

# GOOD Short Stories

In attacking Mr. Chamberlain in a speech before the Primitive Methodist Conference the other day at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, the Rev. A. T. Guttery, of Newcastle, defined the present policy of the British government as a "reign of blood, beer and Birmingham."

It is related that once when Punch printed a cartoon representing an imaginary conversation between James McNeil Whistler and Oscar Wilde, Wilde wired Whistler: "Ridiculous; when you and I are together we never talk about anything except ourselves." "You forget," replied Whistler in a return telegram, "when you and I are together we never talk about anything except me."

Henry Labouchere says that the speeches of Lord Rosebery always remind him of the description given by Prince Bismarck of a certain Prussian statesman: "At the first he would have an opinion, then he weakened it by self-contradiction, then again an objection to the contradiction occurred to him, until at last nothing remained. He was a clever speaker, but not inclined to action; indeed, he resembled an india-rubber ball, which hops, and hops, and hops, but more feebly every time, until it at last comes to a full stop."

The Pullman Company has made a demand on P. P. Woolston, a prominent Christian Endeavorer of Denver, for \$200 damages to the sleeper in which he recently made his bridal trip. It seems that the car was captured by Woolston's friends and decorated in a unique manner. Men's and women's shoes and old horseshoes and banners and things were nailed to the windows of the Pullman sleeper, inside and out. Nails were driven into the car with as much abandon as if it had been a picket fence. When the sleeper got back to Denver from Ogden it is said that it looked as if it had been the target for a Gatling gun. It was taken out of service and put in the shops, and now the Pullman Company is trying to make Woolston pay for the repairs.

While in Canada Lord and Lady Lansdowne pleased the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former Governors General and their wives. It is related that at a garrison ball at Halifax the colonel of the regiment that was giving the dance came up to Lady Lansdowne and said: "Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me." Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the colonel was wrong to associate with any decent people, colonial or otherwise, and concluded: "If this is the way you treat your guests, I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once." Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

## MUCH VIRTUE IN AN ONION.

### Efficacy of the Pungent Vegetable Manifested in Various Ways.

The idea of an onion cure may not strike the fancy of the esthetic; however, the experience of those who have tried it is that it works wonders in restoring an old-racked system to its normal state again. There are three kinds of doses in the onion cure, or three onion cures, as you may choose to put it. One is a diet on onions. The other is onion plasters. And the third is onion syrup.

It is claimed by those who believe in the onion cure that a bad cold can be broken up if the patient will stay indoors and feed on a liberal diet of onions. It need not be an exclusive diet, but a liberal one. For instance, an onion cure breakfast includes a poached egg on toast, three tablespoonfuls of friend onions and a cup of coffee. Luncheon of sandwiches, made of Boston brown bread, buttered and filled with finely chopped raw onions, seasoned with salt and pepper, makes the second meal on the schedule. For supper the onions may be fried as for breakfast and eaten with a chop and a baked potato.

The strange efficacy of onions is well known to the singers of Italy and Spain, who eat them every day to improve the quality of their voices and keep them smooth. Onion plasters are prescribed to break up hard coughs. They are made of fried onions placed between two pieces of old muslin. The plaster is kept quite hot until the patient is snugly in bed, when it is placed on the chest, to stay over night. Onion syrup is a dose that can be bought of any druggist, and is claimed by some to be unequalled as a cure for a cold in the chest.

All this is probably quite true. For to be done up with onions, both inside and out, would be enough certainly to chase out any self-respecting cold.—Table Talk.

## LAST OF THE BUCCANEERS.

### Tragic Fate of a Piratical Crew That Put an End to Piracy.

As late as the year 1825 the waters adjacent to Porto Rico were infested by a bloodthirsty band of pirates led by a Spaniard named Confrencias. It was the proud boast of the buccaneer chief that he neither gave nor asked quarter. In March of the year men-

tioned Captain John Drake Sloat, who twenty-one years later raised the American flag over California, was placed in command of the sloop of war Grampus, with orders to proceed to the West Indies and wipe the pirates off the ocean. The Grampus cruised for some weeks without catching sight of any pirate vessel. One morning while the sloop was lying at anchor in the harbor of San Juan a man who had swum ashore from a merchant vessel captured by Confrencias reported that the pirate brig was anchored in the Boca de Inferno (Mouth of Hell), an obscure harbor some miles up the coast, waiting to attack a heavily laden schooner which was to sail from San Juan that very day.

Confrencias knew the Grampus well, so to make sure of his prey Captain Sloat placed a heavily armed crew and cannon loaded with grape on board the schooner and sailed forth. The pirates, unsuspecting any resistance, bore down on the disguised vessel with the black flag and skull and cross-bones at the brig's masthead. Not a move was made by Sloat and his crew until the vessels were almost alongside, when the marines arose from the deck and poured a deadly fire into the brig. Confrencias rallied his men and for some time kept up a running fight, showing great skill in manipulating his crippled vessel. He was finally forced to run his brig ashore. Forty of the crew with the buccaneer chief were captured by waiting soldiers. They were taken to San Juan, court-martialed the next day and shot. Confrencias was the last to die. When they attempted to bind his eyes he threw the men aside, ridiculed the priest and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"I have slain hundreds with my own hands and I know how to die. Fire!" He fell pierced by many bullets, the last and most bloodthirsty of the buccaneers of that region.—Harper's Weekly.

## THEY DWELL IN CAVERNS.

### Residents of Normandy Dig Their Houses in the Cliffs.

We have often heard of the cliff dwellers and are accustomed to think of them as a prehistoric race, the remains of whose few scattered dwellings are a matter of curiosity to tourists and a prize to antiquarians. Few people know that at the present day there are whole communities in France whose only habitations are hollowed in the rocky hillsides and whose entire business life is carried on in caves.

We had seen in Normandy isolated instances of people living in habitations half house and half cave. But they were in faraway towns and villages and only the very poorest class of people lived in them. Our first real cave city came as a great surprise, for we had just left Tours, one of the most highly civilized cities in France. We were riding on the road to Vouzray when suddenly, at the turn near Rochechouart, this first town of cliff dwellers burst upon us.

High above us towered a huge mass of overhanging rock, strata upon strata, bearing upon its summit a most peculiar tower, supposed to have been a watch tower in ages gone by. Its foundations hung over the rock upon which they were built and it seemed as though it would crash down at any moment upon the village beneath.

Scattered over the face of the cliff, door and windows, narrow stairways and little belvederes could be seen, habitation upon habitation, in most picturesque disorder. Walls along the high road hid the immediate foreground and we looked in vain for an opening by which we could have a nearer view of this strange community. At last we found an open gate and, peeping through, were greeted by a dear little old woman, whose wrinkled, smiling face was surmounted by a snowy white cap. Her doorway was a bowler of flowers, hollyhocks, asters, nasturtiums and deep June roses. By its side was an old well and a little outhouse for her weed and gardening tools. Her cheery "bon jour" was an invitation to enter and we gladly accepted her cordiality. We followed her across the little yard and were soon seated in her one and only room.—Scribner's Magazine.

## Riley's Confession.

James Whitcomb Riley is thus quoted in the Lamp: "I have been catching the next train for so many years that I have had but little time to devote to the social side of life, and am, in consequence, a confirmed novice in all the gentler graces. Only a few evenings since, somewhere, I pronounced 'don't you' with the 'ch' sound to it, and—well, you must imagine, for I can't describe, the overwhelming, suffocating sense of my humiliation when my attention was drawn to it. And horror on horror's head! the same evening I was detected in the act of pronouncing program just as the word is spelled!"

## Making a Bail.

In making a league baseball a rubber marble an inch in diameter is covered with coarse yarn. Then a winding machine gives it a layer of four-ply blue yarn, after which it is soaked in cement solution and dried. This process is repeated until the exact size is gained, the last two layers being finer yarn. The horsehide cover is sewed on by hand and the ball is then ironed. It must weigh just five ounces and measure exactly nine inches in circumference.

Soda water is probably so-called because there isn't a bit of soda in it.

# OLD FAVORITES

## My Lodging Is on the Cold Ground.

My lodging is on the cold ground,  
And hard, very hard, is my fare;  
But that which grieves me more, love,  
Is the coldness of my dear.  
Yet still he cried, "Turn, love, to me—  
I pray thee, love, turn to me,  
For thou art the only girl, love,  
That is adored by me."

With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love;  
I'll marry thee with a rush ring;  
Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,  
So merrily I will sing.  
Yet still he cried, "Turn, love, to me—  
I pray thee, love, turn to me,  
For thou art the only girl, love,  
That is adored by me."

But if thou wilt harden thy heart, love,  
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
O, I must endure the smart, love,  
And tumble in straw all alone.  
Yet still he cried, "Turn, love, to me—  
I pray thee, love, turn to me,  
For thou art the only girl, love,  
That is adored by me."

The Graves of a Household.  
They grew in beauty, side by side.  
They filled one home with glee;  
Their graves are severed, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight  
Where are those dreamers now!

One 'midst the forest of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
He lies where pearls lie deep.  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed  
Above the noble slain;  
He wraps his colors round his breast,  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
It leaves by soft winds fanned;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song and cheer—  
Alas! for love, if thou were all,  
And naught beyond, oh, Earth!  
—Mrs. Hemans.

## SURGERY IN GERMANY.

### American Practitioner Would Be Out of Place Over There.

A young surgeon who went to Germany four years ago to complete his studies in pathology, recently returned to this country. He makes this interesting comment on national differences in the profession, says the World's Work:

"It's science over there; here's it's the business of healing. Here one gets the elementary things in college, learns more in hospital and in general practice, and turns the knowledge into money. The average American practitioner would be out of place over there. With them it's study, study, study from the time they receive their degree until they die. At the hospitals or meeting places, they talk nothing but shop. I have known a group of German doctors to leave their dinner half eaten to visit a case under discussion. They are the worst possible practitioners, for they are interested only in technique. I knew a man who went to a German physician with a pain in his leg. That doctor spent an hour each day for five days studying it, and after that time he knew all there was to know about that pain, but he didn't stop it. In this country we would have treated it and thought no more about it except to congratulate the patient in a few days on getting well. They don't care for the patient. He is only a specimen. I heard a doctor say perfectly mechanically that he hoped a certain patient would die so that he might learn some fact from the autopsy.

They call American surgeons copyists. Wherever the charge is true, it is merely that Americans turn to practical service the theories they study. But undoubtedly the Germans are doing a great work. One man, it is reckoned, has added thirty thousand years to human life by his discoveries. There is no commercial end for them to gain, so that their work, for their science, must be their only aim."

The difference aptly illustrates the general difference between our "practical" ways and the ways of German learning.

## Trying Not to Grieve Papa.

"There, Georgie, you not only broke mamma's pretty dish but you told her a story about it, which is much more naughty. Papa will be so grieved when I tell him."  
"Will he feel awful bad 'cause I did it, mamma?"  
"Yes."  
"I'm so sorry. I know what I'll do, mamma. I'll tell him you did it!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Out in the Weather.

Church—They say the new moon is a "wet" one.

Gotham—Well, I don't see how it can be anything else if it has been left outdoors.—Yonkers Statesman.

The world soon gets a man who wins his laurels and then quits.

# HUMOR OF THE WEEK

## STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

### Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"Matilda" shouted old Crawford, angrily, "stop pounding on that piano!"  
"Oh, papa," lisped the girl in gingham, "the paper says music will kill mosquitoes."  
"Well, then, why don't you play music?"

Willing to Oblige.  
Old Lady (in drug store)—Can't you wait on me, young man? I'm in a hurry.  
Clerk—Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you?  
Old Lady—I want a postage stamp.  
Clerk—Shall I lick it for you, ma'am?

Safe with Him.  
Mrs. Doublebitch—Does your husband ever disclose any of his lodge secrets?  
Mrs. Chubbly—No, indeed. By the time he gets home from the lodge his memory is a blank.

## Could Not Sleep.



Patrol Sergeant (during temporary respite from night duty)—No, thanks, cook; the last time I took coffee with supper it kept me awake all night.

Poor Consolation.  
"I wish I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth," sighed the youth.  
"Oh, don't let that worry you," rejoined the village sage. "You'll probably get a lot of gold in your teeth before you die."

Because of It.  
"Why do they call this a free country?" asked the unwashed anarchist.  
"Because," answered the respectable citizen, "you are at liberty to leave it if you don't like it."

## Old, Old Story.

Jack—I should imagine that women would like originality. Seems to me they'd hate repetition.  
Mabel—Well, yes; excepting the phrase "I love you."

Hobson's Choice.  
Guest (in cheap restaurant)—Well, waiter, what have you got?  
Waiter—Beef steak and fish—but the fish is all out. Which'll you have?

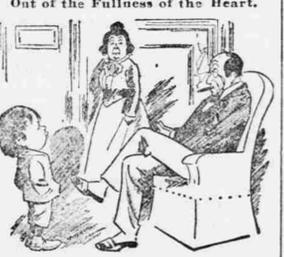
Dangerous Place.  
Ernie—Are tunnels really dangerous?  
The Bachelor—Should say so. I knew a man who kissed a girl in a tunnel one time and he had to marry her.

Pa's Wisdom.  
Little Willie—What are dividends, pa?  
Pa—Dividends, my son, are what the stockholders get after the directors appropriate their share.

Poor Girl.  
Miss Gold—I hear that the foreign noblemen are demanding that the American girls they wish to marry must have more income than ever.

Miss Gilt (discouraged)—Gracious! The necessities of life are going up every day.

## Out of the Fullness of the Heart.



Bobby—Pop, did you know mamma very well before you married her?  
Henpeck—No; I'm afraid not.

As Explained.  
Peckem—So young Wilkins is to be married next week, is he?  
Enpeck—Yes, I'm sorry to say he is.  
Peckem—Why are you sorry?  
Enpeck—Because he's a good fellow who never harmed anyone.

Knew Her Business.  
"Is your wife a good cook?" asked he visitor from out of town.  
"Is she?" echoed the flat dweller. "Say, you just ought to be around when she roasts the janitor."

Misses a Great Item.  
"If a young man wishes any consolation when he's preparing for his wedding," said the supper table sage, "just let him remember that he doesn't have to buy the trousseau."

Brother Sparks Again.  
"Buddahs en sistahs," said old Parson Sparks, "ef de church bell attract de people lak de dinneh bell de pewes would be filled in two minutes after de fus' ringin'."

## The Proper Party.

"Our front fence wants painting badly," said the head of the matrimonial combine. "I'll take a day off next week and paint it myself."  
"Well," rejoined the other portion of the outfit, "I'm sure no one is capable of painting it any worse."

Calm Before the Storm.  
Husband (reading)—This paper says that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling block to the advancement of his children.  
Wife—Well, thank fortune, our children will never be handicapped in that way.

Sold Again.  
Gunner—I saw a cane that could be converted into a chair.  
Guyer—That's nothing. I saw a table that could be carried in the pocket.

Gunner—You must be joking. What kind of a table was it?  
Guyer—A time table.

Brotherly Criticism.  
First Minister—I noticed a sermon in a recent issue of Blank's Magazine with your name attached.  
Second Minister (proudly)—Yes; the editor paid me \$25 for that sermon.

First Minister—Is that all? Why, I wouldn't have allowed my name attached to it for \$100.—Chicago News.

Strange.  
"Mabel is a good-looking lass," remarked Goldsborough.  
"And she is fond of surveying herself in a good looking-glass," added Throckmorton.—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Sudden After All.  
"This is so sudden," urged the summer girl.  
"Perhaps," he admitted.  
"A little later, possibly," she suggested.

"A little later I may not be disposed to say this at all," he asserted.  
"After all," she returned, "we have known each other nearly two weeks haven't we? Perhaps it's not so sudden."

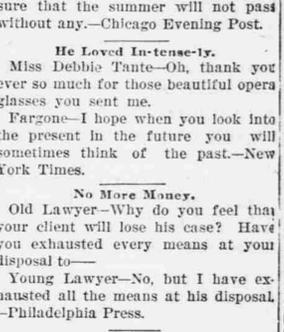
The wise summer girl makes sure of her first engagement in order to be sure that the summer will not pass without any.—Chicago Evening Post.

He Loved In-tense-ly.  
Miss Debbie Tante—Oh, thank you ever so much for those beautiful opera glasses you sent me.

Fargone—I hope when you look into the present in the future you will sometimes think of the past.—New York Times.

No More Money.  
Old Lawyer—Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal?  
Young Lawyer—No, but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal.—Philadelphia Press.

Very Easy to See.



Cholly Oumpleigh—I say, doc, don't cherknow, my eyes are weak.  
Dr. Krusty—No wonder. They're in a weak place.

He Knew Her.  
"Do you know her well enough to talk to her?"  
"More. I know her well enough not to talk to her."

Strenuous Overture.  
Tom—Did Miss Warbler sing for you the other evening when you called on her?  
Jack—Yes, she sung a couple of songs after a good deal of pressing.

To Get Revenge.  
Caroline—I hate him! I would do anything I could to make him miserable.  
Hazel—Then why don't you marry him.

His Only Comment.  
Mrs. Enpeck—Did you hear about that man in Ohio who got into trouble by marrying six women?  
Enpeck—No; but I'm personally acquainted with a man a good deal nearer home who acquired a job lot of trouble by marrying only one woman.

Unprofessional.  
Strong—Have you consulted Dr. Glauber, the eminent specialist?  
Weakly—Yes, I have, but I don't see how you can call him an "eminent specialist" when he told me that one treatment was enough and I needn't come again.—Boston Transcript.

Delicate Touch.  
Wife—I want to do some shopping this morning, dear. Can you let me have a little change?  
Husband—How much do you want?  
Wife—Fifteen cents. A dime for car fare and a nickel for ice cream soda.

An Insinuation.  
He—I hear you are to be congratulated?  
She—Not at all, I assure you.  
He—Oh, then it is true that you are engaged to young DeBlank, eh?

Compression.  
Quinn—I tell you, a man in quick sand must feel in a tight place.  
De Fonte—That's nothing. Imagine a fat man in a bathing suit that shrinks.

This Is No Joke.  
"What should the patient do while awaiting the doctor's arrival?" asked the professor.  
"Make his will," replied the pupil who was wise beyond his day and generation.

# CHILDREN'S INSTINCTS.

## Where Appetite Is Concerned They Should, in a Measure, Be Respected.

Many ways of infancy and childhood seem to adults unnatural; and if children chance, as they frequently do, to exhibit tendencies animal rather than æsthetic, we are apt to consider them such as to be properly frowned upon. Yet it might often contribute to one's equanimity if it were borne in mind that child instinct, more frequently than reason, is in the right.

For example, the lusty fit of crying incident to the baby's bath, although it may prove annoying to the mother, is one of the best possible tonics for the infant. The vigorous respirations and increased activity of the muscular tissues conduce even more than the friction of the bath towel to a healthful glow of the skin. The infant that is obstreperous enough to resent with loud crying its nurse's efforts to soothe it, until it is again in flannels, is not likely to take cold from his bath.

Again, in the matter of eating, the child sometimes exhibits singular tendencies. From the time a child begins to come to the table until the period of youth he often shows strong likes and dislikes. Just how much tendencies may be combated is perhaps of little moment, but in the quantity of food desired each child should be a law unto himself. To bribe or coax a child to eat more than he wants is certainly not commendable. Many who, as children, are extremely "delicate" in their eating, develop in later life digestive organs of superior ability.

Overfeeding is never so fraught with dangers as in childhood, and in those numerous cases in which the child instinct opposes the eating of as much food as is ordinarily regarded as normal it should be respected. In the event of a small appetite being the evidence of impaired vitality or disease other concurrent symptoms will be so evident as to lead to consultation of a physician. Glowing cheeks and sturdy limbs are admirable and a delight to the fond parents, but to many children they are simply not natural, and no amount of food can produce them.

In many children nature exhibits a conservative tendency, and the scrawny limbs and sallow cheeks may be an indication of conserved energy, by virtue of which some organ or organs may not be overtaxed during the growing age.

The diseases of childhood often result in temporarily damaged organs, which time and a following of the instincts of observation which nature meanwhile improves may entirely overcome. Thus it is that many children regarded throughout childhood as delicate and not likely to survive till adult life not only reach manhood and womanhood, but attain qualities of extraordinary physical or mental vigor.

It is well to realize that very rarely are there two children even in the same family similar in their physical equipments, and that, therefore, no "rule of thumb" method of rearing them is ever eminently successful.

## Wanted to See Grandma.

Master Ross Edwards, 4 years of age, living in Irvington, N. J., was very fond of his grandmother, and spent most of his time at her home, says the Philadelphia Ledger. One afternoon he came home from play so very tired that he could eat no dinner, and asked his mother to put him to bed. She took him upstairs, and when he was ready for bed, said: "Now, my little boy must say his prayers."

"I can't—I am so tired."  
"You want to go to heaven, don't you? Then you must say your prayers."

"Are you doin' to heaven, mamma?"  
"I hope to, and want to see my little boy there."

"Is papa doin' to heaven?"  
"He hopes to."  
"Well, you and papa go to heaven, and I'll go around and see grandma."

## He Took a Needed Rest.

"Yookum of 'Frisco," as he is known in the railroad world, is one of the workers. They say he never tires. One day a friend called at the Broad street office to see him. It was 4 in the afternoon. He found the president leaning back in a big chair, reading a newspaper and smoking. In surprise he asked what was up.

"You see, I've worked pretty hard for the past ten years," said Mr. Yookum, "and I think I need a long rest." The next day the same friend dropped in again. Yookum shook hands in his hearty way, but said: "Glad to see you, but I'm up to my eyes in work. I haven't much time."  
"I thought you were going to take a long rest!" exclaimed his friend.  
"That's all right. I took it yesterday," said the president.

## Evidence of the Enemy.

It is related that at a recent sham battle a young lieutenant, posted with his company behind a wall, ordered his men to fire at a detachment of troops who were marching by.

The guns were loaded with blank cartridges, and no harm was done; but the detachment happened to be on the same side of the sham fight as the company which had fired at it.

The commanding officer came riding up.  
"Why did you fire on those men?" he demanded of the lieutenant, hotly.  
"I supposed they were the enemy," said the lieutenant.

"And what led you to suppose they were the enemy?"  
"Because my tailor was at the head of them and I saw my butcher in the ranks. What else could I suppose, sir?"