

PUMPED THEM DRY.

Ito's Instructive Half Hour With Two American Marines.

The Marquis Ito was always eager to acquire information about western civilization.

Two American marines on shore leave several years ago were doing Tokyo, and the course of a walking trip took them into the suburbs.

"If you're traveling my way there is room in my carriage for three," said the bewhiskered Japanese in English.

The Americans shook the ashes from their pipes, stiffened into dignity and marched into the seat offered them with all the aplomb of experienced globe trotters.

"The old guy asked us all we knew about civilization down to who killed Billy Patterson, and he pumped us as dry as a battleship three months in drydock.

"Now," he remarked as the carriage turned into a private driveway, "this is where I live, and as I have an engagement on hand I will have to part company.

With these words the Japanese handed two cards to the marines, shook hands, got out of the vehicle and disappeared behind a party of bowing servitors.

"But he was a big gun, all right, all right," observed one of the marines reflectively, leaning back among the cushions and taking the card out.

And he was. In English script upon the card were two lines of print, which read: "Marquis Hirobumi Ito, G. C. B., Prime Minister of Japan."

A Lack of Language.

A lamentable gap in the English language and indeed in all languages has been discovered by a correspondent of the London Lancet.

The Origin of Numbers.

The use of visible signs to denote numbers can be traced to remote times, but our present decimal system in its complete form with the zero is of Indian or Hindoo origin.

A Large Part.

Thespis—What are you doing now?

Bluejowls—Acting a part I created in the new play that is now running in the Thunderbolt theater.

Thespis—What is the nature of your part?

Bluejowls (deep bass voice)—I am the mob that roars outside when the unmasked villain is being hunted down.—London Scraps.

A FEAST THAT FAILED.

The Story of a Raccoon That Was Not Served for Breakfast.

In the old days, and not so very old either, the custom of school-teachers "boarding around" was the usual thing in country districts.

From the first day I perceived that I was at board on speculation and at the mercy of a close calculation, he writes. One day the whole dinner consisted of a single dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrank to the size of pipestems.

A few days afterward on my return from school my eyes were delighted by the sight of an animal I had never seen before. It was a raccoon, which the young man, Jonathan, had killed and brought home in triumph.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at the table I observed that the place of Jonathan was vacant.

"Where is Jonathan?" I asked. "Gone to market," said they.

"Market! What market, pray? I did not know there was any market in these parts."

"Oh, yes," they said, "he is gone to — about thirty miles to the southward of us."

"And what has called him up so early to go to market?" "He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon."

"The Man of Destiny."

A very interesting pen picture of Napoleon is drawn by John Cam Hobhouse, afterward Lord Broughton, in his "Recollections of a Long Life."

"I had for some time a most complete opportunity of contemplating this extraordinary being. His face is of a deadly pale, his jaws overhanging, but not so much as I had heard. His hair is short, of a dark, dusky brown. He generally stood with his hands knit behind him or folded before him and three or four times took snuff out of a plain brown box.

Sail Bearing Fishes.

Various marine animals possess organs which, raised above the surface, act as sails, by means of which they are propelled along the water. Among these may be mentioned the Portuguese man-of-war and the paper nautilus.

Why He Wept.

The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinaman of forty years, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends.

"Alas, things are not as they used to be!" answered the devoted son. "The poor woman's arms grow feebler every day!"

The Erring One.

It is impossible for one who never goes wrong or makes a mistake or commits a blunder to know just how to be sorry for an erring one. We must stumble ourselves before we can really judge of the hardships of a rough road and the frailty of weary feet.

AN OBSTINATE QUEEN.

Her Encounter With the Mentone Road Mender.

Xavier Paoli, whose duty for a quarter of a century was the safeguarding of royal visitors to France, found the late Queen Elizabeth of Austria a recalcitrant charge. He said:

"I was never easy so long as she obstinately refused to permit one of my men to follow her, even at a distance. Once, however, having learned that the Italian laborers who were mending the road to Mentone had spoken in a threatening way of the sovereigns who were always coming to the country, I begged the empress to be kind enough not to walk in their direction. She was much displeased.

"Always afraid!" she exclaimed. "I say again that I have no fear of them—and I will promise nothing; I was as determined as she. I doubled my watchfulness and took it upon myself to send over the Mentone road one of my Corsican agents, dressed like a road mender, but thoroughly armed beneath his clothes, with directions to mingle with the Italian laborers. Wearing a pair of velveteen trousers and a cotton jumper and 'made up' to look old and wrinkled, he was quite unrecognizable.

"He was breaking stones as well as he could when suddenly a well known figure appeared at the turn of the road. Darkness had begun to fall, and the empress, with her reader, was returning to Cape Martin. The false road mender waited anxiously. When she came opposite his group she stopped, hesitated a moment, then singling him out, no doubt because he seemed to be the oldest, she approached him, saying gently:

"That is a hard trade of yours, my good fellow."

"Not daring to raise his head, he stammered a few words in Italian.

"You do not speak French?" "No, signora."

"You have children?" "Yes, signora."

"Then here is something for them," and she slipped a gold piece into his hand. "Tell them it is from a lady who loves children very much."

"And the empress walked on. "That evening at the hotel she came to me with laughing eyes.

"Well, M. Paoli, scold me! I have disobeyed you. I have been on the Mentone road. I have talked with a road mender, and I am still alive, you see!"

"I never dared to confess to her that the worthy road mender was my faithful Corsican."—McClure's.

Something to Be Thankful For.

A Scotchman who has a keen appreciation of the strong characteristics of his countrymen delights in the story of a druggist known both for his thrift and his philosophy.

Once he was aroused from a deep sleep by the ringing of his night bell. He went down to his little shop and sold a dose of rather nauseous medicine to a distressed customer.

"What profit do you make out of that?" grumbled his wife.

"A ha'penny," was the cheerful answer.

"And for that bit o' money you'll lie awake maybe an hour," she said impatiently.

"Never grumble o'er that, woman," was his placid answer. "The dose will keep him awake all night. We must thank heaven we ha' the profit and none o' the pain o' this transaction."

King Leopold's Answer.

Few monarchs have possessed a more caustic tongue than the late King Leopold of Belgium when he chose to exercise it. Once a dispute was raging in the Belgian army as to whether the words of command should be given in Flemish or French. Neither side would give in, and at length it was agreed that King Leopold should decide the matter. The aged monarch asked for a week in which to consider the question. At the end of that period he summoned the leading generals and announced that he had decided that in future all orders should be given in Esperanto. Needless to say, the disputants managed to come to some amicable arrangement.

Too Big a Job.

While studying her Sabbath school lesson nine-year-old Elizabeth was much puzzled by the statement that Solomon "repaired the breaches of the city of David, his father." This was to her mind a remarkable statement and quite incomprehensible. After pondering it deeply she asked one of the older members of the family for an explanation, saying that she did not think any man could "mend the breeches of a whole city."—Lippincott's.

HATS IN LONDON.

Unless You Wear One of Three Kinds You Are a Marked Man.

When some years ago one of the doorkeepers at a London theater retired from his drafty calling and was pensioned off by the management it appeared that this old man in all the years of his service had never given a "pass out" check to any one of the thousands of men who must have passed his doorway.

But he never made a mistake. No one entitled to return was ever refused, and no one could pass in at the end of the interval who had not passed out at the beginning of it.

The secret of the old man's success was a curious one. He depended on his memory entirely, but he had trained his memory in a very curious way. He did not remember the men by their faces, their clothes, their hats, their boots or by any peculiarity of gait or appearance. Manifestly such a feat would have been impossible, for ordinary "pities" are very much alike in these details.

He took the one detail on which men do differ and remembered them by that—he recognized them by their neckties.

Gaze around you in the railway carriage as you are reading this article and ask yourself if there is any of your fellow passengers that you could remember well enough to recognize again in, say, an hour's time.

You will find there are very few people you could be sure of. There may be one old man with a large and conspicuous white beard or a very young man with a pair of spectacles of unusual size. But nine out of ten have the same sort of hat, the same sort of clothes and the same sort of figure.

The Londoner, in fact, seems to be standardized. He is built on a settled pattern. He is modeled to a type. His necktie is his sole bit of variety.

Into this world of standardized human beings comes, let us say, a colonial. Mighty London, with her vast crowds swarming over four counties, swallows him up. Yet somehow he preserves his individuality. He is conspicuous wherever he goes. He feels that all London, as far as it has time, is staring at him.

Cabmen persistently hail him. The map sellers in the Strand peer him as he passes. Those very acute people—the "confidence" men—sight him afar off. But it is not his necktie that distinguishes him, or his face, or his clothes, or his walk. The conspicuous feature of the newly arrived colonial's outfit is his hat.

London permits three sorts of hat—the top hat, the bowler and in the summer the straw. Any break from this settled order is to make yourself conspicuous.—London Mirror.

Unexpectedly Became a Model.

An authoress of note was once in Naples and very much desired to know Morelli, the famous painter, but could find no one to act as intermediary. So at last she took her courage in her hands and resolved to introduce herself, but not without qualms. As she approached she found the studio door open, one more cause for embarrassment, and, pushing a curtain to one side, stood before the artist at work, who, looking at her absentmindedly, said: "These lines seem to be all right. What do you say?" And to her murmured response he went on: "But the eyes of the mans do not suit me. Pray sit down a moment. Yours are just the thing."

With inward delight the lady sat down and acted as model for an hour and a half, during which writer and artist talked as though they had been friends all their lives. At a certain point Morelli stopped abruptly, took off his glasses, peered at his handsome model and said, "But, excuse me, who are you?"

At Second Hand.

A highland laird who could not afford to keep his own piper was accustomed to employ the village piper when he had company. On one occasion, through some oversight, Donald had not been given his preliminary glass of whisky before he began his performance. Accordingly he found his bagpipes in a most refractory temper. The laird asked him what was the matter, and Donald replied that the leather was so hard that he could do nothing with it.

"What will soften it?" asked the anxious laird.

"Och, just whusky!" said Donald.

A tumbler of whisky was at once brought, which Donald immediately drank.

"You rascal!" said the laird. "Did you not say it was for the bagpipes?"

"Och, yess, yess," said Donald, "but she will be a ferry peculiar pipes this. She ave likes it blawed in."

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