H. Perkins of Plymouth, a direct descendant of Priscilla.

Plymouth in the year 1621 was not a particularly desirable place of residence. The savage, who abounded on every hand, was picturesque, but unpleasant as a neighbor. No man could step around the corner to borrow a mug of strong drink for medicinal purposes without having his skin stuffed with arrows. The red man had an uncomfortable habit of surprising you when you least expected to be surprised. Accordingly the white settlers built their seven first dwellings close together on the bank of Town brook, and upon the hill, which is now a hill of graves, they constructed a building of logs which served them both as a fort and a meeting house. The church militant was a power in the land in those days. There was no going to sleep of a Sabbath under the soporific influence of a warm day and a dry preacher. Erect at one end of the rude bench sat the husbandman, one ear taking in the eternal damnation of the non-elect, the other alert for the stealthy foothold of the dusky foe. The situation was, to say the least, strained.

Then it was that Myles Standish came to the fore. He was a fighter by profession, having been engaged in a number of scraps on the other side of the water. He was in reality the original "Jingo" in America. He believed in fighting first and explaining afterward. When an Indian twanged his bowstring or flourished his tomahawk, or indulged in other like pleasantries, Captain Standish thought the most effective repartee a charge of powder and lead. It didn't take him long to recruit a military company, of which he naturally became commander, and soon the name of "Standish" struck terror to the heart of the enemy.

It is not at all to be wondered at that the pilgrim captain should get slightly "stuck on himself." He had downed almost everything he had tackled. That he was a man of wonderful prowess goes without saying, when we remember that he wielded the huge Damascus blade which today hangs in Pilgrim Hall. When he had this, and about seven tons of brass and leather in the way of breastplate and corselet, attached to him he must have been indeed an awe-inspiring object. In the eyes of the people Standish was certainly all right.

Now it chanced that this warrior was a widower. His wife had not been dead very long. It is true, but it had been long enough for Myles to miss the wifely attention to buttons on his doublet and the stiff, clear-starching of his broad collar. He wanted a helpmate, and what mattered it whether months or years had elapsed since Rose Standish was laid at rest on the hillside? So, in casting his eye about for a suitable person to fill Mrs. Standish's place, his glance fell on one Priscilla Mullins.

In a community where young women, an particularly attractive young women, were scarce, Miss Priscilla was easily the belle. Not only was she extremely pretty, with that demure, drooping-of-the-lash sort of prettiness that has captivated the sterner sex in every age, but she was a most capable housekeeper as well. She could wash and iron, bake and brew, spin and weave, and have time before supper to lay out a golf link—if golf links had been fashionable in Priscilla's day. Moreover, she had a good level head on her shoulders, as events will show.

Myles Standish looked her over and decided, "she'd do," and just because other folks were given to admiration of his valor and brass buttons he thought all that was necessary was for him to signify the desire, when the maiden would begin to throw bouquets at him at once. That was mistake No. 1. Unfortunately for the would-be sutor, however, he dared not face the woman of his choice, brave as he was in the matter of "Injuns," and, contrary to the advice he had previously given—"If you wish a thing to be well done you must do it yourself"—he concluded to leave his love making to a proxy. Mistake No. 2. As luck would have it, he selected as this proxy his friend and secretary, John Alden. Mistake No. 3, and the most fatal blunder of all.

For, be it known, this same John Alden was himself in love with the fair Priscilla.

He and Standish were in the same boat—both were afraid to step up to the band stand. But John was one of those fellows with fair, long hair and languishing eyes, who can hold a girl's hand for fifteen minutes and whisper a few commonplace remarks and make her think that every word is the epitomized wisdom of the ages. John was not much of a fighter. But he was a good deal of a diplomat.

Well, Myles Standish goes to him and talks to him something in this wise: "John, me boy, I've made up my mind that I want Priscilla for my wife. Now, you know I'm all right on war, but when it comes to afternoon tea talk, John, I'm not in your class. Now I

want you to go and propose to Priscilla for me; tell her what sort of a man I am—brave, and all that sort of thing—don't be afraid of laying it on too thick!"

If John had been a real square chap on this occasion he would have stood up in his boots and said: "Old man, I love that girl, too, and I'll be hanged if I do your courting for you! Do your own courting, and I'll do mine, and may the best man win!" He didn't say it, though. He hemmed and hawed, and finally consented to undertake the job.

John Alden found Priscilla seated at her spinning wheel, singing out of a hymn book and looking just as if she wasn't expecting company. And without the least tact he blurted out that Myles Standish wanted to marry her! No wonder, Myles, that you grew so angry over the miscarriage of your plans. Whether your friend was working in his interest or not, he did mismanage things for you most awfully. Priscilla got on her high horse in a moment. "If Captain Standish wanted her he might have the politeness to come and tell her himself!"

And then John went on, offering excuses for the captain, telling her she mustn't mind his hot temper and his small stature, and steadily making a bad matter worse. Finally the maiden, tired of this waste of words, looked up archly and uttered the words that have rung down through the centuries, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Had John been half a man he would have gathered her in then and there. But he didn't; he rushed off somewhere down by the water to "cool his fevered brow," and then he sought out Myles Standish and told him of the riddle of his mission, and just what Priscilla had said. And Myles grew hot under his brass collar and said that John had played him a low-down trick. He even made threats against his person. Just at this moment word was received of an Indian uprising, and Standish, who was nothing if not an imperialist, started at once on the warpath, refusing to parley with the dusky emissary who had brought the message and sending back to the tribe of red men a saucy answer of defiance. Standish was always somewhat impetuous, and in this matter he won in the first round, and merely to show that he was no back number as a warrior, if he had failed as a lover, he cut off the head of the chief, Watawamet, and sent it to Plymouth, where it was exhibited on a pole. Priscilla didn't fancy it. She thought it in bad taste—which it certainly was.

After all, it was Priscilla who did the wooing. She sought out John Alden, and found him, as usual, mooning by the waterside. She explained matters so sensibly that John, after a time, saw the case exactly as she did. It was not long before their wedding took place. Mr. Longfellow has it that the bridegroom conveyed his bride home on a "snow white steer." As cattle were not imported into the colony until some time later it looks as if there must be a discrepancy somewhere. The statement is probably one of those poetic licenses that are allowed in the no-nonsense towns of New England. Mr. Longfellow was giving us a steer.

Again, the poetic version says that Myles Standish forgave the couple on their wedding day. In the folk-lore of the settlement the forgiveness did not come until a later day. John Alden and his wife moved to Duxbury, where they reared a numerous family. Myles Standish found him a wife, presumably suited to him, and they too moved to Duxbury and saw the olive plants grow up around their table. It is likely that Priscilla made more of a man of John than he ever would have been without her; and it is also likely that Mrs. Standish did much to soften the character of her warlike spouse.

It chanced in time that the children of these two marriages should themselves wed, and when Alexander Standish led Sarah Alden to the altar the feud between the two families was dead forever. From this marriage, in the sixth generation, comes the writer, and of course he knows the tales he has told to be strictly true.

CARNIVAL TIME IN RUSSIA.

Shopping, shopping, shopping, goes on without intermission, says Good Words. Those who can prepare to adorn their bodies with one or more articles of new clothing, but all make preparations for a sumptuous feast. It is interesting to watch the shops, especially in the public markets, to see the avidity with which every article of food is bought up. The butchers come in, perhaps, for the largest share of custom, as flesh, especially smoked ham, is in universal demand. Ham among all classes of the community is indispensable for the breaking of the fast and the due celebration of the feast. Dyed eggs are in universal request. The exchange of eggs, accompanied with kissing on the lips and cheeks in the form of the cross, accompanies all gifts or exchange. The "koolitch" and "paska" have also to be bought. The koolitch is a sweet kind of wheat bread, circular in form, in which there are raisins. It is ornamented with candied sugar and usually has the Easter salutation on it: "Christo viskress" ("Christ is risen"), the whole surmounted with a large, gaudy red-paper rose.

The paska is made of curds, pyramidal in shape, and contains a few raisins, and, like the former, has also a paper rose inserted on the top. These are sine qua non for the due observance of Easter, but what relations they may have, if any, to the Jewish feast of the Passover it is difficult to see, although in many other respects there is a striking resemblance to the service of the temple in Jerusalem in the ritual of the Russo-Greek church.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

The Windsor hotel, New York, is to be rebuilt and bear a new name. Even hotel men dislike hoodoos.

The price of milk has gone up with beef in New York. The coal barons will be obliged to divide the spoils next winter.

The bullet of a highwayman flattened out on the bulging brow of an Indiana man. Road agents in that region should carry an axe.

"Go on!" says the New York subcommittee to Captain Evans. "What do you know about running a naval show, anyway?"

You can't lose 'em. A man of Irish descent has been elected chief of the Winnebago tribe of Indians, to succeed Black Hawk.

If the shooting ability of old Oom Paul's burghers is as good as in 1881, a war in that section will fatten several new cemeteries.

John Morley is called a "traitor" by the jingoes of England because he said: "We do not wish to be a private empire. War with the Transvaal would mean deep dishonor."

Sir Tommy Lipton's yacht bears an Irish name, was designed by a Scotchman, built in England, and is manned by Scotchmen and Englishmen. But Yankee luck and pluck, skill and shrewdness, are equal to any combination or emergency.

It is proposed that the souvenir badge to be used at the Washington reception of Admiral Dewey shall have upon it a reproduction of the original flag of freedom that was flown by John Paul Jones when he sailed in the Bon Homme Richard. This flag was made in Philadelphia by Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, under the supervision of General George Washington.

James N. Hill, the eldest son of President James J. Hill of the Great Northern railway company, has been elected third vice president of the road. Louis W. Hill, another son, has been made vice president of the Eastern railway of Minnesota. The title of general manager is not attached to that of the new office of third vice president, although J. N. Hill will perform most of the functions of a general manager. He will have control of all operating matters, including construction and engineering, and to him will be referred all matters from these departments.

SECULAR SHOTS.

Washington Post: A Montreal congregation walked out of church when a visiting minister declared, in the course of his sermon, that he did not believe the bible was inspired. Ministers with advanced views should confine their experiments to their own congregations.

Chicago News: Pope Saphronius, head of the orthodox Greek church of Alexandria, Lybia and Ethiopia, is dead at the age of 103. In connection with the fact that Pope Leo XIII bids fair to become a centenarian, the "length of days" promised in the scriptures as the reward of the religious life seems to be verified.

Washington Dispatch to the Chicago Record: A decision was rendered by the commissioner of internal revenue that will be interesting to the members of the religious denominations. The bishop of the Roman Catholic church at Harrisburg, Pa., recently died. Under the practice of the church, title to all its property is vested in the bishops of the different dioceses. When the selection of the late bishop's successor was pending the question of the operation of the war-revenue law came up. The new bishop, upon assuming office, prepared a will under which his executors must transfer the church property to his successors. The commissioner of internal revenue holds that such transactions are liable to a stamp tax of \$1 per \$1,000 of property transferred. Unless this decision is reconsidered or overruled all transfers of church property will hereafter be subject to the tax until the war revenue law is repealed or amended. The total value of the church property in the United States is placed in the last census at over \$679,000,000, of which the Roman Catholic church holds \$118,069,746. This is the first time within the knowledge of the revenue officials when church property has been subjected to a federal tax.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The conversions of Mormons to Catholicism in Boise, Idaho, have been so numerous as to necessitate the erection of a new Catholic church in that city.

The remarkable statement is made that Rev. R. H. Conwell has, during his pastorate at the Temple Baptist church in Philadelphia, baptized 3,785 converts.

Eight sections at the Paris Universal exhibition in 1900 will be devoted to "the history of the religions of the world, with the beliefs of all the known races of men, past and present."

The Outlook gives as one reason for an oversupply of clergymen in any church that many theological students are too lazy or too unwilling to undertake any kind of work and that some are unfit for most work.

Rev. Dr. Lawrence M. Collet, pastor of an aristocratic Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, is the owner of one of the finest farms in Bedford county, Pennsylvania, and spends the greater part of his summer vacation behind the plow.

The reformed church in Newburg, N. Y., is trying to get rid of its pastor, Rev. William Burton, a new arrival from South Dakota, because he denounced Governor Roosevelt and spoke slightly of the Spanish war. Mr. Burton also stutters slightly, but the objection to him is based on the above mentioned grounds.

SHORT STORIES.

A WAR LOVE STORY.

A pretty little war romance is being worked out at Grand Rapids, Mich. The hero is George Martin, and the heroine, his wife, was formerly Senorita Mercedes Gensana of Ponce, Porto Rico.

Three years ago, before the war with Spain was even looked upon as a possibility, George Martin, then working at his trade as a barber in Grand Rapids, grew tired of civil life and decided to become a soldier. He enlisted and was assigned to the Nineteenth infantry, then stationed at Detroit. When the war broke out the Nineteenth was hurried south. While waiting for orders to advance where hostilities were active, Martin was stricken with typhoid fever and was taken to a division hospital. His regiment was dispatched to Porto Rico with General Miles, and Martin, still a patient, but eager to join his command, sailed soon after.

When active hostilities in the island ceased through the surrendering habit into which the islanders early fell, time began to hang heavy upon the hands of the soldier. Martin decided to resume his trade. He opened a little barber shop in Ponce and soon prospered. About this time Martin discovered that many of the Porto Ricans were anxious to learn the language of the conquerors. He started a class in English, which became so popular that the soldier rapidly advanced from barber to an instructor, and some of the best families in Ponce furnished the pupils.

All went well until one day he was summoned to the home of the alcalde. It was a beautiful residence of stone and marble, luxuriously furnished and containing evidences of good taste and refinement. The alcalde introduced his daughter, a pretty, dark-eyed senorita, and it was to teach the Senorita Mercedes Gensana the English language that the soldier had been summoned.

The American was tall, stalwart and good looking. He fell in love with his pupil while she was conning her lessons. She had a susceptible heart, and early it became manifest that his affections were returned. The courtship was pursued under difficulties, with members of the family always in attendance when the tutor was present, in the course of time the American asked the venerable alcalde for the hand of his daughter, and the prize was readily bestowed upon the young citizen of the rich and powerful country whose flag floated over Porto Rico.

The wedding which soon followed was one of the most brilliant which the city of Ponce ever witnessed, as befitting the favorite daughter of a citizen so prominent and so wealthy. It was attended by the elite of the city. Martin's comrades were there to the number of 60 or more. The festivities continued several days, and when the bells ceased ringing the senorita had become an American bride.

Soon after Martin and his bride sailed for the United States and went directly to Grand Rapids. The soldier's term of enlistment had expired. He was offered a commission in a new volunteer regiment recruiting for the Philippine service, but declined. He is now working as a sandpaperer in a furniture factory, and his southern bride is adapting herself as best she can and most heroically to her new station in life as a poor man's wife. She and her husband are living on West Division street, a section of the city that is close to the railroad tracks and amid numerous factories. His family, honest and kind, are poor. They know little of luxury and the home furnishings are of the most common. In such surroundings he dainty gowns, the laces and satins which graced the bride upon her wedding day, seem strangely out of place, and bravely has she laid them aside to iron a kitchen apron while she helps wash the potatoes for the family meal or wash the dishes. Under the tuition of her husband's mother she is learning the mysteries of housekeeping and doing the work which at home was performed by the servants which she had to command.

She bears up under it with fortitude, and to visitors who call seem pleased to show the wardrobe she brought from home, and tries in a soft, gentle tone which tells of education and culture, to explain the different articles. Her wedding gown was of rich white satin, with yards of costly lace and pearl trimmings. The gowns for ordinary wear are light, fluffy affairs suitable for tropical wear, but against the rigors of a northern winter she is already preparing in making dresses of woolen serge, a material she never before knew.

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When he confessed his love and his intention to marry to the king, his majesty was greatly concerned and strove to bring his son to a sense of his duty as a member of royalty. He begged his son to reconsider his purpose and to marry the girl organically, thus enabling him to retain his title and his rights.

Had the prince come of a long line of royal rulers the ties of place might have been stronger than those of love, but he had the blood of the people in his veins, and his descendant of several who fought under Bonaparte was firm in his intention to follow the dictates of his heart.

His family were distressed and angry, but the prince calmly pursued his way, and the marriage took place.

And it has turned out to be one of the most beautiful of all marriages. The two after all these years are perfectly happy and ardently devoted to each other. They lead a charming, ideal life, exempt from the cares and duties of state. They are free to go and come when they will, with a beautiful little palace of their own, simple and homelike in comparison with other royal residences. What is more, the people idolize them.

The princess spends much time in doing good, and her charities are far reaching and generous. In her sweet face she shows how happy her life has been.

The prince is intellectual, literature being his chief study.

The Crown Princess Oscar, who is to be the future queen of Sweden, has never received her sister-in-law on the footing of equality, and has always compelled the Princess Bernadotte to stand in her presence and has never allowed her to dine at the same table.

This, naturally, is a grief to the princess, but she is consoled for everything by the devoted love of her husband. The queen, however, love her daughter-in-law, and there is a close friendship between them.

Prince and Princess Bernadotte are always compelled by royal etiquette to come in at every function after all the other members of the royal family, the little princesses taking precedence over the disinherited prince.

The prince has never regretted in any degree the step he took, and his life has been one of great happiness and contentment.

DUEL WITH LASSOES.

Between a Mexican and an American, yes. It happened some time ago, but was about as exciting a piece of work as I ever saw. I was foreman at the time for the Seven Up (7 U P) horse ranch in Wyoming, and we were on our way from Sidney, Neb., with a band of mares that had been shipped from Missouri to Sidney, Neb. We had to drive the animals overland to the home ranch.

Well, I picked up an outfit of men around Sidney, seven Americans and three Mexicans—a tough lot. We started out, and when we got to the Big Cheyenne river, south of the Black Hills, we stopped to let the horses rest for a few days. There was one Mexican, Pedro Gonzalez, about the most ill-natured and most quarrelsome man I ever saw. He fell out with an American by the name of Dick McCall, an all-around bad man. I knew Dick by reputation and he had a bad record.

Well, one day at dinner time Dick made some remark about roping a "greaser" down in Texas and hauling him across the prairie until he was worn out. The Mexican answered by saying that the man must have been asleep or dead, for you could not rope a live man and do that. Dick jumped to his feet and pulled his gun, and Pedro did the same. I rushed between them and ordered them to put up their guns. The Mexican's black eyes shone like a rattlesnake's when about to strike, but he put the gun back in his belt and Dick did the same.

I knew there would be trouble, and how to avoid it was a question not easily solved. I ordered the horse wrangler to fetch up the saddle horses, for I intended to move on that afternoon. The Mexican spoke to Dick and they walked off to one side and talked in a low tone for a few minutes. When the horses came up I noticed both men saddled up their best horses. They both unwound their lasso ropes and stretched them out side by side. Dick's rope was about forty-five feet long and Pedro's about sixty feet. Pedro drew his knife from his belt and cut his rope the exact size of Dick's. They coiled up their ropes carefully and each man led his horse in opposite directions until they were about a hundred yards apart. Then they mounted like a flash and rode toward each other. I stood holding my horse by the bridle and watched every move. I will never forget the look of hate and murder on the Mexican's face. His lips were wide apart, showing his white teeth, and a wicked smile seemed to play about his mouth. Dick's jaws were set tight, and a look of mingled fear and rage combined on his savage face.

They rode slowly toward each other for about fifty yards, watching each other like a pair of caged panthers. Then they made a dash and both ropes shot out like a streak of lightning. Both men dodged and escaped. In an instant they had gathered up their ropes and began to circle around and around. I could hear the swish of their ropes as they swung them around their heads, each man trying to get some advantage. They charged back and forth and finally both threw their ropes again. It was a close call for Dick, for the Mexican got his rope over Dick's head, but Dick threw it off before he could pull up the slack. In an instant Pedro had gathered up his rope and threw it again and caught Dick around the head and one arm. He drove his spurs into his horse and

started across the prairie, but like a flash Dick's hand went to his pistol, and before the Mexican could pull him from his horse Dick sent a bullet through his head and the Mexican fell to the ground dead.

But Dick was jerked from his horse with terrible force, for the Mexican had made the end of his rope fast to the saddle horn. The Mexican's horse ran a short distance and then stopped, and before I could get to him the other Mexican had ridden up and emptied his six shooter into Dick's body. He then put spurs to his horse and soon disappeared across the prairie, and that was the last I ever saw of him. The other Mexican told me that was the third duel of the kind Pedro had fought, and always got his man.

Every newspaper office looks at every story from Vancouver if a trifle out of the ordinary, with a certain degree of distrust. They have cultivated the art of the long bow in Vancouver, and have cultivated it well. Here is the latest, but you needn't believe it unless you want to:

Joseph Moody, once of New York, went to Alaska to hunt gold in 1891. He is now on his way home, having been recognized by a missionary at Dawson, under whose ministrations he was converted years before.

Moody was carried off by his diggings by Swahner Indians eight years ago. They took him two hundred miles into the interior of Alaska. For two years he was a slave to the chief and their married the chief's daughter. On his royal father-in-law's death he became chief. He combined four tribes under his leadership and converted them all.

His wife died a year ago, and now he is coming home laden with gold.

This is rather above the usual flight of Vancouver imagination, but it will serve as a specimen.

THE TRAMP WON THE BET.

"There's a queer story connected with that chair," said an old caterer of this city, pointing to a substantial piece of furniture in his private office. "I had it originally in my bar for my own use, but I never got a chance. It was always occupied by some visitor or other who couldn't resist the temptation to sit down. It looked so comfortable. I got exasperated about the thing, and one day I was expressing myself pretty freely when a tramp wandered in to beg a drink.

"What'll you give me if I fix that chair so nobody'll use it but you?" he asked.

"Five dollars," I replied, never supposing he was in earnest.

"He went down to the telegraph office stole a small piece of insulated wire and wrapped it around the arm of the chair. 'There you are,' said he, 'now watch what happens.' In a few moments a customer sauntered in, edged over to the chair and was about to sit down when he saw the wire. 'No, you don't,' he exclaimed, backing away. 'You can't catch me!' He got his drink and went out, chuckling over his cleverness. In half an hour five or six others approached the chair, with the evident intention of camping there, but noticed the wire and beat a retreat.

"In the course of the day only one man really seated himself. He was a fat old fellow, and didn't observe the attachment until he had settled down. Instantly he began to struggle to his feet. 'Don't you turn on that current!' he yelled, 'don't you dare do it, or I'll have you arrested!' As soon as he could get up he shot out. I gave the tramp his \$5 and enjoyed undisputed possession as long as the chair remained in the bar. Everybody supposed it was rigged up for a practical joke."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MUST HAVE A GOOD HEAD.

"And is your son going to be a good business man?"

"I guess so. They seem to think pretty well of him down at the office any way. They haven't said a word about discharging him, in spite of the fact that his handwriting is the same as it was when he came out of school."