

THE BLIZZARD.

A piercing shriek, a maddening swirl,
And the blinding storm is on.
The windswept branches writhe and curl.
The fence and the road are gone.
Not a landmark remains on the yawning
plains,
And the storm and the night are one.
There are needles of sleet in the icy blast
That pushes against the pane.
There are choking billows of snow that cast
Their eddying depths again
And swirl with a cry through the falling
sky
That moves upon the plain.
Against the stack in huddled fear
The unhoused cattle wait.
From out the storm rack, shrill and clear,
A horse neighs for his mate,
While a man in the storm with sturdy form
Is battling with his fate.
Alas! oh, storm, for the days that dawn
When thy secrets shall be read,
Alas! for the aching hearts at home,
With their sickening weight of dread,
Alas! for the one who will not come
Till the snows give up their dead.
—Youth's Companion.

GUILTY HANDS.

Yes, sir, it was the spring of 1865.
You could tell that from the way the
clouds blew up from Richmond, but the
inhabitants of "ole Squire Godbolt's"
quarters were the only ones who knew
that sign. Marm Huldy originated the
idea. She would stand in the midst of
a conclave of woolly heads, and pointing
to shadowy clouds just rising above the
horizon would roll her eyes in most oracular
fashion, and her words would
emerge ponderously, as the telling blows
of a sledge hammer.
"De smoke am 'cendin'," she would
say, "and de Yanks am hittin hard.
Chillun, we am gwine to lebe here
soon."
No one doubted her. They had great
faith in Marm Huldy, and she told their
fortunes in coffee grounds and chased
the witches away from their beds. But
there was one man who did not believe
in signs. That was Terror Fire. He
would grunt disdainfully at her prognos-
tics and heap ridicule upon her signs.
"Nebber yo' min, Terror Fire," she
would scream wrathfully, "some ob my
signs am gwine ter be yo' oindon. Now,
yo' min. Yo' ain't done been bit fo'
times by a moccasin fer nuttin. Dat's
sign enuff dat de debble am in yer.
Now, all yo' niggers hear me talkin'?"
"We hears yo', Marm Huldy," they
would say, and Terror Fire would laugh
a loud, slow laugh and trot off to his
cabin. He was great, Terror was.
He was the surly, cynical Diogenes of
the plantation, and Squire Godbolt often
found it in his heart to obstruct some of
his sunshine, and once he was aided and
abetted by Marm Huldy. You see it
came about this way:

Attached to the "big house" and not
far from the quarters there was a poultry
yard, and in this poultry yard there
flourished and grew many fowls of both
sexes. They were beautiful birds and
the pride of Mrs. Godbolt's heart. Very
well. There were more hens than roost-
ers; consequently the latter were rare
and much prized. However, there were
several roosters, but one big fellow, who
was sultan of the harem. He "ruled the
roost," and every morning just at day
his voice was the first living sound to
be heard. This fellow was named Adam
and was the apple of Mrs. Godbolt's eye.
She knew his crow from all the others
and every morning would arouse herself
to catch the liquid notes of his early
salutation; then she would fall asleep
again satisfied that he was there.
But one day she awoke and listened,
and listened in vain, for the call of the
chantecler. The shades of midnight
vanished, and the rising sun peeped in
through the cracks, and still no sound
had roused the sleeping world. Not a
cock had crowed. They were waiting for
the great lord to have his "say," but the
great lord's voice was silent, and Mrs.
Godbolt's heart shuddered within her.
She awoke the squire, and together they
repaired to the fowlhouse. There, on
the roosts and in the nests and on the
ground, were all the chickens, safe and
sound, all but—Adam. Mrs. Godbolt
gave a little scream, and the squire
rushed into the house and blew the horn.
Madly, fiercely, he blew it, and the
sounds brought all the negroes into the
yard.
"Now," said Squire Godbolt, "I
want you all to listen, for I have got
something to say. You are all paying
attention?"
"Yes, sah," they chorused, and Marm
Huldy whispered, "De 'mancipation am
done come; de smoke am a 'cendin from
Richmond."
But she was wrong; the next words
showed how wrong, and scattered all
ecstatic hopes.
"Well," roared the squire, "Adam
is gone, and I am going to find him.
Now, the nigger who has that rooster
step up and hand him over."
His words fell like a thunderbolt.
They all knew Adam, and they saw
from the squire's determined look that
he meant what he said.
"Hand him over," reiterated the
squire, and every negro's knees shook.
"But we ain't got him, squire, an
how can we han him ober when we
ain't got him?"
It was Terror Fire who spoke, and
some of them wondered at his nerve, but
Marm Huldy smiled and shook her head.
"Thunderation!" yelled the squire.
"Well, he's gone, and somebody's got
him, and I mean to find out where he is."
They argued there for two hours, and
at the end of that time were no wiser
than at first. Then Marm Huldy came
to the rescue. She stepped up to the
squire, and dropping a "curtsy" wished
to have a word in private. The negroes
were dumfounded.
"Marm Huldy couldn't a-stoide dat
rooster," they said. "Marm Huldy am
hones'!"
But whatever Marm Huldy was
confessing it pleased the squire, and he
bowed his head and smiled two or three
times during the discourse. Then Marm
Huldy stepped back, and the squire
advanced to the front.
"You may all go now," he said, "but

tonight at 7 o'clock I want to see you
all back in this yard—every chick and
child." And they departed.
Many of them shunned Marm Huldy's
cabin during the day, but the old wom-
an was busy up at the "big house" and
was not aware of it.
Night came and with it all the hands
from the quarters. They were all there
at 7 o'clock sharp. Ten minutes past
Squire Godbolt came out and after him
Marm Huldy and two boys with a great,
black pot. The squire drew a circle and
placed the inverted pot in the center.
Then he turned to the crowd.
"Now," he said, "all of you see that
pot? Well, that is to decide who stole
Adam." There was a show of interest.
"Adam is gone, and he has got to be
found, or his approximate whereabouts.
Now, all of you step up. I am going to
extinguish the light, and it will be dark.
Then all of you walk around that pot,
touching it with your two hands as you
pass. Let your palms come down full
upon it. You all see that pot. It has been
washed, but after the test and the light
is turned on the guilty man will have
soot upon his hands. Now, out with the
light, and here goes."
They formed in a ring and around the
pot they passed, some slapping it hard
so the sound could be heard.
"There, now!" called the squire,
"all around. Very well. On with the
light and hand up your hands."
The light was made and the negroes
passed by for inspection. But what was
their consternation, for on every pair of
hands there was a coat of soot! One by
one they came, with sorrow depicted on
their faces—all but Terror Fire's. He
grinned broadly and showed the whites
of his eyes philosophically.
"Come on," called the squire, and
Terror stepped up glibly. "Hold out
your hands." He passed them out, and,
lo and behold, they were clean!
"Ah," said the squire, "here is the
rogue," and Terror's grin folded behind
his ears.
"He was afraid to touch the pot. He
was afraid the soot would stick to his
hands. Now, Terror, up and confess."
Terror's knees shook beneath him, but
the evidence was convincing. Was there
not a half of Adam still hidden under
the bed?
He confessed, and some more of his
sunshine was obstructed. Marm Huldy
laughed and shook her fat sides with
glee.
"What I tell yo'?" she asked. "What
I tell yo', Terror Fire? Dis nigger am
no fool—he know, an I tell yo' dat
sign nebber fail. De smoke am 'cend-
in from Richmond, an dese niggers'
gwine left here soon, but I tell yo',
Terry, de signs am dat yo's gwine lef'
yo'r hide behin."—Elizabeth A. Hines
in Atlanta Constitution.

Plants and Animals.
The reasons why a plant should al-
ways be called a plant, and an animal
an animal, are not always very appar-
ent. An animal is a conscious being. I
mean that it knows how to discriminate
between this and that, reasons about
what is good for it, rejects what expe-
rience has informed it is not good for it
and has special senses. It is a conscious
being—indeed reasons, discriminates.
Here is a great gulf between the ani-
mal and the plant! Most of us are ready
to acknowledge such simple truths, and
we are all wrong, for the differences
when sifted are only those of a greater
and lesser degree. Some plants like
shade; some like light. Why? Well, why
do we under some circumstances prefer
dark and under others light? When we
are healthy, we can digest meat and re-
ject with good reason a meal of sticks
and stones. A carnivorous plant receives
and digests a proportionate meal, and
feeds it with pebbles and bits of stick,
and it refuses to receive such dainties.
We bend beneath a blow, we protect
ourselves from further injuries that we
judge may follow—so do the sensitive
plants.
With the aid of a specialist in this
class of work I am trying to demonstrate
the presence of nervous tissue in plants.
So far we have not been successful, but
the circumstantial evidence is so strong
that we may feel quite certain that bet-
ter methods of demonstration will give
ocular evidence of what we seek. The
proofs of the struggle for existence in
both animal and plant life have been
prettily told by Taylor.—Gentleman's
Magazine.

Slang, Cant and Argot.
Mr. Hayward said that we must be
careful in dealing with Elizabethan
slang not to judge it entirely by present
day standards. Much of it is now recog-
nized English, while much of our mod-
ern slang was good Elizabethan English.
The word "slang" is of comparatively
modern origin. The older word, which
"slang" to some extent replaces, is
"cant," the name given to the secret
language of thieves, rogues and vaga-
bonds, introduced into England by the
gypsies in the reign of Henry VIII. Har-
rison, in his description of Elizabethan
England, records that the first deviser
of "Canting" or "Peddler's French"
was hanged by the neck.
The "cant" language was a strange
medley of Hebrew, Latin, Sanskrit,
Greek, Wallachian, Spanish, Flemish,
Dutch, Celtic and bastard Italian. The
practice of such speech is worldwide.
We have the French "argot," the Span-
ish "Germania," the Italian "gergo,"
and even the vagabonds among the Hot-
tentots have their secret language,
known as "curze cat." The first lexico-
grapher to recognize the word "slang"
in its present sense was Grose, in 1785.
Thomas Harman, in his "Caveat or
Warning to Common Curstors" (1566),
describes 23 varieties of rogues and vaga-
bonds and gives a list of cant words
and their meaning.—Academy.

Refused on Principle.
"No," said the young woman haugh-
tily in response to his request as they
sat on the porch in the twilight. "I will
not let you hold my hand. I don't believe
in such conduct for a young lady."
"And besides," she added after a
pause, "it isn't dark enough yet."
Chicago Record.

THE EVENING STAR.

By the rapt ardor of my gaze
I sought to hold the evening star
Above the dark horizon bar.
Where, lamplike, swung its mellow blaze.
But toward the deepening glow it drew,
And nearer to the crimson belts
Wherein the amber influence melts,
Seeking for heavens fresh and new.
So sought I once to hold a soul,
Fair as the holy star of night,
Above the earth line, in my sight,
By force of Love's supreme control.
But gloryward it dipped and drew,
Nor staid for ardor of my gaze,
Passing from out our earthly ways
To those far heavens which are the new.
—Mrs. Merrill E. Gates in Youth's Companion.

A LOYAL HINDOO.

My servant Sajad was by no means an
extraordinary fellow. I picked him up
in Benares one scorching afternoon in
midsummer. I was in want of a kit-
mutgar, and he seemed to have nothing
to do. He could not speak one word
of English, and, to tell the truth, that
was the first and only recommendation upon
which I engaged him.

In religion he was a Mussulman, but
he was far from being devout. Indeed I
very soon rated him as rather below the
average in everything. However, as I
did not require anything remarkable,
we got on well enough to the end, for
he followed me, poor fellow, to his death.
Steal? Most decidedly. He would in-
variably steal anything belonging to me
that attracted his fancy. If I discovered
it and went about it in the right way,
I could usually get it back.
Sajad never left me for an hour from
the time he entered my service. He fol-
lowed me all day and slept on a rug at
my door or lay on the sand at my feet
or just outside my tent at night, as the
case might be, and he received just as
many lectures on veracity and made just
as many promises as the time allowed,
but I am sure that he told me just as
many lies the last week of his life as he
did the first week he was with me. It is
as much the nature of the oriental to lie
and steal as it is of a dog to bark at a
horse or of a cat to help herself to cream.

One who expects too much is apt to
give credit for too little. That may be
the reason the Hindoo has such a bad
reputation in the minds of some who
mean to be just, or even generous. Many
a good turn Sajad did me right in the
line of those two traits. It takes a
rogue to catch a rogue, and I know that
he saved me from being robbed by oth-
ers many times over for all that he took
himself, while he would detect a lie in
what any one else told me as quickly as
a negro boy in old Virgin' would spot a
ripe watermelon.

We were marching through the Terai
once with a small detachment. A sol-
dier was leading my horse, while I
walked upon one side of the path, fol-
lowed at a little distance by Sajad,
hunting for a bird I had shot and which
had fallen in the tall grass. Suddenly
there was a cry from those behind. I
looked quickly over my shoulder. A
hooded cobra, disturbed by the commo-
tion I was making, had risen out of the
grass just behind me. His flat head and
flaring hood were already thrown back
for a final fling at me. His half open
mouth was within three feet of my face
when my eyes rested upon it. If I turned,
I should only expose more of my face.
If I lifted a hand, he would strike it
quicker than lightning. There was no
chance to get away, and I was utterly
helpless.

Before I had time to think a second
thought, however, Sajad made one leap
from where he was standing, and be-
fore his feet had touched the ground he
had brought his staff about with a sharp
whir as it cut the air, too quick even
for a snake to dodge, and the next in-
stant the cobra's body was writhing in
the grass, while his head, completely
severed, fell at my feet.

Had Sajad waited an instant he would
have been too late. No one else could
have reached me, yet if he had missed
his aim or the snake had dodged his
own life would have paid the forfeit.
No one knew it better than Sajad, but
he took the chance and saved my life.
He had in his girdle at the time a bright
colored silk handkerchief which he had
stolen from me, and only that morning
had solemnly declared that he knew
nothing about it.

Up in the hills one afternoon I was
lying on a low tent bed taking a nap,
when Sajad saw a poisonous insect, a
kind of scorpion, crawling over my pil-
low. He had nothing near to use as a
weapon and no time to lose. He caught
it in his naked hand and threw it out
of the tent door. I woke in time to see
it flying through the air, and hurrying out
killed it before it got away.

I called to Sajad to ask if he had es-
caped a sting, and receiving a cheerful
reply in the affirmative thought no
more about it till, chancing to enter the
tent softly and unexpectedly, I found
him sucking the back of his right hand
for dear life. He stopped the instant he
saw me and put the hand behind him.

The poison had already begun to take
effect. The hand and arm were swell-
ing, and before long Sajad was lying on
the floor writhing in agony. The only
antidote I had were ammonia and whis-
ky. Sajad knew the contents of both
bottles, for he had the care of all my
traps. I did my best for him with the
ammonia, but utterly in vain I pleaded,
begged, commanded that he take the
whisky. He would not touch it.

Why? Only because he was a Mussul-
man. No matter how intense his agony
or determined my command he put his
well hand over his mouth and shook his
head. He felt sure that he was dying,
and he believed my assertion that the
whisky might save him, but that made
no difference. He came so near to death
that he was past seeing anything and
beyond hearing. He lay upon the ground,
just breathing, panting, as though he
was almost at the end. It seemed useless
to try again, and yet, now that he was
unconscious, I could at least make a
last, desperate trial with the whisky.
The moment that it touched his lips, he

struggled away, clutched his lips with
his hand and shook his head.

I believe the very fear that I should
succeed in giving him the whisky kept
him alive till the poison began to lose
its power. At all events he did not die.
Sajad was as fond of hunting as I.
Many a time we two slipped away from
camp in the gray of early morning.
Once, just before daylight, I was out
with my shotgun in a thinly wooded
jungle a mile from camp upon the
shore of a small lake, waiting for birds.

It was just my luck. Because I came
prepared for birds, there was not one in
sight, but three beautiful antelope came
down to drink within a hundred feet of
us. I looked at the shotgun in disgust.
Then looked again at the antelope. It
was exasperating. I was determined to
have a shot, at any rate, and in the hope
that I might stun one of them or at least
bewilder him for an instant. I whisper-
ed to Sajad to be ready with his knife
and make a dash the moment I fired.

Cautiously I raised the gun to my
shoulder and was pressing the trigger,
when Sajad touched me and whispered:
"Wait, sahib! Look there!"
I looked, and my shotgun fell. At a
slight angle, but little more than half
way between us and the antelope, there
crouched a royal Bengal tiger. A single
glance was sufficient. He was surely a
man eater. Evidently he had been on
the point of satisfying his hunger with
an antelope when he caught sight of us.
He was within an easy leap of the deer,
but was deliberately turning away and
facing us. The motion startled the deer,
and they bounded off, but the tiger paid
them no further attention. The huge
creature opened his great jaws till his
head seemed nothing but a red, yawning
gullet bordered by long, ragged,
glistening teeth, and with a savage
snarl he began to approach us.

There was no need of looking about
for a place of safety. The jungle was
sparsely wooded at the best, and the
largest tree we had passed in coming
from camp would not have borne even
Sajad's weight 10 feet from the
ground. Sajad had only his hunting
knife, I nothing but my shotgun.

"One of us must go, sahib," Sajad
muttered, without taking his eyes from
the tiger. "If we run together, we shall
both go. He will overtake us in a mo-
ment. Let Allah decide as it is written
in our foreheads. Run that way for
your life, sahib. I will run this way.
Be quick, before he comes nearer!"

There was no time for thought. It
seemed a fair proposition, and even as
he spoke the Hindoo started at the top
of his speed away. It was useless stand-
ing still or following him, and acting
upon his suggestion I started in the op-
posite direction.

After running a rod or two I looked
over my shoulder. The tiger had made
a leap and was just landing, already
crouched for another spring. He was
following me!

I will not admit that I hoped he
would follow Sajad, but I did hope that
he would not choose me. It amounted
to the same thing.

I started on for one more desperate
struggle. I was doomed. I knew it per-
fectly well, yet while there is life there
is hope, and I ran as I never ran be-
fore. I resolved to go as far as I could
and then whirl about and give the tiger
a charge of fine shot full in the face.
It might put out his eyes. There was at
least that possibility to hang a desperate
hope upon, and throwing my gun to my
shoulder I turned. The tiger was not
there! Looking farther back, I saw his
tawny hide in the underbrush. Instantly
it rose. He was making a leap, but
it was not toward me. One thrill of
gratitude shot through my veins, when
my heart stood still with horror. There
was one sharp yelp as the huge form
swept through the air, and crushing the
leaves and branches as it fell landed upon
the prostrate figure of Sajad, silently
waiting for the blow.

I stood there petrified, the cold per-
spiration dripping from my forehead.
There was not a sound from Sajad.
There was only one fierce howl from the
tiger; then all was still.

It was only an instant, but in that in-
stant we two, my Hindoo servant and
I, stood out before me in very bold re-
lief. I had run for my life, knowing
that the chances lay between us two and
hoping at least that the tiger might not
follow me. He had run, too, knowing
that the chance lay between us, and be-
cause the tiger did not follow him he
had come back again and tempted him
—called him away from me and given
his life for mine.

He was a poor benighted heathen
and only an average sample of his kind.
He could not help stealing pretty
things. He could not stop telling lies.
But surely he was a truer, braver, nob-
ler man than I, and if the image of
God can be found today in any of his
creatures it would require no very deep
theologian to decide which of us two
betrayed it least profaned.—Henry Will-
lard French in Romance.

The Straightest Line.
The straightest thing in nature or art
is a ray of light when passing through
a medium of uniform density. Hence
the eye is enabled to test the straight-
ness of an edge or tube by holding it as
nearly as possible coincident with a ray
of light, such part as departs from
straightness then intercepting the ray
and causing a shade to be cast upon oth-
er parts. It is not known at what early
period in the history of mankind the
discovery was made that straightness
could be thus determined. It is certain
that thousands of mechanics use the
method daily without being able to give
a rational explanation of it. This primi-
tive mode of testing straightness, on ac-
count of its great convenience and ac-
curacy, is likely to continue in use to
the end of the world.—Engineering
Mechanics.

A Capital Dodge.
"Why, man, your novel has run into
the third edition already. How is that?"
"It is quite simple. I advertised in
the papers for a wife who resembles the
heroine of my novel."—Rheinisch
Westfälisches Tageblatt.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

How Should a Chicago Gent Ask a Lady at
a Ball to Dance?

Among the many seekers for truth
who daily tap The Times reservoir of
information comes one who modestly
shields his identity behind the initials
"L. L. L." He inquires:

"Which is the proper way for a gent
at a ball to ask a lady to dance?"
The question submitted by "L. L. L."
is received with the utmost satisfaction.
Standing alone, it is a refutation of
those cruel slanders and gibes in the
writing of which eastern persons earn
their fugitive existence. It has been
charged against Chicago that her citi-
zens are too ardent in the pursuit of the
clanging iron dollar to give attention to
the amenities of life. It is further libel-
ously alleged that the soft, sensuous
music of the roost and the ball falls flat
and dull upon the Chicago tympanum
attuned to the song of the dying swine.
In brief, it is asserted by eastern critics
that there is no fine, silky aspect to the
nature of the Chicagoese—no gumdrop
side to the character. Does not the art-
less query of the retiring "L. L. L."
afford sufficient proof to the contrary?

Does it not also show that the efforts
of The Times toward leading its sub-
scribers to a higher intellectual and so-
cial life have not been in vain?

But to the question. It all depends L.
L. L. Out in Bridgeport, for instance,
the gent being unused perhaps to every-
day association with the ladies, ap-
proaches the subject with trembling, but
in a logical way withal. He first builds
his nerve.

"Gimme some barbed wire," he says
to the man in front of the back bar.
"What d'yer wash wid?"
"Seltzer, fer a chaser," and the pre-
liminaries are thus arranged. Then the
gent goes to the other end of the hall
with a proud, haughty front, lays his
hat on a chair and his cigar with it and
says:

"You're my pick," to which the lady
responds, "Well, catch on den," or
maybe invites him to go take a walk.

Over Humboldt park way the process
is much the same, although the lan-
guage is different. At Uhllich's hall,
over by the bridge, there is slight differ-
ence, except that the gent who is wise
in his generation wears his hat and
keeps the cigar in his mouth. On West
Madison street: "Has yer got a bloke
fer de nex' reel? No? Come wid me, sis.
Come wid me."

Farther to the southwest, in the Blue
Island avenue district, "Les' trash out
a few more of de floorin boards" seems
to be the proper form. Due reverence
must be paid local prejudice, and it is
impossible in a case of such importance
as this to formulate a rule. Bear in
mind in this connection that if the lady
declines the request no true gent will
strike her. All society sets its face
against this.—Chicago Times.

Storms on the Sun.

The velocity with which solar storms
move is very great, and they sometimes
extend over a space several times as
large as the whole of the earth's sur-
face. In common parlance they are
called "sun spots," but as they are
known to have a rotary motion exactly
similar to terrestrial cyclones they may
be regarded as true solar storms. It has
been computed by eminent astronomers
that these sun storms move with the
astounding velocity of 120 miles per
second, and we can best form an ade-
quate conception of what the force of
such a storm must be by comparing it
to an earth storm moving at 100 miles
an hour, which is indeed a terrible hur-
ricane. Carlington and Hodgson, the
English astronomers, describe a sun
storm which traveled 35,000 miles in
five minutes, and in 1871 Professor
Young of Cincinnati witnessed one that
traveled 166 miles per second for 45
minutes and constantly threw sheets of
flame and fiery matter to a height of
not less than 200,000 miles above the
sun's disturbed surface.—St. Louis Re-
public.

Double Flowers.

Nearly all the double flowers of gar-
dens were first found wild. Double but-
tercups, double primroses, double dai-
sies, double roses and many other things
were first discovered among their wild
fellows and introduced into the gardens.
The florist, however, can produce dou-
ble flowers. He watches this tendency
in nature. If a flower usually has five
petals, and he discovers that some of
the stamens have somewhat of a petal-
like character, the pollen is taken from
these flowers and others in a normal
condition fertilized with this pollen.
The tendency, once started, is then given
to the progeny. Almost any species
of plant will in this way be capable
of producing double flowers. It is sur-
prising that, with this knowledge, more
attempts at this line of improvement in
ordinary garden flowers are not made.
—Mechan's Monthly.

Made Him Tired.

A Texas congressman is thinking of
resigning because he is kept so busy by
his friends in Texas urging upon the
administration the necessity of appoint-
ing them to foreign missions. He re-
minds one of the 4-year-old child saying
her prayers at her mother's knee. Hav-
ing concluded, as usual, with, "God
bless papa and mamma, grandpa and
grandmamma, uncles and aunts," etc.,
she gave a great sigh and said:
"Oh, mamma, dear, I do wish those
people would pray for themselves, for
I'm tired of praying for them."—Texas
Siftings.

Why Is It?

Here is a question in naval science
which is to the average sailor man a riddle
unsolved. Take a vessel of, say, 2,500
tons; place on it a cargo of 3,500 tons.
This gives you a total of 6,000 tons.
Hitch a little tug to this vessel, and she
will yank the big craft along at the rate
of six or eight knots an hour. Now put
the tug's machinery in the big vessel.
It won't move her half a knot an hour.
Why is this?—New York Mail and Ex-
press.

HOW GREEK LADIES DRESSED.

It is Surprising to Learn That They Laced
and Wore Flounced Skirts.

Women in Homer embroider gar-
ments, and many of these are brought
from Sidon. They wear veils, but on
the whole their dress, long smock and
girdle, was apparently much like that
of later Greece. This is odd, for on a
gold ring from Mycenae, very old, we
see women with exuberant busts, tight
waists and petticoats heavily flounced.

The same costume appears on a Myce-
naean ring picked up by Furtwangler in
a curiosity shop. Two ladies are car-
ousing out of champagne glasses. They
are very tightly laced. A lady on a My-
cenaean gem from Vaphio is laced to exten-
sion and has seven flounces. The
British museum owns a lentoid gem,
where Leto wears only a crinoline, with
no petticoat over it. Dipylon vases dis-
play both men and women with tiny
waists. Men, in Mycenaean art, wear
little but very short drawers and shields.
In Homer the chiefs, summoned on a
night alarm, come out in dressing
gowns, some of them in skins.

The historical dress for ladies was a
large piece of cloth a foot longer than
the wearer was tall and as wide as her
arms could stretch. When put on by a
fair Briton, it usually falls off again. A
belt partly kept it up, and safety pins
were used in very early times. By tak-
ing a bath towel—a good, big one—and
trying what she can make of it as her
full costume, a modern nymph may
partly understand the toilet of her an-
cient sisters. When once she has got it
on, she stands with extended arms, and
another lady fastens a girdle round her
waist; then she pulls up the superfluous
length through the girdle and lets it
hang over, and there she is. But how
long she will remain thus is an extreme-
ly debatable question. Straps, like braces,
were sometimes worn and crossed over
the breast, being fastened to the girdle.

Ladies had no bonnets—they muffled
their heads in a fold of their cloaks or
wore flat hats. They were all very beau-
tiful and charming, as we see in the
Tanagra terra cotta. It must have been
delightful to live in Tanagra. It ap-
pears, on the whole, that we cannot hope
to revive Greek dress. The dress was de-
signed for a warm climate and for a
beautiful, shapely figure. It had its ad-
vantages in the matter of health, as
there was no tight lacing after the My-
cenaean age. The style was not extrava-
gant or costly, but it is impossible. Es-
thetism cannot bring it back. An as-
thete in a chiton and sandals on a cold
and rainy day would be an unlovely ob-
ject. He would be wrapped in a blanket,
thrust into a four wheeler and sent to a
hospital. Not for all the glory that was
Greece's would rational men barter a
pair of stockings and a pair of trousers.
—New York World.

The Usefulness of Titles.

Impeccuous aristocrats know the
value of a good name and are not averse
to making a practical use of it. Not
long ago the following advertisement ap-
peared in a French paper:

"The owner of a historical name,
and belonging to a royal family, wishes,
in consequence of pecuniary losses, to
place his name at the disposal of a joint
stock company or some other great com-
mercial or financial enterprise in return
for adequate remuneration."
Another impeccuous aristocrat thus
makes his plea: "A nobleman, married
to a lady who is a member of a royal
family, desires to meet with an appoint-
ment for himself and wife in one and
the same house. He would prefer the
post of manager of some estate or of a
manufacturing concern, though the cou-
ple would not object to the situation of
tutor and governess in a German fam-
ily."

Still another is this: "A young, hand-
some German prince, of very ancient
family, and related to several reigning
houses and possessing no debts, desires
to marry a lady of very good personal
appearance, American most preferred,
but who must have a dot worthy of the
princely rank of the advertiser. Anony-
mous letters will not be answered."—
London Tit-Bits.

Paying For Their Keep.

The proprietor of a chemical works
received from his shoemaker a pair of
water tight boots, which he was, how-
ever, unable to wear, as they were a
trifle too small. He therefore gave them
to one of his workmen to wear for a
few days and stretch them to the re-
quired dimensions. Several weeks passed
over, and the employer had forgotten all
about the boots when he was suddenly
reminded of them in a curious fashion:
On a certain pay day the workman in
question, after drawing his wages, lingered
at the desk as if waiting for some-
thing. The manufacturer then said:
"Well, Kruger, what is it?"
"I want more money," was the reply.
"What—what? Haven't you got your
full wages?"
"Oh, aye!" answered Kruger, after-
ward adding, with the greatest com-
posure: "But you've still got to pay me
3s. 6d. for getting your boots soled.
They've been out of repair, you know!"
—Humoristische Blätter.

A Pious Wish.

The emperor once stood before the
magnificent tomb of the Duke Rudolph
of Swabia. Some of his courtiers were
of the opinion that he ought not to al-
low his mortal enemy to have so splen-
did a monument, but that he should
have his body exhumed and buried else-
where.
"Oh, let him lie where he is," said
the emperor. "I only wish all my en-
emies were as splendidly buried."—Alle
Zeiten und Landen.

A Fortunate Selection.

Mother—What are all these senseless
trinkets for?
Pretty Daughter—They are for the
grabbag