

Iodine's Celebration of Washington's Birthday.

By Julius N. Jorgensen.

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Iodine Brown sat in a big nest of chaser of the helmet began to search gray moss which he had made in a for the money. A careful survey showed the corner outside the peanut field, and the directions pointed to a spot and he muttered and mumbled in this wild corner of the old master's scolded. Occasionally he would argue plantation, and holes were dug at a with an imaginary opponent, using all distance of 32 feet north-northwest the gestures with which he had seen from every tree and stump within ten feet Berry deliver his sermon on acres around the indicated spot. Finally "Rasslin Wild de Spirit!"

"Now, yo' knows well 'nuff," said Velvet offered to buy some lead from Iodine to his adversary, "dat yo' ain't his former master, this wild corner n-treatin' o' me right. I done deb dem was sold to him. He had done a deal haws out'n de fiel' mos' eber sense de of digging for the treasure, but had long since given up the search."

Iodine became interested in a small hole which had been made by some animal in the side of one of the excavations, and he began to probe into it with a stick.

The boy had been an interested spectator at the blowing up of stumps with gunpowder, and he thought as he peeped and poked into the hole that he could make a noise and celebrate Washington's birthday by exploding a charge of powder in the burrow. He ran to the cabin and brought out Velvet's old powderhorn and began the preparations for his celebration. Iodine knew he would probably have to suffer punishment, but no matter. He must do something to celebrate the day. He poured into the hole a copious charge of powder, and then putting in a small cane which had been bored out for pipestems he filled this with the explosive also. Then he pounded the earth about the cave until the cavity was tightly closed.

After several feints he touched the lighted match to the top of the rod and ran. He had not taken more than three steps when the explosion came. He was thrown to the ground by the concussion and was nearly covered by the shower of dirt that fell upon him. He was uninjured, however, and turned his attention to the hole in the ground. There was a little yellow streak in the loose dirt at the bottom of the hole, and with a stick he uncovered the object, which proved to be a dead chipmunk.

"Mus' be mo' chipmunks 'n dis 'n de hole!" said Iodine as he began again to scratch away the dirt. Soon he struck something hard, which made a peculiar hollow sound, and he took away more dirt and uncovered a brown, scaly iron object. The urchin's curiosity was aroused, and, lying flat upon the ground, he used stick and fingers to uncover more of the iron. He saw that it was a large, round object, with three little horns sticking out like the "wreps" of hair on Marine's head, and then he knew what it was.

Old Brick came out of the brush, closely followed by the spotted shotes, sniffed the air suspiciously and then trotted straight to the peanut field fence. Alas for poor Velvet Brown! His bright dream of the big crop of "White Lady gobbers," which he expected to market in the summer, was soon to be shattered.

"I gwine t' git dis k' out'n my yah fo' my mammy," muttered the boy, forgetful of his trust and all unconscious of the raid upon the field. He was soon able to move the kettle, and a poor and badly used up kettle it was. Iodine soon realized that his prize was of little value. Then he bethought him of the other chipmunk and turned again to the hole. His eyes bulged out with surprise as he saw another kettle, smaller than the first, standing upright in the ground. It was not empty like the other, but was filled with yellow and black pieces of money.

"De pit's money!" shouted Iodine. He tried to lift the kettle from the hole, but he had not strength to move it. Running to the well, he brought the drinking gourd, filled it with gold and carried it to the house. Trip after

the mansion. At the rear was Boots, preceded by Tadgum, Lucifer, Marine and Blissful. In the lead was Velvet, wheeling a barrow in which were piled the silver and gold and the kettles, while crowning the heap sat Iodine, with sparkling eyes of living jet and a row of white teeth visible from ear to ear.

The amount of money taken from the ground by Iodine was a little more than \$10,000, a great fortune to this humble family. Blissful and the child driven were purchased from the old master, a good roanay house was built and more land added to the farm. Good ston fences were built about the place, and Old Brick needed watching no more.

A red letter day greater than Washington's birthday or the Fourth of July, a day to be marked by the Brown family with a white stone—was that upon which the old master drove to Savannah in his best carriage, accompanied by little Iodine, whose bosom swelled with pride as he thought of his importance and contemplated his beautiful suit of store clothes. They drove to a bank, and there the master invested \$2,000 in government bonds and deposited them to the credit of Iodine and his guardian.

On the banks of the Onsettee, near Eden, lives a prosperous colored man the owner of a large farm and the father of a bright family of girls and boys. Among his most treasured possessions is an old kettle, on which the following words have been painted: "Washington Iodine."

Was it Lord Bunsfield who, as Mr. Dismal, was once visited with before the experiment of a "policy of ignorance?" According to Sir William Prose, no loftier subject can occupy the attention of man, and, according to him also, an ancestor of the great premier, Moses, to wit, was "the greatest sanitary engineer the world had ever known," and the book of Leviticus was "a treatise on hygiene."

The Jew was the healthiest and longest lived type of humanity, and the doctrines of Moses could be summed up as the objects of sanitation today—namely, (1) pure air, (2) pure water, (3) pure food, (4) pure soil, (5) pure dwellings and (6) pure bodies. Pure air, he said, was to be found in healthy mountains, hills and workhouses, but not in our churches, theaters, railway carriages or dining rooms, even the dingy foom of your "decent" friend, Glimmer's den.

THE TRAIN SPOTTER.

AN OFFICIAL WHO IS WELL PAID BY THE RAILROADS.

The Work Which is Performed by This Class of Detectives and the Qualities For Which It Calls—Methods of the Woman Spotter.

A little over three months ago there alighted from an Oakland ferryboat a female little woman, who passed along with the crowd, with scarcely a glance to the right or left. Her politeness attracted some attention and her modesty more, but no one who observed the air of confidence with which she made her way to the public carriage stand would have imagined that she was a stranger and that for the first time in her life she was visiting San Francisco.

Giving a few quiet directions and entering a cab, she was whisked away from the bustling throng and driven to a hotel. Later the register contained an unassuming "Miss Walker, Chicago." Her room was No. 11. Calling a private messenger, she dispatched a message to a firm of lawyers, and that evening, promptly at 8 o'clock, a prosperous looking, well dressed gentleman entered the hotel, glanced at the register, and, ignoring the clerk's question, "Do you want anything?" passed by the waiting elevator and walked up the stairs.

That was Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning Miss Walker might have been seen boarding a Market street car bound for the ferry, where she purchased a train ticket and crossed to the mole. She returned late on Friday evening, and Saturday morning the same messenger took a sealed letter to the same lawyers, but this time there was no evening caller. Saturday evening she left town again for a few days, and these trips were continued until one day last week, when, by the merest chance, the object of her repeated outings was discovered. On this occasion she was the possessor of a ticket to a city near the Missouri river, and she smilingly confessed that she was bidding goodbye to San Francisco for some time to come.

As an illustration of the care which she must exercise in order to enhance her value to the big railway corporations in this country it is only necessary to state that in the ten years which she has devoted to the business of spotter, or, as she would probably prefer to have it called, private detective, she has undoubtedly made fewer friends than any other else in the country. And while she will not allow any one to get thoroughly acquainted with her, she does not make enemies. That would be ruinous.

It is an unwritten law of the railroads that every employee is open to suspicion until he has been proved guilty, and the people who take upon themselves the task of separating the two classes—those who are found guilty and those who are as yet merely under suspicion—are objects of the greatest contempt with the army of toilers who seek a living on the trains. To offset this unpopularity, however, they have the inducement of large financial returns. There is no ironbound rule governing the amount of money which they receive, but the more profitable of the class probably make from \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year.

At times a railroad will have an important case on its hand, and the services of a first class spotter will be invaluable to the company, and on such occasions, if successful, the financial returns increase wonderfully.

There is a much greater demand for this class of detectives in the east than there is here, and several reasons are given for this condition of affairs. In the first place, traffic being heavier, there are more trains run there, and more men are employed by the companies. Besides, that section is more thickly populated, and way trains are in many instances run hourly, if not oftener, but probably the truest cause for the increased dishonesty among railway conductors in the east is the low rate of salary which they receive.

There is a well defined belief among eastern men who travel extensively that any man who has reached that degree of prosperity where he can afford to wear creased trousers is hopelessly extravagant if he pays more than one-third fare after crossing the Mississippi river. I once heard a popular actor giving his reasons for this assertion in a resort on the Atlantic coast, and, after enlightening his audience with a dissertation on the almost utter worthlessness of money in the west, so far as railroad traveling was concerned, he continued:

"Take any train on any road west of Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago or St. Paul, and the rest is easy. Assume an air of indifference and smoke a cigar. If your conductor be seely looking, have a beard, an old uniform with threadbare elbows and a hopeless expression on his face, pay your fare. He is an honest man. A thousand dollars wouldn't tempt him, and you are out a whole stack of dollars for getting on his train. Had you waited for the next one things would have been different. There you have a prosperous looking fellow, who spent his last hour before leaving time in a barber's chair and who, but for his uniform, would pass for a drummer or even a banker. He looks as well fed and as well groomed as a king, and you need have no fear that he will decline your invitation to divide the cost of your ride to your destination or at least to the end of his division."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Relapse.
"Were you ever treated by a physician for your nerves?"
"Yes, and I had to get some more medicine when I received the bill."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

STRIKING A MATCH.

Showing How Little Things May at Times Decide a Man's Fortune.

The truth of the saying that little things may sometimes play an important part to men's affairs when the men least expect it was illustrated one day recently.

"See that young man over there," remarked an insurance friend of his, pointing to one of his clerks working away industriously at a desk in another room. "Well, he got his place in my office through the striking of a match, although he doesn't know it."

"I was standing at the entrance of this building about a month ago waiting for a friend to come down the elevator, when that young man approached me with a letter of recommendation and an application for employment. I had made it known a few days before that I needed another clerk, and he had heard of it. However, I had almost made up my mind to take on a young man who had been to see me the day before and was about to tell the last applicant so, when he pulled a match from one of his pockets to light a cigar he had been smoking, but which had gone out."

"Sorry, sir," he said, balancing himself on one foot, while he lifted the other so as to admit of his striking the match on the heel of his shoe. "Sorry, for I would like very much to work for you, and I think I would have made you a good clerk."

"The match striking incident made me think so too. Right at the young man's elbow was a great Italian marble column upon which were the marks showing where many matches had been struck by vandals too utterly indifferent to the rights of others to refrain from heedlessly stamping their vandalism upon property to restore which would have cost hundreds of dollars. It would have been the most natural thing in the world for many a man to have scratched that match on the marble column, and the fact that this young man chose to use the heel of his shoe instead showed that he was thoughtful and conscientious, two very excellent traits. I was so impressed that I told him to come and see me, and the result of the visit was his securing the position. And his month in my office has shown that I made no mistake in sizing him up."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

EXCHANGED OVERCOATS.
At First by Accident and Then to Rectify the Error.

"Queer things have happened to me in Chicago," said the rubber goods man, "but perhaps the queerest of all was the way I lost and found my overcoat last winter. It was all the fault of the check boy. He gave me out what I took to be my coat as I was ready to go to the depot. It fitted me all right, and so did the gloves in the pocket. It was not until I boarded the train that I found some letters which proved that I had the wrong coat. I had a lower berth for Detroit. The upper berth passenger came in after a bit, and as he sat down he said:

"Well, I thought I would get out of Chicago this time without anything happening, but I'm disappointed. Through some hoax pocus or other I've lost my overcoat—that is, I've made an exchange with some one."

"Just my case," I replied.

"Where did you stop?"

"At the Auditorium."

"So did I."

"Well, he had my coat, and I had his," continued the rubber goods man, "and it took only a minute to effect the exchange. We were both bound for Detroit, both intended to put up at the same hotel and both had business with the same firm. It was a queer thing, taken all around, but, as I said at the beginning, there is no place like Chicago for surprises. A year ago I was hurrying along State street with the crowd when I ran plump into a man whom I had left for dead in Mexico three years before, and the first words he spoke was to tell me he was hard up and dun me for \$5 I owed him!"—Washington Post.

First Negro Minstrel.
The first negro minstrel troupe appeared in the United States about 1845. They were real negroes, led by a man named Johnson, and the melody which gained them great applause was named "That Old Gray Goose." The words ran, "Oh, don't you see that old gray goose a-lookin' at the gander?" This was sung by the tenor voice, and the chorus ran in parts to the words "Where," "Here," "I hear," and their ringing chorus. Another of their part songs was "Oh, Mamma, I Must Be Married to Mr. Punchinello," different voices singing "Who Mr. Punch?" "Who Mr. Nell?" "Who Mr. Lot?" "Who Mr. Punchinello?"

Jim Was Ahead.
"It's strange," sighed the trolley conductor, "how, when two boys start out with equal chances, one of them is bound to forge ahead while the other lags behind. There was Jim, Jim and I were fast friends as youths, but look at the now! Equal as our chances were, Jim is ahead!"

"What is he doing?" asked the passenger who had paid his fare.

"He's the waterman up front. Did I get your nickel?" Bang! Clatter! "Edmund place!" Bang! Clatter! Ting-a-ling! "Yes, sir; it's strange!"—Detroit Free Press.

When a Husband Gets Up to Give His Wife a Chair, She Fairly Beams at the Thought that Other Women Now See that He Idolizes Her and Would Be Willing to Die for Her.—Atholton Globe.

It is said that dried gurgants given to horses occasionally in lieu of oats will increase the animal's powers of endurance.

A WASTED JOKE.

He Meant to Worry His Wife, but He Didn't.

"I don't think I'll try any more practical jokes on my wife. They don't pay out well."

"Blucilate."

"You see, she has a habit of hoisting the window in our room every night. As I usually go to bed last she depends on me to hoist it. Sometimes I forget it, and then there's a wild squabble. Frequently she wakes me up in the night and asks me to see if it is open. If I don't, she nags at me until morning."

"A night or two ago I resolved to give her a hard scare. I rolled up a lot of old newspapers into a long bundle and laid the package down by the window. Of course she was asleep and didn't hear me. Then I opened the window a little way and crept into bed. Some time after midnight she nudged me and said:

"Jim, I'm sure you didn't open that window. It's like a babe born in the room. Get up and see."

"So I got up, went to the window and threw the sash as high as it would go. As I did so I gave a little shriek and then flung my bundle down to the walk below. It struck with a dull thud, and I dodged behind the curtain to await developments. The room was very dark, and I couldn't see my wife, but I heard her raise herself to a sitting posture. Then she spoke.

"Poor old Jim!" she quietly said. "He's tumbled out of the window in his raggedest nightshirt. What a spectacle he'll be when they find him in the morning!" Then she lay down again and went to sleep."

"What did you do?"

"Stood there shivering for a minute or two and then sneaked into bed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Types of Our Ancestors.



THE PROGENITOR OF THE STOCKBROKER.—Types.

Gently Spoken.
Smith—Is your new clerk a good man?
Jones—Never saw his equal. He works just like a charm.
Smith—But I was under the impression that charms seldom work.
Jones—Well, you heard what I said.—Chicago Record.

One or the Other.
"Doctor, what ails my daughter?"
"Before I answer that question let me ask if you have reason to think she has had a love disappointment of any kind."
"I know she has not."
"Then, madam, your daughter has the grip."—Chicago Tribune.

Literary Genus.
"What's your game?" asked the man with the big cigar in the Pullman.
"If you mean my profession," replied the other, with dignity, "I'm a market of books."
"And I'm a bookmaker," cried the first heartily. "Shake!"—Philadelphia North American.

Talks as She Looks.
Tess—She's too fond of talking behind her back.
Jess—What do you mean? Behind whose back?
Tess—Her own. She's a regular tubberneck.—Philadelphia Press.

An Early Start.
"That Blinksdorf girl is the promptest young woman I ever had the pleasure of escorting."
"She comes by it honestly. Her father was a car starter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Feminine Exception.
"Well, ignorance is bliss, you know."
"Indeed it isn't. When I want to know something about somebody and can't find out about it, I nearly lose my mind."—Chicago Record.

An Unintentional Joke.



"Mr. Editor, you found some very funny things in my batch of comic sketches. I suppose?"
"Certainly. For instance, the request that they be paid for."—Unseen Gossamer.

Everybody Else Does.
"Old fellow; lend me a dollar."
"Certainly. Why should I seek to gain a reputation for eccentricity?"—Chicago Tribune.



IODINE PREPARES TO CELEBRATE.

gobbas wuz planted, 'n I ain't le'm git a gobba, standin' all de times dey's breathin' de de fence down, 'n now, when Wash'm's burday cum 'n ole mauss le's all he's nigg'n go down 'n S'van t' see de sogers a-marchin' 'n de drums a-drummin' 'n de boom-bangin' o' de cannons, 'n yo' all's gwine 'n take Marine 'n Lucifer 'n Tadgum 'n Boots, 'n yo' all up 'n sez, 'Iodine, we caln' git ole mauss' haws no Wash'm's burday dola's in we's gobba patch, 'n yo'll hater stay 'n keepin' out."

"Now, wha' fur I done taken dat ya'k' a'er Tadgum done le'm root up 'ebon hills? Jes' so's I c'd stay home on Wash'm's burday, I s'pose. Well, I sez 'tain' no fa'h, 'n yo' all know 'tain'."

The time was long "lefo' de war. Little Iodine Brown was a slave, as were his mother, sister and brothers. His father, Velvet Brown, had been enabled by a stroke of good fortune to purchase his own freedom and 20 acres of ground, and his wife Blissful and her five small children were permitted by the old master to live in Velvet's cabin. Marine worked at the mansion each day and returned to the cabin at night, while the children worked for their father to pay for their keeping. Velvet had a little hoard of money, which was growing slowly, to be used when a sufficient amount was saved for the purchase of Blissful's freedom. After "mammy" was freed a fund was to be started to purchase one of the children. Marine, the eldest, and all her little brothers shared Velvet's labors and worked early and late. Iodine the youngest, was but 6 years of age, and his only task was keeping the old master's hogs from breaking through the brush fence into the peanut patch.

When the hogs came near the fence, sniffing the air, Iodine would rush from his lair and beat them with a cudgel until they fled back into the scrub pine underbrush.

The big red razorback, called by Iodine "Old Brick," made many attempts to get into the peanut patch, and his persistence was almost a match for the boy's vigilance.

Hot tears had coursed in shiny rivulets down Iodine's face in the morning as he stood on a stump gazing after Velvet and Blissful, who were trudging down the lane toward the old master's mansion, followed by Marine, Lucifer, Tadgum and Boots, on their way to Savannah to witness the celebration of Washington's birthday by the military company of the city. When the disappointed boy knew that his father was well out of hearing, he shook his fist and stamped his bare foot upon the stump and shouted: "Yo'r mean! Yo'r mean! Yo'r mean!"

But the guardian of the gobbers could not spend much time in hurrying Iodine from the stump. Soon he saw Old Brick emerge from the scrub pines, followed by a dozen shotes, and then there was work for Iodine to do, as it seemed to him that the hogs were never so persistent and bold as they were that morning. They gave it up after an hour's effort, however, and wandered back toward the mansion.

Having then a respite from his labor, Iodine went over to the three-acre lot where Velvet's cow and pigs were kept. This was a peculiar piece of ground. There were hundreds of depressions in the earth where deep holes had been excavated and partly filled.

Many years before a box of strange 'n buy mammy, now we 'n buy mammy and old fashioned clothing, armor and my 'n ole mauss' until he had all the weapons was received at the Savan gold and silver piled in a heap upon mah custom house. The owner never called for it, and it was sold at one from the pile, and Iodine struck it upon. In the box was an iron helmet, back and said, "Git back dar. Ole mon, de inside of which was engraved Brick's." And then he thought of the full description of the location of peanut field and the old red razorback gold and silver money which had been and the shotes, and he rushed out of buried by a shipowner who was sup the house, and propad to the box passed to have been a pirate, and as true. Faint and sick at heart, he saw there was a tradition that the treasure the hogs in the ruined field, had been buried in the vicinity the pur-

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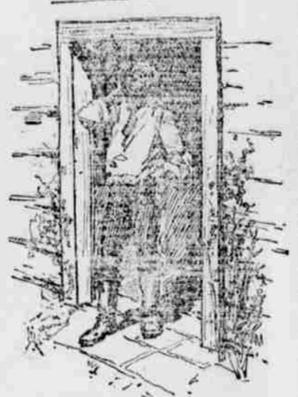
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"YO'S FREE! YO'S FREE!"

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"At the Auditorium."

"So did I."

"Well, he had my coat, and I had his," continued the rubber goods man, "and it took only a minute to effect the exchange. We were both bound for Detroit, both intended to put up at the same hotel and both had business with the same firm. It was a queer thing, taken all around, but, as I said at the beginning, there is no place like Chicago for surprises. A year ago I was hurrying along State street with the crowd when I ran plump into a man whom I had left for dead in Mexico three years before, and the first words he spoke was to tell me he was hard up and dun me for \$5 I owed him!"—Washington Post.