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HE KNEW ABOUT IT.

An Anecdote Illustrating the Scope of Gladstone's Knowledge.

An anecdote is told of Mr. Gladstone which illustrates strikingly the versatility and breadth of knowledge of that remarkable man. Two personal friends of Mr. Gladstone once laid a plan to amuse themselves, and play a joke upon him.

They were to discuss in his presence some subject of which he might be presumed to be ignorant, and then, having pretended to disagree decidedly, to appeal to Mr. Gladstone to settle the point. The fun was to come when he was forced to confess that there was one subject which he had not studied.

This plan they carried out, but it was not so easy to find the topic on which Mr. Gladstone must confess himself "stumped."

At last there was discovered in an old newspaper an article on Chinese chess. The description of the game had been copied from a well known magazine. This seemed promising.

The conspirators studied the article assiduously until they had become thoroughly familiar with it. Then they waited for their opportunity. It came when they were invited to a dinner where Mr. Gladstone was to be present. Seated on one side of their intended victim by arrangement with the host, they began to put their scheme in operation.

Mr. Gladstone had maintained his reputation throughout the evening for being thoroughly acquainted with not only the leading questions of the day, but every subject which had been thus far introduced by those around him. His neighbors on either side began to discuss games of skill and chance generally.

Every few minutes one or the other would appeal to Mr. Gladstone to clear up some particularly complicated point or disputed question. Between then, they skillfully led the conversation up to Chinese chess, and soon found their opportunity to argue somewhat warmly in regard to a certain matter connected with the game.

They had studied the article so closely that they repeated much of it almost verbatim. Mr. Gladstone seemed interested but said nothing. The two jokers, inwardly congratulating themselves for their success, continued the conversation with more animation than ever.

The host, who had been taken into the secret, was an amused spectator of what he thought was his honored guest's embarrassment.

When they had finished their mock battle, Mr. Gladstone, who had not uttered a word, took a sip of coffee, replaced the cup in the saucer, and remarked pleasantly:

"Gentlemen, I observe that you have been reading an article on Chinese chess in the Review, which I wrote!"

—Youth's Companion.

Too Busy.

The Skeptical Aunt—What does he do, Dolly, for a living?

Dolly (greatly surprised)—Why, auntie, he does not have time to earn a living while we are engaged.—Life.

Why He Was Married.

Fifty years ago "Uncle Harry" was a well known resident of a village in the Old Colony, writes a correspondent. Slow of speech and action, he was reputed to be "easy going." He had lived to the age of seventy without a wife, and it was openly said that he was "too lazy to go courting," which of course marked him as a very lazy man indeed.

One day the village was startled by the news of Uncle Harry's marriage. Shortly afterward the squire, as the one lawyer of the place was called, happened to be driving past Uncle Harry's farm, and seeing the old man in the yard stopped for a little gossip. The bridegroom, visibly "smartened up," was resplendent with happiness.

"You seem so well contented, how did it happen you never married before?" asked the squire.

"I dunno," drawled Uncle Harry. "I've had marriage feelings come over me lots of times, but they never lasted long 'nough for me to get anywhere."

"But this time they lasted?"

"Well, no, not exactly; you see, Eunice come along and staid!"—Youth's Companion.

Like His Mother.

"I was born in Indiana," says a stranger lank and slim, as us fellers in the restaurant was kind of a guy in him. And Uncle Jake was slidin him another pan'kin pie. And an extra cup of coffee, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I was born in Indiana—more'n forty years ago. And I ain't been back in twenty—and I'm workin back'ard slow; But I've eat in every restaurant 'twixt here and Santa Fe. And I want to state this coffee tastes like git-tin home to me!

"Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller, warm in up.

A-speakin' cross a saucerful, as uncle tuck his cup.

"When I need your sign out yonder," he went on to Uncle Jake.

"Come in and get some coffee like your mother used to make!"

"I thought of my old mother and the Posey county farm. And me a little kid as in a hangin on her arm. As she set the pot a-bubblin broke the eggs and poured em in."

And the feller kind o' batted, with a tremble in his chin.

And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back and stool.

As solemn for a minute as an undertaker ever is.

Then he set o' turned and tipped to 'rd the kitchen door, and next here comes in-out with-out with him, a rubbin of her specs.

And she rushes for the stranger, and she hon-ers out "It's him!

Thank God, we've met him comin! Don't you know your mother, Jim?"

And the feller, as he granted her, says, "You bet I ain't forgot!"

But, wipin of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's mighty hot."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Barred Out.

Mr. W. Hamilton Gilson, the artist, tells this as one of his experiences in New England. He was stopping at the home of a man named Galusha, where he had lodged during the preceding summer. He had observed on his previous visit that the Galushas were making great preparations for the annual fair at North Adams, and he was surprised to note that, at the time of his later visit, no such preparations were being made. So he asked Mr. Galusha what it meant. The old gentleman replied that there had been no crop, and that times were so hard to hold a successful fair. Mr. Gilson then turned to Mr. Galusha's grandson, Chauncey, a fine, strapping boy, and facetiously remarked, "Why, there's Chauncey, he'd make a good exhibit at any fair." "No, I wouldn't," replied Chauncey, "cause I ain't got no peddler's gree."—San Francisco Argonaut.



Not a Fair Shake.

Traveler—Say, my friend, there's no meat in this sandwich.
Waitress—No?
Traveler—Don't you think you'd better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?—Life.

He Might Have Known.

"Say, boy," called out an excited man of middle age, rushing from one of the tall office buildings on Dearborn street yesterday afternoon, "what will you take for your whole stock of those infernal things?"

The boy had been standing on the sidewalk in front of the building all day rasping a calliope whistle back and forth across his mouth, stopping only when somebody wanted to buy one and beginning again with renewed energy when the sale was completed.

He counted up the whistles he had on hand, made a rapid mental calculation and replied:

"I'll take a dollar 'naf fur de lot."
"If I buy all you've got will you go away from here and not come back any more?" asked the excited man.

"Sure! I go out o' de business."
"Hand 'em over. Hold on! I want the one you're blowing too! Here's your money."

"All right, boss! Here's de goods."
He turned over his entire stock, pocketed his \$1.50 and disappeared.

The middle aged man went inside the building with his load of calliope whistles, and a few minutes later he was at his desk near one of the front windows in the third story. The wooden whistles, broken to fragments, were in his wastebasket, and a look of peace, to which he had long been a stranger, was on his face.

Fifteen minutes had passed away—'tween quiet, peaceful, happy minutes.

Then a weird, horrible, agonizing yet strangely familiar sound broke on his ear. He raised the window and looked out.

The sidewalk directly below was black with a struggling mass of boys. Each boy was loaded down with calliope whistles and each was blowing one of the instruments of torture with all his might. The uproar was frightful and getting worse every moment.

Then the peaceful, happy look faded out of that middle aged man's face. He shut down the window, closed his desk, put on his hat and overcoat, went out of the building by the back stairs and faded away presently in the gloom of Randolph street.

He had made the mistake of his life.—Chicago Tribune.

Justice.

There was once a robber in Cairo who fell from the second story of a house he was trying to enter and broke his leg (said Charles Dudley Warner recently at the Aldine club on story teller's night). He went to the call and complained. The man's window was badly made and he wanted justice. The call said that was reasonable, and he summoned the owner of the house. The owner confessed that the house was poorly built, but claimed that the carpenter was to blame and not he.

This struck the call as sound logic, and he sent for the carpenter. "The charge is, alas, too true," said the carpenter, "but the masonry was at fault and I couldn't fit a good window." So the call, impressed with the reasonableness of the argument, sent for the mason. The mason pleaded guilty, but explained that a pretty girl in a blue gown had passed the building while he was at work, and that his attention had been diverted from his duty. The call thereupon demanded that the girl be brought before him.

"It is true," she said, "that I am pretty but it's no fault of mine. If my gown attracted the mason, the dyer should be punished and not I." "Quite right," said the call, "send for the dyer." The dyer was brought to the bar and pleaded guilty. That settled it. The call told the robber to take the guilty wretch to his house and hang him from the doorknob, and the poplar lace rejoiced that justice had been done. But pretty soon the crowd returned to the call's house, complaining that the dyer was too long to be properly hanged from his doorknob. "Oh, well," said the call, who by that time was being with emmal, "go find a short dyer and hang him. Justice shall prevail!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Suggestion.

"I've got an idea for a play," said Spiv vint!

"Well, I'll tell you what to do with it. If you want your play to succeed," replied Spiv vint.

"What?"

"Leave the idea out!"—Washington Star.

Collections Were Useful to Him.

First Stranger—So you are a collector. I'm glad to hear it. I always take a keen interest in collectors.

Second Stranger—You are a collector yourself perhaps?

First Stranger—Yes, I collect dollar bills.—Somerville Journal.

Degrees Below.

"Does a man die suddenly who is killed by cold?"

"No, he dies by degrees."—New York Herald.

A Great Economic Truth.

It takes money to economize.—From Remarks by a Chicago Housewife.

A Public Prescription.

The celebrated physician, Dr. Jacoby, was walking along Broadway one day when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Jacoby without paying for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very poorly," "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor." "Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely." The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes he opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a crowd who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Jacoby had in the meantime disappeared.—Comic.



A Fatal Error.

He—These masked balls are very dangerous, you know.
She—Dangerous?
He—Yes. Our servant girl was almost killed the other night at the Milkmen's masquerade ball and had to be carried home.
She—You don't say so! How did it happen?
He—She impersonated a pump.—Life.

The Man with a Strain.

There were four or five of us together in the smoking car, all free to join in the general conversation. After a bit a young man who was traveling for a Boston house brought out a coin and by laying it on his wrist and snapping his finger he caused it to jump six inches high. All of us except a heavy old farmer with a clay pipe had seen the thing done many times, but it was new to him, and he exclaimed in astonishment:

"Well, by thunder! but that ar' does beat anything in the line of tricks I ever did see!"

The Boston man then worked his ear backward and forward, and by moving the skin on his forehead he lifted his hat.

"By gum! but I've lived to be fifty years old and never saw that done before!" gasped the farmer, considerably excited.

This encouraged the Boston man, and he borrowed ten cents of the farmer and made a few passes and changed it into a quarter. The conversation ceased and the group broke up as the exhibition ceased and the group broke up as he beckoned me over to him and asked:

"Is that young man related to you?"

"No."
"Is he a friend of yours?"
"He's an acquaintance."
"Well, you don't want to see him fall sick and die?"

"No."
"Then let me tell you sumthin," he continued, as he dropped his voice to a whisper. "He's too mighty smart. His brain is grown too fast. I had a boy named Sam about his age, and he looked a good deal like him. Sam was a-gettin along as smooth as 'lasses till a feller came along one day and learned him the string game and that thing they call thimberleggin."

"And then he began to fall, did he?" I asked.

"True as gospel! Too much of a strain on his head, you see. His brain softened up like puddin, and in less'n six months we had to bury him. Better see this feller and have a talk with him. Them's powerful ente tricks o' his, but I'm a-tellin you the strain is too much—altogether too much. If somebody don't warn him it won't be three months afore he won't know 'nuff to chop up pumpkins to feed cows!"—Detroit Free Press.

Shot from Many Lockers.

It is not a very serious matter to quarrel with an actress. She never refuses to "make up."—Boston Post.

According to a current literary note Frank Stockton is so painstaking an author that he frequently waits hours for a word. He must have his words sent him by a district messenger boy.—Chicago Times.

You can't measure a girl's love by its size.—Elmira Gazette.

The rain falls upon the just, but not upon the unjust who has stolen the umbrella of the former.—Galveston News.

No, my son, it is not always polite to tell a man what you think of him. It is safer to tell it to somebody else, and it is just as effective in most instances.—Boston Transcript.

"The bored of education"—the pupils.—Davenport Breeze.

Sometimes you see a man who does not seem capable of accomplishing anything else, but who can raise a magnificent beard.—Somerville Journal.

Help from the Clouds.

Bell Boy excitedly to hotel clerk—Lightning has struck through into 69, sir. Clerk is 69 hurt?
Bell Boy No sir. He's all right.
Clerk (to bookkeeper)—Charge 69 two dollars for extra heat. Life.

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