How Williams Came To Go Back East

Williams of Rhode Island was down on his luck. He had been five years in the gold State, and had confidently looked forward to each succeeding year's enabling him to go back home and make things comfortable for the woman and little ones. But each succeeding year had found him precisely where the previous one had left him—a sanguine prospector, with a wealth of hope and a pitifully small outfit.

But this last find had been different. He had taken out sixty dollars a day for a week, and with this substantial evidence of coming prosperity had written a letter which filled the far-away home with sudden joy. Then the vein had disappeared, and he had picked and shoveled and hauled away dirt until his money was exhausted. But the gold was there, he was sure of it; and his confidence had induced the trader at Three Forks to advance him funds. However, there had been a shaft to sink, a solid rock to cut through, and it had all been expensive. When it was accomplished the money was gone—and there was no vein.

He was still confident; but the trader was angry, and had accused him of false pretenses. Only this morning he had received intimation that the Sheriff was about to levy on his mine—on his Molly, named after the dear one it was to do so much for.

He was aroused by approaching footsteps. When he looked up two men stood before him. One of them was the owner of the adjoining claim; the other was the Sheriff.

"I have come to——" began the officer.

"Yes, yes, I know." Williams of Rhode Island rose heavily to his feet. "It's all right. Just go ahead. I can do nothing."

The sheriff looked at him curiously.

"Oh, 'tain't quite so bad as that," he laughed. "I did 'low on makin' a levy; but Kansas here has been tellin' me something that has changed my plans. You needn't bother about the bill jest now."

"I s'pose you heerd 'bout my luck?" Kansas asked, blandly.

"I've got a pretty vein," Kansas went on frankly; "thut hit dips to'ard you uns' land. If thar's a pocket I 'low hit's acrost your line. I don't s'pose ye'd be willin' to sell out, clean; but if ye'll go pards I'll give ye ten thousand for a half share." He waited a moment, but as there was no reply, added: "I'll make it twenty for a clean job; but of course ye won't quit?"

Williams of Rhode Island looked down into the valley, and up the mountain; and then across to the east, where the sun was just rising above the pines.

"Yes, I'll quit," he said, huskily; "you can buy me out clean. I'm going home."—Philadelphia Times.

FISHING IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

Trout Caught and Boiled in the Same Stream.

People returning from the west frequently have some wonderful stories to relate of how they caught trout in the Yellowstone Park and, without changing their seat, lifted the fish out of the stream of cold water, over into a boiling spring, and cooked it without removing it from the hook. These stories are all very well in their way, but when told in the manner above outlined one can safely put them down as yarns without the slightest foundation in fact. To catch a fish in a stream of cold water and lift it over into a spring of boiling water is one of the many curious things that are possible only in the Yellowstone Park, but, should the person so doing attempt to draw the fish out of the boiling spring the head would pull off the thoroughly boiled and perfectly soft body and he would thus lose the fish.

The most wonderful phenomenon of this sort in the Yellowstone Park is one that has thus far escaped those who are fond of telling big fish yarns, mainly for the reason that the locality lies outside the beaten track of travel and visitors and can only be reached after considerable difficulty. At the point in question a stream of clear, cold water flows through the park, receiving in its course the scalding hot waters of one of the numerous boiling springs of that region. This boiling water, as it reaches the cold stream, flows for a considerable distance along one bank before the waters finally mingle and become one in temperature.

Into this spring of boiling water, insects, bugs, toads, grasshoppers and the like are continually dropping and thus losing their lives, and all such insects are, as a matter of course, swept into the cold-water stream. Now in the cold water of this stream a number of hungry trout are continually skirmishing along the edge of the hot water, taking good care not to venture too close, for the purpose of snapping up and devouring the insects brought down by the hot water and which happen to float over into the cold water, or near enough the border for the trout to pick them up, so that it is possible for a fisherman sitting on the bank, to catch a trout, with a hook and line, draw him two feet from where he took the hook, and boil him good and done, all in the same stream, and without even lifting the fish from the water.

The fisherman would, of course, have to have a scoop net to remove the boiled trout from the water, for otherwise the head would pull off, leaving the body in the water. But, barring this, says the Washington Post, it is within the bounds of truth for one to say that the Yellowstone is the only place on earth where it is possible to catch and cook a fish in the same stream.

A FABLE FROM REAL LIFE.

How Author of "Fables in Slang" Lived Up to His Theory.

There is a class of people—and they are not all women, either—who cannot be convinced that whatever an author writes isn't autobiographical. If a man writes a love sonnet, he must be in love, a theory which, if carefully applied to some of our poets, would prove that they out-Solomon Solomon. Such persons are rather vexing, for one is sure they would never read Shakespeare's sonnets if they didn't believe there was a woman involved, and they simply glory in the fact that poor little David Copperfield is said to be the boy Dickens himself. To all such this story may have interest.

It is about a fable by George Ade, the past-master of slang. The fable tells of two men, the one who wouldn't learn botany, but got out and Dug for the Rocks, or something of that sort; the other who said, "Nay, nay, a cultured mind is the real thing; I'll go through college, and then be It," or something of that sort. Anyway, the first who had "bloodshot hands" (that quotation is exact), got out and rustled for the cash so effectively that by the time the second was earning $50 a week as a professor, and was still only an A. M., he came to the same college with $50,000 he had forgotten to take out of his pocket when he changed his "pants" (the professor doubtless wore trousers), saw a new gymnasium was needed, gave the $50,000 and was made a Ph. D. The laugh seemed to be on number two.

Now, according to James O'Donnell Bennett, who is well known in theatrical circles, being now connected with the business end of Miss Marlowe's productions, George Ade himself might stand for number one in some way, and Bennett and several more for number two.

"You see," said Bennett, "before Ade was famous, when he was just a newspaper man with the rest, a lot of us used to have quarters in Chicago where we retired at night, when the day's grind was over, and studiously set about improving our minds. But Ade wouldn't join us. While we were reading the sixty-seventh volume of the 'Life of Johnson' he would be down in all sorts of joints, setting up cheap variety actors and the like to beer and ham sandwiches.

"'George,' we would tell him, 'you are not doing right by yourself. You should study and improve your mind not waste your spare time in cheap and riotous living. Come with us; win culture, not slang.'

"But Ade kept on setting up the beer and learning slang. We cut the leaves in the sixty-eighth volume of Boswell. And now—and now, we have minds more or less improved, but Ade draws a salary of $500 a week, and goes to the Waldorf! There's your fable, to the life."—New York Tribune.

Where Wax Is Mined.

In several parts of the world a resinous substance called ozocerite and bearing considerable resemblance to beeswax is found, usually in connection with rock salt and coal. There are deposits in Austria, Russia, Roumania, Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico, but ozocerite has, so far, not been discovered in sufficient quantities to pay for mining anywhere except in the district of Boryslav, in Austrian Galicia, and on an island on the west coast of the Caspian Sea.

In mining this mineral wax shafts are sunk until a bed or "nest" of ozocerite is struck. Then connecting galleries are driven. There is considerable danger and many lives have been lost in consequence of the sudden forcing up of the soft wax into the shafts by the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. It is used largely for manufacturing ceresin, says the Brooklyn Citizen, which is employed, together with beeswax, for making wax candles, as well as in the manufacture of phonographic cylinders, and for many similar purposes.

Progress of Cremation.

That veteran advocate of cremation, Sir Henry Thompson, has published in the Lancet a statistical account of the progress of this movement which should interest those who regard cremation as the only satisfactory mode of disposing decently of the dead, having regard to the safety of the living. At Woking 2,097 cremations have taken place, beginning with 3 in the year 1885 and ending in 1901 with 273. In 1901 there were, besides 95 at Manchester, 40 at Liverpool, 18 at Glasgow, 17 at Hull and 2 at Darlington. Leicester will have a crematorium in a few months, and the institution in course of erection in the north of London will be ready before the close of 1902. The United States has 26 crematories, of which 24 are in use. At Fresh Pond, N. Y., 654 bodies were cremated in 1901, 666 at San Francisco (Odd Fellows), and 182 at Chicago. In Paris, from 1899 to 1901, 2,299 private cremations took place.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Taking Her Down.

May—Yes, I have accepted him. He says I'm a prize.

Fay—Consolation prize, I presume. Nobody else would have him.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Worst Patients of All.

Young Doctor—Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure?

Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with them.—Judge.

The girl who learns to play the piano well must be mighty tired.

MODERN AIDS TO NOVELISTS

Manner in Which the Popular Writers Collect Their Material.

Just as rapidly as the public demands anything in large quantities, nature supplies the mechanism which will gratify the want. At the present time there is an insatiable market for historical novels of all sorts and kinds. When, therefore, the historical novelist sketches out a plot, he would, if left to himself, require several months of hard study in some large library in order to obtain accurate material and local color. Creative genius does not enjoy research and investigation.

What he does, therefore, is to make a plot or scenario of his story and a requisition for material. This will include a description of the towns and cities and the times wherein the story is placed, pen pictures and anecdotes of any historical characters introduced into the piece, and a brief collection of the sayings, jokes, poems and popular songs of the period. He then goes to the libraries and interviews several professional bookworms who have lately developed this work into a recognized industry. These patient purveyors of information are known in the libraries as "the shadows of the novelists" who employ them. Their work is pleasant but monotonous. Long practice has made them familiar with the books, so that they know exactly where to turn, which is nine-tenths of the battle.

One of them, a middle-aged but bright-eyed Daughter of the Revolution, who has become a specialist in this field of work and calls herself "A Searcher for Novelists," showed me her order book and chatted with me about her work. "Mr. X——, who is running a serial story in Barker's Monthly, wants ten jokes about General Israel Putnam. I sent him fifteen, from which he will select ten. If I had not done this he would have growled and declared that any schoolboy could have gotten these from a Fifth Reader."—Detroit Free Press.

MISUSE OF "AWFULLY."

Spencer Criticises the Speech of His Countrymen and "Americanisms."

In his "Facts and Comments," Herbert Spencer has a brief article headed "A Few Americanisms," in which he protests, and very justly so, against the use of certain "new words or new uses of old words." Various examples are given and the article winds up with the following remark: "Perhaps a little might be done if in return for criticisms on Americanisms like those given above, Americans were systematically to expose deteriorations in the language as spoken here. They might, for example, mercilessly ridicule that vulgar misuse of the word 'awfully,' which has now continued for more than a generation."

This reminds me of the following rather good story told to me by a friend now deceased, says a writer in the London Spectator. A certain distinguished philosopher happened to be staying at a country house in which my friend was also a guest, and one morning a youngster lookout of the window, observing a large flock of rooks alighting on the grass, cried out, "What an awful lot of crows," upon which the philosopher, in a tone intending to convey an gentle rebuke, inquiringly said: "Well, my young friend, are crows really so very awful?" The boy quickly answered: "I didn't say, 'What a lot of awful crows,' but 'What an awful lot of crows!'" The philosopher remained silent and the boy whispered to my friend: "Had him that time, I think, sir!" This is a true story.

WHITE BLACKBERRIES.

White blackberries are the latest achievement of horticultural science. They have been bred from ordinary black ones by the famous wizard gardener, Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, Cal. As a mere freak they would be interesting, but they are something more, namely, a valuable new variety, possessing a flavor superior, it is said, to any black blackberries. Before very long they will be on the market, so that public may be able to judge for itself as to their excellence.

Strike and Lock-Out at Once.

He tried the door with his key, but the thing was locked on the inside, locked and bolted. And, just as he was about to apply the knocker, a voice, stern and admonitory, reached him from above.

"Halloa! Who are you? What do you want?"

"My dear," he called, "isn't that a trifle gratuitous? I want to come in. D'ye see?"

"Where have you been till this hour?"

"Club, my darling. Been down discussing the strike."

"Very well, then. Now you can go back and discuss the lock-out. Does it still rain?"—Baltimore Sun.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Right of Way.

ONE remark in the brief colloquy between the President and the motorman who came so near to killing him was eminently characteristic. We are told that the parting words of the motorman, as the President turned away, were: "Your driver had a right to get out of the way, anyhow." The remark was as insolent as it was slangy, and as brutal as it was insolent. But it was typical and illuminating in a high degree.

It expressed with exactness if not with elegance the too frequent attitude of the strong and swift toward the less strong and less swift upon our highways. Their rule is simply an arrogant "get out of the way." The trolley car motorman clangs his gong and expects all other vehicles and pedestrians to get out of the way. If they do not it is their own fault if they get run over. The automobile motorman blows his raucous horn and ploughs furiously along the middle of the road, expecting all others to get out of the way. The driver of horses attached to some cumbrous vehicle, or the driver of some swift trotter, acts similarly toward the hapless pedestrian. "Get out of the way!" is the insolent mandate of the strong to the weak.

As a matter of fact, that is an unlawful attitude. The weak have equal rights of way with the strong. If there be any discrimination between them it is in favor of the weak. The steamship must yield right of way to the sailing vessel, and the vehicle to the pedestrian. It is reasonably and right that it should be so. So far as trolley cars are concerned, it is especially so, for they have no proprietary right in the street. They occupy the street on sufferance, as tenants at the will of the real owners, and it is incumbent upon them to respect the rights of the owners. The President's carriage had a superior right of way to that of the trolley car which ran it down. It was not so much incumbent upon the driver of the carriage to get out of the way, as the motorman declared, as it was upon the motorman of the car to yield the right of way to a vehicle, no matter whether it was the carriage of the President or of the humblest private citizen.—New York Tribune.

The Lesson of a Fad.

THE appointment of a receiver for the bicycle trust affords an interesting object lesson. The reason for such action, or rather the causes which have led to it, are obvious. Bicycling a few years ago was neither an industry, nor a sport, but a fad, and a fad is bound to pass away. We do not say it is a fad now. Most manifestly it is not. It is both an industry and a sport, and as such will doubtless be perpetuated. But the penalty for its period of fadship must be paid. The vast inflation of it for a few years, when everybody seemed to be bicycle mad, has been followed by inevitable collapse. After a time, and after various fluctuations, a rational status will be established. People will continue to use bicycles, for business, for pleasure and for health, and the industry of making and selling them will be a steady and profitable one.

The automobile has come to stay, as did the bicycle. But it has not come to stay as a fad any more than did the other. The bicycle which abides is not the featherweight wheel of the humpbacked scorcher, but the substantial and trustworthy wheel of the rider who rides for business or pleasure or health. The automobile which will abide will not be the wailing, clattering, snorting, smoking, stinking thing in which the begoggled scorcher now delights to rush through slaughter of others to his own destruction. It will be a safe, comfortable, trustworthy engine, convenient to its users and inoffensive to all others. That is a prediction which may be made with absolute confidence, and those who are first to accept it as a fact and to act upon it will be in least danger of loss when the inevitable reaction comes against the beginnings of an intolerable fad.—New York Tribune.

The Intellect of Women.

WHILE there seem to be no directions in which men cannot excel women intellectually, there are a large class in which women are not wholly disqualified, so that a clever woman can beat an ordinary man; and there is another large class, where even the ablest women are so far behind as to be entirely out of the race. Though men excel in both directions, the kind of mind that is almost peculiar to men may be fitly called the masculine. It will be interesting to distinguish between the two types more perfectly. Women can learn languages nearly as well as men, especially modern languages, in which it is sometimes possible to secure rational tuition. It is only in the higher walks that they fall behind. In such subjects as history, women are again not, as a rule, behind men, except in the higher branches. Mathematics is to some extent anomalous. It is a subject that requires very close attention and concentration, but little more in most branches. It does not demand any high order of intellect. The reasoning is close, but it is purely deductive. It is a study from which women have never been precluded, yet they have never done anything in the higher branches. No woman has even invented a calculus, neither do women apply mathematics to solve physical problems. The creative and the original seem absent from feminine mathematics, as from most feminine work. When we come to science we find women are simply nowhere. The feminine mind is quite unscientific. Men are curious about things, women about people. While those of his sex read the works of a great man, women read his biography and letters. There may be brilliant exceptions here and there, which are too infrequent to count, but, broadly speaking, the scientific woman does not exist.

One of Cuba's Needs.

AMERICANS regard Cuba as being exclusively a sugar and tobacco country. I venture the prophecy that within a very few years she will supply the United States with oranges, winter vegetables, winter strawberries, coffee, india rubber, indigo, bananas, corn and beef cattle—all of which can be cultivated much more economically than is possible in the United States or South America and without any danger of loss or destruction by frost, as Cuba is below the frost line, being protected by the gulf stream.

While all of the industries above mentioned may be gone into on a large scale, they are particularly attractive to the man with small capital. When it comes to the culture of sugar cane and tobacco more money is needed, which is also partially true of the pineapple industry, as pines are infinitely more profitable when cultivated on a large scale. The capitalist and syndicate naturally turn to sugar and tobacco, both of which can be made enormously profitable. But Cuba to-day stands in great need of the small farmer, and the small farmer, if he but knew it, has been looking for Cuba all of his life.—Collier's Weekly.

Haiti's Unfortunate Condition.

HAYTI, never heard from save for some bad cause, will soon celebrate the centenary of its political independence, proclaimed Jan. 1, 1804.

It has had a century of self-government. In that time no President has been legally elected. No government has been secure. Life has never been safe from military execution. Taxation has been organized plunder. Barbarism has succeeded semi-civilization.

Hayti might have the best, most profitable sugar plantations known. It can grow the best coffee of the West Indies. Its ports are at the very entrance of the Caribbean Sea. It should be the house of call for the commerce of a score of islands and some 5,000 miles of coast. Its mineral resources are unknown, but there is every reason to believe them large. It has steaming coal which it does not raise, copper it does not smelt and gold for which it makes no search.

It is a tramp country. Its population, part of which is cursed by voodooism and all of which is lower than the average Asiatic, squats on a rich 10,000 square miles and keeps it useless. No evil is absent. There is no real education, no efficient civil administration, no protection for trade, property or life.

A tramp country like this cannot go on forever. No man would be allowed to make rich land a nuisance of inhuman cruelty, the hiding place of plunder and murder. Neither can a country. There is no divine right of peoples any more than of kings.—Philadelphia Press.

Where Prosperity Originates.

IT is a fact which many persons seem to forget that all the material wealth comes out of the ground. The pathetic stories from the large cities connected with the fresh-air aids have told more than once of little children who had never seen green grass and who had no idea of the open country until given these outings. There are grown-up people of abundant wealth who are equally ignorant of what the country is in its relation to general business interests. They assume that when stocks go up 10 points the country is richer thereby, and that when a great syndicate takes $50,000,000 worth of property and capitalizes at $500,000,000, this paper performance has created $450,000,000 of new wealth.

They buy and sell and go speculating through life on this sort of assumption, and do not stop to think that it is only as the iron and coal are dug up and as the sunshine and the rain bring the grain to the harvest that anything is added to what already is. Meanwhile it is well to bear in mind that while speculators can grow rich in their big deals, the world can watch with wonder their great achievements, still they are not producers. Somebody else gives up what they get, and it is the unnoticed producer who furnishes the tangible material elements of prosperity. Even legitimate buying and selling, what goes under the general name of trade and keeps so many people busy, adds nothing to what already is. When two men trade horses there are still only those two horses at the end of the trade.—Hartford Courant.

DO WHOLESALE COOKING.

Novel Gotham Establishments Supply Restaurants with Cooked Food.

If it were asserted without any explanation that there were restaurants in New York which cooked large quantities of food day and night and yet which never sold a mouthful to a person within their doors it would certainly arouse doubt or ridicule. Yet such is the fact. There are more than forty establishments of this class in New York. Their customers are not hungry men, but restaurants, eating booths, oyster stands, and free lunch counters. There was a time when every place of this sort owned and used its own kitchen, but the increase of rents, the decrease in the size of store property and the greater economy necessitated by keen competition have brought the wholesale restaurant into existence and made it a financial success.

Most of these affairs are on the east side and are managed by Germans, Hebrews, Swiss and English, their numbers being in the order named. They supply roast beef, lamb, veal, mutton, corn beef and pork, pot roasts, baked and boiled fish, fried oysters, clams, scallops, eels, fishballs and soft-shell crabs, boiled potatoes, cabbage, turnips and beets.

A few supply a larger bill of fare, but the demand for their goods is comparatively limited. They purchase good, wholesome material, employ excellent cooks, own efficient delivery wagons and run affairs upon a good business basis.

When you pass an oyster stand and see nicely fried oysters and soft-shell crabs neatly piled upon a platter, and decorated with little sprigs of parsley, twice out of three times you look at the wares of these establishments. The tiny restaurants in the business districts, and especially those which cater to clerks and workingmen, depend almost entirely upon the wholesale restaurants for their food. Oddly enough, says the New York Post, they can sell their cooked food to the retail restaurants for less than what the latter could pay for the raw materials. This comes from buying wholesale in very large quantities, in cooking on a large scale and in utilizing all the waste products.

AN ODD COLLECTION.

Why a Book Lover Buys Old Bibles and Hymn Books.

"All book collectors have their weaknesses," remarked a man who is often seen poring over the sidewalk counters of second-hand book shops, "and mine, I confess, runs in the line of old Bibles and hymn books. Not particularly because they are Bibles and hymn books, but because I simply can't stand it to see such books tossed about as dusty, almost worthless second-hand goods. Except in the case of rare old Bibles or quite ancient hymn books, such books cost but a trifle; religious books, as a rule, are almost unsalable in a second-hand shop, and I buy a great many. Only, however, such as contain family names and inscriptions of pathetic character.

"My first purchase of the kind was an Episcopal prayer book, battered and torn, with the name of an old friend of mine in gilt on the cover. It gave me a shock to find it on a second-hand counter, so I paid the required dime and carried it home. The man is dead, and his children are living in other cities, well to do. I have no idea how his prayer book became public property. People are queer. I offered it to a remote relative of the former owner, but she said she didn't care about it. Since then I have bought in other old family Bibles and hymn books which belonged to people I had known, or which contain interesting written matter. It is pitiful to see a Bible inscribed, 'To my dear son Henry, from his devoted mother,' or, 'Elizabeth, from a loving father,' or, 'Little William's birthday gift to Uncle William.'

"When these books come into my hands I erase or tear out the inscriptions, and if my shelf of old Bibles and hymn books ever gets started out again as 'religious junk' it will all be anonymous and wanting in that distressing reality which has made me, perhaps, absurdly sentimental over it."—Detroit Free Press.

Lives in a Fairy House.

The water spider runs about on the leaves of aquatic plants and catches the insects that live among them; but the nest in which this spider lives is a silk bag, filled with air, and it is anchored beneath the water. Its opening points directly downward, so that no air can escape when the spider enters it.

After the nest has been made large enough, the spider proceeds to fill it with air in the most remarkable way. She carries it in, just as human people might carry coal or wood or water into their houses. Going nearly to the surface, she puts the end of her body out of the water for an instant, then jerks it quickly under with a bubble attached, crosses her hind legs over it, and descends to the nest, into which she then allows the bubble to escape.

This is repeated until the nest is filled with air.

The spider has chosen this singular abode to escape destruction by water fowl. The leaves of most aquatic plants lie flat upon the water, and offer only few places where the spider could hide from enemies.

The thought of a house of silk, filled with air, says the New York Tribune, and anchored in a crystalline, sparkling liquid, would do for a fairyland story, but here it is in real life.

A Favorite of the King.

King Edward is a great lover of dogs and has had many favorites. The present chosen and constant canine companion of his majesty is an Irish terrier named Jack. He came into the King's possession November last and now lives with his majesty, travels with him and lies beside the King's chair all day.

Safe in His Ignorance.

Belle—He has money, you know.

Emma—Yes, I appreciate that fact, but how am I to live happily with a man who is my inferior?

"Don't tell him and he'll never know it."—Modern Society.

After the average man reaches fifty, the sacrifices he has to make in order to afford luxuries for his children begin to show more plainly in his clothes.