

THE STRANGE VISITOR

By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK

There were only three steps to the front door, but the man took them with a heavy, lagging tread; each was an effort. A maid answered his summons. "Is the Rev. Mr. Temple at home?" he asked. "No, sir."



"Who Are You?"

shot up from the hearth, stretched his hands towards it almost appealingly. The hands were well shaped, but coarse from work. He looked at them curiously. "The eternal grind!" he muttered bitterly. "Not a man, but a machine, worked by a system. And now—what?"

the man did not smile and made no reply. Eddie prattled on: "Mamma has the grip, but she's going to get well. Ethel, that's my sister—she's older than me—is taking care of her. I had the measles and my head was burnin' mad. When nurse was snoring one night I thought it was a bullfrog, and I wanted to get out of bed and go down to the pond. I told my papa I didn't want to be an angel; I'd ra'ver be a bullfrog."

HAD NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT Secretary Morton Smashed Lifetime Dream of Old Sailor. In an article on Paul Morton, late secretary of the navy, the New York Evening Post says: "When, on one occasion, a navy department clerk brought him the great official parchment commission of a newly promoted rear admiral for his signature he signed it, after reading it, as he would any document before signing, and noting the clerk still present with the document, inquired what he wanted and was told: "Admiral Blank would very much like to receive his new commission from the hands of the secretary of the navy personally."

PREJUDICE AND THE METER MAN "Figures can't lie," but some persons won't believe that about the gas meter. That is why the gas meter man's job is something like a baseball umpire's—only worse. There is always kicking. A human being who has been reading gas meters for a dozen years comes through the ordeal with the fatalism of Omar and the cynicism of an old reporter. But his stock of patience is truly wonderful. Job would appear to be an impetuous and irritable man alongside this survivor. "Ma, the gas man has come."

DOTTED TEARS WON SUIT. Extraordinary Letter by Father of Spurned Girl Read in Court. A thousand dots were in a letter which was read in a breach of promise action at Chester Sheriff's court recently. "These are not kisses, but tears," the letter, which was of an extraordinary character, explained. Last year a Cheadle cab proprietor, named Arthur Morrell, met Elizabeth Ann Rhodes, an Ashton-under-Lyne mill forewoman, who is now 20 years old, at a wedding party.

ACCOUNT SETTLED IN FULL "What is that for?" asked the Little Lady. It was a ten-dollar bill, framed and glazed, hanging on the wall of the office. "In memory of an honest debtor," replied the Discontented Man. "Are they so rare, then?" she asked. "Very. And then the circumstances of that payment were unusual. We had a tenant, a little chorus girl, who lived in a little room in one of our buildings. She was out of work. Had been ill. Hard up and behind with her rent. Lord only knows how she lived. Mostly on pickles, tea and breakfast food cooked over a gas jet. Poor little hall-room girl. But she was honest, and whenever she earned anything she paid a dollar or two on her rent and struggled along, eking out her pennies with all the dodges girls know, washing handkerchiefs and sticking them on the window panes instead of ironing, doing up lace collars by rolling them round a curling iron and—"

NOT GIVEN TO THE WORLD.

Senator's Mischief Making Confined to His Own Kingdom.

A senator who went to Washington recently was met by a friend, who cordially greeted him, and, knowing his predilection for quiet sport, said: "Well, I hope you have been keeping out of mischief." "That reminds me of a story," was the response. "Out in my state there was a member of the legislature who never had been known to make a speech. He was a farmer and had been elected against his will. In company with me, he attended a cross-roads meeting and the crowd yelled that they wanted to hear from him. He shambled to the front of the platform, threw back his coat, and rested his hand on his hip. "I want you people to know at the outset," he declared, "that I am a good man."

Some Suggestions As to Lying.

There is not so much objection to lying as there is to a lack of art in the telling of a lie. It is no use to tell a lie unless you are going to accomplish your purpose. Lies can do the work whether they are discovered or not. It is all in the manner of telling them. In the first place never tell a lie when the truth will do just as well. This serves to establish your reputation and gives your lies a standing they could not otherwise gain. Never tell a big lie to gain a small object, nor tell a little lie to gain a big object. Let all your lies be big and lusty fellows, and let them have some big business in hand. These two rules are really imperative if you expect to become a successful and proficient liar. Little lies for little things are not worth telling. Finally, always have the courage of your lies. Stick to 'em. If you are not brave enough to stand by your own lies, why send them out only to be betrayed? A man is the rankest sort of a coward that refuses to give his lie any support when it crawls back to him from the buffetings, beatings and rough usage of the populace. Brace it up with manufactured corroborative evidence and artificial confirmation and send it out again renewed in spirit and vigor.—Washington Times.

Killed 189 Ducks at One Shot.

Harry Malcolm, ex-deputy game warden, sends to the Sun a photograph of a remarkable nine-barrel gun with a single trigger, which has the effectiveness of a Gatling gun in slaughtering ducks. A single pull of the trigger fires off all the barrels, and one discharge is said to have killed 189 ducks. Mr. Malcolm, assisted by Messrs. R. H. Cox, W. M. Lyon and Sidney Barber, arrested a party of hunters who were using the gun to the great detriment of the wild duck hunting sport on the Potomac river. Seven men were taken along with the gun, which is of a type forbidden by law. Mr. Malcolm says that for years they have been unlawfully killing ducks and driving others from the Potomac river and tributary creeks. The capture of the outfit, he says, is a great relief to the owners of lands in the neighborhood. With the gun were captured four sloops, seven big guns, 100 decoys, seven skiffs, 159 pounds of powder and 85 dead ducks.—Baltimore Sun.

Arnold's Question Well Answered.

There are renewed efforts to paint Benedict Arnold in clean, white colors. They remind a writer of the following anecdote: On one of his raids Arnold captured an American officer in Virginia. After a few days he said: "Captain, what would our countrymen do with me if they caught me?" "Well, sir," replied the captain, "if I must answer the question, I should say that if my countrymen should catch you they would first cut off your lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue at Quebec, and bury it with the honors of war; then they would hang the remainder of your carcass on a gibbet!"

Side Lights on History.

Scott was writing the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." "After which," he muttered, with a grim smile, "with your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen, the gifted vocalist, Herr Spuyentuyfel, will sing the pathetic ballad entitled, 'Mamma, Your Little Darling Is Too Full to Eat Any More!'" For well he knew that there would be still later minstrels with other lays.

HAVE THINGS THEIR OWN WAY.

Bandits of Odessa Rob and Slay with Comparative Immunity.

Recently the country round Odessa, Russia, has been infested by armed bandits, who swoop unexpectedly on country mansions and loot them before the inefficient authorities can get wind of the attack. People unfortunate enough to witness the raid are murdered, as a safeguard against evidence of the crime. Two remarkable tales of the banditti are among the latest reports from Odessa. A large party of peasants, enraged by the murder of some of their number, managed to surprise two of the bandits, whom they disarmed and took into a field. There a grave was dug, and, after binding their prisoners, the peasants threw them into the grave and buried them alive. A wooden cross, painted black, was erected to mark the tragedy, when the earth had been stamped hard. Mr. Arthur Herbert King, the English manager of an Odessa tannery, put fear into the hearts of a band of six, who rushed into the office with revolvers, crying, "Hands up!" The proprietor and half a dozen of his staff present obeyed; but to the amazement of the robbers, who had never experienced such an incident, the Englishman, though unarmed, refused. The bandit covering him pulled the trigger, but, fortunately, the weapon missed fire. He drew his dagger, but another of the band, recognizing Mr. King as an Englishman, struck his comrade's hand down. The robbers decamped with \$1,000.

Make Trouble for Reporters.

There is always great excitement among the official reporters of the house when Representative Littlefield begins a speech. The men who do the shorthand work of congress are regarded as the most expert reporters in the country, but it is with fear and trembling that they approach their task when "the gentleman from Maine" is recognized by the speaker. Littlefield talks like the proverbial blue streak. He seems never to tire or to pause for breath. If he did not enunciate well it would be almost impossible for the reporters to catch his utterances. As it is they manage by a special effort, to keep pace with him, but they are always glad when he has finished. Senator Money of Mississippi gives the senate reporters much trouble. He is not only a fast talker, but has a wonderful vocabulary. His rapid fire of words, in a low tone of voice, drives the reporters almost to distraction.

Furniture Repairers.

The large furniture houses have men to go around and fix up any scratch or damage a customer may find in goods he has bought. His presence in a house, with his snug kit of tools and polishes, usually emphasizes the wobbly legs of an old chair, the scar in the table top which Freddie's shoe made months ago and a score of other things with which the repair man has no concern. But he fixes them readily enough, though sometimes pressed for time, and he always carries away a good-sized tip. Some days the money thus earned "on the side" exceeds the repairer's salary from the firm.—N. Y. Sun.