

A Bunch of Short Stories

Here is a chap from Iowa who goes the Rod and Gun contributors one better and raises the limit on fish stories: "We wet our lines in Shell Rock river, a few miles below Cedar Falls, and caught a catfish that weighed 190 pounds. Being without fish, flesh or fowl at the camp we put a pole through its gills and shouldered it half a mile for dinner. On opening it we found that it had swallowed a smaller cat that weighed about fifteen pounds, so we said we'd eat the latter for dinner instead of the big fellow, as it was perfectly fresh. But when we opened number 2 there was a still smaller cat in its gullet, one that weighed five pounds, and as the party consisted of only three, we made a dinner on that. I have abundant witnesses."

Ex-Governor John A. Wise, formerly of Virginia, but now a resident of New York, occasionally visits Washington. He is



MRS. JOHN M. THURSTON, NEWLY WED WIFE OF SENATOR THURSTON.

there now. Governor Wise has opinions about prominent men and live issues which he never hesitates to express, relates the Chicago Post. He does not like "Lem" Quigg, who is Senator Platt's lieutenant in New York.

"No," he said to a group of listeners, "I do not enjoy Quigg. He reminds me of a shaggy, awkward dog I once owned. He was a cross between a spaniel and a Newfoundland. He was either always under foot and in the way, or else jumping into the water for the sake of shaking himself over people."

Governor Wise also has a live stock figure

of speech to fit his view about Colonel Bryan.

"The colonel is an amiable gentleman and a great orator," observed the ex-Virginian, "but he makes me think of my old neighbor Bill Andrews' finest horse. He was a noble animal, high bred, spirited and full of ginger, but when it came to running he was never good for anything except to come in second."

The present fashion among men of wearing the face smooth has given rise to many embarrassing situations, reports a Washington letter. A new member of congress from the southwest who not only wears no beard, but in common with most of his colleagues in that part of the country affects the clerical garb, was an unwilling actor in an amusing episode the other day about which it is doubtful if he ever hears the last. One of the most noted flower merchants in town is a venerable, little old woman, with eyes as bright as a squirrel's and face as wrinkled as a winter apple, who peddles her wares on the street. One day last week this wee body was seen to rush frantically across the avenue to a tall, slender, smooth-shaven person, the new member from the southwest, in fact, and thrusting a handsome bunch of roses in his hand, she stood before him as though waiting for something. "Why do you give me these flowers, my good woman?" asked the embarrassed member of congress. "What shall I pay you for them?" thinking, evidently, to purchase them was the easiest way out of the difficulty. "Oh! nothing, nothing, your reverence," protested the flower woman, "only your blessing for good luck"; and, falling upon her knees in front of the astonished politician, she bent her head in expectancy.

At an agricultural show in Dublin a pompous member of parliament, who arrived late, found himself on the outskirts of a large crowd, relates the Dublin Independent.

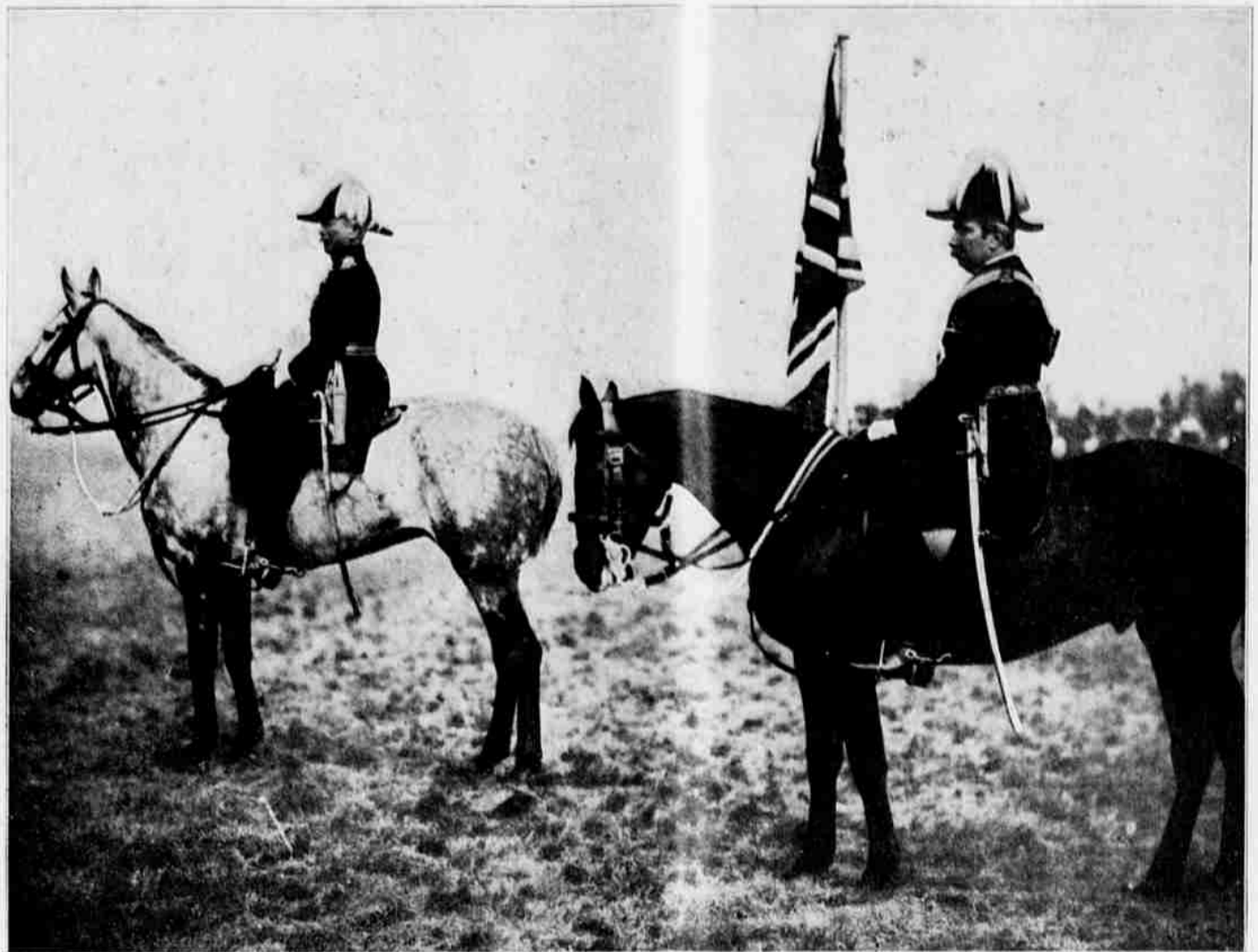
Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and some lady friends who accompanied him, and, presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily ordered:

"Make way there!" "Who are ye pushin'?" was the unexpected response. "Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M. P. "I'm a representative of the people!" "Yah!" growled the porter, "but we're the bloomin' people themselves!"

A Washington raconteur tells the following on Senator Stewart. The senator was evidently in a "stringing" mood when he related his early experiences in the Nevada mining camps:

"When I was a young fellow," he began, "I was very strong and active and was famous throughout the camps on account of my abilities as a runner. We used then to have Caledonian games Sundays, and at short distance sprints I defeated all comers. Finally, after having beaten all the local champions, no one could be found to run against me, and therefore, in order to get up matches, a peculiar form of competition was hit upon, and one that I have never seen tried elsewhere. Being a gymnast as well as a runner I could, of course, turn handsprings with great ease, and on account of my great height I covered a long stretch of ground with each handspring. This led to my being matched in short sprints of from fifty to 100 yards, I to turn handsprings while my opponent did straight running."

Here the senator paused, but an awestricken listener managed to stammer out:



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"Did—did you ever win any of those races, senator?" "My boy," replied the free silver apostle, "on a perfectly level ground it used to be nip and tuck; with an up grade the hand-cap was always too much for me, but with a slight down grade I invariably finished first."

Assistant Secretary of State Thomas W. Cridler, in the discharge of his diplomatic duties, has crossed the ocean probably more times than any other official in that branch of the national government. On one voyage he made the acquaintance of a traveling salesman whose companionability was marred by curiosity, relates the Philadelphia Post.

"Traveling on business like myself, I suppose?" "Yes." "What line of goods?" "Papers." "Wall, writing or printing?" "Papers for cabinets." "Humph, I thought cabinet-makers used only wood, steel and brass!" "Most of them do," and the diplomat began to speak of other things.

Stories About Preachers

A London paper tells a new story of Father Stanton of London. Bishop Creighton not long ago visited his church, St. Alban's, High Holborn. Immediately after the service which he attended was over he made several attempts to talk with him, but the wily father talked so incessantly of

himself that it was impossible to get a word in edgeways. When seated in his carriage, however, the bishop managed to say: "I like your service, Stanton, but I don't like your incense." "Very sorry, my lord, very sorry," rejoined Father Stanton, "but it's the best I can get for the money—3s 6d per pound!"

Betty Haran of Thrummon was a very pious old Methodist, relates McManus in the Philadelphia Post. Father Dan often dropped into Betty's for a gossip. "Betty," said Father Dan, "I always find you stuck in your Bible. Now, tell me truly, do you understand it all?" "Of course I do," indignantly. "Well, well. I've been studying it all my life, and I don't understand it all yet." "An' if yer reverence is a block-head, do ye think every wan else like yer-self?"

The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells this story of the Virginia backwoods: A white minister after conducting services at a colored church asked an old deacon to lead in prayer. The dusky brother in his fervent appeal asked that a shower of heavenly grace be permitted to fall upon his white friend. He said: "Oh, Lor', give him de eye of de eagle dat he may spy out our sins afar off! Weld his han's to de gospel plough; tie his tongue to de lines of truf an' nail his ear to de gospel pole! An', oh Lor', bow his haid way down—ah! behin' his knees, an' his knees way down—ah in some lonesome dark an' narrow valley, oh Lor', whar much prayer is need to be made—ah! Den 'noint him ovah wid de blessel ole of de kerosene of salvation, an' sot him on flah wid de match of faith made perfect—amen!"

Bishop Gallor, the Protestant Episcopal head of the diocese of Tennessee, meets many curious characters during his walks through that state, among whom are numerous evidences of Charles Egbert Craddock's truth to nature. He relates that upon one occasion, while taking a solitary tramp through the mountains, he came suddenly upon a typical "cracker" who sat aimlessly whittling a stick—you see that habit is not confined to Yankees!—in the sunny doorway of his tumble-down cabin. The bishop introduced himself. The "cracker" did not at first seem inclined to talk. There was, for a few moments, rather embarrassing silence. Then the rustic shifted his quid, spat, glanced at the bishop out of the corner of his eye and deliberately began: "Wall, stranger, so you're a preacher, be you? Wall,

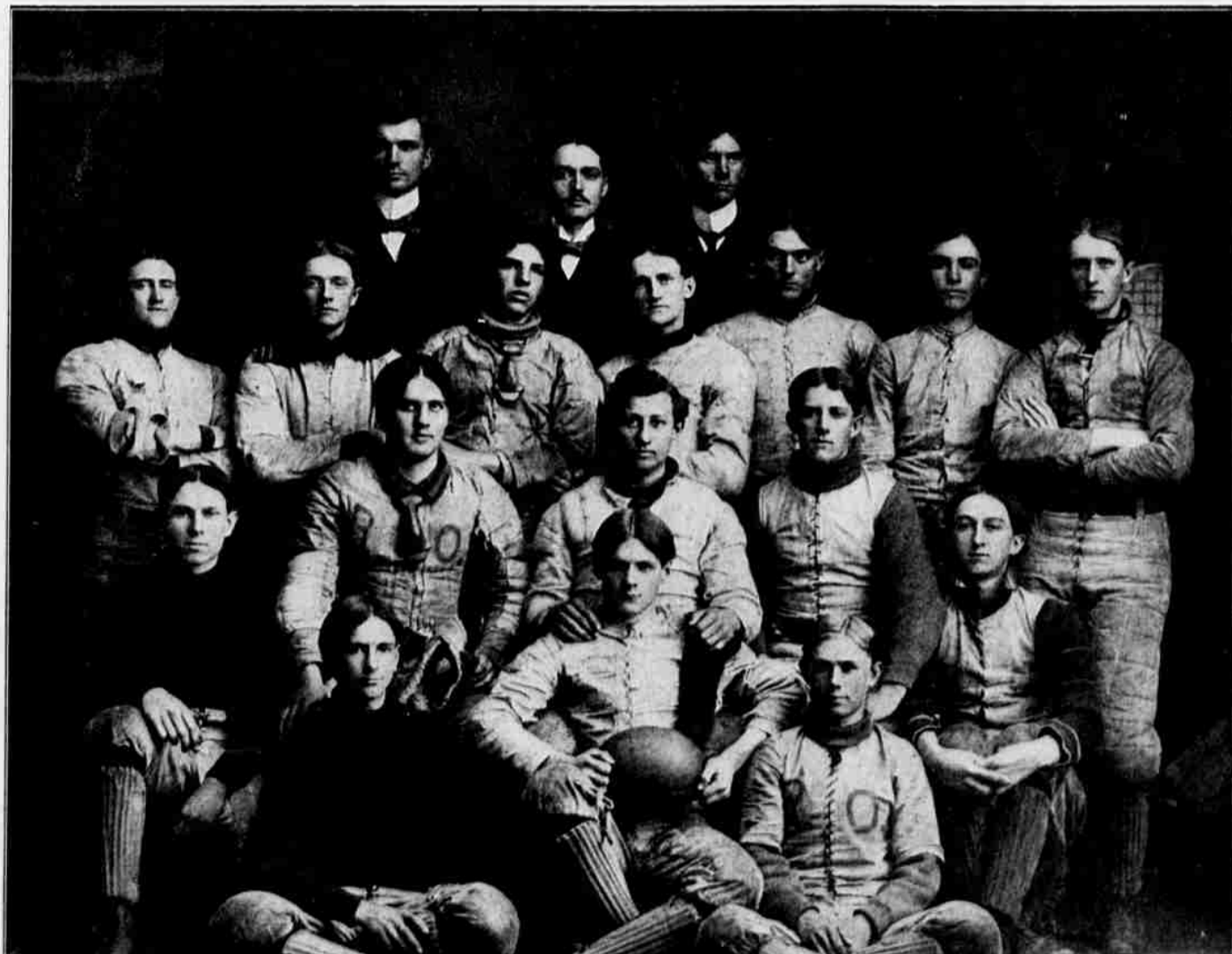
we don't know much about them fellers around here, but we did hev one here a few weeks ago who got people worked up p'werful like. I went to hear him one night and I quit after he prayed. He was a big, powerful feller like yourself, parson, six feet tall and high as big 'round. He had lungs that made the mountain shake when he hollered. I listened to his sermon, or what he called a sermon, and then heard him pray. He got sorter hysterical like, I reckon, and in his prayer he kept yellin', 'O, God, give us power. Give us power. Give us power.' I sed to Sue: 'I reckon what that there feller needs ain't power but ideas.' This fable teaches that the intelligent critics are by no means confined to the intelligent classes.

Artistic Electro-Plating

The Omaha Plating Company is assuming a prominent position among Omaha's most enterprising establishments. Seventeen years' experience in some of the largest plating factories of the United States gives the proprietor, Mr. Louis Slavin, the honor of being classed with the most successful and reliable men of the country in this line of work. Careful attention is given to plating and polishing gold, silver, nickel and copper, and their specialties are in artistic and fancy platings. Mr. Slavin would be glad to have you call and investigate his work. Bee building, 17th street entrance.

"Made to Marry"

Chicago Post: "Here's a woman," she said, looking up from the paper, "who complains in a suit for divorce that she was made to marry." "Aren't all women made to marry?" he asked innocently. "Made to marry!" she exclaimed. "I'd like to see any one make me—" "Ah, but you are already made," he interrupted, "and I think you were made to marry. There may be exceptions, but certainly all pretty women are made primarily for that purpose." All she could say was, "Oh, George!" and the thing was as good as settled.



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