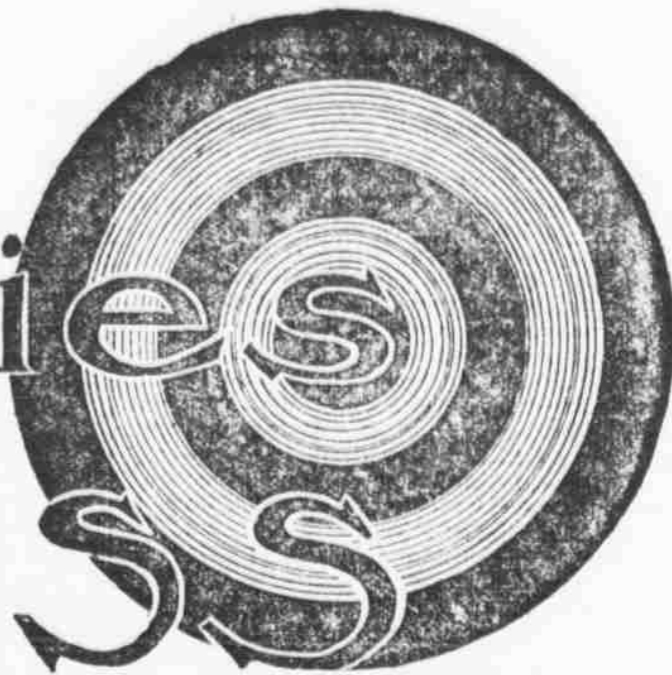




Random Stories Hit or Miss



She Was Watching.

HERE is a man up on Capitol hill who supps with a number of old college chums two or three times a year, and usually after one of these suppers he is fit to roost with boiled owls. The last gathering of the clan was about a fortnight ago, and before Mr.—well, we'll call him Jenks—set out for it he promised Mrs. Jenks solemnly that no matter what the others did, he would drink nothing but charged water and lemonade. Mr. Jenks came home about 2 o'clock, walking very carefully and sedately. Mrs. Jenks was awake, and she turned up the gas as he came in.

"Are you sure you didn't drink too much?" she asked.

"You hurt me when you speak like that," said Mr. Jenks, somewhat indistinctly. "I had only two small drinks."

Mrs. Jenks lay back on her pillow, regarding him. Under her gaze he was most careful to bestow all his belongings to their proper places. His feelings were hurt and he was determined to show his wife how unjust her suspicions were. He was standing at the stationary washstand in the corner of the room when she spoke again, and it was not so much the matter as the manner of her words that cut.

"Charles," she said, "you might as well stop trying to light the hot water faucet. That's the third match you've wasted."—Washington Post.

A Chinese Dog Story.

Prince Pu Lun and the Chinese minister, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, attended the races at Gravesend early in the month.

A number of noted New Yorkers were presented to the distinguished foreigner, and one of these gentlemen told an incident that illustrated the remarkable intelligence of a dog of his.

The minister said with a smile: "I am reminded, sir, of a Chinese dog story."

"There was a Chinaman who had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble, whipped them and drove them forth.

"The next night when he came home the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore he gave them another whipping.

"The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool it."—Boston Post.

Hit Below the Belt.

A Parisian financier traveling in America is spending a week in New York before sailing for home. "What in our country has most impressed you?" he was asked. "Once a Frenchman always an admirer and slave of the sex; your women, of course," was the answer. "But among our institutions; that is, our commercial life?" "Ah! I am most impressed by the great anxiety of your financiers to take the public into partnership in what they advertise as golden opportunities. Your financiers are all philanthropists. In Paris when we have something real good we keep it to ourselves."

Bishop Burt's Disposition.

The newly elected Methodist bishop, Dr. William Burt of Rome, is noted for his cheerful and placid manner. Nothing ever ruffles him. He is never heard to complain. A clergyman complimented Dr. Burt one day on his good disposition.

"You never growl about anything," he said. "No matter what kind of a meal is

set before you, you eat it cheerfully. If you are feeling poorly, you conceal it. How did you manage to acquire such a fine habit of good humored tolerance and resignation?"

"Maybe the remark of a child I once overheard helped me to learn to complain and grumble as little as possible," said Dr. Burt. "While I was studying at Wilbraham academy I spent a few days with the child's father—a good man, but a chronic growler. We were all sitting in the parlor one night when the question of food arose. The child, a little girl, told cleverly what each member of the household liked best. Finally it came to the father's turn to be described.

"And what do I like, Nancy?" he said, laughingly.

"You," said the little girl, slowly, "well, you like 'most anything we haven't got.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Posted on Some Rules.

Says a writer in an eastern exchange: When I was pastor in a western city a man came to me and said that in some meetings he had attended while away from home he had been greatly impressed with the truth of the Christian gospel and had become a Christian. I said to him:

"I suppose you want to come before the committee and be received for baptism?" "Well, doctor," he replied, "I don't know much about the routine, but I would like to have it done according to Hoyle," and so it was done.

A Word with Gorman.

Senator Gorman's friends (and foes) know that his qualities as leader are at least masterly, but how far they trust to his judgment may not be so well known to the reading public. One of the statesman's friends had a dream not so long ago, which he is telling, and it makes clear the whole Maryland political situation.

He was standing before heaven's gate, and St. Peter was just opening it. As it swung back the venerable warden asked the name of the new arrival, and proceeded to look up his record in a great book. Then he said, "Enter."

The Marylander hesitated. He looked all around him and scratched his head, but he did not advance toward the open gate.

"Why do you hesitate?" asked the saint. "Enter."

"Well, I hope it's all right," said the other slowly, "but I do wish I could have a word with Gorman before taking so important a step."—New York Times.

Morgan's Coat of Arms.

J. Pierpont Morgan is gifted with a great deal more of humor than is generally known. Not long ago, while in London, he was introduced to a lady who made some pretensions to peerage. "Pardon me," said this lady, haughtily, "to which Morgans do you belong?"

"Oh, we are an independent branch," replied Mr. Morgan, slyly, "but we date back to the Norman kings."

"Ah, then you have a coat of arms?"

Mr. Morgan dug down into his pocket and brought forth a shining American \$9 gold-piece. "This," he said, "is our coat of arms; a few other families have adopted the same emblem. But," he continued, confidentially, "we are gathering them in as fast as possible."

One on Dr. Mitchell.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the eminent nerve specialist of Philadelphia, tells of an incident of his early career which taught him a lesson he has always remembered. Ever since then there has been one question

which he never asks his patients. An elderly man was ushered into the doctor's office one afternoon. After telling him to be seated the doctor asked in his mildest manner:

"Well, sir, what is the matter with you?" The patient quickly replied: "If I know, doctor, I would not come here to find out."—St. Louis Republic.

He Got the Egg.

"Talk about Yankee shrewdness," said the traveling man. "I was in a little tavern up in Connecticut not long ago and a farmer came in with eggs to sell. The transaction took place in the barroom of the establishment. The proprietor agreed to take two dozen, and when the farmer came to count over the contents of his basket he found that he had twenty-five eggs. The proprietor wanted the extra egg thrown in for good measure. The farmer didn't see it that way, and they argued the matter. At last the proprietor said he'd take the twenty-five eggs, give the man a drink and call it square. The farmer agreed and pocketed his money.

"Now, what'll you have?" asked the proprietor.

"The Yankee farmer was ready with his reply.

"Sherry and egg," said he."—Washington Post.

Drifting.

William Gillette, the great impersonator of Sherlock Holmes, confesses to having hired a yacht one certain summer. As he describes it, the yacht was a craft without a rival in slow progression. With a few friends he set sail and proceeded upon a cruise. They kept close to the shore and a week or two after they had left port were drifting lazily by a point of land at the end of which sat a solitary man fishing. In a few hours the boat had passed the point, and the fisherman was seen to rouse himself from his contemplation of his rod.

"Where ye from?" he called genially.

"New York," replied Gillette, with a yachtman's pride.

"How long?"

"Sunday, August 1."

The fisherman returned to his fishing and the yacht kept on drifting. Some hours later there came a drawling voice over the quiet water and it asked: "What year?"

Thrilling Rescuers.

Once when he was a pilot on the Mississippi, Twain sat with a crowd of men around a wood stove in a village store. Presence of mind was being discussed, and nearly everybody had a story about presence of mind to relate. Twain said:

"Boys, through my presence of mind I once saved an old man's life. It happened this way. I was reading in my room, late one night, when I heard fire bells. I strolled out to see where the fire was, and soon came to a brick house that was burning hard.

"An old man leaned half way out of a fourth story window, and the red flame lit up his long white hair and beard. 'Help! Help!' he hollered. 'Help! Help!' And he waved his arms around his head, making wild gestures.

"Everybody in the crowd below seemed paralyzed. No ladder was long enough to reach the old man. The firemen said if he stayed up there he would be burnt to death, and if he jumped he would be crushed flat.

"But I, with my presence of mind, came to his rescue. I rushed forward, and yelled for a rope. The rope was brought to me. I threw the old man the end. He

caught it. I told him to tie it around his waist. He did so, and I pulled him down."—Baltimore Herald.

Couldn't Promise.

Two of the candidates in the recent primary election for governor of Florida, Robert W. Davis, now a congressman, and Napoleon B. Broward, who won fame by his filibustering exploits just prior to the Spanish-American war, made a house to house campaign through the rural districts of the state. One hot day Captain Broward drove up to a peaceful farm house and found a woman strenuously chopping wood in the front yard.

The militant captain alighted, bowed to the woman, said: "Madam, excuse me, but I cannot stand idly by and see a lady doing such hard work. Permit me." And, taking the ax, the candidate labored for thirty minutes until the last stick had been cut.

"Now, madam," he said, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow, "if you have a husband you may tell him that Captain Broward called to see him and that I would appreciate his vote for governor of Florida."

The woman, who had been admiring the candidate's ability as a wood chopper, shook her head dubiously and replied:

"Well, I dunno about his votin' for you, 'cause Bob Davis is in the back yard a-milkin' the cow."—Denver Republican.

Clark and the Book Agent.

Senator W. A. Clark detests nothing more than to be interrupted when busy. One day he was in his office engaged in a business conversation when a petite woman carrying a black bag entered. With a compelling smile and an insinuating manner she approached the stony millionaire. Utterly insensible to his repellent mood and indifferent to his abrupt manner she drew from the depths of the bag a handsomely bound volume, the merits and beauties of which she began to eloquently descant upon.

Falling to embarrass her with arctic rigidity and impatient at her persistence under rebuffs all but vulgar, he turned suddenly upon the chattering woman and asked:

"Madame, do you know what my time is worth?"

She confessed it was a conundrum.

"Well," he said, petulantly, "it's worth \$30 an hour!"

He turned away with the air of one who had settled the matter definitely beyond any further controversy. But he didn't know the woman.

"Oh, I'm so grateful to you, Mr. Clark," she replied with a tone of pathos in her voice. "Thirty dollars an hour, did you say?"

"Yes; that's what I said, and it's cheap at that," and he smiled cynically.

"Oh, I know it is dirt cheap," she chirruped with winsome blitheness. "I'm so glad you told me—" rummaging in her reticule, from which she quickly fished out a purse gorged with currency. Moving near to the astonished millionaire, who now regarded her movements with unfelgued curiosity, she counted two bills, a ten and a five, off the roll. These she pushed along the top of the sloping desk toward him and said: "Yes, I'm glad you told me, because I hadn't expected to get it so cheap. There is \$15. Now, I want a half hour of your uninterrupted attention while I talk to you about this book."

Clark pushed back the money and subscribed and paid for two copies of the book.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

