RESEMBLED HIS BELINDA

MODERN COMEDY OF ERRORS, PLAYED UP TO DATE.

Harrowing Results of Being Mistaken for Somebody Else Because of Fancied Facial Likeness.

I suffer under a singular misfortune. It will not seem much to you, when you hear it stated. I dare say, if you are sentimnetal you will fail to understand the hardships of my case.

It is simply this: Evreybody knows somebody who looks like me. The words I am sure to hear, as soon after an introduction as etiquette will allow, are: "You so strongly resemble a friend of mine;" or, "You remind me so forcibly of an absent cousin, aunt, sister or sweetheart," as the case may be; or, "Pardon me, but your likeness to my old friend So-and-So leads me to treat you with the familiarity due only to a longer acquaintance."

If you are of the sentimental turn, you ask: "Where is the misfortune?" Very agreeable, you think, for me to find mine always one of the "old familiar faces"—charming never to appear a stranger to any one; to be "hail fellow, well met!" with every newcomer; to have a special resemblance to everybody's particular friend! You think so? Well, I object to it, for the following reasons— But no; I will give no reasons. I will let you deduce them from my experience.

Put the case as yours. How would you like to find the resemblance generally unflattering? I have seen some of these facsimiles of myself. They are about as much like each other as Laps are like Spaniards, or Turks like Frenchmen. I don't know how they can all be me! I have not, generally, felt elated by the comparison, when confronted with my "very pictures." They may possibly have experienced the same dissatisfaction, but I hope not, at least to the same extent.

Another View of It.

Or, how would you like to have no personality of your own; to be forever prejudged by the same qualities of others; to be sneered at because Miss A is so vain; to be hated because Miss B is so malignant; to be laughed at because Miss C is so ridiculous?

This is to have no identity; to be perpetually obliterated in others having stronger traits, like sugar in a dose of castor oil.

I have had shopkeepers look sharply at me as I stood by the counter. One asked a friend of mine if I "was not that lady who had a fancy for taking things and not paying for them."

Oh, my counterparts! do conduct yourselves with propriety, or a harmless sufferer will haunt you, if she can.

I asked one of the trustees of a museum for a permit to visit it. These permits are given to all applicants who are deemed respectable. What was my dismay to hear, in reply, such words as these:

"No, ma'am; we must refuse."

"Why?" I stammered.

"You are so careless, and did so much damage while handling the specimens, the last time you were there, that my duty to the society compels me to refuse the permit."

I had never visited the museum, but some rough copy of me, doubtless, had done so.

I have occasionally tried to prove the mistake about my identity, but have generally been considered unblushingly persistent in trying to gain my object, at the expense of truth. If I meet with no contradiction to my representations and gain my point, those I address usually let me see that they are not "gulled," but are only indolent or indulgent.

Walking gently along a San Francisco thoroughfare I see blustering old Dr. — driving along in his buggy. He pulls up, and calls out to me, a perfect stranger to him, though, as he is a distinguished man, I know him by sight:

"Go home; go home! I never saw such a perverse woman! Any person of sense, sick as you are, would be abed. Such a patient abroad speaks ill for her doctor. I won't have it; go home."

I—the picture of health—ordered home, as a sick and unreasonable patient! and that, too, when the old novelist, Mr. Blank, is just passing and hears every word, as a perceptible sneer on his face tells me! A month or two afterward, I see some fling at womankind in his latest work, which I trace clearly to this incident. And all the time, no doubt, the poor, sick woman is groaning indoors and hoping to win golden opinions of her physician by her obedience.

Laughable Results.

Sometimes the mistake produces only laughable results. At a picnic, I wandered alone in a shady, cedar grove. I was dressed as all the woman were, in white. I leaned over a little, babbling brook and became much interested in the minnows. I heard a step behind me, but that imparted nothing to me; I expected no fond surprise. Suddenly an arm stole about my waist.

"I have watched a whole hour for this," said a man's voice. I knew the gentleman well; he was supposed to be a stony, old bachelor. I looked up; met a prompt kiss; gave a prompt scream, and saw my astonished swain take a prompt departure, after a close, hasty, frightened look into my face.

Walking along a country lane, I was overtaken by a young gentleman in a stylish buggy. I never saw him before; yet he smiled, bowed and stopped his horse suddenly.

"Come, jump in!" he cried; "Miss Monroe sent me for you. She is sick, and you have not a minute to lose."

Very much flurried at being summoned by a Miss Monroe I never heard of before, I hastily I seized the extended hand and sprang into the buggy, without taking pains to look again at the messenger who, meantime, is carefully averting his face.

No sooner am I seated beside him than I perceive that he shaking with laughter; and, suddenly, he turns to me, saying, while he starts off his horse with a brisk touch:

"All a ruse, Lizzie! Miss Monroe don't want you—but I do!"

I lift upon him a blank, amazed face. He starts, stares, colors; stammers out an apology and something about expecting to meet "Lizzie"; says I am "not the lady," stops the horse and lets me get out, in violent confusion, and while he drives off, sheepishly recovering his countenance, I walk off lamenting mine, which plays me such tricks.

At an evening party, I was introduced to a Mr. K., at his request. He gazed at me, in a very confusing manner; grew pale and teary. I hastened to draw his attention from myself to the music, the pictures, the dancing. But though he was sufficiently polite, I saw that his mind was fully occupied in dwelling upon me. From being embarrassed and annoyed I began to feel flattered, as his attention seemed delicate, almost reverential, and quite involuntarily prolonged. He scarcely left my side that evening, and when he took leave, asked permission to call upon me. I granted it readily, as I knew his family and antecedents.

The very next day he came, and the next. I was flattered a little. I had been through such affairs before, and knew what this devotion foreboded; besides, did not every friend I had congratulate me upon my conquest?

Unfalteringly Devoted.

At parties he scarcely left my side, for no coldness on my part could daunt him. At home, he sat as near to me as circumstances and etiquette permitted, tormenting me with his long gaze. He sent me flowers, anonymously; lent me books, sang with me, and came daily.

He was well educated, handsome, of suitable age and good estate. I began to look upon him with favor, but yet always felt that the whole affair was rather inexplicable, and probably founded upon some mistake, though I knew it could not be one of identity this time.

One morning he asked for a private audience, and I was afraid the time had come when I must give him a positive answer, yes or no. I was not prepared to do this, and concluded to be guided by circumstances whether to say "wait" or "no." "Yes" was decidedly not to be uttered nor implied.

He came, and I fluttered down to the parlor. He rose to meet me; took my hand and led me to a chair, remote from a window. He took another and sat facing me. It made me nervous—this ceremony—and "No! No!! No!!!" was on the tip of my tongue before he said a word.

"I asked to see you alone," he said at last, after mastering some emotion "that I might open my heart to you." I smiled a willingness to preside at the uncovering of that casket. He continued: "You must have seen—have you not? that, for the last month, you have been the delight of my eyes?"

"Does he expect me to answer that?" I said to myself, as he paused. I put up my fan to hide lips quivering with amusement.

"The delight of my eyes and of my heart! For years I have not known such refreshment; such pure joy as you have given me." I was touched, moved; no laughing now—nearer crying.

"You have comforted my inmost soul; the world looks bright because of you. It has been dark and desolate enough, God knows! But all clouds fly before your presence. I never expected to be so happy in this world as you have made me."

He was deeply in earnest, trembling with magnetic emotion. He paused again. If his next question had been whether I would marry him, I think "Yes" would have been inevitable.

"I have come now to beg you to complete my happiness. I know you can. You are the image of my former wife—my angel, Belinda, in heaven, who is waiting for me there, after a most blissful union here—cut too short, alas! I know she will not be jealous of you, for you are but her image here below, and I am complimenting her in marrying you."

As I listened to his fatuity, the angry spark in my eyes burned up the softness he had at first evoked. I had half a mind to marry him, so as to avenge myself upon his angel, Belinda.

But, after all, I could not. "Come!" I said cheerily, "I wonder if I am really like your wife."

Like as Two Peas.

"You are like her in every lovely feature—in glossy hair, dove-like eyes, happy lips, sweet, dimpled chin, telling of gentleness. Then, in expression, your face is like hers, all filled with the loving submission of woman, of her sweet helplessness and graceful dependence upon man's stronger mind."

"Ah," said I dryly. I knew now that there was glamour on his eyes, and that he could not see me as I was. "Suppose we look alike; but are our characters similar—our turn of mind?"

"Yes, I think so; you are both the humblest meekest, most refined of women. Belinda was a true woman. I believe she never had a positive opinion on any subject out of her household. She knew woman's sphere. She said, with woman's instinctive delicacy, that she hated newspapers, and would never read them."

"Humph! Ahem!" I choked a little. "Then, our circumstances, surroundings, experience! Were ours similar? Did she ever, being left penniless, earn her bread by her own exertion, fighting hard for it with the men who denied her a chance because she was a woman; and when she had won it, eating it with bitter tears, because she was hated by her brothers, despised by her sisters for having had to fight for it?"

"Belinda was averse to strife, and would have died of starvation rather than contend for food. She was all meek submission to whatever good or ill God sent to her, as woman should be."

"Was Belinda," I asked, "an authoress or even a type-setter?"

"Belinda shunned notoriety," he said, freezingly, eyeing me askance.

"I set types in a printing office once, and then became a small authoress, at which dignity I try to maintain myself now. Did Belinda study medicine? I went through two or three courses of lectures, at the Female Medical College, and would have pursued the calling if I had not had other claims upon me which forbade it."

He rose suddenly, stared at me with glaring, ghastly eyes.

"Is it possible?" said he. "Have I nearly—yes, quite—asked a—a—a—woman doctor to be my wife? I beg your pardon—I—I—I did not know." He shuddered, and, with a frightened look, bowed himself out. He thought I was like Belinda! What an escape!

A Close Call.

The gray-haired stranger bent over the desk.

"Are you the society editor?" he questioned.

"I am the identical," said the flippant young man.

"Are you the person who wrote up the account of the Munn reception?"

"Yes. Anything wrong about it?"

"That's what I want to find out. Look here. You notice that in speaking of my daughter you use this paragraph: 'She swept about the room with an inherited grace that caught every one.' Now, what was your purpose in writing that?"

"Why, it struck me as a first-class chance for a new compliment to her esteemed parents, that's all."

"Sure you didn't mean to insinuate that her father laid the foundation of his fortune by selling brooms?"

"Certainly not."

"Because I did, you know."

"I didn't know it."

"Then that's all right. Good-day."—Collier's Weekly.

In a Predicament.

"If you think he wants to marry you for your money, why don't you tell him that your father has failed and that you are consequently penniless?"

"I'm afraid I'd lose him."—Chicago Post.

ARIZONA'S LOST BONANZA

STORY OF SAN JUAN COUNTRY TOLD OVER FOAMING FIZZ.

White Captives of the Moquis Make Rich Gold Find, but Fail to Rediscover the Spot.

One balmy and beautiful Spring day I was seated outside of my hotel in Boise Idaho, sunning myself, and somewhat lost in reverie. Over in the Northern country I could discern the lofty peaks of the mountains, which towered up high above the horizon. I became more interested in them after a little, and wondered why and how nature came to build those majestic giants up there. The verdant valley of the Boise stretched out east and west as far as the eye could see. Nature seemed in love with the world, and the world in love with Nature.

I was trying to collect the threads of a story I had heard down in the San Juan country. It related to the early history of that section of Colorado, and, more particularly, to a very rich bonanza that some prospectors were said to have found and lost, and which has never been discovered since. However, I was soon disturbed. Cal. Wellen, an old friend, came upon me unnoticed, and shook me out of my trance.

"Let me introduce Mr. Anin," said he.

I arose in a dreamy manner, shook my newly-made acquaintance by the hand and invited him to a seat beside me.

Mr. Anin, I soon discovered, was a "character" and went by the appellation of Old Zelum Zed. I saw at a glance that he was one of those old-fashioned Rocky mountaineers who are fast becoming relics in these United States.

A Character.

He was tall and raw-boned and his hair was grizzled and so long that it covered his shoulders. He wore the usual mustache and goatee, and had an expression in his gray eyes which one never sees except in the eyes of mountain people. He had been in nearly all the early mining camps, from New Mexico to Caribou, and from Pike's Peak to California. He was in a talkative mood, and commenced:

"Yer a stranger in these parts?"

I had to admit that my experience in the great Rockies was not very extensive.

"Wel', that's no disqualification to yer," he went on; "yer wil' git broke to it by-an'-by," and with that he laughed and invited us to one of the clubrooms, where, after ordering a bottle of champagne, he became reminiscent.

"Yes see, away along back in the sixties," said he, "I wus down on the San Yan, prospectin' 'round. Me an' Joe Shields an' Bob Dixon wus pards. We called Joe, 'Schemer,' fur short an' fur the reason that he was chuck full of them brilliant idees which sometimes pan out all kerrect an' more times gits a man in a hole.

"Bob, we called 'Wilecat' fur nearly the same reason, only he wus more of a worker. These two wus great boys an' came somewhere from the Lone Star State. They wus good-hearted boys, jist the same, and' me an' them got along mighty wel', bein' throwed, as we wus, in each other's society promiscu'sly, as prospectors wus in them days.

"Wel', we wus pannin' gold in them diggin's down there on the San Yan, an' was doin' respectfully, though we didn't strike it rich. We had to put up with a sight of mishaps an' hardships. There wus no place where we could git provisions, 'cept at Highpoint, some 98 miles from the diggin's, an' we allus brought in enough raw material to last a while.

"Schemer wus the man who allus went out after the provisions, when our stock commenced to show signs of peterin' out.

"The Injuns wus mighty troublesome in them days, an' we never sazkly knowed whether we would wake in the mornin' on the San Yan or in Heaven."

Here he helped himself to another glass of champagne and then continued.

Schemer After Grub.

"Oh, yes, miners git to Heaven. Wel', we had got out some yeller dust an' Schemer wus 'spatched out fur grub, an' he took most of our dust with him. Wilecat volunteered to go along, but Schemer thought he could bring the gold dust out an' the provisions back with him, without any trouble.

"The dust that belonged to us he wus to deposit with the store man at Highpoint 'til' we would come out. Anyhow, he went it alone to fetch in the grub, an' fur this purpose he took two cayuses besides the one he wus riding, fur to pack the grub back with.

"Me an' Wilecat kep' right on working, an' the days sorter dragged along. By-an-by we commenced to git a little skeery, fur the time had run out fur Schemer to git back. Our provisions had mighty nigh give out, too, an' yet Schemer did not come. We began to git alarmed, both as to Schemer an' ourselves, fur we were gittin' in a mighty tight box, 'cause we had nothin' left to eat 'cept a little chunk of bacon an' a little flour. We held a council of war, as it were, an' me an' Wilecat 'cluded to saddle our cayuses an' hunt 'bout a little. Maby the Injuns had laid low an' corralled Schemer, on his way out or in. Anything of the kind would not have s'prised us.

"We first hid our dust under a big boulder, on the north side of our cabin, an' then started out to hunt up Schemer, an' incidently some provisions. We hunted an' hunted an' hunted, an' nary Schemer could we find. We slept anywhere night would overtake us, among the rattlesnakes an' horned-toads, but all prospectors git used to this kind of thing.

"Days wore on, an' yet nary sign of Schemer. There was nothin' fur us to do but to go back to our cabin an' git our gold dust an' go out after provisions ourselves. This we 'cluded to do, fur it was root, hog, or die with us then.

"We moosed along fur several days, an' still no tidin's of Schemer. So, one evenin', as we were peggin' ahead on a sort of a forced march, goin' up Shelf Creek Canyon, we were suddenly startled out of our boots by an unearthly yell up over the rim of the canyon. Sure the Injuns had us now. We wus goin' to make a defense, but yer know it's a much different proposition of goin' to do a thing, an' really doing it.

"We held another council of war, an' 'cluded that, by the size of their pile, we had better throw up our hands. So we surrendered easy an' throwed ourselves on the charity of the fo.' Napoleon did that once an' got nicely slipped up on it, an' maby we would git slipped up on it, too. But it wus the very best we could possibly do, though we never would have showed the white feather if we had had half an equal chance, fur we old prospectors are not zakly built on that style.

"Wel', there wus one consolation, anyhow, fur the Indians had plenty muck-a-muck with them, an' as long as they would leave our hides intact, there wus no danger but we would git something to eat.

"The Injuns belonged to the Moquis, an' they carried us off to Arizona; but, never mind, we were equal to the 'casion. There came along a very dark night, an' me an' Wilecat gave each other the wink."

Here old Zelum Zed ordered another bottle of champagne, and then he continued:

"Yes, they carried us to Arizona, and one day we stopped fur dinner, an' to give our cayuses time to graze a little in a canyon. We an' Wilecat went down to the little creek that wus runnin' along down them mountains, with our gold pans, an' we did a little pannin', an' maby yer don't believe it, but, inside of a half an hour, we had several pounds of yeller dust each. Then we were made to git aboard our cayuses an' march on. We wrapped our yeller stuff in some mullein leaves an' stuffed it down in our bootlegs. We had managed to blaze a few trees, an' thought we could easily find the place again. Yer see, me an' Wilecat had fig'red out a scheme to give the Injuns the go by, an' on that dark night I speak of we both laid down an' snored as loud as any of them; but we wus not asleep—not by a long shot; we wus only playing 'possum, yer see.

Make Their Escape.

"So, when everything wus nice an' still, an' all them big bucks wus sound asleep, an' the guard which had been set over us wus leaning forward on the log by the campfire, Wilecat sprung onto that buck an' belted him such a blow on the head that he never even grunted once."

"Then we very stealthily got our cayuses, and, in a little more, we wus scooting away. They never found us again. No, sir, nary; yer can bet high cards on that.

"We pegged ahead, day after day, an' came very near starving to death. Wilecat shot a coyote, an' on that we feasted fur six days. We wus making our way northward, an' in ten more days we reached a Mormon settlement in Utah. Well, sir, we took that yeller dust to an assay office, an' I kin tell yer that our eyes bunged out when the man told us that we had $800 in pure gold; that's what we had. Wilecat, he just nearly went crazy, an' nothin' would do but we must go an' hunt up that great bonanza at once. So we organized a kind of prospecting party of six, an' we took plenty provisions an' started out to hunt for that bonanza. We searched the mountains high an' low all summer, but could git no sight of them blazed trees, nor them peculiar mountains where came trickling down that creek; no, sir, nary!

"Oh, but she wus a bonanza; richer nor an Alder Gulch nor a Klondike!"

"We hunted all the next summer fur that creek, but it wus no use. Wel', Wilecat took pneumonia, an' we had to plant him, an' I have spent every summer since hunting fur that lost bonanza, an' I am certain that I will find it yet. There is no doubt about it, nary."

I ventured to iquire as to what had become of "Schemer."

"Wel'," he replied, "Schemer flew back to the Lone Star State with the gold dust he had carried out for us, an' I he'ered he became a successful politician."

There was a pause, and Old Zelum Zed's head slowly and softly drooped on his bosom.

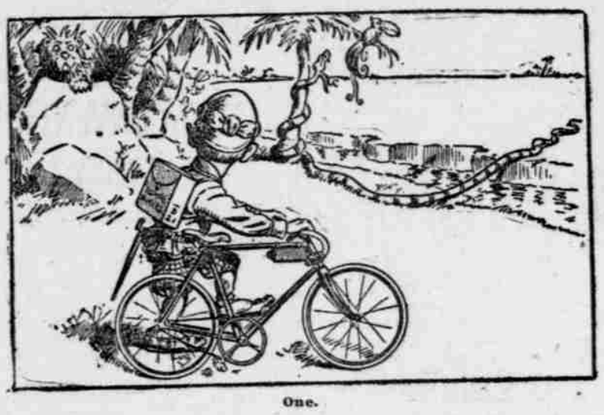
And thus, by strange coincidence, came the story of the "lost bonanza" to me, told by one of its discoverers and without my seeking. M. W. STROUSE.

Woman's Way.

Her love proved false unto his vows,
And, while her heart was sore,
The maiden vowed that she would dress
In simple sackcloth evermore.

But she married a rich banker soon;
Her wounded heart did quickly heal;
The sackcloth that she's wearing now
Is a very handsome sacque of seal.
—Chicago News.

THE BOA, THE LION AND TOMMY ATKINS.



One.

Two.

Three.

LENT, AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

First Boarder—Why do you enjoy Lent?
Second Boarder—It's a pleasant change from hash to fishballs.

RARE FINE MARE WAS SHE

SQUIRE SCOLLOPS DRIVES SEVEN MILES IN SIX MINUTES.

Novel Mode of Progression Inaugurated by an Accommodating Kansas Cyclone.

"I have been perusing," said the Hon. Henry Clay Pidgkins, laying down his paper at the club, after having attentively read the same for an unusual length of time. "I have been perusing the sporting columns of this medium of general knowledge, and I have reached the conclusion that, whereas the intention is undoubtedly good, the experience is lacking."

"Has your favorite fighter been beaten for want of proper training, or has he lost by a foul blow?"

"I am not referring to pugilistic encounters," answered the Hon. Pidgkins, "but to the trials and endurance of our equine friends; in other words, to horseracing."

"The old story," volunteered the man with the unlit cigar, "a sure tip and a walk home."

"Sir," responded the Hon. Pidgkins, with some asperity, "you misconstrue my intended statements before they are uttered. What I wish to say is, that in today's papers, supposed to be a full and accurate description of the trials of speed between the noblest examples of our horses, great stress is laid upon the fact that So-and-So trotted a mile in 2:05¾, and This-and-That did the same in 2:04⅞, whereas to my certain knowledge a friend of mine, Squire Scollops, who used to live in Kansas, had a mare that once traveled a mile in 51 3-7 seconds and kept it up for seven miles."

"Was she in a locomotive that was going to wreck when she did that?" said the man with a far-away look.

Never Broke Her Gait.

"No, sir, she was not," answered the Hon. Pidgkins; "it was on an ordinary country road, and she never broke her gait, sir; never."

"Let us hear about this wonderful steed, that is running such a close race with the telegraph, the flash of lightning and the glimmer of the sunbeam," said the man who reads magazine poetry.

"Well, gentlemen, it was like this," responded the Hon. Pidgkins. "My particular friend, Squire Scollops, had a mare which he called Bess; he also had a wagon in which he would load his garden truck and take it to Muggs Junction for sale. This wagon was an ordinary farm wagon, with a covered canvas top, such as you always see on market days. Now, on the special occasion to which I am referring, Squire Scollops was proceeding from his home to Hood's Corners, a matter of some two miles, and from there intended going to Muggs Junction, seven miles farther, where he would find a market for his produce."

"All of the distances were carefully measured, I presume," said the man with the unlit cigar.

"They undoubtedly were," answered the Hon. Pidgkins, "as my informants possessed the highest characters in the community where they lived."

"Did they live there long?" inquired the man with the far-away look.

"They did, sir," responded the Hon. Pidgkins, "consequently the facts may be taken exactly as I state them. But to continue: Squire Scollops proceeded from his home to Hood's Corners, and naturally stopped there for a moment to get a snifter before tackling the seven miles straight road which leads to Muggs Junction.

Struck by a Cyclone.

"When he returned to his wagon, had taken his seat, and barely had the reins in his hands, one of those Kansas cyclones came along and struck the back of the wagon square in the center. The wagon having been struck first, naturally moved along before the horse started, and with such force, gentlemen, that it flew clean over the horse without touching it, and the first thing Squire Scollops knew, he was bending in a semi-circle over the seat, with the reins passed under the wagon and dragging the horse along after him."

"Quite an uncomfortable position to measure distances and calculate time," vouchsafed the man with the unlit cigar.

"Now," continued the Hon. Pidgins, not heeding the interruption, "remember, the ground was frozen hard, the road as straight as an arrow and the distance between Hood's Corners and Muggs Junction exactly seven miles. When the cyclone struck the wagon, it was exactly 5 o'clock and 13 minutes A. M. The canvas folds on the sides spread out and made sails and away went Squire Scollops' wagon and mare in the position described, on the wild race. Without diverging to the right or left that wagon sailed on. Squire Scollops doubled up on the seat, still holding on to the reins, and the mare behind striking fire from the ground with every hoof beat."

"The Squire didn't take any more snifters en route, did he?" said the man with a far-away look.

"I was not informed on that point, sir," answered the Hon. Pidgkins, "but common sense would demonstrate that he was not in a position, either mentally or physically, at that time, to partake of stimulants. But to proceed:

Reaches His Destination.

"At exactly 5 o'clock and 19 minutes, the cyclone, by an aerial phenomenon I have never had satisfactorily explained, veered off at right angles, and when Squire Scollops raised his head to its natural position, he found himself standing in front of the store at Muggs Junction."

"A most accommodating cyclone," said the man, looking out of the window.

"It certainly was an exceptional peculiarity of Nature," responded the Hon. Pidgkins. "Now, gentlemen, you can easily verify my statements. Hood's Corners is exactly seven miles from Muggs Junction. The Squire left the former at 5:13 A. M. and arrived at the latter place at 5:19 A. M. Actual time six minutes, or 51 3-7 seconds per mile."

"You are sure this cyclone did not reach the Squire's vest pocket and blow the works of his watch out during their pleasant journey?" said the man with the unlit cigar.

"I am sure of that, sir, for I have seen the watch since the aforementioned experience. Now, gentlemen, when you read of the records made at Sheepshead Bay, the Grand Prix of Paris and the English Derby, remember Squire Scollops and his mare Bess, and that America is still in the lead.

"If you insist, gentlemen, I shall take pleasure in joining you. Bring me the same, waiter."—Brooklyn Eagle.

FOOLING THE KID.

Washington Father Plans to Retain Good Opinion of His Son.

"Going to take the day off, eh?" said the chief of division to the clerk, when the latter reported at the office at 9 o'clock and put in a slip for a day's leave. "Nothing the matter, I hope? No sickness at home, is there?"

"No," replied the clerk, drearily, leaning heavily on the chief's desk. "No sickness, or anything like that. But I've got to put in a day of research. It's this way: That 10-year-old boy of mine sprung a lot of 'em on me when he was going over his lessons after dinner last night that stumped me and put me temporarily out of business. This was one of them:

One of 'Em.

"'Three-eighths of a pole stands in the mud, one-fifth in the water, and the remainder of the pole, 21 feet, is above the water. What is the total length of the pole?'

"Sounds dead easy, doesn't it?" went on the clerk. "Well, it just stood me on my head, that's what it did. Y'see, I took my civil service examination over 10 years ago, and I've tried earnestly and prayerfully to forget all the digging I had to do to squeeze through that.

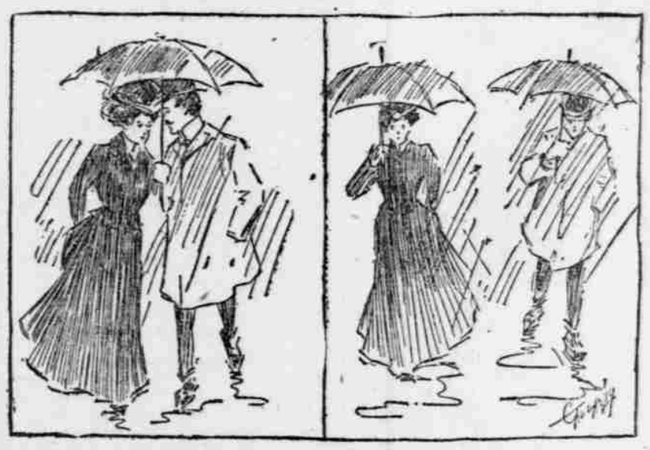
"Then he asked me how old George Washington was when he died; how old the Polack Kosciusko was when he offered his sword to the Revolutionary commander; the date of the battle of Bunker Hill; the nature of the Missouri compromise, and ten or 15 nice little ones like that. I had to extinguish him by telling him I was reading my paper, but I promised him I'd give him all the answers tomorrow—Sunday—in time for him to be right on them at school on Monday.

Thinks Dad's "It."

"Now that kid thinks I'm 'It.' He thinks I know it all. He brags to all the other kids in the neighborhood that his dad can give their dads cards and spades and big casino and beat them to death, when it comes to Brains with an upper case B. Well, I want to have him go right on thinking so. I wouldn't lose that young one's exalted opinion of me for a house and lot. It 'ud be a solar plexus finish for me to have him direct the blighting gaze of suspicion at me.

"So I'm going up to the library, yank out a bundle of books of reference, get the answers to that list of questions, and tonight I'll spring 'em on the kid in an offhand sort of way, as if I knew 'em all the time, but just didn't have time to give 'em to him. I couldn't stand it to have that kid get onto me. Not just yet, anyhow. He'll have time to do that when he grows up."—Washington Post.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED IT?



Before they are married one umbrella is enough.

Afterward two are found to be preferable.

ONE HOBO GETS A ROAST

WEDGED UNDER LOCOMOTIVE PILOT OVER BED OF HOT COALS.

Resents Implication That He Would Not Crawl Out, When Ordered to Do So, If He Could.

"In 1893," said Mr. Henry Hooper, a railroad man of St. Louis, to a Memphis Scimitar Reporter, the other day, "I was running on a freight between St. Louis and Sedalia, Mo., and it was during that winter that I ran across something that laid it over all I ever saw in the way of hoboing. Now, of course, I've seen bums riding in all ways and places imaginable, and to see a man hanging to the rods of a fast freight or perched on the pilot is not surprising to me, but this—well, let me tell you.

"We had been some time out of Sedalia, hitting a pretty good gait toward St. Louis. That winter the hobos along the line of the 'Mop' were a fright, and the whole crew was kept busy chasing them off the train. As far as I was concerned personally, they could have all had 'transportation,' for I have been on the road myself and believe that when a man is willing to take such big chances of life and limb to get over the country, a fellow need not put himself out of his way to find him. But, then, the company had different views in regard to the matter, and we had to chase 'em or lose out. That night, and it was cold enough to freeze the whiskers off a polar bear, I made over a dozen poor devils unload from the 'decks' and rods and felt sorry for every one of them when they hit the grit through the snow. Of course this sounds to you like 'pipe,' coming from an old shack, but it's so.

Backed Too Far.

"Well, it wasn't long before we pulled into Jeff City, and while the engineer oiled around I started out with two of the crew to chase hobos. Just as we got to the end of the train old Brennan, the finest 'eagle eye' who ever jerked a throttle, called to Dan Hines, his fireman, to back up, so that he could oil and wipe his links. Dan was cleaning his fire at the time, so, giving it a final swipe with his slash bar, he backed up. But, being a little careless, he pulled back too far, bringing the pilot half way over the pile of red-hot coals he had just raked from the firebox.

"Just about that time I thought old man Brennan was going to throw a fit, and I got a pretty severe shock myself. Before Dan could let go the throttle, it seemed to me Bedlam had broke loose under that engine.

"'Lemme out!' yelled some one. 'Lemme out! Move her up! Oh, Lord, I'm burnin' up!' The sounds came from under the pilot. Rushing round to the front we saw a hobo, not on the pilot, but squirming around on the cross braces underneath it, yelling for all that was in him!

"In a moment Dan had moved the machine up so as to put the poor fellow away from the fire, and while he beat out with his dirty paws his blazing coattails he still cussed, coughing all the while like an engine coming up grade.

"'How in Sam Hill,' roared old Brennan, not relishing the dressing down the hobo gave him, 'How in Sam Hill did you git under my pilot?'

How He Got There.

"'I got here when this bloomin' teakittle was over de pit at Sedalia; but youse fellows needn' try to barbecue me for dat, need you?'

"Oh, but old Brennan was wrathy. 'Come out o' dat, ye dirty porch-climber or I'll set ye back over the fire.'

"'How c'n I git out wid dis track under me?' the hobo yelled back. 'Tink I c'n dig t'rough it?'

"Brennan saw that it was impossible for him to come from under the pilot till another roundhouse was reached. This enterprising 'tourist' had crawled into the pilot while the engine stood over the pit in the Sedalia roundhouse, and, of course, could not get out till another pit was placed under him. Although he had plenty of room to sit, it was a very hazardous place to ride, for in a wreck death would be certain.

"When we reached Chamois, 25 miles further on, where there was a roundhouse, the poor devil was released. But he was a sight to see. His coattails were burned off; his whiskers and hair were singed; one of his 'lamps' was groggy from sulphur smoke and flying grit, and, on the whole, to quote old man Brennan, he looked like a 'raveled top spring on a rainy day.'"

The Gentle Filipino.

(As the Sergeant Sees Him.)

Oh, I've chased the sweet Apache through his God-forsaken land
And I've tracked the darin' horsethief where his tootsies marked the sand.
And I've summered with the dago down at "Caney by the Sea,"
But the gentle Filipino—say, he beats 'em all fer me!
He beats 'em all fer me, son, the whole immortal lot,
In his squashy, mushy country, where the climate's good and hot.
Oh, I've tackled red and yeller, and I've tackled wild and tame,
But the gentle Filipino, he is high, low, jack and game.

With his timid little manner and his sweet and lovely smile,
And his easy way o' swearin' that he's loved yer all the while,
With the white flag on his shanty, hangin' out ter catch yer eye,
And his little rifle ready fer yer plunk yer by and by.
Ter plunk yer by and by, son, ter shoot yer through the back,
And skip away as lively as a sprinter down the track;
Ter come 'round when they plant yer, just ter drop his little tear,
For the gentle Filipino is a tender-hearted dear.

He's as playful as a kitten, and his pastime, as a rule,
Is ter shoot the flag-er-truce men as a sort er April fool;
And if he can find a tree top and sit up there with his gun
And pick off the chaps that's wounded, then he knows he's havin' fun.
He knows he's havin' fun, boy, a grand, good time all 'round.
They look so awkward tumblin' from the stretcher ter the ground;
It's such a joke ter spot 'em and ter kill 'em where they lay,
Fer the gentle Filipino loves his pretty, childish play.

'Course I know that he's a angel, pure and white as ocean foam,
'Cause I read it in the pamphlets that they send us here from home;
And I know that I'm a "butcher," 'cause the pamphlets say I am,
But I guess I'll keep on fightin' jest the same fer Uncle Sam.
The same fer Uncle Sam, son, fer—jest bear this in mind—
The watch dog's better than the curs that sneak and snarl behind;
I'll try to bear up, somehow, underneath my "murd'rer's taint,"
Fer the gentle Filipino is a blame queer kind er saint.
—Joe Lincoln in Leslie's Weekly.

Done With Forever.

"Ah," he moaned, "this is not the kind of bread mother used to make."

"Perhaps," his fair young wife said, preparing to abolish one joke from their family forever, "it is not the kind she used to make, but it's the kind she makes now. She brought over a loaf this afternoon, saying she knew you would be so glad to get another taste of it!"

Then there crept into his eyes the wild, hunted look that people read about.—Chicago Times-Herald.