

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

SUGAR AS OLD AS THE WORLD.

The Article Was Known to the Chinese Hundreds of Years Before Christ.

Sugar was known to the Chinese and used by them as early as 1200 B. C. This statement rests on tradition partly, but it is a historical fact that during the Tsin dynasty, about 200 years B. C., the article was well known and was manufactured in relatively considerable quantities in China. Students of ancient Hindoo history and industries claim the discovery for the East Indians, but it is much more probable that in this, as in many other inventions ascribed to the Hindoos and the Japanese, the knowledge came to them from China originally, and was subsequently returned to China, where, in the meantime, the art had been lost or forgotten.

The claim of the honor for the Hindoos rests on the fact that the expedition under Nearchus, sent out by Alexander the Great about 325 B. C. to explore the Indus and the adjacent regions, on its return to Greece reported that they had found people who, from a cane and without the interventions of bees, made a honey (sirup or molasses?). This is the earliest historical mention of sugar among the "people of the west." It appears to have been utterly unknown to the Egyptians, Babylonians, Chaldeans, Jews and the Greeks prior to the event mentioned above. Galen, the physician and pharmacologist, who flourished and wrote 140-190 B. C., prescribed sugar as a remedy in certain cases.

In England sugar seems to have remained almost unknown, except to the learned, until after the discovery of America. It was so costly a luxury that in 1455 it is of record that a lady, the wife of a very rich gentleman, besought her husband, as the richest gift that he could bring her, on his home-coming from the metropolis, to fetch her a pound of sugar. Even at the beginning of the eighteenth century Great Britain consumed but about 12,000,000 pounds of sugar. To-day England alone uses more than a hundred times that amount.

The method of purifying or refining sugar was introduced into England in 1659, though the art had been known in Constantinople for several hundred years, it having been discovered, or invented, by the Arabs, who kept it a close secret, which was finally learned by those ubiquitous wanderers and traders, the Venetians, who, it is said, learned it of the Sicilian Saracens in exchange for goods, the market value of which exceeded 100,000 crowns—which, considering the value of money at the period, would be equivalent to \$3,000,000 now.—N. Y. Journal.

GENUINE GRATITUDE.

A Sample of the Real Article That Will Be Hard to Find a Mate For.

Once while a Man was eating his Breakfast on a summer morning he saw an Unfortunate Fly stuck fast in the Butter.

His first idea was to let it Die by the Point of His Knife, but being in the main a Kind-Hearted Man better thoughts came to him, and he decided to Save its Life.

So this Kind, Good Man tenderly removed the Fly, gently scraped the butter off its Little Legs, carefully wiped its Wings with his table napkin, and, softly stroking its little Back, set it at Liberty.

That night the Fly woke Him. There was a burglar!

He was just putting the last of the Family Silver into his Basket, preparatory to carrying it away; but when he saw the Owner he dropped his Plunder and fled through the Open Window. The Fly, which had followed the Man downstairs, buzzed triumphantly over the Basket and then settled confidently upon his Hand.

And, looking at it closely, the Man, by a certain Shiny Look that lingered yet about its Body, saw that it was the same Fly that he had rescued from the Butter.

He had Spared its Life, and in gratitude it had Saved his Silver.

Thus we see that Kind Actions rarely go Unrewarded.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Kaiser Toted Fair.

When the German Emperor was at school at Cassel, he and his brother, Prince Henry, lodged in an old castle near, but in the school the two boys were treated exactly like any other youngsters. On one occasion, it is related, a master knowing that Prince William was backward in Greek, and wishing to curry favor with him, told him secretly what the subject of the next day's examination would be. Early next morning the prince went into the classroom and wrote the information on the blackboard in huge letters, not wishing to have any unfair advantage over his schoolfellows.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Short Prayer for Soldiers.

While traveling by stage coach in the Transvaal last summer I heard a discussion upon a recently deceased South African bishop. "He meant well, no doubt," remarked an officer of the Bechuanaland mounted police who happened to be a fellow traveler, "but, unfortunately, he generally contrived to do what should have been the right thing at the wrong time. The best he did was the prayer he taught our men to say when we were out in the last campaign. It was: 'O Lord, when I forget Thee, remember me.'—Notes and Queries.

SONG OF THE TEN-INCH SHELL.

From the noiseless gloom of the inner tomb They raise the drowsy one; From the biting red of my flame tormented My glowing frame they pour; With rhythmic beat of dancing feet The great trip-hammers swing; They forge me well, the shapely shell, Bed of the battle-sing.

Now still I stand; on either hand My right companions be; Gray, grim and lean as the shadow seen Of the shark in the dusky sea; Till the bugle shrill my time fulfill, And away at last I ride To the light of the sun, where my bride-groom gun.

Shall I clap me a moment's stride. A touch, a spark, and hark! oh, hark!—Impregnated with fire, Hot with the heat of hate, and fleet With the fury of desire— I fly! I fly! my goal is nigh; I light the writing shell— And the air around shrieks to the sound And the agony of hell!

The iron beams give, the steel plates rive To my tyrannous claim of way; The sea leaps in where I lightly win— Down from the light of day, Down, down we go, the shattered foe And I that dealt the death blow; Beside to the night, mine old birthright, And the silence of the tomb!

—Harold Ryley, in Temple Magazine.



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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

When he was gone I sat down to count my money, and found I had but ten crowns in all the world. With prudence, however, this would last some time. Still it was gall and wormwood to me to have to weigh each item of disbursement. It would be necessary as well to renew my attire, which, with the exception of the leather buff coat, was almost ruined by the hard wear it had been exposed to on my journey. I sat down to rest, but now that I had reached Florence a reaction set in, and, assailed by a full sense of my position, I gave way to despair. In a little time I became more composed; but it was impossible to keep still with the fire in my heart, and I sallied into the street, taking care to note landmarks, so as to find my way back. In this manner I must have gone for about a quarter of a mile, when I was brought to a standstill by the coming of a gay party down the street, in the direction opposite to mine, all marching by the light of many torches, to the music of a band. The musicians led the procession, which was flanked on each side by a number of flambeaux bearers, and a retinue of servants, all bearing swords despite the law.

The merry-makers walked in pairs, each lady resting her fingers on her cavalier's arm, and all laughing and talking with the utmost good humor. I was compelled to draw myself to the wall to admit of their passing, and, whilst thus giving them the wide, the light fell brightly on me, and I became an object of alarm to some of the fair, who gave utterance to pretty little exclamations of terror, with the result that I came in for haughty looks from the gallants.

In the middle of the promenaders two ladies, who, apparently not having partners of the opposite sex, had linked themselves together, and the attention of the taller of these was bestowed upon me for a moment, and it was not flattering. As she wore a mask, I could see little of her face beyond the half contemptuous look in her eyes, which were dark at night, and a short curl of the upper lip, with which she no doubt intended to express the same sentiment as her glance. I waited calmly until the whole party passed on, admiring the grace of the demoiselle who had favored me with her scornful survey. I watched them until they turned off into another street, and then went on, idly wondering who the people were, and more especially the dark-eyed lady.

The street behind me was in gloom, a few yards in front of me a lamp hanging from a wall threw a dim radiance; beyond that there was gloom again. Through the darkness before me I heard the sound of hurrying feet, coming in my direction, and, almost before I was aware of it, the newcomer and I fell into the circle of the light, and met face to face.

It was D'Entragues! He knew me as if by instinct. "You!" he exclaimed, and on the instant his sword was out. I said nothing. I was blind, and with anger. My whole soul hungering for his life as I thrust at him, and in doing so slipped my foot over the edge of the narrow pavement and fell heavily. He was on me at once, something flashed in his left hand and I felt a stinging sensation all over my left side. He did not wait to see the result of his blow. Perhaps he made too sure, and, springing over me, ran into the darkness beyond. I scrambled up at once, and made an attempt to follow; but my brain began to reel, and I was compelled to lean against the wall to support myself.

The clash of steel, however, had aroused some of the inhabitants, and, hearing footsteps approaching, I pulled myself together with an effort, and, making across the road, turned back to my lodging. Here again I felt too weak to proceed without help, and sank to the ground, knowing I was bleeding freely. By this time two or three men came up, and, after surveying the spot under the street lamp, crossed over in my direction. The rays of a lantern held by one of them discovered me, and they hastened up. I begged the favor of their assistance to my abode, saying I had been stabbed, and the worthy citizens readily acceded; and, not content with that, when I reached my room gave me all help in dressing my injury. The dagger, which I had to extract, had gone through the folds of my cloak, but was turned by a steel buckle on the strap of my buff coat, and had cut through the coat and down my side, inflicting an ugly flesh wound. This in itself was not dangerous; but I had lost much blood, and when the kind citizens had gone, in making an attempt to rise from my chair, I had only just time to reach my bed before I became unconscious.

CHAPTER VI.

BERNABO CECCI.

I cannot say for what time I lay thus bereft of sense; but on coming to myself I saw the candle in my room was all but spent, and the wick flaring in a long flame. I looked to see if my wound had broken out or bled afresh, and was glad to find this was not the case, and that the bandages were in their position. The small effort, however, nearly set me off once more. The room swam round, the bright flame of the candle win-

dled down to a little star, no bigger than a pin point, and then began slowly to increase in size as the faintness passed off, and I was able to see clearly again. Any attempt to move gave me giddiness, and, closing my eyes, I lay still. I heard the candle expire with a splutter, and leave me in darkness. Then I began to get light-headed, and unable to control my thoughts. Somehow my mind traveled back to the days of my childhood, and the figure of the only living relative I can remember, my father, came before me, standing just as he was wont to stand, when about to give me a lesson in the exercise of the sword, and repeating a warning he never ceased to din in my ears. "Learning," he said, "is of little use to a gentleman. You need not know more of books than a Savelli should, but in horseanship and in the use of the sword—" He finished with a stern, more expressive than words. And truly old Ercole di Savelli was never a bookworm, though he ended a stormy life in his bed.

He was the son of that Baptista di Savelli, who was ruined with the Prefetti di Vico and other noble houses during the time of Eugene IV. Such estates as Baptista had were transferred with the person of his sister Olympia, who married into the Chigi, to that family, and with them the custodianship of the Castrucchio. Baptista di Savelli left his son nothing but a few acres. The latter tried to woo Fortune in the Spanish war, but did not obtain her favors. He returned to Italy, and, poor as Job though he was, hesitated not to marry for love, and engage in a lawsuit with Amilcar Chigi. What between the one and the other, Ercole was ruined in a hand turn. His wife died in giving birth to me, and, disgusted with the world, he retired to a small estate near Cortina in the Bergamaschi. There he devoted himself to a pastoral life, bringing me up as a soldier, until, one fine day, having contracted a fever, he received absolution and died like a gentleman and a Christian.

I followed the profession for which I was intended, joining the levy of the duke of Urbino, and sharing in all the ups and downs of the times, until Fortune did me a good turn at Formio. Subsequently things went well with me, and, although I had to recognize my narrow lands, I raised and provided employment for the men, with whom I joined Tremouille, I was in expectation of a full reward, when I was so suddenly stricken down.

Thinking of these things in the dark, tormented by a devouring thirst, which I was unable to quench, haunted by the impression that my last hour was come, and that I should die here like a dog, without even the last rites of the church, I fell into a frenzy, and began to shout aloud, and rave as in a delirium. D'Entragues came before me, and, seeing my state of triumph, and I strove impatiently to reach him. Then the whole room seemed to be full of my enemies, from every corner I could see the white face, the red hair, and the smile of successful malice. The figures, each one exactly like the other, floated over me, stood by my side, sometimes I thought their faces within an inch of mine, until I imagined I felt a flame-like breath beating on me. Finally they flitted back and forth, rapidly and more rapidly, until there was nothing but a mass of moving shadow around me, which gradually resolved itself again into a single form. I strove to reach for my sword to strike at it, but my arms were paralyzed. So through the livelong night the phantom stood at the foot of my bed, until the white morning came in at my window, and I fell into a sleep.

When I awoke I found the old attendant of the building bending over me. The fever had abated, but the thirst still remained. "Water," I gasped, still my parched lips, and he gave me to drink.

To cut a long story short, I arranged with this man for such attendance as I should want, and to do him justice Ceci—for that was his name—performed his part of the contract, getting me food, attending to the dressing of my wound, to which he applied a most soothing salve, and such other offices a helpless person must expect. He did not trouble me much with his presence during the earlier part of my illness, but came as occasion required, and, when he had performed his work, left me to my reflections.

I may note here that I never again saw the people who helped me when I was wounded. Having assisted me to my lodging, and aided me to dress my hurt, as I have said, they departed, and apparently gave me no further thought. This I am persuaded was not due to unkindly feeling, but to prudence, and a wish to avoid being mixed up in an affair such as mine appeared to be; for the times were such that it was better for a man's head to be unknown to the Magnifico Signori of Florence.

Subsequently, when things changed with me, I caused public cry to be made, requesting the worthy citizens to come forward; but my attempt was of no avail, beyond producing a half-dozen or so of rascal impostors, who swore to helping me, under circumstances that never occurred, on the chance of hitting a nail on the head, and obtaining a reward. But this was long after my illness, and the block in the Bargello may have, since that time, been a resting place for the heads of the good Samaritans for all I can say. I took a longer time in mending than I thought I should, for an inflammation set in, the fever came back, and when that was passed I recovered strength but slowly. It was at this time, however, that I discovered the advantage of reading, having up to now been only too well in mind my father's saying on that subject.

"Poliziano's 'refuge,' a poor affair, and then proceeded, to my delight, to a translation of 'Plutarch's Lives.' Both these books were obtained with the greatest difficulty, so old Ceci, the attendant, said, from the library of a great Florentine noble, in which a nephew of his was employed in copying manuscripts, and the old man charged me an entire double florin for the use of the latter alone; an expenditure I grudgingly at first; but which I would have willingly paid twice over before I finished the volume. I inquired the name of the nobleman; but Ceci was not inclined to tell me, and I gathered that the owner was probably unaware that his books were being turned into a dishonest penny. On the binding of the Plutarch was pricked a coat of arms, a cross azure on a field argent, with four nails azure; but I could not, for the life of me, remember this device, although I had served in every part of Italy except Rome. Finally it came to my mind that the bearings no doubt, belonged to some mercenary who, and it was understood he was going to join the army of Cesare Borgia, that cursed serpent who was lifting his head so high in the Romagna. This was ill news indeed, for I had been lying helpless for close upon a month, but I was on the mend at last, and resolved to follow him as soon as I had strength to travel.

During my illness I had frequently thought of Madame, and with the thoughts of her there mingled recollections of the dark eyes of the lady who had looked at me through her mask, on the night I was stabbed. I could think of Madame in no way but with a kindly feeling; but, strange as it may seem, any recollection of the other made my heart beat, and I would rise to get my sword, and have obtained another glance at her. In the meantime, however, my first business was to try and replenish my funds, for my supplies were almost exhausted by the drain made upon them during my illness.

Old Ceci, the attendant, had in his way formed a sort of attachment for me, and now that I was better generally spent an hour or so with me daily in converse. One day I let out some hint of my condition, and Ceci, after a little beating about the bush, approached me with a proposal.

"Signore," he said, "there are those in Florence who would like things changed. We want our Medici back; but we want also a few good swords, and I could tell you of a way to fill your purse."

"Say on," I replied, and the old man, having first bound me to secrecy, informed me that certain nobles in Florence wanted a zowee, even for the sake of a good object, political opponent, in order to pave the way for the return of the Medici; and without mentioning names in any way, which, he said, would be given to me later, proposed that I should undertake the task.

I realized at once that his suggestion meant nothing short of assassination, and saw that my old acquaintance was apparently up to the ears in a political plot. My first idea was to spurn the suggestion with indignation, but reflecting that it would be better to know more, and by this means, if possible, save a man from being murdered in cold blood, I affected to treat the matter seriously, and replied that I was as yet unfit for active work, but that as soon as I was better I would discuss the subject again. He then departed.

Perhaps the time will come when the minds of men will shrink with horror from crime, even for the sake of a good object, and however much I loathed the proposal made to me, I could not but recollect that the nobles names of Milan were concerned in the Oligati conspiracy, and that a pontiff had supported the Pazzi attempt on the Medici. This being so, there was excuse for Ceci and his leaders, whoever they were; but my whole soul was wrought in me at the thought that I had been deemed capable of doing the business of a common bravo, and if it were not for the reason stated above, I would have flung the old conspirator out of the room. This insult also had to go down indirectly to D'Entragues, and as I grew better my desire to settle with him rose to fever heat. The question, however, was my resources. Turn which way I would, there seemed to be no way of replenishing them.

The idea presented itself to me to join the Borgas, who with all his faults was ever ready to take a long sword into his pay. After all, it would perhaps be better to seek to fill my purse in Florence, and let my vengeance sleep for awhile. It would be all the sweeter when it came.

With these ideas in my head, I was sitting one afternoon at the little window of my



Something shaken in his left hand and I felt a stinging sensation.

room, putting a finishing touch to the edge of the dagger which D'Entragues had left with, or rather in me, and congratulating myself that the blade was not a poisoned one, when I heard, as from a distance, a hum of voices, which gradually swelled into a great roar, and above this the clanging of a bell with a peculiar discordant note. Almost at the same time old Ceci bustled into my room, evidently in a state of high excitement, and called out:

"Messer Donati—Messer Donati! It is to be war—war!"

I should add here that I had judged it prudent to take another name on entering Florence, and adopted the first one that struck me, although I afterwards thought that Donati was not quite the name to win favor with the Florentines, amongst whom the memory of Messer Corso was still green, although so many years had passed since he was slain. Whether I let my own name out or not during my illness I am unable to say; at any rate, Ceci never gave me any such hint. The news the old man brought was not unexpected by me, yet I caught a touch of his excitement and answered:

"War—where? Tell me."

"It is in this way, signore; Naples has risen, and the Great Captain has driven D'Aubigny out of Calabria. All the Romagna has gone from Cesare as that," he waved his hand as if throwing a feather in the air, "the Holy Father has cast his interdict on Florence, and Pisa is burning the Val di Nievole."

"The devil!" I exclaimed, "this is more than I thought. The interdict is bad, Messer Ceci."

He grinned as he answered: "Bad for the pope, Medici or no Medici, we will not have a priest interfering in Florence."

"I see," I said, "you are a Florentine first, and conspirator afterwards; but how do the French stand?"

"With us, for we pay. It is said, however, that things are uncertain with them, that Monsignore d'Amboise, who is now Cardinal of Rouen, has gone to Rome, and that Tremouille is awaiting the king."

"The king! Louis is at Maastricht."

"Yes, Louis himself, and the Lord knows how many barons besides, with pedigrees as long as their swords, who will eat up our corn, and pillage our vineyards from the Alps to the Adriatic. But I come here to ask, signore, if you will come with me to see. It is hurry and make haste, for I cannot wait. The Carroccio has left St. John's."

I had almost recovered my full strength, and was accustomed to walk out daily at dusk in order to avoid observation, whilst at the same time I could by doing so exercise my muscles; yet at first I felt inclined to decline Ceci's invitation, alleging weakness as my excuse, for my anger was still warm against him on account of his proposals to me. Reflecting, however, that it offended him it would probably fatally injure any prospect I had of saving the person whom the conspirators intended to kill, I thought it best to affect a friendliness I did not feel, and changing my mind in regard to accompanying him slipped on my sword, and followed the old man downstairs. We hastened

as fast as we could to the great square. The people were swarming out of the houses, and the streets were full of a hurrying throng, all directing their steps to the point whence we could hear the bellowing of the mob, echoed with answering cheers by those making towards the place of assembly. Around us there was a murmur like that of millions of bees, as men, women and children jostled their way to the Palace of the Signory. My companion, who stopped every now and again to open his jaws as wide as the mouth of a saddle-bag, and give forth a yell, hustled along at a great pace, and I made after him with scarcely less speed.

By good fortune, and a considerable amount of pushing, we made our way through the press, which appeared to me to be composed entirely of elbows, and at last reached the market place. Here the crowd behind us slowly drove us forwards, and finally gave us the advantage of a good position. The square was lined with men at arms and stout citizens with boar-spears in their hands.

All at once there went up a shout louder than ever, the crowd swayed backwards and forwards, then opened out, and admitted the Carroccio or war-car in Florence. It was painted red, and drawn by oxen housed in red trappings. The great beast had dragged the car slowly from the chapel of St. John's, where it stood in times of peace, and labored along under its weight. From the car itself projected two poles on which hung the banner of the Commonwealth, a red eagle on a white field. Immediately behind this came another car, bearing the Martellino or war-bell, which was incessantly clanging out its angry notes. It was to ring now for a full month, without ceasing.

Around the cars were the principal nobles of the city, and the oxen being guided to the "lankrupt stone," were there unharmed. Pietro Soderini, the brother of his eminence of Volterra, who was then Gonfaloniere for life, raised his hand. In a moment there was silence, and the vast audience listened to the brief oration that fell from the lips of their chief magistrate. He pointed in stirring words the dangers of the times; he called to the people to forget party hatreds in the face of the common crisis; he appealed to their past, and concluded: "Therefore, I bid you, for the safety of the state, have to whom that safety is intrusted put our hope in God, and our hands to the sword. Citizens, we give to our enemies, to Rome, and to Spain, war, red war—and God defend the right!" With that, he drew off his glove of mail and flung it on the pavement, where it fell with a sudden crash.

The silence of the crowd continued for a little, and then, from 40,000 throats went cheer after cheer, as the sturdy citizens roared out their approval of the gage thrown down.

In the midst of all this some partisan of the Medici, hysterically excited, raised a shout of "Palle! Palle!"

"Blood of St. John!" exclaimed Ceci, "who is that fool? He will die."

It was the well-known cry of the exiled Medici, and it drove the crowd to madness. Instantly there was an answering yell:

"Popolo! Popolo! Death to tyrants!"

I cannot tell what happened exactly, but in the distance I saw a man being tossed and torn by the mob. For a moment, his white face rose above the sea of heads, with all the despair in it that the face of a drowning man has, when it rises for the last time above the waves; then it sank back, and something mangled and shapeless was flung out into the piazza, where it lay very still.

I stood aghast at this vengeance.

"Yet the Medici will come back, signore!"

Ceci whispered this in my ear, as he stood with his hand on my shoulder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ODD CHRISTENING.

As It Was Performed on a Child by a Sea Captain Who Had Ideas of His Own.

There lives a man in Detroit, intelligent, prosperous and happy, who does not know that he has a living relative in the world. He bears this deprivation philosophically and seems to regard it as something of a distinction to be alone in the world.

"Nearly 50 years ago," he relates, "I was picked up by a sailing vessel, some 600 miles out from Liverpool. I was a lusty youngster of five, lashed to a mast, a pleasing assurance that the parents whom I barely recall loved me and had a care for my safety in the catastrophe that must have caused their own deaths. I was cold, hungry, thirsty and sleepy when taken aboard the old-time trader. My appearance was of course against me, and my clamor to be supplied with creature comforts did not please the gruff captain, who had a dense ignorance of children and their management. His first order was to give me the rope's end, but there was successful intercession and I was cared for while he growled at his hard luck.

"But the captain took sick and found more comfort in my prattle than in anything else provided for him. He took a great liking to me and called me his son. As soon as he was up he decided that I must be christened, one of the few things that he knew should be attended to in the case of children. Of course there was no chaplain aboard, so the captain himself undertook the ceremony. He gathered the crew about and with a mixed knowledge of his duties he glared about him as he asked whether anyone knew just cause why I should not be christened.

"If there is," he roared, 'speak up like a man or forever hold your clapper.' Then he suddenly cracked a bottle of wine over my head and christened me."

Here the citizens laughed, and he added that he was nine when the captain died, and had made his own way ever since.—Detroit Free Press.

Reserved Her Decision.

"I cannot love you, George, because I understand that you—that you have loved other girls."

"But, Clara, my love for them was in every way justifiable, I assure you?"

"How, pray?"

"Clara," he said, as he restored his arm to her slender waist, "I loved them because I thought they were all like you."

She reserved her decision.—Tit-Bits.

Those Loving Girls.

Maude—Aunt Mary has a lock of George Washington's hair. It has been in our family ever since the revolutionary war.

Clara—Indeed! I wasn't aware that one of your ancestors was a barber.—Chicago Daily News.

"A Gentle Wind of Western Birth"
Tells no sweeter story to humanity than the announcement that the health-giver and health-bringer, Hood's Sarsaparilla, tells of the birth of an era of good health. It is the one reliable specific for the cure of all blood, stomach and liver troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoint

GOLF AS A TEMPER TEST.

A Luckless Player Demonstrates How Easy It Is to Control One's Self.

A golf story which should certainly be added to the already excellent number to which the game has given birth, possesses an advantage which cannot be claimed for all of them, that of being absolutely authentic. An enthusiast, who was somewhat of a tyro at golf, though of great distinction at other forms of athletics, had a series of misfortunes with which most people can sympathize. He was playing against a man whose opinion he valued, and he consistently topped his ball, sliced it, pulled it, lifted it into a tree, played a fine creak stroke into a bunker, and made extraordinary straight long distance putts in which the ball happened generally across the hole into the long grass which skirted the green.

At first the player's demeanor was ominously sweet; he seemed positively to enjoy his strokes; then he grew mad; then he grew apparently careless, though his caddie noticed the carelessness was only assumed, as he was pressing heavily. The worst of golf is that you can never receive either your caddie or your ball. At last, at the seventh hole, he grew wonderfully calm, and mumbled off to the next teeing ground, remarking to his trembling caddie that he would not trouble to hole out. After an easy preliminary swing or two he stopped, he hesitated, trickled away about 20 yards to the right. Then the man took all his clubs and broke them one by one across his knee, remarking quietly to his opponent that "it is better to break your infernal clubs than to lose your infernal temper."—London Telegraph.

COMMERCIAL WIT.

A Parcel of Pans That Were Worked Off All Right But They Didn't Take.

Four traveling men sat on the sidewalk in front of the Windsor the other night telling stories. The man who smoked stogies had just finished a remarkable tale.

"Reminds me of what the pickpocket said to his fellow prisoner," commented the man with the nasal bloom.

"What was that?"

"I am here, gentlemen," he said, "as the result of a moment of abstraction."

The pun fell with a dull, sickening thud. But the man who smoked stogies came to the front again.

"Like the incendiary, eh? There is some similarity. He was smothered because of his habit of making light of things."

The blooming man refused to be silent.

"But did you hear about the forger?"

"No. Why?"

"He was there on account of a simple desire to make a name for himself."

The man with the stogie mediated.

"That reminds me of the burglar," he casually remarked. There was a three-minute stage wait and an attendant who liked apple Jack gave way to curiosity.

"Why?"

"As he said, though nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment."

The blooming man had departed, leaving a wide, far-reaching void.—St. Paul Globe.

Another on Ireland.

Sir Thomas Lipton is himself authority for a story that relates to his experience on the Shamrock when lying in Southampton water. Observing a quartette of bargemen rowing their clumsy craft in perilous proximity to the yacht's delicate sides, he called out, pleasantly: "Hi, my men! Keep away a bit, will you?" One of the bargemen ceased rowing and eyed the cup challenger critically.

"Wot do ye call that 'ere thing you're on?" he demanded. "This," replied Sir Thomas, courteously, "is the yacht Shamrock."

"Bill," sniffed the barger, turning to his neighbor on the next thwart, "he calls 'er the Shamrock. Another bloomin' injustice to Ireland."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Some Other Plan Necessary.

"The trusts," exclaimed the excited individual, "who, so to speak, was at the oratorical bat, 'must be frozen out!'"

The trust microbe in the audience slapped the typhoid fever microbe on the back and laughed derisively.

"He isn't up with the latest discoveries in science," it said. "He doesn't know that we can stand a temperature of 312 degrees below zero!"—Chicago Tribune.

Not Wanted.