

TURN OF THE WHEEL.

BY BARRY PAIN.

The cabman who told me the story prefers to remain anonymous, and is the only necessity to mention the name of the out-of-work valet. Both have seen better days, and their identification would be embarrassing to their highly-respectable families.

It was on a Sunday afternoon in Regent park that the cabman encountered the valet. They had not met for a long time, and exchanged greetings of a sardonic kind; the descent of the social scale is likely to make men somewhat ironical at their own expense. And then the cabman, noting the excessively out-of-work appearance of his friend, said:

"Come on a pretty thin streak, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've been out some time now. I've still got a pound or two left, but I'm making it last out." (He had precisely two shillings and fourpence left, as a matter of fact; but then the cabman is a married man and ought not to lend money, as the valet was aware.) "And I've got a decent suit of clothes still, though, of course, I don't wear them to knock about in; they're for when I'm getting a place or am trying to keep it."

"What threw you out this last time?"

"Oh, the usual," said the valet, laconically, and without shame.

"Well, I've chucked it myself. Otherwise we might—well, what do you think? One wouldn't hurt us."

"Not for me," said the valet. "I swore off when I got the sack. In fact, that's my only chance to get another place and a living—unless, of course, I write to dear papa again, and I'd sooner cut my throat."

For the cabman was, as has been said, a married man, and therefore it was expedient that he should avoid the thing that had made him a cabman. But it is to be feared that the valet's vows of total abstinence were imaginary.

"Then we'll have some tea somewhere. I know a place near here where they can do you a chop, and it's not too filthy."

"It's awfully good of you. But—"

"I've been in luck lately—backed a winner at a very good price. My 'missus' has a brother in the stable. You come along."

The valet came along, and ate that which was set before him. Then he sat, with his head in his hands, smoking a short clay pipe, with a grim and deadly look on his face. Then he began soliloquizing, bitterly, incoherently, and remorselessly.

"Can't stand dining in halls. Too beastly uncivilized. . . . Charming girl that, danced with her at the Masonic. She was at the A. B. C. with us, too. . . . Gad, they're gaining. Half a length. Rowed—well rowed!"

He shouted the last words, half rising from his place, and brought his hand down hard on the table with a clatter of the coarse crockery. "Rather less of that, please," said a sharp voice from behind the counter. The out-of-work valet subsided, replacing his pipe in his mouth, and resuming his attitude of despondency.

"Hold your row, you fool," said the cabman, savagely. "What do you want to do that for? If we're to get on to the old days . . . no, look here, have you got any chance of a place at all? That's what we want to talk about."

"It was thinking about that which reminded me. I refused a good berth yesterday."

"What on earth for?" said the cabman. "Placed as you are, you know," he added, delicately.

"Couldn't help it. It was a chap who'd made money. That's the kind I look for nowadays. I've got characters of a sort—that I know my work thoroughly, and don't steal the spoons, and so on. But my trump card is that I was for a year with Selsborough. The new arrival likes to say: 'Yes, very decent fellow—I got him from Lord Selsborough.' And, mind you, Selsborough has let me down very easily as to—why I couldn't stop. This chap I'm speaking of was called Smith. It's not a name that suggests anything, but it struck me that I knew the face. I told him the best story I could, and he said he'd give me a fair trial if I would sign off drink altogether. Just at that moment I recognized him and placed him. 'I'm afraid I can't take your situation,' I said. He glared at me. 'Why not?' he asked. It happened that we were both standing up at the time. I sat down with my back to him and spoke to him over my shoulder. 'Smith,' I said, 'I wish you'd run over to the kitchens and ask them why the devil they can't send me what I order.' Yes! Fact! It was Smith, my old gyp. You remember him? Of course you do. And then he remembered me. He sort of sank into the earth and called me 'sir.' Then he told me how he'd made his little pile—ten years' close savings and some phenomenal luck in speculation on the top of it. And that's not a bad chap, either. We talked over the old times for awhile. He never asked me what had brought me down in the world—he ought to know that, though. Presently he said that he'd had many and many a sovereign from me, and if a loan of ten or twenty would be any convenience—well, I cut that short and came away. Still, he's not a bad chap, and I was civil enough to him. But a coincidence of that kind brings things back. Suppose, now—"

"Oh, it's too late to talk about that!" the cabman interrupted. "What's the next step to be?"

"Don't know," said the valet, drearily. "I wish now I'd kept my mouth shut and taken the place. I wish I'd borrowed the beggar's money; likewise, now I come to think of it, I wish I was dead."

"Well," said the cabman, "you know where to come if you run short before you get work. It wouldn't be much, but—"

The valet stopped him, thanked him, and appeared to recover his good spirits. "That's all right," he said; "I won't forget you."

Shortly afterwards they parted. The valet spent two shillings that night on a combination of four ale and gin. But this detail—together with one or two others that I have mentioned—the cabman only learnt afterwards at the inquest.—Black and White.

No Reduction.

Two well-known literary men, one of whom is growing bald, passed a barber's shop, in the window of which was a sign: "First-Class Hair Cut, 15 Cents."

"That would be a cheap place for me," said the bald-headed man. "I've so little hair left, they couldn't conscientiously charge me more than ten cents."

"You don't understand the sign," said his companion, gravely. "If you had only three spears left, yours would always be considered first-class hair, and you will observe it is that kind for which they demand the 15 cents."—Youth's Companion.

The Unobserved Widower.

Father—Miranda, isn't it about time for you to think of getting married?

Miranda—Mirrey, pa, I have been thinking about it ever since I was 13 years old.—Somerville Journal.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

Small Items of Information That May Be of Use to the Busy Housekeeper.

A nutmeg sweet sauce for berry or plum pudding is made of two cupfuls of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of water and a tablespoonful of vinegar. This is allowed to boil up just once, and then set away on ice. It may be flavored to taste with vanilla or nutmeg, says the Washington Star.

Raisins for cake or puddings are improved if boiled about an hour, then cooled before using. They can be stored after boiling. They can be cooled quickly, if desired, by putting them in a sieve and turning cold water over them. Dry with a soft napkin.

Lemon sherbet is delicious when flavored with the sirup of preserved ginger. A few bits of the ginger root may be added.

The old-fashioned knit table mats are again in great demand, and often seen on well-appointed tables.

Nearly everyone is partial to a bit of bacon occasionally for breakfast, and food specialists aver that prime bacon will do the work usually left for cod liver oil. While there are various ways of cooking bacon—an English method that always gave complete satisfaction was as follows:

The rashers were cut of uniform thickness and laid in a baking tin, overlapping each other so that each strip of lean rested on the fat of the slice underneath. The tin was then placed in the oven and left until the meat was cooked. The bacon cooked in this way never varied in appearance, the lean being tender and the fat cooked through, but not "chippy."

A half pound of cheese is more nourishing as regards to composition than the same amount of beef; but it must be borne in mind that the beef is much more readily digested. This is a point that should be taken into consideration in comparing the value of one food with another.

The nicest way to serve butterfish is as you will find them at the French restaurants. They are fried a delicate crispy brown, then served with a spoonful of sauce tartar and a small round boiled potato. Tartar sauce, as you know, is simply mayonnaise, with chopped pickle and olive added, and a little finely chopped parsley to color.

WASH THEIR NECKS.

That Is What the Nova Scotians Do When They Take a Spirituous Drink.

Slang that is perfectly familiar to the feature of one locality is often interpreted in even a nearby region in a totally different way from that which is intended. This was well illustrated one day lately, when a man from Boston and a man from Nova Scotia met in a hotel and were introduced by a mutual friend. After a little talk the friend left them, and, having had no time to discover kindred interests, the conversation sagged painfully, says the Chicago Tribune. At length, breaking a long pause, the Nova Scotian said:

"Wouldn't it do you good to wash your neck?"

"What's the matter with my neck?" exclaimed the Bostonian, flushing a fiery red, "and what's the matter with you that you ask such a question? I'd have you know, sir, I consider it an impertinence—an impertinence, sir!"

"Gee!" exclaimed the surprised Nova Scotian. "I did not mean to offend you. I had no idea you were one of these teetotal temperance cranks!"

"I'm no temperance crank, either," retorted the Bostonian, now doubly offended and surprised also.

"Ain't you?" queried the Blue Nose. "Then why did you get so mad when I asked you to take a drink?"

"Asked me to take a drink?" almost shrieked the man from the Hub. "You—asked me? When?"

"Surely I did," said the Nova Scotian. "Asked you to wash your neck, you know. On the inside, you understand. With good liquor, don't you see? Not on the outside, of course. My remark was not intended to hint that an application of water to your skin was needed. An invitation to wash the neck is only our Nova Scotian way of asking a man to irrigate the dust of travel out of his throat. Will you join me, now?"

"Don't care if I do," said the mollified Bostonian.

Children's Appetites.

Test a child's health by its appetite and you will not be far wrong. A perfectly healthy child takes its meals regularly and eats eagerly and gets through a proper amount of nourishment. Loss of appetite is found in children when in ill health. It is a certain and sure sign that something is wrong. Let the child get plenty of air and exercise and give a mild aperient, and if this does not put the matter right send for the doctor.—Washington Star.

What a Pinnist Calls Good Playing. The chief beauty of performing on the piano consists of unconstrained and yet correct playing. Everything should be executed with strict adherence to the text, but without apparent effort and constraint. In practicing one should proceed conscientiously, and constantly correct one's self. But when playing, everything should become natural and show spontaneity and conviction.—Josef Dorfmann, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Holy Smoke.

"Mr. Gallent, you are something of a student of human nature," began Miss Bewchus, coyly.

"Ah, but now," he interrupted, flashing his bold black eyes upon her, "I am a divinity student."—Philadelphia Press.



It Got There Just the Same.

Mabel—Such a joke on Mr. Gayboy. We were out on the balcony between the dances and he got the sleeve of his dress coat all over red paint from one of the posts that were just painted.

Maud—And did you go near the post?

Mabel—No. Why?

Maud—Because you have red paint all over the back of your waist.—Harlem Life.

Friendly Criticism.

Inkerton—Are you doing anything in a literary way?

Pennibs—Yes; I'm at work on a novel.

"What do you intend to call it?"

"I had thought of calling it 'What I Told My Wife.'"

"Why not call it 'What I Didn't Tell My Wife.' Truth, you know, is stronger than fiction."—Chicago Daily News.

No Heirlooms.

Mrs. Oldfam—That set of china belonged to me great-great-grandmother.

Caller—Did it, really? Why, I have not a single piece that belonged to my great-great-grandmother.

Mrs. Oldfam (distantly)—Indeed!

Caller—No. We always kept servants, you know.—N. Y. Weekly.

Why He Quit.

"I thought you were given a job in the public service because of the work you did for the party."

"I was, but I quit."

"Why? Why, hang it all, they're getting so blamed particular now that they want a fellow to work for his salary."—Chicago Post.

The Indolent Man.

They say that time is money. So to luxury I turn And count my riches here below. For I have time to burn.—Washington Star.

QUITE PROVOKING.

Mr. Owings—Isn't it provoking that the wind carried my hat right in the garden of my tailor to whom I still owe 100 marks?—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Ones Who Never Smile. Some people are so anxious to be happy when they go Where golden harps are waiting to be played. That they haven't time for pleasure or for smiling here below. And they'll wake up disappointed, I'm afraid.—Chicago Record-Herald.

What He Meant.

"While I was out to the stockyards," said Hiram on his return to the city, "I met a bunko buster."

"You mean a broncho buster, don't you?" inquired his wife.

"No, I don't," retorted Hiram. "A broncho buster breaks horses, an' a bunko buster breaks men. I'm busted."—Chicago Post.

A Regular Continuous Performance. Mrs. Peterby—I should not think you would like to live in such a big flat building, where there are so many families.

Mrs. Pincherflat (enthusiastically)—Oh, it is just splendid! You can watch families moving in and out almost any day.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Why He Was Punished.

"I saw you punishing your boy to-day. What was it all about?"

"I caught him in a lie."

"Oh! well, you can't expect a boy to tell the truth all the time."

"Certainly not, but when he doesn't tell the truth I want him to be bright enough not to be caught at it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

During the Negotiations.

Customer—But when a picture has been criticised severely a man hesitates to buy it.

Artist—But there's no more conclusive answer to the critics than to pay a good price for the picture!—Puck.

As a Rule.

"Why do they call them stepmothers?"

"Well, I suppose, it's because they are so inclined to make their first husband's children step around."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mischivous Tommy.

Little Tommy—Sister Lillian likes to have you come here, Mr. Snooks.

Snooks—Aw, indeed. How do you know that?

Little Tommy—Well, people always like what makes them glad, don't they?

Snooks—Generally. But how do you know I make her glad?

Little Tommy—I heard her telling one of the other girls that she just had to laugh every time she looked at you.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Large Collection. The youthful politician is a man of promise great. His promises are numerous now; And still accumulate.—Washington Star.

AN OBEDIENT SON.

"Don't waste your time in lopping the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree."

The youth, being a dutiful and obedient son, obeyed his father implicitly, and then went off fishing.

Thus virtue was its own reward—until he saw his father again.—Chicago Tribune.

Peasants. Some ever search the sky for clouds, Even though the day be fair; And seeking thus for signs of storms, Lose all the blue that's there!—Wellspring.

On the Road to Death. Gotham—He has two doctors. Church—Why! Is he as sick as that?

"No; he's not very sick, and he doesn't want to be."

"Well, why does he need two physicians?"

"One is an allopath and the other is a homeopath; you see, one counteracts the work of the other."—Yonkers Statesman.

Betrayed Themselves. "They had been married a year before anybody knew it, and even then their secret was discovered only by accident."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; one evening at a card party they thoughtlessly played partners, and the way they quarreled let the whole thing out!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Common Mistake. He thought he had a thought. A splendid thought, that might Give happiness to men; But when he got his pen He found that it was naught. But just an itch to write.—Chicago Record-Herald.

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.

Jack Ford—Bessie told me that she would never marry a man who drank or smoked.

Ed Stillman—And couldn't you shake her resolution?

Jack Ford—No, but I shook her.—Harlem Life.

Archie. Archie's an excellent little boy. When he's studying with his tutor. But when he's out with the other kids. He's a fiend with a rubber shooter.—Chicago Tribune.

Significant. Vermilye—There must be big money in repairing automobiles! Brinkerhoff—Think so? Vermilye—Well, my plunder has gone into it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not an Anticipator. She—So your brother is to be married? I suppose he is full of joyful anticipations?

He—Oh, not at all—he has been married before, you know.—Judge.

MY GRANDPA'S STORY

We were all gathered around the big open fireplace in grandpa's kitchen. Dick and Sally and I, and three or four of the neighbors' children. It was "Hallowe'en night," and we had exhausted our store of games and tricks, and had settled down to telling ghost stories.

We had rummaged our brains for all the impossible things we had ever heard or dreamed of, and had worked ourselves into such a state of agitation that our voices which began to sound strange and hollow in the big, empty kitchen, had sunk into horrified whispers.

But Dick must needs break the charm just here by declaring us to be a lot of geese to get frightened at such nonsense.

"Dick was in the high school, and we were all inclined to look upon him with admiration, but Charlie Gray took offense at this sweeping statement, and accused Dick of being the biggest coward in the company."

"It would take something more than a ghost to frighten me, let me tell you," Dick said, with a superior air.

"Oh, you can talk," retorted Charlie, "but I guess you wouldn't like to go home through the graveyard at night, any more'n the rest of us."

"Judge! I'd as lief go through the graveyard as the barnyard. What is there to be afraid of in either?"

"Oh, you would, would you?" said Charlie. "Prove it, then. We'll go home by the road, and wait for you in front of the church. Come on, boys. He'll be ashamed to back out now."

"It's a piece of nonsense," said Dick, "but I don't propose to back out. Let me know first what you expect me to meet there, so I shan't disappoint you. Is it grandpa's ghost, or—"

But here he stopped. Each of us had heard, at the same instant, a slow step in the doorway, and no one started more suddenly than Dick, as we turned to see who was coming.

What a relief to our overwrought nerves to see the jolly face of dear old grandpa, as he stood in the doorway, his sides shaking with laughter.

"Grandpa's ghost, is it?" he chuckled, as with eager hands we seized him by his dressing-gown and pulled him into a chair.

"A story, grandpa—a story!" we clamored. "To pay us for that scare," while each of us, in the same breath, demanded what it should be about.

"Oh, please tell us a ghost story," pleaded Sally, climbing into his lap, and speaking above the rest. "A real truly one, grandpa—something that happened to you when you were a boy."

"Why, Sally!" interposed Dick. "Just as if grandpa knew anything about ghosts! Tell us a story, grandpa."

"Well, you never found your old grandfather at a loss for an experience yet, did you?" he answered, smoothing Sally's curls; "and I guess he won't fail on a ghost story."

"This little group of scared-faced storytellers puts me in mind of a similar company, that might have been gathered around this same old fireplace, some 60 years ago."

"I was a smart lad at that time—smarter in my own eyes than I've ever been since—somewhat after the stamp of young Dick here; and stuff and nonsense!—they couldn't scare me with any of their Hallowe'en yarns."

"I was going to be a soldier, and it would take a pretty heavily-armed ghost to get a tremble out of me."

"Well, we all fell to arguing about it, and none of the boys would give in that I was any spunkier than the rest; and before I knew it, they were all dressing me up in grandpa's long cloak, that reached clear to the ground, with a pillowcase on my head and a lot more outlandish fixings, a-starting me off for the cemetery."

"They'd laid a bet that I didn't dare to go there, and I was just fool enough to take it up. There was a hollow down at the further end, where a big monument stood, all shut in by the trees. It was a lonesome spot, but there I was to go; and just to prove that I had been there, I was to take a jackknife with me and thrust it into the ground behind the big poplar. Ah, I tell you, children, if I didn't wish myself at home before I got halfway across that churchyard!"

"I began to whistle; but the sound broke so strangely into the stillness that I had to look behind me to see whether the voice was really my own or belonged to somebody else."

"I recollect there was a sickly moon overhead, looking just about as pale as I felt. An owl hooted in the woods beyond, and gave me such a start that I well-nigh pitched headlong over the old cloak. But I could see the big poplar looming up just ahead, and I determined to reach that end and get my knife into the ground, and then take the shortest cut for home that I ever made."

"Well, I got to the hollow, with the big monument staring me in the face, and reaching out at arm's length, I thrust that knife into the ground and then started to return."

"But, mercy on me! not a step could I move. I struggled with all my might to get away, but it was just as if something was holding me to the earth by main force, and down I dropped to the ground, in a dead faint."

"Oh, grandpa, didn't they come and find you?" broke in Sally.

"Yes; they came after me, bringing some of the old folks with them, as they were too much frightened then to come alone. But they had a worse scare yet when they came upon me lying there, and found they could not lift me from the ground. Now what do you suppose the trouble was?"

"Oh, was it a ghost, grandpa?"

"I'll tell you just what it was. I had thrust that big jackknife through the edge of that long cloak into the ground. And that's the nearest your old grandfather ever came to seeing a ghost."

"Oh!" and Sally drew a deep sigh of relief. "Aren't you glad we didn't send Dick to the cemetery?"

"I don't see how you remember all such things, grandpa," said Dick, changing the subject. "I shan't have any wars to go to and I don't believe I shall have any experiences to amuse my grandchildren with when I get to be old."

"Oh, never mind, Dick; never mind," and grandpa's eyes twinkled as he took up his candle again. "Things will come to you strangely when you get to be old—things you never thought of before."—Golden Days.

Great Discovery. A very poor sailor, a lady, thinks she has discovered a remedy for seasickness: "As the vessel dips down she draws in her breath; as it rises she expels it."

What could be simpler? And how inexpensive! At the most it is only a waste of breath, which is better expended this way than in groans and expetives and futile sighs for land. Its portability, too, appeals to any traveler by sea—the disease and the cure are seldom carried in one bottle.—London Truth.

No Denials. He—Come, now, Carrie, did I ever deny you anything? She—Not even the horrid stories they tell about you. That's the worst of it. You couldn't.—Boston Transcript.

HUMOROUS.

A brave and gallant soldier is one who selects a conspicuous place in which to get killed.—Chicago Daily News.

Nell—"She carries her passion for remnants to an absurd extreme." Belle—"Yes, she has even married a widower."—Philadelphia Record.

"What did Tom say when he proposed? Did he tell you that he had never loved before?" "Not exactly. He said he had never loved me before."—Indianapolis News.

Fred—"I did my best to be agreeable to her, but she gave me to understand that she could exist without my company." Harry—"A notable case of freeze speech, eh?"—Boston Transcript.

"I have a great scheme for getting even with those Bulgarian brigands." "What is it?" "Pay 'em that ransom in green goods and then have 'em arrested for having the stuff in their possession."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reginald—"So you summered at a Rhode Island boarding-house. Was it a swell place, deah boy?" Clarence—"I should say so. Why nearly every Sunday we had chickens that had been run over by Willie K.'s automobile."—Philadelphia Record.

Hard to Identify.—"That is Jimmy's hair," said the football player, laying out his trophies after the game, "and this is Billy's nose, and this is Tom's ear, and the eyebrows belong to young Risher, but I can't identify this finger to save me."—Baltimore American.

A Suggestion.—"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower bed." "Think so?" replied the agent; "but—er—mightn't you use folding flower beds?"—Philadelphia Press.

DEWEY'S REBUKE.

Presented a New York Nabob with a Splinter from the Pensacola as a Souvenir.

Though Admiral Dewey is a model of patience and considerate politeness, he can be peremptory and cuttingly ironical when occasion calls. His friends recall an interesting incident illustrative of these traits. It took place in 1875 when he was commander of the Pensacola of the European squadron, says the Philadelphia Post. His vessel visited a Mediterranean port which has seen few American war ships since the war with Tripoli. As the Pensacola needed sprucing up, Commodore Dewey gave orders that no visitors be allowed on board until noon of the next day.

It happened that a New York nabob was in the harbor with his yacht. In his launch he made for the Pensacola without delay, but was refused permission to board by the deck officer.

"No visitors will be received until noon to-morrow," the millionaire was informed.

"But you must let me on now," the nabob urged. "I am Mr. So-and-So, you know," mentioning his charmed name. "I pay more taxes in America than any other two men, and, in fact, I own half the United States