

WORKED HARD,

But the Tramp Finally Got His Dinner.

The tramp slipped over the garden wall and cautiously approached the kitchen door. Pausing a moment before it, he knocked timidly, and on the instant the cook appeared.

"Well," she asked with vehemence, "what do you want?"

"More than I dream of in your philosophy, Horatio," he replied, in softest cadence.

"My name isn't Horatio," she said, with a cold stare.

"Nor yet again, I fancy," he murmured. "Is it Tribby, nor even Sweet Marie?"

"I said: 'What do you want?'" she replied to this.

"And I said: 'More than I dream of in your philosophy, Horatio,'" he crooned to her, "but what I really want is something to eat."

"How would a cake of soap strike you?" she sneered.

"Inasmuch as you are a woman," he smiled, "if you threw it at me it wouldn't strike me at all."

"Well, don't be gay," she cautioned him.

"Do I look like an object of gaiety?" he asked, as he surveyed his ragged habiliments with an eye of sadness.

"Are you much hungry?" she asked in a kinder tone.

"Oh, I am not so hungry as I may be at this time next week, if all the ladies I meet are as cruel as you are," he said languorously.

"I suppose the ladies break their necks waiting on you," she said, with great irony.

"No," he answered in a reminiscent voice. "I can't recall that any of them ever broke anything except their hearts, and that wasn't waiting on me."

"No, you don't say," she grinned.

"No," he twittered, "it was waiting for me."

"I like that," she said.

"They didn't," he answered.

"Now, look here," she began, in another key, "how would a barrel of champagne and a washtubful of terrapin fit your case?"

"Well, really," he admitted, "it hadn't occurred to me at all. This isn't heaven."

Then she went in and brought him out a platter of pie, and as he sat down on the step to eat it he murmured to himself: "And still they say we don't have to work for our daily bread."

Little, but Good.

Cardinal Tosti took his greatest delight in watching people eat who were "blessed" with voracious appetites, and, to gratify his whim, he frequently invited a company of notorious great eaters, and regaled them with an abundance of the choicest viands he could procure.

One day, being in a specially good humor, his Eminence said to his cook: "To-day you must ask three men of extraordinary capacity to dinner, and prepare a set of courses that would satisfy eighteen ordinary persons."

The cook set off to Ripagrado, where he selected the strongest and most furnished looking of the porters he found standing about, provided them with decent clothes and took them to the Cardinal's palace. The table groaned under a gigantic heap of the best and dearest eatables to be had. The porters required no pressing, but made a raid on the provisions like a pack of hungry wolves.

The Cardinal watched the proceedings from behind a curtain, and was delighted when in a comparatively short time all the nice things which adorned the table had disappeared, down to the very last. As genuine Romans the three revellers were not unmindful of the rules of politeness, and one of them was deputed to express to his Eminence their heartfelt thanks for his kind invitation. A footman took him into the presence of the Cardinal.

"Well," inquired the old gentleman, with a smile, "did you enjoy your feed?"

"Very much, your Eminence," was the reply. "Little, but good!"—Il Messaggero.

In Her Head.

The newest society "sensation" in St. Petersburg is an old peasant woman with a wonderful memory. Her name is Irina Andrejevna Fedosova; she is 70 years of age, can neither read nor write, but knows by heart over 10,000 legends, folk-songs and poems! When she gives a public recital the scene is a striking one. A little bent figure appears, hobbles on to the platform, sits down on a chair, with hands folded, and withered face quite expressionless.

And a host of expectation she begins to speak; then her face brightens, her eyes open widely and sparkle, while her voice grows clear and penetrating. She looks ten years younger in her enthusiasm, as she half speaks, half sings the legends of her youth, tales of great wars, old fairy tales, long-lost tragedies or tender love stories, while the audience, carried away by her strange magnetic spell, spell-bound, laughs and weeps at her will. She is the "rage" in the Russian capital, and we hear that two eminent literary men have written down a number of her memory-stored treasures, which they intend to publish in book form, when it should prove a rich find for lovers of folk-lore.

The Earliest New-Yorkers.

At the northern end of Manhattan Island, near the mouth of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, a great tulip-tree guards a beautiful spring, and overlooks a green, sunny glade, which contains some of the most ancient relics of the presence of man on the Atlantic side of our continent. This locality, surrounded and threatened by the advancing pavements and sewers and edifices of New York, yet remains a verdant oasis on the edge of the rapidly expanding wilderness of brick, iron and stone.

It is a resting-place of spring, where she suns herself while snow yet glisters on the neighboring hills. Upon this charming little dell the name of Crystal Spring has been bestowed. The penitents who go there to enjoy the idyllic beauty of the scene know nothing of the prehistoric memories that cluster around it.

They are not aware that his happy valley was a favorite resort not only of the Indians discovered by Hendrick Hudson, but of the ancestors and predecessors of those Indians for no man can tell how many centuries.

Back of the penitence-ground, among the forest trees, is a great accumulation of oyster and mussel shells in which are intermingled fragments of rude pottery, broken arrow-heads of white quartz, and stone implements. This accumulation, competent archaeologists

cal authorities assert, remains to-day practically undisturbed as it was left by the aboriginal inhabitants.

Among some immense rocks, fallen ages ago from the cliff above, are found cavities which, it is believed, were used both as storehouses, and in case of need, as temporary lodging-places.

Not far distant is a bed of peat from which the tusk of a mastodon was recently dredged up, and it has been suggested that some of the earliest dwellers around Crystal Spring may have been contemporaneous with the prehistoric elephants of America.

The opportunity may not long exist to subject these remains of the early inhabitants of Manhattan Island to scientific scrutiny in their original site, for in time the northward growth of the city will have obliterated the natural features of the spot.

A Modest Millionaire.

I never saw a man take life less seriously than John D. Rockefeller. He has an easy way of saying and doing things that appeals to the aesthetic nature.

That \$1,000,000 suit brought by Lon Merritt is not costing him a wink of sleep. Nothing worries him, not all his millions. At times I have known John to seem dull. I have known people to take him for a soft, slow, stupid fellow instead of the hard, gliding, firm, rocky fellow that he is.

He once had an employee, a nervous, irritable young man, full of his own importance, but, without, a capable clerk. He occupied an office in which there was one of those pulling and lifting machines, and regularly every morning about 9, when he was immersed in figures or correspondence, a small, black-moustached man, quiet and diffident in manner, entered, said "good-morning," walked on tiptoe to the corner and exercised for a quarter of an hour. It became a bore to the clerk, who at last, unable to stand it longer, remarked, with considerable heat and fireworks, to the inoffensive, but annoying stranger: "How do you expect me to do my work properly while you are fooling with that—machine? I'm getting tired of it. Why don't you put it where it won't worry a person to death?"

The stranger replied with a blush: "I am very sorry if it annoys you. I will have it removed at once." A porter took it away within an hour. A few days later the clerk was sent for by Mr. Flagler, whom he found in earnest conversation with the small, black-moustached man. The latter smiled at seeing him, gave Flagler some instructions and left the room.

"Will you tell me who that gentleman is?" the young man asked, a light beginning to break upon him. "That was Mr. Rockefeller," was the reply. With a gasp for breath, the clerk staggered back to his office to think. It was his first acquaintance with the Standard Oil magnate.—New York Press.

The Riddle of the Cid.

A mediaeval condottier in the service of the Moslem, when he was fighting to fill his own coffers with perfect impartiality against Moor or Christian, banished as a traitor by his Castilian sovereign, and constantly leading the forces of the infidel against Aragon, against Catalonia, and even against Castile, he has become the national hero of Spain.

Warring against the Moslem of Valencia, whom he pitilessly despoiled, with the aid of the Moslem of Saragosa, whose cause he cynically betrayed, while he yet owned a nominal allegiance to Alfonso of Castile, whose territories he was pitilessly ravaging; retaining conquered Valencia for his personal and private advantage, in despite of Moslem and Christian kings, he has become the type of Christian loyalty and Christian chivalry in Europe.

Avaricious, faithless, cruel and bold a true soldier of fortune, the Cid still maintains a reputation which is one of the enigmas of history.—History of Spain—U. R. Burke.

The First Will.

Wills were at first oral, as were also gifts of lands, and were only morally binding on the survivors. Origin and other fathers of the early church credited Noah with having made a will, and in the fourth century the Bishop of Brescia declared all those heretical who denied Noah's division of the world to his three sons by will. The oldest known wills are those of Egypt. Both oral and written wills not infrequently contained imprecations on those who should neglect them.

The earliest written will in existence is that of Sennacherib, which was found in the Royal Library of Konynunlik. There is a great sameness about our own royal wills. They mainly relate to beds, bedding, clothes, personal ornaments, gold and silver cups, and payments for masses, and are generally as prosaic as one could contrive.—The Westminster Review.

Roaming Indians of Bolivia.

In the country of Bolivia, in South America, the native Indians are still to be found in great numbers. They are either miners—for the land is rich in minerals—or else they are wanderers, unable to settle down to any steady occupation. Among these rovers the Quichuas are perhaps the most restless. They find it easy to fit from spot to spot in the fertile districts, nor is it hard for them to find food and shelter as they go. Their only trouble is to procure water at times, for which purpose they all of them carry big earthenware jars, which are filled with the precious liquid whenever they begin a journey and filled again when they reach a spring, or river, or lake. They are well clothed, in spite of the fact that their country is a hot one. For in the highlands there is often severe frost of nights, and warmth is as grateful then as it is to dwellers within the Arctic circle.

Smartness Explained.

Even the small children have learned that the feminine is now at the front, as witness a dialogue reported by an exchange:

Little Girl—Our baby is smarter than yours.

Little Boy—No, 'tisn't.

Little Girl—Yes, 'tis. Your baby can't say the first word and ours is beginning to talk.

Little Boy—Y-e-s, but your baby is a girl.

The sacrifices a woman can make for her husband, she is not willing to make. She wants credit for willingness to make sacrifices that are impossible.

The stage when a husband doesn't kiss his wife good-by is reached so gradually that it is not as painful as fierce lovers imagine.

YANKEE SHOES IN ENGLAND.

Becoming Popular and the English Are Even Taking to Rubbers.

The suggestion that American boot and shoe manufacturers should take advantage of the present trouble in the English boot trade to establish a market there reminds me of the recent notable influence of American fashions on the British shoe business of which I learned last summer," said a traveler to a New York Sun man. "In this, as in many other matters, there has been in England lately an adoption of American models and American ideas that has brought about some radical changes—in fact, a complete reversal of type."

"English footwear has been for many generations most distinctively peculiar—characteristically English. The shoes of men and women alike have been of the strongest, heaviest pattern, and the standard of excellence was that the thicker the sole the better the boot. Half an inch was about the ordinary thickness for the sole of a man's shoe and few women wore walking shoes with soles less than a quarter of an inch thick."

"Rubbers were practically unknown and this was the principal reason for the thick soles. They were intended to keep out the wet. Many devices were used to attach the tongue to the uppers in such a way as to make the shoe waterproof even if submerged quite to the top. Then the soles and heels were studded thickly with steel nails, and in extra good shoes the welt extended half an inch or so all around the sole. As a consequence, the average winter shoe of the average Englishman or Englishwoman was very much like a heavy hunting-boot. This is largely the case to-day, but a marked change has set in. These shoes are certainly waterproof and proof against almost any kind of weather or wear, but their clumsiness and ugliness when worn in the office or house, as they of course have to be, is very apparent."

"Two winters ago, when Great Britain was visited by a real old-fashioned winter, with plenty of snow and sleet, some genius imported a lot of American 'arctic' overshoes and put them on sale in London and the chief provincial towns under the name of 'American snow boots.' Their success was marked. The English people, especially the women, were quick to see the advantage and comfort in being able to wear a light, summer-weight shoe for the house and office, with the protection outdoors of the snow boots, and the cumbersome heavy winter shoes fell into disfavor. Then the following summer a lot of American light rubber overshoes, for ordinary rainy-weather wear, were put on the market, and were an equal success. Previously one only saw rubbers, galoshes the English call them, once in a very great while, and one might walk about London for a month of rainy days and never see a single pair. The people depended on their heavy shoes for protection from wet feet."

"I could not find, however, that the American footholds—the half rubbers so popular with ladies here at home for damp days, and occasions when it is wet under foot without actual rain—were known at all. I have this last winter sent some over to English friends, who admired the footholds my wife wore while there last summer, and they are delighted with them."

"The introduction of the arctic and ordinary rubbers emancipated the English people from the clumsy, string, thick-soled shoes so long worn, and as a consequence there has been a notable tendency to reduce the thickness of the soles, to make the uppers of more pliable material, and generally to adopt the American model in shoes. There has also been some effort made in the last two or three years to introduce American shoes in the English market, and they are on the whole the best shoes stored in London for a head salesman in one such store told me that the American style of shoe was well liked, too, and that the model was being adopted to a large extent in their own factory."

"A good illustration was afforded to me while I was talking to this salesman. An Englishman came in looking for a pair of heavy shoes. He wanted a pair of the kind he had always worn, strong tops and enormous soles, with a half-inch welt. He expected to pay a good, round price for them—30 or 40 shillings—he said. But there wasn't a pair of shoes in the store that suited him, although he declared he had always bought his shoes there when he came to London every year or so. 'We are not making that kind of shoe now,' the salesman explained. 'We have little call for them. People want a light shoe nowadays, something like this,' and he showed an American shoe. The man ended by taking a light pair for trial."

"Of course the price of shoes will come down as they come to be made of about half the amount of material. A guinea or thirty shillings has been the usual price paid for good shoes of the heavy, thick-soled kind. This is equal to \$5 to \$7—a big price in England. My wife bought an excellent pair of American shoes, of New York make, at a swell Regent street store last autumn for \$4. The same shoe would doubtless cost more here in New York, but difference in rents and wages might account for that. I think there is a good market for American shoes in Great Britain, especially just now."

Polite Dismissals.

William Dean Howells' father, who emigrated to Ohio half a century and more ago, used this formula to get rid of an intrusive visitor who had worn out his welcome. He would be called out on some business, and would say to the guest: "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I wish you good-bye!" This was not bad, except in comparison with the superb stratagem ascribed to Gerrit Smith in such emergencies—as that he used to say in his family prayer, after breakfast: "May the Lord also bless Brother Jones, who leaves us on the ten o'clock train this morning."

In Austria.

At the death of a Prince of the Austrian royal family the horse follows the funeral procession, covered with a black cloth, and in the one foot the lameness is caused by a nail driven into the hoof.

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