

THE SOUTH WIND.

Wind that sings of the dreamy South
When the pale first blossoms woe the
bees,
Wind that flings from a golden mouth
Tender spray of the summer sea,
Wind that keeps for us light and bloom
That cradles the bird in the tree-top
nest,
Wind that sleeps in the lilac's plume,
Of the winds of heaven we love the
best.

Over the springing wheat-fields pass,
And over the small home gardens fare,
Evermore bringing to grain and grass
And the flowers thy breath of blessing
rare.
Give us the cup of thy wine to taste,
O wind of the South, so strong and
fleet!
Never a drop of its joy to waste,
In the days of the springtime coy and
sweet.
—Woman's Home Companion.

A COOL SCOUNDREL

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—his met with reverses since and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at the time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—i ain't going to give it away by telling where it was or what the name of it was. There was one bank there. The president was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy used to sweep out and run errands.

The door was chilled iron, about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, the watchman toddled by. By and by, when I'd got pretty near enough, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed if they didn't come right up the bank steps, and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumbfounded when I heard that that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says he.
"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it and a-trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm the president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"

By George, the idea came to me then! "Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap. "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get the lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a-writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I, "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he, "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like. "What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I, "but I rather think it's a little on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I am here. I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:

"How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-trying to crack this bank for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter slyly.

"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket. "And you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got them letters to put up a job on me?"

MICHAEL G. MULHALL, FAMOUS IRISH STATISTICIAN.

Michael G. Mulhall, whose death was recently announced, was perhaps the best known statistician of the present day. Mulhall was born at Killilly, near Dublin, sixty-four years ago, and his career was full of adventure. He was educated in Rome at the Irish College, and he was the pioneer of the English newspaper press in South America, the first paper printed there, in our language, having been the Standard, produced by Mulhall at Buenos Ayres in 1858. In 1878 he returned to England, and proceeded to make his name as the author of "The Progress of the World," "The History of Prices," and the invaluable "Dictionary of Statistics," which finds a place in every reference library. Mulhall was married to a lady whose book, "Between the Amazon and the Andes," placed her among the ranks of ladies who travel well and write well of their travels.



MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.

"Are you satisfied now?" says he. I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again, and gave him my lantern to hold, so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away, and kept explaining to him what I was a-trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, as said, and he knowed as I was a man as was up in my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got and how I liked my business and said he took quite a fancy to me. I turned round once in a while and looked at him a-setting up with that solemn as a billed owl, with my dark lantern in his hand, and I'm blamed if I didn't think I should have to holler right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning. "Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools and get ready to go."

I went back to the bank, and it didn't take long to throw open the door and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past 12. There was an express went through at half past 12. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the bonds and walked out to the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you my key."

"That's all right," says the watchman.

"I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he. "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the 12:30 express, and the best part of the job was never heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.—Argonaut.

ARE AFRAID OF MIRRORS.

Most Wild Animals Take Fright at Their Own Reflections.

A glance at himself in a mirror yesterday frightened Big Ben, the zoo's largest lion, so badly, says the Philadelphia Press, that the keepers in charge feared he would do violence to himself. He was in an angry mood all day and paced restlessly up and down his cage, stopping at the bars and raving at every chance passerby.

The antics of a small boy particularly excited his ire and he raged and stormed as only a big lion can. The lad enjoyed the performance and waited until Ben had finished his tirade, and then drew a hand mirror from under his coat and held it directly in front of Ben.

The lion looked over and then jumped for the intruder that dared face him

In such a fashion, but brought up against the bars with force enough to throw him to the floor. Surprised at the appearance of the intruder, he filled the house with his roars. The keepers ran to the cage and endeavored to quiet him, but he continued the uproar until exhausted.

In the meantime the adventurous youth had disappeared and was discovered in front of the wolves' cage trying to excite them in the same way. He was led from the garden and warned to keep away.

About a year ago a serious disturbance at the zoo was due to the flashing of a mirror in front of the lions' den. At that time the lions, with the exception of one or two of the wildest, were kept in one cage. A visitor held a mirror in front of them one afternoon and the beasts were thrown into panic. They fought and dashed at the bars with such violence that it was feared several would die as a result of their frantic struggles. It required the combined efforts of all the keepers for several hours before they could be quieted.

GOT THE WORK HE WANTED.

Effrontery of the Applicant Sued the Railroad Manager.

United States Revenue Inspector William A. Gavett vouches for the following story of a well-known Southern railroad man:

H. M. Hoxie, general manager of the I. & G. N., was universally considered a good fellow by his friends in Texas and elsewhere. A slight deformity caused him to limp, and the brakemen on the road, with the quick adeptness which railroad men possess in giving nicknames, promptly dubbed him "Old Flatwheel."

One day Mr. Hoxie sat in his office when a typical Texas "brakie" stalked in and stood with his hat on in the middle of the floor.

"I want a job," said he.

After a little talking Mr. Hoxie suggested that his manner was unbecomingly, and suggested that he would give him a practical lesson in how to ask for a position.

"You take my seat," he said, "and I'll show you how you ought to act."

The brakeman took the general manager's chair and Mr. Hoxie stepped out into the hall. After giving a respectful knock he came in and stood unmoved before his temporary superior.

"Well," said that worthy.

"I am looking for a position, sir," said Hoxie. "I have 'braked' for four years and I think I could fill a position on the International. What can you do for me?"

The tough brakeman leaned back in his chair and stuck his thumbs in the armpits of his vest. "Well, 'Old Flatwheel,' I'll just give you a job," he drawled.

"It took me off my feet," said Mr. Hoxie in telling the story at a Galveston banquet. "But I laughed in spite of myself, and the applicant began work on the International a short time after that."—Detroit Free Press.

Long-Lived Birds.

It used to be believed that the ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing seventy years of age is on record. But parrots have been known to live one hundred years. One lost its memory at 60 and its sight at 90. There is a record of a golden eagle which died at the age of 118 years. Another golden eagle was kept in the Tower of London for ninety years. A third died at Vienna aged 104 years. Geese and swans are tenacious of life, and extraordinary accounts exist of the great age that they have attained. Buffon and other authorities have credited them with 80 and 100 years of life.

Hots and Tots.

The Dutch settlers at the Cape of Good Hope called the natives Hottentots because the Caffre language seemed to be a perpetual repetition of the syllables hot and tot.

The average woman puts off acknowledging her wedding presents as long as possible, knowing that the donors expect the acknowledgment to contain an invitation to visit her.



GENERAL PALMER.

GEN. PALMER, THE NEW COMMANDER OF BRITISH FORCES IN INDIA.

Maj. Gen. Sir Arthur Power Palmer, who by King Edward's approval has become permanent commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, has been for a long time commander of the Punjab frontier force and provisional head of the imperial service. He is an old-time Indian campaigner, thoroughly seasoned to the climate and the work. In the great mutiny of 1857, the year in which he entered the army, Gen. Palmer raised a regiment of Sikhs, which he commanded till the close of the campaign. In 1893 he fought in the bloody business upon the northwest frontier, and afterward in the Abyssinian war, in the Duffa expedition, in the Afghan war, in the Sudan, and as head of the campaign in the Chin Hills. It is said he understands Indian military needs more than any other man in the empire.

Arrived at his apartment an attempt to divert his thoughts by attention to neglected correspondence proves of no avail. He develops only a tendency to the manuscript of his part. Lunch offers a temporary relief, but, strange to say, bouillon and chop are equally tasteless. He gulps the first as though it were a draft of medicine, but cannot overcome the feeling of nervous nausea, and leaves the chop untouched. "Here, get together, old man," is his mental command. Sleep he must have.

But sleep comes not. Catching sight of himself in a mirror, he realizes that he is unshaven. He dares not trust the

NAMING THE BABIES

LESSON TO HIS TREMBLING HAND, SO IS COME

GIVE THEM GOOD, PLAIN, HO-EST ENGLISH COGNOMENS.

Fad for Diminutives and Fancy Names Is Abating—Fewer Myrtles, R. and Maymes—Select Appellations from Your Native Tongue.

A clergyman who baptizes a great many babies asserts that the fashions for girls which have caused much disgust among sensible people going out of date. There are few Carries, Emmas, Ellas, Mamies and dies and more Carolines, Emmels, Elizabeths, Marys and Sarahs. This pleasing, as it indicates that parents are growing in sense. English names should be given to English-speaking people. Diminutives are proper only for babies, but where is the young Margaret who would sign her name Maggie, Madge, Maud or Peggie a business document? How many pet of middle age can remember a Gila in their early days? A lady who named her daughter Flora, afterward at the girl's request, enlarged it to Florence, because there were so many Floras among dogs and horses. But respect for the English language should be the first impulse in naming a child.

Among boys the selection of foreign and outlandish names is far less common. Now and then there is an Alphonso or Alonzo, transported from one of the Latin countries, but the good English names, such as have been borne by the kings in all the centuries, stand the test of long endurance. A new King of England has added to respect in which he was held by the good old English Edward, instead of the one which he received from his Dutch father.

Among the Henrys, Georges, Williams, Charleses, Jameses, Edwards a few others, are names enough to out the largest family of boys. There are a few Bible names that are favorites. John, David, Peter, Stephen and Andrew being the most popular Greek names like Aristarchus, Demetrius, Ananias, Theophilus, Sophocles are too lengthy for use in a hurry. A family in Central New York saw the name of Socrates in a book, and named their son So-crates, on the second syllable, and that pronunciation he was known through a long life, though his intimate friends reduced it to Scrate. Probable names in which he lived had more knowledge than his mother, more excellent lady, who used to box to her neighbors of her "equinoctial" habits, and once complained that she had a terrible Nashua in her stomach.

No mistakes will be made and not furnished to cause a laugh if parents will give their children good old English or Anglo-Saxon names. There are so very musical and sonorous names among the Spanish, Italians, and Romans, but the child would not that his parents in after years if they compelled him to carry one of them through a life. A little boy who was named Gamaliel and always called "Gummy" by his parents, shook off the incubus very early by falsely telling his teachers that he was John. His playmates and his neighbors sympathized with him, and his parents, regretting their mistake, let the new name stand. We had the story of Theophrastus and Theophilus Smith a few weeks ago, and of the comedy of errors that followed their living in the same row of flats because neither would get beyond the initial T in signing his Christian, or rather his heathen, name.

Give the baby a good old name selected from the language that you speak. The naming of a child is one of the most important incidents of his life. The man who, having been handicapped by his own awkward name, afterward bestows it on his own son for the sake of "keeping it in the family," is guilty of an act that deserves to be branded as a crime, the effect of which is more lasting than a murder.—New Haven (Conn.) Palladium.

FIRST NIGHTS ARE TRYING.

Stage People Kept on the Anxious Seat During Initial Performances.

The first night of a new play begins for the auditor at 8 o'clock in the evening; for the actor at 8 o'clock in the morning of the day set for the first production. At about that hour he awakens fagged from the dress rehearsal of the previous night, which has left him too exhausted for a refreshing sleep. Breakfast proves to be a farcical attempt at replenishing the inner man. The chop has lost its appetizing flavor and the coffee its stimulating powers. He finds himself repeating the words of his part, mechanically striking attitudes and moving about the room to assume the positions decreed by stage business.

Ten to one he discovers that he cannot remember the dialogue of his most important scene and he hurries to use the manuscript. This brings him to his senses and he berates himself as a nervous idiot. Time out of mind he has performed the same mental and physical action inspired by the intense strain of the first-night ordeal. He decides to "walk it off." But the words cling to his head. He reads his lines on the billboards, which seem to contain nothing save posters heralding the play in which he is to appear. "Might as well have had a rehearsal," he mutters as he retraces his steps to the Lamb's or Players', the clubs frequented by the actors. There every one, with the best intention, wishes him success until the poor fellow feels bowed down by the responsibility of living up to their expectations.

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Only Estate of Its Kind.

"There is one point to which I wish to call your attention," said the owner of a fine old colonial palace to a prospective purchaser.

"What is that?"

"This estate is, I believe, absolutely unique in this particular, among estates with buildings as old as this one."

"And what is this unique feature?"

"It was never occupied by Washington as headquarters."—Philadelphia Press.

Exhausting Maine's Birch Forests.

At the present rate of the manufacture of spoils and other articles the immense white birch forests of Maine cannot last many years. Although the birch forests are extensive, the fact that seven million spool mills and a large number of so-called novelty mills are eating up the timber at the rate of from 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 feet annually excites the apprehension of foresters and manufacturers.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I sent a postage stamp for a pamphlet which was to tell me how to succeed."

"What did it say?"

"It said: 'Make better use of your postage stamps.'"

The Literary Movement.

"Did you enjoy the reception at the Literary Club?"

"Very much, indeed. Everybody was so well dressed."

Justifiable in His Case.

"Do you go to the theater in Lent?"

"Yes; I'm such a pessimist that nothing amuses me."

Compulsory Outlay.

"Is Bibb a good neighbor?"

"No; he's very unpopular, because he paints his house every spring, and that makes everybody in the block have to do the same."

These Real Estate Men.

Brown (angrily)—I thought you said that was a fine ducking shore you sold me. I was there all Washington's birthday and there wasn't a duck in sight.

Real Estate Agent—I told you it was a fine ducking shore—but it ain't my fault if the ducks haven't sense enough to find it out.

Natural History.

"Pa, what makes a rabbit wobble its nose so?"

"I can't tell you, Jimmy."

"I know; it's because it hasn't got enough tail to wobble."

Another Literary Guess.

"What is it?"

"I think the same hand that penned 'Billy Baxter's Letters' wrote 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters.'"

Horrid Man.

"Harry, did you buy me that hat I wanted?"

"No, Marie, I bought a new cooking stove."

"You selfish thing!"

Feminine Charity.

Bess—Miss Oldham would certainly make a brave soldier.

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What He Talks Through.

Myer—What's Windham's telephone number?

Gyer—Six and seven-eighths.

Myer—Why, there aren't any fractional numbers in the telephone book.

Gyer—But there are in hats.

Those Loving Girls.

Mande—I didn't think you would be able to recognize me after a three years' absence.

Clara—You have changed considerably, but I'd recognize that hat of yours a hundred years from now.

Citing an Exception.

Smith—Kindness always conquers.

Jones—Oh, I don't know. I once knew a man who tried it on a mule.

Smith—Well?

Jones—His funeral was largely attended.

His Experience.