

# GREAT SWINDLERS.

## An International Bunco Game That Did Not Work.

### HUNDREDS ON THEIR LIST.

Tricky Schemes which were Worked on the Credulous—Minister Taylor's Life at Madrid was Made a Burden on Account of Them—On the Patriotic Lay—There was a Cuban Patriot, a Lovely Daughter and a Big Sum of Money.

New York Herald: One of the solid German-American citizens of Baltimore, Md., is William Baumgarten. When his parents brought him to America from Hanover, Germany, he was only nine years old, and they left behind numerous cousins and uncles and aunts who, probably, in a few years, were scattered all over the face of the habitable globe. His parents were poor, but they gave their son a good education, and in time William Baumgarten became an apprentice to his father in the business of engraving and the making of seals. In the hurry of making a living many of the relatives who were left behind were lost sight of, and it is important to this story, Mr. Baumgarten cast his lot with the confederacy during the civil war, but soon ran the blockade and got north again, and devoted his attention to business more closely than ever.

Mr. Baumgarten entered his store one morning late in January and proceeded to open his mail. There was one square envelope with the lot which had a foreign postage stamp, and bore the postmark of Valencia, Spain. Being a maker of stamps, Mr. Baumgarten is a collector of stamps, and he tore off the corner of the envelope to which the stamp adhered and dropped it into a corner of his drawer for safe keeping. Mr. Baumgarten then unfolded the letter and began to read it. It was a strange story which the letter told, in English which had a Spanish twist to it, that made it read singularly quaint.

It was dated "Castle Port of Valencia, February 1, 1897," and was addressed to "Mr. William Baumgarten, my dear sir," and the writer proceeded to tell his story.

He didn't have the honor to know the person he was addressing, but his dead wife, Caroline, in mentioning the individuals of her family, had praised the honesty and good qualities of him he was writing to. He was writing, therefore, for the first and possibly for the last time to one whose aid he was about to solicit and whose protection he was about to solicit for his only daughter, who was also Mr. Baumgarten's niece. This daughter was for the present safe in the College Anglo-Spanish of La Estrella.

Then came an appeal to secrecy. The writer was watched by his enemies. The most significant portion of the letter must not be divulged.

The letter writer was in the castle fort of Valencia proceeded to relate how he had been secretary and treasurer for Martinez Campos in Cuba and had enjoyed the confidence of that illustrious man. He had invested his capital in public land transactions in the hope that he could make a brilliant position for his daughter, whom he fondly loved. All went well until Campos was succeeded by Weyler. The writer was unable to return with his patron to Cuba, and, not being willing to see Spain ruled by an adversary in politics, he joined the rebellion. He was betrayed and compelled to fly to England, taking with him £38,000 in money. While living in London he received news of the death of his wife. Knowing his daughter was alone and in despair, he decided to visit Spain and get his daughter to move to New York to live.

The writer then proceeded to relate how he had deposited his £38,000 in the London bank, taking against it a certificate of deposit, payable to bearer. About a month ago the writer could draw the money. Even the owner of the money could not draw it without it. This document was concealed in a secret recess of the writer's portmanteau, which the keenest eyes cannot find out.

Then the writer started for Spain. He was recognized and arrested. He was tried at Cartagena and convicted. His sentence was eighteen years penal servitude in the Castle of Valencia. When he was arrested his baggage was seized. This portmanteau, containing the slight draft for £38,000 in its secret compartment, was in the hands of the authorities. The baggage was held to be sold at a given time to pay the costs of prosecution. If the costs of the prosecution were paid the embargo would be raised, and the baggage could be claimed by the prisoner's family or friends. If not, the portmanteau with its secret would pass into the hands of strangers.

The letter was long and rambling and its allusion to the dire straits of the daughter were almost incoherent. Her name was given as Emily. If Baumgarten would consent to receive Emily at his house he would see to it that when the money was taken from the bank a part of it would go to the daughter's kind protector. Thus the letter concluded.

"As it is prohibited to me to receive any direct public correspondence, I expect you will send your letter under two envelopes, the one inside to my name and the one outside to the name of the servant of my protector, the chaplain of this castle, who is our confidential man. I trust to your discretion the future of my darling daughter, meanwhile I remain yours faithfully, "MATEO SANTOS."

The address given for letters to be addressed to on the outside envelope was "Mr. Ramon Soriano-Guillermo Sorollo, Valencia, Spain."

II. Mr. Baumgarten Decides to Help the Prisoner in Valencia Castle.

The remainder of that January day was filled with perplexity for William Baumgarten.

Mr. Baumgarten took the letter home and consulted with his family. It aroused much interest there and much indignation against Spain. Mr. Baumgarten called attention to the fact that the letter spoke of the unfortunate Emily as his niece, when it was impossible that he should have a niece of whom he had never heard.

"Possibly it is one of the cousins of whom we long since lost track," members of his family argued. "Possibly one of them married this Spaniard, and made inquiries about you, from time to time, while you have been so busy making stamps and seals.

Anyway, to answer the letter would do no harm, and it would be better to err on the side of humanity, if an error it were.

Accordingly, Mr. Baumgarten sent the following letter, which is characteristic of the man:

"BALTIMORE, Feb. 2, 1897.—"Mr. Mateo Santos, Port Valencia.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Your unexpected letter duly received, and, agreeably to your request, I have replied. I have noted carefully all your letter contained and perused the same with a great deal of interest, and, as an American citizen (irrespective of the relationship which may exist between us), you have my heartfelt sympathy in your distress. Being a father myself I fully appreciate the anxiety you have about your daughter, and to allay the same I will willingly and cheerfully do all within my power to protect your daughter when she arrives here. I will take her to my house, I, as well as my wife and children, will make it a heartiest welcome for her and extend to her a hearty welcome. I will take the place of parents as far as it lies in our power. Now, as to my relationship to your dear deceased wife

I would state that I was not aware that she was my cousin. Having emigrated from Hanover when but nine years old, I have lost sight of the locations of my relatives, but in order to leave no doubt as to my identity, and to whom you have addressed your communication, I enclose a clipping from a monthly paper, giving my biography, a waiting your further communications, and trusting that this may reach you safely. I am, yours respectfully,

"W. BAUMGARTEN."

This letter Mr. Baumgarten put in an envelope addressed to Mr. Ramon Soriano-Guillermo Sorollo, Valencia, as he had been advised to do, and he and his family awaited with curiosity the outcome of this remarkable correspondence.

### III. The Unhappy Santos Plans a Way for His Daughter's Relief.

Nothing was heard from the dying prisoner in the fortress at Valencia until March. Then one day the mail brought a letter to the store of the maker of seals, in the same sort of envelope, bearing the foreign postmark. One can readily imagine the eagerness with which Mr. Baumgarten opened the envelope and perused the twisted English sentences. It was a letter from Mateo Santos, and was again dated the Castle Port of Valencia.

"Very agreeable has been to me (the prisoner wrote) just in these sad and trying moments, your esteemed letter. Thanks to the goodness and soft heart of you, I shall die satisfied, relying upon the future of my daughter, who will have a strong and kind protector with you to make her lead a happy life. Poor daughter of mine! For God's sake, I beseech you not to abandon the poor orphan, and this may be the worthiest action you may do in this world."

The unhappy Santos, writing in his duceon cell, with the assistance of his friend, the chaplain, then proceeded to relate the progress of events. He felt his strength fall when most in want of it. All on account of his daughter. He feared death would take from her him who loved her so dearly and was of so little value to her. He would be sorry to leave this life for fear the enemies he has will prosecute her. All he asked was to be able to rescue her fortune and to be able to reward her for the protection she had given him and his family. In the hope of doing this he would, through his protector, the chaplain, Guame M. Antonio Hueso Barroso, call on a notary and make his last will in such a way as to use it in the exceptional situation he then found himself.

He pointed out how Mr. Baumgarten already knew his secret, which he enjoined him scrupulously to guard. "Inside the smallest of the portmanteaus kept by the Tribunal of Cartagena, sequestered there, is a secret impossible to be found by any one unacquainted with it. Inside of this is the bank document which the bank handed me as a guarantee, payable to the bearer, for the amount of £38,000. Once you are in possession of this document I will dispose of it in the will, but without mentioning where it is deposited, or the amount, as it is enough you should know it."

Above all things Mr. Baumgarten was not to let himself be known in Spain. Nor was he to engage anybody on his side to take steps in the Tribunal at Cartagena to raise the embargo on the luggage. The future retirement of Emily must be unknown, both for Mr. Baumgarten's tranquility and her own. Only one thing was needed, the practical support of sending over the necessary amount to the chaplain. Mr. Antonio Hueso, to pay the balance, so that the luggage containing the secret, now held for costs, could be released.

"As soon as the mentioned portmanteau will be in your power," continued Santos, "you will proceed to break carefully the bottom of the smallest one, and from a capacity of the bank document you will pick up and some papers of no importance. Already I feel myself without strength when I am most in want of it to insist upon beseeching you to take my daughter away from my powerful enemies, who will have revenge upon her after my death, should they find out the existence of the money I leave to her."

All that was necessary, Mr. Santos insisted, was for Mr. Baumgarten to send the necessary money to pay the costs. This was what the law enacted. But what did the costs amount to—a mere nothing compared with £38,000. The Rev. Mr. Antonio Hueso was poor. Therefore, send him the money he might write for.

The reply to this letter was to be sent as usual to Ramon Soriano, the confidential man of Chaplain Hueso.

Mr. Baumgarten now had something more to ponder over. Here was an intimation that money was to be needed. What did that mean?

### IV. A Death, a Will, a Photograph and a Plea for Money.

Mateo Santos died in his cell on February 27, 1897, at 2 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Baumgarten did not know it until near the middle of March. Then came a letter from the Rev. Antonio Hueso, announcing the melancholy fact, and Mr. Baumgarten was deeply affected.

The priest enclosed a note from Santos, which he wrote just after making his will, and just before expiring. In this letter he commended his child to the care of Mr. Baumgarten, and announced that he had made Mr. Baumgarten executor of his estate and had bequeathed one-fourth of his estate to Mr. Baumgarten and \$1,000 to the chaplain.

The chaplain, who wrote over the name of Antonio Hueso Barroso, dated his letter March 1. He had just come from the funeral. He had just come from the funeral. He had just come from the funeral. He had just come from the funeral.

All this threw Mr. Baumgarten off his guard. He had expected a demand for money and none had been made. The Spanish folks were all apparently all right. So on March 15 he wrote to Chaplain Antonio Hueso Barroso a letter, expressing sympathy for the fatherless child and accepting the guardianship of the girl. He hoped the chaplain would come to him in effecting the release of Santos' baggage and in securing the daughter to the sheltering roof of his house. He admonished the chaplain to bring everything, not omitting the smallest article, because it might contain that which was necessary to carry out the wishes of the deceased. Mr. Baumgarten said he would await with interest the arrival of the will, but with even greater interest would await the coming of the chaplain and his wife.

In due time came a copy of the last will and testament of Mateo Santos, which had been translated into English. It proved to be a disposition of the dead man's fortune as he had already described. One-fourth of the estate

was left to William Baumgarten. This meant that Mr. Baumgarten was to receive about \$50,000 for his services.

The will was accompanied by a letter from the chaplain in which he detailed his visit to Cartagena to see about the all-important baggage. The baggage was still held for costs and would be held for a short space of time. Then, if the amount claimed were not forthcoming the property would be sold and the fortune of £38,000 would be lost. Mr. Baumgarten must, therefore, at once send the amount claimed by the court, and also enough for the travelling expenses of the chaplain and the girl from Spain to Baltimore. The amount must be sent in a check or bank notes, and, above all things, Mr. Baumgarten must not say a word about it to any one, as Santos' enemies were looking for his fortune. The amount needed was \$29, in addition to travelling expenses.

Then came a letter, a deep mourning paper, from the daughter of the dead man. She had just heard of her father's death and was greatly distressed. Still, she was grateful to the dear relative who had consented to be a father to her, and was ready to start for his honorable house whenever the chaplain was ready. It was a very pretty letter, in an awkward, schoolgirl hand, and the writer enclosed her photograph. She also signed herself, very prettily, "Emily Santos Baumgarten."

Mr. Baumgarten hesitated a long time. More than once he was on the point of sending the money asked for. Finally he consulted his attorney, Julius H. Wyman, of No. 243 Courtland street, Baltimore. Mr. Wyman advised that he test the accuracy of some of the statements made to him.

Accordingly Mr. Baumgarten spent about \$50 in cabbing. He sent a message to Consul General Lee, asking for information about Mateo Santos.

Consul General Lee cabled back: "Spanish authorities know nothing of any person named Mateo Santos. That name does not appear on their records as secretary and treasurer of Campos."

The persons Mr. Baumgarten had been negotiating with, were clearly frauds. Mr. Baumgarten congratulated himself on his foresight. Then in due time the mail brought him a note from Minister Hannis Taylor, at Madrid, say-

ing that the persons were undoubtedly frauds, because one hundred other inquiries had been made for them.

It's a fact nevertheless, and the circumstances are these: When the chick was first domiciled in his new home he was "the whole thing." As soon as Freddie got home he would make a bee line for the chick. The first thing he would see in the morning was the same chick, and the bird was pleased.

It had a habit of flying up on the bed in the morning and getting close to Freddie's ear would keep up a continual peep, peep, until the lad would awake, and if he did not get home as early as he would the chick was worried and would fret and fume in a barnyard sort of a way until he did come. Yesterday Freddie went home with a pigeon under his arm. He was an hour late, and the chick was on the window all watching for his return, as he had often done before. When he saw the pigeon under Freddie's arm he was puzzled. Did it mean a new favorite? Was Freddie Chick to be a back number — one of the has-beens? Chick didn't know, but he divined that the pigeon's coming marked his downfall. The window sill where he was standing was in the second story, and while Freddie was looking deliberately at him that chick made a leap into space. He made an attempt to work his wings, and Freddie says it closed its eyes as the descent began. At any rate it struck the ground, as the new reporter would say, with a dull, sickening thud.

And so chick died of love like the little tom-tit who sat by the river and sang: "Oh, willow, it willow, it willow."

### The Smallest City.

St. Louis Republic: John De Salme bears the unique distinction of being mayor of the smallest city in the world. He is the chief executive of Fenton, a beautiful little hamlet on the picturesque Meramec river, fifteen miles to the south and west of St. Louis.

There are less than 100 people in Fenton, yet it has been an incorporated city for more than twenty years. And during that time it has grown considerably. When it was first incorporated there were less than 45 inhabitants in the entire place.

It is the only city of its size, in all probability, in the world that is incorporated and has a mayor and a full quota of city officials.

None of the city officials of this unique



Englishman—Elast me! Miss Americus (demurely)—Why, are you bored?

### A REVOLUTION IMPENDS.

Chicago Chronicle: The action of the hoteliers' association in deciding to do away with the chairs in the rotundas of the hostelrys will cause nothing short of a social revolution among that large class of men known as "chair-warmers."

It is intended to leave a few divans and arm chairs in the halls and rotundas, but the scores of comfortable and inviting seats which prove so attractive, summer and winter, for hundreds of men, will be done away with. Those whose business does not take them frequently into city hotels have little idea of the use which is made of these articles of furniture by the chair-warmers. The chairwarmer is a unique personage. No one knows just where he comes from or where he lives when he is not in his accustomed chair.

There is no politics in Fenton—at least not in so far as municipal elections go. And, for that matter, there have been no elections for a decade.

There never has been a defalcation in Fenton. Fred Wehmeyer was detailed by the board of control to keep the books of the corporation, and the public funds raised by taxation was expended by the mayor in person, by and with the consent of the board.

### "Jones" Saved Bill.

Philadelphia Press: It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon that the sheriff of Bucks county rode up to Bill Hooper's cabin at the foot of the mountain to arrest the man on a warrant charging him with stealing corn. Bill's wife sat in the open door with a pipe in her mouth, and as the officer came along she inquired:

"Sam Davis, you are just the man I wanted to see. I've heard you talk a heap about the Bible, and I want to ax you if you really believe that story about Jener and the whale?"

"Of course I do," was the reply—"of course. Is Bill around home to-day?"

"How big a man was Jener?" persisted the woman.

"Bout as big as I am, I reckon. Did you ax Bill was a dant?"

"And did the whale swallow him head-first or feet-first?" continued the woman as she crowded some fresh tobacco into her pipe.

"Head-first, I reckon, though I ain't disputin' about it and raisin' a row. Elder Dickman says it was feet-first, but he wasn't thar no mor'n me. If Bill is around home I'd like to see him a minute."

"But how did Jener live down thar in that whale until he was cut out?"

"Dunno, but he went right on livin'. I can't say why the earth goes 'round, but I know that she do. Maybe Bill is in bed and asleep. Mrs. Hooper?"

little place are paid salaries. Instead they receive certain fees for the performance of certain duties. It has been a long time since any of them collected any money, and even the city marsh, who constitutes the entire police force of the city has not made a cent out of his job for something like three years. No arrests are made in Fenton, and it has been so long since the 'squire had a case that when the last magistrate died some years ago it was not thought worth while to elect his successor.

There has not been a prisoner in the city jail for more than five years, and the structure has been allowed to degenerate into a pig pen, where a drove of hogs now make their home.

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Every common interest the wife can grasp, outside of those to which family care is a part, is a buttress against a weakening of that too often transient intercourse which in honeymoon days makes the husband delight himself in always being in his wife's society. It is better worth while to cultivate a knowledge of anything and everything that interests him than it was in the beginning to wear his favorite dress and sing his pet songs. You may cling to him with every fibre of a devoted heart, and seek only his good in all you do; and yet, if you cannot see with his eyes, and hear with his ears, but foolishly try to make him happy by perpetually endeavoring to draw him away from his favorite pursuits and accept your ideas of rest and enjoyment, your labor is in vain, and your husband will never say of you: "Thou art my rest."

It seems an arbitrary rule, and one which does not work both ways, yet deeper thought discovers a strong and beautiful reason for its existence. Your feminine nature, which bears its burdens of maternity and all the multitude of duties by which we grow strong, is not mated to its facinelle; your husband is a stronger, different, masculine personality, without which your existence would be incomplete. You do not want to lean upon and look up to a reproduction of yourself, and your share of the perfect union it to find out and fit into your life the pursuits and tastes which make him different from you.

Oh, that it were possible to exterminate nagging from domestic life! So often with the most loving intention a wife alienates and irritates, even bitterly wounds, the husband she half worships, by persistent remonstrances or entreaty, or by starting every day a fresh argument on the same theme. Half the time it is wholly concerning what is supposed to be either for his good or his children's; but the wife cannot give up her point. All the symbolic faith in nature, the drop of water that wears away the stone, the mouse that gnaws the rope, the crevice that becomes the chasm, are weak illustrations of the fatal result of these arguments upon married comradeship and good fellowship. "As the climbing up a sandy way is to the feet of the aged so a wife full of words to a quiet man."

Wisely, indeed, was the old philosopher who found this quaint simile; one sees the crumbling sand slide and fall back as the ever drawn the waters of many arguments away from her goal.

There is also a deep phase of unity in the wife's understanding of the immense importance and honorable responsibilities of her husband's business. It seems so hard to see strength give way, youth fade and illness threaten under the bondage of a tyrannous profession or an ab-

wondering why it pleases him, and give her best energies to being very glad of this diversion to his thoughts, and share his searches, and forget her annoyances at the wide-spread confusion he creates in the realization of the healthful result.

Sometimes the "hobby" rides in quite another path; he is a fancier of costly bindings and rare editions, while the drawing room needs a new rug and the house wants paint. Nothing is insignificant if it divers him from the state of the market, the points of his difficult brief, or the destructive routine of whatever his business or profession may be. Learn the value of the seemingly useless things that are dear to him, make yourself like them and share his pleasure, or if that is impossible, take your part in it by entering into his gratification as good for him and therefore surely good for you.

A death-blow to married good-fellowship comes surely to the wife who persistently antagonizes her husband's natural tastes and inclinations and urges him to take his pleasures in her way. To argue and insist and perseveringly to ask for reasons, simply puts her outside of his happiest hours and shuts the gate against her of the place where he acts spontaneously and freely as he likes. No measure can take the dimensions of the loss she has so incurred.

Every common interest the wife can grasp, outside of those to which family care is a part, is a buttress against a weakening of that too often transient intercourse which in honeymoon days makes the husband delight himself in always being in his wife's society. It is better worth while to cultivate a knowledge of anything and everything that interests him than it was in the beginning to wear his favorite dress and sing his pet songs. You may cling to him with every fibre of a devoted heart, and seek only his good in all you do; and yet, if you cannot see with his eyes, and hear with his ears, but foolishly try to make him happy by perpetually endeavoring to draw him away from his favorite pursuits and accept your ideas of rest and enjoyment, your labor is in vain, and your husband will never say of you: "Thou art my rest."

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### HOME THOUGHTS.

The Comradeship of Wives with Their Husbands—A Sensible Dissertation on That Subject.

New York Post: This phase of married life is rarely regarded with a just estimation of its importance. One looks with deep regret at the lives which are thus robbed of great delight, and prophesies very prosaic, if not more unhappy, endings of the long partnership, when the first flush of young love's enthusiasm is superseded by a mere division of the necessary household cares and family responsibilities.

As the husband goes "forth to his labor" so commonly the last words are: "Remember to get this or attend to that," and, already full of anxious thought for his day's work, his parting ideas of wife and home are solely of added care. When he returns, too often the mutual part of their conversation turns only on the vexatious or trivial details of the family routine and there ends. He has left a business partner behind him; he finds another awaiting him. Naturally his mind will seek diversion elsewhere, or look for rest in the silent companionship of his cigar in a solitary corner.

A husband's "fade" are after most perplexing trials to a wife. What can he find to interest him in those incomprehensible things, is a frequent query. Really these interests are of inestimable value to him. It is a great blessing to any tired man to have a "hobby," and his wife should be earnestly glad of the recreation it gives his mind or the strength it imparts to his body. True, it takes great sympathy with her husband (the true application of the radical meaning of this rare quality) for her to find her interest and joy in his, when, perhaps, he spends all his leisure time for a week in preparing, as Ruskin says, to "go out and kill something." But if all these examinations of guns and cartridges, these sudden demands for mislead hunting caps and hidden boots, lend zest to all these hours; if his eye kindles and his step grows active, it is well for her to stop

It is to women like these that the sunset aftermath comes; to wives like these that old men turn as the path inclines downward with a beautiful dependence. It is to couples so united that God gives those calm years which are as "clear shining after rain." At the doors of many cottages, at the fireplaces of many wealthy homes, sit old couples, hand in hand, comrades to the last. The gentle "don't you remember" brings back memories dear to both, which no one else can share; and at this last there are no longer separate tastes and desires to which they must mutually concede; but they talk softly of the swift coming time when "We'll sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo."

### Jim was in a Fix.

Detroit Free Press: They were coming in over one of the suburban electric lines when she turned suddenly toward him with flashing eyes:

"Jim Plumley, where did you get that necktie?"

"Bought it."

"No, you didn't 'bought it.' I can tell a store necktie as far as I can see it. That's hand-knit and that's hand-knit on one end and them that's hand-knit on the other end are worked in with silk. Nice things to be putting on a young man's necktie, and you never got it over any counter, either."

"Didn't say I bought it over a counter. One of them fakirs sold it to me at the circus." Here Jim worked up an artificial cough and looked out across a wavering cornfield.

"Aha, Jim Plumley! Went to the circus, did you? And you told me how mad you was because you had to work and couldn't take me, and me believe! you all the time. Now, sir, who went with you to that show?"

Jim squirmed, looked sneaking and tried to explain: "I'll just tell you how it was, Nell. Me and Jennie Tessier set a philopenee and she caught me and asked me to take her to the circus. How could a feller get out of it?"

"Well, here's Jen, now," and the car stopped to take on a buxom girl who greeted the other two cheerily. "Hello, Jim," she said as soon as she was in her seat, "I see you're wearin' it."

Jim tried to look unconscious and cover the necktie, but Nell was alert and said: "He told me he bought it."

"I like that now," declared Jennie, sharply. "We ate a philopenee, he caught me, I made him the tie and then he coaxed me to go to the circus."

Jim, red and perspiring, saw that he was being surrounded by two angry women, and hastily beat a retreat to the back seat. After the few vigorous puffs necessary to light his pipe, he pulled his hat over his eyes, hunched up dependently in the corner and was heard to mutter unctuously: "Durn a woman, anyhow."

### A Workman's Idea of the Drama.

Walter A. Wyckoff, in the September Scribner's, tells in his narrative, "The Workers," what one of them thought of Shakespeare: "When I go to the theatre I go to laugh. I want to see pretty girls and lots of them, and I want to see them dance. I want songs as I can understand the words of, and lots of jokes, and horse play. You don't get me to the theatre to see no show got up by Shakespeare, nor any of them fellows as lived two thousand years ago. What did they know about us fellows as is livin' now? Pete, you mind that 'Tim Hely in the union, him that's full of wind in the meetings? Once he give me a book to read, and he says it's a theatre piece wrote by Shakespeare, and the best there was. I radd more'n an hour on that piece, and I'm d—d if there was a joke into it, nor any sense neither."

### Cupid's Right to Search.

Chicago Inter-Ocean: A young man in Philadelphia was arrested for "searching." He did not hire a lawyer, but made his own defense. He said in his plea it was growing very late and he was on route to see his girl and that he stood upon their marriage, the constitution which guarantees every man "the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The judge remitted the usual fine and advised the young man to start earlier next time.

### Arrival of Prosperity.

Now the figure of Joy's running wild through the land. In a rapture of smiles all aglow; While from left, wrong and right, and on every old hand, Come the signs which great happiness show.

For a Kiondiker smiles as he packs up his grip, And he sings to himself an old lay. That the seeking of fortune's a fanciful trip And the more so the further the way.

And mingling with this comes another glad shout—"Prosperity's arrived on a bike!" While signs ever and a-thriving warn- ing about—"Calamity, please get off the pike." And down in fair Cuba the Spanish job- lot.

Of an army is almost a wreck, And the Cubes howl and yell and say "Weyler has got A peach of a swat in the neck. Corbett and Fitz have not said a word! We've been thankful a month—'tis found. Reside which, in Congress' autocratic The tariff's fixed up—"Is a beautiful slaw— And a joy was the dream—but in a waw That Mason's slaw he'd deers it a draw And would call himself off of old Spain."

Thus blessings poured down, but the best of the pile Is one of glorious expanse, Which brings to the face of the farmer a smile "That would put Mrs. Leane in a trance 'Tis his wheat on the boom, and he'll have 'That the Kiondiker may be all the rage, But the gold mine at home is the best and it pays When the wheat price gets on the ramp- page." —Chicago Record.