

APACHES OF PARIS

Night Prowlers Whose Trade Is Murder and Robbery.

THE TERROR OF THE POLICE.

These Desperadoes Rarely Use a Gun, but Work With the Knife, the Bludgeon or by "Tolling"—They Have a Short and Bloody Career.

There are very few nights in the year when Paris policemen on their rounds do not stumble upon a body lying in a gory pool. Sometimes the handle of a long, slender knife protrudes between the shoulder blades; sometimes an ugly gash bleeds from ear to ear; not seldom blood oozes from mouth, nose and ears, as though the dead had not sustained any apparent wound, or three little starlike bruises may dot the temple, or a bluish line an inch wide may mar the back of the neck, just above the collar line. "Les Apaches," the "cops" whisper to each other (for Parisian police officers always go two by two), and they call for an ambulance, much relieved not to have witnessed the incident.

The steel blade, the blackjack, the brass knuckles, will serve the purpose of the Apache, according to his victim's size and presumable strength. For a prey of small stature, however, the Apache reserves what in his slang he calls "tolling." A sharp blow dazes the victim and throws him down; the Apache's knees bore themselves into the chest, while his hands seize the ears, lift the head and slam it a couple of times on the pavement until a duller thud tells of a fractured skull.

Until an Apache is an adept at "sticking" his man in very much the same way in which a Spanish toreador dispatches a bull, with a single thrust between the shoulders, or at cracking a skull bone at one slam, he is held in little esteem and never allowed to tackle "big jobs" in a dangerous neighborhood, for Paris is a well policed city. The night hawk must strike like lightning, empty the dead man's pockets in a wink and sink away into the dark. Therefore Apaches very seldom carry guns; the knife is silent. "Tolling," too, is safe—so many people are known to have slipped and fractured their skulls! Unless the victim is especially well dressed there is not much of an inquiry.

When it is all over the gang, which scatters like a flock of frightened sparrows, meets again at some winchop where no one is welcome who is not "in the business."

Apaches never try to conceal their social status. Their very clothes are a sort of warning to the public. They even affect a peculiar walk, the body bent from the loins, shoulders hunched and hands plunging deep into the trousers pockets. But who would dare to molest them?

The Apache is a marked man. He joins a gang at three or four and twenty, and by thirty or thirty-five he has gone. The maws of a jail hold him for the balance of his earthly existence. He knows that. He expects it. Therefore while his freedom lasts there is no desperate chance he will not take to get at the gold that alone could save him.

Apaches are not born; they are made—made by the peculiar laws of France. Every citizen of the republic, without distinction of rank or class, must serve under his country's flag for two years. Only the physically unfit escape that servitude. At the end of his term in the ranks every Frenchman seeking employment must present as means of identification his certificate of honorable discharge.

Then it is that tragedy looms up for some unfortunate. Woe to the one whose certificate mentions the "African battalions!"

The African battalions, garrisoned at the edge of the Sahara desert, are made up of all the boys who had the misfortune of being arrested before they reached the age of twenty-one. Trivial as their offenses may have been, whether they were due or not to the indiscreet exuberance of youth or to some absurd entanglement, they are sent to the desert outposts, kept on convict fare, sleeping mostly in trenches which they dig, watched over by sentries that shoot to kill.

Under the broiling sun that lays them down fast with fever and cholera they build roads, creep over the next day by the sand. They are "the front" whenever Arabs or Moroccans threaten to shake off the French yoke. When they fall by the wayside they are tied to a horse's tail. When they protest spurs cause the horse to rear.

And when the creepy water of sand wells, bullets from the sentries or from the nomads and the hoofs of vicious horses have spared them they return to their native city with hatred in their hearts, with the loathsome memories left by association with the depraved and the morally diseased.

They return to their native city to find doors and hearts locked to them. Their military book, which they must produce, proclaims them jailbirds. Who wants to employ an ex-convict? During their two years in the African Inferno they have atoned for their errors of the eighteenth or nineteenth year. For the second time they have settled their account with society.

And now society refuses them a chance to show that they have (for some of them have) shed the old hide, to prove that a new heart is beating in their breasts.

Hard is the plight of an ex-convict in France.—Andre Fridon in New York Tribune.

ANCIENT LUXURIES.

Silver Lined Cooking Utensils Used Twenty Centuries Ago.

While the housewife of today may reasonably pride herself on the conveniences which her kitchen affords, she need not smile too superciliously at the thought of the makeshifts of days long gone by. She would certainly not do so were she to spend a little time inspecting the kitchen and other household utensils that were in use 2,000 years ago, as exhibited in the national museum at Naples. Saucepans lined with silver, pails richly inlaid with arabesques in silver and shovels handsomely carved figure among the household goods of those times.

An egg frame that would cook twenty eggs at once and pastry molds shaped like shells suggest luxuries of the kitchen of 2,000 years ago. Gridirons and frying pans, tart dishes and cheese graters were in use then as now.

The Roman lady's toilet table was well supplied. Ivory combs, bottles of perfume, pots of cosmetics, buttons, hairpins and even a hair net of gold wire figure in the museum.

Bronze thimbles and splines are to be seen among the relics. The Roman lady even had her safety pin, for there is a specimen of this little convenience which, before the one in the Naples museum was found, was believed to be a strictly modern invention.

The Roman lady, however, apparently lacked one essential. She had no hairbrush. Neither had she a glass mirror. All the mirrors in the museum, with one exception, are of silver or some other white metal. The exception is a dark purple piece of glass left into the wall of a bedroom at the house Specchio in Pompeii.

In surgical instruments the ancient world was rich. Those found at Pompeii deprive modern science of the credit of more than one invention. Needles, probes and forceps resemble closely those in use at the present day.—Harper's Weekly.

THE CZAR'S LEAVINGS.

A Doubtful Honor That Was Rejected by a Polish Girl.

In Russia royalty is so revered that to the loyal subject it seems a great honor to follow the czar. The government is eminently patriarchal—in theory, at least—and the emperor must supervise as well as patrolize the schools. At the Easter festival the pupils are treated with especial favor. Young girls of the upper classes of the Imperial Girls' school are driven in a long procession through the streets in the imperial carriages. The pleasure for them is only that of being allowed to take a drive in a stylish court carriage, with coachman and footman in the imperial livery. There is nothing special to be seen.

The theory of this is that the czar stands in a sort of higher parental relation to all these children. When he once a year visits one of these schools—to which only the children of the nobility are admitted—it is a custom that as a sign of his favor he drops his pocket handkerchief, and the girls all scramble for it, tearing it in pieces, so that each one can get a fragment.

He takes the most brilliant girl to the table and tastes of the food of the institution. It is valued as the highest distinction when he gives one of the girls his plate with what is left upon it. It is the custom and usage for her to eat it with delight shown in all her features. Great was the astonishment of Alexander II. when a young girl, a Pole, whom the czar had taken to the table as being the most distinguished scholar of the institute and to whom he had passed what was left of his meat and potatoes, nodded to a servant and calmly gave him the czar's plate to take away.

An Unfair Attack.

Pietro was working with a gang at railroad construction. He had been told to beware of rattlesnakes, but assured that they would always give the warning rattle before striking.

One hot day he was eating his noon luncheon on a pine log when he saw a big rattler coil a few feet in front of him. He eyed the serpent and began to lift his legs over the log. He had barely got them out of the way when the snake's fangs bit the bark beneath him.

"Son of a gun!" yelled Pietro. "Why you no ringa da bell?"—Everybody's.

Forgot Once in Awhile.

The health of the body as well as of the mind depends upon forgetting. To let the memory of a wrong, of angry words, of petty meanness, linger and rankle in your memory will not only dissipate your mental energy, but it will react upon the body. The secretions will be diminished, digestion impaired, sleep disturbed and the general health suffer in consequence. Forgetting is a splendid mental calisthenic and a good medicine for the body.

First and Foremost.

"My wife has a great deal to say to me about her first husband."
"Nonsense! Your wife was never married before."
"I know it. That's what makes her reflections so painful!"—Puck.

His Class.

"I say, my man, is that dog of yours a mongrel?"
"No, sah; ain't no class to 'im. Jes' common dog, sah."—Baltimore American.

The great mass of people have eyes and ears, but not much more, especially little power of judgment, and even memory.—Schopenhauer.

CAPITAL PENALTY

Some Curious Methods of Executing Criminals.

MOROCCO USES THE LASH.

Flogging to Death is Still in Vogue Among the Moors—Strangulation is Employed in Austria, and Spain Clings to the Garrote.

There are many curious methods of inflicting capital punishment in the various countries of the old world, some of them tinged with the cruelty of the dark ages.

Morocco is perhaps the most mediaeval country in existence. Flogging to death is still in vogue. It is not so very long ago that Mulal Hafid had the Sheriff Kittaun executed in this horrible fashion.

The ameer of Afghanistan has peculiar methods of making the punishment fit the crime. A baker, for selling short weight, was roasted in his own oven, and a man who had started a scare that the Russians were advancing on Kabul was placed on a stool fastened on top of a tall pole and kept there on sentry go till he died of sleeplessness and exhaustion.

Political crimes are not uncommon in Persia and the revolutionists, when caught, are dealt with summarily. Four conspirators who were recently caught in the act of throwing a bomb in the crowded bazaar at Teheran were hanged and quartered in the same fashion that prevailed in England up to the seventeenth century. The remains of the wretched men were hung at the city gates as a horrible warning.

An Austrian officer convicted of poisoning his superior officers in the attempt to win promotion was sentenced to be strangled.

Austria is the only country which employs this particular method of execution, but Spain's garrote is very similar. The original method of garrotting was, in fact, nothing but strangling. The criminal was seated on a chair fixed to a post, a loop of rope was placed encircling his neck and the post, and by means of a stick or cudgel (Spanish "garrote") inserted between the post and the condemned man's neck the cord was tightened until strangulation ensued.

The modern garrote consists of a brass collar containing a sharp pointed screw. The executioner turns the screw, and its point penetrates the spinal marrow, causing instant death.

Every civilized country does its best nowadays to make the dreadful task of execution as rapid and painless as possible. Hanging as at present performed is a very different matter from what it used to be in England.

Till nearly the end of the eighteenth century the condemned man was made to stand in a cart with a rope around his neck, and the cart was then driven away from under him. In 1783 parliament abolished this practice as being too barbarous, and a platform was substituted for the cart. In 1874 this method was improved by proportioning the length of the drop to the weight of the body.

The state of New York inaugurated the electric chair many years ago, but its only advantage over hanging is that the man who switches on the current is out of sight of the death chamber, and so escapes the grewsome title of public executioner.

Formerly all criminals in England died by the ax, and undoubtedly the ax in the hands of a skillful headsmen was as merciful an instrument of death as any which exist today. In Prussia decapitation by the ax is still the recognized method of execution, but the rest of Germany follows the example of France and uses the guillotine.

Execution had almost become obsolete in France until public sentiment was so aroused by the ever increasing number of brutal murders that in January, 1900, "the widow," as the French term the instrument, was dragged out of its retirement and four miscreants were publicly executed at Bethune, in the north of France.

The guillotine was invented by a doctor named Guillotin more than a century ago, but it is not true that the inventor fell a victim to his own device. He died quietly in his bed. The guillotine consists of two upright posts grooved on the inside. An immensely heavy and sharp steel blade is fixed to slide in these grooves, and the executioner has nothing to do but pull a rope, when the blade drops and decapitates the victim instantly.

There are a few countries where capital punishment has been abolished, notably Switzerland. In Italy also there have been no executions for civil offenses for many years past.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The First Gentleman.

Who was the first "gentleman?" The Prince of Darkness has been pronounced one, but only mortals can fairly count. According to John Bull's rime, there was no gentleman when Adam delved and Eve span. The first of them soon arrived, however, for, according to Dame Juliana Berners, writing upon coat armor in 1486, "Cain became a churl from the curse of God and Seth a gentleman through his father's and mother's blessing." That is to say, Seth was the first man who could boast of "family." Cain having been cast out of the pale, while Abel presumably perished too young.—London Chronicle.

The apparel oft proclaims the man—to be what he is not.



Points For Mothers

The use of "soothing sirups" is much more general than is supposed. Ignorant mothers are the worst offenders, especially those who must go out to work and who resort to these deadening drugs to quiet the children during their long absences. While it is pitiful enough to hear the wails of a neglected child, it is even more pitiful to see the stupefied child sleeping off a drug debauch provided by its own mother.

The children of the rich often suffer through the practices of their nurses, who wish to secure exemption from their care and so put them into an unnatural sleep. Once found out, instant discharge should follow without a recommendation.

No offense can be more contemptible in the eyes of the law or of society than making drug inebrates of little children. It is simply a process of slow poisoning, which at the same time establishes a habit, affects the mentality and injures the baby. A child brought up on "soothing sirups" is dull and lethargic. Many a mother who complains her child doesn't "get on" in school is herself responsible in that she fed him on these compounds to keep him quiet while she worked, a dear bought quiet under the food and drug act of the United States courts are making it evident that a label accurately stating the contents of a "medicine" does not imply liberty to advertise it as not injurious and recommend it as a remedy for ills it cannot cure. A man recently was fined \$100 for selling a "toothing sirup" containing morphine and chloroform, though the label indicated these drugs and the amount. Dr. Wiley declared the stuff mislabeled because the label declared no bad effects would follow its use and that it was "a sure remedy for all ailments incident to babies from one day old to two or three years."

The federal court sustained the chemist, and the proprietor will have to take his "sure cure" off the market or continue to pay fines.

It will not hurt the baby half as much to cry as it will to dose it with "soothing sirups." Crying is lung exercise. Opium is deadening and deadly.

Mother's Value.

This happened years ago, but it is worth repeating. In a certain home was the overindulgent mother of three daughters. You can just imagine what the week's washing was with dresses for all of those girls, each with three or four petticoats, besides many other articles. This mother did the washing, ironing, cooking, baking and about everything imaginable, and the daughters—well, they were "cultured" and did not do very much of anything except eat the good meals and wear the clean clothes. One day the father called the mother aside. The two had a long talk, and he admitted he was not able to hire a domestic. The next day the usual complaint was made by the girls about the poor dinner, and the mother quietly got up, went to her room, dressed and came downstairs. She carried a heavy sif case and stopped long enough to tell the children that she hoped they would have a better meal the next day. Their father took her to the station, and she was away from home one month. Every one of those girls learned to cook, bake, scrub and look after the house, although they admitted that for a week they lived on baker's bread, lemonade, quince preserves and either salmon or sardines. It was a hard lesson for them to learn, but they knew the value of their mother.

Postures of Children.

In a recent lecture to mothers and teachers on incorrect postures of children the speaker spoke of inturning feet and the means of correcting them. But turned toes and feet, she said, are the result of training, and if the mother finds a tendency on the part of her child to turn the toes in she must resort to training to remedy it. This consists in developing the outer muscles by proper exercise.

Of the physical training of the child from birth the lecturer said that, excessive crying being accepted as harmful, the average mother therefore assumes that all crying is harmful and should be suppressed. This is faulty reasoning. The natural crying of a baby is really a means of development, as by crying the lungs are expanded and the relations between circulation and respiration are thus established and strengthened.

For Baby's Comfort.

The baby's basket and the bassinets are things a young mother loves to have of the daintiest. The new basket, with movable parts on the order of drawers, is one of the most convenient styles. A plate warmer with metal bottom and porcelain top is useful for keeping the baby's dinner hot.

Other convenient accessories of a baby's outfit are tiny clothes racks and trees, ribboa covered coat hangers, miniature washstand sets and swinging hammocks for outdoor naps.

PRANKS OF CUPID.

Celebrated Men Who Married Their Domestic Servants.

Many celebrated men have married their domestic servants. Sir Henry Parkes, premier of New South Wales, is an example. One night when dining at a friend's house he was struck by the appearance of a servant girl who waited upon the table and persuaded his host to allow her to enter his employ. This she did and for a short time held the position of cook in Sir Henry's household. Then he made her Lady Parkes.

But more illustrious than this is the case of Peter the Great. One day he was dining at the house of Prince Menshikoff. He noticed one of the servant maids particularly, and though she was not handsome, she caught his fancy. Her name, the prince told the czar, was Martha. She had been a servant in the house of a Lutheran minister of Marlenburg, and when that city was captured by the troops of Russia she had been taken prisoner by General Bauer, who had passed her over to the prince, whose servant she was. The count politely made a present of her to the czar, who eventually married her.

William Cobbett, the great writer, when he was only twenty-one years of age, one morning chanced to see a buxom servant girl busily engaged in washing the family linen. The girl was pretty, so Cobbett spoke to her, learned her name and the same evening called upon her parents and said he would like to marry their daughter. The parents of the girl informed the young man that they had no objections to him as their son-in-law, but that he would have to wait until their daughter was of a marriageable age. Five years later Cobbett, true to his early love, married her.

A WEIRD INCIDENT.

Chopin's Funeral March Was Inspired by a Skeleton.

Late one summer's afternoon, said Ziem, Chopin and I sat talking in my studio. In one corner of the room stood a piano and in another the complete skeleton of a man with a large white cloth thrown, ghostlike, about it. I noticed that now and again Chopin's gaze would wander, and from my knowledge of the man I knew that his thoughts were far away from me and his surroundings. More than that, I knew that he was composing.

Presently he rose from his seat without a word, walked over to the skeleton and removed the cloth. He then carried it to the piano and, seating himself, took the hideous object upon his knees—a strange picture of life and death.

Then, drawing the white cloth round himself and the skeleton, he laid the latter's fingers over his own and began to play. There was no hesitation in the slow, measured flow of sound which he and the skeleton conjured up. As the music swelled in a louder strain I closed my eyes, for there was something weird in that picture of man and skeleton seated at the piano, with the shadows of evening deepening around them and the ever swelling and ever softening music filling the air with mystery. And I knew I was listening to a composition which would live forever.

The music ceased, and when I looked up the piano chair was empty, and on the floor lay Chopin's unconscious form, and beside him, smashed all to pieces, was the skeleton I prized so much. The great composer had swooned, but his march was found.

An Empire Sold at Auction.

The Roman empire was once sold to the highest bidder. On the death of Pertinax in 193 the Praetorian guards put up the empire for sale by auction, and after an animated competition between Sulpician and Julian it was knocked down to the latter for 2,500 drachmas. The Romans held auctions of various kinds, the proceedings being much the same in all cases. The auctioneer, which was a sale of plunder, was held under a spear stuck in the ground. The manager auctioneer, or auctioneer, was chosen from among the argentarii, or money changers, and his assistants were the cashiers.

Those Little Dishes.

Tommy ate his first meal at a country hotel when he was nine years old, and the experience was an event. He was especially interested in the collection of small, thick dishes containing side orders scattered about his place. When he went home he gave a graphic description of the meal.

"And what do you think, mamma?" he concluded, "we ate most of the things out of birds' bathtubs."—Woman's Home Companion.

Clearing Houses.

The function of a clearing house is to enable bankers to exchange drafts, bills and securities, thereby saving much labor and trouble and at the same time curtailing the amount of floating cash that would otherwise be required. By means of the transfer system made possible by the clearing house transactions to the amount of millions are settled easily and expeditiously.

Speech and Writing.

"Many people talk much more agreeably than they write," said the literary person.

"Yes," replied Mr. Owington. "My tailor does that."—Exchange.

An Example.

"The evil that men do lives after them." Even when the amateur cornet player dies he leaves the fatal instrument behind.—London Tit-Bits.

For the Children

Interesting Family of Five Clever Boys.



One of the most interesting families in the diplomatic corps and, for that matter, in the whole city of Washington is that of Count de Buisseret, the minister from Belgium. The children are great favorites at the national capital, where they have become known through their skill as linguists and musicians. The children are all boys, and there are five of them. Even the youngest is a good musician, for their education began at an early age. On occasions when the count and countess entertain the youngsters are often called upon to show their skill in music, and so well do they perform that their efforts have won universal commendation.

Who Was Touched?

The two players who know the secret remain in the room long enough for the trick to be made sure.

One stands in a corner, and the other in the middle of the room calls out, "Ebenazer, do you hear?" Ebenazer says nothing, but listens attentively to hear who among the company speaks first. The other partner repeats the question, and still no answer. Some one will be likely to make a remark soon, and then Ebenazer will rouse up and answer, "Yes, I hear." "Then leave the room," says the other player, and Ebenazer goes out. The partner then makes a great show of choosing which one he shall touch, but of course ends by touching the person who first spoke after the game began. This done, Ebenazer is called in to say who was touched, and every one is puzzled to know how he can tell.

My Lady's Toilet.

The players are all seated except one, for whom no chair must be provided.

Each player takes the name of some article of a lady's toilet—her necklace, chain, bracelets, rings, comb, gloves, hat, shoes, gown, etc. One stands in the center as lady's maid and says, "My lady is going out and wants her hat." The hat must instantly jump up and spin around. If she forgets to do so she pays a forfeit. Each article must spin around when "wanted." Occasionally the lady's maid says, "My lady wants her toilet changed," when all the players must rise and change seats. In the scuffle the center player tries to get a seat. If she succeeds the one left chairless becomes lady's maid for the next turn.

The Ticket Collector.

One of the boys in the back of the room was evidently thinking of something besides his lesson.

So the teacher, merely to attract his attention, put the question: "Harry, can you tell me where Noah was when the animals were going into the ark?"

"S'pose he was takin' tickets," was the prompt response.

Corner Ball.

Four players stand on the four angles of a square and the four adversaries in the center. The ball is passed from one to another of the players in the corners and finally thrown at the central players. These last, if they can catch the ball, may fling it back. If the player in the corner hits a central player the latter is out, and vice versa.

The Thieving Magpie.

A few weeks ago a large tree in England in which several magpies had nested for years was blown down during a gale, and in a hollow which was unsuspected was found over \$300 worth of articles stolen from various houses. The principal thing was a diamond ring worth \$200. The largest article was a silver backed hairbrush.

All Together, Sing!

Sparrow, swinging on a branch, sang the softest trill.
Low and long it was, full of lovely meaning.
Robin, tugging at a worm, paused and wiped his bill.
Paused and perked his head, stood his feathers preening.
To sing his song it really seemed he had forgotten quite.
A bee that flew from rose to lily lingered in her flight.
Hummed and buzzed and hummed again, tried to give the keynote.
Wren, though busy with her nest, stopped to sing a wee note.
Thus reminded, robin chirped cheerily and sang.
Sparrow trilled his very loudest, sang his sweetest, best.
Wren, upon the arbor perched, looking at her nest,
Sang with robin and with sparrow till the garden rang.
—Youth's Companion.

FUN THAT FAILED.

Mark Twain's Burlesque of Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes.

IT SHOCKED THE IMMORTALS.

W. D. Howells' Description of the Dismal Effect of the Humorist's Attempt to Make Game of the Dignified Literary Trio at the Boston Dinner.

In his memories of Mark Twain in Harper's W. D. Howells tells of the dinner in Boston when Mark Twain, with fatal effect, made game of Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes:

"He believed he had been particularly fortunate in his notion for the speech of that evening, and he had worked it out in joyous self reliance. It was the notion of three tramps, three deadbeats, visiting a California mining camp and imposing themselves upon the innocent miners as respectively Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The humor of the conception must prosper or must fail according to the mood of the hearer, but Clemens felt sure of compelling this to sympathy, and he looked forward to an unparalleled triumph.

"But there were two things that he had not taken into account. One was the species of religious veneration in which these men were held by those nearest them. They were men of extraordinary dignity, of the thing called presence for want of some clearer word, so that no one could well approach them in a personally light or trifling spirit. I do not suppose that anybody more truly valued them or more piously loved them than Clemens himself, but the intoxication of his fancy carried him beyond the bounds of that regard and emboldened him to the other thing which he had not taken into account—namely, the immense hazard of working his fancy out before their faces and expecting them to enter into the delight of it. If neither Emerson nor Longfellow nor Holmes had been there the scheme might possibly have carried, but even this is doubtful.

"I was the hapless president, fulfilling the abhorred function of calling people to their feet and making them speak. When I came to Clemens I introduced him with the cordial admiration I had for him as one of my greatest contributors and dearest friends. Here, I said, in sum, was a humorist who never left you hanging your head for having enjoyed his joke, and then the amazing mistake, the bewildering blunder, the cruel catastrophe was upon us. I believe that after the scope of the burlesque made itself clear there was no one there, including the burlesquer himself, who was not smitten with a desolating dismay. There fell a silence, weighing many tons to the square inch, which deepened from moment to moment and was broken only by the hysterical and blood curdling laughter of a single guest, whose name shall not be handed down to infamy. Nobody knew whether to look at the speaker or down at his plate. I chose my plate as the least affliction, and so I do not know how Clemens looked, except when I stole a glance at him and saw him standing solitary amid his appalled and appalling listeners, with his joke dead on his hands. From a first glance at the great three whom his jest had made its theme, I was aware of Longfellow sitting upright and regarding the humorist with an air of pensive puzzle, of Holmes busily writing on his menu with a well feigned effect of preoccupation, and of Emerson holding his elbows and listening with a sort of Jovian oblivion of this nether world in that lapse of memory which saved him in those later years from so much bother. Clemens must have dragged his joke to the climax and left it there, but I cannot say this from any sense of the fact. Of what happened afterward at the table where the immense, the wholly innocent, the truly unimagined affront was offered, I have no longer the least remembrance. I next remember being in a room of the hotel where Clemens was not to sleep, but to toss in despair and Charles Dudley Warner's saying in the gloom, 'Well, Mark! You're a funny fellow.' It was as well as anything he could have said, but Clemens seemed unable to accept the tribute.

"I stayed the night with him, and the next morning after a haggard breakfast we drove about, and he made some purchases of bric-a-brac for his house in Hartford, with a soul as far away from bric-a-brac as ever the soul of man was. He went home by an early train, and he lost no time in writing back to the three divine personalities which he had so involuntarily seemed to fust. They all wrote back to him, making it as light for him as they could. I have heard that Emerson was a good deal mystified and in his sublime forgetfulness asked, 'Who was this gentleman who appeared to think he had offered him some sort of annoyance?' But I am not sure that this is accurate. What I am sure of is that Longfellow a few days after in my study stopped before a photograph of Clemens and said, 'Ah, he is a wag!' and nothing more. Holmes told me, with deep emotion, such as a brother humorist might feel, that he had not lost an instant in replying to Clemens' letter and assuring him that there had not been the least offense and entreating him never to think of the matter again. 'He said that he was a fool, but he was God's fool,' Holmes quoted from the letter with a true sense of the pathos and humor of the self abasement."