"The indications are that many who found their supply of coal short during the blizzard last winter will be prepared for it during the coming winter," remarked a coal dealer to a Star reporter. "Though I have been engaged in the coal business for many years I do not think I have ever known of so much coal being sold in November as during the present month. People who in the past were satisfied with putting in a few tons and depending on buying a further supply as they needed it during the winter are putting in every pound that their bins will hold, and many are enlarging their bins so that they can put in a quantity large enough to last until early spring. At an incidental gathering of coal dealers recently we found that all our experiences were in the same direction, and when we began a calculation on the subject we concluded that 5,000 tons at least more coal have been sold during November than during the same time in any previous season. Several of the big hotels which nearly lost their guests during the blizzard because they had run out of coal and could not get enough to keep them comfortable have taken time by the forelock and packed every available place in their cellars and vaults, so that they are guaranteed a supply for the winter. Others have contracted for additions to their supplies, to be stored in December and January as they find room to store it. A burned child dreads the fire, and those who had such exasperating experiences in consequence of a lack of coal are determined to avoid it in the future."

* * * * *

"Speaking of Sunday school experiences," said a teacher in the Sunday school of the Church of the Covenant to a Star reporter, "I suppose there are but few in the world who have had as many and as pleasant as have fallen to my lot; and, as in nearly everything else, of the hundreds of classes that I have had, I have to admit that I had one banner class. Fifty-five years ago I organized a class of young men that I gathered in the streets of New York city, where I then resided. There were fourteen in the class, and I have kept track of those who made it up ever since. Two have passed away to their rewards, but twelve of them are still living, and I hear frequently from every one of them. As far as Sunday school classes are concerned, I do not think any class has ever equaled it in longevity, even if it did not surpass other classes in many other respects. The little boys of my class of that day are pretty well along in years now, and they have grandchildren and some great grandchildren attending Sunday school now. That there should be twelve still living out of the original fourteen is one of the most remarkable things about the class, because the percentage of deaths is so much against such a survival that if one only was living it would be more unusual than otherwise."

* * * * *

"Perquisites do not enter in the calculation, of course, in the matter of the make-up of the House committees," explained an old official of the House of Representatives to a Star reporter, "but just the same there are recognized perquisites connected with every committee. For instance, the committee on naval affairs is good for half a dozen or more trips every session to the various navy yards, the launching of warships at the private ship builders' yards, all of which can be attended 'free gratis for nothing, with everything thrown in.' Many of these trips include the ladies and families of the members of the committee. The military affairs is not so fortunate in the way of junkets but there are some valuable perquisites connected with the membership of that committee. The committee on Indian affairs is generally good for a tour of the Indian country during the recess, everything free, and plenty of it, besides excursions to Carlisle and Hampton to inspect the classes of young Indians who are being civilized and educated there. The post office committee comes in for a half dozen or more junkets during a session, some of which are 'wide open' and very enjoyable, while the appropriation committee has so many invitations that it cannot accept one-quarter of them. The members of the railroads committee have transportation passes showered on them from all sections, while the Pacific railroads insist on numerous inspections, with all the extras thrown in. All the big committees in different ways have favors shown them, and the indications are that the foreign affairs committee will be good each for a free trip and all expenses paid to the Paris exposition next summer. The small committees, that is, the less important committees, come in for favors of a lesser degree, but none the less appreciated. The committee on accounts can always depend on one thing, and that is that the committee demijohn will be kept full. It is one of the honored traditions of this committee that it shall keep a demijohn. No one knows who fills it, at least who furnishes that which fills it, but every member of the committee knows that the supply is certain and the quality of the finest. They also know that the moment the supply runs below the third band of the wicker basket covering another demijohn appears as if by magic at the door of the committee room. This has always been so, and no one has ever been able to explain it. There are peculiarities and perquisites large and small connected with other committees, always have been, and probably always will be. These things probably do not affect the aspirations of members to get on the committees, but once on, and they are informed of the legends of the committees, they seldom fail to insist on every legend being fulfilled."

* * * * *

"In The Star of November 4," writes Mr. James B. Bray of Waverly, N. Y., to The Evening Star, "I saw an article credited to the Chicago Record on 'Practical Hints on How to Excel With a Pistol.' While the article gives good advice, it does not give instructions how to take rapid and accurate aim, which are the great essentials in using the pistol. When I was a young man, over forty years ago, pistol shooting was one of my most admired sports, and I spent hours and days in practice to become proficient. For a long time I followed the usual practice of 'sighting,' that is, looking over sights placed on the barrel, but one day I, as many would say, accidentally discovered how to take aim without sighting and to shoot accurately in any position, and it came about in this way. I saw a red squirrel a short distance away, down by the side of a fence, and my mother being with me, I called her attention to it, but as it was nearly concealed in the grass she could not see it, so I said: 'Now look along my finger,' at the same time pointing with the index finger of my right hand, and she, as requested, looked along my finger as you would in sighting a pistol, when she remarked: 'You are pointing directly at it.' I immediately caught it as by inspiration, that there was something worth remembering, and the next day I put the idea into practice, and soon found myself an expert in accuracy. The method I pursued was this. I used a single barrel pistol of fair weight and length, and, grasping the stock firmly in the hand, used the second finger on the trigger, placing the index finger along the side of the barrel, and used that for pointing at the mark, it taking the place of sighting. I soon found by practice that I could shoot from any position if I could only get a chance to point my finger at the mark. To assist me in holding my finger directly in line with the bore of the barrel until I got familiar with it, I fastened a loop or guide for the finger alongside the barrel, but I only required this a short time. The idea that if you point your index finger at any object you will find the range accurately, and practice will improve your ability to point your gun where you want to place the shot. This is one of the great secrets in rapid and accurate pistol shooting, for you can take aim as quick as you can point your finger, and it does not require raising the arm. Let the arm rest by the side of the body, bend the elbow, point your finger and you have an accurate aim, by practice. This is only one of the many positions, but gives an idea how it is done. I prefer a single shot pistol that pulls fairly easy and is of good, fair weight. If you use a cylinder pistol, then you must protect the finger from the escaping powder fumes between the barrel and cylinder by wearing a thick leather finger guard. If any of your readers have never tried this method of shooting, they will be pleasantly surprised at the results accomplished in a short time, but, of course, systematic practice is required to become proficient."

The Making of Street Floats.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"The making of decorative street floats is a difficult trade," said a New Orleans scenic artist, who has had plenty of experience in the line he mentioned. "There are so many things to be considered. For instance, a float must look well both near and far; it must be able to stand a dash of rain; it must be light enough to go over any kind of street, and solid enough to resist a gust of wind, and, most important of all, it must be so constructed that it will appear all right to folks in upper windows. Some years ago a young designer from the north made several small models for tableau cars that charmed everybody who looked at them. They were certainly very beautiful and novel, but when I was called in as an expert I said at once that they wouldn't do. They were designed to be viewed from the banquette only, and from a second-story window every particle of effect would have been lost. Moreover, a lot of hidden mechanism was certain to be discovered at any elevation above fifteen feet. The young artist frankly admitted I was right, and abandoned the job. He said it involved entirely too many optical problems to suit him. When I make my drawings for a float I calculate on a visual sweep of thirty degrees. That goes from the level of children on the pavement to people looking almost straight down from the upper floors of tall buildings. Unless such a precaution is taken the car is certain to be a failure.

Thanksgiving in Foreign Legations.

Ina Capitola Emery in the Household.

Our American feast is observed in the foreign legations by customs peculiar to the mother country, and the dishes known in the "father's house" are most in evidence, even though the American fowl has its place. Lord Pauncefote presides at the feast in the household of the British embassy, and gathers about him a coterie of friends. Here the custom of the country represented and the one adopted bear a resemblance, and the day is observed without a marked change in their mode of living.

But in the legations of the Japanese, the Corean and the South American the conformity to American observances, induced by the markets abounding in American foods, means a decided change on the menu cards, and yet, with but few exceptions, the diplomats and attaches make an effort to observe the customs in our country.

The Chinese form an exception, for in several instances the presiding genius of the Chinese kitchen has refused to become enthused into any flights of gastronomical idealisms by Thanksgiving or any other Christian feast. Yet the spread made on that day is of true celestial magnificence. And when the meal is over, with its varied dishes, the Chinese minister and his close attaches, no doubt, adjourn to the smoking room with their pipes and hop-doi, and the feeling that "All the world is China and China is like heaven."

AT THE COUNTY BALL.

From Punch.

The Grigsby girls and Minnie Dobbles have gone under the care of Mrs. Hipping-Chatterton, but they consider she has only a vague idea of the duties of a chaperone.

AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL

"When this old Shakespearean actor that I'm telling you about died there was a peculiar, maybe a somewhat pathetic, scene in the poor room around his bier," said an old theatrical man who lives in his memories of the palmy days. "Never mind about his name. He had been notable in the support of the best of the American tragedians for a great many years. He was never a big figure in the eyes of the public, for he never had the luck to get anybody to star him, but by such men as Edwin Forrest, first of all, then John McCullough, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and others, he was regarded as a valuable man in the interpretation of 'second' heavies in the Shakespearean plays.

"Well, along in the early eighties, when he was still able to command high salaries and attach himself to the support of the highest men in the profession, drink collared him. It got him terribly. I never saw a man get clutched by it with such suddenness and violence. He had not begun to drink until late in life, but men of that sort are the worst when they do get going. This notable actor and scholarly, dignified man went square to the dogs inside of two years. At the end of that time he could not only get an engagement—there was good reason for supposing that, if employed, he might at any time reel and fall drunkenly on the stage—but he had lost most of his friends. He had spent all of his savings, which amounted to several thousand dollars, and he had lost his home over in one of the Oranges of New Jersey. His wife left him and went to her people in England. He found himself in the streets, without an overcoat, without a place to sleep, in the middle of winter. Time and again his old friends picked him out of the ditch, got him into hospitals and sanitariums, clothed him, took an interest in him, carried him off to their own homes to be surrounded by cheering influences—only to have him break out worse than ever. He aged very rapidly. He got to be a bad and hopeless job, in very fact. His friends reluctantly gave him up, one by one. Then he landed on Blackwell's Island.

"I suppose we all turned more or less of a handspring to get him out of that, and he was tried over again. He landed on Blackwell's again just three week later. This time it was decided to allow him to remain there for a couple of weeks, anyhow. At the termination of that period, the poor old chap was taken off the island again, clothed, fed, housed, treated nice as pie—and after a week it got around that he was once more on the island.

"After that he was quite given up. It got to be an old story—his trips to the reformatory institution in the East river. It was concluded by all hands that Blackwell's, after all, was about the safest and best place for him. In a general kind of a way I always knew that after the old man had got 'way down he had gone to live with a poor but extremely kindly Irish family in a tenement house down Cherry Hill way. In fact, I had happened along that way once or twice, just by way of curiosity, you understand, to see how the poor old fellow lived. It was a very clean set of four rooms—but poverty everywhere—where the Irish family lived, and the old actor had a little back room when he wasn't over on the island.

"One morning along toward 10 o'clock, in the middle of winter, the news got to me somehow that the old actor had died in his tenement room the night before immediately upon his release from a thirty-day term on the island. He had been pretty kind to me when he was up in the world, and, while I wasn't particularly rich, I didn't purpose that he should be buried in potter's field. So I took a cab and went down Cherry Hill way.

"I walked up the stairs and knocked on the front door of the Irish family's set of rooms. Fanny Davenport opened the door and let me in.

"'Why,' I began with some surprise, 'how did you know—'

"'I was with him when he died last evening and remained until I had to rush off to the theater,' replied the big-hearted woman quietly. 'I had the undertaker here last night. Our poor friend is already prepared for burial. He was good to me. We shall take him to Greenwood.'

"She couldn't say any more, and it wasn't necessary, anyhow. I had hardly taken off my hat and gloves before there was a quiet rap on the door. I opened it. Augustin Daly stood revealed. Beside him was Father Ducey. We were all pretty much surprised to see each other. We had all really come from different directions under initiatives. We talked quietly for a bit, when there was another gentle tap on the door. I opened it and let Emma Abbott in. There have been few sweeter-souled women in the world than Emma Abbott.

"'He was good to me,' she said quietly. 'After I had learned something about singing he taught me what I know about acting. He was very patient with me. I just heard.'

"Well, we were complete as a party then. We went into the room where the old man—he who had been a prince in generosity, a king in courtesy—lay sleeping, and Father Ducey—the still amiable, benevolent, brilliant Ducey—read the service of the Roman Catholic Church. He said a few words. He, too, had known our friend in his better as well as in his fallen days.

"Daly stepped forward then, and with bowed head he told of what a good man he had known this poor old man who lay dead before us to be. Daly felt pretty bad as he spoke, and he couldn't go on.

"Then Emma Abbott, who had been sitting over in a dark corner of the little old bare room, advanced to the foot of the casket. She sang 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair.' No accompaniment, of course. You recall the sweetness of her voice? Now, as a matter of fact, neither Daly, Ducey nor myself was an emotional man—far from it. But the tenderness and the inspiration of that song as the pure-souled little woman of the stage sang it were almost unbearable.

"Then we took our poor old friend's body away—out to Greenwood. I've always thought that was a queer meeting we all had, coming from different directions, in that poor, bare tenement room."

Polishing Petrified Wood.

From the Sioux Falls (S. D.) Journal.

The polishing works of this city is now engaged on the stupendous job of getting out $1,000,000 worth of polished chalcedony, or petrified wood, to be taken to the Paris exposition. This petrified wood is hauled from its native heath in Arizona, a distance of sixty-five miles, to a railroad, and then shipped to this city to be cut and polished, this being the only place in the world having facilities for treating the petrifaction, which is seven-tenths as hard as diamond. It is shipped here in great logs and stumps, weighing many tons each, just as they have lain for many ages during the process required by nature to turn the wood into beautiful and variegated colors of stone. The process of sawing the stone up in shape for polishing is most tedious, the huge machinery used for the purpose being able to saw only from an inch to three inches a day into it. After being cut and polished the stone is worked up into every conceivable shape, from cuff buttons to tops for center tables and great columns, which cost a small fortune. All kinds of jewelry is made from it, as well as trinkets and handsome articles suitable for souvenirs.

One of the chief attractions at the world's fair was the exhibit of chalcedony, which had been polished and prepared in this city. It is stated that during the fair sales of this stuff were more than $30,000 a month.

The great exhibit which is to be made in Paris will be a wonderful advertisement for Sioux Falls, for the reason that nowhere else on earth is there machinery mammoth yet delicate enough to saw, polish and put into shape the variety of articles that will be on exhibition.

Well Named.

From Puck.

Deacon Johnson—"I call dis yar mule ob mine 'Poor Excuse,' because he's better dan none!"

Deacon Jackson—"Sho! I'se named mine after my dude son-in-law, 'cause he don't pay for his keep!"

Short of Both.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

She—"Is he rich?"

He—"No."

She—"Some one told me he had more money than brains."

He—"He has, but he hasn't got much money at that."

England Hasn't Finished the Job.

From Stray Stories.

Teacher (in geography class)—"Johnnie, how is the earth divided?"

Johnnie (who reads the foreign news)—"Don't know; I haven't read the papers this morning."

THEY KNEW A GOOD THING

About a hundred yards below the entrance to the Benning race track there is so sharp a dip in the roadway that a tall fence built around a farm across the way from the race grounds offers an excellent perch every day for several scores of small and middle-sized boys, mostly black, to climb upon and witness at least certain stages of the races. The boarding may be, and very likely is, pretty sharp and rough seating space, but it suffices, and every day the top of that fence is almost literally black with members of the rising generation who, desiring to be "sports," have no dollars wherewith to purchase badges at the gate. Each of these fence birds appears to bring from 10 to 25 cents out to the "track" every day for speculative purposes, and they have no difficulty in "getting their money down" at the regular odds prevailing inside the betting ring; for there is a large, ornately-clad, extremely black "spoht" among them who acts as bookmaker for the outsiders. He is known by the name of "Dick" only, and he makes a hand-book for amounts ranging from five cents up to a half dollar. The "spoht" gets the odds from the regular bookmakers' slates inside—he provides himself with a badge for the purpose—and then he emerges from the grounds and takes the bets of the fence birds. He does a lot of business in this way, and usually gets all of the money. But the boys on top of the farm fence nailed him almost to a standstill one afternoon last week.

A mile and three-quarter hurdle race was on the card, and all of the fence birds appeared to be "laying for it," as it were. They declined to put their money down with the big black bookmaker on the first two races of the day. They were waiting for the hurdle race. When the betting opened on that race "Dick," the "spoht" bookie, went into the paddock to get the odds. While he was absent a little yellow stable boy slipped to a hole in the fence across the way from where the farm fence was jammed with youngsters, and gave a whistled signal. Two yellow boys jumped from the fence and ran over to the stable boy. The latter mumbled a few short remarks to them, and then disappeared back within the grounds. The two yellow boys who had conversed with him went quietly up and down the fence, simply saying, "It's uh-goin' t'roo, an' it's uh watuhmelon," and all the fence birds nodded sagely. Then the black bookmaker returned and walked up and down the line.

"Whut yo' all kids uh-gwine tuh do wit' dis heah race?" he inquired of them collectively. "Ain' none o' yo' all got no dough?"

They all jumped from the fence and upon him at once. They wanted to know what McFonso's price was in one breath.

"Uh hunnered t' one, an' all yo' wants of it," replied the fence bookmaker, and they passed their dimes and quarters in to him as if McFonso, the rank outsider, at 100 to 1, were the only nag in the race.

"Dis is wheah none o' yo' has enough dough lef' t' buy papuhs wit'," said the "spoht" bookie, with a broad grin, when he had taken in all the McFonso money. "Dis yeah hoss McFonso couldn't beat uh fat nigguh laik me uh-runnin', much less race horses."

The fence birds all climbed back to their perches, however, and seemed to be satisfied. They all stood up precariously and balanced themselves when the cry "They're off!" rang from within the grounds, and they appeared to know the colors as well as men with field glasses inside the club house.

"Wheah all's McFonso?" was the question when the horses came swinging around the track for the first time.

"He's las'," said the bookmaker, who had taken a stand on the fence. "An' dat's wheah he all'll finish."

"Lookee dat hoss Mac uh-goin' up!" was the shout all along the fence when the hurdlers were turning into the stretch for the last time. "He's uh-ketchin' dat Julius Ceesuh, de fav'rite, evuhy jump, an' ef he all keeps uh-trailin' like-a dat, it's uh walk fo' him—it's uh a walk fo' him, annyhow—McFonso!—come on—come git de money, boy!—bring uhlong dat coin, yo' o' mule—now yo' got de Ceesuh!—hol' on tuh him!—jus' a few mo' little teeny jumps, boy—an' McFonso wins!"

Whereupon, with wild yells of elemental joy, some score of fence birds just naturally tumbled headlong forward and surrounded the gloomy-faced Dick, "spoht" and hand bookmaker. The good thing that the fence birds had been "laying for," that the yellow stable boy had confirmed through the hole in the fence, and that they had all "got down on" to a boy, had taken such a crimp in the hand bookmaker's roll that he looked to be in two minds, whether to welch for it or to pay off. They had him surrounded, however, and he paid scores of bets.

"Jes' yo' nigguhs ketch me uh-layin' odds on any mo' 100 tuh 1 shots, that's all," he muttered as his fat roll of bills faded away.

TIPPING.

Why and to Whom Gratuities Are More or Less Cheerfully Given.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

The real foundation for the "tipping" habit finds its root in the custom of mankind which is as old as history to bestow some monetary gratification upon persons who act in a purely menial capacity.

That this is the true reason is plain. It can be seen on the railroad train, which is the happy hunting ground of the betipped porter. No one thinks of "tipping" the brakeman, though his pay is hardly more than the porter's. Nor does any one deem it proper to offer a gratuity to the sleeping car conductor, whose income is not exactly munificent. The reason is that the brakeman and the conductor are approximately on the same level with the traveler. They are servants, not of the passenger, but of the company, and it is felt that to offer them "tips" would constitute an affront rather than a benevolence. The porter, however, fills a double role. He is the employe of the company, but he is likewise the servant of the traveler, and in the latter capacity it is deemed proper to reward him for his services.

Take a hotel. Nobody "tips" the clerk—heaven help the man who should try it!—no one chucks a quarter or a half dollar to the cashier, and nobody would take such a liberty with a bartender. These are all servants in a way, but they are not menial servants. They are as good as the guest outside the desk or in front of the bar. But the waiter and the chambermaid, the barber—even the dignified and impressive head waiter—will take tips without a blush, they expect them. What is more, the guest who is considerate of his personal comfort will not disappoint the expectation.

The distinction, therefore, is easy to be made. The servant whose duties are menial—quasi domestic—the man who directly ministers to one's personal comfort, brushes his clothes, serves his food, shaves him, this servant always has been "tipped" and always will be "tipped" despite all the "anti-tipping" efforts of officials and individuals. The money gratifications he receives are a part of his compensation for the loss of personal dignity which his office involves.

Synonym for Pessimism.

From the Chicago Post.

"What is a synonym for pessimism?"

"Anti-imperialism."

The Situation.

From Punch.

British Workman—"See that pink, Bill? That's ourn. See that green? That's their'n. It'll all be pink soon!"

JOBSON PLAYS CHECKERS

When Mr. Jobson came home the other afternoon he had a package under his arm which he elaborately unwrapped on the dining room table as soon as Mrs. Jobson had put away his coat and hat. The package contained a fine new checkerboard and checkers.

"I have determined to do some reverting to first principles during the long winter that is upon us," said Mr. Jobson, "and instead of putting in about four nights a week at the theater, Mrs. Jobson—"

"Why, when did we ever go to the theater four nights a week?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"—four wearisome nights per week at the theater," continued Mr. Jobson, as if he had not been interrupted. "I intend to resort to simple methods of amusement that entertain while they at the same time exercise the mind. It's queer that we've never played checkers during all of these years; come to think of it, though, it isn't, either, when consideration is given to the way you've dragged me out of my home, night in and night out, ever since we've been—"

"Now, you know," interrupted Mrs. Jobson, "that we do not average two nights out a week during the cold weather, and—"

"So that we haven't had time for such calm, peaceable, homelike ways of passing the evenings at checker playing," went on Mr. Jobson. "Did I ever tell you that when I was a young fellow I could just beat the head off anybody I ever played checkers with, Mrs. Jobson? Well, I could. Of course, I don't profess to be any sort of a champion now, but I guess, after all, I can hold my—"

"I haven't played since I was a young girl," said Mrs. Jobson. "I won a prize, though, I remember, in a competition we had between us girls at the game of give-away—not the real game, you know—"

"I know what you mean—child's play," said Mr. Jobson, indulgently. "Well, I'll teach you the real game. Of course, I'll not play with you on even terms for some weeks—I'll give you a couple of men to start with, until I get the principles of the game fixed upon your mind. It is a game requiring some little intellect, checkers is, Mrs. Jobson, but I do not agree with those who assert that the female mind is entirely incapable of—well, we'll have a game after dinner, anyhow."

Mrs. Jobson did considerable reflecting during the progress of the dinner. She felt that she could eternally wallop Mr. Jobson at the game of checkers, for her father, who had been the champion of a whole county, had taught her the fine points of the game from her little girlhood. Mr. Jobson's allusion to the female mind, however, decided her, and there was a slight compression about her lips when, after Jobson had finished his newspaper and cigar, they sat down at their first game of checkers.

"Now, the object of the game," Mr. Jobson began to explain, "is to—er—accumulate all of your opponent's checkers that you can, finally leaving him nothing to—"

"Oh, I know that much about it," said Mrs. Jobson. "And not to break your king row if you can help it. And to lead your opponent into traps. And to make him jump once, so that you can get two or three of his men. I remember that."

"Oh, you do, do you?" inquired Mr. Jobson, with a confident air. "I suppose that while I've been smoking you've been looking up the game in the encyclopaedia? However, you are correct in so far as you've gone. Now, shall I give you a couple of men out of my king row to start with, or shall we begin on even terms, just for the purpose of permitting me to show you how to manipulate the men? You needn't feel badly, you know, if I beat you after giving you a couple of men, for—"

"Well," said Mrs. Jobson, "perhaps it would be as well for the first game for you to give me—"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear," said Mr. Jobson, with extreme amiability. "Now, you just take what two you like from my king row—those'll do—and make any move you like—h'm—not such a weird move, that, either—well, I guess I can block that little game—"

"Yes, but you must jump, you know," said Mrs. Jobson.

"Jump where?" inquired Mr. Jobson, with a surprised look. "Oh, yes, now I see. Well, now—jump again, you say? By Jove, so I must! Well—er—"

Mr. Jobson was gazing at her with a shocked and somewhat suspicious expression. She had given him a couple of men, and then, taking three herself, had landed plump into his king row, where she was in a position, with the aid of the king, to eat him up in detail.

"Now, who in the world would think you'd have known how to do that?" said Mr. Jobson, looking considerably crestfallen. "Accidental, though, of course? Must have been an accident. H'm. Well, the accident has just cost me the game, so we'll try another of the same sort. Just pick a couple again off that king row of mine, and we'll see how you make out with your accidental playing for general results this time. My move? Eh? My jump? And again? Blamed if I haven't permitted myself to fall into another accidental trap, and you're in the king row again! All comes from my being in a trance instead of really watching the game. I'll—"

"Give up?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, sweetly.

"Ho! Give up, you say!" said Mr. Jobson, a bit sternly. "You're taking that air about it, are you? Give up! Why, of course I won't give up! Just go ahead and move, and if I don't have that king of yours in precisely three minutes I'll—"

"Jump," said Mrs. Jobson.

"Huh?" asked Mr. Jobson, studying the board. "Why, you get two of 'em there, don't you? Blamed if—"

"Give up now?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, calmly.

"Look a-here," said Mr. Jobson, "suppose you don't assume quite such a lo! the conquering heroine comes manner in this—"

"Let's play even men this time, dear," said Mrs. Jobson. "It'll be more interesting."

"Why, you won't have a show in ten thousand playing even up with me, and I wouldn't subject you to the mortification of—"

"Suppose we try, anyhow," said Mrs. Jobson.

"Oh, well, if you've got so puffed up over the pair of accidental, flukey games you've won, why, just to take you down a peg, I'll—"

It was Mr. Jobson's first move. Instead of massing his forces in the center, he began playing that fragile game from the sides, and before he had made five moves Mrs. Jobson had two of his men for one of hers, and no chance of his getting his man back. Mr. Jobson's forehead began to perspire, he leaned his chin in his hand and panted heavily, and he regarded Mrs. Jobson's face out of the tail of his eye with cold suspicion. Mrs. Jobson gradually wore him down until she had two kings to his one. Then she cornered him.

Mr. Jobson didn't say a word as he arranged his men for another game. He started in, however, as if he had thousands of dollars at stake, and he mopped his forehead constantly. Despite all the male intellect he could bring to bear, however, Mrs. Jobson got into his king row twice before a dozen moves had been made. Then Mr. Jobson rose with a stately air.

"Madame," he said, "I think it would be wise for us to come to an understanding at the earliest practicable moment. It is not enough that, anticipating my inauguration of the game of checkers in this establishment, you have been practicing the game incessantly during my absence, to the neglect of your household duties; it is not enough that you have probably sought out some expert in the game of draughts, and had him teach you a mere mechanical excellence in it; but when, madame, I detect you in the very act of surreptitiously removing my men from the board, I call a halt! Perhaps you don't think I saw you tipping two of my men off the board during the progress of each of these two last games, but I did, Mrs. Jobson—I did! And by the time I return from the fiery, untamed night which I intend putting in down town, maybe you'll—"

Mr. Jobson grabbed his hat and coat and shot out, slamming the door, just then. He wasn't gone more than an hour before he returned, dumped the checkerboard and checkers into the latrobe, and went upstairs to bed without a word.

Two gentlemen walking together came by a stately new building. "What a magnificent structure!" said one.

"Yes," replied the other; "but I cannot bear to look at it often as I pass it."

"That is strange; why not?"

"Because it reminds me that the owner built it out of the blood, the aches and groans of his fellow-man—out of the grief of crying children, the woe of wailing women."

"Gracious! What is the owner—a money-lender or a pawnbroker, or something of the kind?"

"Oh, no; he is a dentist."—Tit-Bits.

A soldier's monument, with the Goddess of Liberty on the top.

Two small boys gazing up at it with admiration.

Johnnie (very solemnly)—"Is that God up there?"

Willie (full of patriotism)—"No—that's Dewey's mother.—Life.

Ideals.

I'd like to be the sort of man
Who walks with lordly style
And who each creditor may scan
With a superior smile.
On checks and coupons I had set
My hopes, when hopes were new.
But plain small change is what I get,
And I'm right thankful, too.

I'd like to be a man of fame,
With plaudits from the crowd,
And often stop to hear my name
Re-echoing long and loud.
But I am mighty glad to meet
Some good friend that I know
When walking careless down the street
And hear him say, "Hello."

I dreamt of laurels which I'd wear
When with the great I sat.
I'm lucky if I hide my hair
With a new-purchased hat.
Life's humbler pleasures are so sweet,
'Tis wasting time to fret
O'er benefits you hoped to meet
Instead of what you get.

* * *

Not Classified as Game.

"Dar's a heap o' luck in dis worl' dat doesn't git noticed," remarked the venerable colored man to the little boy by his side. The little fellow was holding fast to his companion's tattered overcoat to keep from getting lost. They were on the way home from market and the genial character of the comment may have had its foundation to some extent in the basket whose weight, though it caused the old man to lean far to one side, was every now and then favored with an affectionate glance. "It beats all," he exclaimed again as he set the basket down under the lamp of a lamp post for a little rest, prior to shifting the burden to the other arm, "how much luck folks has dat dey doesn' take no count

of. Jes' think of it! Folks goes an' pays two aw three dollars for turkey. Now, turkeys makes a fine display an' ef you wants ter put on style, an' has de money, git yoh turkey. An' den' dar's quails. Folks 'll pay as much as we gives foh a mohth's rent, jes' foh de sake of a mess o' quails. An' pahtridges an' pheasants an' prairie chickens is all de same way. Dey keeps runnin' atter 'em an' holls de price away up. Dey doesn't know whut dey's missin'. An' I isn' gwineter tell 'em."

"But why is us all so lucky?"

"Why is we lucky? We's lucky, chile, 'c'ase pohk chops doesn't wear feathers an' have ter be killed wid a gun; dat's why."

* * *

Her Protest.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, as her husband sat down to a late breakfast with a red, reminiscent look around his eyelids," I want to tell you how much I admire your patience."

"Eh?"

"I didn't know you had so much pluck and energy. I really blame myself, Charley, dear, for being the cause of it all."

"What are you talking about?" he inquired, with the manner of a man who realizes that he is in such a state of ill-humor that he has to be extremely cautious.

"The Leonids."

"If this is a riddle, I wish you wouldn't try it on me. Just get it into shape and have it printed in the back of a magazine and let me struggle with it in type."

"Don't try to turn it off as a joke. I know you are modest, but I can't help admiring you, can I? And it was I who read the article that aroused your scientific enthusiasm and got you so deeply interested. I remember distinctly, you had never heard of the Leonids until I read the piece in the paper."

"You mean those things that come around every thirty-three years or so?"

"Yes, Charley dear. I might have known you would make up your mind not to miss anything so wonderful and instructive. But I don't believe they are going to put in an appearance at all this year. So please do be philosophical and give in. I honor you for your inexorable determination; but if you are going to stay up till 3 or 4 o'clock every morning for the next thirty-three years, watching for Leonids, you'll just be another of these martyrs to science that we read about, and posterity won't thank you a bit."

* * *

From Hand to Mouth.

They give me maxims old and new
To bid me mend my ways
And save enough to see me through
All of my mortal days.
And since I now have prudent grown,
My duty 'tis—no less—
To chide in no uncertain tone
Dame Nature's recklessness.

Think, madam, of the sunshine rich
You squandered when 'twas June;
Think of the blossom treasures which
Lay withering 'neath each noon.
The miser bee quaffs in his lair
The sweets which once you spread.
And you, what have you for your share
With bloom and sunshine fled?

A little winter with its woe;
A little want and pain,
And summer's smile again will glow
Beyond the April rain.
Your deep breath sighs a sad "alas,"
Yet, when 'tis June once more,
You'll feast each wanderer who may pass,
A spendthrift as of yore.

* * *

His Sense of Justice.

Mr. Blykins' wife had looked at him a long time in silence before she exclaimed, with a tremor of pathos in her voice:

"Am I ever so very cross, dear?"

"I don't know what 'so very cross' is," answered her husband. "You ain't anybody's fool, though, I can tell you that. You can be just as prompt in getting back with a pungent repartee as anybody."

"But I'm never a scold, am I?" she persisted, apprehensively.

"What's worrying you, anyhow?" he demanded, imperiously. "Are you getting uneasy and discontented because I'm not loading you with reproaches and harsh epithets?"

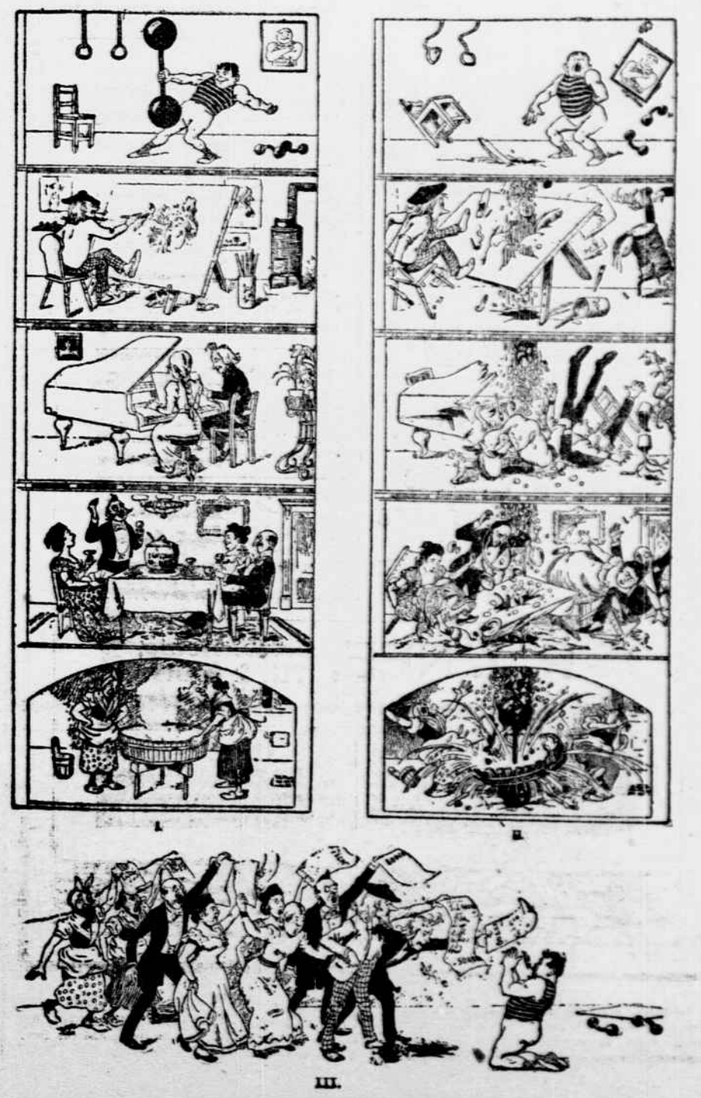
"No. But I was reading about Xantippe and Socrates today, and I should dislike to resemble Xantippe."

"That's it!" he ejaculated. "Jump at conclusions. Take it for granted that she was all in the wrong. Everybody that has ever lived since her day has heaved a rock at the lady. Don't you spare her."

"But, you know—"

"No, I don't know; and neither do you know. It got to be the fashion to pat Socrates on the back and call him a good fellow while his wife was staying at home tending to the family troubles. What did he ever do? From all I can hear, Socrates wouldn't have turned his hand over to keep Xantippe from doing her own housework and taking in boarders. He merely went around town talking wise and affecting to despise money. He used to loaf around the market place passing out conversation and thinking he was the greatest man on earth, while Xantippe was bargaining for provisions at a stall around the corner. I defy you to find any place in history where he cut the grass in the front yard or whitewashed the cellar. My chivalrous nature revolts at the injustice that has been heaped upon that woman all these centuries. If she stood him up and told him the eternal truth once in a while, it was for his own good. I don't pretend to know the exact merits of the Sampson-Schley controversy, nor the Anglo-Boer differences, nor who wrote 'Laugh and the World Laughs With You,' but when it comes to this Socrates-Xantippe question, I know right where I stand every time. And I give you fair warning, Mrs. Blykins, I won't hear the lady abused."

The yakamik, a bird of the crane family, is used by the natives of Venezuela in place of a shepherd dog for guarding and herding their flocks. It is said that, however far the yakamik may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures intrusted to its care.

DUMB BELL EXERCISE— and ITS RESULTS.

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