

BOYHOOD'S HAUNTS.

Ho! I'm going back to where
We were youngsters. Meet me there,
Dear old barefoot chum, and we
Will be as we used to be—
Lawless rangers up and down
The old creek beyond the town,
Little sunburnt gods at play.
Just as in that faraway
Water nymphs all unafraid,
Shall smile at us from the lily
Of the old mill race and wade
Tow'rd us as we kneeling, drink
At the spring our boyhood knew,
Pure and clear as morning dew,
And, as we are rising there,
Doubly d'w'd to hear and see,
We shall thus be made aware
Of eerie piping heard
High above the happy bird
In the hush, and then we
Just across the creek, shall see
(Hark, the goatly rascal!) Pan
Hoot it o'er the sloping green,
Mad with his own melody,
Aye, and (bless the beastly man)
Stamping from the grassy soil
Bristled scent of fleur-de-lis,
Honest, mint and Pennyroyal.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

ALOVERS' QUARREL.

BOB JAMIESON stamped around
his room, dropped his favorite
pipe, said something unmention-
able, and picked up his cap.
He paused for want of breath, his
eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating—with
calm contempt, it is to be supposed.
"No, my dear Dolly, I dare say you
will be expecting me to come and apolo-
gize, and implore you to come out on
the river with me, but you'll have to
send for me first."

With which noble display of inde-
pendent Robert Jamieson flung out of
his room and down to the river, met-
aphorically patting himself on the way,
and all the time dreading the blank in
his life which he would feel as soon as
his rage should cool down.

Dolly Parsons put on her prettiest
white frock and a picturesque sun hat.
"If Mr. Jamieson calls, tell him I am
out," she said to the maid. "I am going
on the river."

She told herself this last piece of in-
formation was for the benefit of the
servant, in case she required to know.
"When he comes and finds me gone
he will be furious. I will take my
canoe and stay out till quite late. I'd
love to frighten him thoroughly."

Miss Parsons' bright, brown eyes
flashed a little. A faint flush appeared
on her pretty cheeks—it was a flush of
anger, but it was eminently becoming.
She looked maddeningly pretty as she
sat in her canoe and paddled away up-
stream. It was a glorious afternoon,
and the river was looking its best; but
Dolly Parsons' eyes were not filled with
appreciation of the beauty around her.
She repeated to herself again and again
the horrid things Bob had said.

"No, she would not forgive him for a
long time; it would not do; the circum-
stances were too aggravated. He would
be coming back expecting her to forgive
everything—some girls must be so silly,
but he would find she was made of dif-
ferent stuff."

And all the time she knew that she
dared not let her anger cool, for a hor-
rid, absorbing pain would fill her heart
at once, and a wretched feeling of lone-
liness, and depression, and she hated to
be unhappy.

She paddled on and on, until the other
boats were all left behind. She was
very tired, but she would not stop. Her
mind was made up on one point; she
would frighten Bob Jamieson into an
appreciation of her worth.

It was almost twilight when she
turned to go home; the river seemed to
have suddenly become lonely and de-
pressing; the sun had gone down and
a chill wind had sprung up. Dolly pad-
dled fast and splashed the water over
her pretty frock, and grew cross and
miserable. She had quite expected Bob
would have followed her to "make it
up," she had decided how long she
would keep him in suspense, and how,
at last, to forgive him.

A clock in the distance struck 7. Dolly
paddled faster and faster, though she
was so tired she hardly knew how to go
on. She looked anxiously along, when
swiftly around the bend she had just
cleared shot another boat, close in her
wake. It came so swiftly it was almost
on her before the sound of the oars
made her glance up; it came so close
that her cry to "look ahead!" came too
late.

She screamed with alarm and missed
her stroke. The man in the other boat
looked around with annoyance written
on every feature, and then before he
could back water, the impetus of his
last stroke brought the nose of his boat
with a crash into the stern of her canoe,
which filled and sank instantly.

"Bob! Bob! Help!" But before the
cry was past her lips Dolly had gone
under.

"Great Scott! It's Dolly!"
In a second Bob had sprung into the
water after her. A stupefied face rose
above the surface and two hands strug-
gling wildly to clutch something; then
she sank again. In desperation Bob
made a wild plunge down, and this time
caught a bit of her sleeve. It was bare-
ly enough to support her by, but having
got a hold he made the most of it and
managed to keep her up until he could
grasp her firmly, then by degrees he
drew her to the bank, and in time man-
aged to lift her into his boat, which for-
tunately had drifted to the bank. She
was conscious again by that time, and
he laid her in the boat and wrapped his
coat about her. She was not really hurt,
only overcome with the shock and
weariness; but she looked a very pit-
iful and forlorn little creature as she
lay shivering in the bow while Bob
pulled as quickly as he could to the
boathouse. In spite, though, of her
plight, her spoiled clothes and general
discomfort, she did not feel as de-
pressed as she had been before the plunge,
nor did the world seem so utterly de-
void of happiness.

"Bob," she said, after silently watch-
ing him for some moments. "Bob—why
were you up the river so late?"
"Why were you?" answered Bob, not
without embarrassment.

"Why tell me if I tell you?"
"Well," he said, his color brightening.
"Well, I was angry with you, and I
wanted to—frighten you."

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF GREAT STEEL COMBINE.

From salesman in a country store at
\$5 a week to the presidency of the
greatest steel-manufacturing concern
in the world, with a salary unparal-
leled in the business world and about
\$50,000,000 in stocks and bonds, is the
record of Charles M. Schwab, who is
the head of the new \$1,000,000,000 steel
trust formed by J. Pierpont Morgan,
Carnegie and others. And all this
came with less than twenty years.

In Williamsburg, Blair County, Pa.,
Mr. Schwab was born Feb. 18, 1862.
Ten years later the Schwab family
moved to Loretto, on the crest of the
Allegheny mountains, where "Char-
ley" was sent to school to the Francis-
can monks who have a college there.
He fancied engineering and took a
scientific course. At the age of 18 he
left the institution to make his living
and came to Braddock, where some
friends from Loretto had located. He
obtained employment in Dinkley's gen-
eral store, which was not far from
the Carnegie steel works.

Past the store on his way to and
from the mills came Capt. William R.
Jones, at the time general manager of
the works. He stopped in the store to
buy tobacco and noticed young Schwab.
The latter seized the opportunity of ac-
quaintance with Capt. Jones and the
latter offered him a position.

In 1881 Schwab was made chief engi-
neer and assistant manager of the
Braddock furnaces and steel works,
and held the place until 1887, when he
was sent over to Homestead as super-
intendent. He was there when the first
Homestead strike occurred in 1889.

"You carried your scheme to perfec-
tion, dear."
"But, Bob, I didn't—oh, Bob," in a
great state of consternation; "you can't
think I fell in on purpose!"
"No, dear; I am quite convinced of
that."

Dolly looked at him thoughtfully for a
moment.
"Bob," she said, severely, "what do
you mean?"
"Well," he answered with conviction,
"young women don't put on their pretti-
est dresses when they contemplate a
divorce."

Dolly had the grace to blush.
"My poor dress!" she said, dolefully;
"and I was looking so nice when I start-
ed," she added, regretfully. "I must be
a fearful fright now, though," with sud-
den consciousness. "Am I, Bob? Do I
look very dreadful?"
"I have seen you looking better, dar-
ling."

Dolly's brow puckered again.
"Now tell me why you were up here
so late."
Bob did not answer; he seemed deep-
ly interested in something on the bank.
—American Queen.

**CLAIMS TO BE CHAMPION
CHESS PLAYER OF OHIO.**
Tiffin claims the champion chess
player of Ohio. He recently won the
title at the State tournament at Col-
umbus. Julius C. Eppens is not a na-
tive Buckeye, although he was edu-
cated at Canal Dover, having removed
to Ohio from Missouri, his place of na-
tivity, when he was quite a youngster.
His father—now deceased—was a Ger-
man Evangelical minister and a good
chess player himself. Young Eppens

learned the game while attending
Wooster University in '93. He at once
became a devoted student of the
checkered board. He plays a system
largely his own, and his successive vic-
tories are proof that it is a valuable
one. He entered the newspaper busi-
ness at Pittsburg, but decided to take
up the law, and he is now studying at
Tiffin. Ohio experts, who have seen
Eppens at play, believe that he is a
coming Pittsburg, and that he will win
international honors some of these
days.

Blaine's Wonderful Memory.
Speaker Henderson told a Washing-
ton Post reporter a good story of one
of his initial experiences among public
men in Washington. It was before he
had been elected to Congress, probably
twenty-five years ago.

Some Standards of Beauty.
The Sandwich Islanders estimate
women by their weight. The Chinese
require them to have deformed feet
and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed
sky-blue and wear a nose-ring to satisfy
a South Sea Islander. Certain African
princes require their brides to have
their teeth filed like those of a saw.

When a woman goes away on a visit,
up to the time she reaches 60 her let-
ters home indicate that the men are
paying a great deal of attention to her,
and her husband has cause to be
jealous.

**Successful Trick of Quartet of Land-
Booming Swindlers.**
"Many things occurred during the
opening and settlement of the Cherokee
strip in Oklahoma in 1893, the like of
which had never been seen or heard,"
said a Joplin printer, who was mixed
up in the race at the opening, and se-
cured a number of town lots at Paw-
nee. "I remember a young fellow who
came down to Perry from Iowa and
staked out a nice corner lot. And, by
the way, merely staking out a claim
did not give one the complete right of
possession. You had to sit down on it
and hold it fast, and the Iowa chap
was a stayer. He ate his meals on the
lot and rolled himself in a blanket
and slept on it at night. Unscrupulous
schemers were ever present, beating
the unwary out of their claims. But the
Iowa man held his base and played
safe."

"One night four men silently ap-
proached the sleeper. They carried a
tent, a table and four seats. They
quietly erected the tent over the Iowa
man, got out a deck of cards and be-
gan playing seven up," quotes the Jop-
lin, Mo., News-Herald. "The Iowa
man slept on. After awhile one of the
players gave him a poke in the ribs
with his foot. The man in the blanket
awoke, rubbed his eyes and stared
about inquiringly, and in a very much
bewildered manner. 'What the—
are you doing here, young fellow?' de-
manded the man who had kicked him."
"Why—why—I don't exactly know,"
faltered the Iowa man, as he extricated
himself from the blanket. "I—I must
have been walking in my sleep. 'Right
sure you ain't trying to steal this lot
from me?' demanded the other, scow-
ling in a threatening manner at the
Iowa man. 'No, sir; I am not. I had no
tent or anything on my lot and I do
not wish to beat you out of this claim.'"
"I believe you're lying to me, young fel-
low, but I'm a great mind to fix you
right now, but I won't. If you will
hold up your right hand in the presence
of these three men and swear this is
not your lot and that you will not try
to claim it an' make trouble, I'll let

you off this time. Some of you guys
are too—tricky to live in this neigh-
borhood, anyway. What do you say?"
"Gentlemen, I swear this is not my
lot and that I will make no claim on it
whatever," said the Iowa man, with up-
lifted hand. "That's enough. Now hit
the grit!" The young man gathered up his
blanket and departed. He spent the
rest of the night trying to find his
choice corner lot. The day broke and
the sun arose, but he was yet un-
successful in locating it. The men in the
tent threw up a shack, opened a saloon
and did a thriving business on the cor-
ner lot, and in a few days the Iowa
traded his Winchester for a lame mule
and sorrowfully rode out of the terri-
tory."

**GOOD
Short Stories**
The late Ignatius Donnelly was once
rudely interrupted in the course of a
political speech by a head of cabbage
thrown from the audience. "Gentle-
men," he said, mildly, "I only asked
your ears; I don't care for your heads."

Years ago, when Bret Harte, fresh
from the Pacific slope, heard the list
of famous men living at Cambridge, he
said to Mr. Howells: "Why, you
couldn't fire a revolver from your front
porch anywhere without bringing down
a two-volume!"

An interesting story is being told of
Queen Alexandra, which is typical of
the woman. Some one at Osborne ad-
dressed her as "your majesty" the
day after Queen Victoria passed away.
"There cannot be two queens," she re-
marked, adding that she wished to be
called "her royal highness" until after
the funeral of Queen Victoria.

Two rival manufacturers of French
coffee met before a judge. The latter
took up one of the contestants' empty
tins, and said: "I do not consider this
an honest label. On the front you
place in large letters, 'Pure French
Coffee,' and on the back in small let-
ters—in very small letters—you print,
'A Compound of Chicory,' etc." The
person thus addressed mused for a mo-
ment. Then he said, quite meekly:
"But will your lordship kindly explain
to the jury by what means you distin-
guish between the front and the back
of a round tin?"

Queen Victoria was fortunate in hav-
ing as her first prime minister and con-
stitutional tutor in one, Lord Mel-
bourne. That statesman's profanity—
characteristic of the age when every-
body damned everybody's eyes—and
other personal peculiarities have loomed
so large in story and legend as to
obscure the real sagacity and accom-
plishments of the man. Perhaps his
sharpest collision with her was on the
point of the title which her husband,
Prince Albert, was to be given. The
Queen strongly wished the prince to be
made king consort by act of Parlia-
ment. Melbourne evaded the issue as
long as possible, but her majesty finally
insisted upon a categorical answer. "I
thought it my duty to be very plain
with her," said the premier afterward;
"I said, 'For God's sake, let's hear no
more of it, ma'am; for if you once get
the English people into the way of
making kings, you will get them into
the way of unmaking them.'"

One night Hon. William D. Faulke,
in a speech before a small meeting in
Indiana, when James D. Williams and
Benjamin Harrison were opposing
candidates for the governorship, related
the following story: "Mr. Williams,
who was then a member of Congress,
was one day washing his hands at one
of the lavatories in the Capitol, when
an attendant handed him three towels.
He sighed at such wanton extravagance,
and exclaimed: 'Why, down at my
farm I make a single towel last the
whole family a week.' In the East this
was considered a good story, but Mr.
Faulke was astonished to see that there
was not a smile upon any of the faces
before him; indeed, the countenances
took on even a deeper gloom. On his
way home, as they drove through the
woods, his companion said to him:
'You didn't make a great hit with your
story about "Blue Jeans" family towel.'"
"No, I didn't seem to." "Do you
know why?" "No." "Well, I'll
tell you. There wasn't a farmer in that
crowd that hadn't done the same thing
himself."

Big Price for Old Carpets.
When a carpet gets to be half a cen-
tury or more old you usually expect to
be able to pick it up for a song—per-
haps a song of a few pence—in some
second-hand shop, but sometimes you
will find yourself mistaken, which
would have been the case had you been
at a recent second-hand carpet sale in
Lisbon. Two carpets sold there were
four and a half centuries old, and yet
they were not bought for rags. They
were carpets presented by the Infanta
Donna Sancho to the Royal Convent of
St. Antonio in 1500, and were put up
at auction to raise money with which
to repair the convent. French and Ger-
man bidders were the most anxious,
and the carpets were started at \$4,400.
A Frenchman finally got them for \$8,
500, and was congratulated on his bar-
gain.

Language Spoken by Army Officers.
The Army and Navy Journal states
that 304 commissioned officers of the
regular army speak Spanish fluently,
and that most of these are serving in
the Philippines and the West Indies.
About as many more officers possess a
limited knowledge of Spanish. French
is spoken by 224 officers, German
by 136, the language of the
American Indians by 13, Italian
by 3, Swedish and Norwegian
by 4, and Tagalog by 5. Chinese, Ja-
panese, Eskimo, Dutch, Hungarian,
Portuguese, and Polish are also spoken
by some of our army officers.

Tulip Festival.
Tulips are cultivated in Constantinople,
and there is a tulip festival there
once a year in spring. Every palace,
room, gallery and garden is decorated
with tulips of every kind. At night
they are all lighted by colored lamps
and Bengal fires, and the Sultan sits
in their midst, while women sing around
him and his odalisques dance before
him.

The Attraction.
Nell—Why did Miss Barginalese re-
ject Mr. Bjones when he was rich and
then marry him after he had lost all
his money?
Belle—I suppose because he was so
terribly reduced.—Philadelphia Record.

Information.
The citizen looked helplessly at the
piles of drifted snow that lay on the
sidewalk in front of his house.
"What would you take to clean this
walk?" he said, addressing the first
man who came along.
"A shovel, sir," responded Mr. Ruf-
on Wratts, Walking Delegate of Jew-
elers' Union, No. 247, passing on.—Chi-
cago Tribune.

Cross Tobias.
"But, my dear Tobias, remember that
you may die at any time."
"Die, did you say? Die? That's the
last thing I'll do."—Sondags Nisse.

The Destroyer.
"I'm afraid poor old Hithard is done
for. His locomotor ataxia is too much
for him at last."
"What make of automobile is that?"
—Smart Set.

Rural Art Criticism.
Impressionist Artist—I paint things
as I see them.
Farmer Wayback (kindly)—Do ye,
now? Don't ye think that mebbe
some liver medicine would do ye good?
—Sommerville Journal.

An Easy Matter.
"The reason some men don't get
along happily," said Mr. Meekton, "is
that they don't know how to manage a
wife."
"You know this?" was the skeptical
query.
"Certainly. It is the simplest thing
in the world. All you have to do is to
say 'yes' whenever she wants anything
and always let her have her own way."
—Washington Star.

Good Name.
"The new American consul general
at Hongkong is named Rublee," re-
marked the Observant Boarder.
"Rub Lee," repeated the Cross-Eyed
Boarder; "how suggestive of washee-
washee!"—Philadelphia North Ameri-
can.

An Inquiry.
Miss Beansby—Perhaps you haven't
read all of Omar Khayyam?
Mrs. Porkchopp—Perhaps not. Has
he written anything recently?—Puck.

His Customary State.
"Your friend Tackey is 'way off in
Hondolus now." Doesn't that surprise
you?
"It does and it doesn't."
"Heard he was going there, eh?"
"No, I didn't know he was in Hon-
dolus, but I knew he was 'way off even
when he was here."—Philadelphia Rec-
ord.

Not Hard to Suit.
Executive—I would appoint you
man, but he is too ignorant for the po-
lice force.
Heeler—Den put him on de school
board.—Moonshine.

They Pass.
Daughter—But he is so full of ab-
surd ideas.
Mother—Never mind that, dear.
Your father was just the same before
I married him.—Brooklyn Life.

An Objectionable Word.
Daughter—But he is so full of ab-
surd ideas.
Mother—Never mind that, dear.
Your father was just the same before
I married him.—Brooklyn Life.

Weariness.
Weariness—What kind of shavin' soap
does yer use?
Dreary—Don't speak o' soap; yer jai
me.

Engagement Confidence.
"You trust me thoroughly, don't you
Ethel?"
"Of course, Edgar; but, tell me, are
the installments on this diamond ring
all paid off?"

No Vernal Joy.
"I pity the rich."
"Why?"
"They know nothing of the joys of
spring, for they have lettuce the year
round."

Little Angel.
"Does Bobby cry much?"
"No; he doesn't cry at all unless he
wants his own way about something."

Fair Enough.
Disgruntled and Unbrellaless Cit-
izen—You played thunder, didn't you,
in predicting fair weather for to-day?
Weather Prophet—Well, it is as fair
for one as it is for the other, isn't it?
—Puck.

Afterward.
She—How did you come to propose to
me, Harry?
He—Um—er; I think I came in a
street car. I didn't have the price of a
cab.—Detroit Free Press.

Roosevelt Never Dodged Trouble.
"When Theodore Roosevelt was a lit-
tle boy he and a playmate used to walk
together to a private school," says the
Ladies' Home Journal. "Their way
took them past a public school. One
day young Teddy appeared in a new
sailor suit. This was too much for
the public school boys. To them the
suit was the distinguishing mark of a
'dunder.' The sneering crowd planted
itself across the sidewalk. Teddy and
his chum, seeing trouble ahead, came
on with fists clenched, and the battle
began. A few minutes later the 'dunder'
and his companion went on their way
somewhat less tidy than when they
started, but leaving behind them a tamed
and lame bunch of surprised boys. For a
week there were daily fights with the
same results. One morning after an
especially hard battle, young Roose-
velt said to his friend: 'Let's go
around the block and come back to
fight 'em again.'"

A small boy sometimes gets all the
candy he can eat, but never all he
wants.
The man who lacks faith in his abil-
ity seldom accomplishes anything.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

When John G. A. Leshman, at pres-
ent minister to Turkey, resigned as
president of the Carnegie Company in
1897 Mr. Schwab, who had been elected
a member of the board of managers of
the company the preceding year, was
chosen president. At that time H. G.
Frick was chairman of the board of
directors and the active head of the
company. When Frick left Mr. Schwab
was given the chairman's duties. He
filled them so successfully that when
the business was reorganized last
spring Schwab was elected president
of the Carnegie Company, the capital
stock of which had been increased to
\$100,000,000.

Blaine was then Speaker. Naturally
he was one of the statesmen that Gen-
eral Henderson much desired to meet,
and the opportunity came of a morning.
Just as the Speaker was passing
through the lobby on his way to the
marble rostrum. The formal greetings
were exchanged in a brief moment, and
General Henderson was left to see the
swinging doors close on the form of
the Republican leader.

Six years later General Henderson
again came to Washington, this time to
get Iowa divided into two judicial dis-
tricts. He put up at Wormley's, where
Blaine also lived, it being in those days
a fashionable and flourishing hostelry.
A week or so after his arrival from
Iowa, as General Henderson was enter-
ing the dining-room, he met Blaine,
after having passed and repassed him
many times. The Maine man grasped
him cordially by the hand, called him
by name and inquired about Iowa.

"I had heard of Speaker Blaine's won-
derful faculty for remembering names,"
said General Henderson. "When I be-
came myself at the table I beckoned
to the head waiter."
"Hasn't Mr. Blaine asked you my
name?" I said to him. "Now think hard
and be sure of your answer."

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter. "He
done call me 'evan las' night an' ask-
ed yo' name an' all about yo'. I told
him yo' was Mistah Henderson."

Brings Money on a Parrow.
Old George Todd made his regular
visit to Syracuse, N. Y., one day last
week. He walked into town pushing
a wheelbarrow. The wheelbarrow was
loaded with money. He was also Mr.
Todd's coat and trousers. The old man,
who is 80 years of age, has visited Syra-
cuse regularly every year since
1870. He always comes loaded down
with coin which he deposits in the
Syracuse banks, having a large ac-
count with three of them. He claims
to live in "Four Corners," Canada, and
all the money he deposits is Canadian.
So that he is apparently telling the
truth. He dresses like a tramp, his
ragged overcoat being pinned together
at the top with a safety pin and his
trousers fastened at the sides with
twines. On his feet he wears felt boots
surmounted with heavy felt boot leas.
He talks to nobody in Syracuse except
the bank officials, and after completing
his business disappears as mysteriously
as he comes, not to be seen again for
another year.

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women by their weight. The Chinese
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awoke, rubbed his eyes and stared
about inquiringly, and in a very much
bewildered manner. 'What the—
are you doing here, young fellow?' de-
manded the man who had kicked him."
"Why—why—I don't exactly know,"
faltered the Iowa man, as he extricated
himself from the blanket. "I—I must
have been walking in my sleep. 'Right
sure you ain't trying to steal this lot
from me?' demanded the other, scow-
ling in a threatening manner at the
Iowa man. 'No, sir; I am not. I had no
tent or anything on my lot and I do
not wish to beat you out of this claim.'"
"I believe you're lying to me, young fel-
low, but I'm a great mind to fix you
right now, but I won't. If you will
hold up your right hand in the presence
of these three men and swear this is
not your lot and that you will not try
to claim it an' make trouble, I'll let

you off this time. Some of you guys
are too—tricky to live in this neigh-
borhood, anyway. What do you say?"
"Gentlemen, I swear this is not my
lot and that I will make no claim on it
whatever," said the Iowa man, with up-
lifted hand. "That's enough. Now hit
the grit!" The young man gathered up his
blanket and departed. He spent the
rest of the night trying to find his
choice corner lot. The day broke and
the sun arose, but he was yet un-
successful in locating it. The men in the
tent threw up a shack, opened a saloon
and did a thriving business on the cor-
ner lot, and in a few days the Iowa
traded his Winchester for a lame mule
and sorrowfully rode out of the terri-
tory."

**GOOD
Short Stories**
The late Ignatius Donnelly was once
rudely interrupted in the course of a
political speech by a head of cabbage
thrown from the audience. "Gentle-
men," he said, mildly, "I only asked
your ears; I don't care for your heads."

Years ago, when Bret Harte, fresh
from the Pacific slope, heard the list
of famous men living at Cambridge, he
said to Mr. Howells: "Why, you
couldn't fire a revolver from your front
porch anywhere without bringing down
a two-volume!"

An interesting story is being told of
Queen Alexandra, which is typical of
the woman. Some one at Osborne ad-
dressed her as "your majesty" the
day after Queen Victoria passed away.
"There cannot be two queens," she re-
marked, adding that she wished to be
called "her royal highness" until after
the funeral of Queen Victoria.

Two rival manufacturers of French
coffee met before a judge. The latter
took up one of the contestants' empty
tins, and said: "I do not consider this
an honest label. On the front you
place in large letters, 'Pure French
Coffee,' and on the back in small let-
ters—in very small letters—you print,
'A Compound of Chicory,' etc." The
person thus addressed mused for a mo-
ment. Then he said, quite meekly:
"But will your lordship kindly explain
to the jury by what means you distin-
guish between the front and the back
of a round tin?"

Queen Victoria was fortunate in hav-
ing as her first prime minister and con-
stitutional tutor in one, Lord Mel-
bourne. That statesman's profanity—
characteristic of the age when every-
body damned everybody's eyes—and
other personal peculiarities have loomed
so large in story and legend as to
obscure the real sagacity and accom-
plishments of the man. Perhaps his
sharpest collision with her was on the
point of the title which her husband,
Prince Albert, was to be given. The
Queen strongly wished the prince to be
made king consort by act of Parlia-
ment. Melbourne evaded the issue as
long as possible, but her majesty finally
insisted upon a categorical answer. "I
thought it my duty to be very plain
with her," said the premier afterward;
"I said, 'For God's sake, let's hear no
more of it, ma'am; for if you once get
the English people into the way of
making kings, you will get them into
the way of unmaking them.'"

One night Hon. William D. Faulke,
in a speech before a small meeting in
Indiana, when James D. Williams and
Benjamin Harrison were opposing
candidates for the governorship, related
the following story: "Mr. Williams,
who was then a member of Congress,
was one day washing his hands at one
of the