One day she was dining quite alone at Malmaison, and while the dessert was being served a man was admitted. He was about 50 years old. While jugglers and magicians have a lively appearance, this man's features were deeply earnest. He carried a little table, which he placed before Josephine, and covered it with a worn cloth. After these preparations he drew out three tin cups, with which he executed all kinds of jugglery. The balls quadrupled themselves under his fingers and formed all kinds of figures and grotesque forms, only to disappear again in a twinkling. Like the musical composers, the magician also has his overture before he unfolds the panorama to the eyes of the audience. After this he touched the magic cups with a stick of ebony and said: "Madame, you may express any wish and it shall be fulfilled. I regret very much that you have fin-ished your meal, else I could have brought you dishes which were wanting on your table today-the red feather of the Mediterranean, sardines of Royan or the little silver fish caught in the vicinity in which madam was borne-for the great welfare of France. Madame, you may order whatever your heart wishes. Do you wish a spotless diamond or a grass fly on the heather, an Oriental ruby or a nightingale?" This man, who placed all the wealth of nature at Josephine's disposal, seemed to wish that she might decide upon the nightingale, for he put his ear to the cup and it almost seemed as if he heard the melting tones of the singer of spring. Josephine, whose desires, sowever, were modest, and who preferred a bunch of flowers to a diamond elected neither a diamond nor a ruby nor a nightingale, but a rose. She had scarcely spoken the word when the just gler upset the cup and showed the aston shed lookers on a rose, which bent gracefully on its stem and filled the room with sweet fragrance.

"My goodness," said Josephine, "you have cut the pretties, co a in our conservatory, the rose which I intended giving Bonaparte to-morrow. It would have unfolded during the night." "Beg pardon, madame," replied the

juggler politely, "this rose belongs to me and I have the honor to present it to the wife of the first consul; I would never dare to touch her flowers and 1 have never been in her conservatory.

Josephine sent a servant to investigate the truth of this assertion and was told that the rose which was destined for the first consul was unhurt. Incredulous as a creole she could not hide her admiration, and, in fact, it was impossible to embarrass the man who was so enter taining and wonder creating. He magically drew out of his pocket a swarm of singing birds which picked up the crumbs; then he filled a tumbler with water and as quickly as he would upset it numberless flowers flowed upon the persons around, and Josephine imagined perself in her conservatory.

When the wonders had reached their highest degree Josephine reached for the pompadour, which was banging on her armchair, in order to give some gold pieces to the juggler. When the juggler noticed this he fell down at her feet, sayng: "Madame, you can reward me a hundred times for this little pleasure that I have given you, but not in money-a mercy, madame, a mercy?"

"Which?" she asked. The wonderful man begged her then to eat one of the apples which were on her table. Josephine stretched out her hand for one and placed her knife on it with the determination of a woman prepared for a surprise. Mother Eve surely did not reach for the apple with such longing which caused such misery to her descendants as Josephine. She cut through the apple and found inside a pe-

tition to the first consul.

"Madame," said the juggler, "before you is an unlucky one, who has mixed in the quarrels of the kings, and has taken part in the wars against the repullic. I have fought in the Vendee with a Cocarde, which is no more that of my country, and when the party which served was defeated I took flight, to live in a strange land. My country drove me out as a traitor. Branded like Cain, I wandered about; my name is crossed from the list of citizens and put on the emigrant roll. A word from your lips, madame, can make a Frenchman of me again and give me back to my own. You, the adored wife of the first consul, have the power to give me back to my country and to my own."

"Sir," she said to the emigrant, "I will do as you wish. The consul shall read your petition and I assure you that I will do everything I can in your favor. The juggler arose, put his cups into his

pocket, his table under his arm, bowed

deeply and disappeared. Josephine, inclined to be superstitious could not see the enemy of her husband in this juggler. She believed in his magical power, which would be of use to the emperor, and made up her mind to use all influence in her power with Napoleon to intercede for this man. The following morning at 6 o'clock Bonaparte breakfasted in the dining room of the Palace Malmaison: they were getting his carriage ready in the court yard of the

palace when Josephine entered. "What did you do yesterday, dear Josephine?" asked Bonaparte. "Who has visited you?"

"I have been well entertained: if you will dine with me today I have a pleasant surprise in store for you. Which reminds me, do have this name crossed from the emigrant list." With these words she handed him the petition of the

magician. "A Chonan!" said Napoleon after he had read the petition. "One of the fanatical followers of Charente's and Laroche-Jaquelin's; one of the people who but a short time ago followed the armies of the republic to murder the scattered soldiers and finish the dying. Maree! Maree! who comes from England, who secretly landed on our coast, probably to fulfill Pitt's shameless plan, brandishing their torch lights over the still weltering battlefields of France. Fox, my friend, has written me to be on my guard for this evil one. And how do you know him?

Where have you seen him?" At this Josephine burst into tears. "Oh, do not cry," he said, "but answer me; your charity has been abused. The traitors imagined a petition which you should propose could not be denied, and then they would in Paris, under my very

eyes, have begun their wretched play Fouche is right: these people are irre

"I do not know him," replied Josephine: "do not get angry. Tear up the etition and we will speak no more of it: you knew how it came to me." Josephine related how the petitioner

came to her and the wonders he produced. "And you open the door to such people? Jugglers and magicians, who try to strew sand in the eyes of the first consul. because they could not deceive him! How childish you are, Josephine, to be blinded

by magicians!" With these words he approached the sideboard and took an apple from a bas-

'See, in such an apple I found the petition. These are on my table every day and accident led me to it."

Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders and cut the apple. It concealed a similar petition. Bonaparte showed Josephine th ngenuity with which the kernels were taken out and the space filled out with a rolled up paper.

"The man could not but succeed," h said, "you may have wished as you would. He was in league with the fruiterer, who shall serve you no longer. I shall recommend your magician to Fouche and-

At the mention of this name Josephine trembled. The name of this bloodthirsty person sufficed to arouse horror in an innocent person. Josephine knew now that her charge was irrevocably lost. "Ah! Bonaparte, 1 pray you, do not have him taken here and do not soil the innocence of my house,"

"With you? He is here then?" "No, but he will come again; I hoped to entertain you with his artful tricks and think what an easy time Kate has this evening

"Fouche will find him."

Without listening any more he tramp ed on the apple and its contents, which were on the floor, to hurry back to Paris. Josephine's sorrow was indescribable. For the first time she felt that there was a place in Napoleon's heart to which she and no access. She instituted search in the vicinity of Malmaison and went to all imaginable trouble to find him. She wished to give him money and have him taken over the boundary line by one of her own people, but all her trouble was Dinner time arrived and Johoughts, left the victuals untouched. But when desert was served both folding doors opened and George Marec appeared with his little table, his fine ebony sticks and tin cups.

"Fly, sir, fly!" Josephine addressed him, "or you are lost. You have murdered French soldiers and deserve death. I can protect you no longer in my house. The consul has probably given you up to Fouche and you are helplessly lost.

The magician, on whose features wer cast such a dismal look yesterday, looked quietly at Josephine and begged her to give him a quarter of an hour of her time. He set the table down and brought forth the cup from his pocket. This time he offered neither rubies nor diamonds, and neither did he let flowers rain, but there tumbled out little soldiers footmen and riders.

"These," said he, "are the Austrians these Prussians and these Russians, and they all unfold on a level. Do you see their battalions, their squadrons, divis ions? Do you see Melas on a horse? He is their leader, and the herse on which he is mounted promised the holy Nicolaus the guns of the French. There is head into the door to inquire if he has going to the French army. Do you see the general with a flying plume? He stretches forth his land and all the armies attack the cannons and the sound of the trumpets? Do you see the tri-colored fine Do you hear the enthusiastic shout of the rejoicing multitude: "Long live the republic! Long live Gen. Bonaparte!"

And all the soldiers seemed to tumble out of the cups and go in order ready for the battle on the table, where they per formed the movements which Georgi Marce commanded. When the battle was won victorious and defeated re turned to his pocket, and the magician offered to show the wife of the first consul still more wonderful things, the Egyptian expedition and the battle of the pyramids.

Josephine could not enjoy the treat Believing the man exposed to danger, she said to him: "Take this money and go away.

Marce, who was more quiet and col lected than yesterday, said: "I would not sell my art for gold yesterday, much less will I today. Show me a favor; open one of these apples." Josephine did so and found the follow

"MADAME: I have just delivered proof unto the first consul that this Marec. who has the honor to appear before you is not the murderer who has deserved the punishment of law. The one you protect is an honest man, who has taken part in the expedition of Amberon and fought bravely, but emigrated after the defeat of the Royalists. He did not. however, go to England, but to Germany and from there has brought with him the marionette plays, which will probably amuse you very much. The other Marce is not George, but Joes, and is in England, where his actions are watched. I am glad to announce that your protege is crossed from the list of emigrants.

"FOUCHE." A few days later Josephine again importuned the first consul, with the result that the name of the magician was expunged from the emigrant list. - Translated town the French for The Philadel-

The Musquite of Trinidad. The particular room assigned to myself would have been equally delightful, but that my possesson of it was disputed even in dayferocity had a bad pre-eminence over the killed one was was at work upon me, and ex- America, it is our universal and eternal for the body, a mick for a neck, horns on the head and a benk for a mouth, spindle arms, war Is there any reason for swearing a and longer spindle legs, two pointed wings and a tail. Line for line there the figure and Harry of your acquaintance whom lows, and I had a melancholy satisfaction in Louis tilob. . . moerat identifying him. I had been warned to be on the lookout for scorpions, centipedes, jig-gers and land crabs, who would hite me if I walked slipperless over the floor in the dark. Of these I met with none, either there or anywhere; but the musquito of Trinidad is enough by himself. For malice, mockery and venom of tooth and trumpet he is with-

out a match in the world. -J. A. Froude. Siege is at once to be laid to the forest treasures in Maine opened up by the Canadian Pacific. Millions of feet of spool wood will be taken out this summer and shipped to Glasgow, Canadians coming to Maine to find raw material for Scottish factories!

TENDING THE BABY.

HOW THE ROSES PALE AND DIE UPON THE MOTHER'S CHEEK

The Jolly Fun John Had Playing and Romping with His Heir-Getting an Insight into the Daily Worries That Fall to Many Women-Here's a Lesson.

How the mother's arms and back ache after caring for this pink and white tyranny, so helpless and yet so exacting. Our homes are not all provided with cook, nursemaid and housemaid. Not to disguise the fact, a majority of the little ones are nurtured by the mother. who combines all these offices in herown patient person. If the domestic machinery runs smoothly, in many homes, it is ecause the house mather is the pivot upon which swing so many activities. It is of those homes without wealth, yet with refinement, that I write, where sums in addition and subtraction, mostly subtraction, must be done every week. It is here the babies gather. The storks seem to be fond of these humble homes. for they never forget them. The heroisms of life are largely by the firesides. The angels of the children see and tell the Father on high These mothers who have so much to do and bear, with a narrow income at their disposal, need our sympathy

JOHN'S DAY OF SOLID FUN. I believe the majority of men think the care of a baby is child's play They come home from shop and office and see the rosebud fresh, in its dainty white. with such a cherub to play with It surely cannot be work to toss and rock and sing to this little man, with shining eyes. And yet the house mother looks tired. The tears are almost at the eyes, the mouth trembles, and John, stupidly kind, wonders what it is all about.

But his eyes are opened at last. He has the influenza and must stay at home from the office. What jolly fun it will be to play with that son and heir Kate would begin shall go to her cousin's for the day Leo To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this can see to the kitchen. And so the good wife departs, with many cautions and warnings to John, as to colic, food and sephine, worried with unpleasant naps, the baby meanwhile crowing lustily as the mother gives it a good-by caress John wonders why Kate grows old so fast, she is really fading. Poor ing into things. It was on the Saucelit like this for months.

The baby for the first half hour is an angel What fun it is to dandle him Now he drops off in a nap and John will read the paper. But just us cry and John comes to his senses. How stand it any longer. he cries, how red in the face he gets! What does possess the child? He takes him on his knee, he rocks him, he tumbles him, and now at last he walks with him, but still he cries, his little lips look- away?" ing so grieved. Leo comes in and inquires about dinner Mistress always sees to that By this time John is in a profuse perspiration. The "sweat" the doctor ordered is his, in the order of nature. He is finally summoned to a "picked up" dinner What a contrast it it to eat?" is to the inviting board of Kate. How does she get time to attend to it? he asks He's a confirmed drinker, and"himself. But how that baby cries! In fact he yells fustily at last. Leo puts her had his milk Zounds! John had forgotten it entirely Kate had charged him to warm it at 11 The baby was his milk and now is asleep, with a little shadow on his bright face.

"KATE HAS THIS EVERY DAY." minute, then be begins again, and finally he takes him up and marches up and down the house, singing at the top of his voice, "My heavenly home is bright and fatr." His back aches, man as he is, his arms are tired and his head buzzes like a machine. What does possess the child! He certainly will cry himself to death After an hour and a half of this play the baby drops into an exhausted sleep, and John lays bim down. He does not read the paper as he sits down. He has it wrong side up, but he says to himself. Kate has this every day," and then he does a good deal of thinking. He is a sensible man. He has found out how much play there is in minding a baby

When Kate comes home rested and looking younger than she has for years. with news and chat of her visit, a very humble man receives her. There is pity and admiration mingled in his glance. The baby receives his attention every day after this, at odd moments, when at home, he takes him and becomes quite expert in tending his son and heir

Such is the mother's experience with her baby. Let us not allow, because of her great love to her child, the roses to pale and die upon her cheek .- "A Country Parson" in Good Housekeeping

As to Hand Shaking.

George Bancroft is said to be particular to remove his gloves before shaking hands The point is a good one. Just introduce the fashion of ungloving bemy passes of it was disputed even in day fore shaking, and shaking will soon subside. If there be one pre-eminently disworst that I had ever met with elsewhere. I agreeable and distressing fashion in amined him through a glass. Bewick, with hand shaking Its origin, we believe. the inspiration of genius, had drawn his exwas before me which, in the unforgetable you chance to meet in the street? The driving the thief under the gal- custom is a terrible fag on health. -St

He Forgot to Fix Himself.

Nebruska Hostess (at her evening party.) You look somewhat distrait, Mr. Blizzard Do you find the party dull! Mr. Blizzard-Oh, not at all, Mrs. Cyclone I am enjoying myself bully, but I find myself

"I left my shooter at home."-Texas Sift-

One of the recent applications of electricity that promises to be of considerable benefit to seagoing men is a log for registering the rate of travel of high speed vessels.

Oh, I know a certain woman who is reckoned But she tills me with more terror than a raging

lion would. The little caills run up and down my spine when e'er we meet, ugh she scenis a gentle creature and she's very trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknowledged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a

pin. And she pricks you, and she sticks you, in a way

that can't be said—
When you seek for what has burt you, why, you cannot find the head.

But see fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain-ybody sales you why, you really can't ex-

pinis such a trny thing-of that there is no Yet, when it's sricking in your flesh, you're wretched till it's out?

She is wonderfully observing-when she meets a pretty girl She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is out And she is so sympathetic; to her friend, who's

much admired, She is often heard remarking, "Dear, you look so worn and tired!" And she is a careful critic, for on yesterday she

The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural peide.

And she said, "Oh, how becoming;" and then softly added, "it Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a

Then she said, "If you had heard me yestereve, I'm sure, my friend, You would say I am a champion who knows how

to defend."

And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I averthe whole would despise me if it had not been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless es me the impression I am at my worst that day.

And the hat that was imported (and that cost me

half a sonnet)
With just once g'ance from her round eyes be-She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shining for a thrust-does not seem to blunt her point, nor does

alse gather rust. Oh! I wish some lospless specimen of mankind

pin.

-Elia Wheeler Wilcox in The Century.

What He Had in Ilis Basket

He was one of those long, thin, dried up fellows, with a parchment skin and sharp eyes, and a sharp nose, who are always pry woman, she has not been out on a jaunt and a fellow came on board with a basket and sat down near him. There was some thing very important in the basket, for the fellow kept peering in all the time and looking to see if the lid was securely fastened The sharp nosed man began to feel an interest, and his curiosity kept rising higher he is deep in the leading article, oblivi- and higher, until when the fellow had peeped ous to babies, there is a moan, then a into the basket for the fiftieth time he couldn't

"I beg your pardon, but you're so interested in timt banket you really excite me. What have you got in it?"

The fellow looked at him a moment, "I'll tell you, certainly. You won't give it

"I give you my word."

"Well, it's a mongaroo."
"A mongaroo! And what is a mongaroo! "You don't know what a mongaroo ist A mongaroo is an annual found in Africa that lives entirely on snakes.

"And how are you going to get snakes for "Oh, you see I'm taking it to my brother. "Rut I don't sen"-

"Well, he's always seeing snakes and I'm "But how can this animal live on

aginary snakes!" "Oh, this is an imaginary mongaroo." Then the sharp nosed man went into the each other. Do you hear the thunder of hungry; the poor little fellow was suffer cabin and sat down opposite a girl who is ing from any empty stomach. He got supposed to be in Saucelito for change of air, but comes over here four days out of week,-San Francisco Chronicle.

> John's conscience troubles him. He "Bishop" Oberly's Confidence Restored. is always cross when he is hungry No "Bishop" Oberly, the civil service commis wonder the little colt cried. Now he sioner, is one of the most entertaining talktakes up that article again, feeling a lit- ers here, and tells some very funny stories. the misused with his dinner of "scraps." Here is one of them. He says that many years ago, when a young man, he was elected heir when he hears a little moan. The dinner came too late, and a forenoon of crying, with no neurishment will have crying, with no nourishment, will have scious that he was not the possessor of a polits effect. And now the cherub cries, ished education. He feared that he won Mercy, what a voice! He has the colic. be paled by the flashing of bright intellects He twists and wriggles and rolls John gives him catnip tea, and he is easy for a day in fear and trembling, but in five minutes he was put perfectly at ease, and was even made to think that, perhaps, he might be one of those who would "shine." This was what wrought the great change in his

"Mr. Speaker," said one assemblyman, there are no ink in the inkstands," Young Oberly was amazed. "Well," he thought, "is this the kind of timber they

Up rose another assemblyman, since famous the country over.
"Mr. Speaker," said he, "there are ink, but
it are froze in the bottles." That was all young Oberly needed to put him perfectly at ease in the legislature .-

New York Tribune.

A writer of humorous stories was stopping at a summer hotel where he was admired by two small boys who had rend his tales. real live writer was evidently a curiosity the youngsters. Finally, one of the boys plucked up courage to speak to him. "Are you Mr. -, who writes stories for

The writer acknowledged his identity with becoming modesty, and the boy, after a moment's reflection, continued his investigations: "How much do they pay you for one

"From \$30 to \$50," replied the writer, kindly, and the youngster seemed buried in "I'll take th thought. Suddenly the question came like a you for it." shot from a gun;

"Well, wouldn't they pay you more if your stories were not so foolish? The writer was too taken aback to answer, but he has been thinking over the matter ever since, and vainly trying to draw the line between "humor" and "foolishness."-Har-

Jealous of Ills Fame.

No one can be surprised when a man refuses to share his hardly earned fame with another, no matter how kindly his feelings toward that other may be. An aspiring young man, who had writ-

ten yards of verses for the paper published in his native town, at first used his initials, "J. R. L.," for a signature. Later, however, he omitted the middle letter, and a friend asked him the reason. "Can't you guess?" asked the young "Well, it may seem selfish. poetaster. but I do want the credit of my own

work. "Why shouldn't you have it?" The young man looked sympathetic-

ally at his stupid friend. "My dear fellow," said he, "can't you see how it is? If I use only two of my initials people will soon associate them with my name; but if I write 'J. R. L. James Russell Lowell will get all the Companion.

Was Nosh's celebrated vessel lighted by as again. - Harper's Bazar.

are lamp!-Boston Beacon.

SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA

A BRUTAL BUSINESS THAT SEEMS TO BE ON THE INCREASE.

The Atrocities of a Slave March Depicted with Painful Distinctness-The Flag of a Great Republic Put to a Base and

Degrading Use. No one who understands how human life is estimated by savage peoples will doubt the shocking and revolting accounts of travelers regarding this phase of the traffic; and no one who knows what an Arab's heart is made of will make any discount even for the exaggeration of an orator, as he listens to the following citation from a speech delivered in London by Cardinal Lavigerie: MAN'S INHUMANITY.

"The men who appear the strongest, and whose escape is to be feared, have their hands tied, and sometimes their philadelphia is not given to sociability and a cheerful interchange of thought are unfafeet, in such fashion that walking becomes a torture to them; and on their necks are placed yokes which attach especially under the administration of Moses several of them together. They march Purnell Handy. into this miscrable mass of human into this miserable mass of human beings, their conductors, armed with a from what he was about to say. wooden bar to economize powder, approach those who appear to be the most Clover club dinner, I believe, is to avoid sayexhausted and deal them a terrible blow on the nape of the neck. The unfortunate victims utter a cry, and fall to the weakest with new strength.

Each time some one breaks down the on arriving at their halting place, after frightful scene awaits them. The traffickers in human flesh have acquired by experience a knowledge of how much their victims can endure. A glance shows them those who will soon sink from weariness: then, to economize the scanty food which they distribute, they pass behind these wretched beings and fell them with a single blow. Their corpses remain where they fall, when they are not suspended on the branches of the neighboring trees; and it is close to them that their companions are obliged to eat and sleep. But what sleep! it may be easily imagined.'

SLAVERY ON THE INCREASE. It is enough. Our hearts are sick with slaughter. Let the witnesses stand down. Is the smoke of this torment to go up for ever and ever? Remember that these deeds of blood and darkness are no isolated facts, no temporary misfortunes, no mere passing accidents of the savage

of cruelty and murder which pervades and penetrates every corner of this continent. Do not let it be supposed that this horror is over, that this day of tribulation is at an end. This horror and this tion, Christianity are not really touching it. No fact in relation to the slave trade is more appalling than this.

The fact of this increase, for denied, then doubted, has at last been reluctantly admitted, even by the government of England. In a government blue coast reports that "the slave trade has been very active of late. On the 16th of Sept. (1888), Capt. Gissing captured three dhows and brought two hundred and dhows and brought two hundred and four slaves to Aden." The consul at Zanzibar writes (September, 1888) to the Marquis of Salisbury: "There is a marked increase in the slave traffic carried on under the protection of the French flag." The consul further states that dhows carrying French colors were constantly and regularly leaving for the Comoro Islands, Mayotta and Madagascar, loaded with slaves In June, 1888, Brig. Gen. Hogg, dating from the Aden residency, wrote to the Bombay government: have the honor to bring to the notice of government that I have from time to time received reports of the activity of the slave trade from the neighborhood of the Gulf of Tajourra, and I deem it my duty to inform government of this fact with a view to such action being taken as may be deemed advisable."-From "Slavery in Africa," by Professor Henry Drummond in Scribner's.

He Didn't Get It.

London cabmen have many temptations to impose upon their "fares," and it is hardly to be wondered at that they sometimes eatch a tartar in the attempt. The author of "The Philosopher in Slippers" says that a large part of their undue gains is derived from timid women, who find it difficult to withstand their bluster. Still, even a woman may rebel upon occasion.

A lady who once gave a cabman an extra sixpence after paying his proper fare, found that he was not disposed to

be grateful. Well, mum," said he, ungraciously, "I'll take the money, but I don't thank

"You haven't it yet," said she, alert-

ly withdrawing the sixpence, and he never did have it. The Harmatian or Withering Wind. The name of harmattan has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the

Atlantic ocean during the three months of December, January and February. It sets in with a fog or dry haze which sometimes conceals the sun for whole weeks together. Every plant, bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been seared by heat from a furnace; often within an hour after it begins to blow green grass is dry enough to burn like paper. Even the hardened natives lose all of the skin on exposed parts during the prevalence of this withering wind. - St.

Louis Republic. The Changing Styles.

Ethel-Don't you know, dear, that that last year's bonnet of yours is very unfashionable this year? The fashions change so.

Maud-Yes, and it is so nice for you credit that belongs to me?"-Youth's that they do change. The same fasisions come back every three or four years, and now your bonnet is in

AT THE CLOVER CLUB.

Bill Nye Makes a Speech, but Says Nothing He Regrets.



research, acrostics and cryptograms, that when Demosthenes went on to the beach and practiced for week with his mouth full of pebbles, striving to outbellow th billows and patiently clinging to the thread of discourse, even while the loud been of the breakers caught up his shrill remarks and buried them into space, he was

history of his time, as we have been tought. He was simply rehearsing a speech which be hoped to deliver at the Clover club, of Philadelphia. People who have formed the idea that miliar with the methods of the Clover club,

of preparing to make an impression upon the

all day: at night, when they stop to rest, a few handfuls of raw sorgho are distributed among the captives. This is a different food. Next morning they must start again. But after the first day or start again. But after the first day or morists and other freaks to come to its two the fatigue, the sufferings and the annual dinners and make speeches. The privations have weakened a great many. club assists in the delivery of these speeches, The women and the aged are the first to adding thoughts of its own as the orator pro-Then, in order to strike terror ceeds, and also making inquiries regarding the personal characteristics of the speaker,

The only way to speak successfully at a

ground in the convulsions of death. The terrified troop immediately resumes its believe that the air of refinement which march. Terror has imbued even the people notice about me wherever I go would tion of the club. Even should that fail, how ever. I thought that no one could help admirsame horrible scene is repeated. At night, ing my unwavering confidence in myself, a on arriving at their halting place, after confidence which is all the more heroic and the first days of such a life, a not less praiseworthy on my part, because it has not been shared by the general public. It is no great bonor to indorse a popular man, but it is certainly meritorious in any one to show confidence in one who needs it very much.

But the Clover club is not constructed with a view to the building up and fostering of rhetorical industries. It is built upon the moral theory that a man who speaks publicly does so for the edification of the audience. This is a quaint and extremely eccentric idea Generally it is otherwise. Public speakers adroit way they intimate to him that the undertakes one of the greatest contests

state. They are samples of a sustained, seltishly reveled in the wonderful cadence of acquires his information about them in my own melodious Skowhegan voice, for general from how they behave to himself,

the foot of the table having fun with Dr.
Bedloc, and I knew that at this rate, with a hundred guests to be gently search before the foot of the table having fun with Dr.

"Has Gould any suffering makes and the foot of friends." getting that the audience had rights, day are now. It is not even abating.

Slavery is on the increase. Time, civilization, Christianity are not really touching tion, Christianity are not really touching.

would wipe Governor Buses from the face of the earth, such as a reference to him as Bunny, and a request that I might be per-mitted to lay my head in his lap and have a it, and it unde him so sick that he has never good cry, or something like that, Mr.

Jerome, a gentleman from New York, who is

"Is he a domestic man r"

his greater age and resolved not to do so.
My attention was also at this time attracted
by the sounds of music. It was a Tyrolean
there. If you go after him for a sensation, air, and referred to the Derby Ram, which seems to have a wild fascination for the gentlemen of the club, and when such voices as those of Wayne MacVeagh, Gen. Horace

or so, I had carefully avoided saying any-thing that would call forth an attack of this markable character of literary ability. I thing that would call forth an attack of this kind. I had used no language which would suppose there is no man connected with our naturally provoke such men as Col. Taylor finance who can write as rapidly as he does, or Col. McClure to song.

People afterward spoke of my impressive manner and said I also used rare discretion

they were in favor of printing my remarks appreciation of brightness and tale

with a rubber stamp.

There can be no more comfortable sensa There can be no more comfortable sensa-tion, I fancy, than to be a guest at one of these annual dinners, with the personal recog-these annual dinners, with the personal recogpizance of the president in your pocket binding himself not to call upon you for a speech and certifying that you have previously had a fair and impartial trial on the charge that you were a good after dinner speaker and that you have proved an alibi.—Bill Nye in New York World.

silk from Hemp.

A substance having all the essential qualities of silk has been made from wild hemp of Japan. The plant grows on moors and hillsides, and could be cultivated. The fiber is strong and glossy, and several silk factories are said to have found it to be in no way inferior to silk .- New York Journal.

The last ship to touch at Pitcairn Island, the bark Frith of Clyde, reports that there are 117 souls on the isla males and 73 females, and 38 of them are children. They all knew about the presidential election in this country, and ook a lively interest in the out world. They keep the Sabbath on Saturday.

A GLIMPSE OF GOULD.

SOMETHING ABOUT HIS PERSONAL HABITS AND RELATIONS.

How He Sometimes Upsets All the Traditions Concerning Him-Gratitude. Under Abuse-Personal Habits-His Two Sons-George Gould's Wife.

Meeting a friend who has grown more than middle aged in the railway service between Ohio, Baltimore and New York, I said to him: "Is not Gould in about as good shape na ho ever-was?" "Oh, yes," said my friend, whom I have

known since about 1870, "he is the most powerful factor in the way of speculation this country has seen. But he does not do anything while abroad. However, they will never lose their fear of him wherever he may be. And Gould gets nearly all his bad reputation among the speculators and promoters who tried to cheat him, and having failed, tation among the speculators and prome turn round and bite at him, as the snake gnawed the file. I will give you an instance of that which happened under my own eye, when no person was in the room but Gould and myself. I had been severely prejudiced against him, and would not have dared to go and see him but for the intervention of a very quiet chap by the name of Guppy, whom Gould found in the Erie railroad when he went there. Guppy was a poor, broken down, spine and chest crippled man, who never had the least reason to suppose that Gould would treat him like a human being; but Gould found that under his diseased ex terior was a bright and flery mind, circum stantial in its correctness and completeness and reliable as well as brave. It is strange that these powerful men in our finances are often found out the first by the humble and broken down men, who are sensitive about friendship and often get the most of it.

"He came to me once and told me that op-ponents of mine who had succeeded to the Eric railroad would break me down. Said he: 'You have the right and logic on your side, but they have got the New York city press and prevailing courts of justice and the big lawyers, and they will mash you to pieces. The only man who can save you is Jay Gould.' 'Then,' said I, 'I will not be saved, for I don't want to know Jay Gould. But my quiet friend talked the matter all over again from the outset, and the consequence was that, against my desire and purpose, I found myself one evening calling on Jay Gould. That first evening he upset all my traditions. I had learned so much against him from what I had read and heard that I was charmed to find him about the the easiest man to understand I had ever known. I will tell you directly or at another time why he gets along; it is because he is so simple and not because he is so dex-

suffer. If the members of the Clover club do not like the tendencies of a speech, they suggest to the speaker some other. It is very seldom that any person does him a kindness but he feels it and warms to an opportunity to record it. gest to the speaker some other line of also say that he is a vindictive man. He thought. They do not do so offensively. does not seek an enemy out and does not re-They approach him in a courteous way, to as to avoid giving him pain. Perhaps they sing who lay for him and humiliate him ha reeleven or twelve verses in reference to the members; and he has got a good long memory Derby Ram, a table delicacy of which the for them. Whoever picks up Gould for a club is passionately fond, or in some other man without mental traits and memory, pleasure of the audience should be consulted this life. He is not a person to do a dirty thing, but he understands this business of finance and everybody who is in it. And he when he has given them a fair and equa

hundred guests to be gently scared half to death in that way, I would not be reached "He keeps a calm exterior and affects not sense of security and congratulating myself other men, and is not exceptional to the on the wonderful way in which Mr. Maltby's themes of the successful men of the time. dress suit fitted me, that the president of the But he never swears nor uses epithets nor The fact of this increase, for a time club, observing that I had my mouth full of club, observed that I had my mouth full of club, observed that I had my mouth full of club, observed that I had my mouth full of club, observed that I had my mouth full of club, observed that I had my mou about to say myself.

While I was thinking of a bon mot which somewhere in Jersey City, I think, and all

Gyears of age, said something which was highly enjoyable, but which, after Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree, Col. McCaul and Col. McClure join in the same time, seemed to open up an entirely new line of thought from what I had intended to follow.

I was about to administer a tart rebuke to Mr. Jerome, when I happened to remember his greater age and resolved not to do so.

"Are his sons persons of capacity?"
"Yes, they are smart boys, and just the opthose of Wayne Macveegh, deel normal posite from what you would expect in this Porter refrain it is well worth going to Philoset from what you would expect in this day of very rich man's sons. They are economical, and have served their apprenticeknown vocalists were engaged in song. As they were encored, they obliged by singing "Maryland, my Maryland," with improvisations by the great impresario, Mr. January and the great impresario and the gr I then stood on the other leg awhile and tried to recall what I had said, which had reminded the auditors of these songs, but I could not. In all my remarks so far, although I had been on my feet twenty minutes though I had been on my feet twenty minutes that Jay Gould dictates telegraph dispatches to either of his sons. Gould has a very reor Col. McClure to song.

I was on my feet about twenty mimutes, the lines when he signs a telegraph dispatch. but during that time I can say truthfully Those who search through his communicahe is about are invariably disappointed.
"Is George Gould happily married?"

manner and said I also used rare discretion in avoiding so many unpleasant features which are apt to stir up ill feeling at such a time.

They named whole columns of things which I had thus evaded, and every one said that if I had erred at all it was in the direction of conservatism. All the members of the club who expressed any opinion about it said that they were in favor of printing my remarks George's wife was a lady who made her liv-

In 14,000 Years the Earth Will Flop Marshall Wheeler claims to have dis covered a third principal motion of the earth and the other planets, which he says is more important than the discoveries of Newton or Galileo.

After a study of fifty years he has learned that every 20,903 years the earth changes its north and south poles on account of the magnetism of the earth. The sun so strongly attracts one of the poles and repels the other that in every 20,903 years the earth becomes so heavily charged that it turns

The speaker said that about 6,000 rears ago the world made this turn. -San Francisco Chronicle.

The white ties worn by New York waiters are in most cases furnished by the house, and when the waiters are not on duty the ties are left with the head waiter.