

OUR STORY TELLER



CHEATER CHEATED

WHAT is now related took place in "ye good old times," when the farmer knew but little or nothing of banks of deposit and their advantages, but relied mostly upon the honesty of his city acquaintances or of the host of his urban inn.

Therefore, when one nice day the farmer of the lower village drove to the city with a well-filled bag to make some extensive purchases at the annual fair he was not a little vexed to discover that the inn, "The Sun," wherein he usually stopped, was filled from top to bottom with guests to the fair. He need only wait a few days, explained the host, and there would be plenty of rooms vacant, but till then Mr. Farmer would have to apply to some other tavern. Perhaps a few houses further on, just around the corner of the next street, in "The Green Tree," there might be room for him. That would be quite near, too, etc., etc.

Mr. Farmer hesitated for a moment. He was not acquainted with the proprietor of "The Green Tree," but the host of "The Sun" often kept heavy sums for him, and readily handed them over whenever demanded. It would be a good idea to deposit the 1,000 florins brought along for purchases with the landlord of "The Sun," mediated the suspicious peasant nature in him to confide his money to anybody lodging outside the abode wherein he himself was domiciled. Accordingly he promised the landlord of "The Sun" to inquire again within a few days and said good-by.

In "The Green Tree" there was indeed some rooms vacant, and when the farmer had consumed his knoedel and sauerkraut he inquired for the host and begged a few moments' private conversation with him. The landlord conducted the farmer, who appeared quite well-to-do, into his private room to listen to his guest's request.

"I brought 1,000 florins with me to make some purchases," began the farmer, "but I am afraid some one in the crowd may steal them from me. Will you please keep them safe for me? That's what I always did in 'The Sun.'"

"Very well," replied the host; "just hand them to me."

"But I don't want anybody to know," continued the farmer, "that I brought so much money with me."

"Why, certainly not," exclaimed the other laughingly. "There are nowadays so many rogues who think they must steal right away when they imagine there is anything of value. You just rest easy about it."

Mr. Farmer counted out his 1,000 florins on the table, the landlord looked them up, both men shook hands and the entire transaction was completed.

Feeling relieved, the farmer mingled light-hearted with the crowding populace. After a searching examination he found next day several articles which he concluded to purchase, and returned to his stopping place to fetch some of his deposit.

But just delect his amusement and consternation when the landlord of "The Green Tree" declared in a brusque manner that there must be some mistake; he hadn't received one farthing, much less 1,000 florins.

In vain the stupefied peasant reminded him of the day, hour and other details of the transaction. The landlord, forsooth, turned tables, played the role of the injured martyr, and at last shouted at the top of his voice that the farmer should produce his receipts or bring forth his witnesses. Anybody and everybody could come and demand 1,000 florins from him. Very probably the farmer had given his money to somebody else for safe keeping. But he, the proprietor of "The Green Tree," was an honest man, and so forth.

And the wily tavern keeper talked that much and he swore so high and solemnly that he knew positively nothing at all of the money that the bewildered rustic at last totally stupefied, tottered out of the inn.

Just by lucky chance he encountered an old acquaintance on the street, and to him he related his misfortune.

"There is but one remedy, if there is any," declared his friend; "that is, go to Mr. Foxy and ask his advice. If he don't know what to do, then you'll never see your 1,000 florins again."

Mr. Foxy was a veteran lawyer, who was near and far highly esteemed on account of his shrewdness, and at the same time generally liked for his joviality and good will.

collect another 1,000 florins and deliver them into the hands of the scoundrel who stole his first; only with one difference, that this time he would bring his friend along with him to witness the transfer. But, firmly confiding in the lawyer's wisdom, who "ought to know what he wanted," he promised strict obedience.

"After the keeper of 'The Green Tree' has accepted and received the money," finished the lawyer, dismissing his client, "you return instantly to this office, Good-by."

Shaking his hand, the farmer hastened to collect the 1,000 florins required. As soon as they were in his possession he looked up his friend and both visited "The Green Tree." Mine host was not a little taken back when he listened to the humble apology of the farmer, but he promptly declined the acceptance of any money. Still the farmer excused himself in such meek and dejected manner, pleaded and begged so persistently, that at last the inn keeper yielded and promised to keep the money in safety. As soon as the deposit was made the peasant returned to Mr. Foxy's office to get further orders.

"Did he take the money?" was the first inquiry the lawyer made.

"Of course he took it," replied the farmer. "If only had it back again."

"Don't trouble yourself. You'll get it back, and what is still better, you'll get it right away. Now you return to 'The Green Tree' and demand your 1,000 florins, but don't tell a word about it to anybody, not even to your friend. As soon as you have the money bring it and yourself back to this office, and don't lose a moment."

Mr. Farmer did as requested, went to the innkeeper, claimed his 1,000 florins, which he received this time without any parley or delay, and betook himself immediately to Mr. Foxy, eager to discover the finishing stroke of the attorney's strategy.

"Does anybody know that you got this money?" asked the lawyer.

"No, nobody; not even my friend."

"And the innkeeper was alone when he handed you the money?"

"Yes, entirely alone."

"Well, you have now your first 1,000 florins," exclaimed Mr. Foxy, laughing. "Now you'll take your friend with you to 'The Green Tree' and claim the second."

A new and brilliant light appeared to the smiling farmer. He fetched his friend, and with him called on the proprietor of "The Green Tree." When he demanded the 1,000 florins which he had deposited in presence of his friend the crafty innkeeper made a wry face and muttered several uncomplimentary remarks into his beard. But perceiving himself outwitted he did not hesitate very long, unlocked the drawer and counted out the cash.

Mr. Foxy pocketed a generous fee and enlarged his reputation. The landlord of "The Green Tree," who was ridiculed by everybody, disappeared a few months afterward and was never heard of again.

But the farmer ever since that memorable transaction demands a certified receipt when he deposits any money—Ulton Globe.

Widow's Row in Quaker City. The half square on Berks street between Twentieth and Woodstock streets, Philadelphia, is known to all who are acquainted with the neighborhood as the "Widow's Row." This is due to the fact that no less than seventeen bereaved wives reside within its confines. All of these are said to be handsome and thrifty; five of them are engaged in business for themselves and eleven have very comfortable incomes. Two years ago there were twenty-three widows in the "row," but four have made new ventures on the matrimonial sea since that time, and two have joined their husbands in another land. It would be a breach of confidence to mention the number who will be remarried before the close of the year, but it is safe to say that the "Widow's Row" will lose its prestige as the abode of lonely females unless several engagements are broken off.

Dr. Talmage's Lecture in England. A gentleman who listened to Dr. Talmage several times when he made his remarkable and remunerative tour in England, states that the lectures were delivered verbatim, the emphasis was always upon the same word and the gesture in the same place, and after hearing the lecture two or three times over the semicontinental wink could be foretold with the precision with which one would preannounce the motions of an automaton.

The Intelligent British Voter. A correspondent of the British Weekly had some odd experiences in a county council election some time ago in a rural district of England. "The names of the candidates were Mr. Hook and Colonel Holland. 'Ah, well,' said a man to me, after I had been expatiating on the merits of one of them, 'I don't know nothing about 'Ook, and I don't know nothing about 'Olland, but my wife's a Dutchwoman, and so I mean to vote for 'Olland.'"

A man parts with his ambitions as easily and naturally as he parts with his hair.

A NEW STYLE OF MARCHING.

Capt. Raoul's System for Attaining High Speed with Little Exertion. Capt. Raoul of the French artillery, says the Petit Parisien, began five years ago a special study of the military march. He concerned himself especially with the question whether the method of marching adopted generally by the armies of the civilized world answers the needs of war well. He wished to devise a system that should permit certain young troops to acquire a resistance to fatigue and a speed unknown in the European armies. Very robust young soldiers are occasionally found to acquire by training great speed, but they are exceptions to the rule, and in reaching the object aimed at they are often greatly fatigued. After much study, Capt. Raoul thinks he has found a solution of the question in the method instinctively used by peasants in their rapid walking.

"I am able," says Capt. Raoul, "to take the first corner between the ages of 20 and 30 years, and teach him to run so long as his legs will appear him, without his feeling the least inconvenience in the matter of respiration."

It is found that men without the least training are able to make by his system more than six miles at the first trial. By the ordinary system of running such a man could not, without pain, cover a tenth of that distance.

Capt. Raoul's method is to maintain the body straight, to hold the head high and well free of the shoulders, to expand the chest without special effort, and to hold the elbows a little behind the haunches. The runner begins gently, with steps of about 13 1/2 inches, lifting the feet only just high enough to clear the irregularities of the track, the hams strongly bent, the upper part of the body inclined forward as much as possible, so that the man must run in order to maintain his equilibrium. In fact, the man is kept chasing his own center of gravity, which tends to fall in advance of him.

In the training exercises the soldier begins by running the first kilometre (about 1,054 yards) in 10 minutes, the second in 9 minutes 30 seconds, and so on with increasing speed. After several weeks the soldier makes from the third kilometre a speed of 6 minutes, or even 5 minutes 45 seconds. After the experiment had been tried upon several regiments some years ago, a soldier made rather more than twelve and three-tenths miles in a trifle less than two hours. As the muscles employed in this feat were not those especially in demand in the ordinary method of marching, the soldier was able at once to take up the march in the usual step with as good spirit as when he left the barracks.

Capt. Raoul recommends that after a little training the soldier run the first kilometre in 7 minutes 15 seconds, the second in 6 minutes 5 seconds, the third in 5 minutes 45 seconds, and from the sixth on each kilometre in 5 minutes 30 seconds. He recommends that this last speed be not exceeded.

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2.—MUNICIPAL. Clean streets and alleys—prompt removal of garbage—improved urban traffic—less smoke—more water—honorable police—cheaper and better accommodations for the people of Chicago in all directions—elevation of railroad tracks, etc.

3.—INDUSTRIAL. Establishment of Boards of Conciliation, Public Loan Bureau, Employment Agencies, etc.

4.—PHILANTHROPI. Development of the Central Relief Association to a thorough systematization of the organized charities of Chicago.

5.—MORAL. The suppression of gambling, obscene literature, etc.

6.—EDUCATIONAL. Ample school facilities—improved methods in teaching, and the development of a greater interest in the schools by the parents.

Beasties of the Underground World. It has often happened that in the course of excavations in search of minerals, the workmen have come upon some singular hollows or openings in the earth, caused by convulsions of the earth or earthquakes, or caverns through which torrents have flowed in former ages and have left them for nature to ornament in the most beautiful and fantastic manner.

You will understand how the natural caverns are formed that you may have seen on the sea coast; the moving waters, carrying with them gravel and sand, enter the cracks and crevices in the rocks, and increase their size by wearing away portions of the rock until caverns are formed. Some of them are of immense size, and the extent of many is unknown.

Many caverns are lined with beautiful crystals, called calcareous spar, or substances containing much lime, and generally colored by the impurities of the water that has dropped on them. Sometimes these crystals are of pure white, and have, when the cave is lighted up, a richness and transparency that can scarcely be imagined. Others have the appearance of stone, moss and shells, in every variety of color.

Caverns of enormous extent occur in Iceland; that of Gurtshellir being forty feet in height, fifty in breadth, and nearly a mile in length. It is situated in the lava that has flowed from a volcano. Beautiful black stalactites hang from the spacious vaults, and the sides are covered with glazed stripes, a thick covering of ice, clear as crystal, coating the floor. One spot in particular is mentioned by a traveler, as surpassing anything that can be described when seen by torchlight. The roof and sides of the cave were decorated with the most superb icicles, crystallized in every possible form, many of which rivaled in delicacy the clearest froth or foam, while from the icy floor arose pillars of the same substance, in all the curious and fantastic shapes that can be imagined. A more brilliant scene, perhaps, never presented itself to the human eye.

South African Gold. The South African fields have gone ahead of this country in gold production. The yield in Africa this year will reach \$50,000,000 and much higher in 1900. One peculiarity about the African gold is that it is taken from sedimentary rocks, and the processes have been so much improved that only 10 per cent of the metal is lost. In the African mines 42,000 natives and 8,000 European workmen are employed. But 50 per cent of the gold was saved by the processes used nine years ago. This is an instance of what science and ingenuity are doing to increase the gold supply.

A Taste for Flogging. A Cincinnati, known as John Bye-Bye, was found in the woods near Covington, Ky., undergoing a severe thrashing on his naked back at the hands of some boys armed with thorny switches. He exonerated the boys of all blame, saying that he had hired them to flog him. God had told him, he said, that as often as he could stand it he must submit to fifty-lash floggings to expiate the sins that his father had committed in flogging his slaves. Some years ago he was sent to the workhouse for having himself strapped to a floor and flogged.

How a nice old-fashioned woman does love to see children eat!

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"Our side is going to spring some unlooked-for disclosures on you," said a lawyer to one of the opposing attorneys. "We've been expecting some unlooked-for disclosures," was the reply, "so you'll not take us unawares."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.
Miss De Fashion—Mother, what shall we send to Miss De Style for her wedding present? Mrs. De Fashion—Will the list be published in the paper? "No; she says that's vulgar." "Send her a plated saltpoon."—New York Weekly.
"You are working too hard," said a policeman to a man who was drilling a hole in a safe at 2 o'clock in the morning. "What's that?" asked the burglar, in a discontented tone. "I say you need arrest."—Boston Globe.

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