

ANIENT MOTHER GOOSE.

When I was a little boy,
With capers flying loose,
I had my finest toy
Was my Mother Goose;
No more, though my bald-headed days
Have turned my whiskers white,
I still remember baby lays
And the old delight.

And the same old joy
I read them with a free,
And facing the headed boy
Unto my golden read to me.
As they were hands and, all a whizz,
His capers glow and shine,
His features that now are his
Were those that once were mine.

Perhaps when he, like me, is old,
He'll take upon his knee
His little child with curls of gold
All floating fair and free;
And read him all these rhymes a-beam
To make his spirit glad,
And for a fleeting moment dream
About his dear old dad.
—Munsey's Magazine.

Married to Order

WHEN Theodore Clayton stepped down the gangplank of the lake steamer to take the Center Harbor stage for Sandwich he was in a peculiar state of mind, and there seemed to be a sufficient reason for this. His father had actually ordered him to go up to a little summer resort in Central New Hampshire and do nothing more or less than marry Jean Weston!

"Theo," the senior Clayton had said, "it is high time you were settled down to life. You've dallied about in nearly every country on the face of the globe, you've met all classes of women, and you've failed to bring home a wife. Now, I want our firm to continue under the same family name long after both you and I have gone to meet our illustrious ancestors on the other side. I would have been eminently satisfied with any choice of a wife I feel sure you would make, but you have failed to make this choice after every opportunity in the world and I believe you never will do it unaided."

"I have in mind a young woman whom I shall expect you to marry. Her name is Jean Weston. I have seen her; she is attractive; about your age, and eminently suited to you as a life companion. I have two reasons besides all this why I want you to marry her. She is the niece of a young woman whom I was about to marry when she died, and she has an ample store of health and the world's goods. Now—"

"But, father," put in the astonished Theo, "how do you know she will have me? How do you—"

"How do I know? How do I know?" sputtered Clayton senior. "I've arranged all that. Her father would be pleased with the match—he knows you—and his daughter has your photograph, over which, from reports, she seems to be enraptured; besides, do you want me to think a Clayton would doubt his ability to win any bride he had set his heart upon? You—"

"But, father," again interposed the astonished and perplexed son.

"But me no buts," young man. "You've had your fling and a good one, too. Now do not doubt my ability to choose for you, who, evidently, cannot choose for yourself. You'll find Miss Weston stopping at the Hollywood House, up in Sandwich, New Hampshire. Run along, now; pack up your best suits and your golf clubs and start. Send me reports of your progress."

This, then, explains young Clayton's peculiar state of mind as he approached the Center Harbor stage, in which he was to complete the journey to the bride-to-be of his father's choice.

"Fyew want tew go this trip you'll haf ter set up on them air mail bags," said the driver of the ancient vehicle to Theo; so he clambered up and perched himself like a watch dog over Uncle Sam's mail sacks, where he proceeded to enjoy a cigar.

The nasal jargon of the stage driver below attracted his attention, however, and he was soon deeply interested in learning that an elderly lady could be accommodated with a seat upon an empty egg crate placed between the two top seats of the stage coach if her daughter would not object to "settin' up thar with that feller on th' mail sacks."

Theo was pleased to see the young lady accept this only alternative and ascend gracefully over the rear wheel to a position beside him upon the mail sacks.

She brushed a few willful locks of her hair back from her forehead with an easy gesture, and as Theo made a move as if to throw away his hat half consumed cigar she exclaimed:

"Oh, don't stop smoking on my account, please; possession gives you this attractive place by nine points of the law, I believe, and, besides, I adore the odor of a good cigar!"

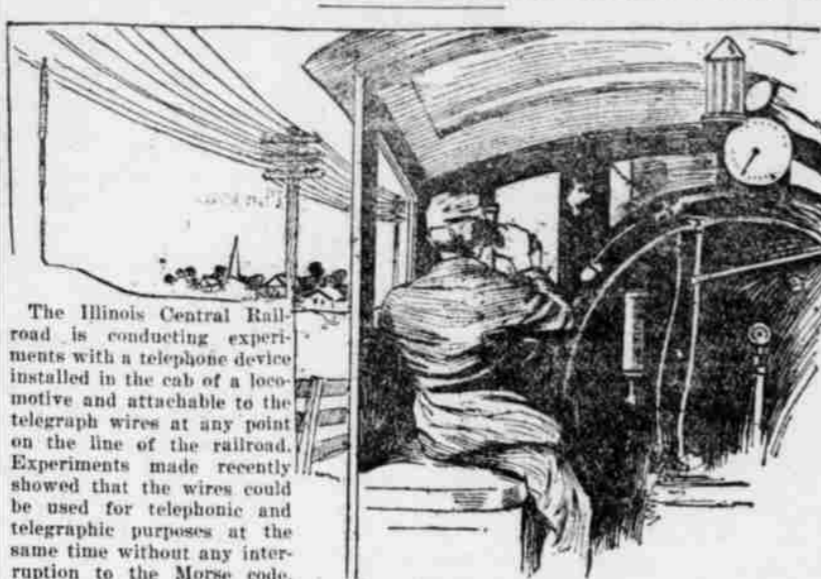
"Thank you," said he, and soon he commenced to marvel upon the strangeness of his errand, which was naturally occupying about all his thoughts at that time. He had implicit faith in his father's judgment and never had he considered for a moment the idea of disobeying him since he left his teens, hence no such thought occurred to him at this time.

"Ah!—Oooooo!"

Theo awoke to his surroundings in time to see the young lady beside him slipping, mail sack and all, towards the coach wheel below.

Grasping her firmly with one hand

ENGINEER TELEPHONES FROM HIS CAB BY MEANS OF A NEW DEVICE.



The Illinois Central Railroad is conducting experiments with a telephone device installed in the cab of a locomotive and attachable to the telegraph wires at any point on the line of the railroad. Experiments made recently showed that the wires could be used for telephonic and telegraphic purposes at the same time without any interruption to the Morse code.

Experiments already conducted on the New York Central over a shorter distance than on the Illinois Central gave results which were satisfactory. The usual telephone receiver and transmitter are placed in the cab of an engine. When it is desired to communicate with the nearest station the train is stopped and a rod containing wires attached to the cab is hooked on one of the telegraph wires. The separation of the telephonic and telegraphic currents is accomplished by means of individualizing condensers, which ground the telephone current through the engine.

and the mail sack with the other he quickly brought both back to a place of safety.

"You were evidently moved with the contents of those letters," he remarked cheerfully. "I was absent in a day dream or I would have prevented your fright. If I am to guard against young ladies taking away whole sacks of Uncle Sam's mail I must keep a better watch."

His companion was blushing furiously and with downcast eyes she murmured a word of thanks. Then Theo saw that he had not removed his arm from her waist. It was his turn to become embarrassed as he took his arm away.

"I think," he hesitated. "I think it time we introduced ourselves," and he handed her his card.

She was gazing down over the side of the coach upon the huge wheel that but for him might have crushed her, and she became pale.

"You and your novel toboggan would have slid over the wheel, not under it," he said, divining her thoughts as he held towards her his card.

Flushing once more, she gravely read the name, and as gravely handed him her own from out her pocket-book.

Then it was his turn to do the lightning change act with his features, for he read: Miss Weston.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but if your first name is Jean I think I know you; that is, I know of you," and he looked at her expectantly.

"Why, yes, that is my name," she answered, with a puzzled air, "but I must add, Mr. Clayton, that I never saw or heard of you before, to my knowledge."

"She's a cool one," said Theo to himself; "doesn't intend to admit in any manner that the whole affair is cut and dried. Well, I must say the old man is a 'corker' for sure. His judgment is all O. K. I won't let on. If she wants to pretend that this never-heard-of-you-before business I'll help her out."

"I may be mistaken," he replied aloud, "but I merely thought I heard of a Miss Jean Weston. However, I am well satisfied, now that I know a Miss Jean Weston. Do you make the entire trip on this stage?" he asked, by way of changing the subject.

"No, I am only going to the Lower Corner, as the place is called. We are to stay at the Laurelwood House; it will be our next stop," replied Miss Weston.

"Why, that is where I am going," Theo blandly assured her. "The splendid golf links attached to the house attracted me."

Miss Weston murmured something confusedly, for she knew that part of the country well, and was aware that the only golf links in the county were attached to the Hollywood House grounds, ten miles from the Laurelwood House.

A few days later Theo's father received a letter from his son, which contained the following:

"Have met Miss Jean Weston, and am charmed with her. She is stopping at the Laurelwood House, ten miles from the Hollywood, where you said I would find her."

A fortnight later, Clayton, Sr., received another letter from his son, in which he was assured the affair was proceeding in a most satisfactory manner.

This was wholly true, for Theo and Miss Weston were the best of friends, with every prospect of becoming more than friends in a short time. One day they were making a trip a-wheel and stopped at the Hollywood House for dinner.

"Oh, look, Mr. Clayton, cried Miss Weston, "here is my namesake!" and Theo was speechless and nearly breathless as he gazed upon the Hollywood register at the name: Miss Weston.

"I must see her," cried Theo's companion, which was but echoing his own sentiments.

The waiter told them when she came into the dining room.

"Miss Weston is highly cultured. It is almost aggressively stamped upon her whole being. Fair to look upon, but evidently unlovable. So this is the wife 'pater' picked out for me," was Theo's summary.

"Stuck up and no better looking or attractive than I!" This was Miss Weston's summary of her namesake, while she said aloud:

"Beautiful, is she not?"

CZAR'S PRIVATE LIFE.

TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN HOME SURROUNDINGS.

Russia's Ruler Seems to Take with Greater Zest to His Position as a Husband and Father than to That as a Great Potentate.

Anyone who has had the privilege of staying at a palace belonging to the reigning house of Russia immediately recognizes its mighty magnificence, and soon experiences its hearty hospitality, and yet, if his stay has been even only of brief duration, neither of these features will impress him more than will his imperial host's home life.

It might almost seem that the Czar does not really care to be a potentate; his tastes are much more academic than monarchic, and he appears to avoid all kinds of public display. On one occasion, while returning from the family annual holiday at Copenhagen, conversation turned upon a difference that had, just at that time, sprung up between the Danish king and his parliament.

"Well!" exclaimed the then Czar-witch, "a king's bed is not always one of roses; that is plainly to be seen. There are many more pleasurable occupations than ruling refractory subjects, and so far as I am concerned I have no great desire to be either emperor or Czar."

The Czar's sociability extends to his servants, and he imitates the late Queen Victoria in having colored attendants. One of these, James Hercules, hails from the West Indies, and is very anxious that no one should forget—not even his imperial master and mistress—that "he is a British subject." The faithful black fellow is a great favorite with the Czar's children, who frequently commandeer "Jimmy," as they call him, for participation in their nursery sports.

The Czar is always considerate to his servants. "You are not looking well to-day," he will say; "it pains me to see you like that. You had better take a rest." And forthwith the attendant is excused from duty.

One cannot remain long in the palace without noticing the English atmosphere that pervades it; and Christmas is not allowed to go by without indulgence in those essentially English dishes—roast beef, plum pudding, and mince pies—which are specially prepared by an English member of the household.

The Czarina is expert with both brush and pencil; this latter accomplishment, backed by a taste for caricature, is often used for the purpose of amusing her friends, who, in addition, at times receive from her deftly painted cards as silent reminder that she has not forgotten them.

Although no boy has, hitherto, blessed their hearth, four girls have been born to their imperial majesties—Olga, the eldest; Tatiana, Maria, and the more recently arrived baby, whose sex was such a disappointment to the Russian nation. The care of these children devolves upon Miss Edgar, an Irish lady, and two Russian undernurses.

In their play-room the mighty ruler of all the Russias is frequently to be found gambling with his young daughters; while he never allows a night to pass, when he is at home, without making his way to kiss them before seeking his own room.—Pearson's Magazine.

MULE WAS A GAME ANIMAL.

Traveled a Hundred Miles a Day for Five Days to Save a Fortune.

Judge J. E. Guinotte will be asked to appoint a guardian for Lynn Hays, one of the most picturesque of the few remaining "old-timers" of Kansas City. Mr. Hays is very old and has grown childless, so that his heirs think this step necessary for the protection of his estate.

"The name of Lynn Hays will recall to many an old resident the famous ride of one of the Hays boys on the Santa Fe trail in 1857. It was a ride upon which depended \$4,000—a race with a stage coach from Bent's Ford, in Colorado, to Kansas City. This distance of more than 500 miles was covered muleback in five days by one of the Hays boys—there is some difference of opinion as to whether it was Lynn or his brother "Up"—and the \$4,000 was saved. The rider, covered with dust and foam, and almost spent with loss of sleep and fatigue, tumbled from the exhausted mule in front of the bank, made his way to the cashier's window, and secured the money a few minutes before the bank closed.

An hour later the stage arrived with the letter informing the bank that Russell, Majors & Waddell, upon whom the drafts were drawn, had failed.

The story, as it still lingers in the memory of John C. Gage, is as follows: In 1857 John Campbell was in charge of the freighter's train on the Santa Fe trail. He had a large force under him and he and they were employed by Russell, Majors and Waddell, who at that time, the railroads not yet having reached the west, did all the freighting for the army.

It was at Bent's ford, on the north side of the Arkansas river, not far from Las Animas, Campbell had just received these drafts and the stage, which had already gone out, carried a letter notifying the bank that this great firm had gone to the wall. If the stage could only be beaten into Kansas City the \$4,000 would be saved. But how beat it? Every fifteen miles the stage met a fresh relay of horses and pushed forward, night and day, at a swinging trot.

"Up," said Campbell to Hays, "Old Sam here is a splendid saddle mule. He

was never known to tire. Can you take him and make that trip?"

It meant 100 miles a day through a wild, sparsely settled country, with long stretches of the trail in which neither food nor drink was to be had. A moment Hays hesitated, but only a moment. "I'll ride him, John," he said.

Then began the race that was afterward to be talked about all over the country. For the last three days of the ride Hays was afraid to stop to snatch an hour's sleep unless someone was by to wake him. When he felt that he could not endure it any longer and was already falling asleep in the saddle he overtook some campers and got them to watch him while he slept and wake him in an hour. He got in here in the afternoon just before the bank closed and the stage arrived that night.

"It was a very remarkable animal," said Mr. Gage, "probably the most remarkable animal for long-distance travel in the world. When I came to Kansas City in 1858 I had heard of that wonderful ride and went to see the mule within a week after my arrival. He was an ordinary-looking sorrel animal—a very active, nimble mule for many years. I have no idea how long after that he lived, but he must have reached a very ripe old age.

"Campbell used to tell me that he had old Sam for fourteen years prior to 1860 and that there hadn't been a year of that time that he didn't ride him across the plains."

Judge Guinotte remembers the mule distinctly. "There's hardly an old settler that doesn't remember old Sam," he said. "Old Sam died only about eight or nine years ago, I think, but for many years he was pensioned off and out of active service."—Kansas City Star.

FIND JASPER MINES IN WALES.

Rich Deposits of the Rare Stone Have Lately Been Discovered.

A new source of wealth has recently been brought to light in the mountainous regions of Wales—mines of jasper of almost fabulous richness. Although the name of jasper is almost a household word, through its frequent use in poetry and the Bible, it is so rarely seen nowadays as to attract attention when exhibited. It occurs in an extensive range of colors—red, yellow, brown or even green. In ancient times green was the most common form; now the red shades predominate. In some parts of the West, notably at East Slouss Falls, S. D., a variety of pink quartzite occurs which is sold to the trade as jasper. The supply of jasper still comes from Egypt and India, as it did in Biblical times. Its occurrence is so rare that jasper is used in such small articles of value as seals, small vases, snuff boxes, etc.

Announcement is made, however, of the discovery of a deposit of jasper of surprising extent in North Wales, near the little fishing village of Pwllheli. The amount of jasper at this point appears to be inexhaustible, and where as it was formerly regarded as a semi-precious stone it can now be hewn out in fifty-ton blocks. The color of the stone in this deposit is said to be very fine, the prevailing hue being a cherry red with variegated pieces. The specimens already cut and polished show a fine grain, take a high finish and are not affected by acids. Pillars and blocks of jasper suitable for church and bank adornment may soon be available, as a determined effort is being made to develop the property.

Its Winter Sleep.

An Italian naturalist kept a dormouse in his study, where he could watch its actions when the time of its winter sleep came. On the 24th of December, when the thermometer was about 40 degrees—that is, 8 degrees above freezing point—the dormouse curled himself up among a heap of papers and went to sleep. On the 27th of December, when the thermometer was several degrees lower, Mr. Mangili ascertained that the animal breathed and suspended his respiration at regular intervals; that is, after four minutes of perfect repose, during which he appeared as if dead, he breathed about twenty-four times in the space of a minute.

When the thermometer fell nearly to the freezing point, the intervals of what appeared suspended animation were six minutes. As the thermometer became higher—that is, as the weather was less cold—the intervals of repose were reduced to three minutes. As the winter grew intensely cold, the times of perfect repose, during which no breathing could be perceived, became much longer.

Within ten days of the time of its falling asleep the dormouse awoke and ate a little, food being provided on the shelf near him. He then went to sleep again, and continued to sleep and wake at about these intervals throughout the winter. As spring approached his sleep became lighter, until the warm days caused him to shake off his drowsiness altogether.

Safely Sailed a Million Miles.

One of the largest sailing vessels in the world is the California clipper Ronoke, which sails out of New York harbor. Her captain is J. A. Amesbury, one of the oldest merchant skippers sailing the sea, but still hale and hearty and good for many years more. For nearly forty years he has been a captain, sailing under the American flag. Since first going to sea he has sailed in American vessels "1,000,000 miles of sea, four times the span from earth to moon," the record, it will be remembered, of Kipling's "dour Scotch engineer," McAndrews. And he never once has been wrecked!

When you present a letter of introduction to a man, be sure his name is spelled correctly. If it isn't, he may take advantage of the fact to disown it

HE WOKE UP A SLEEPY TOWN.

How a Commercial Traveler Had Fun with the Bald-Headed Men.

"One of the most notable features of a certain little Western town I used to cover was its extraordinary number of bald-headed men," said the commercial traveler who would rather lose an order than fail in perpetrating a practical joke. "Treachery and people, rich and poor, all had heads like billiard balls. It was a dull town, so one night when a vaudeville troupe was billed for the place I regarded it as a golden opportunity to have some fun. I had met the company in my travels—a fly-by-night show, with a ballet that was a choice assortment of animated clavers.

"I went to the opera house and circled up the front row, twenty seats bright round the stage, which I stamped 'Not Transferable.' Then I picked out twenty of the baldest men in that bald-headed community and spent the day circulating those interesting bits of pasteboard. I had a regular lingo, like this:

"Going to the show to-night?"

"I dun know."

"Well, you'd better go. It's a good thing. Here's a complimentary ticket I'd like to give you if you will surely go, for you see it's not transferable."

"Of course, every victim was wild to get something for nothing, so I nailed my men hard and fast. The town had the usual quota of small boys, and just before the play began I filled the gallery with them. Everything went beautifully. My twenty baldheads sat in an unbroken circle around the stage; the gallery was jammed with youngsters who thoroughly understood their part of the drama.

"Then I took my seat where they could all see me. After the usual preamble by the orchestra the ballet put in an appearance and swung into line—a scrawny crowd of superannuated dancers. The leader stood with uplifted baton, and the ballet was waiting for the signal. At this moment I raised my hand, and from the gallery came the following chorus:

"Baldheads to the front!"

"In an instant the audience of slow-witted people 'caught on,' as they say that circle of baldheads around the stage. The orchestra had a hard time trying to keep track of the tune; the ballet tied themselves into hard knots, and the gallery gods sent out a deafening tempest of howls and cat calls.

"Each one of the baldheads looked at his fellow and grew red and wrathful. Then they laughed as only bald-headed men can laugh, and I knew there was no necessity for me to sneak out of town. Again the house went wild, and the orchestra nearly smashed their instruments before the pandemonium ceased. It broke up the everlasting calm of that town. The story spread to every surrounding hamlet; business boomed, orders were doubled, and every time I went there the boys 'set 'em up.' I was awfully popular, but never again could I induce any one to accept a complimentary ticket to a show."

GNOMES AND DWARFS.

Tales of Folk-Lore May Have Been Founded on Pygmies of Africa.

It is just possible that this type of pygmy negro which survives to-day in the recesses of inner Africa may even have overspread Europe in remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the myths and beliefs connected with gnomes, kobolds and fairies.

The demeanor and actions of the little Congo dwarfs at the present day remind one over and over again of the traits attributed to the brownies and goblins of our fairy stories. Their remarkable power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in sterile or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and prankish good nature, all seem to suggest that it was some race like this, which inspired most of the stories of Teuton and Celt regarding a dwarfish people of quasi-supernatural attributes.

The dwarfs of the Congo forest can be good or bad neighbors to the big black people, according to the treatment they receive. If their selfish depredations on the banana groves or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are condoned, or even if they are conciliated by small gifts of such food left exposed where it can be easily taken, they will in return leave behind them in their nightly visitations gifts of meat and products of the chase, such as skins or ivory.

I have been informed by some of the forest negroes, says Sir Harry H. Johnston in McClure's, that the dwarfs will occasionally steal their children and put in their places pygmy babies of ape-like appearance—changelings, in fact—bringing up the children they have stolen in the dwarf tribe. These collections of pygmies, which one can scarcely call tribes, certainly exhibit from time to time individuals of ordinary stature and with features not strongly resembling those of the pygmy type.

So He Did.

Mrs. Slimson—Willie, your shirt is dripping.

Willie—Yes'm. Some boys tempted me to go in swimming, and I ran away from them so hard that I got into an awful perspiration.

When a woman goes away on a visit, and her baggage arrives at the house, she always says to her hostess: "Goodness, you would think by the amount of baggage I brought, I intended staying forever."

The respectable way to commit suicide is to have a "dangerous operation" performed.