

GOOD Short Stories

Dr. Parr, on meeting Lord Chancellor Erskine, with whom he was friendly, once said: "Erskine, I mean to write your epitaph when you die." "Doctor," answered the great lawyer, "it is almost a temptation to commit suicide."

Gladstone told Lord Ronald Gower, that once when he visited Rome he accidentally met Macaulay, who introduced himself to the statesman. On Macaulay's telling him that he took a daily walk in St. Peter's, Gladstone asked him what most attracted him in that place. "The temperature," was the answer.

Edmond About was once invited to the house of the Princess Mathilde, and before dinner, seated beside his hostess, he was sending off a brilliant display of fireworks. Looking up he noticed that the Count Newwerkerke was coming over to join in the conversation. "Go away," he called to him, familiarly; "leave us alone, you great, jealous person!" At which the princess rose, touched her finger to the bell, and said to the servant: "Conduct M. About to his carriage; he is not dining here to-night."

The late Lord Dufferin was fond of relating an amusing experience which occurred when he was returning to Ireland from a diplomatic mission to be married, and his engagement to the beautiful Miss Hamilton had just been announced. He landed one evening on the platform of a small country station near Clonduboy, and hired a driver to take him the four or five miles, but he was so muffled up that the driver failed to recognize him. Presently Lord Dufferin asked: "Any news about here?" "No news," grumpily replied the man, "except that the beautiful Miss Hamilton is going to marry that ugly fellow, Dufferin!"

Some years ago a Philadelphia preacher inaugurated in his Sunday school the practice of having the children quote some Scriptural text as they dropped their pennies into the contribution box. On the first Sunday in question, a little shaver walked up and said: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and in dropped his penny. "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins," and dropped the next. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," quoted the third, and so on. Just then, up walked a little fellow with the unmistakable remnants of molasses candy on his chubby face, and, as he dropped his cent, he bawled out: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

M. Hugues le Roux tells of a conversation with Guy de Maupassant, in which he, Le Roux, narrated the story of a Kansas cattleman whose remorse, after defrauding cattle buyers by selling water-logged cattle in order that he might get enough money to buy his daughter a piano, was poignant. The cattle man was described by Le Roux as unable to sleep, and as going forth at night into the cold, wet fields to shiver, beat his breast and pour forth his agony of soul. Maupassant is said to have responded: "Right there is the difference between the man of France and one of another race. The French peasant, if he had played such a trick upon the buyers of his property, would have been intensely proud of it."

Very Peculiar.

"That Miss Bradish is one of the most peculiar girls I ever saw. She and I met in London last winter, and we've been very good friends ever since until a couple of weeks ago. Now she barely speaks to me. I can't account for it. We were talking one evening about clever women. We both agreed that talented women are seldom beautiful."

"You probably made some remark that she didn't like."

"No; I was careful about that, and she showed no sign of her unaccountable coldness until I asked her whether, if she could have her choice, she would prefer to be talented or beautiful. She never answered the question, and has been different toward me ever since. Most peculiar girl I ever saw!"

Greeting the New Moon in Fiji.

In Colo, the mountainous interior of Viti Levu, the largest island of the Fiji group, the natives have a curious method of greeting the new moon. On seeing the thin crescent above the hills they salute it with a prolonged "Ah!" at the same time quickly rapping on their open mouths with their left hands, thus producing a rapid, vibratory sound.

An old chief, when asked regarding the meaning and origin of this curious custom, said:

"We always look and hunt for the moon in the sky, and when it comes we do as you see to show our pleasure at finding it again. We don't know the meaning of what we do. Our fathers always did so."

Peace may have its victories, but the victories of war are far more productive of gold lace.

If a thing isn't true, why try to make yourself believe that it is? Why not accept the truth on every subject? Why had yourself?

LIFE IN PIONEER DAYS.

People Have an Easy Time Nowadays, Says the Forty-Niner.

"People nowadays have things pretty easy," said a grizzled man who drove an ox team 2,000 miles across the country to California in 1849. "Boys and young men who talk about 'roughing it' don't really know what the word means. It is true, too, that women lead easy lives compared with the hardships our mothers encountered. I was thinking of my mother last night; we lived in the country and game was in the woods close at hand. My mother used to take down a gun from over the door and go out and shoot a wild turkey whenever she wanted it. She was thoroughly feminine, too; but she could do things when she had to.

"Sometimes a man was compelled to do woman's work, too. On the way across the plains our oxen gave out. We had to unharness twelve out of the twenty we started with, and leave them to die by the way. Then we left one wagon behind—we had two big wagons at the start—and also we threw overboard our little cook stove, barrels and boxes, and everything we could spare to lighten our load. I remember I had to throw a good blanket overcoat—made of a fine Mackinac blanket—that cost me \$20 and was quite new.

"By mistake somebody in our mess threw away my little trunk and left me with just the clothes I had on my back. In a little while I needed a change of raiment—and hadn't even an extra pocket handkerchief. We couldn't buy many garments ready-made in those days; but I remembered how my mother used to shoot turkeys and I decided that it wouldn't kill me to try to make myself some underwear. So at Salt Lake City I bought some heavy muslin, needles and thread and a pair of scissors. Well, sir, after that I sewed all the way to California.

"I made myself some highly creditable and comfortable garments—yes, sir. The other boys wanted me to make them some, too, but I said I wouldn't take in sewing until after the gold scare was over. When I came home," concluded the grizzled one, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and my mother saw my work she nearly had a fit. The stitches were pretty big, of course, but they held the material together as long as I needed it—yes, sir."

Baby Girl a Regular Sando.

The city of Malden, Mass., boasts of having a phenomenon in little Gladys Martyn, who is a marvel of strength. She is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Sedgwick Martyn, and is only 2 years 10 months old. Her father is the new pastor of the First Unitarian Church, says the Boston Herald.

The child is perfectly developed, and her strength is due mostly to the way in which she was brought up. When only a few days old Mr. Martyn began to try tests upon her and has continued them daily, making them more severe as she grew older. Her father holds the single-arm record of the world for lifting and holds the record to-day of this country for heavy lifting, doing many tasks which, it is said, even Sandow does not attempt. He can lift 1,264 pounds dead weight from the floor. During the years that he studied at Columbia College he held the amateur record for short-distance running.

The girl has inherited in many respects the strength of her father, and delights in doing feats which many athletes are unable to perform. One of her feats is to lie prostrate on the floor and allow her father, who weighs 170 pounds, to stand upon her abdomen. She can stand upon her head for an indefinite time, and is a wonderful contortionist. With her head on the edge of one chair and heels on another, she lies between them and holds a thirty-pound weight upon her abdomen. Her own weight is only thirty-four pounds. She can hang for almost an indefinite time by her toes or fingers.

She Ought to Know.

Four-year-old Ruth was seated on the floor tending to the cares of a large family of dolls, one member of which was in rather a dilapidated condition.

"How old is that dollie, Ruth?" inquired a visiting friend.

"She is 50 years old," answered Ruth gravely.

"Why, Ruthie," exclaimed Sister Margaret, "I don't think she is as ancient as that."

"Margaret," and the large brown eyes were raised in surprise. "I certainly think I ought to know the ages of my own children."

And Ruthie was right. The doll had been her grandmother's.—Little Chronicle.

Titles Cheap in Bavaria.

It is not expensive to become a noble in Bavaria. To be made a simple "von" costs a matter of \$375; to be raised to the "Ritterstand," \$500; to be made a "Freiherr," \$1,200; to be made a "graf" costs \$2,500, while to be made a prince costs only \$5,000. These prices are for only one person, but the government kindly makes reductions in the case of whole families wishing to turn noble all at once.

Forests of the Philippines.

Captain Abern of the forestry bureau says he saw large tracts of virgin forests in the Philippines with 10,000 to 20,000 cubic feet of magnificent lumber per acre, where the trees were more than 150 feet high, with trunks clear of branches for eighty feet. Fifty valuable hard woods are now offered to the world.

Love is a capsule in which silly talk is swallowed, thus disguising the unpleasant taste for a while.

Hypocrites pay cream and live skin milk.



The 22 shipyards of Germany employ 60,000 men.

More than 140,000 men are engaged in anthracite coal mining.

Victoria, Australia, ships to London each year about \$8,000,000 worth of butter.

A great fortune has been made from the wire device and rubber cork for beer bottles.

There are 6,059 establishments in the United States, with 46,647 acres, where flowers and ornamental plants are cultivated.

Shorthand was first taught by M. de la Valde in a treatise entitled "French Tachygraphy," printed in 1774; in it 400 characters were used.

The leading industries of California are in close rivalry as to annual product. Sugar and slaughtering each produce about \$15,000,000, while lumber, flour and fruits each show about \$13,000,000.

The union of junior machinists recently formed in Chicago is proving a success, more than 100 boys having already joined. Similar unions have been organized in New York, Pittsburg, Milwaukee, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, San Francisco, Cleveland and Philadelphia. Boys of any age who have worked six months at the trade are eligible.

The drug clerks of Chicago, who for some time have had an organization of their own, but have not been able to accomplish much, have united with the retail clerks, and have enrolled as Local No. 552. This step is most significant. For some time the drug clerks hesitated to take it. They felt that a drug store was a little bit different from a dry goods store, and that a man who was employed in the one must be a little bit different from a man who was employed in the other.

Actual economic forces, however, proved stronger than artificial social barriers. By themselves the drug clerks were doing nothing. United with the retail clerks they felt they could do a great deal. The two organizations were natural and inevitable allies. Now the alliance is consummated and in it there will be strength. To-day the retail clerks, and with them the drug clerks, are members of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and send delegates to the fortnightly meetings of that body. They are completely identified with union labor. They have pledged themselves to buy only union-made goods and to urge upon their employers the use of the union label. They are a part of unionism as much as the carpenters, the plumbers, or the cigarmakers, and their absorption into the union system is an instructive event. They have shortened their hours of labor, have had their wages raised and other conditions improved, and are now enthusiastic trade unionists.

HE HAS 47 LIVING CHILDREN.

Now Has a Sixth Wife and Is Only 102 Years of Age.

On the farm of Jason Gibbs, in Carroll County, Tenn., lives a remarkable old negro. His name is George Gwinn, and he is one of the few centenarians in Carroll county, being 102 years of age. But the most remarkable feature in connection with this old dorky is the extensive list of his lineal descendants. They number more than 200.

Gwinn was born in 1800 on Gwinn Creek, Carroll County. While yet a young man George was married, and by his first wife had four children. He is now living with his sixth wife, and by the entire six is the father of forty-seven children. All of the forty-seven are still living; all are married, and have had an average of three children each, making 140 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Gwinn's first wife was taken from him more than sixty years ago, sold into slavery and carried to Little Rock. He never saw her again. He then married Iris Dickson, an Indian woman. He then took unto himself Charlotte Thomas, Maria Mathias, and Minerva Randle.

Gwinn is rather lively, considering his extreme age. Although compelled to go about with the aid of a cane, he can still work some and very often does a fairly good day's work. He uses neither liquor nor tobacco, having quit both several years ago because he thought they were undermining his constitution. His mind is still good and he delights to gather about him a crowd and talk of events of four-score years ago.

A New Lenten Entertainment.

A "Kaffee-Klatsch" or, being interpreted, "Coffee and Chatter," is a variation of the afternoon tea. Being of German origin, with the coffee should be served the various kinds of cake and bread peculiar to that people—zwieback, pretzels, sandwiches made from brown bread with caraway seeds, and the small cakes which the German bakers have in great variety. The coffee should be of the best and served with whipped cream. It should be understood that at a "Kaffee" the guests bring their work and "make an afternoon of it." Invite them at half after 3 and serve the refreshments at 5. A little music is in order, or the entertainment would lack its German character—"homely" music, that encourages others to contribute what they have to give. It is a great mistake to do things too well.—Ladies' Home Journal.

IT WAS A LOAD OF HAY

ITS PASSAGE THROUGH CITY RECALLED OLD TIMES.

Sweet Reflections Came to the Wearied Man Who Had Once Been a Bare-Footed Country Boy, Living Near to Nature's Heart.

It was only a load of loose hay that passed through the city street, but it filled the atmosphere with sweet perfume and flooded the memory with delight. The day was raw and damp. Piles of dirty snow lined the sidewalks here and there and mud-stained ice covered the streets to a varying depth. The air was heavy with carbonic gas, the sky was overcast, the chill of March penetrated the system, the trees were black and cold as though life had forsaken them, the chirp even of the sparrow seemed stifled.

Along passed the load of hay and all was transformed. Vanished were the dreary surroundings of man's prison-like city; forgotten the disturbing consciousness of the steady grind of brain or muscle, or both, extending down the years from the hopeful days of youth through the discouragements of manhood toward the only rest of life—the grave! The petty cares of life, too insignificant to crush, but so pressing and so constant that they corrode the mind, deaden sentiment, crush out joyousness, kill the spirit of true happiness, create distrust and disgust and raise doubts as to the whole Christian scheme of man's destiny, ceased. The scent of the hay was in the air; it penetrated the lungs like a revivifying breath to the dying and like an angelic messenger summoned memory to the green fields of summer, vocal with the songs of birds and the music of the insect world.

Above, the sun was shining bright and warm and the blue sky in its calm repose and inviting mystery called from its depths to the spiritual heart. Around, all nature was jubilant. The river glided on its course to the sea—the symbol of the soul's search for its Uncreated End; the distant farmhouse looked bright and peaceful; cattle browsed in the pasture and men were at work in the meadows curing the new-mown hay and keeping time to the tuneful harmonies of nature in song and whistle.

Nature's heart was near. And again came up the thoughts that so many of us, country-reared, indulged in in childhood—the longings, the desires, the anticipations, the hopes and delights and joys and pleasures that filled our minds! And faces, too, came up—dear, vanished faces, some long since cold and marble-like, now resting beneath the yew trees in the rural graveyard; others gone, God knows whither; others still, like our own, filled with life's vexations and trials and uncertainties, their brightness vanished and their bloom decayed! Was there a particular face—one of especial brightness and loveliness, of bubbling joy and of exquisite delight, the sight of which made our being thrill, the thought of which filled our minds and soothed our souls like a cool spray falling over a fevered brow, and the suggestion of being ever parted from which was like a death sentence—well, who wants to tell? Yet happy is the man who can dwell upon that face to-day without confusion and without compunction.

And from the spot where we can see the men curing the hay we can look to the church and the school, the distant village and the sky-kissed hill beyond which once lay our great unknown world. There we dreamed our dreams and built our castles and formed our ideals. How the future glowed with the light of our hope and confidence and how easily we hewed our way to man's false ideal of fame!

The load of hay has moved on its way. Its sweet scent does not long linger in a crowded city. The heavy atmosphere again assails us. Our eyes rest on the mud-covered ice and the bleak trees and the piles of brick and mortar where sentiment is dead and trade is king. Yet we are the better for this little excursion of memory. Yet are we more purified in spirit for the little ramble where the new-mown hay is cured. And every time in future when we see a load of hay we will thank God for its presence and pity that man from our heart, even if he were 100 times a millionaire, who cannot rise higher than to ask its price.

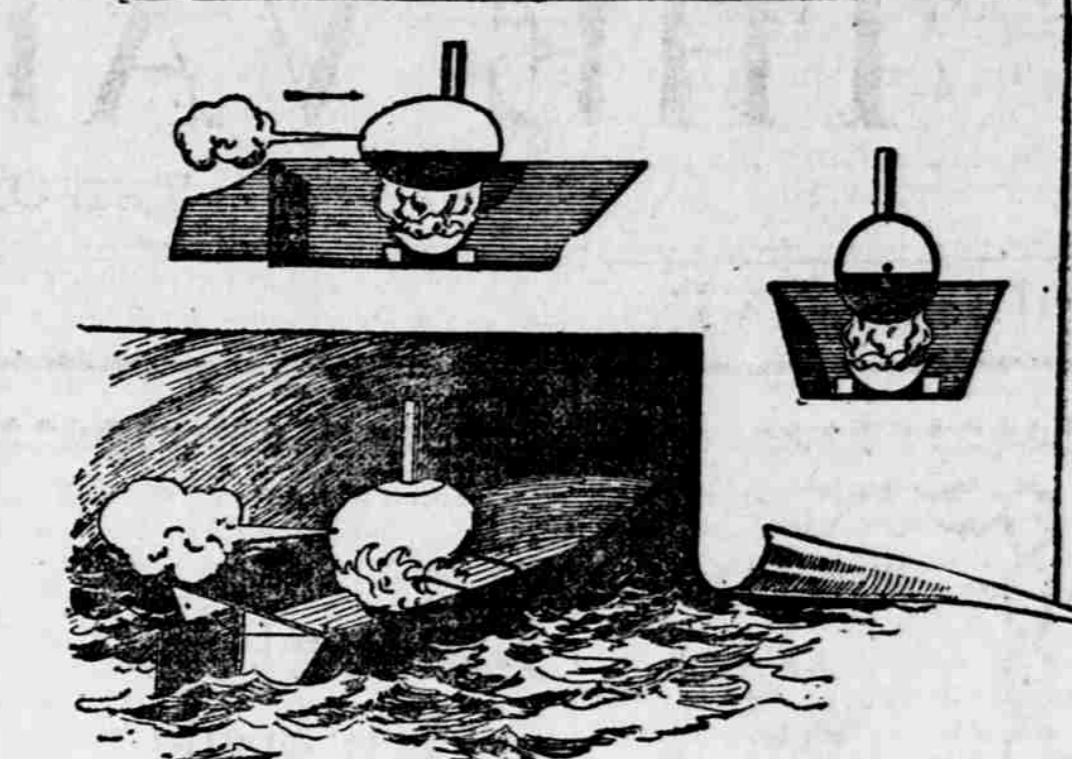
STORY ABOUT EDWARD CLARK,

Famous Capitol Architect's Extreme Care in Spending Public Funds.

The late Edward Clark, the architect of the capitol for so many years, taken all in all was the most careful man in the way of expending public money that I ever knew," remarked an experienced treasury official recently, "and his accounts, running way up into the millions, were always well within the law and appropriation. He would not expend a penny that was not appropriated in distinct terms and took no chances.

"I remember on one occasion, having business in his office, when a well-known man, a newspaper writer, by the way, came in and urged him to have a sign painted with the words 'To the Dome' on it and placed on the door leading to the dome. It was during the centennial year, when the capitol was overrun with visitors. Mr. Clark admitted that the sign would be a great convenience to visitors and others, but said he could not have it painted because there had been no distinct appropriation made for it. There was an appropriation made that year for painting the dome and the newspaper man argued that a small amount

EASILY-MADE TOY STEAMBOAT.



Make a boat of strong cardboard, as shown in figure. The rudder, turning about a pin as axle, is connected with the sides of the boat by two pieces of thread of uneven length, giving the rudder an angular position. A tub of water is the ocean on which our little boat will steam about.

Two pieces of wire, bent as shown in figure and fastened to the sides of the boat like hooks, hold an eggshell, the contents of which you have sucked out, leaving a little hole on one side, as shown in figure. The shell is filled with water up to the little hole and represents the boiler, placed on the two pieces of wire, with the hole to the rear somewhat above the rear wall of the boat. To heat the boiler we use half of an eggshell placed on a piece of cork underneath the boiler, with a small piece of cotton in the center. Pour some alcohol on the cotton and set fire to it. The water will begin to boil in a few minutes and a fine stream of steam will leave the hole of the eggshell. The pressure of the steam on the air will move the little boat in the opposite direction—that is, forward—and we have a steamboat steaming without wheels or screw.

of that appropriation, say 50 cents, surely could be used to have the sign painted, but Mr. Clark would not yield.

"The newspaper man determined to carry out his idea for the accommodation of the public and went up to Charley Armor, a sign painter on D street, and had the sign painted, paying for it out of his own pocket. He then put the sign on the door himself early one morning and it remained there for over twenty years.

"Ten years afterward I happened to be in Mr. Clark's office at the capitol when the same newspaper writer came in. The subject of the sign came up and the newspaper man said he thought he would put in a claim to Congress for the 50 cents he had paid to have the sign painted. Mr. Clark acknowledged that the sign had been a great convenience, but that it was on the door without authority of law and had been for years.

"I have often thought of having it taken down," said Mr. Clark, "and have frequently spoken to Senator Morrill and others who by public consent are looked upon as guardians of the building, but find that they think it has done and is doing more good than harm and have consented to let it remain there, but I am not sure it is there properly." "Why don't you take it down, then?" asked the newspaper man. Mr. Clark thought a moment for an answer and then gave the old one. "There is no appropriation for the work."

"And this reminds me again," said the official, according to the Washington Star, "that if some public-spirited citizen cares to expend another half dollar—the continued absence of the appropriation, additional one, I mean—on a similar sign, it will be welcomed by the visiting public, for the sign of which I speak rusted out and fell off several years ago and there has been none there since."

TEACHING LEADS TO INSANITY.

Grave Warning to Women from a German Scientist.

According to Prof. Zimm of Berlin, women are peculiarly unfitted to hold the post of professional teacher. Through an exhaustive series of experiments conducted among German women school teachers the Berlin scientist comes to the conclusion that women who teach school ultimately wind up in an institution for the insane. Up to this time it has been thought that school teaching was peculiarly adapted to women. It was pointed out that if women had to work, that was the best branch of industry for them—the one attended with the least exposure to hardship and the least strain on the physical being. After examining all occupations in which women make a living, such as telephone girls, saleswomen, domestic servants, governesses, factory employes, secretaries, nurses and the like, the conclusion has been reached by the German investigator that there is more prevalence toward insanity among women teachers than among women engaged in any other work.

While no statistics for America have been carefully compiled on this particular point, an examination of the lunacy reports for even one State—New York—brings out some startling and significant facts. The period covered by the statistics extends from 1880 to the present time. The State hospital reports for New York for annual periods since 1880 show a gradual increase among insane school teachers from year to year. Taking two typical years—1888 and 1889—it appears that during the former year there were 8,616 insane women, employed in educational life. Women employed in commercial life, such as stenographers, clerks and the like, numbered but 22 insane, while saleswomen and shopkeepers numbered 257 insane. Seamstresses and factory workers numbered 1,472 insane women, while women doctors, artists and others numbered but 65. In 1889 there were 1,154 women employed in higher education who became insane, as against 699 domestic servants, 14 artists, 39 typewriters and clerks and 139 factory hands.

The Berlin doctor does not stand alone in his conclusions. He is supported by nearly all medical authorities who have gone exhaustively into the subject of women's occupations.

ENORMOUS FEES.

Royalty and Rich People Pay Dearly for Medical Treatment.

In the medical world some enormous fees have been paid from time to time. In 1762 the famous Hertfordshire physician, Thomas Dimsdale, was summoned to St. Petersburg to vaccinate the Empress Catherine II. He was in the city less than a week, but so successfully did he accomplish his task that he was paid a consideration of \$12,000, in addition to a life pension of \$500 a year. Another costly vaccinating operation was that performed a few years ago by Dr. Butler upon six Indian Rajahs, and from each of his patients he received \$10,000 for less than a day's work.

When King Edward, or the Prince of Wales, as he was then, lay at death's door with typhoid fever, the famous William Jenner was called in for a period of four weeks; and in return he was paid at the rate of \$2,500 a week and given a baronetcy into the bargain. Nor was it by any means unusual for him to receive a fee of \$500 for an hour's consultation with less celebrated patients.

But royalty invariably pay their medical attendants highly. The late Sir Morell Mackenzie journeyed to Berlin to relieve the sufferings of the Emperor Frederick during his last illness, and secured a fee of \$200,000, while Prof. Zocherine, of Moscow, who was called to Livadia when the Czar Alexander III. lay dying, was presented with a check for \$15,000, in addition to all expenses, for a two day's attendance upon his illustrious patient. Dr. Yowski, the famous oculist, pocketed a fee of \$7,000 for attending the Shah's son at Teheran some years ago, a figure completely put into the shade by that captured by an English army surgeon, who paid occasional visits to the Rajah of Rampur, India, when that potentate was suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism. The patient did not wait for him to send in his bill, finding his treatment beneficial and rewarding him with a draft for \$10,000.

The highest medical fee ever paid, however, became the property of a blind physician, Dr. Gale, of Bristol, who cured a wealthy patient of a diseased knee by electric treatment, and in return found his banking account richer by \$50,000.—Pearson's Weekly.

The "Poverty Luncheon" Is Popular.

"Poverty Luncheons" offer a good way of combining pleasure and philanthropy. Half a dozen girls agree to meet at the home of each, in turn, once a week, or once a fortnight, for luncheon. At every meeting each guest brings fifty cents, which is given to some charity, and each hostess pledges herself not to exceed three dollars in preparing her entertainment. These prices and contributions may, of course, be varied at pleasure. At the close of the meal the hostess must tell the price paid for each article of food, which the guests note upon their menu cards. A sample menu would be: Canned bouillon (15 cents); creamed codfish, served in green peppers (40 cents); two pounds of chops (50 cents); with puree of French chestnuts (15 cents); salad of chopped apple and celery with mayonnaise, served in red apples (35 cents); pineapple ice served in the whole rind (45 cents); coffee (8 cents); bread and butter (15 cents). Total, \$23.3.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Slander Defined.

You cannot slander a man who loses at poker. You can only slander the man who wins. At least that is what the Supreme Court of New York said recently in throwing out the famous Fidelio Club case, in which the plaintiff asked for \$50,000 damages because the defendant said he had cheated. It is no slander to say a man cheated at cards, but it is a slander to say he won money by cheating. You cannot cheat and lose. The court views that in the light of a paradox.

A Perpetual Praiser.

"So he writes poetry for a living?" "No, for a dead. His specialty is epitaphs."—Philadelphia Bulletin.