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HE KNEW ABOUT IT.

An Anecdote Illustrating the Scope of
Gladstone's Knowledge.

An anecdote is told of Mr Gladstone
which illustrates strikingly the versatility
and breadth of knowledge of that remark-
able man. Two personal friends of Mr
Gladstone once laid a plan to amuse them-
selves, and play a joke upon him.

They were to discuss in his presence some
subject of which he might be presumed to
be ignorant, and then, having pretended to
disagree decidedly, to appeal to Mr
Gladstone to settle the point. The fun was
to come when he was forced to confess that
there was one subject which he had not
studied.

This plan they carried out, but it was
not so easy to find the topic on which Mr
Gladstone must confess himself "stumped."
At last there was discovered in an old
newspaper an article on Chinese chess.

The description of the game had been
copied from a well known magazine. This
seemed promising.

The conspirators studied the article as-
siduously until they had become thor-
oughly familiar with it. Then they waited
for their opportunity. It came when they
were invited to a dinner where Mr Glad-
stone was to be present. Seated on one
side of their intended victim by arrange-
ment with the host, they began to put
their scheme in operation.

Mr Gladstone had maintained his repu-
tation throughout the evening for being
thoroughly acquainted with not only the
leading questions of the day, but every
subject which had been thus far introduced
by those around him. His neighbors on
either side began to discuss games of skill
and chance generally.

Every few minutes one or the other
would appeal to Mr Gladstone to clear up
some particularly complicated point or
disputed question. Between then, they
skillfully led the conversation up to Chinese
chess, and soon found their opportunity to
argue somewhat warmly in regard to a
certain matter connected with the game.

They had studied the article so closely
that they repeated much of it almost ver-
batim. Mr Gladstone seemed interested
but said nothing. The two jokers, inwardly
congratulating themselves for their suc-
cess, continued the conversation with mor-
e animation than ever.

The host, who had been taken into the
secret, was an amused spectator of what
he thought was his honored guest's em-
barrassment.

When they had finished their mock
battle, Mr Gladstone, who had not uttered
a word, took a sip of coffee, replaced the
cup in the saucer, and remarked pleas-
antly:

"Gentlemen, I observe that you have
been reading an article on Chinese chess
in the Review, which I wrote!"

—Youth's Companion.

Too Busy.



The Skeptical Aunt—What does he do,
Dolly, for a living?

Dolly (greatly surprised)—Why, auntie,
he does not have time to earn a living while
we are engaged.—Life.

Why He Was Married.

Fifty years ago "Uncle Harry" was a
well known resident of a village in the Old
Colony, writes a correspondent. Slow of
speech and action, he was reputed to be
"easy going." He had lived to the age of
seventy without a wife, and it was openly
said that he was "too lazy to go courting,"
which of course marked him as a very lazy
man indeed.

One day the village was startled by the
news of Uncle Harry's marriage. Shortly
afterward the squire, as the one lawyer of
the place was called, happened to be driv-
ing past Uncle Harry's farm, and seeing
the old man in the yard stopped for a little
gossip. The bridegroom, visibly "smart-
ened up," was resplendent with happiness.

"You seem so well contented, how did it
happen you never married before?" asked
the squire.

"I dunno," drawled Uncle Harry. "I've
had marriage feelings come over me lots of
times, but they never lasted long 'nough
for me to get anywhere."

"But this time they lasted?"

"Well, no, not exactly; you see, Eunice
come along and staid!"—Youth's Com-
panion.

Like His Mother.

"I was born in Indiana," says a stranger lank
and slim,
As us fellers in the restaurant was kind o'
guy in him,
And Uncle Jake was slidin him another pan'kin
pie
And an extra cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in
his eye—

"I was born in Indiana—more'n forty years
ago,
And I ain't been back in twenty—and I'm
workin back'ard slow;
But I've eat in every restaurant 'twixt here and
Santa Fe,
And I want to state this coffee tastes like git-
tin home to me!

"Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller,
warm up.

A-speakin' erost a saucerful, as uncle tuck his
cup.

"When I need your sign out yonder," he went
on to Uncle Jake.

"Come in and get some coffee like your mother
used to make!"

"I thought of my old mother and the Posey
county farm,
And me a little kid as 'a' in a hangin on her arm,
As she set the pot a-boilin broke the eggs and
poured em in!"

And the feller kind o' batted, with a tremble
in his chin.

And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee
back and stool.

As solemn for a minute as an undertaker
went.

Then he set o' turned and tipped to 'rd the
kitchen door, and next
Here comes in-out with-out with him, a rubbin
of her specs.

And she rushes for the stranger, and she hon-
ers out "It's him!

Thank God, we've met him comin! Don't you
know your mother, Jim?"

And the feller, as he granted her, says, "You
bet I ain't forgot!"

But, wipin of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's
mighty hot."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Barred Out.

Mr W. Hamilton Gilson, the artist, tells
this as one of his experiences in New Eng-
land. He was stopping at the home of a
man named Galusha, where he had lodged
during the preceding summer. He had ob-
served on his previous visit that the
Galushas were making great preparations
for the annual fair at North Adams, and
he was surprised to note that, at the time
of his later visit, no such preparations were
being made. So he asked Mr Galusha
what it meant. The old gentleman replied
that there had been no crop, and that times
were so hard to hold a successful fair.
Mr Gilson then turned to Mr Galusha's
grandson, Chauncey, a fine, strapping boy,
and facetiously remarked, "Why, there's
Chauncey, he'd make a good exhibit at
any fair." "No, I wouldn't," replied
Chauncey, "cause I ain't got no pedd-
ling gree."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Not a Fair Shake.



Traveler—Say, my friend, there's no
meat in this sandwich.
Waitress—No?
Traveler—Don't you think you'd better
give that pack another shuffle and let me
draw again?—Life.

He Might Have Known.

He counted up an excited man of
middle age, rushing from one of the tall
office buildings on Dearborn street yester-
day afternoon, "what will you take for
your whole stock of those infernal things?"
The boy had been standing on the side-
walk in front of the building all day rasp-
ing a calliope whistle back and forth across
his mouth, stopping only when somebody
wanted to buy one and beginning again
with renewed energy when the sale was
completed.

Every few minutes the whistles he had on
hand, made a rapid mental calculation and
replied:

"I'll take a dollar 'naf fur de lot."
"If I buy all you've got will you go away
from here and not come back any more?"
asked the excited man.

"Sure! I go out o' de business."
"Hand 'em over. Hold on! I want the
one you're blowing too! Here's your
money."

"All right, boss! Here's de goods."
He turned over his entire stock, pocketed
his \$1.50 and disappeared.

The middle aged man went inside the
building with his load of calliope whistles,
and a few minutes later he was at his desk
near one of the front windows in the third
story. The wooden whistles, broken to
fragments, were in his wastebasket, and a
look of peace, to which he had long been a
stranger, was on his face.

Fifteen minutes had passed away—
teen quiet, peaceful, happy minutes.

Then a weird, horrible, agonizing yet
strangely familiar sound broke on his ear.
He raised the window and looked out.

The sidewalk directly below was black
with a struggling mass of boys. Each boy
was loaded down with calliope whistles
and each was blowing one of the instru-
ments of torture with all his might. The
uproar was frightful and getting worse
every moment.

Then the peaceful, happy look faded out
of that middle aged man's face. He shut
down the window, closed his desk, put on
his hat and overcoat, went out of the
building by the back stairs and faded
away presently in the gloom of Randolph
street.

He had made the mistake of his life.—
Chicago Tribune.

Justice.

There was once a robber in Cairo who
fell from the second story of a house he
was trying to enter and broke his leg (said
Charles Dudley Warner recently at the
Aldine club on story teller's night). He
went to the call and complained. The
man's window was badly made and he
wanted justice. The call said that was
reasonable, and he summoned the owner of
the house. The owner confessed that the
house was poorly built, but claimed that
the carpenter was to blame and not he.

This struck the call as sound logic, and
he sent for the carpenter. "The charge is,
alas, too true," said the carpenter, "but
the masonry was at fault and I couldn't
fit a good window." So the call, impressed
with the reasonableness of the argument,
sent for the mason. The mason pleaded
guilty, but explained that a pretty girl in
a blue gown had passed the building while
he was at work, and that his attention had
been diverted from his duty. The call
thereupon demanded that the girl be
brought before him.

"It is true," she said, "that I am pretty
but it's no fault of mine. If my gown at-
tracted the mason, the dyer should be pun-
ished and not I." "Quite right," said the
call, "send for the dyer." The dyer was
brought to the bar and pleaded guilty.
That settled it. The call told the robber
to take the guilty wretch to his house and
hang him from the doorknob, and the popu-
lar rejoiced that justice had been done.

But pretty soon the crowd returned to the
call's house, complaining that the dyer
was too long to be properly hanged from
his doorknob. "Oh, well," said the call, who
by that time was being with emul, "go
find a short dyer and hang him. Justice
shall prevail!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Suggestion.

"I've got an idea for a play," said Spiv-
vins!

"Well, I'll tell you what to do with it. If
you want your play to succeed," replied
Spivvins.

"What?"

"Leave the idea out!"—Washington Star.

Collections Were Useful to Him.

First Stranger: So you are a collector.
I'm glad to hear it. I always take a keen
interest in collectors.

Second Stranger: You are a collector
yourself perhaps?

First Stranger: Yes, I collect dollar
bills.—Somerville Journal.

Degrees Below.

"Does a man die suddenly who is killed
by cold?"

"No, he dies by degrees."—New York
Herald.

A Great Economic Truth.

It takes money to economize.—From He-
marks by a Chicago Housewife.

A Public Prescription.

The celebrated physician, Dr. Jacoby,
was walking along Broadway one day
when he met an old gentleman who was
very rich, but who was at the same time
noted for his extreme stinginess. The old
man, who was somewhat of a hypochond-
riac, imagined that he could get some
medical advice from Jacoby without pay-
ing for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very
poorly." "Where do you suffer most?"
"In my stomach, doctor." "Ah, that's
bad. Please shut your eyes. That's
right. Now put out your tongue, so that I
can examine it closely." The invalid did
as he was told. After he had waited im-
patiently for about ten minutes he opened
his eyes and found himself surrounded by
a crowd who supposed that he was crazy.
Dr. Jacoby had in the meantime disap-
peared.—Comic.

A Fatal Error.



He—These masked balls are very dan-
gerous, you know.
She—Dangerous?
He—Yes. Our servant girl was almost
killed the other night at the Milkmen's
masquerade ball and had to be carried
home.
She—You don't say so! How did it hap-
pen?
He—She impersonated a pump.—Life.

The Man with a Strain.

There were four or five of us together in
the smoking car, all free to join in the
general conversation. After a bit a young
man who was traveling for a Boston house
brought out a coin and by laying it on his
wrist and snapping his finger he caused it
to jump six inches high. All of us except
a heavy old farmer with a clay pipe had
seen the thing done many times, but it was
new to him, and he exclaimed in astonish-
ment:

"Wall, by thunder! but that ar' does
beat anything in the line of tricks I ever
did see!"

The Boston man then worked his ears
backward and forward, and by moving the
skin on his forehead he lifted his hat.

"By gum! but I've lived to be fifty years
old and never saw that done before!"
gasped the farmer, considerably excited.

This encouraged the Boston man, and he
borrowed ten cents of the farmer and made
a few passes and changed it into a quarter.
The conversation ceased and the group broke
up. The exhibition ceased and the group broke
up. The exhibition ceased and the group broke
up. He beckoned me over to him and asked
"Is that young man related to you?"

"No."
"Is he a friend of yours?"
"He's an acquaintance."
"Wall, you don't want to see him fall
sick and die?"

"No."
"Then let me tell you sumthin," he con-
tinued, as he dropped his voice to a whis-
per. "He's too mighty smart. His brain
is grown too fast. I had a boy named
Sam about his age, and he looked a good
deal like him. Sam was a-gettin along as
smooth as 'lasses till a feller came along
one day and learned him the string game
and that thing they call thimberleggin."
"And then he began to fall, did he?" I
asked.

"True as Gospel! Too much of a strain
on his head, you see. His brain just soft-
ened up like pudding, and in less'n six months
we had to bury him. Better see this feller
and have a talk with him. Them's power-
ful ente tricks o' his, but I'm a-tellin you
the strain is too much—altogether too
much. If somebody don't warn him it
won't be three months afore he won't know
'nuff to chop up pumpkins to feed cows!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Shot from Many Lockers.

It is not a very serious matter to quarrel
with an actress. She never refuses to
"make up."—Boston Post.

According to a current literary note
Frank Stockton is so painstaking an au-
thor that he frequently waits hours for a
word. He must have his words sent him
by a district messenger boy.—Chicago
Times.

You can't measure a girl's love by its
size.—Elmira Gazette.

The rain falls upon the just, but not
upon the unjust who has stolen the um-
brella of the former.—Galveston News.

No, my son, it is not always polite to tell
a man what you think of him. It is safer
to tell it to somebody else, and it is just as
effective in most instances.—Boston Tran-
script.

"The bored of education"—the pupils—
Dausville Breeze.

Sometimes you see a man who does not
seem capable of accomplishing anything
else, but who can raise a magnificent beard
—Somerville Journal.

Help from the Clouds.

Bell Boy excitedly to hotel clerk—
Lightning has struck through into 69, sir.
Clerk is 69 hurt?
Bell Boy No sir. He's all right.
Clerk (to bookkeeper): Charge 69 two
dimes for extra heat. Life.

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him how much more comfortable it would be for him if he took a seat, especially as
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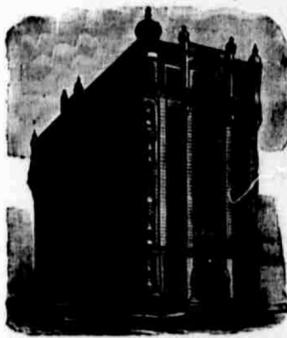
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