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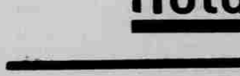

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A VERSATILIST.

How He Succeeded in Extracting a Quarter from a Busy Lawyer.

He was a snappy-looking young fellow of perhaps 23, curly-haired, handsome, dark-eyed, and dressed in the latest style. Walking into an office in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* building, he carefully closed the door behind him, removed his glove, and remarked: "I was in town and thought I would drop in to see you.

"Yes?" interrogatively remarked the attorney.

"Yes. I dropped in—to see you—and now I should like to do something for you." "Oh, you would? What can you do for me?" coldly returned the barrister.

The young man made a graceful bow and produced his card: "McDonald Everett—Veratilistic artist and specialist. Painting—Young ladies, lessons one hour, free of charge; old maids, $6 and upward, depending upon first impressions. Musician and vocalist—One night stands, $16; prices to vary according to size of hall, also size of audience. Correspondent (traveling or stationary)—Sensational, 10 cents per line. Divorce cases written in flowing style, and eloquence utilized in case lady is in her teens or not too far gone beyond. Society scandal, $10 per column. Actor—Shakspeare's productions $30 per night; $40 if egged. Other drama $15 for single engagement. Fainting spells with ladies neatly executed, and real blood used in every scene of tragedies. Ventriloquism and elocution on demand at lowest rates. Kalsomining, plumbing, carpentry and joinery, paper-hanging, song and dance Græco-Roman wrestling, tight-wire, cleaning and repairing clothes; private tutoring for Yale Princeton, Harvard, and University of Michigan. Special attention given to picnic parties and church fairs. Send stamp for circular, with interesting particulars worth twice the money."

"No," gruffly growled the lawyer. "I don't want anything in your line."

"Um-m-m. Sorry. Don't you want your office scrubbed?" "No."

"Coal carried?" "No."

"Shoes shined?" "No."

"Spitton washed out neat?" "No, sir. I don't want anything done at all."

"Oh, indeed? Sorry! What will it be worth if I tell something you want done that I can do for you, and no one else?"

"I told you once I did not want anything done in your line. But I'll give you a quarter if you can tell me something of that sort," and the attorney grinned sarcastically. "Well, you want me to get out of here! See?"

As he pocketed the quarter daintily and softly reopened the door, he said: "Any time you want something else done drop me a card. I'm in this business to make a living, and something's got to come."

DETERMINED TO WIN.

The Woman Pawned Her Goat to Get Money for Her Lawsuit.

"My first case," said a well-known Harlem lawyer to a *Commercial Advertiser* man, "was an unique one. An Irish family of the name of Murphy, living up on the rocks in one of the fast-disappearing remnants of Shantytown, were fraudulently evicted from their tumbledown cabin by a rascally landlord. The practical head of the household was the wife, and she determined to fight the matter out.

"For three weeks the Murphys, children, furniture and all, lived in the back yard of their former home with nothing between them and heaven but a flimsy tent made of old sheets, while Mrs. Murphy tramped around town looking for a lawyer who would take their case for nothing.

"One day she charged into my office and told me her story with the stereotyped exactness that comes from frequent repetition. The case seemed to be a worthy one, and as I wasn't overburdened with work I agreed to take it free of charge and reinstate the Murphys in their dilapidated homestead.

"She wanted to get out a free summons against the landlord and waive several other small but necessary expenses, but I told her it would be more politic to pay these, as the total would not amount to $5.

"'Foive dollars,' she cried, 'divil a cint have the Murphys seen since me husband losht his job wan month ago, and the lasht blissed thing thim pawnbrokers 'll take they've got already.'

"When I offered to loan her the money she went into such a rage that I apologized abjectly.

"'Be the powers,' she exclaimed after pacing the floor for about ten minutes, 'I forgot wan thing! Wait, mister, an' I'll be back in an hour.'

"She kept her word, and just as I was closing up shop for the day she reappeared with her hands full of silver, which she poured upon my desk.

"'Mrs. Murphy,' I queried, 'where did you get this? I thought your last valuable had been pawned?'

"'Yis,' she replied with a gleam of triumph in her gray eyes, 'iverything excipt the goat. I tuk auld Nanny, whose milk me childer has lived upon, over to the Kenneys, and they lint me four dollars and ninety-sivin cints on her. There's the money, young man, and now, be the luv of hivin, go in and bate McCarty!'

"I take pleasure in stating that McCarty was 'bated.'"

Arabia and the Horse.

By a great many people Arabia is supposed to be the home of the horse. From ancient Roman, Grecian, and Jewish history it is readily learned that the horse was unknown in Arabia long after he was a common factor in the life of southern Europe.

An Aged Calf.

A certain clergyman of Halifax, N. S., while addressing his congregation on the subject of the prodigal son, is said to have affected his hearers even more than he anticipated when, with tears in his eyes and pathos in his voice, he pictured the aged father overjoyed at the return of his long-lost boy, commanding them to bring forth and kill the little calf which had been fattening for years and years, and years.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ME WAS A PLAIN, UNLETTERED MAN.

But He Had Some Good Ideas About the Management of Savages.

Capt. Thomas Byrne, or "Old Tommy," as he was affectionately called by all his associates, had at one time charge of the Hualpais, a tribe of Indian settled in Northwestern Arizona. Old Tommy, perhaps from his "deludherin' tongue," had an almost miraculous ascendency over the chiefs and head men of this tribe, and, though his native eloquence was seconded only by the scantiest allowances of rations from the subsistence stores of the camp, he was loved and trusted by these childlike allies. To hear him coaxing back a sulky warrior to good-humor was something to be long remembered.

"Come, now," he has been heard to say, "shure, phat is the matter wid ye? Have yes iver axed me for anythin' that Oi didn't promise it to yez?"

Yet Tommy's promises were always kept.

Suddenly one day the Hualpais, like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, went on the warpath and fired on the agency buildings before leaving for their old stronghold in the Canon of the Colorado. No one knew the cause of their sudden treachery, and Tommy Byrne was one of those who realized how much it would cost Uncle Sam in blood and treasure if the outbreak were not stopped at once.

Without waiting for his spirited little horse to be saddled he threw himself across its back and swept out into the hills after the fugitives. When the Hualpias saw the cloud of dust coming they blazed into it, but Tommy was untouched, and dashed gallantly up, his horse white with foam, to the knot of chiefs who stood awaiting him.

At first the Indians were sullen, but they soon melted enough to tell the story of their grievances. The new agent had been robbing them in the most barefaced manner, and in their ignorance they imagined it to be Capt. Byrne's duty to regulate all the affairs in his camp. They did not want to hurt him and would let him go safely back, but for them there was nothing but the warpath.

"Come back with me," said Tommy gently, "I will see that you are righted."

Back they went, following that one unarmed man. Straight to the beef-scales proceeded the officer, and in a few minutes he had detected the manner in which false weight had been secured by tampering with the poise. A Texas steer, which would not weigh more than 800 pounds, stood at 1,700, and of course other articles followed in the same ratio.

Tommy seized upon the agency and took charge; the Hualpais were perfectly satisfied, and the agent left that night for California. Thus was a bitter war averted by the prompt action of a plain, unlettered man, who had no ideas about managing savages beyond that of treating them with kindness and justice.

Pat's Temptation.

One of the members of the New York senate who has passed through a good many experiences during his lifetime, was in his younger days a track-walker on a New England railroad, says the Buffalo *Express*. At each end of his route was a small station. The only persons to watch him were in these neighborhoods. Pat (it is needless to say he was an Irishman) lived in a small house beside the track, about half a mile from one of these stations. He was the fortunate owner of an old horse and wagon. This is what led to his temptation and downfall. There was a good wagon-road running parallel with the track all the way. "Pat," said the tempter, "what's to hinder you riding between stations?" "It wouldn't do," said Pat. But the idea had taken hold of him and one rainy night he tried it. He left his horse half a mile from each end of his beat and walked to the stations at his usual time. Over the rest of the distance he rode on the turnpike, trusting to luck that the track would be all right. The thing was so easy that it soon became a settled practice with him. For three or four months he guarded the company's property in this way, and no one was the wiser. Then he was spotted, and a summary discharge followed. "A man with your genius for dodging work ought to be a lawyer," said the superintendent. "Faith, I think so myself," answered the discharged track-walker, and a lawyer he became.

A deep black stripe across the corner of an envelope is a badge of mourning, and calls for the most fashionable and approved sympathy.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Russian's Prophecy of War.

A Russian veteran having been asked by an English tourist at Warsaw if he thought there would be war replied: "My dear sir, do you suppose that Grand Dukes Alexis and Vladimir have gone to France at this time of famine, when they can be so little spared, without a purpose? Do you suppose that M. de Giers went there for pleasure? Do you know, sir, that we have our entire available force in the vicinity of the German and Austrian frontiers? We have 500,000 men, including 92,000 cavalry, posted on our western frontiers. In St. Petersburg we have 50,000 men, in Moscow 50,000. The Caucasus and central Asia, including Siberia, have only 200,000 men between them. Besides, we have no recruits on our western frontier, only men who have served at least a year with the colors. Do you think that all these precautions have been taken for no purpose whatever? We have a strong fleet in the Black sea, and 100,000 men ready for embarkation the moment a favorable opportunity presents itself; and when we do declare war do not think we shall make it with rosewater. We have about half a million of Cossacks. These Cossacks we will let loose upon the Germans. They will burn and kill everything that comes in their way. The land that they will have passed over will be black and desolate. Not a tree, not a house will be left standing, not a blade of grass; not a child shall survive to tell the tale."

BUSINESS, NOT BRAINS.

That Is What Counts in Novel Writing Nowadays.

Novel writing has become a trade, and is among the vulgarest and least respectable of modern occupations. A mere business or a mere handicraft may be ennobled by its pursuer, but can not be vulgarized as the trade pursuit of what was once an art may be. The public insists on being served with imaginative literature of one sort or another. The great mass of readers has no power to distinguish good work from bad. It has no faculty for the recognition of style of power or fineness in the delineation of character. We have seen already what it demands, and we have seen that men whose literary equipment is least adequate in the sight of the judicious can supply the demand as well as the most accomplished literary artist.

The novel, as a vehicle for the expression of thought and emotion, is neither dead nor doomed. The opportunities it affords are so wide and various that great men will always be found who will employ them. But for the time at least its day of splendor is over. We are on the eve of a new epoch. The immediate publicity afforded by the theater and the splendid rewards gathered by the successful playwright will combine to enlist the most capable literary workmen in the dramatic art. We shall have very shortly a renaissance of the stage. This is not to say for a moment that all well-equipped writers of fiction will at once begin to work for the boards. The difference between the two kinds of work is so wide that only the man why has essayed both can rightly understand it. The result must be looked for through the action of a growing fashion. Dickens and Thackery and George Eliot wrote novels naturally, because the novel was the form of literature into which they were born. Men and women of equal power who will dawn upon the world of letters twenty years hence will be writing drama because the literary atmosphere will be saturated with stage influences. Great fame and great pecuniary reward are baits to catch the biggest kind of fishes. The fame and the reward may be trusted to create and fashion of seeking for them, and when the masters of imaginative art arise they will work after the manner of their hour.—*D. Christie Murray in the Contemporary Review.*

Beheading a Congressman.

"The struggle which resulted in Pennington's success," said Senator Sherman, "was I think the longest Speakership contest in our history. It lasted from Dec. 5 till Feb. 1, and the House was in an uproar a great part of the time. There were many funny incidents during the contest, and a number of times it looked as though we would have a general fight in the House. The Democrats were on one side of the House and the Republicans on the other, much as they are now, and I remember that we tried to keep the parties separated and the aisle between them clear. Potter, a Republican from Wisconsin, and a very large and powerful man, got in a fuss with Barksdale of Mississippi. They sat across the aisle from one another, and Barksdale said something that made Potter very angry. He jumped for him and grabbed him by the hair, intending to jerk him up from his seat and pound his face, but lo and behold Barksdale's whole head seemed to rise up in Potter's hands, and the House found out for the first time that Barksdale wore a wig, and his pate, as bald as a billiard ball, shone out under the gaslight, while the House roared.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Magnetic Stone.

In Texas there is a stone about twenty feet in diameter that has wonderful magnetic power. It is said that it will draw a hammer or an ax to its surface even when placed ten or fifteen feet away on the ground.

All Questions Cheerfully Answered.

Housekeeper: "Have you any Mocha coffee?" Small dealer: "Yes, mum." "Genuine Mocha?" "Just imported, mum." "Import it yourself?" "Oh, yes, mum. I send my orders direct to the sultan, mum." "Humph! How much have you on hand?" "About sixty pounds, mum." "You have, eh? Sixty pounds? I read in the paper this very morning that not over fifty pounds of genuine Mocha reaches this country annually." "Yes, mum, that's true. I had 'bout ten pounds left over last year."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

How She Won Her Point.

"Mary," he said, as he scowled at her over the breakfast table.

"John," she replied fearlessly.

"Mary," he said, "what kind of a breakfast do you call this?"

"I call it an excellent one," she returned bravely.

"You do!" he exclaimed. "Well, I don't! I think a little variety occasionally would be a good thing. Do you realize that this is the third morning this week that we have had corned-beef hash?"

"Certainly, John."

"And that we had corned beef for dinner yesterday and cold corned beef for supper?"

"Of course, John. You wanted me to run the house as economically as I could."

"Yes, but——"

"You said that the amount of meat consumed in this house would bankrupt a bank president."

"I know, but I——"

"And that I ought to plan with more regard for the expense."

"Certainly, certainly, Mary; but hang it all——"

"I've been following your instructions."

"But I don't like corned beef!"

"I know it, John," she said in a businesslike way. "That's what makes it last so long. It keeps expenses down splendidly, and if you want——"

"I don't!" he exclaimed. "I don't! Let them run up! You've got too good a business head for anything outside of a boarding house."—*Chicago Tribune.*