

was speaking in a low voice; there was much noise. I was deeply interested, and straining my ears to catch his words, stretching my neck, holding my breath, to hear, unconscious of everything but the fascinating tale. I heard him say, "At this point he seized her by her long hair,—she shrieking and begging,—bent her neck across his knee, and with one awful sweep of the razor—"

"HOW DO YOU LIKE CHICA-A-AGO?!!!"

That was X. X.'s interruption, hearable at thirty miles. By the time I had reached that place in my murablings Mrs. Dodge's dining room was so silent, so breathlessly still, that if you had dropped a thought anywhere in it you could have heard it smack the floor. [This was tried. I will remember it.—M. T.] When I delivered that yell the entire dinner company jumped as one person, and punched their heads through the ceiling, damaging it, for it was only lath and plaster, and it all came down on us, and much of it went into the victuals and made them gritty; but no one was hurt.

Then I explained why it was that I had played that game, and begged them to take the moral of it home to their hearts and be rational and merciful thenceforth, and cease from screaming in mass, and agree to let one person talk at a time and the rest listen in grateful and unvexed peace. They granted my prayer, and we had a happy time all the rest of the evening. I do not think I have ever had a better time in my life. This was largely because the new terms enabled me to keep the floor—now that I had it—and do all the talking myself. I do like to hear myself talk. Susy has exposed this in her biography of me.

DEAN SAGE was a delightful man, yet in one way a terror to his friends; for he loved them so well that he could not refrain from playing practical jokes on them. We have to be pretty deeply in love with a person before we can do him the honor of joking familiarly with him. Dean Sage was the best citizen I have known in America. It takes courage to be a good citizen, and he had plenty of it. He allowed no individual and no corporation to infringe his smallest right and escape unpunished. He was very rich, and very generous, and benevolent, and he gave away his money with a prodigal hand; but if an individual or corporation infringed a right of his, to the value of ten cents, he would spend thousands of dollars' worth of time and labor and money and persistence on the matter, and would not lower his flag until he had won his battle or lost it.

He and Rev. Mr. Harris had been classmates in college, and to the day of Sage's death they were as fond of each other as an engaged pair. It follows,

without saying, that whenever Sage found an opportunity to play a joke upon Harris, Harris was sure to suffer.

Along about 1873 Sage fell a victim to an illness which reduced him to a skeleton and defied all the efforts of the physicians to cure it. He went to the Adirondacks, and took Harris with him. Sage had always been an active man, and he couldn't idle any day wholly away in inaction, but walked every day to the limit of his strength. One day, toward nightfall, the pair came upon a humble log cabin which bore these words painted upon a shingle: "Entertainment for Man and Beast."

They were obliged to stop there for the night, Sage's strength being exhausted. They entered the cabin, and found its owner and sole occupant there, a rugged and sturdy and simple hearted man of middle age. He cooked supper and placed it before the travelers,—salt junk, boiled beans, corn bread, and black coffee. Sage's stomach could abide nothing but the most delicate food; therefore this banquet revolted him, and he sat at the table unemployed, while Harris fed ravenously, limitlessly, gratefully; for he had been chaplain in a fighting regiment all through the war, and had kept in perfection the grand and uncritical appetite and splendid physical vigor which those four years of tough fare and activity had furnished him. Sage went supperless to bed, and tossed and writhed all night upon a shuck mattress that was full of attentive and interested corn-cobs. In the morning Harris was ravenous again, and devoured the odious breakfast as contentedly and as delightedly as he had devoured its twin the night before.

Sage sat upon the porch, empty, and contemplated the performance and meditated revenge. Presently he beckoned to the landlord and took him aside and had a confidential talk with him. He said: "I am the paymaster. What is the bill?"

"Two suppers, fifty cents; two beds, thirty cents; two breakfasts, fifty cents; total, a dollar and thirty cents."

Sage said, "Go back and make out the bill and fetch it to me here on the porch. Make it thirteen dollars."

"Thirteen dollars! Why, it's impossible! I am no robber. I am charging you what I charge everybody. It's a dollar and thirty cents, and that's all it is."

"My man, I've got something to say about this as well as you. It's thirteen dollars. You'll make out your bill for that, and you'll take it too, or you'll not get a cent!"

The man was troubled, and said, "I don't understand this. I can't make it out."

"Well, I understand it. I know what I am about.

It's thirteen dollars, and I want the bill made out for that. There's no other terms. Get it ready and bring it out here. I will examine it and be outraged. You understand? I will dispute the bill. You must stand to it. You must refuse to take less. I will begin to lose my temper; you must begin to lose yours. I will call you hard names; you must call me harder ones. I will raise my voice; you must raise yours. You must go into a rage,—foam at the mouth, if you can; insert some soap to help along. Now go along and follow your instructions!"

The man played his assigned part, and played it well. He brought the bill, and stood waiting for results. Sage's face began to cloud up, his eyes to snap, and his nostrils to inflate like a horse's; then he broke out with:

"Thirteen dollars! You mean to say that you charge thirteen dollars for these damned inhuman hospitalities of yours? Are you a professional buccaneer? Is it your custom to—"

The man burst in with spirit, "Now, I don't want any more out of you! That's a plenty! The bill's thirteen dollars, and you'll pay it—that's all! A couple of characterless adventurers bilking their way through this country and attempting to dictate terms to a gentleman,—a gentleman who received you, supposing you were gentlemen yourselves whereas in my opinion hell's full of—"

Sage broke in, "Not another word of that! I won't have it! I regard you as the lowest down thief that ever—"

"Don't you use that word again! By—! I'll take you by the neck and—"

Harris came rushing out, and just as the two were about to grapple he pushed himself between them and began to implore, "Oh, Dean, don't, don't! Now, Mr. Smith, control yourself! Oh, think of your family, Dean! Think what a scandal—"

But they burst out with maledictions, imprecations, and all the hard names they could dig out of the rich accumulations of their educated memories, and in the midst of it the man shouted:

"When gentlemen come to this house, I treat them as gentlemen. When people come to this house with the ordinary appetites of gentlemen, I charge them a dollar and thirty cents for what I furnished you; but when a man brings a hell-fired Famine here that gorges a barrel of pork and four barrels of beans at two sittings—"

Sage broke in, in a voice that was eloquent with remorse and self reproach, "I never thought of that, and I ask your pardon. I am ashamed of myself and of my friend. Here's your thirteen dollars, and my apologies along with it."

To be continued Sunday after next

PANAMA'S INDEPENDENCE DAY FIESTAS

By VIDA C. LINDO

DURING a stay in the city of Panama it is far more interesting not to live in the American part, Ancon; for from the heart of the old city one is able to see and study the life of the natives "on the inside," which is much more satisfactory and enlightening than the casual glimpse the average American tourist is afforded from his American chair on the American porch of the screamingly American Hotel Tivoli.

It is indeed interesting to view for the first time the fiestas with which, on November 3, the Panamanian celebrates his independence from Colombian rule with the same reckless enthusiasm that, up to four years ago, was reserved for November 28, when he was accustomed to rejoice in his freedom from Spain.

At first glance, it is hard to perceive why the independence should be celebrated for three whole days and nights of carnival; but a closer acquaintance with the immoderate temperament of the natives makes it quite natural. They drink, and make merry, and masquerade in the public streets and plazas. They gloat over the scene of the bull baiting, and take part in it too. In the evening the men dance first at the club balls and afterward in the Plaza Central, where the characteristic native dance, the "cumbia," is in full swing until three or four o'clock in the morning. Usually, all this continues for three days. Last year a delegation was sent to the President's palace with a petition asking leave to celebrate for one day more, which Obaldia, the acting President, granted.

This last and extra day of the fiestas, November 6, found the city worn out, but anxiously striving to keep up the appearance of a gaiety it was even too drunk to feel. The bull baiting in the Plaza Herrera had a stragglng attendance, consisting of the shabby populace, the picturesque Spaniards, and the red necked, whisky sodden Jamaica negroes. The better people and true sports did not bother to watch; for they knew what to expect. During the fiestas they never kill the bull,



and no true Panamanian sees any fun in a bull fight that does not end in a kill.

Late in the afternoon the wearied bulls were being driven home from the temporary arena built for the occasion in the Plaza. A crowd of Spanish workmen, always the most enthusiastic and last to leave a *toro* exhibition, were following closely, staggering, singing, swearing, and goading the animals with sharp sticks. One of the bulls became unmanageable and broke away from the man that held the rope attached to his horns. Instead of turning on his tormentors, the crazed beast plunged headlong down the principal street, the Avenida Central. Immediately the cry was raised, "Toro! Toro!" Men, women, and children fled to right and left into doorways; but some of the braver specimens of manhood joined in the exciting pursuit. *Toro*, chased by the drunken mob, and as determined as they to make the most of liberty, continued on his precipitate career.

Finally two girls, obviously American from their easy stride and stylish clothes, hearing the noise, looked around and found themselves in the direct path of the frightened animal. They fled in different directions. The bull picked out the one with the brightest dress and chased her. She stepped into an open doorway—all doorways are left open in Panama—for just one second. Then, as the bull was passing, she darted out and, seizing the trailing rope attached to his horns, held it. She managed to withstand, without falling, *toro's* abrupt halt. He tossed wildly; but the girl contrived to keep back of him, holding tight to the rope. The bull turned on her and charged; but she had not seen two bull fights for nothing, so she leaped from side to side, making the big animal constantly change his direction, as she had seen the *toradors* do. She kept this up a dreadful moment until the breathless keeper arrived. As she handed him the rope she saw the yelling mob surging toward her. She knew there were wilder things than bulls, and having once seen a successful *torador* borne high on the shoulders of admiring spectators, she ran speedily home amid the bravos and cheers of the pleased Spanish mob.

This is but one incident of the fiestas. Similar and stranger things are constantly happening in that wonderful little country, which is nowadays of so much interest to all. The dusky native eats his midday meal of highly seasoned *sancocho* (soup made of native vegetables) within a stone's throw of the Tivoli, where a long, tasteless, and very American menu is served. Sturdy little naked black babies romp almost under the hoofs of the handsome American turnouts in the Savannah road. Here Past and Present seem to meet. Naturally there is friction. Different ages could not live side by side like twin brothers. But, with the great work in hand as a common interest, the two nations are bound to agree in time. And, as the two oceans touch, the Panamanian will shake hands in gratitude and fraternity with the American.