Modern Fables.

By George Ade.

The Modern Fable of the Weak Brother Who Made People Think of Lord Chesterfield.

ONCE there was a Man who lived in the same Hall Bed-Room for 14 years, because he never could Catch Even on the Rent. It was a snug little Box-Stall, and with better Ventilation it would have been almost as comfortable as some Cells. There were raspy Lace Curtains on the Windows. The Man used to scratch Matches on them. Also there were two Paintings. One was either a Landscape or a Marine, and the Second represented a Human Being with his Hair combed the Way the Barber will comb it unless you stop him. The Landlady said it was a Picture of her Dead Cousin. Cousin looked the Part.

The Roomer would come Home about once a Day and climb over the Paste-Board Trunk and look out at the Roof of the adjoining House, and then decide to Go Out and stay as Late as possible. He ate at a Restaurant in which Tall Waitresses with Belladonna Eyes and False Frizzes showed a Partiality for the Customers who Waxed their Mustaches. He was accustomed to Bolt his Food, while some one named Gert leaned a Tray against him and entreated Laura in the Kitchen to Cut a Hot Mince, and let the Fried Sweets come along with the Medium Sirline.

When he received his Biennial Bid to go around to some Private House and pretend to be a White Person for an Hour or so at a Time, he took his Chop-House Manners with him. He would feel around his Plate for the little Yellow Ticket with the Granulated Sugar caked on it, and perchance he would ask the Maid if she had an Evening Paper lying around loose.

He had formed certain Habits inseparable from the Rank Outsiders and the Hoi Polloi. It was Second Nature for him to plant both Elbows on the Table and use the Celery as a Whisk Broom, and try to balance the Knife on the Fork, and spill some Salt on the Table-Cloth and write his Name in it with a Tooth-Pick. He needed a Check-Rein and Hobbles to hold him back in his Chair and keep him from Playing with the Table-Ware.

About the Time that he was forty and a confirmed Reuben, he got in with the Rise in Industrials, and the Wave of Prosperity carried him out of the Hall Bedroom and landed him in a Suite that he called a Suit.

He crowded his Luck and Parleed his Bets. Things came his way, and he decided that he might as well begin to Mingle with the Face Cards and make up for Lost Time. He had read in a Bitter Editorial somewhere that any one who had the Stuff could work the Open Sesame on the 400, and he was willing to relinquish a few Shares of Santa Fe Preferred in order to see his Name linked with those of the Butterflies of Fashion. He had noticed that every one Made Fun of the People in Society and tried to get Acquainted with them, and he was willing to be a Member of the Despised Faction. Besides, he wanted to take a Fall out of the Social Life of the Time, in order to appease his Curiosity and find out if it was as Gay as it had seemed to One standing outside with the Coachmen and getting now and then a Glimpse through the Plate Glass Windows.

A Piano Player who went right into the Best Houses unless they happened to hear about it in Time said he would Fix it for him. So the Hall Bedroom Man had a lot of Clothes made with Silk Lining, whether it showed or not, for he was Determined to be the real Peruvian Doughnuts, and there wasn't a Thing to it.

He realized that he would have to get some Inside Information on Etiquette, Table Manners and Good Form, but he thought about three Lesons would put

It Was Second Nature for Him

him in Condition to Saunter into any Drawing-room and set Everybody to Whispering about him.

There were just a few Points that he wanted to straighten out before he took his Header into the Swim. He had heard that a True Gentleman must or must not wear a Bob-Tailed Coat with a Tall Hat, but he could not remember which. Furthermore, he had a Dim Idea that any one wearing a Tuxedo would have to cut out the Tan Shoes or else have the Lorgnettes pointed at him. He had heard, also, that it was considered Rough Work to eat Peas with a Spoon, or possibly a Fork, or perhaps a Knife. So he always passed up the Petit Pois when any one was watching him, and merely ate a little Bread with a Fork, because that was a Cinch.

The Piano-Player had suggested to him in a roundabout Way that any one who put a Napkin inside of his Collar or wore a striped Bow with Full Dress would be termed a Cad by those who had been as far as Boston and Back, and never to wear Yellow Gloves at a Ball, or it would be a Case of the Blue Wagon.

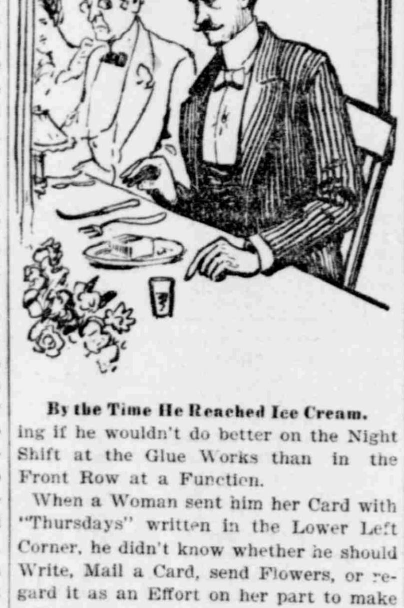
He found it was quite a Jump from a Hall Bed-Room and a Home-Cooked meal for 25c. to the Society of Large Gloomy Ladies who used the side of the Spoon instead of the End, and could pronounce Blanc Mange without a Quiver. He began to understand that he had shouldered quite a Contract when he tried to break away from the Herd and run forward with the Bell-Cows.

Still, he made a Flying Start. The Piano-Player worked him into a Dinner Party, because nearly every one had sent Regrets on account of the Hostess being seen a great deal with her Husband, and it was supposed there must be something Wrong. Besides, she did not want to have just Thirteen at the Table, and that is how the Hall Bed-Room Man wedged in. He received his Invitation at 6:15, and at 6:45 he was on the Spot with a new Pair of Patent Leathers that still showed the Size Mark on the Bottom when he jauntily crossed his Legs to show that he was at Ease.

He noticed that he was the only gentleman present who wore Turquoise Studs, with a Black Handkerchief folded across the Abdominal Region so as to produce a Dressy Effect. He feared that he was not as de Rigeur as some of the Boys that had been in the Game for a Season or more, and it Rattled him so that he used the Large Spoon for the Blue Points and the Coffee Spoon for the Potage. He tried to watch the Others to see which Implement to pick up next, but most of them were taking Desperate Chances, the same as he was. By the Time he reached Ice Cream he had no tools left except a cute little Harpoon and something that looked like a Surgical Instrument.

He rather Tripped up on the Conversation, too, for he had not learned to play Golf, and never had been to see the Rogers Brothers. Once he thought he saw an Opening, and he offered to show his new $200 watch, but every one started to Talk about something else, and the Piano-Player kicked him under the Table.

He went home from the Dinner wonder-



By the Time He Reached Ice Cream.

ing if he wouldn't do better on the Night Shift at the Glue Works than in the Front Row at a Function.

When a Woman sent him her Card with "Thursdays" written in the Lower Left Corner, he didn't know whether he should Write, Mail a Card, send Flowers, or regard it as an Effort on her part to make a Date.

He saw there were a great many Fine Points in the Society Racket that were New Ones on him.

So he went out and bought a Little Book written by a Space Man living in a Stag Hotel, informing People how to Behave so as to give the Impression that they were Well-Bred, no matter what the Facts might be.

He went up to his Suite and read the Book and discovered that during the whole forty Years of his life he never had done anything According to Hoyle.

He had been accustomed to carry his Laundry with him each Saturday Evening. The Book said that carrying a Bundle in the Street was little worse than Sheep Stealing, and almost as bad as beating a Crippled Child with a Mallet.

He nearly choked with Shame when he read that any one who played a combination of Frock Coat and low Derby was guilty of a Misdemeanor, and to omit the Stick or Umbrella was nothing short of a High Crime.

It said that all Vegetables should be carried on the Fork. He did not believe it could be done at all, except after Years of Rehearsals.

He read that Men must not wear Jewelry. He had always supposed that no Man could be out-and-out Genteel on anything less than 14 Carats.

Then there was something more about the spoon. Any one leaving a spoon in the Cup could be set down as a Boor, whatever that meant. And any one breaking Crackers into the Soup deserved to be Drawn and Quartered.

But what Stopped him was the Warning that no one drinking from the Saucer could be tolerated in the Best Circles. He wondered if a Man ought to Scald himself, merely to be Correct.

When he concluded the Book and perceived that he had invariably violated every Rule from A to Z, he knew that he did not belong, and never would, so he blew out the Gas, and they found Him there in the Morning.

MORAL—To Insure Peace of Mind, ignore the Rules and Regulations.

Fitz Saw Sherman.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

It is related that shortly after Bob Fitzsimmons had whipped Jim Corbett he was on a visit to Washington and visited the State Department. It was at the time the late John Sherman was Secretary of State and Bob asked an introduction, which was granted. Fitzsimmons looked sheepish and ill at ease, but Mr. Sherman evidently tried to make him feel at home.

"Your recent contest was a severe one, I believe, Mr. Fitzsimmons?" he asked.

Mr. Fitzsimmons uttered a couple of inaudible words and grinned.

"It seemed to have pretty thoroughly aroused the country, the contest, did it not?"

Mr. Fitzsimmons scrutinized the brim of his hat attentively, blushed, grinned, and said:

"The United States is a fine country, y'r honor," and backed out of the office, responding with short, sharp ducks of the head to the Secretary of State's farewell bows. When the doors had closed upon the then world's champion the wrinkles at the sides of Mr. Sherman's eyes contracted into a smile.

"A great man that, Babcock," he said dryly to his secretary, and went on with his work.

This Was a Poser for Him.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

A child just in her teens, who was accompanying her father to a street car in Austin, suddenly saw a grass snake slide into a knothole in the sidewalk.

"Say, papa," exclaimed the startled youngster, "did you see the snake?"

The man, bent upon work, declared that he had.

Then the little girl made this staggering inquiry:

"Why is it, papa, that snakes don't wear themselves out crawling on their stomachs the way they do?"

The father caught the first car, but before he did so he told his child to shoot the same question at her mother.

ANTI-"ANTI-SEMITISM."

A Factor Hitherto Unnoted by the Eye of the Political Economist.

From the New York Times.

One scarcely expected to see in St. Petersburg a demonstrative rebuke, implying organized sentiment, to anti-Semitism. Considering the attitude of Russian law and Russian officialdom toward the Jew, the riot occasioned last Thursday by the presentation of an anti-Jewish play in the Russian capital is most remarkable. But the demonstration is not, as one might gather from the cable dispatches, a reaction against long ages of Jewish persecution—the attempt to reform the attitude of the state toward a persecuted class—but simply the outward manifestation of the idea held by an educated and philosophical body of students that anti-Semitism as at present defined represents a dangerous force at work at the very base of the existing order of things. This force, which had its inception in the Dreyfus case in France, has been augmented and unified during the Boer war, until it now includes the reactionary elements in all the larger European states, whether known under the names of Anti-Semitic, Clerical, Anglophobe, Nationalist, or a combination of all.

It is a long call from Dreyfus' island to St. Petersburg, from 1895 to 1900, and yet in the protest of St. Petersburg students against a play calculated to arouse race hatred was also a protest against perpetuating those conditions which made the Dreyfus case possible. When the fact that Dreyfus had been illegally convicted dawned upon the candid French mind, the men who considered it a public duty to have the case reopened were met by the ejaculations of "What! would you again arouse an anti-Semitic storm?" And it was this bogy which the Nationalists, Clericals, and Royalists flaunted in the faces of those whose only aim was to secure justice for the individual; and when the word had lost its power to alarm, they all banded themselves together under the name of "Patriots" and openly attacked the government, which at the eleventh hour had rescued the country from their sinister influence. How complete the rescue was has just been shown by the absence of any general anti-republican, anti-British feeling in the demonstrations which have just signified the personal sympathy of France toward Mr. Kruger.

There have for some time been indications that these reactionary elements, these factions, rearing themselves against the universal idea of truth and justice, of freedom of thought and action, were not confined to France. It was only when the South African war came that it was revealed that anti-Semitism was merely a means to promote some sort of union of action among the various Clerical and anti-Liberal elements on the continent which could be concentrated and directed against Great Britain as the supreme representative of all those things which the reactionists of every country in Europe vociferously denounced. And, unconsciously or not, inspired by the same underlying principles of protest which identify the reactionists abroad, Mr. Bryan conducted a campaign in this country which struck a peculiarly responsive note among the irreconcilables of Europe.

The appearance of international reaction upon the stage of the world's politics constitutes a factor which has so far escaped the eye of the political economist. It has nothing in common with existing governments, nor does it seek, like socialism, a general reciprocal and co-operative equality. Still, it is a movement which, in Europe at least, cannot but cause monarchies to examine themselves in the light of modern progress, and to strengthen their stability by supporting all those liberal and forward tendencies which are so abhorrent to the reactionists.

HIS OWN WAY OF DOING GOOD.

Owner of Golden Rule Park to Loan His Books to the Poor.

From the Chicago American.

Now that the flowers that he loved so well have died and withered away under the first chilling blasts of winter Charles A. Josyln, jr., the founder of Golden Rule Park, has opened the doors of his little cottage on Troy street to his less fortunate neighbors and will give them full benefit of his library, consisting of 700 volumes.

All through the long winter evenings and afternoons, too, any resident of the West Side can ring the bell at Mr. Josyln's home and gain entrance to the library, if he or she will but use care in handling the books.

While the summer months held full sway Mr. Joslyn, after business hours, toiled in his yard arranging his flowers in attractive groups. Under the spreading trees that filled the yard he placed benches and here the children and men and women gathered during the hot nights, the guests of the man who finds pleasure in doing for others. Each evening a flower was given to those who visited Golden Rule Park, as Mr. Joslyn named his retreat.

"Summer has gone," he said to his daughter a month ago, "and now we must find something attractive for our neighbors."

During the past year Mr. Joslyn has bent his efforts in collecting a library. Any one of his friends was always a welcome guest in Mr. Joslyn's library, but he believed he should extend the privilege. With this idea in view he added day by day to his collection of books until now they number some 700 volumes.

For a man who is a bookkeeper to collect such a large supply of interesting books was a hard task. Every week he has seen his collection grow, but not with the speed that he desired.

His daily paper he saved, and securing the best of magazines he clipped from their numbers each evening interesting discussions on current topics and arranged scores of books with statistical data.

With much care he bound his clippings into book form until he has collected a valuable and interesting amount of reading. At the present time Mr. Joslyn has more than 250 of his books in circulation.

During the afternoon hours his daughter answers the ring of the doorbell and furnishes callers with a book. In the evening Mr. Joslyn is in charge of his free library with a pleasant word and a few moments' conversation for all. Mr. Joslyn but asks his friends and neighbors to use care in handling the books, "so others can secure some benefit from them."

No More Botany Bay.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

As there is an inevitable propensity throughout the English-speaking world to associate the name of Botany Bay with convictism, a movement has recently been started in Australia which has for its object the abolition of that name and the substitution of Banks' Bay instead. The Sydney Sunday Times suggests that the change be effected before the new century, that the new commonwealth may start under the best and brightest condition without the taint on its fair fame now suggested by the name of Botany Bay.

A Short Story Limit.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

Author—Have you reviewed that short story I submitted to you last week?

Editor—Yes.

Author—What do you think of it?

Editor—Well, to be candid with you, its chief defect is that it isn't short enough.

Author—Indeed! What portions of it would you suggest eliminating?

Editor—The portions between "Chapter I" and "the end."

Not His Fault.

From Brooklyn Life.

Visitor—What a haughty, overbearing child that little freckle-face is!

Teacher—It isn't his fault; his mother is a cook and his father the janitor of an apartment-house.

Level Headed.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"The lady missionary declines to go to Kentucky."

"Why?"

"She says she [illegible] just as safe in China and get more bric-a-brac."

Preliminary Negotiations.

From the Syracuse Herald.

Husband—What are you going to get me for Christmas?

Wife—How much are you going to give me to spend?

TO HUDSON BAY BY RAIL

Wonderful Country Opened by Road Now Building.

THE GREAT LAND-LOCKED SEA

The Strange Region of Northern Canada Where Primitive Customs Still Prevail—The Most Productive Fur Territory in the World—Some of the Animals that Inhabit It—To Tap the Coal Fields of the Saskatchewan Valley—Volume of Trade.

The railway newly started, which is to connect the Great Lakes with Hudson's Bay, is not only a very picturesque enterprise, inasmuch as it will open up a country hitherto to a great extent unexplored, but also a speculation promising rich returns to the capitalists who have embarked in it. It will tap the resources of a region vastly productive in furs, and will exploit the coal fields of the valley of the Saskatchewan, through which runs a river navigable by steamers, affording every facility for transportation. These coal fields are believed to be among the greatest in the world. As for Hudson's Bay itself, on the shores of which the road will have a terminus, that immense sheet of water—an almost land-locked sea, with 3,000 miles of coast-line—abounds in whales and fishes commercially valuable.

A glance at a map will show that Hudson's Bay is the southernmost of a great system of sounds which runs up into the Arctic. Its only outlet is through straits, which, being in 60 degrees north latitude, are entirely blocked by ice except for two months in the year; and even during those two months they are so obstructed that the passage is difficult and dangerous. Two hundred and ninety years ago Hendrick Hudson, the famous navigator, had wintered in the bay, after making a fourth attempt to find the much-desired northwest passage to the Pacific, and, being out of provisions, was about to return home when his crew mutinied. The mutineers set him adrift in an open boat with his son and seven others—never to be heard of again, though doubtless they perished of cold and hunger—and coolly navigated the ship back to England. Though they confessed what they had done, they were never punished.

Immense Grant for Furs.

Even after this catastrophe it was still supposed that the straits which Hudson had discovered opened a pathway to the Pacific, and pending further explorations Prince Rupert formed the notion that a lucrative trade in furs might be carried on with the natives. So he organized a joint stock association, and in 1670 King Charles I granted to him and seventeen other noblemen and gentlemen a charter incorporating them as the "Company of Adventurers of England Trading Into Hudson's Bay." To this company he gave lordship over all the country watered by rivers flowing into the bay, with sole right of trading, and the privilege of building warships and establishing forts. In return for this enormous grant the association was to pay to the sovereign the skins of two elks and two black beavers annually.

Now, the company was very successful from the start, and from that day to this it has made a great deal of money. Its business is the getting of furs, and chief among these are the pelts of the beaver and the marten. The character of the fur-producing fauna of the region and its wealth in animals valuable for their skins will be best shown by quoting figures for the year 1890 (the latest readily obtainable), which state the output for that twelvemonth at 64,246 beaver, 64,689 marten, 8,180, otter, 11,445 lynx, 22,047 fox, 1,388 wolverine, 10,542 bear, 4,237 wolf, 29,363 mink, 574,743 muskrat, 36,286 rabbit, 5,658 fisher, 2,445 badger, 12,583 skunk, and 2,195 hair sealskins. The fisher is a big gray-headed marten and the foxes are some of them jet black, some silver, some red, some white, and some blue.

Since 1879 the output of the Hudson Bay Company has fallen off considerably. The greatest number of beaver skins taken was in 1871, when 174,461 were sent to market, and in 1868 the number of marten pelts rose to 163,083. More than 1,000,000 muskrat skins were shipped out of the territory in each of the three years 1881, 1882, and 1883. Eiderdown and goose-quills are by-products of the company, and another in castorum, which is a substance contained in certain glands in the body of the beaver. In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the polar bear is found up in the northern part of Hudson's Bay, and the elk and the species of reindeer known as the woodland caribou are numerous on the west side of that body of water.

Greater than Whole of Europe.

The story of Hudson's Bay and the region surrounding it is the story of the Hudson's Bay Company, which, under its original charter, was practically sovereign over 4,500,000 square miles—a territory one-third greater in area than the whole of Europe. It is not easy to realize the immensity of the country geographically, though a notion of it is conveyed by the statement that from Pembina, on the Red River, to Fort Anderson, on the Mackenzie, is as far as from London to Mecca, and from King's Posts to the Pelly Banks is further than from Paris to Sarmacand. All of this vast region is still under the influence of the company, and covered by its operations, though nowadays it carries on its business only as a private concern.

The climate of the Hudson's Bay region, as might be supposed, is exceedingly severe. From October to April the thermometer rises as high as freezing point, and in winter it goes down to 60-odd below zero sometimes. In summer there are innumerable mosquitoes, which are a great pest, and there is a luxuriant sub-arctic vegetation which develops with great rapidity in order to take advantage of the short season of warmth. The principal depot of the company on the shores of Hudson's Bay is York Factory, which has been described as—

"A monstrous blot
On a swampy spot
Within sight of the frozen sea."

The company carries on its commerce from London through the straits. It has posts scattered at wide intervals throughout the almost uninhabitable country, and to these places the Indians bring things for sale. The system adopted is one of barter, the unit of value being a beaver skin. Twenty muskrats are equal to one marten; two martens equal one beaver, and four beavers equal one silver fox. The copper-colored native, Cree or Blackfoot, receives a stick for every beaver skin's worth that he brings, and with the sticks thus obtained he purchases from the company blankets, guns, hatchets, gunpowder, or what not. The trading stores at the posts are filled with the greatest imaginable variety of merchandise, including traps, twine, knives, glass beads, fish hooks, vermilion for painting canoes and faces, and copper kettles from a pint to a gallon in size. In some localities they are defended by stout and lofty stockades, and every precaution is taken against surprise, guns, being always kept handy in case of a rush. The Indians are ready enough, if opportunity serves, to take possession of a store and help themselves.

Immense Animal Sales.

In April the company's agents begin to pack the furs and put them up in bales of 80 to 100 pounds. In this shape the merchandise is forwarded in canoes to the depot fort of the district, where the carriers meet the boats which bring the yearly supplies for the posts and trading stations. The boats unload the supplies and take aboard the furs, which they convey to a depot on the coast, where they are sorted and repacked with rum and tobacco to keep out insects. Finally they are loaded upon the company's ships and transported to London, where most of them are sold at auction. The annual sales amount to about $1,500,000.

The company does all it can to prevent the extermination of the fur-bearing animals by prohibiting the killing of females in the breeding season, as well as the destruction of any such animals in hot weather, when the fur is out of condition. It makes it a policy to pay for the more valuable pelts somewhat less than they are worth, and for the less valuable somewhat more than they are worth, the object being to discourage a too reckless destruction of the beasts that furnish the most precious skins. It has always been the policy of the concern to conciliate the natives and treat them well. The company allows no spirits to be brought into the territory which it controls, and it encourages its people, who are mostly French Canadians, to marry the Indian women, as a means of securing the good-will and trade of the tribes. Thus a considerable half-breed population is growing up, and the young men of mixed blood are educated by the company and retained in its service when they are capable.

The Two Rival Companies.

As early as 1640 the French colonists pushed their way into the interior from Lake Superior up the Saskatchewan, established posts, and intercepted the Indians on their way to trade furs with the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. A combination of these traders in 1783 gave rise to the famous Northwest Company, of Montreal, which at one time employed as many as 5,000 persons. Hostilities broke out, and for more than forty years the conflict raged. There were many fights, and not a few lives were lost. It was a great business opportunity for the redman. Rival traders sought him out, urged and bribed him to have nothing to do with the shop across the way, gave him extravagant prices for his furs, and paid him in rum.

Thus, a deplorable state of affairs was brought about, until, in 1821, the two concerns united, the Hudson Bay Company absorbing the other one. In 1869 all of the rights held under the original charter by the company were bought by Canada, and as a sovereign power it ceased to exist. The governor and director of the company reside in London, and delegate their authority to an official resident in the Hudson Bay territory, who is called the governor of Rupert's Land. The company's officers in the fur country are nearly all of them Scots or Orkney Islanders, and are enlisted for five years. Their employment, however, is for life ordinarily. There is a regular system of promotion, and if they are not content with Indian wives, the company will send home to England and provide them with mates according to specifications. The rank and file of the employes, as already stated, are French-Canadians.

BROADER GAUGE POLITICS.

Seen in Congress and Claimed as "One of the Results of Expansion."

From the Philadelphia Press.

The practical, business-like way in which Congress is disposing of the work before it encourages the hope that politics in this country is in the future to be cast on a broader and more common-sense gauge. It has been rare in the past that anything important has been accomplished by Congress before the holiday recess. This custom of allowing work to lag until after New Year's when, at the short session, only two months remained to transact all necessary business, had become a fixed habit. The consequence was that much remained undone and what was done was imperfect in matter and manner.

Only a few and faulty departures from this precedent have occurred in past years. This year, however, a new and radical change is apparent. A broader spirit seems to rule, a wider vision to actuate the members of both Houses of Congress. Business is taken up promptly, discussed briefly but adequately, and acted on with efficiency and expedition. It is true that some of this business-like method is the result of preparation had in the long session of last winter and spring. The work done then paved the way for subsequent action. But this does not account for all or even for a major part of this exceptional activity and promptness.

The real cause is the new and broader spirit which has come over American political life. Questions are now argued on more liberal grounds and decided on more general principles than formerly. This wider vision has undoubtedly come from the entrance of the United States into world politics. The new impulse has touched even the most provincial Congressman, who must feel that he is legislating not for his district alone, but for his whole country and for mankind. He represents not merely the constituents who elected him, but a nation which as stepped to the forefront in world politics and is exerting an influence second to no other people.

This is one of the results of expansion and of the consequent broadening political vision of the American people. The nation has been lifted out of the rut of provincial politics and restricted interests and given more liberal and generous views of its duty as a member of the great family of nations. In future, while it cannot be anticipated that the current of politics will flow on unruffled always, it can be confidently expected that that current will be broader and deeper and made less turbid by limited vision and narrow interests.

Family of Philanthropists.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

The Lord Shaftesbury who became chancellor in the reign of Charles II was the first peer in the Cowper family and under the name of Lord Ashley had his place in the "Cabal" cabinet. His grandson, the third earl, had a vogue as the author of the "Characteristics," and was himself the grandfather of the sixth earl, who, in 1814, became chairman of committees in the House of Lords and held the post for forty years. His son was the philanthropist and factory act reformer who loved the costermonger, but who confessed to Peel that he rather objected to meet John Bright, a mere manufacturer! The present and ninth Lord Shaftesbury is the grandson of "the good earl," and the birth of his son promises the unbroken continuance of that descent from father to son which has become the rule of the Shaftesbury title.

He Struck Them.

From Brooklyn Life.

G. Ormandizer (struggling to carve the first turkey his wife has ever cooked)—Say, Mary, the bones in this bird are thicker than a shad's—just hear the knife grit.

Mrs. G. Ormandizer (almost crying with anxiety)—You must be against the shells, John.

"Shells?"

"Yes, John; don't you remember that you asked me to stuff the turkey with oysters?"

Kind of Him.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Her mother (sternly)—Mary complains that you won't help her at all; that you never even hold the baby.

Her husband—That's not so. Why, I held him last night for a while.

Her mother—Oh! you did! How long, pray?

Her husband—Well—er—long enough for Mary to bring up a scuttle of coal.

Horrors!

From the Philadelphia Press.

She (after reading of the shipwreck)—Oh, my! They say it was the most awful disaster of recent years. Only one man survived to tell the story. Isn't that terrible!

He—Frightful! What a horrible bore that man will be.

OLD TUNES.

Old tunes, old tunes! How memory croons
Their rhythm through my soul to-night!
Of joy replete or pathos sweet—
In scenes that charm my raptured sight.

A form once loved, by fancy moved,
Enthrals me as in days agone,
And bright eyes beam with love's first dream—
Lips warm unto mine own.

Hand clasps hand in friendship's bond
O'er vows once broken, now restored;
And laughter low, with music's flow,
Vibrate with one accord.

Oh, tender past—weird, mystic past!
Fain would I dream thy pleasures o'er,
And tunes, old tunes that memory croons,
Thrill through my soul forever more.

PETER PELHAM.

HE GOT THE DING-DONG.

New Form of Bunko-steering as Practiced in Chicago.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

When he went into police headquarters he had a bundle under his arm. He glanced from right to left as if he feared that some one would jump out of a side room and attack him. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw a uniformed policeman in the corridor. Approaching the policeman, he said:

"Please, mister, ven somebody do you somet'ing can I have a deteckertive to go on der place? Yes? No?"

"That all depends," answered the policeman. "If you have a complaint to make you will find the captain in his office."

The man with the bundle poked his head through the doorway leading to the captain's office, and softly said:

"Vho is der captain?"

"I'm here," replied that official; "what can I do for you?"

"You can't do it," remarked the visitor. "I first a deteckertive must had to explanation myself."

"I'm a detective," said the captain; "go right on with your story."

"All right," replied the visitor; "I vill begin on der commencing. I vere on der Levee, mebbe nummer vhat is it I should live so vhen I lie. I come on der store vhere der banjo makes plunks und der pictures come round mit der penny you put on der slop machine, und der bell ring mit nobody dere at all. Putty soon a mens come to me und say if I vant to hear der 'lectricity for a nickel, und I say, 'Sure, vhy not?' und dey bring me der room out behind der store und tole me make myself ready for a shivver. You understan' dot business, captain?"

"Vell," continued the visitor, "vhen I come on der 'lectricity machines one mans holded my left hand und dot other fellow holded my right hand. Vhat I care for such a little pins und needles business how it mit 'lectricity feels in my hands? I only laugh vhen they holded der machine, 'cause dey say dey got it yet vorser mit der handle from der machine as vhat I got vhen I vere in der middle holding dem fellow's hand. Den comes a man vhat said he ver der boss vhot owned dot machine. He speak like he very angry mad awful und say: 'Dot fellow in der middle got $5 vorth too much of 'lectricity already for nothing. How can dot be? I can't pay der gas bills for such customers.' Dot vere meant for me. Den one mans vhat holded my right hand tight said dot it vould cost me $2 when I didn't let go before der bell on der machine rings ding-a-ling. Der other fellow vhat holded my left hand tight pulled yet more 'lectricity out und shouted: 'Quick, der bell vill ring, let go.'

"And did you let go?" inquired the captain.

"Vhat shall I do vhen dey holded my hands full mit 'lectricity? Could I make myself out before der bell ring? No. Der bell dings afore I get my hands avay und I had to pay $2 because I vere not too quick."

"And did you pay it?"

"Sure," said the stranger. "Der mens say dey couldn't let go on my hand vhen der boss don't stop der 'lectricity machine after der bell rings und dot ve vould had to stay dere all night. I shouted, 'Turn it out und I vill pay,' und der boss outened der galvenizing from der battery and der 'lectricity stopped. Den I let go und give dot man $2. Vhen I told another mans about it in dot store he laughed und said I got der ding dong. Vhat is it for a ding dong; is dot bunco steered?"

"I guess it was," replied the captain, and he sent a detective out to investigate the matter.

BEATING THE CAR COMPANY.

Trouble Some People Will Go to in Order to Save a Nickel.

From the New York Mail and Express.

It is an axiom with street railroad men that people are willing to go to a surprising amount of trouble to "beat" the company out of the elusive nickel. A little old woman who boarded a northbound Columbus avenue car at Beaver street, the other day, had a brand-new scheme for getting a ride to Harlem without paying for it. She looked like a woman in comfortable circumstances, and, naturally enough, the few passengers on the car were very much surprised when she began to argue with the conductor about paying her fare.

"I haven't got a cent, and I must get to 108th street somehow," said the little old lady.

"Pay or get off," replied the conductor.

"But," remonstrated the woman, "you wouldn't put an old person like me off the car, would you? If I had the money I'd give it to you, but I haven't a cent, and I want to go to see my sick sister——"

"Come, now," the conductor interrupted, "it's either pay or get off."

By this time the car had gone three blocks, and the passengers were beginning to grow interested. Still the little old lady temporized, and still the car sped along. Finally the conductor's patience gave out, and, ringing the bell savagely, he stopped the car and made the woman get out. Then it was that she revealed her little scheme.

"Good-by, Mr. Conductor," she said, pleasantly, "and I'm very much obliged to you for the ride. I'm going to keep getting on and off cars till I get to Harlem. Cheap, ain't it?"

Looking back the passengers saw the old lady hail the next car and climb aboard. The conductor frowned, and then he smiled.

"What do you think of that?" he said.

He Died with His Secret.

From the New York Press.

Carrying with him his secret of petrifying a corpse and giving to it for all eternity the flesh color of life, Dr. Marini, the Italian, is dead. His secret can be kept no more surely now that he has taken it with him than he kept it in his lifetime. He lived only with his daughter, and he did not allow her to know the slightest about the wonderful process. Like all inventors, he impoverished himself and what there was of his family in his devotion to the one object of his life. His death in Naples was of that terrible disease, cancer of the intestines, and the slow agony drew out its attentuated length for six months. He died only with his daughter, for he refused to see the few friends that he had. He left to his daughter nothing whatever, unless the name of "crank" can be considered that good name, which is better than silver and gold.

Found His Chain Depreciated.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

T. V. Day, the circus man, who for fourteen years has been wearing a gold link watch chain, which weighed 167 pennyweights when he bought it from a gambler who had gone "broke" against faro in Cincinnati, went to a jeweler last Saturday to have it repaired. Out of curiosity he had it weighed, and found that it tipped the gold scales at 112 pennyweights, a loss of fifty-three pennyweights, by abrasion, during the years it had been used as a watch chain. Instead of being worth $160 as old gold it would bring $110 for the melting pot.

In China.

From the Detroit Journal.

"Shall I order up a column of troops?" asked the mandarin.

"A stickful is amply sufficient," gibbered the Emperor, Kwang Su.

Being of weak mind, his majesty deemed this jest sufficient not only to manifest his contempt of the foe, but likewise to bolster up the grotesque pretense that the Chinese originated the art of printing.

His Best Pupil.

From the Boston Transcript.

The music teacher—That girl in blue is my very best pupil.

The connoisseur—Why, man alive, she is the poorest player in the class.

The music teacher—I am aware of that. That was what I meant. She is likely to be a source of revenue for many years—that is, if they intend to keep her here until she learns to play.

Usual Way.

From the Baltimore American.

Bobbs—Too bad about Nobbs. Lost all of his furniture because of a false alarm of fire at his house.

Dobbs—But if there was no fire, how could his furniture be destroyed?

Bobbs—Well, you see, Nobbs lives in a suburban town where they have a volunteer fire department.

Quite Comfortable.

From the Boston Transcript.

Dwelley—I say, Dombey, why don't you join our club? You'll find all the comforts of home there.

Dombey—Home's good enough for me—at my house I enjoy all the comforts of a club.

MR. BOWSER'S TRIBULATIONS.

It Was Creased Trousers that Spoiled a Happy Evening.

No fireside could have been more peaceful and happy than that of the Bowsers' at 7 o'clock the other evening. Mrs. Bowser had a book in her hands, Mr. Bowser the evening paper, and the family cat lay on the hearth rug and purred and chuckled and decided that she had a soft snap for the winter. Without cold winds blew and snowflakes fell; within were warmth and cheer and contentment. By and by Mr. Bowser felt the influence, and he looked up from his paper and said:

"Well, now, but this is home! What reasonable man could ask for more than this?"

"Yes, it is cozy," answered Mrs. Bowser.

"How a man can leave a fireside like this to hang out at a club is more than I can make out. If all men had homes like this, there would be nothing but happiness in married life. Why can't all wives be like you?"

Mrs. Bowser took the alarm at once. Every wife knows that her husband is dangerous when too good. She started to say something about a neighbor's child being sick, but he interrupted her with:

"Yes, I suppose so; but it is probably owing to the mother's carelessness. I was thinking to-day that I was not half thankful enough for the blessings that surround me. Do you know that if I hadn't married just the right sort of wife I might have turned out a bad, bad man?"

"I am glad and satisfied that you are happy," she replied, "but don't you think it dreadful the way some of the coal-cart men use their poor horses? One was going past here to-day, when——"

"I know nothing about coal cart horses," he chipped in, "but I do know that I have the nicest little wife in all the world. Where would I be to-night but for you and this scene of comfort and happiness? Put away your book and let's talk. I presume you think there are times when I don't fully appreciate you, but even when I get mad and storm around I never lose sight of your many good qualities. And, too, you know I am always sorry for giving way to my temper. It is awfully good of you to overlook my failings."

Mrs. Bowser was in for it, and there was no escape. She couldn't faint away, and she could think of no excuse to get out of the house. She therefore smiled and replied:

"We get along as well as most folks. What is the news from China to-day?"

"Yes, you are always willing to overlook my faults," he continued as he reached out his foot and toyed with the cat, "and I want you to know that I appreciate it to the fullest extent. Didn't you say something about a new dress the other day?"

"If I did, I can wait for a month or two more."

"There is no need of waiting a day. In the morning I will give you $50 for a new dress. As you may need other things I think I'll make it $75. Never be afraid to ask me for money. I've been thinking we ought to go out more. What is to prevent us from going to the theater twice a week this winter?"

"I should like to go at least once a week."

"It shall be twice or three times, and we'll get up card parties for the other evenings. Would you like to keep a second girl?"

"Oh, no. You see, there is so little to do, and the cook has lots of time to help upstairs."

"If you want one, just say so. I don't want you to think you are tied to the house. And how about new carpets and furniture?"

"We don't need any."

"Thanks to you, and I appreciate it. By George, but when I remember how many rows I have raised over nothing at all I wonder that you haven't been driven to get a divorce. I expect there are plenty of women who would have brained me with the poker. Can you ever forgive me?"

Mrs. Bowser was determined to change the subject and avert the calamity, and a bright thought came to her.

"You took a pair of trousers to the tailor the other evening to be pressed," she said as she rose up.

"Yes, and has he sent them home?"

"They came up this afternoon and are in that bundle over there. I wonder if there are any buttons missing?"

The package was untied, and Mr. Bowser held them up to view. He had taken them to the tailor to have the creases renewed, and the tailor seemed to have made an excellent job of it. Mr. Bowser was about to lay them aside, with a nod of satisfaction, when he gave a sudden start of surprise, and the smile his face had worn during the last half hour was replaced by a look of sternness.

"What is it?" she asked.

He took the leg of the trousers and stretched it out at arm's length and squinted along the crease like a man looking along the edge of a board.

"You took this package in?" he asked, as he finished squinting along the leg.

"Yes."

"And you knew they were my trousers?"

"Of course. What is wrong with them?"

"What is wrong with them?" he repeated as his neck began to grow red. "If you were the sort of wife you ought to be, you'd know what was wrong with them. You'd have known it hours ago and brought that tailor to book instead of assisting him in his chicanery."

"But what is it?"

"Can't your eyes tell you? Look along these creases. Do they follow a straight line or do they wabble and crook?"

"They seem to be straight," replied Mrs. Bowser, after squinting.

"But they are not, and I believe you have known it for hours. See there. These creases are at least three inches out of true at the bottom, and what will be the effect when I put the trousers on? I will look to be a bow-legged man, of course, and of course that was the plot. By thunder, woman, but things have come to a pretty pass!"

"Mr. Bowser, how silly you are!"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes! Because I don't want to look like a man straddle of a barrel I am silly! How much did you have to pay the tailor to carry out this conspiracy with you? And when you had made me the laughing stock of the neighborhood what other scheme did you have to work? It would have been sweet music to your ears to hear the boys shouting, 'Old bow-legged Bowser!' after me on the street."

"I wish you'd be reasonable," said Mrs. Bowser, as she tossed the trousers on the lounge. "One minute you praise me, and everything is all right, and the next——"

"Never!" he interrupted as he kicked at the cat. "I have never praised you and don't mean to. There will be no theater and no card parties. A wife who'll conspire against her husband ought to be sent to State prison. I take my trousers to a tailor to be creased. You sneak down after me and bribe him to squeeze the creases so that I will be an object of ridicule. Why don't you poison my coffee? Why don't you murder me in my sleep?"

She passed him and went up stairs, and the cat held her breath and realized that a crisis was at hand. Mr. Bowser glared about him for a moment, as he made ready to break loose, and then, with a yell, he seized the offending trousers, and, with a mighty wrench, he tore the back seam up and held a leg in either hand. There was nothing alive in the room except the cat. He jumped for her with a leg swinging about his head, and Mrs. Bowser heard a meow, a crash, and a fall. He had struck a chair and fallen over it and plowed along the carpet with his nose, while the cat had escaped. An appalling silence followed, and it was a full quarter of an hour before she heard a voice hoarsely whispering:

"I don't wonder that husbands are driven to drink. I only wonder that they don't become murderers as well as drunkards!"

Thoroughbred.

From Harper's Bazar.

"Mamma, I've found out my dog's pedigree."

"What is it, dear?"

"Uncle Jim's hired man says he's a full-blooded mongrel!"