

A Broad Hint.

I WAS an early summer evening, too warm to walk, and just comfortable for talking. So Capt. Bill and his brother Jack sat contentedly on the shaded bench in the captain's garden, overlooking ten miles of sea, from Sheppey cliffs to Southend. They smoked two pipes apiece over the situation in China, and two more over the decay of the mercantile marine. During the fifth pipe after tea, the ancient female who "did" for the captain shuffled by with a grunt, and tolled slowly across the fields to her home in the village of Minster. The captain followed her retreating figure with a shake of his head.

"Gits more contrary every day, she do," he remarked, feelingly. "Wus an' wus! 'Vot you want," said Brother Jack, "is a wife."

The captain relit his pipe, and looked thoughtfully at a trail of smoke struggling between sky and sea.

"Lady of Lorne five minutes late," he observed, casually.

"I s'pose, now," inquired Jack persistently, "you've some one in your eye?"

"I won't say," admitted Bill, "but I might 'ave."

"Keeps a bacsy shop?"

"You don't mean to say as people 'as been talkin'?"

"Talkin'!" repeated the brother. "Wen you gives me a couple o' pound o' bacsy, ori in half-ounce bits! Wot's the need o' talkin'?"

The captain sighed as one confronted with an insoluble problem.

"You goes in," continued Jack, wagging the stem of his long clay pipe in admonition. "In the mornin' an' 'as 'arf an' 'ounce." The captain nodded. "An' in the afternoon an' 'as another." The captain growled assent. "An' in the evenin' an' 'as one more."

"Sometimes two," he said solemnly. "That 'ere big chest wot came off the Saucy Jane is 'most full already. You'll 'ave to set up a shop yourself soon if you don't stop it."

The captain refilled his pipe slowly.

"Ow am I goin' to stop it? That's the pint," Jack smiled the superior smile of twice married widom.

"Harsk'er wen she'll 'ave the chest moved up to the shop?"

"'S'pose she won't?"

"Then she won't. There's others."

"'S'pose," asked the captain as one who puts on 'er?"

"More reason to settle it."

"'Ay, but not all at oncst," said the captain, artfully. "I've bin leadin' up to it."

"Ow long?"

"A matter o' two year," Jack laughed scornfully.

"Some men," he stated, "would 'ave married a dozen gals in two year."

"'Ay," said the captain, enviously, "desay they would. P'rhaps I might give 'er a 'int, if I knowed 'ow."

"Why don't you send 'er somethink out of the garden? A few flowers—"

"'Ain't got none; no vegetables."

"Well," said Jack, "vegetables is—nourishin'."

"'Ay, with a bit o' pork. If I 'ad a pig row—"

"'Bw you ain't."

"No," he sighed. "That's where it is." They smoked another couple of pipes in silence.

"Well, mate," said Jack, "I must be goin'. So long."

"So long, Jack."

Bill watched his brother till he had gone over the hill. Then he walked indoors with an air of resolution. "Marrers an' peas," he muttered, "it shall be."

Then he brushed himself carefully, and set out with a jaunty air to the village, where the widow Riley kept a smart shop in which tobacco, sweetstuffs and penny novelettes predominated. After a few remarks upon the weather, he invested in his usual half-ounce, and repaired to the Waterloo for his usual whole pint. Then he returned for another half-ounce.

"Just for the mornin'," he explained.

"'Lor, captain, you don't loke nothink like your smoke!" said the widow, archly. She was a nice-looking, round-faced widow, and she had a very pleasant smile.

"Don't you think that, Mrs. Riley," said the captain, with sudden boldness. "If I was to tell you wot I liked best you'd never believe me."

"'Oh, go on, captain," said the widow with a laugh. "But the captain's courage fed and took him with it."

"Might 'most think," he muttered with awesome delight, "thas she knowed wot was in my mind to say?"

Next morning, when the ancient Mrs. Grumidge had gone down to the coast-guard's houses for a gossip, the captain cut a couple of vegetable marrow and picked a few pecks of peas. He added a gallon of potatoes and packed them carefully in a big basket. Then he called old Tommy, who was busy frightening the crows from Farmer Jackson's field.

"'Hi, Tom, my man!" he called. "Like to earn a pint?"

"'Yes," said Tom, grinning.

"Then take this 'ere to Mrs. Riley at the shop, with my compliments, d'you see?" Tom looked doubtful.

"'Whol' scare the birds?" he asked.

"'Oh—er—I will," said the captain.

"'Look sharp."

"'Yes," Tom gazed lovingly at the vegetables. "Wot be they worth?" he inquired, touching the marrow.

"A matter o' ninepence," said the captain, boldly.

"'And 'others?"

"The peas be better'n they're sellin' at sixpence in the town," stated the captain, proudly, "an' taters, too."

"'Lor!" said old Tom; and off he ran, leaving the captain waving his red handkerchief wildly at the marauding crows.

Tom was a long time gone and the captain found the scorecraving rather warm work. He had an uncomfortable feeling that the occasional morsels were laughing at him, and Mrs. Grumidge told him frankly that he was "hactin' like a born idiot!" He had muttered several nautical prayers to himself before Tom returned with an empty basket.

"You ain't let none on 'em settle!" he asked anxiously. Tom was an artist in his profession.

"'No, no!" wot did she say?"

"'Too dear," said Tom, briefly. "An' so they all said; but—"

"'What!' roared the captain.

"'Too dear. Did the best OI could for 'ee. Too an' thruppence the lot; an' spent my tuppence; an' 'er's the rest." The captain grabbed the handful of coppers and rushed into his dwelling like a whirlwind.

"'Cap'n be crazier than OI!" said Tom with a chuckle. "An' if 'e knowed OI

"'E ought to be ashamed o' 'isself," said the captain, ferociously. "Wot's 'e bin an' done?"

"'E don't do nothink," said Mrs. Riley, "only 'angs about. That's werry it is." The captain dropped his cap suddenly and picked it up again.

"'Ain't 'e given 'er no 'ints?" he demanded.

"'It depends on wot you call 'ints," "Ben' her marrers, say, an' suchlike!" "Ye-es," she admitted. "I believe 'e 'as."

"'Come to see 'er reg'lar?"

"'Sevral times a day; but still"—She shook her head over unnam'd deficiencies.

"'Maybe," said the captain, tremulously, "'e'd like to make 'isself a bit clearer, if 'e knowed 'er mind."

"'Ow," said she, innocently, "'s 'e to know if 'e won't arak 'er?"

"'Couldn't she give 'im a 'int?"

"'Not," the widow said, calmly, "and she was quite certain that 'e wanted one."

"'Thas might reckon on that," assented the captain, with unmistakable emotion. Mrs. Riley studied the floorcloth intently. Then her gaze wandered up the opposite wall until it rested upon a bright colored calendar, with a picture at the top, professing to represent the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." As Romeo had only the tip of one toe upon the ladder, there were obvious reasons why he should put his arms round the almanac Juliet's neck.

"'That is a—very pretty picture," said the widow, with a becoming blush. The captain dropped his cap again and edged along the sofa.

"'Mrs. Riley," he said, "if you was on a balcony, an' I was on a ladder—"

"'No, you wouldn't!" The captain edged quite close.

"'Mrs. Riley," he whispered, "if you'll give me a lock o' the top window—I'll take the liberty o' borrorin' your steps!"

"—The King.

What Trouble a Cat Can Cause

HERE are indications that Mr. Broadway will be involved in a lawsuit, and all on account of the cat. Mr. Broadway likes cats. Mrs. Broadway does not.

Mr. Broadway has long been aware of his wife's antipathy to the feline race, and for that reason he hesitated assent to the proposition that all the men in the office should draw cats to see which should give a home to the vagrant through the prohibitive cat law recently enforced in a certain downtown building. Mr. Broadway was much attached to this particular cat, which the elevator boy had euphonically christened Miranda, but a dearth of convincing reasons for introducing her into his household made him dubious about accepting her as a protegee.

"If we had any mice," he began, doubtfully.

"Oh, rats," put in one of the men, impatiently, and Mr. Broadway, being made to feel by this inelegant ejaculation that he was losing caste among his office associates through undue subjection to the prejudice of a woman, quickly assumed a bold front and said, recklessly: "Oh, well, I'm in for it. Let 'er go."

Of course Mr. Broadway got the cat. He carried her home himself that very night in a bandbox which the janitor had been saving for just such an emergency. Mrs. Broadway looked up curiously when Mr. Broadway came marching into the back parlor with the cylindrical pasteboard drum tucked up under his left arm.

"'What have you there, Jasper?" she asked sharply.

Mr. Broadway answered by setting the bandbox on the floor and cautiously lifting the lid. Miranda's nerves had been worked up to a high pitch by the jarring and jolting that marked her dark and inglorious progress from Nassau street, and the instant the door of her prison was opened she sprang from her cramped quarters and began to cavort unstrainedly about the room. Mrs. Broadway was visibly alarmed at these antics and dextrously tucked her feet up under her body and slipped farther back in the depths of her capacious chair.

"'A cat!" she cried in afright. "'A cat!" Mr. Broadway, a cat!"

Mr. Broadway was watching Miranda's capers with considerable trepidation. For a moment he wished the physical characteristics of her race were not so palpable in Miranda's build, and that he could palm her off as some other species of the animal kingdom standing higher in Mrs. Broadway's estimation. This subterfuge being clearly impracticable, he said:

"'Yes, Kate, a cat."

"'A cat? Who on earth did you bring a cat here for?" demanded Mrs. Broadway.

Mr. Broadway picked up the bandbox, and with that for a suit of armor he squared himself bravely before his wife.

"'I brought that cat here," he said, "because we need her. I've had the life tormented out of me by mice for the last two months, and I'm getting tired of it. I'm not going to stand it any longer. I'm going to catch the infernal little pests. That's what I brought Miranda home for."

Having delivered himself of these ferocious sentiments, Mr. Broadway backed off a step. Mrs. Broadway touched the tips of her toes to the door and cast suspicious glances in Miranda's multitudinous directions.

"'Mice!" she echoed, after a little.

"'Mice, did you say? Why, there isn't a mouse in this flat. There isn't one in the whole building."

Mr. Broadway perked up his oozing courage again. "Oh, come now, Kate," he said, "you needn't tell me any such stuff as that, just because you don't want to keep the cat, for I know better. Don't I hear 'em, night after night, racing through the partition as if the golf links, the baseball grounds and the lawn tennis fields of all mousedom were located in our walls? You may not hear 'em because you sleep so sound, but I do. Why, their racket's something awful. I didn't sleep more than six weeks last night, the little beastie took on so. But you'll soon fix that, won't you Miranda? Come here, old girl. Just look, Kate, isn't she a beauty?"

Miranda, having by this time relieved herself of her surplus energy, now cantered gracefully across the floor and wiped her nose affectionately on Mr. Broadway's trousers. Peace and amity having been restored by this gracious act, Miranda was conducted to her new quarters in the store room for her evening meal.

Polly, Mrs. Broadway's maid, arises every morning at 6 o'clock. At 6:30 on morning succeeding Miranda's adoption into the Broadway family, a screen indicative of the pent-up emotions of many months, was heard to issue from the Broadway kitchen. This scream penetrated to the farthest corner of the flat, and in an instant Mr. and Mrs. Broadway had bounded out into the hall and were making a beeline for the scene of the commotion. When they reached the kitchen door they saw Polly dancing around on top of the unlighted gas range, while about ten feet from her, at the foot of the sink, lay a medium-sized mouse. Mrs. Broadway cast one frightened glance at her recumbent foe and then vaulted lightly up beside Polly on the stove. But Mr. Broadway, being a man, stepped boldly over to the sink.

"'Shaw," he said, holding out the mouse at arm's length. "The poor little thing's dead as a door nail. Miranda killed him hours ago. Didn't I tell you w'd soon see the effects of her presence in the house? Oh, I tell you, Miranda's a great mouser, aren't you, Miranda?"

And Miranda arched her tail at this compliment and sniffed at her prey in calm disdain.

Mrs. Broadway made but few comments then on Miranda's prowess, but at 10 o'clock that morning when she and the woman across the hall bumped their heads together when removing ice from the dumbwaiter, she said: "Isn't it terrible how many mice there is in this building now?"

The neighbor let her chunk of ice fall back with a little thud. "Good gracious," she said, "I didn't know about it. I haven't seen any."

"Well, you will see them," returned Mrs. Broadway, reassuringly. "They are as thick as hops in our flat. They even keep us awake nights. We had to get a cat to clean them out. She's caught one already."

The neighbor disappeared into her own rooms then. Ten minutes later the janitor received an imperative summons to the third floor. "Frank," said Mrs.

Brooklyn's neighbor, sternly, "why don't you do something to get rid of the mice? The place is fairly overrun with them. They're eating up everything about the house. All the tenants are having to bring cats to catch them."

The janitor opened his pale blue eyes to the widest extent and tumbled his yellow hair excitedly. "Ay tank you make meastak," he said, in positive tones. "Ay not lak ta mass myself, an' Ay watch out for him. Ay never see him."

"'But they are here," persisted the neighbor, "and I want you to take everything out of our storeroom in the basement this morning and see if they have done much damage."

By noontide the news of Miranda's achievement had passed through the entire building, and later in the day when two women came to investigate the merits and prices of vacant flats they obtained a very discreditable report of that house from a tenant whom they chanced to know, and they sought a home elsewhere out of the reach of tormenting vermin.

During the next two weeks Miranda continued to catch her nightly mouse, and her popularity as a faithful guardian increased. That of the house waned in direct ratio. As a result of this plague of mice three prospective tenants failed to sign leases and two occupants moved out. While this exodus was at its height Mrs. Broadway received a caller one morning shortly after Mr. Broadway had gone to his office. The visitor was a boy with kinky hair and a sooty face.

"'Say," said the urchin, "you tell Mr. Broadway that I've found a new den of mice, an' if he wants me to keep on supplying 'im with one reg'lar ever night, I'll let 'im have 'em at a reduced price."

Mr. Broadway thanked the boy for this concession and dismissed him curtly. In the evening he repeated the communication to Mr. Broadway. "Of course, Jasper," she concluded, loftily, "you may avail yourself of the discount, if you wish, but now that I have found you out, I think you had better not. Our landlord is a hot-tempered man. You have already cost him \$300 a month, and if he finds out about this trick of yours in connection with Miranda, he'll be apt to make things pretty lively for you."

Mr. Broadway stroked Miranda's fur softly. "I expect he will," he said. "But Miranda's reputation is established now, so I guess I'll let the discount slide."—New York Sun.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

Have you heard the story that goes of John Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well; Brief is the glory that hero earns. Brief the story of poor John Burns; He was the fellow who won renown— The only man who did not back down.

When the rebels rode through his native town; He held his own in the fight that day, When all his own folk ran away— That was in July, sixty-three.

Never did burn as long as John Burns; He wore a uniform of blue, and a pair of Southern chivalry; Flashed and flashed, backward and forward From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before, John Burns stood at his cottage door; He had his own in the fight that day, When he was the village school teacher.

Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine, He heard the low of his gathered kine, And all his own breath with incense burned; One might say, when the sun shined down, The old farm gate, he thought it turned The milk that fell like a babbling brook: He had milk-pail, red as blood, Or, how he fancied the hum of bees Were bullets buzzing among the trees.

He had all such fanciful thoughts of his own; Were strange to a practical man like Burns, Who minded only his own concerns, Troubled no more by fancies fine— Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact. Slow to argue, but quick to act; And he would not have a bit of folk say, He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible, on the right hours of the heady fight, Thundered the battery's double bass— Difficult music for men to face; While on the left—where none the graves Undulate like the living waves— Up to the pits the rebels kept— He was the first to blow the signal clear, Down with bullets reaped with blades; Blasted fences here and there; And rattled down the splintered pine; The very trees were stripped and bare; The barns that once held yellow grain Were heaped with harvest of the slain; The little bellows on the plain, The turkeys screamed with might and main; And brooding barn-fowl left their nest, With strange shells hurtling in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turned, Erect and lone, stood old John Burns; He wore an ancient, long, buff vest, Yellow as saffron; but his best; He was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar, And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar— With tails that the country-folk called "swallow-head."

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat, White as the locks on which it sat. He was the man who led the charge that day; He had such a sight to be seen; For forty years on the village green, Since old John Burns was a country beau, And went to the "quillings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day Veterans of the Peninsula; He went and headed, charged away; And stripped, downy of lip and chin— Clerks that the Home Guard mistook for men; He had such a sight to be seen; That at the rifle his right hand bore; And hailed him, from their youthful lore, With sprays of slang repertoire: "Put her 'ere at 'em, White Hat!" "You're a head!" and "Bully for you!" "Take care, 'Dandy," and "Let 'er dissect! The name of the tailor who made his clothes, And what was the value he set on 'em; While Burns, unmindful of fear and scoff, Stood there picking the rebels off— With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat, And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

"'Was but a moment, for that respect Which clothes all courage their voices checked; And something the wildest could understand— In the old man's strong, right hand; And his corded throat, and the lurking frown Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown; 'Till, as they gazed, there crept an awe Through the ranks in whisper, and some men saw.

In the antique vestments and long white hair, Glanced in the old man's strong right hand; And some of the soldiers sines declare That the gleam of his old white hair afar, Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre, That day was their oriflamme of war.

Thus raged the battle. You know the rest; How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed, Broke at the final charge and ran; At which John Burns—a practical man— Shouldered his rifle, unheeded his brows, And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns; This is the moral the reader learns; In fighting the battle, the question's whether You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.—Bret Harte.

Effect of Climate on Pinos.

775 best pinos known in America were imported from London in 1784 by John Jacob Astor, but as they could not stand the rigors of this climate they soon became ruined. The fact led to the attempt to build pinos in this country, and in the early part of the present century uprights made their appearance.

Oldest Vegetables.

Onions and cucumbers are two of the very oldest known vegetables. Like peas, the Egyptians grew them at least thirty centuries ago. Indeed, to the onion belongs probably the honor of being the first vegetable introduced into America. Onions are not found growing wild anywhere, but a kind of leek is not uncommon among the Southern States. One, very like the Welsh national emblem.

Pennsylvania's National Banks.

Pennsylvania has more national banks within her borders than any other state. The number is 436. New York has 327.

AN AUTHORITY ON CHINA.

How Consul General Goodnow Won His Reputation.

"I hope that Uncle Sam has some capable men in China now, looking after American interests," said the drummer as he glanced over some late dispatches from Peking.

"There's one at any rate," remarked an old railroad man. "His name is John Goodnow, and he hailed from the States. Goodnow's consul general to Shanghai, and the story of his appointment to the position is one of those good things that sometimes fall to get into the newspapers. At the time that Goodnow was named for the place his friends and enemies alike were astounded by statements wired from Washington to the effect that Goodnow was a profound student of China and the Chinese, the possessor of a vast fund of knowledge concerning the origin and development of foreign trade in China, and generally speaking the best informed man on Oriental affairs, past, present and pending, whose name had been mentioned in connection with the consul generalship.

Minneapolis, where Mr. Goodnow was best known, had never been suspected of more than casual interest in Oriental matters. That he might receive the appointment was conceded on all sides, for Goodnow was the original McKinley man in Minneapolis, and he did much to roll up in that state a big majority for the statesman from Canton, and so he was entitled to recognition at the hands of the administration. Senator Washington went so far as to declare that Goodnow didn't even know the boundaries of the country, let alone anything of its interior economy. However, the present consul general is declared by the administration to be a most competent official, which merely illustrates the fact that good official timber is often found in unexpected places.

About the time of McKinley's election Goodnow's business affairs were in a bad way. He had thought of a mission to Germany, and had about made up his mind to apply for an appointment that would take him there. In this state of mind he called one day on Samuel Hill, son-in-law of James J. Hill, the president of the Great Northern Railroad. Mr. Hill and Mr. Goodnow unbundled himself. He explained his financial collapse, voiced his ambition with regard to a German appointment, and asked Mr. Hill's advice. Sam Hill promptly offered his objection to drop the German project, like a hot brick and to turn his attention to China.

"'China," said Mr. Hill, "is to be the scene of a great commercial advance within the next ten years. It will be the battle ground of the world's commercial energies. In Germany you would be buried alive; in China you may, if you are lucky and alert, achieve fame, honor and wealth."

"But, my dear fellow," expostulated Mr. Goodnow, "I know next to nothing about China or the Chinese."

"'Very well," said Hill, imperturbably, "who does for that matter? Why, there are mighty few people in the world outside who do know anything of the Chinese; that is anything worth printing. All really valuable works dealing with the China of to-day you could carry home in your coat-tail pocket."

"'Well," remarked Goodnow, "fitness for the position would cut some ice. I'm afraid I couldn't land it."

"'Now, look here," went on Mr. Hill, "you're in luck. There is one man in the United States who knows more about China than was ever written in books. He is a deep student of that country. There isn't a map the Russians have made of which he hasn't a copy, and those portions of China that the Russians haven't mapped out are not worth mapping. The commercial future of China is, practically speaking, all in his hands. It is in need of such knowledge to be forehanded in the game of trade that is now being played. I refer to James J. Hill, my father-in-law."

"'Yes," said Goodnow, "that's so. If I knew what Jim Hill's views about China I could be appointed minister to the imperial court, but—"

"'Hold on," interrupted Mr. Hill; "this evening James J. Hill starts for New York, en route for Europe. I travel as usual on New York Central, and I have a ticket over the Milwaukee and the New York Central, and present yourself to me on the train. I'll take you to the old gentleman, and lead the conversation up to China. Before midnight you'll know more about China than anybody else, except the president of the Great Northern railroad."

"'Good," said the coal man, "I'll do it."

"That evening on the Hill City boat Goodnow listened while the elder Hill talked of China. Hill treated the subject exhaustively, as he always does treat a subject, beginning at the beginning and going through to the end. The disquisition was from an American point of view, essentially commercial, which was precisely the point of view Goodnow wanted. Mr. Hill was so impressed with the earnestness of the young politician that he offered to lend him a lot of Russian maps and other important documents. Goodnow accepted the offer gratefully. Later he got the maps and studied them, for they were done in Russian, but John got a man who knew Russian to construe for him. Being a very fortunate possessor of a really marvelous memory, he recalled the greater part of Mr. Hill's dissertation, and the maps helped him greatly. In two weeks Mr. Goodnow was ready. He went to Washington, saw the president, and asked him about such comprehensive lunacy that McKinley was impressed. So were the newspaper correspondents. They said Goodnow knew his China backwards, and exploited some of John's plans for the expansion of American influence there. A week or two later Mr. Goodnow was appointed consul general to Shanghai, vice Jernigan, removed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Anty on a Merry-Go-Round.

An old colored auntie, weighing fully 250 pounds, mounted one of the little wooden ponies of the merry-go-round at the street fair yesterday.

She said she was out for a good time, but evidently did not enjoy herself on this occasion. Immediately at the foot of the whistle the swing started, and amid the beating of drums and the big pipe organ attachment anty became excited and nearly fell off the pony. She called frantically to the boss to "stop dri infernal machine!" The more she yelled "Whoa! whoa!" the faster the swing appeared to go, and the old anty made the circuit twenty-five times, which, she said, "seemed almighty long." When the swing stopped she piled off, drew a long breath, laid her nickel, and started for the midway, declaring that she had had more than a plenty of "them kind of swing."—Topeka Capital.

The memory of Caesar, a Great Dane that belonged to Mrs. T. B. M. Cordeza of Germantown, Pa., but which died recently, is to be kept green by a monument costing \$200. Caesar was nine years old and three feet tall, and was a great pet among the Cordeza's large collection of animals. The dog was buried in a fine coffin, with real silk lining and silver handles. On the monument, which is now being constructed, will be inscribed the following: "Erected to an old and faithful friend."

Her Instrument.

"Does Miss Giddy play?" asked Prof. Dalsegno of Mr. Hunker.

"Oh, yes. She's playing your Callowhill now."—Detroit Free Press.