

## A MAN OF DISTINCTION

WHEN is a man distinguished? What is the test? The question was under discussion not long ago at the Players' Club, New-York, and Professor Brander Matthews ventured that it was when a stamped envelop with only a man's name on it and no further address would be delivered to him wherever he happened to be.

"That seems a pretty severe test," said Francis Wilson, the actor. "Now, I should call Mark Twain a distinguished man, but he's traveling somewhere in Europe, and although I'm a good friend of his I do not know how to address him. I don't believe such a letter would reach him. It would go to the Dead-Letter Office."

"Well, you don't know him any better than I do," replied Professor Matthews, "and I don't know where he is, either, but I believe that a letter addressed to 'Mark Twain, None-Knows-Where,' would reach Clemens and bring an answer."

The comedian was delighted at the notion, and going to one of the writing tables addressed an envelop in accordance with Professor Matthews' suggestion. A five-cent stamp was affixed, so that the message would be carried anywhere within the limits of the Postal Union, and then between them they composed a letter explaining the nature of the experiment, inclosed it and mailed it.

In three weeks they received a reply from Clemens, who had received his letter while traveling in Austria.

The New-York post-office authorities had proved to be sufficiently familiar with literary matters to know who were Clemens' American publishers, and had put the letter in their box. It was known by these men that Clemens was somewhere in Europe, and they had forwarded the letter in care of his English publishers, who obtained his address from his bankers. "Mark Twain, None-Knows-Where," received the letter in twelve days from the date of mailing, and the answer, which he wrote at once, was only nine days on the return trip, Clemens having refrained from applying a similar test to his correspondents.

## MOTHER ELEPHANT AND HER BABY

A REMARKABLY intelligent elephant, working a few years ago on a new bridge in Ceylon, had a young one to whom she was devoted. It died, and she became inconsolable.

Formerly the gentlest of creatures, she grew irritable, and even dangerous. One morning she broke the chain which confined her and escaped into the forest.

One night, about ten days after her escape, the officer who had been in charge of her went out to her in wait for bears at a pond in a jungle at some distance.

As he and his native attendant were returning, early in the morning, the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim, gray light an elephant with her calf making their way toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees, and when the elephants had passed the native insisted that the older one was their old friend, the inconsolable mother.

When they reached the camp they found that the truant had returned, and had gone from one person to another, touching each with her trunk, as if exhibiting her adopted child, which she had evidently begged, borrowed or stolen in her absence.

Her good temper and usual docility returned at once, and her owner blessed the good fortune which had enabled her to procure a baby elephant.

## HER PAPA WAS A TAILOR

ONE of the retired business men of Washington narrates an experience with Mrs. Stover, a daughter of President Andrew Johnson, who resided at the White House during the Presidency of her father. He says:

"Mrs. Stover came to my store and bought a stylish cloak of the then modern pattern, the price of which was seventy-five dollars. She had it sent to the White House, and charged to President Johnson's account. About one week later she sent the cloak back, and as we had not received cash for it we were obliged to take it. Mrs. Stover gave no explanation of her course then, but a short time afterward when she visited the store I asked her what was the cause of her dissatisfaction with the cloak, and she answered:

"I was satisfied with it, but papa was not. He said that the cloth was not of the best, the workmanship inferior, and the price too high. Now, it is useless for you to argue with me about it, for I don't know anything about it. If you want to argue about it, go to the White House and see papa. He was a tailor, you know, and he can talk shop to you all right."

## IRISH NAMES

By John Ludlow

Names wid the musical lilt of a troll to thim,  
Names wid a rollickin' swing an' a roll to thim,  
Names wid a body an' bones an' a soul to thim—  
Shure, an' they're poethry, darlint ashore!  
Names wid the smell o' the praties an' wheat to thim,  
Names wid the odor o' dillisk an' peat to thim,  
Names wid a lump o' the turf hangin' sweet to thim—  
Where can yez bate thim, the whole wurruld o'er?

Brannigan, Flannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,  
Duffy, McGuffey, Mullarky, Mahone,  
Rafferty, Lafferty, Connelly, Donnelly,  
Dooley, O'Hooley, Muldowny, Malone;  
Maddigan, Caddigan, Hallahan, Callahan,  
Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Houlihan, Flynn,  
Shanahan, Lanahan, Fogarty, Hogarty,  
Kelly, O'Skelly, McGinnis, McGinn.

Names wid a fine old Hibernian sheen to thim,  
Names wid the dewy shamrocks clingin' green to thim,  
Names wid a whiff o' the honest potheen to thim—  
Shure, an' they're beautiful, darlint ashore!  
Names wid the taste o' the salt o' the earth to thim,  
Names wid the warmth o' the ancistral hearth to thim,  
Names wid the blood o' the land o' their birth to thim—  
Where can yez bate thim the whole wurruld o'er?

Brannigan, Flannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,  
Duffy, McGuffey, Mullarky, Mahone,  
Rafferty, Lafferty, Connelly, Donnelly,  
Dooley, O'Hooley, Muldowny, Malone;  
Maddigan, Caddigan, Hallahan, Callahan,  
Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Houlihan, Flynn,  
Shanahan, Lanahan, Fogarty, Hogarty,  
Kelly, O'Skelly, McGinnis, McGinn.

## PHILOSOPHY OF TO-DAY

By Lynn R. Meekins

If you want to give a man a bad business reputation call him a good fellow. A stock margin is the narrow and slippery rim around the black pit of ruin. All's fair in love, war and politics; but in politics most of it is unfair. The girl who sighs for beauty in a moonlit corner deserves to be an old maid. New books and new-dogs are two different things. For instance, every dog has his day.

Schools are good and necessary; but the man who schools himself learns the vital lesson.

Mourning over lost opportunities is about as useful as measuring the fish that did not bite.

A clam is happy at high tide because it waits for its happiness instead of seeking it at low water.

Some fortunate men have the happy knack of accepting advice gratefully—and then forgetting it promptly.

The kicking horse has to work just as hard as the willing steed, and gets nothing but blows for his kicks.

He who counts the hours wonders why the day is so long. He who fails to hear the clock because he is interested in his work wonders why the day is so short.

It has been gravely computed that there are 635,013,550,600 hands at whist; and yet we constantly hear people say that in the broader life of business and achievement all the chances are gone.

## MY CASTLE OF FANCY

By Edith Sessions Tupper

I have a castle of fancy thronged with a thousand guests—  
Knights and lords and ladies in velvets and satins dressed,  
Soldiers armored and sturdy;—and fresh from war's alarms,  
Guarding my castle's portals, are stalwart men-at-arms.  
Mountebanks, prelates, beggars, a varied and motley train  
Winds through my castle of fancy in some mystical, far-off Spain.

There are pennants on tower and turret. Forth from the casements flung  
Are banners of royal splendor with golden broideries hung.  
There are music and dance and laughter, the trumpet's silvery blare,  
Wassail and merrymaking, as tankards are tossed in air.  
O, I live it all with the people who dwell in my demesnes!  
I walk oft-times with the mighty, and I sup with Kings and Queens.

There are treasures vast in my castle: spices, ivory, gold,  
Pearls from remotest islands, jewels and wealth untold,  
Linen, shawls and adornments, perfumes of Araby blest,  
Swathings of priceless laces hidden in coffer and chest.  
Pirates bearded and wicked ravage the southern main  
To bring this costly treasure to my castle in far-off Spain.

When my heart grows sick and weary, oppressed by this humdrum world,  
I board my fleetest shallop, its wings of thought unfurled,  
And soon through clouds of musing, shadowy, vague and dim,  
Looms up my mystical castle on the far horizon's rim.  
Then flung to the winds are its banners, the trumpet's blast is blown,  
And the gates are swung wide open when I come again to my own.

## NO GENTLEMAN WANTED

BEFORE Lawrence Hutton embarked on the troubled sea of authorship—thanks to an ample inheritance, in what may be termed a literary steam yacht—he was for a short time engaged in the produce business on West-st., New-York.

While the work was not particularly congenial to a young man of his temperament and ambitions he threw himself into it with energy, if not exactly with enthusiasm; and as he was always careful to remove his kid gloves before he arrived within sight of the warehouse, and never put on any airs of mental superiority, his hearty and open manner won him many friends among the consignors, and customers of the firm by which he was employed.

One morning he was standing in his shirt sleeves in the doorway superintending the loading of several trucks, when an unmistakable specimen of the up-State agriculturist stopped in front of the store, glanced up at the sign, and asked first for one and then the other members of the firm. Hutton explained that one was dead, the other out, told who he was, and asked if he could be of any service.

"Wa-al, yes, guess ye cud," replied the farmer. "Whut c'n ye tell me about Jones & Robinson on the next block?"

"Why, I don't know that I can tell you very much," said young Hutton. "They're in the same line of trade that we are; take consignments from farmers and sell to the marketmen and retailers. Of course, as competitors, we don't have any direct dealings with them, but they have a good reputation in the trade for straight and honorable dealing, and in fact I think you'll find them both perfect gentlemen."

"Wa-al, that's jest whut I thought," exclaimed the gratified ranchman. "Now, I ain't no gentleman myself, and I don't want ter do no business with no gentleman; and hereafter I'm goin' ter send all my truck ter you!"

## BY THEIR TEETH YE SHALL KNOW

HOW intimately a man's point of view depends upon his profession and habitual line of thought is aptly illustrated by an anecdote which will doubtless be of interest to Miss Annie Russell, the actress, who has lately become Mrs. Oswald Yorke.

Middletown, New-York, or it may be Goshen, boasts of a dentist who, besides being a skilful operator, is a devoted amateur of the drama. He generally manages to arrange his engagements so as to visit the metropolis for a week every winter, where he spends most of his time in going to the theater.

Shortly after his return to Goshen—or was it Middletown?—from his annual holiday last winter, he was visited professionally by a patient and townswoman named Miss Richards. When he had ensconced her securely in the chair, and lined her mouth with rubber blankets and doyles and other paraphernalia of his trade, so that she could neither get away nor answer back, he began to unload his budget of reminiscences of his trip to the city.

"And, oh, Miss Richards!" he suddenly exclaimed, "we went to see Miss Russell in 'Mice and Men!' The play was delightful, and Miss Russell was charming, and so pretty! I had never seen her before. And the funniest thing—the moment she came on the stage I nudged my wife and whispered: 'Whom does she remind you of?'"

"And you know the same thought had occurred to her, too, and she answered at once: 'Miss Richards, of course!'"

"Oh, the resemblance was remarkable! Naturally, after she had been on the stage a little while, and we had a better opportunity of observing her, we saw that the similarity was not so close as it had seemed at first—her bicuspidis are much longer than yours!"

## SHORN OF HIS POWER

IN the closing days of the last session of Congress, one of the Representatives from a Northern State was complaining to a colleague of the political non-activity of a number of his constituents whom he had been influential in placing in public offices.

"There is no use talking," he said, "this Civil Service business is a humbug. I named four or five fellows for good jobs, and as soon as they got warm in their seats they snapped their fingers at me. They felt that they were protected by the Civil Service, and made up their minds to lay down and not do any work."

"That's nothing to a fellow that I had appointed," said the other man, who hailed from one of the Western States; "he was worse than any of your fellows."

"Why, what did he do?" inquired the Northerner.

"Do?" was the indignant reply. "Why, as soon as he got his place he joined the church, and now he is useless as far as our political organization is concerned."