New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Beecher and the Phrenologist

How a Strolling Bump-Reader Examined the Great Pulpit Orator's Head and Told the Truth His Abilities.

While Henry Ward Beecher was all his life in most vigorous health, both mental and physical, never suffering serious illness until the mortal attack, he was nevertheless a yearly victim of hay fever. He found his only relief from hay fever in a sojourn in the White Mountains, and he was accustomed to leave his farm, near Peekskill, N. Y., in mid-July and to remain in New Hampshire until the frost. He was utterly democratic in his manner and unconventional in his dress, so that anyone who did not know him would be likely to judge that he was a farmer who had saved a little money and was spending a portion of it in a summer vacation at a White mountain hotel. Many farmers at that time were accustomed to do this.

One summer morning in the late seventies Beecher sat upon the piazza of his hotel, reading a newspaper. Upon his head was his black felt hat, the brim of which was so broad that it flapped in the breeze. He wore an old-fashioned turn-down collar, with a sort of black string for a necktie. His trousers were baggy, as usual. A few of his friends sat near him, chatting, when suddenly there appeared around the corner of the piazza a quaint and curious specimen of humanity. He was a large-eyed, long-haired man, with the beard of a prophet. In one hand he carried a satchel and in the other what appeared to be a chart or a map rolled up.

"I'm a phrenologist," he said by way of introduction to the little group that sat opposite Beecher. "I can tell by feeling what kind of brain a man has."

"Well," spoke up one of the party, assuming a cautious manner and almost whispering, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll examine the bumps on that old farmer's head"—motioning toward Beecher—"and if we find that you hit it pretty nearly straight, why, then, some of us may have our heads examined."

The phrenologist approached Mr. Beecher. "The gentlemen want me to examine your head," he explained. "I am a phrenologist. I can tell you more than you know about yourself."

Beecher at once suspecting that his friends were intent upon playing a joke, solemnly took off his hat. The phrenologist began to fumble through the masses of silver-gray hair. Suddenly he stopped and stepped back in astonishment.

"You shouldn't be a farmer," he exclaimed, excitedly. "Why, you can talk like a steam engine. You've got the biggest development of language that I have ever met with. And you're full of wit and humor. You can talk so as to make people cry, or to make them laugh. Where's your farm?"

"My farm is at Peekskill, N. Y., said Mr. Beecher.

"I thought it wasn't around here; your head is not like a New Hampshire farmer's. Do you make your farm pay?"

"I have never been able to make it pay. It costs me every year more than I get out of it," Beecher replied, truthfully.

"Of course! Why, if you'd taken to talking—public speaking—you could have earned money enough to run a farm, and get plenty of money out of it besides, no matter what it cost. You've made a mistake. Your teachers ought to have told you that you would make a public speaker."

Beecher did not wince. He asked the phrenologist if it was too late to begin speaking, and for reply was told: "It's never too late to begin." Then the phrenologist walked over to the little group. "That's the first farmer whose head I ever examined who could have been a speaker," he said. "That man could talk like a steam engine.'

"Do you know who that farmer is?" asked one of the party. "That is Henry Ward Beecher."

For a moment the phrenologist stood looking in dumb amazement at the speaker. Then he dropped his satchel and chart on the porch and fairly leaped in front of Mr. Beecher.

"So you're Henry Ward Beecher," he shrilled. "To think I've examined your head and told the truth about you! Well, now, you'll believe there's something in phrenology." And looking long and wonderingly at the great pulpit orator, the itinerant phrenologist at last gathered up his satchel and chart and disappeared as quietly and mysteriously as he had come.

Saw Treatment in a Dream

Dr. M. O. Terry While Asleep Received Instructions That Developed Into His Oil Cure of Many Kinds of Enteric Diseases.

A well-known encyclopedic authority states that the name of James Marion Sims "deserves a place as an inventive genius among the great surgeons of the world." It was Sims who, about the middle of the last century, substituted silver wire for silk and other sutures, first making this daring experiment in a peculiar and hitherto incurable disease, and then extending the use of metallic sutures to general surgery.

For some time he had been making a study of the hitherto incurable malady. He knew that the common silk suture would be eaten away by acids before the wound made by an operation could heal; it was this fact that made the disease incurable. He was puzzling over this apparently insurmountable obstacle one day when he walking about the streets of Montgomery, Ala., where he made his great experiment, when he saw a hairpan of the common black wire variety lying upon the sidewalk. Instantly, an idea flashed into his mind. He picked up the hairpin, took it to a silversmith, and asked the latter if he could draw a silver dollar into a wire much finer than the hairpin. When informed that this could be done, Sims gave instructions for a dollar to be drawn into a wire that had the thinness of a coarse thread; and with this thread of silver he was able to complete successfully his difficult operation, thereby banishing a hitherto incurable disease, and establishing a new era in American surgery.

In an equally extraordinary manner came the first hint to its originator of what has come to be known in the medical world as the oil treatment in enteric cases, which include appendicitis and typhoid. By originating this treatment Dr. M. O. Terry gained world-wide notoriety. Yet until now it has never been published how he got the germ of the idea that caused him to promulgate his famous treatment.

"It was a curious experience, verging on the weird, almost, that first led me to the study of medical sufficiency of oil in the treatment of many kinds of enteric diseases, especially appendicitis," said Dr. Terry.

"I was very fond of olives—and am yet—and it was my custom after a day spent in the hospitals and in following my private practise, to eat a handful of olives, with a few crackers on the side, before going to bed. Frequently, I was careless and left the bottle of olives uncorked, so that when I went again to it I usually found the contents incrusted with a sort of scum, and the olives themselves turned sour.

"Well, one night, after a hard day's work, including two very difficult operations, I fell into a sound sleep. And a dream came to me. It was as vivid as though I were awake. And in it I was told that if, after opening a bottle of olives, I would pour upon the water in which the olives were packed in the bottle enough oil completely to cover the water, I would have no further difficulty about my olives souring.

"Furthermore, I was told the philosophy of this. 'If you pour oil into the bottle,' it was said to me in the dream, 'it will float upon the top of the water, it will make an absolutely impervious coating. No germs from the air can penetrate it. It will smother all germs, for that is the quality of oil. Therefore, your olives will be protected.'

"I awoke, and reached out to my night table, which always stood by my bed, and made a brief note in my note book. Then I went to sleep again.

"In the morning I discovered the note upon my table, and I said: 'To-night I will make the experiment.' I did so, and found that what had been said to me in the dream was true. The olives were perfectly protected from all germs.

"Now, that set me thinking. I reasoned that if oil were taken into digestive organs, it would thoroughly insulate them—prevent attacks upon them by bacteria; or, if attack had been made, it would smother the forces of illness. I soon had an opportunity to make a test of my newly formed theory, in the case of a child who was dangerously ill, and, to my gratification, I found it worked perfectly. Then I developed the theory to extend it to typhoid fever, and especially to appendicitis; and it is through my advocacy of the oil treatment in the cases of appendicitis that have not yet reached the acute stage, with pus formed—when the knife is the only remedy—that I have gained professional advocates and opponents pretty much over the civilized world."

Aristocrat and the Ex-Slave

Peculiar Intimacy That Existed Between Blanche K. Bruce and L. Q. C. Lamar From the Time That Both Were Elected Senators.

In 1875 Blanche K. Bruce, born in slavery, and the first negro to sit in the United States senate, was made a member of that body by the Mississippi legislature. Two years later that state named as its other senatorial representative L. Q. C. Lamar, who had drafted the ordinance of secession adopted by Mississippi, led his regiment at Yorktown and Williamsburg, and otherwise labored assiduously in behalf of the Confederacy. In color, in antecedents, in training, in politics, the ex-slave and the man who was destined to win a seat on the United States Supreme court, were as far apart as the poles; yet shortly after Mr. Lamar had become senator it was noticed with more or less astonishment in various quarters that he and the senior senator from Mississippi were on the most friendly terms.

There are old residents in Washington who doubtless can easily recall how Senator Lamar and Senator Bruce used to walk arm in arm about the residential streets of the capital city and through its parks and squares. Seemingly, it never occurred to the white man that the companion of his outings was of another race, that his early life had been spent in bondage. And when Senator Bruce retired from the senate and became registrar of the treasury in 1881, the intimacy between him and Senator Lamar continued, their walks about Washington being ample outward evidence of their friendship.

Together, during all the period that both men were in the senate, they would visit the postoffice department relative to appointments. Whenever it became necessary for him to go to the department, Senator Lamar would courteously ask his negro colleague to accompany him, and more than once they were seen making their way there arm in arm, as though they were old cronies. And it was noticed that the advances invariably came from Senator Lamar; that Senator Bruce did not presume upon the official relations that existed between him and Senator Lamar to force his personal attentions upon the latter.

At the beginning of Grover Cleveland's first term as president Senator Lamar became secretary of the interior. Not long thereafter he sent word to Senator Bruce, then getting ready to retire as registrar of the treasury, that he would like to see him. A little later the secretary was receiving the registrar as he would an old friend, and confessing to him that he doubted whether he was as well equipped for an executive office as he was for a judicial or legislative post. "But," he said, "I am going to make as good a secretary of the interior as I am able." Then he brought up a personal matter.

"Senator," he asked, "how many appointees of yours are there in this department?"

"Well," replied Bruce, "I can't tell off-hand, but possibly there is a larger number here than I should have asked for."

"Do you think so, Senator?" queried Secretary Lamar. "Well, I have sent for you simply to say this: Not one of your appointees in this department shall be touched. You can tell them all that they need feel no anxiety; they shall stay here as long as I am secretary of the interior."

MAKE CLOSET SPACE

ARRANGEMENT THAT GREATLY INCREASES CAPACITY.

Hangers That Can Be Lifted Up to the Ceiling Will Be Found of Much Value—Use for Old-Fashioned Secretary.

Help for dwellers in apartments whose closet room is congested comes in hangers that can be poked up to the ceiling. Therefore that space between the top and the line of hooks which hitherto has been wasted becomes of value by means of one or two rods stretched across about four inches below the ceiling. The value of this arrangement is not only in use of space that has been idle, but that long dresses may be hoisted so high that they are not in the way when entering the closet.

Whether one or two rods may be used in this fashion depends upon the depth of the closet. There must, however, be space enough to permit all garments being placed on coat hangers.

The racks which are to be skied are those ordinarily used, and to make the handling of garments placed so high easy there is a long stick, with a hook at the end, which may be used to lift clothes down and put them back without reaching.

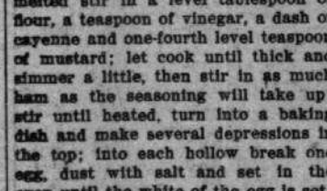
The rods should be put across the closet, or from end to end, but arrangeemtns depend, somewhat upon the shape of the closet.

Needless to add such garments as are skied should be those not worn every day, and the stick for taking them down should be kept in the closet.

A woman who has lived for many years in an apartment finds an old-fashioned secretary a useful piece of furniture, because of the number of different articles it will hold. The lower section is always either drawers or a cupboard, and underclothes or other garments may be tucked away in such manner that they may be easily taken out. The top always has doors and shelves. If the doors are of glass thye can be backed by plain or figured silk, fulled on rods. In the hidden space thus arranged no end of articles, large and small, may be placed.

An old-fashioned bookcase, which begins at the floor, and is about five feet high, may be converted into a clothes closet.

The shelves may be removed and hooks put around the top, inside, so coats and skirts of any kind may be hung.



When serving a pineapple sherbet, add a spoonful of maraschino to each portion after putting it into the glass cups.

Boil the milk and the liquor of the oysters separately. Put them together boiling hot and the milk will not curdle.—Suburban Life.

Rich fruit cake has done service in an emergency as pudding and deceived the guests completely. The cake was steamed, cut in slices and served hot, with a rich plum pudding sauce.

If the cake frosting is too thin, put it in the sun, which will draw the water from the frosting; then put the frosting on the cake, set the cake in a hot oven for just a minute, and the frosting will harden.

When baking custards grate some chocolate over the top just before putting them into the oven. Those who like chocolate will find a delightfully brown and "crusty" coat over the custard when done, while the mass beneath will remain a clear gold color.

Baked Ham and Egg.

Chop or grind trimmings of cold ham; put a rounding tablespoon of butter into a saucepan and when melted stir in a level tablespoon of flour, a teaspoon of vinegar, a dash of cayenne and one-fourth level teaspoon of mustard; let cook until thick and simmer a little, then stir in as much ham as the seasoning will take up; stir until heated, turn into a baking dish and make several depressions in the top; into each hollow break one egg, dust with salt and set in the oven until the white of the egg is set; serve in same dish.

Roast Jigot of Mutton.

This may be done in an iron saucepan, and does not demand the attention that open fire roasting does. Warm the saucepan thoroughly and rub the bottom with a little butter. Then lay in the gigot, and turn it frequently till it is all nicely browned, then lift saucepan to the side of the fire and let it cook slowly till wanted. It may be salted by pouring salted water over it. Two hours should cook a seven-pound leg of mutton.

When Baking Cookies.

Whenever you are baking cookies pin a piece of muslin over the bread board, stretching it tight. Flour the muslin well and you can roll the dough as soft and thin as you please. A piece of muslin around the rolling pin is still another improvement.

Cocoanut Pudding.

Grate two cocoanuts, one-quarter pound butter, three-quarter pound sugar, yolks of four eggs; mix the butter and sugar, then stir in the cocoanut and add one and one-half pints milk; put a paste in the dish and bake in a moderate oven, but not too long.

Cream Rice.

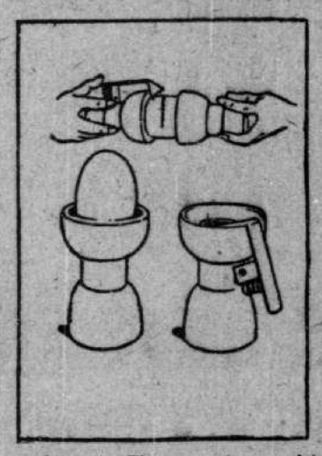
Cook rice in rapidly boiling salted water until tender. Take as much as required for dessert and mix with a cupful of whipped and sweetened cream. Flavor with vanilla and set away in a cold place. This is simple, but is always satisfactory.

REMOVES ALL THE SHELL

Implement That Will Find Immediate Favor With All Those Fond of Eggs.

Many persons decline to have boiled eggs for breakfast for the reason that they are somewhat of a nuisance to prepare, after they have been brought to the table, and before they can be eaten. A few are content to have the waiter or servant do this, but the pleasure of dispatching this dainty breakfast morsel is marred by the knowledge that it is almost impossible to open a hot boiled egg without the fingers of the opener coming into intimate contact with the contents of the shell.

This uncertainty is overcome by the use of the device shown in the accom-



panying cut. The apparatus consists of two porcelain cups about three inches high, with a rubber egg holder in the top of each, as illustrated. One of the cups has a metallic pivoted striker, actuated by a coil spring. In operating an egg is placed in one cup, as shown, then pressing the two cups firmly together the striker is let go with a quick snap, which will cut the egg shell and permit the loose contents of the shell to be emptied into an egg cup or glass. The remainder of the shell contents can be removed with a spoon. The empty shells may be loosened from the holders with a spoon. By using this device it is only necessary to touch the egg when placing it in the sheller, and even that may be avoided by putting it in with a spoon.

Broth for the Children.

A most delicious food for children just beginning to eat and for invalids: Buy a pound of the best round steak, remove every particle of fat and put through the food chopper. Put the chopped steak into a two quart glass, preserving jar, and add a tablespoonful of tapioca. Fill the jar with cold water, put on the cover and see the jar into a pan of cold water. Be sure that the pan holds water enough to cover two-thirds of the jar, and as it boils away renew it. Now put the pan containing the jar into the oven and cook for six hours. At the end of that time remove the jar and strain the contents through a fine sieve. This makes a most delicious and nourishing broth. A cupful of this with a few crackers or toasted bread makes a fine dinner for a child or a sick person.

Farina Bread.

Make porridge of Farina as for breakfast. Amount when done one quart. When nearly cooked add two large handfuls of rolled oats. After a few minutes pour into mixer. Add two tablespoons of salt and teaspoonful of lard and one cup molasses. Stir and cool lukewarm, then add dissolved yeast cake. Then thicken with white flour and proceed exactly as with the white bread. Think I bake it about one and three-fourths hours. I make large loaves, so if you make them smaller a shorter time will do. I like this bread because the crust is always tender and the bread is good for nearly a week.

To Whiten Yellowed Linen.

A woman whose household goods had been packed away for several years found upon unpacking them that the doilies and centerpieces that were embroidered in colors had turned yellow. She was at a loss to know how to whiten them, since anything of sufficient strength for bleaching would fade the color of the embroidery. On the advice of a friend she put the articles to soak in buttermilk for two or three days, then laundered them in the usual way, to find them nicely bleached. Soak them in an earthen bowl, never in a tin vessel, lest they rust.

Fruit Pyramid.

A fruit pyramid is an easily prepared dessert and calls only for preserved fruits, lady fingers and whipped cream. Draw all the superfluous juice from two or three preserved pears, an equal number of peaches and plums, and a few spoonfuls of canned cherries and berries, and pil them in a pyramid with a circle of lady fingers and rosettes of whipped cream. Flavor the whipped cream with maraschino.

Care of Pastry Board.

In washing a pastry board care should be taken to use the scrubbing brush and sand in the direction of the grain of the wood. The dirt is by this means removed without scratching the surface. The sand should be washed off with plenty of cold water, and the board first wiped with a clean cloth and then placed in the air to dry.

Nippy Cheese.

To one cup of grated dry American cheese add one tablespoonful butter, generous dash of cayenne and salt to taste. Work to a smooth paste and add one teaspoon cream. Put into tiny glasses and keep in cold place until used. This is a good way to use up bits of dry cheese of any kind, such as Roquefort, Swiss, etc.

Kitchen Economy.

To preserve unused yolks of eggs put the yolks in a cup or basin, drop a piece of kitchen paper into cold water, and place over the top of cup or basin. This will prevent the yolks from getting hard and they will keep for days.

A Back Number

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

Stanley Pierce, at his desk in the middle office, bent his head over his bookkeeping, and wished to goodness that when he stayed to work overtime the girls in the outer office would go home and stop their chatter. He was at the head of his department, and was anxious that there should be no errors—he was always coming to the office early and leaving late. His fine shoulders were stooped a little, and his dark hair was thinning on top. He was probably thirty—he looked forty. His face was weary and passive. Then, hearing his name spoken in Queenie Dawson's clear young voice he looked up quickly, showing a pair of dark eyes, alert and keen.

"Why Stanley Pierce?" she asked, and Ruthie Carter replied.

"Let's ask him anyhow. He belongs to the force as much as we——"

"More," snapped Queenie; "he's a thousand years old——"

Ruth interrupted her. "And it's the first free Saturday afternoon of the summer tomorrow, and we need another man for the picnic anyway. He may not go, but let's ask him. He's nice, and he'd enjoy it. He lives 'way out somewhere with an old maid sister. It's no wonder he's drying up!"

"I'm not a missionary!" retorted Queenie. "He'll think it his duty to go and will be a wet blanket on the fun. Imagine him trying to flirt! Do leave him in peace, girls, and ask a real, live man—he's a back number, a mere column of figures!"

"No," declared Ruth, and Cassie seconded her.

"He's saved us from the chief's ire many's the time—always doing somebody else's work.

"Oh, if you're so smitten on him, Ruth, very well! Only you'll have the dullest day of your life, for you'll have to annex him—I won't!"

Then, some one seemed suddenly to be aware that the door was ajar; a frightened little silence followed. Pierce heard a suppressed giggle, and then he remembered it was shameful to listen, and stepped softly through the open door back into the private office, now deserted. He was safely inside when one of the girls looked into the middle room, and marked with relief that probably he had been out of hearing distance.

Five minutes later, seemingly quite unconscious of the others, he came out and prepared to leave. The girls gathered penitently about him—save Queenie, who held her head high and watched him from a corner as she adjusted her hat.

"Come to a park picnic with us tomorrow, Mr. Pierce, do!" begged Ruthie, in her sweet fashion. "Let your garden go to weeds, and have a little fun! We're a man short—and you need a change anyhow."

He considered the girl with amused eyes, then looked up to encounter the gaze of Queenie. Her fair, saucy face flamed, and her clear, blue eyes fell in confusion. It was a disturbing gaze for them both, but the man was cool enough.

"I shall be glad to come," he said conventionally. "I had almost forgotten there were such things as picnics! Do we start from here?"

After discussing details for a moment, they separated. And Stanley Pierce went home to think. Had the girl been right? Was he a wet blanket to innocent fun? Queenie's petulant, young voice, her bright face, haunted his memory.

The next afternoon, at Pierce's suggestion, the little basket-laden party in the interurban car passed the park and he got off at a strip of open wildwood. All June blossomed and sung about them, and there was much merry finding of flowers, wandering about the grassy hillsides, much story telling and laughter. Clark Miller stayed near Ruth, and each of the other girls had her satellite. But, with determined but unostentatious steadiness, Stanley Pierce fastened himself to Queenie Dawson, pretending not to mark the malicious joy of the rest.

Annoyed at first, the girl was soon interested, finally pleased. The "back number" was so entertaining that at length the whole group came under his spell. Why had they not seen before that he was an out-of-doors man? Why had he hidden his knowledge of flowers and plants, of wildwood creatures, his quick, humorous observations on life in general?

Toward evening they began to think of a place to spread the supper, but he said he knew the loveliest spot imaginable, and not so far away, if they would come with him. Immediately the band was on the march. Pierce, still with Queenie beside him, led the way, plucking a flower for her here, helping her under a fence there, once cutting a willow twig and making her a whistle that would have delighted the heart of a small boy. And he lifted her like a child over a little brook.

And soon, making a sudden turn in a winding path, they came to a quaint veranda-surrounded cottage set in the side of a green hill. An old-fashioned picket fence shut in a garden fairly bursting with old-fashioned bloom. Green young vines half covered the cottage.

"Oh, what a dream of a place!" said Queenie. "Thank you for showing it to us! Do fairies live here, I wonder? No; I suppose it's only some cross old lady with a dog who would bite us if we so much as smelled a rose."

Pierce laughed and handed the girl a key, as he opened the gate for her and the others.

"Do I look like a cross old lady?" he asked. "Come in. Didn't you know I was a farmer? I'm going to send you men back for the baskets while the girls go in and make coffee on my gas range." Now, the man was captain, indeed. The little artistic gem of a house was a delight, and he explained that his sister had gone east to care for a sick aunt, but he was quite old enough to be chaperon. And they ate on the little green lawn among the flowers, and were very happy and content.

This was the beginning of things. Every few Saturdays, sometimes on a Sunday and with somebody's mother along, the little group, with slight changes in the personnel, but always including Queenie and Ruth, came to make merry in the flower-filled garden. Stanley Pierce changed wonderfully, taking on new life. His shoulders straightened; his eyes brightened. He was prompt at work, but ceased staying overtime, and stopped bearing the office sins of others

But Queenie sobered as summer advanced. Her two weeks' vacation brought her back pale and listless. She seemed quiet, older by years. In that two weeks she had not seen Pierce, and she had dismissed John Harter. The girls thought she might be regretting her latter move, and Pierce overheard them discussing it. Suddenly his undertanding opened to the hope that had been all summer lying warm at his heart.

The next Saturday he asked them all to his house, and while the others were eager, Queenie seemed indifferent. But the rest rallied her and she finally went. This time Miss Nancy was at home, and met them in her pleasant, incisive way, explaining that she had just come back for her things—she was needed indefinitely back east. "Stan" was a good housekeeper, she averred, and when he grew tired of his own company he could find some girl into marrying him—much worse than he did it every day! She was very entertaining and, to Queenie, embarrassing, though the girl could not have said why. She was self-conscious.

After supper, they wandered out in the twilight, first one couple and then another ingeniously losing itself about the grounds. Pierce and Queenie sat for a while on the veranda, then he led her down the winding path to the rustic seat beneath the big oak, and in silence they watched the fireflies blaze out in the dewy grass, and the stars prick out from the background of dark velvet sky. Then the moon rose.

Pierce made some careless remark to the girl, but she did not answer, so he stooped to look closely at her. Tears shone in her eyes, and then she covered her face with both hands. He put his arm about her and drew the little head to his shoulder. She turned her face against his coat and began to cry softly.

"Queenie, Queenie!" he said, "do you—care? Will you marry me? Surely you have long known that I love you, dear!"

She drew nervously away from him and sat up, laughing a little.

"What is the trouble, Queenie? You've not been yourself this long time. Don't you care? Tell me!"

"Well," she faltered, "you will think me an—awful little—goose, but I couldn't help it." She paused.

"Help what?" he said, drawing her back, quite willing, to his arms.

"I thought you might not—really care. I thought you heard me call you a—back number, and horrid things once in the office, and were simply—getting even! I was worried to death!"

It was his time to laugh. "Do you suppose my man's ears are pricked up to hear all the girl chatter in that office? And would it make any difference if a girl did call me a back number, so long as she atoned for it by marrying me?"

Then they heard the others coming and realized that even for lovers the interurban car system has a heartless, fixed, time schedule.

Tried to Kiss Ada Rehan

General Boulanger Receives Rough Treatment When He Attempts to Embrace Actress.

There was an episode in the life of Miss Ada Rehan that did not need the embellishments of the press agent to make it "go the rounds." In 1881 there was a celebration of the surrender at Yorktown, and a number of Frenchmen of state attended, including General Boulanger. Included in the entertainment of these guests, the program of which was assigned by Mr. Blaine, then secretary of state, to Mr. Creighton Webb, was a visit to Daly's theater. The French party was delighted with the play and especially with Miss Rehan. When the Frenchmen were told that Mr. Daly would be pleased to take them on the stage between acts and introduce them to members of the company, Boulanger manifested an excited enthusiasm at the prospect.

When Boulanger was introduced to Miss Rehan he soon dropped formalities. His attentions were conspicuously demonstrative. He seized her hand, drew her to him and attempted to embrace her. The fiery Rehan, thoroughly indignant, had difficulty in making the Frenchman believe that she resented his fervor, but some of the members of Daly's company managed to convince him by laying violent hands on him. Then, in turn, the egotistical Boulanger became furious, demanded apologies of Rehan's defenders, and poor Webb, being responsible for the party and its good behavior, needed all the tact for which he was famous to prevent bloody hostilities.

When Boulanger was told that decorum in Daly's theater was the same as in any well regulated family, and, therefore, especially at variance with the standards of some of the Paris stages, he sent rather reluctant apologies to Miss Rehan and left the theater.

Beneficence and Gratitude.

One day the Supreme Being took it into His head to give a great banquet in His Azure palace.

All the virtues were invited. Men He did not ask—only ladies.

There was a large number of them, great and small. The lesser virtues were more agreeable and genial than the great mass; but they all appeared to be in good humor and chatted amiably together.

But the Supreme Being noticed two charming ladies who seemed to be totally unacquainted.

The Host gave one of the ladies His arm, and led her up to the other.

"Beneficence!" he said, indicating the first.

"Gratitude!" He added, indicating the second.

Both the virtues were amazed beyond expression. Ever since the world had stood—and it has been standing a long time—this was the first time they had met.—"Poem in Prose," from the Russian.

It's an attached cuff that has no turning.

ANTIQUITY OF THE LONG BOW

Famous Legends Involve Robin Hood, William Tell, Foke, William of Cloudsley and Barbarossa.

Many "long bow" stories are to be found in the world's literature long before the time of the celebrated Baron Munchausen. Indeed, by far the greatest part of them had their origin in the remote past.

Virgil, in the Aeneid, tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the bark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord, and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left at which to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying towards the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire and it swept on like a meteor, to disappear in the sky.

The stories of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance at Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain on one's power of belief.

"The famous legend of William Tell is believed by some authorities to have a foundation in fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story was told; and William of Cloudsley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his skill.

The majority of bow and arrow stories relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vigenere, tells one in which the main point is the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow is long and strong enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turkish admiral of a ship called the Grand Solyman, send an arrow from his bow clean through a cannon ball. Whether the cannon ball had a hole in it or not he neglects to inform us.