GRUESOME VISITATION AT A LONE. LY SEASHORE CARIN.

An Actual Occurrence Besetting I Young Woman on the Oregon Const Some Years Ago.

clared that our yawning wooden chimney, built against the outer wall of the "leanto," was a constant invitation to panthers and wildcats to enter and make themselves at home. She was nervous and timid these my heart, every time I heard his reasdays, quite unlike herself. I looked at her, suring voice. The proximity of anything as she sat in the glow of the firelight, her so domestic afforded a sense of protecchin resting upon her clasped hands, her sibows on her knees, and wondered at the sadness in her face. Till a month ago she had been the gayest member of our claimholding quartet.

"If I tell you," she said softly, as if she rend my thought, "you will not believe me, and yet I swear to you it is the gospel truth. You remember my expedition to the Cape, during your absence last

"Yes. The others said you were all unnerved when you came back. They thought it was because you were tired out and annoyed at having to stay sione. But I am sure it was more than that."
"Yes," she said, still gazing into the fire

"It was more than that."

She was silent so long after this that I thought she had forgotten. Then all at once it came to me. I clutched her arm. "Neja," I cried, "was it that? Did you

She looked at me sadly. "Yes," she said "It was that, I saw—but I will tell you about it." I drew my chair a little nearer, and

gianced half-fearfully toward the shadows lurking in the corners of the great bare

"Don't," she cried; "you look as if you expected—and yet it would be a relief, I think, for the memory is with me always -a haunting herror that fills my days and nights." She shuddered and I slipped my

In Late October.

"It was late in October," she continued "that ellent month when the winds are still, when the world is at peace, and the sky, a dream of tenderness, melts into the deeper blue of the sea. I was expecting the others to come down from the Cape They knew my aversion to being left alone and had kindly volunteered to keep me company till your return. In the after-noon, feeling unaccountably restless, I strolled out across the hills, thinking to meet them somewhere within a few mile of the mouth of the river. I missed the trail somehow and struck the ocean beach above the head of the lagoon.

"From where I stood upon the rim of the sea wall I had an unobstructed view southward to the bar. There was a soft, sliver haze veiling the distance toward the Cape, but I caught a glimpse of a dark object there, and taking it for granted that it was one of the party for whom I was looking, and without a second glance I scrambled down the bluff, and went as I supposed, to meet them. The tide was nearing the full, and I found it necessary, more than once, to take to the soft sand of the dunes. It was hard walking and my wonder why I did not see anything of my coming guests. The afternoon was fast waning when I reached the half-way point on the beach between the river mouth and the Cape, and I was forced to the concius and that I had been too hasty in taking siden that I had been too hasty in taking for a human figure. Those I expected must have been detained unexpectedly, and I was glad, now that I had come so far, that if was easier to go on than to turn back, since I would be spared another beast. I cannot tell. I only know that night of solitude in this barn of a place.

left by the wash of the tide, I came upon a truck. It was unlike anything I had ever seen before, and yet was strangely famillar, too, in shape and size resembling somewhat the imprint of a human hand, and suggested nothing on earth or in the waters under the earth. The sight of these tracks, occurring in pairs, at intervals of perhaps a yard or more, inspired in me a ensation of horror and at the same time a half of the Cape they disappeared, and I burried on, tired and eager for compan-ionship, after my two days of enforced ess. It was not far from sunset surprised that no one came to meet me.

"A moment later I understood. The door was locked. They were gone. In my disappointment I sat down on the steps lowed the shore around the point, while I was crossing the hills, and so we had missed each other. Then I remembered that I had walked 10 miles and more since luncheon, dried my futile tears, found the key under the loose plank in the floor of the veranda and let myself in. *There was food, but no water. The

brook was too far away, and I was too tired to take an unnecessary step. I knew of a trickling spring in the cliff down on the beach, so I picked up the water can and started for that, scanning the shore meanwhile for some sign of the departed. the sunset glow. There was not a living thing in sight, not even a gull, and I ened to the task of filling the water can. Some One Was Coming.

"When I looked again I could hardly credit my eyes, for there, not half a mile away, was some one coming. I shouted for joy, never doubting that it was the captain or the captain's son, sent out to search for me. I was about to hurry back the house to prepare supper, for I did not doubt that the wayfarer was as hungry as myself, when my attention was arrested by the fact that he had turned off toward the hills. I watched breathlessly, suspicion, which grew to a certainty on

ing eyes wore the strangest shape that ever reloped life. It covered the distance be awkward leaps, disappearing in the thicket where the brook breaks through the sca wall. I knew then that the wild, fantastic tales, so often told about the cabin fire on winter evenings, were true. The 'Horror of the Heads' was not the creation of a rdered imagination, but a living, awful reality, for L alone in that ionely place,

Terrified beyond all reason, I returned to the house. I was no longer conscious of being hungry, and I dared not build a fire. Locking the door and barricading the one window as best I could, I lay down on the bed in the corner, but not to sleep. That dread shape seen in the glow of the setting sun on the beach kept my eyes wide and staring. All the extravagant stories I had heard about it came back to me with startling distinctness, and I remembered that Yan, the halfbreed hunter, claimed to have seen it by moonlight, near the Sea Lion rocks, while coming down the trail from Hece-

"Suddenly through the stillness came a sound of stealthy footsteps; a shadow darkened, for an instant, the gray patch of light that was the window Then succeeded a slience that seemed an eiernity, as I lay, with strained senses he the heart to wash the baby's face-it who really want to know the lines on

"HORROR OF THE HEADS" did I hear the doorknob softly turned? Again and yet again that padded footstep crossed the veranda, and once a sharp sound, as if some one had inadvertenily stepped upon a loose board, startled the still night. Later, I was certain that I heard a heavy, labored breathing on the other side of the thin wall, at the head of the bed, and when I was trying to console myself with the thought that I was safely locked and barred from outer danger, there came a harsh, jarring and scraping against the corner of the house,

"I gave up then. 'He's got a saw and is going to saw his way in,' was the conviction that forced itself upon me, and It was a wild night. The rush of the prepared for the worst. My only weapon wind and the nearer tumuit of the tide in was a knife, and I was too scared to use what and the nearer turnuit of the tind in the river drowned the thunder of the surf.

Neja and I shivered sympathetically and drew closer to the driftwood blaze in the cavernous fireplace. We always had a fire and to feel myself in the clutches of the of evenings, whether the state of the monster, when a friendly grunt assured weather demanded it or not, for Neja deoccurred.

"The relief was so great that I came nearer fainting than I ever did in my life.

ANTIQUITY OF FOOTBALL

ICELANDIC SAGAS THROW A SIDE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

Traced Back to the Vikings, While Centuries Ago the Game Was Played in British Isles.

By whom was football invented? It would be safe to offer a substantial prize to anybody who could answer that ques-But the controversial authorities would be a long time coming to their decision on the matter, and then the players themselves might not be convinced. Somebody has said that the game was well known to the primitive races, possibly of Neolithic times; but, of course, it is stretching a point to talk this way, as modern enthusiasts would not be able to identify their own game with the one played so long before Christ. A year or two ago the antiquaries discovered tion in the horror-haunted place, and that St. Cuthbert appreciated golf, and we when he rubbed his hairy sides against were told about a window in the church

OPTIMISTIC JOHN BULL



CONTINUES TO SEND IN CHEERFUL REPORTS FROM THE FRONT.

roof would fall, it gave me a sensation almost akin to comfort.

The "Horror."

progress was slow, but I began at last to open the door. It was a beautiful morn-wonder why I did not see anything of my ing, but I was in no mood to enjoy it.

of all-as I looked, I gradually lost my days of George III. Chapter 43 supplemented by a lighter impression that in pity, for from the black, bristling mat from joining in with their fellows. Thus: of hair that covered what might have been a face a pair of great, soft eyes shone out-eyes so full of hopeless human woe and heartache that my own heart a grief too deep for tears. He turned, playballs were made there, sprang forward, with a low cry that arrested him.

"What do you want?" I asked brokenly. reached those horrible hands to take it from my own.

Luminous With Tears.

"I do not remember what I said. The words seemed to rush from my heart to cry to the territory of the American Inmy lips, and I question if he understood dians, who appear destined by the properties of racial absorption to disappear more than the feeling that prompted them, for he uttered no sound. But the beau-tiful eyes never left my face, and their the chase. But the invades of civilization the chase. But the invades of civilization the chase. soft light grew tender and luminous with

unshed tears. "I watched him go-it could have been but a few minutes that he lingered—that footracing and football. A consultation of awkward, leaping gait taking him quick—Mr. Lucien M. Turner's report to the ly from view over the crest of the lofty Smithsonian institute on the ethnole headland. Then I locked the door and the Ungara district, will show

came away. I was not afraid, when I, a girl, stood family to the toddling youngster, scarcely face to face with the 'horror' that hides able to do more than waddle under the itself from the sight of man—but, oh, burden of his heavy decrakin clothes."

have a human soul!" She paused. The fire had burned low; sufficient length of time to regenerate a outside the wind howled and lashed the tribe or nation. It would certainly in tortured pines, and the rain fell in sheets. I hoped, as we rose and silently prepared their old, dusky, feathered friends of the for bed, that the "horror of the Heads" story-books, who chased men, captured the instant, freezing the blood in my veins. had for himself—somewhere in some cleft tortured and sometimes devoured them. "The object at which I gazed with strain- or cave or hollow tree, a safe, warm went on, when they put toe or

Once only—these occurrences were some think it must have been years ago—was the creature seen again, —but the authority above quote and then-but that is a story by itself. LISCHEN M. MILLER.

"Yes,

"Yep. I'll shaks you to see who goes first. The murmur of the waves was drowned by the rattle of the dice.
"Well; that's one horse on me," said

"Then I win," observed Brutus, pocketing the dice.

'How's that?" "It's twice you've been stuck." Omaha World-Herald.

Looked So Artistic. child sit there at the table with egg and cranberry sauce smeared on its face?" said dead one woman in horror stricks a second or stricks and dead dead one woman in horror stricks and dead dead dead "Yes," replied the other, wasn't indifference. She said

the sharp corner of the house, jarring of St. Cuthbert, Philbeach gardens, Lon-the whole structure, till it seemed the don, which depicts the saint playing that game. In time to come, we may hear that St. Catherine invented the bicycle because she met her death on a wheel. "The long night wore away at last. As We live in the age of the apotheosis of soon as it was light, I arose and threw football, but who has heard its patron open the door. It was a beautiful morn-saint proclaimed? Every recognized club in existence possesses a living patron, whose virtues, to enthusiasts, seems to have something akin to saintliness about

ight of solitude in this barn of a place.

Imprint in the Sand.

"Beyond the Big creek, in the soft sand aft by the wash of the tide, I came upon a first by the wash of the tide, I came upon a solitude in the lith century. By this literary landers, in the soft sand of that hideous presence was indelibly important to the tide, I came upon a stared, speechless, till every detail of that hideous presence was indelibly important to the solitude of the tide, I came upon a stared, speechless, till every detail of that hideous presence was indelibly important to the solitude of the tide. printed upon my brain. Do not ask me dulging in "knattlelkr," or ball-pla to describe it. I cannot; I dare not try. which, in many respects, tallies with the Only-and this to me is the strangest thing unprofessional football practiced in earlier sense of fear. Terror was swallowed up that all violent players were disqualified

> Vikings at Ball-Play. "Now it was the wont of the Broadwickers in autumn to have ball-play, nearly breaks to remember. Oh, no words under the shoulder south of Enest, and of mine can make you understand that the place thereafter was called the Playmute appeal. I would have wept, but ball-meads, and men betook themselves could ont, for I was in the presence of thither from the countryside, and great at last, as if to go, and, involuntarily, I abode and dwelt there a half-month or more. Many men there were as then in the countryside, and it was thickly peopled. Most of the young men were at "Are you not hungry? Oh, let me do the plays, except Thord Wall-Eye, but he something for you," I gathered up my might not deal therein because of his too untouched meal of the night before—it was little but dry bread—and offered it to him, and did not shrink when he cause. So he sat on a chair and looked on the play. Those brethren withal Biorr and Arubiern, were not deemed meet to play because of their strength, unless they played one against the other

> have largely conquered their barbarous practices and left them rejoicing devotees of the more manly sports of wrestling, Smithsonian institute on the ethnology of "football calls out everybody, from the "And I am glad-glad to remember that aged and bent mother of a numerous think of it! to be like that, and yet to If within seven years every particle of our body is renewed, 70 years may be a story-books, who chased men, captured, or cave or hollow tree, a safe, warm went on, when they put toe shelter from the storm. went on, when they put toe finger to the inflated ball-no, forgotten to go into the matter.

> never unfashionable to quote Shakespeare let us turn to "King Lear." Stygian Humor.
>
> The shades of Caesar and Brutus met at the landing, where Charon awaited them.
> "Et tu Brutus," said Caesar.
> "Yes, Going over?"
>
> Tet as turn to "King Lear."
>
> Oswald is made to say to Kent: "Til not be struck, my lord!" To which Kent makes rejoinder, "Nor tripped neither, you base football player!"
>
> Dromio to he are the first turn to "King Lear."
>
> Oswald is made to say to Kent: "Til not be struck, my lord!" To which Kent makes rejoinder, "Nor tripped neither, you base football player!" Dromio, too, has something to say on the matter, in "The Comedy of Errors:

"Am I so round with you as you with me, like a football, you do spurn me hither? You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither; If I last in his service, you must case

me in leather." Heads for Footballs. Is it true that the wild Irish used to "I rather opine it Styx 'em both," ob-punch a human head about? Webster in-timates something to this effect in "The White Devil," which first saw the light

in 1612-"Brachiano, I am now fit for thy en

Till I can play football with thy head!" Research among Elizabethan drama-would not be very profitable for those Was it imagination, or looked so artistic!"-Washington Star. | which football was played in those days. | not form upon it.

The game was really in disrepute from the time of Edward III to Elizabeth—may, in the year 1349 a royal proclamation set forth that football and every other minor

HAS ABOUT RUN HIS RACE at the officed distributing some Dutch stuff in the wrong boxes with all the fellers admiring my rapidity.

"That telegram was a terrible shock to forth that football and every other minor game calculated to interfere with the more minnly and military sport of archery should only be practiced under serious penalties. Such an edict could never have been forthcoming if football had not, at that time, fairly threatened to become one of the most enthralling games of the future free England.

It may be interesting to lovers of foot-

It may be interesting to lovers of football to read of a Welsh game called "Knappan," of years, years ago. In knappan, one of the teams was mounted. "Goals" had not then been invented, and the members of the opposing teams had no numerical limit. At times the landed proprietors and neighboring gentry would engage to play their footmen, the former on pony-back, the latter stark naked. The "field" was, preferably, a valley, and here the gamesters congregated.

At the outset, a knappan, or hardwood spherold, more reminiscent of cricket than football, was tossed into their midst. The object of everybody concerned was to secure and carry it absolutely away. But they knew how to grapple, and thrust, and scrimmage, and pass, and corner in those days. It was, truly, horseplay, in which the masters often outsweated their footmen. Modern players will laugh at this as a one-sided sort of conflict and, if at all inclined to socialistic ideas, will scorn the footmen for having anything to do with it. Let us, however, remember that it was no easy matter for a rider to secure the ball while on pony-back, and that lithe young fellows on foot could find little difficulty in outpacing or outmaneuvering their mounted superiors on the uneven ground. The naked "team" often won.

Old English Football. There can be no doubt that old English football was conducted in a very roughand-tumble fashion. No one ever dreamed of its developing into a game for 26, with pavilions for mere spectators, and gate money for the benefit of hospitals. It was a huge, rollicking game for the entire vil-lage, and the object was not to drive the ball into opposite territory, but, by passing and throwing, to retain it for a given time in one's own hands. Talk about present-day football being rough! It is women's play as compared with the old system, when the "teams" of two villages would martyr their snobby friends at the neighboring country town.
One time 300 men "took the field" near

Diss, England. Before the ball was thrown in, the Norfolk players grimly de-manded of the enemy from Suffolk if they had brought their coffins with them. It was one of the earliest games, minus the was one of the earliest games, m cup. Edward III, who abominated foot-ball, could have had no suspicion as to what was afoot, or he would have turned Edward III, who abominated footin his grave and stalked suddenly forth on the combatants,

A fractured patella or dislocated spin counted for little or nothing in thos days, but the sport was ultimately depre-cated by the gentry and eventually stopped by the strong arm of the law, as a nulsance leading to terrible brutalities and fatalities. Turn to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

In connection with the galeties of Brank some hall, we read: With dice and draughts some chased the day, And some, with many a merry shout,

In riot, revelry and rout, Pursued the football play. Scott tells us, in an appended note, that football found acceptance throughout Scotland, but was especially a favorite sport on the borders. Sir John Carmichael, warden of the Middle Marches was killed in 1600 by a band of the Arm strongs, returning from a football match, Sir Robert Carey's memories are quoted from, in which it is mentioned that "a great meeting, appointed by the Scottish riders, to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at football," terminated in an incursion into England. "At present (1805) the football is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite hanks of the stream."

of the opposite banks of the stream. Scott indorses all that can be heard about unscientific football, and so does Rev. Dr. James Russell, in his "Reminiscences of year in which the last great cross-country match was played.

Testing Their Pluck.

"The late Earl of Home," he says, "havin the old ballad:

Up wi' the Southers o' Selkirk, And down wi' the Yearl o' Hume

Proposed to take representatives of the two parties and test their pluck at football." An exciting engagement took place on Carterhaugh plain, not far away from the confluence of the Etterick and Yarrow, and there all were present as specta ors occupying conspicuous positions. Dr. Russell gives a picture of the contest, which went on all day and finished at dusk

But times are changed since the days I write of, and footballers are changed with them. There are ministers, doctors, church deacons, who enjoy a genuine foot ball match, but who would be ashamed if seen at the racetrack. For the sake of the game's longevity, it would be agree able to find the growing evil of betting more universally discouraged. A goodly proportion of the community can. ver, enjoy the game without particips

tion in this extraneous adjunct. It is an excellent thing to see the deep-seated public interest in modern football There is surely an abundance of good in an amusement that can, as this does, en-gross the attention of the whole country for nearly six months in the year. All classes in the community are interested in it; the sport already has a literature of its own, and everybody knows how high runs the healthful excitement over work of the different clubs. There no appreciable signs of any waning of the public interest, and we trust that our sons and our grandsons for many gen-

njoyment from the sport that we oday are having. LUE VERNON. today are having. Per contra to the foregoing closing paragraph, on the pleasures to be derived from witnessing or participating in football, Mr. Vernon suggests this, to be pubnewspaper of a given locality, and which the foreman left to accept a place further

erations will continue to derive the same

he terms: a A Rendy-Made View. "There seems to be no doubt that pubic interest in the game of football is rapidly on the decline in all parts of the country, and another season will probably see the practical abandonment of this sport by professionals. It will then be relegated to the schoolboys, among whom it ordering the country and should be relegated to the schoolboys, among whom it ordering the country and should be relegated to the schoolboys, among whom it ordering the country and should be relegated to the schoolboys, among whom it ordering the country and should be relegated to the schoolboys, among whom it originated, and where it really belongs. There has never, been anything in the game worthy the attention of grown-up men, and that it should ever have attained to the distinction of a national amusement is simply another manifestaion of the case with which the community can become bewitched over an idle

craze.

"There is nothing elevating or amusbeer. ing about the game as now played, and never has been, and its whole influence has been demoralizing in the extreme. Its tendency is in the direction of idle-ness, gambling and unhealthful excitement, and the country will be better off, morally, physically and financially, when the degenerate sport shall be numbered among things of the past."

Glass Pavement,

Perhaps the most curious street pave nent in the world is that which has recently been put down in Lyons, France. It is of glass, the blocks being abinches square, each made up of 16 smaller blocks. The glass blocks are so tightly fitted together that water cannot pass between them. As a pavement glass is said to have greater resistance than stone. It is a poor conductor of cold, and ice will

PASSING OF THE TRAMP PRINTER IN THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

Vanquished by the Linotype, He Is Being Fast Relegated to the Limbo of "Has Beens."

The passing of the tramp printer has been slow but certain. He who once was lord of the city "case"; who could handle anything on the copy hook, from an editorial down to a sparring match or a cock fight; who could set type, make it up in forms ready for the press, edit a column or a first-page lead; who could do more work with lightning rapidity, find time for more rest, take more comfort and more liquor, and tell more good stories than any other printer who ever lived, is almost of the past. He is a relic of the days before the lynotype, and will soon friends get me clothes and sometimes the be spoken of and regarded as a "character," a species of the genus homo be-

efficies admiring my rapidity.

"That telegram was a terrible shock to me, coming so sudden. You can imagine yourself, what it would be to get word your father was dying when you had supposed him dead for years, I was so broke to constitute the control of the c up over it that I couldn't work any more, naturally, so I went to the manager and showed him the telegram, and asked him to lend me \$5 on my next week's pay, because the old folks might need some-thing. He had a father himself, and I was so worried that he loaned me the \$5, and I put on my hat and coat and left the place

Woldn't Appreciate Him.

"That was a good job. I'd like to have held it a while, but I didn't think they would appreciate me or my work after they heard from their German readers. I've often wondered what they said about my department, but I never went back to find out. You see, they might think it strange that I'm not wearing mourning."
Miller was never known to buy for him-self an article of wearing apparel, nor was he ever known to ask any one else to do it for him. "They just sorter know when I needs it," he said. "Sometimes my

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

Visitor to lunatic asylum which is undergoing structural improvements (to harmless lunatic who is extremely busy wheeling barrow upside down)-You ought to turn that barrow the other way up.

Harmless Lunatic (knowingly)-I did yesterday, but they put bricks in it. -Phil May's Winter Annual.

The tramp printer came and went according to the seasons and the climate he preferred, which caused him to be regarded as a weather prophet, a sort of human barometer. He would come in to the composing-room after an absence of several me a shirt, I'd like to pick it out myself, months, hang his battered hat on the hook he used last take his place at a "case" I was more thirsty than in need of he used last, take his place at a "case" " this authority giving 1815 as the with the composure that only a tramp

As the tramp printer was always a good Duke of Buccleuch, on the disparaging workman, his presence in the office was terms in which his ancestor is spoken of invariably halled with delight by the foreman. And toward midnight, when he an nounced that he was hungry and asked some one to loan him a "half" he was sure to get it, although the lender knew it would never be returned. Sometimes he was a wit; again he might be a pessimist, but he always possessed a strong sense of

humor and a mighty vocabulary.

Eugene Field Described Him. Eugene Field, in answer to the question: What is a printer?" once said: "A printer is a man who sets type all night and throws dice for the drinks all day. If it wasn't for the night work, I should like to be a printer.'

The Chicago Tribune, in a recent article on the subject of tramp printers, tells of one of the guild, named Miller, a large and pompous man, with gray hair and who was known and liked by everybody in the Chicago composing-rooms. Miller, according to the Tribune, was an uncertain during the day that he falled to work well at night. One night he put on his hat and the old checked coat with which the weather of many a trip had played havoc, and announced that he was going to take a tramp in some prohibition state.

"It's the booze that knocks me galley west," he said. "I'm going to get out of it, though my season here is not quite up." The foreman, at whose suggestion the trip was contemplated, made no reply. 'Don't suppose you'd let me stay my eason out?" he queried.

The foreman shook his head.
"It'll throw me out for a whole year to eave town now," he argued. The foreman asked a question: "Do you set German type, Miller?" Miller scratched his head. "Yes," he

"Well, then, go to this address a a job. Their German printer is sick. But don't say I sent you." It was the address of a weekly paper lished, in the event of the losing of a that had a German department. Miller game by the home team, by the home took it and went out. Three days later

> How He Set German Type. The office saw nothing of Miller till his 'season" the following year. Then he walked into his accustomed place, and,

saw me, took off my hat and coat and started to hang them up, I found my nail driven in. Then I knew, of course, that I was 'fired,' and 'twas the first that was said to me about it. I hated to leave town, so I goes around to the German and gets the job. Didn't know I set German type? Don't know even a word Dutch, but 'a le rout' over a glass of

"But I gets the job and goes to work like a dicknailer a-throwing them Dutch letters together. I put the copy up before me and let on to read it and understan and read my own proof and marked it up and not a single word in the whole batch of galleys, unless one got there by accident. It was nothing but pi-rich, fat, julcy German pl.

"I was safe, for not a feller in the shop knew Dutch-'cept me, I did not have much time to get the work out in, but I did it, and they paid me extra and en-gaged me to work right along till the Dutchman got well.

'I knew it would not be healthy for me to stay around there after the paper ame out, so on the day of publication after I had drawn my pay, I sent myself a telegram telling me my father was dying. A real telegram, boys, from the cen-tral office, and it cost me 25 cents. When the messenger boy came in with it I was

longing distinctly to the "last century." where it was coming from, but on my next season round in Chicago the foreman called me in the first morning after work and told me to wait there, for he was go-

that shirt, and the foreman knew it, so he had me wait. I didn't care, for I knew a good shirt would bring four drinks most printer knows, and look around for some copy or dead type, the same as if he had quit work there the morning before with the regular hands. "Spring's coming."

When he came back and showed me a "The late Earl of Home," he says, "hav-ing received some good-humored banter Doc is back." see in lice, clean, new white shirt I got thirstler than ever. But that feller just shoved me in the washroom and insisted that I pu that clean shirt on then and there. So I did, knowing I could change it again mighty quick. I wrapped the old one up paper and laid it down while I searched around for a string, and that foreman took advantage of my exactness and threw that paper, shirt and all, in the fire, and it burned right before my eyes-and me getting thirstier every sec-

He Goes to Church.

"That clean shirt almost proved my ruin, for it made me stuck up and too aristocratic for the town. I decided I'd have to get a clean suit to go with it, but I wouldn't ask for it.

"Out on the West Side, at Jackson oulevard and Lincoln street, they were uilding a new church, and me and of the boys thought we'd go out and attend a meeting. This was right after I heard my father was dying, boys, and under such feelings a man should want religion. So we goes in late, and walks clean up to the stage steps. They were all a-singing something about 'Sinners Coming.' I thought of my pride in that clean shirt, and I says right out aloud, "That's us."

"Say, you should have seen them people crowd around to do us honor. you want to get treated white, go to a county fair horserace, or a church dur-ing service, and call yourself a sinner. They asked how I was a sinner, and I old them I was proud, and arrogant and vain of my worldly goods, and then all of us just broke down and cried. Couldn't

nelp it, boys.
"We had heard they was planning a banquet for the church officers after the meeting, and sure enough they asked us in to eat. And everytime they asked us Yes,' no matter what it was. So after the feed they takes us off and gives each some new clothes and a hat and takes us back to the party and stood us up and talked about us, and then they takes up a collection and gives each of us a fourth. I thought I'd go every week, so I told the prettiest lady so.
"Finally they wanted some more chairs

and I said I'd go and get them. I couldn't find the chairs. You see, I didn't look for them. The three boys may be at that meeting yet for all I know, for I've been so busy I never went back to see.

When a Feller Has the Blues.

When a feller has the blues, 'Tain't no use to ask his views Eff it halls, or of it mows-Cotton up, or cotton down— Worl' stopped still, or whirlin' roun'— Never keers for any news— That ere feller with the blues!

Blossoms purple on the vine; Win's may sing in music sweet, Rivers ripple at his feet; An' the birds the boughs along Jest may split their throats with song— But he's lonesome as you choose— That ere feller with the blues! Where'd they come from? Day by day,

Sun may do his best to shine-

Drownin' all the belia of Hope Comin' in the door to chide you-Drawin' up a chair beside you Sayin', "Hello! What's the ! Sayin', "Heilo! What's the news?"— Them exasperatin' bluce!

Then it is we know we're human-Then it is the smile of woman is the only welcome light That comes twinklin' through the night! Ef that smile o' hers has bound you, Ef you feel her arms around you. Be as happy as you choose. With "Good mornin" -Atlanta Constitution.

DIFFERING METHODS FOLLOWED BY VARIOUS DRAMATISTS.

Some Use Puppets to Create Situstions, While Others Require No

Such Aid, and All Work Hard.

"How do dramatists write plays?" saks the Ladles' Home Journal, of a recent issue, and then the questioner proceeds to reply that it is done in almost as many

vays as there are dramatists. But, in one respect, the methods of dramatists hardly ever differ. They nearly all first make an outline of the plot, characters and episodes. That is called a scenario. Sometimes it includes the salient points only. Somotimes it goes into minute details. Anyway, it shapes and forms the entire play.

"By this time the author," continues the Journal, "has studied the possibilities of his theme and decided what his characters shall do. He has learned by experience that his work is more difficult than that of the novelist. He must not describe things, but present them. He may resort to narrative only at the risk of losing the attention of an audience. A play of words and not of deeds is like the proverbial 'garden full of weeds.' The personages will not amount to much, if they merely talk. They must show their traits, motives and intentions in action. The sollioquy is. therefore, not in favor with the modern

playwright. "These conditions impose long and hard labor upon even the geniuses among wrifers for the stage. More time and thought are often spent on a scenario than in writing out the play. It may be said that a drama of the first class is a good year's task.

Keep Characters in View.

"The playwright must keep his characters plainly before him all the while. It is essential that he shall know where they are, whether active or bile. Whenever they stir it should mean something. An indefinite movement may spall the effect which he intends to make. The audience which he intends to make. The audience sees quite as much as it hears. One of our well-known authors sets small puppets on a miniature stage and moves them about. In no other way can be keep the situations clearly in mind while devising and developing them.

"Another man of equal renown needs no such signs or tokens. The scene in every detail is vivid to him without any alds. Others make notes on diagrams. Still others use whatever small things happen to be at hand. An old jacknife and a pair of scissors were the hero and heroine of a certain famous drama during all the time that it was being written. "One expert in stagecraft, who happens to

be also a devotee of chess, works out the action on a chessboard. He funcies that he is helped in that way to solve the problems of his plot. He opposes his forces of good and evil, plays them against each other and wins final victories for the right. Nonsense? Not if it facilitates his work. His fancy requires incitement.

"At the other extreme may be mentioned a man who never has to make so much as a dot on paper to assist his memory as to the action. He has his troubles of another kind. He is compelled to guard himself against confusion and inconsisten-cies in the various interests of the play in hand. He makes diagrams of them,

showing their starts and stops, rises and falls, contacts and separations. Thus he sees their proportions and builds them up or pulls them down to suit their relative importance. "This diagram becomes an elaborata chart as work progresses. It is clear to him, if to nobody else. It guides him in keeping his principal character dominant and his minor ones subordinate. By means

of it he moves everything toward that elimax which every successful drama must reach. "What the actors do besides speaking The old-fashioned way was to in-

sert that word in the copy at points where special action was required. The particulars were given at the rehearsals.

More Explicit Now.

"Nowadays the author is more explicit in his manuscript. He prescribes the movements that each character shall make. Nothing is left to chance, nor to the actor's choice. When he is to sit and when to stand, when he is to go and how long to stay, what feeling he is to show when silent, what degree of emotion he is to express when speaking-all these di-

rections are set down.
"Some authors tell, also, how the peronages should look. A paragraph describes each individual much as a novelist does it, though very briefly and concisely. This is frequently extended to the color of a woman's eyes and hair. She mi tail or short, slim or stout, pretty or ugly, as best serves the purpose. In short, the writer of stage fiction tries hard to have his characters look and behave exactly as he wishes them to. His design may be

"That depends. He may be eminent and obdurate enough to have his own way. In that case his contracts stipulate that not so much as a word shall be changed without his consent. The manner of the acting, also, must be obedient to his or-fers. He also may be able to dictate the ime when the play shall be presented, and the theater, too, The selection of actors may require his approval, and his authority may extend to rehe

CANNON OF PRECIOUS METAL Extravagant Fancy of the Gaikwar

of Baroda, in India. The Galkwar of Baroda, an Indian prince, who still rules under British suzoralnty, has a great and gorgeous palace at Carcoda, and seven miles out of the city, at Makarpura, a hunting lodge or summer palace. A bodyguard of 150 strong men, mounted on handsome gray Arabian chargers, and dressed like Austrian hussars, is posted about his palace, and with it a battery of artillery consisting

of gold and silver guns, There are four guns—two of gold and two of sliver. The gold guns were made in 15%, by an arisan of Lakha, who worked on them for five years. They weigh 400 pounds each, and, except for the steel lining, are of solid gold. They are mounted on gun carriages of carved wood, overlaid with silver. Each gun is drawn by the finest team of bullocks which Haroda can furnish. The horns of these bul-locks are incused in silver and gold, and they wear gold and sliver anklets around their forelegs. On their heads are "mohadas," or head pleces, of the same metals. Their trappings are of Kincob and Delhi work, and altogether the dec

orations of each team of bullocks are worth \$35,000. The silver guns were made by the same men as the gold ones, and are like them, except that they are a trifle smaller, and weight only 350 pounds each. The limbers and carriages of the silver guns are covered with brass, which shines like gold, and frequently is mistaken for that metal, In 1878, when the Maharajah Kaikwar went to Bombay to meet the Prince of Wales, he took the gold guns with him to salute the prince. This is the only occaion on which they have been allowed to eave the state of Baroda. When Lord Dufferin was viceroy of India, he paid a state visit to the galkwar, and was salut-

ed by the silver guns.