

"I Talk Too Much."

A Crowd Convinced by the Sharp Repartee of a Proverbially Silent Man.

"Judge" Bacon of the Rock Island, one of the best known and most popular railroad men in the West, and who is known here at his home as a man of few words, was one of a merry party of six at a famous public resort the other evening. The Judge sipped his wine in silence and listened patiently, and at times with apparent pleasure, to the witticisms of his companions. In the party was Chicago man, who, after he had partaken of a few glasses of wine, grew more than merry, though not quite boisterous, and monopolized the entire time with the recital of a lot of stale chestnuts. After an hour or more of almost senseless babble the Chicago chestnut repository slapped Judge Bacon on the back and vociferated:

"Why don't you say something, old fellow? Wake up and tell us a story."

Here was the Judge's opportunity, and he improved it.

"On an occasion of this kind, and under similar circumstances," he said gravely, "I am always reminded of the parrot that sat on a perch in front of a bird fancier's. The parrot was a very bright bird, but often kept up his chatter so long as to make it irksome to his hearers. One day, as the parrot sat nodding on his perch, a couple of cur dogs looked neither to the right nor to the left, but straight ahead, until suddenly the parrot fairly hissed; 'Sick 'em.'"

"Then the dogs turned and calmly surveyed each other. They were about to trot off in opposite directions when the parrot again shouted: 'Sick 'em.'"

"This was too much for the dogs," continued the Judge, "and they turned and grappled. They fought for several minutes, to the great glee of the parrot, which has caused the trouble. Finally the curs seemed to be satisfied, let go of each other's ears and started in opposite directions again, when the parrot yelled: 'Sick 'em.'"

"The two dogs caught sight of the parrot at once. They seemed to form a mutual alliance for offense, if not defense, and they pulled that parrot off his perch and trounced him roundly, concluding by rolling him in the muddy gutter. When the dogs let up on him the parrot hopped back on his perch, sadly the worse for the encounter. He scratched the mud out of his eyes, smoothed his ruffled feathers as best he could, and then slowly ejaculated:

"Well, I'll be d-d. I guess I talk too much."

"From that day on," concluded the Judge, "the parrot never spoke."

Those who had listened to Judge Bacon's parrot story burst out with a roar of laughter. The Chicago man, who had been talking incessantly for hours, "saw the point," and, like the parrot, was silent for the remainder of the evening.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An American in London.

There is a wide difference between the London drug store and ours. There is no such craze for patent medicines there as here, nothing like the American inclination for every man to be his own doctor. An English druggist sells face powder, cologne, soap, tooth-brushes, patent pills, and the like, but his main business is putting up prescriptions. He has no clientele of men who drop in for a little aromatic spirit of ammonia after a night of dissipation, for acid phosphate after too much smoking, or for tincture of iron and so many grains of quinine, or a glass of Calisaya for a tonic, or a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to offset too hearty or rich a meal. All that which so enriches our druggists is unknown in England. The Americans in London last summer found this out to their cost. One of them told me that he had this queer experience. He asked a druggist for a draught of iron and quinine.

"Oh, we can't give you that without a prescription, you know," the man replied.

The American persisted, but the druggist was firm.

"Well, can you give me an ounce of tincture of iron?"

"Yes, sir."

"And two, two-grain quinine pills?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you lend me a tumbler with a little water in it?"

"Yes, sir."

Having all these things, the American dropped a dozen drops of iron in the water, and took that and the pellets down with a gulp. The druggist looked on with keen interest, and then said, very gravely: "Do you know, I call that very neat. It is very neat indeed."

I had an experience, all my own, in Lock & Co's hat store in St. James Street. The aged proprietor displays ancient helmets and caps in his window which is kept scrupulously dusty. Noting this, I said, "this must be a very old store indeed."

"Store?" said the man. "It's no store at all; it's a shop, sir. I call a store a place for the sale of a miscellaneous lot of goods; but this is a shop, sir. You ought to be more careful in your use of terms."

If that was rudeness—and I do not know how great he considered his provocation—it was the only rudeness I experienced from any shop-keeper. But I learned from that incident not to say store. And before I left London I had swelled my index expurgatorium to the extent that I seldom used the following words: Guess; yes, sir; glass (for tumbler); railroad; horse-car; cents; fix; store; or pad of paper. "Block of paper," they said, when I at last got them to understand that I wanted a pad. "Guess" and "fix" are pure Americanisms, and are to be used or not as you want to attract curious attention or avoid it; but the most difficult thing for many Americans in England was to avoid "sir" to a stranger who addressed them or to an old gentleman. "Yes, sir," and "no sir,"—over there are the verbal insignias of a servant.—Harper's Weekly.

A Stranger's Bluff.

There were a dozen of us in a smoking car on the Lake Erie and Western during the closing days of the last presidential campaign, and of course we compared notes.

"Gentlemen," said a New Jersey banker, "I'll bet \$20,000 on Harrison."

"Right now?" asked a man who came forward all of a sudden, having an old carpetbag in his hand.

"Yes, sir."

"P. y. w., which means produce your wad," said the stranger, and opening his carpetbag he took out a roll of bills as big as your leg.

"That is, I will bet \$20,000 that he gets the popular vote," stammered the banker.

"C. d. w. t. r., which means come down with the rhino," replied the stranger as he fished for his boodle again.

"I—I haven't got \$20,000 with me, but I'll see you later."

"Exactly. Any of the rest of you gentlemen anything to say?"

"I bank on Cleveland," remarked one.

"H. m. d. y. b., which means how much do you bank?" asked the stranger, as he waved his wad on high.

"Oh, I don't care to bet."

"Does any one else?"

No one did, and he took up his carpetbag and retreated into the next car. I found him there an hour later, and asked:

"Were you betting or bluffing?"

"Here's the roll and you can judge for yourself," he replied, as he took it out.

"I'm telling you straight when I say he had \$28 in bills wrapped around an old piece of canvas—not a dollar more."

"I hain't got no aristocratic blood in me," he said, as he put the roll away again, "and I hain't purty nor smart. For these reasons I generally travel with an effect, which the same is this, 'C. a. s. m.' which means come and see me with anything in the shape of a bet."—New York Sun.

What Whales Eat.

The surface waters in the Gulf Stream teem with minute life of all kinds. There the young of larger animals exist, microscopic in size and adult animals, which never grow large enough to be plainly visible to the naked eye, occur in immense quantities. By dragging a fine silk net behind the vessel, these minute forms are easily taken; and, when placed in glass dishes, millions uncounted are swimming backward and forward. When looked at through a microscope we see young jelly-fishes, the young of barnacles, crabs and shrimps, besides the adult microscopic species, which are very abundant. The toothless whale finds in these his only food. Rushing through the water, with mouth wide open, by means of his whalebone strainers the minute forms are separated from the water. Swallowing those obtained after a short period of straining he repeats the operation. The abundance of this kind of life can be judged from the fact that nearly all kinds of whale exist exclusively upon these animals, most of them so small that they are not noticed on the surface.—Popular Science Monthly.

Chicago Street Scene.

Peter Lynch was awarded a verdict for \$485 in his suit before Judge McConnell against the Chicago Lumber company for \$1,500. Lynch has an extensive cabbage patch near the corner of Ashland avenue and Thirty-fifth street. Immediately north is the lumber company's planing mill. He claims that in the summer of 1883 the defendants heaped a huge pile of shavings behind their mill, and the wind distributed them over his cabbages. The crop of 1883 was buried out of sight and ruined, while, Lynch says, the ground was so poisoned by the shavings that it was unproductive all the following year.—Chicago Times.

Caught Up by the Locomotive Pilot.

Judge Sterling Watts, one of the most prominent citizens of Tazewell county, Va., had a most miraculous escape from a terrible death a few days ago. He was riding a very wild young horse near the depot when the train came in sight. This so frightened the horse that he became frantic and jumped before the advancing engine, and was caught up on the pilot and carried some seventy-five yards before the engine could be stopped. Judge Watts was unhurt, but the two hind legs of the horse were broken and he had to be shot.—Richmond Dispatch.

A Life Romance.

A fashionable physician told an interesting experience the other day. Thirty years ago he was a boy in one of the villages near New York. Like most lads of his age, he had a sweetheart, with whom he used to attend prayer meeting, parties and other affairs. Like some other village maidens, this maid was capricious, and one fine day she coolly gave him the go-by for some other fellow. To add insult to injury, she badgered him about his prospects, and asked tauntingly what he was going to do when he grew up to be a man. Oh! he was going to be a doctor, and a great doctor. She laughed and said contemptuously, as only wicked, heart-breaking girls can, that he'd never amount to much because her mother had told her that he was very stupid.

"Well, that's all right," responded our doctor, grimly. "You'll hear from me some day because I am going to make a success of it."

The village lad kept his word. He became a famous doctor, and attended some of the most celebrated persons in the United States. He rose constantly in his profession, and had almost forgotten his village maid when one day, not so very long ago, he received a note from her asking if he was the same person she had known as a boy. He replied courteously, but without unnecessary words, that he was.

About two weeks later the lady called on him at his office. She was gray-haired and matronly. She had seen his name hundreds of times in the public prints, but had supposed that it must be some one other than her former admirer. Then she asked if he would do her a favor. Her husband had had reverses and was at present a sort of demented paralytic. She was too poor to provide for him, and had vainly tried to have him admitted to one of the hospitals for incurables. The doctor gave her a note to the superintendent of the hospital with which he happened to be connected, that was tantamount to an order for the admission of the patient.

Two months after the husband died in the institution, and the widow called to thank the doctor for his services. A tear glistened in her eye, and, with a deep sigh, she hinted at how different things might have been if her mother hadn't forbidden her to have anything more to do with the stupid village lad. The doctor, who saw the ticklish ground that the widow was treading, rapidly changed the subject, and soon after bowed the lady out, with much dignity, to receive one of his high-priced patients. But he was very absent-minded, and shocked his new caller considerably by the diffident manner in which he asked after her symptoms. His mind was with the Hudson river village girl of 30 years ago.—New York Star.

Came to See Sall and Dick.

From the New York Times.

Among the immigrants who landed yesterday at the Barge Office was a female stowaway who had crossed the ocean in the White Star steamship Teutonic. She was a tall, matronly looking woman and was well dressed for one passing through the Barge Office. She gave her name as Mrs. John Jones and said that she was about fifty years old. Her home is near Queenstown and her husband is an old sailor and a pensioner of the British government. A few years ago her daughter came to this country with a letter to the late Father Riordan, who found a good situation for her. The girl wrote home a number of times to her mother. The latter longed to see her daughter and her son Dick, who had also come to this country.

Last Thursday morning when she saw the Teutonic entering Queens-town Harbor the old woman put on her best clothes and said she was going to America to see Sall and Dick. As she did not have a penny in her pocket her husband did not take her at her word. At the dock she boarded the White Star tender and was transferred to the Teutonic. When the vessel was out at sea the purser asked her for her ticket. Although she had neither ticket nor money, the purser was not harsh with her.

"Sure, he couldn't help but treat me decent," she said, "because I was respectable." During the voyage she was treated as well as the other immigrant women. Gen. O'Bierne directed that she should be detained at the Barge Office while he endeavored to find either Sally or Dick.

America's Defenselessness.

There is nothing pleasant in the testimony given by Gen. Nelson A. Miles, of the United States army, before a senate investigating committee. He said that the entire Pacific coast is defenseless and that during ten days the British fleet could destroy every town and city on Puget sound, destroy our railroad system there and occupy our outlets for that northwestern country. An enemy's ships could go up the Columbia river and destroy the city of Portland. There is not an earthwork nor a single artillery soldier on Puget sound. South of the harbor of San Francisco there is not a single gun in position, nor a soldier to defend the harbors and cities of San Diego, Santa Barbara and San Pedro. The city of San Francisco is absolutely open to attack by an enemy's fleet.

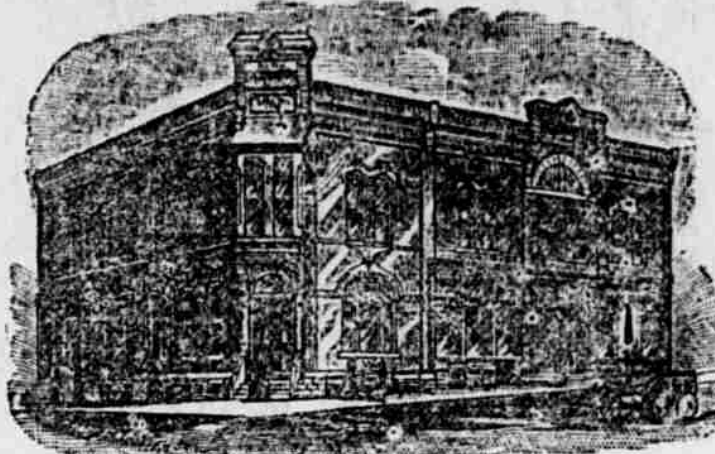
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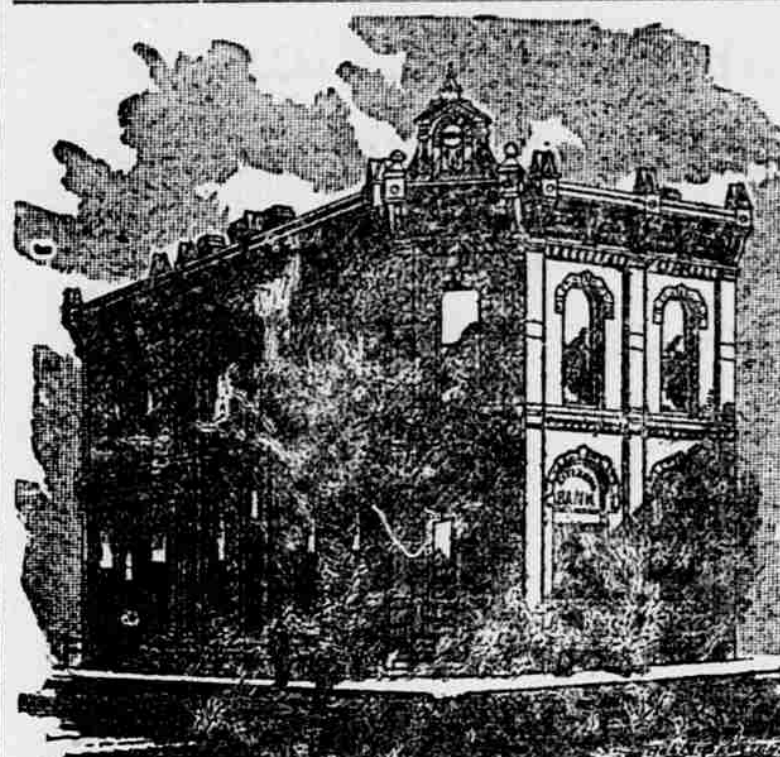
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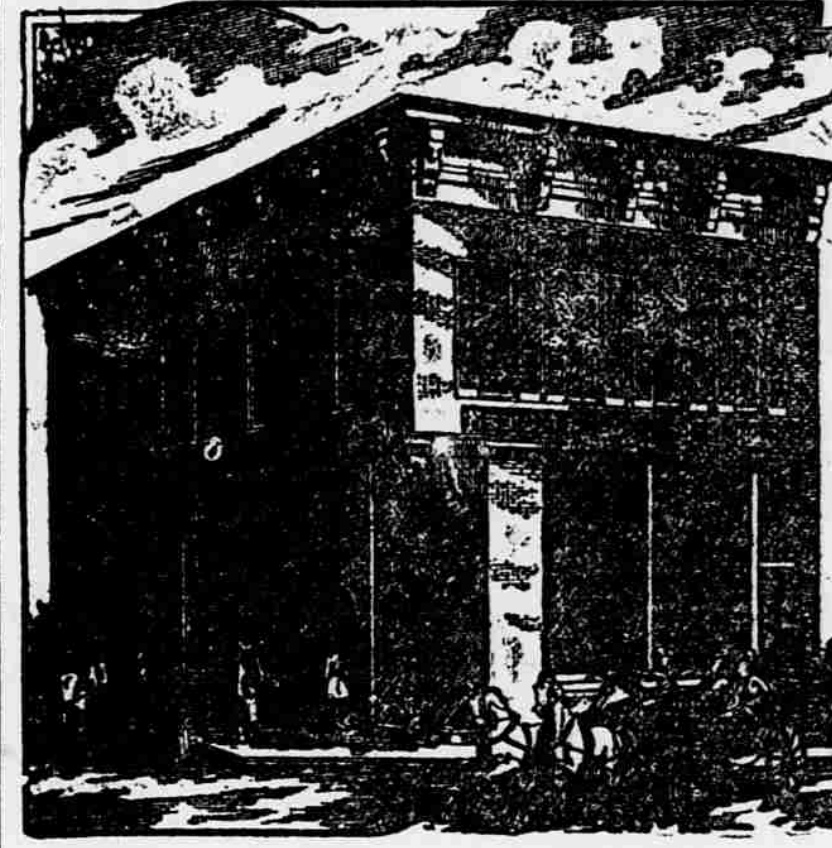
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