

SELECTIONS

A REPORTER'S REVENGE.

It was a Complimentary Paragraph, but It Got In Its Deadly Work.

There is a man in this city who, like the original Hamlet was reputed to be, is fat and scant of breath, but, unlike the melancholy Dane, he is also exceedingly vain and pompous. He occupies a position of some little prominence, and solely on that account newspaper men resort to him for views and information. Laboring under the illusion that he really possesses a profound knowledge of public questions, and that on that account his utterances are occasionally quoted, he sometimes puts on airs and adopts a manner toward the interviewer which is exceedingly disagreeable and even positively insulting.

"I'm really tired of thinking for you fellows," he remarked some time ago to a reporter who had asked his opinion concerning some proposed legislation. "I wish you would do some thinking for yourself and not come bothering me with questions."

"I am much obliged to you for the hint," said the reporter, with some difficulty checking an impulse to give free vent to his feelings then and there. "I will do a little thinking for myself."

Then he went away and did some thinking and hatched a scheme of revenge.

He wrote a neat and highly eulogistic little paragraph about the vain and pompous individual, complimenting him highly upon his courteous manners and concluding with the statement that he made it a rule never to sit down when riding on the "L" while there was a woman in the same car unprovided with a seat.

"Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot," he remarked gleefully when he had finished.

It did work.

The little paragraph was extensively copied in society weeklies, which always keep a sharp lookout for little personal squibs. The Y. and P. individual found himself suddenly possessed of a reputation which he had done nothing to deserve. But he had to live up to it. He had always been in the habit of seizing the first seat he could catch on an "L" train and sticking to it no matter how many women might be standing up near him, while he devoured the contents of his favorite morning or afternoon newspaper. He could do that no longer.

As he lives up in Harlem and his car is away down town, and he is besides fat and scant of breath, as I have before remarked, the physical discomfort which he endures daily can be better imagined than described. And he hasn't even the approval of his own conscience to make it easier for him, for he knows that he doesn't do it from any desire to save women the inconvenience of standing in the cars, but merely because he is afraid that if he doesn't do it some people will think that he doesn't deserve the reputation with which he has been publicly credited.

And whenever that reporter sees the Y. and P. individual hanging on to a strap in an "L" car and looking supremely miserable he just hugs himself for joy. Perhaps he ought to be sorry for having written what wasn't strictly truthful about him, but he isn't a bit.

Great is the power of the press and sweet is revenge.—New York Herald.

Cold Storage for Salmon.

It is well known that by arrangement among the salmon packers on the Pacific coast the catch of salmon has been restricted to the requirements of the market under existing conditions. Better facilities for preserving the fish are now being realized, with the result that this delicious food fish is likely to find a much larger distribution in a fresh state than ever before. Late dispatches from Victoria, B. C., announce that a cold storage system has lately been completed by San Francisco parties for the Cunningham cannery on the Skeena river.

Into these refrigerators the fish are placed as soon as taken from the water and subjected to a temperature of 30 degs. below zero. Here they remain six or seven hours, and are then removed to another room with a zero temperature, where they are held some two weeks, and then hermetically sealed in cases for shipment. The general introduction of cold warehouses adjacent to the fishing grounds is destined to effect a notable change in the salmon industry, enabling canners and others to utilize the heaviest runs, instead of being restricted in their catch to the number they are able to use up from day to day. The fish may now be caught in larger quantity and stored in cold rooms for future treatment in the intervals between large runs.—California Fruit Grower.

International Postage.

The actual cost of carrying letters is small enough to be ignored. At the rate of one penny per ounce, a ton of letters all up to the full weight would produce a most £150, while the mere cost of conveyance would certainly not be five pounds or one-thirtieth part of the receipts. The real charges of the collection and distribution and the maintenance of offices, the cost of which is equal on all letters. It is in the extension of this principle to international postage that the greatest advance in the future may be expected.—Public Finance.

Struck by Lightning Twice.

John Shavor, seventy-nine years old, of Schenectady, N. Y., has been struck by lightning twice this year. The first shock was received about two months ago, and the second on Saturday, when the latter killing him instantly. When struck the second time he was lying at the same place where he received the first shock.

Bishops in Convention.

As with so many similar gatherings, the really interesting side of the Episcopal general convention that recently ended its sessions in Baltimore did not come out in the daily reports of its formal proceedings. Besides the regular meetings, which were of course important in their way, there were held daily gatherings of the bishops and deputies in the hotel reading rooms, which were enlivened with many entertaining anecdotes and personal experiences.

A few of these possibly partook of the nature of the chestnut. One heard, for instance, how a boy once tried to sell some kittens to Bishop Brooks on the plea that they were Episcopal kittens, and how a few days later he tried to sell the same kittens to a Baptist clergyman walking with the bishop, alleging that they were Baptist kittens, and how he explained the discrepancy in his story to the bishop by saying that they had had their eyes opened in the meanwhile.

This and a few other stories about the bishop have apparently been touched with immortality. Like the fabled Antaena, they renew their strength whenever they fall to the ground. But there were plenty of fresh stories also. The morning after Bishop Brooks presided in Immanuel church a deputy asked a well known Baltimore churchman who had been present how the bishop had acquitted himself. "Magnificently," was the answer. "Eleven women fainted before he began."—New York Tribune.

A Great Scotch Mansion.

Invercauld House, where Sir Algernon Borthwick has been entertaining the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg, is the ancient seat of the Farquharsons, of Invercauld, near Braemar. The place has been let to Sir Algernon Borthwick since the death of Colonel Farquharson at the rate of £4,500 a year. Invercauld is a very fine house, which was greatly enlarged and improved about seventeen years ago, and it occupies one of the most beautiful sites in the highlands. The Doe flows a short distance below the house, and woods and tree clad rocks are all around, with the mountains as a background.

Invercauld has always enjoyed the reputation of being the finest situated country seat in Aberdeenshire, and in variety and beauty and grandeur the surrounding scenery is not surpassed in Scotland. The great deer forest of Invercauld is one of the best in the highlands, and the grouse moors afford first rate sport, and there is a long stretch of excellent salmon fishing in the Dee. The Farquharson estates extend to about 90,000 acres.—St. James Budget.

A Tramp's Exciting Ride.

A tramp giving his name as John Fair appeared at the police station bruised head to foot, and asked permission to sleep in a cell until morning. Fair said he had come to Atchison from Omaha on a through stock train, and had the most terrible experience of his life. Shortly before the train pulled out of Omaha, the tramp said, he crawled into a car which was loaded with steers. The steers soon began to step on him, and seeing this would never do the tramp climbed on the back of one animal. This enraged the steer, and it lunged forward, exciting the other steers, when there was a panic.

The maddened steers dashed about, hooking each other and striking the tramp on all sides. He put his arms about the neck of the steer which he was riding and held his grip until the train stopped at Atchison. The tramp's head had struck the top of the car a number of times, and it was badly bruised.—Atchison Globe.

She Did Not Go to the Theater.

He and she are married and reside at the west end. She wanted to attend the theater. He didn't. There was another man in the case, and the other man was of course only too delighted to accompany the wife. She had a new and very chic costume and donned it for the occasion. Well, that for "the other man," naturally, though maybe we wouldn't for our own private and particular man. She came down to dinner adorned in the elegant frock and maybe boasted a bit to the husband. She asserted that she was going to the theater with Mr. —, etc. He chewed a cigarette and said nothing. The bell rang, and the servant announced the arrival of the escort. He (the husband) still said nothing, but he poked madam (his wife) up in his arms, and when he sat her down it was in the bathtub filled with water. The new costume shined with ducking. That's all. N. B.—Madam didn't go to the theater after all!—Boston Courier.

Salmon on the Northwest Coast.

The fall run of salmon at Coos bay, Aleso, Nestucca, Yaquina and other points along the coast has been unusually large, and the fish are very fine. In a few places canneries have been in operation, and considerable quantities of fish have been packed at some of them, but in some places the cans ran out and further supplies could not be obtained. In other places the catch of fish could not be utilized, as no salt or barrels were to be had. Parties offered to make contracts for salt salmon, but as last year the fall run was light, no one thought it worth while to lay in a supply of salt barrels for this season. So when a cool run of fish came no profit was made out of them.—Portland Oregonian.

How Gold Coins Lose Its Weight.

The loss which gold coin suffers in circulation was illustrated in the Westchester home yesterday. George W. Shelton & Co. sent \$15,000 in gold coin to pay duties on imports, and the amount was counted and sent over to the treasury. A little while later the treasurer sent it back with notice that the amount was \$1,935 short. On investigation it was found that though the face value of the coin was \$15,000, the gold lacked nearly \$2,000 of weight. The paying bank was notified, and the gold coin was re-weighed and sent back.—Chicago Tribune.

No Joke.

A newspaper called The Rocky Mountain Cyclone has just appeared, with the following editorial explanation: "We begin the publication of The Rocky Mountain Cyclone with some phev duplicities in the way. The type plounder whom we bought the outfit prior this printing orphis phailed to supply any epha or caya, and it will be phour or phive weeks before we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters and will have to wait until they come. We don't like the idea of this variety of spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated or phamillies, and iph the c's and exes and qu's hold out we shall ceep (sound the e hard) The Cyclone whirling apter a phasion till the sorte arrive. It is no joke to us; it is a seri-ous sphair."—New York Tribune.



Balanced.

Mrs. Henpe—Take that down a bit and I'll show you how to put it up right. You never did understand of his matters anyway, and—



Mr. Henpe (as the pipe suddenly comes down)—Well, there's hope you're sooted now.—Chicago Mail.

"Only an Amytewer."

Close by a prosperous church in a certain town is a district known as "Tennessee Town," populated entirely by negroes. The pastor of the church had long made efforts to organize classes of the young colored boys for the purpose of giving them instruction in literary and scientific topics. He was only partly successful. Nothing that he could get for the entertainment or amusement of the restless, idle lads seemed to have any effect on them.

He tried magic lanterns and legends, and all kinds of "clubs," but felt that he was not succeeding in the least. At last he purchased a small box of chemicals, and practiced a lecture on "The Wonders of Little Things."

The little hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience, and the experiments were successful. Curious to know the reasons for the large attendance on this particular occasion, the long suffering lecturer called up one of the brightest lads at the close of the entertainment and questioned him.

"What made so many boys come out to the lecture tonight?"

"I specs kase we wated you wid gwine ter blow yosef up!"

"What! Do the boys want to be blown up?"

"No, sah," with a grin. "Dat dey years 'bout your 'sperimints, de 'wonders' ter see what might gwine 'happen'!"

"Don't you know there's de danger wid dese things if dey rightly handled?"

"Yes, sah, but we knowed dese of 'em 'anytewer'!"

That was the last chemical lecture of the course.—Youth's Chemical.

Women and Opera Glasses.

Two women drop in at a meeting. Coming in that way they are without glasses.

"Shall we take one of these opera glasses, dear?"

"Yes. Drop a dime in, and the thing opens. Have you the change?"

"No, I only have five cents."

"Well, I have five. That makes it."

Then the two dear creatures drop two five cent pieces into the slot, and when it does not work are amazed and indignant. Usher is summoned, who vainly tries to explain, and there is a pretty exciting time until the man drops in a ten cent piece from his own pocket and procures for them the glasses. I believe, however, that to this day they have an idea that there is some sort of swindle in the odd little apparatus attached to theater chairs.—Chicago Tribune.

His Idea of It.

"William Flint," said the teacher, "I have kept you in after school hours as a punishment for whispering. You may return to your seat and write a composition on spring."

After half an hour's severe struggle with the subject William went up to the teacher's desk and submitted the following essay on "Spring": "Spring in this Country is Like this. Yesterday it Was January and Tomorrow it will be July that all the time of Spring—William Flint."—Exchange.

Repairing an Old House.

The ancient blockhouse in Edgcomb, at the entrance of Wiscasset harbor, Maine, which was built in 1808, has fallen into such dilapidation that extensive repairs have been found necessary. To replace the timbers which supported the walls and floors of the second story beams fifteen inches square have been required. Summer residents of the vicinity have undertaken the task of restoring and preserving the old landmark.—New York Tribune.

Responsive Pool.

Little Girl—I went into Mrs. Elie's house, and there isn't a door left in it. Nothing but curtains hang on holes. Isn't it too bad?

Mamma—Too bad!

Little Girl—Yes. I is awful sorry for her. I ispose coal is so high now-day they had to chop up th' doors.—Good News.

Agony Over Hidden Treasure.

No little excitement has been occasioned near Waynesboro by some mysterious excavations and the reported removal of buried treasure on the Broderick farm, several miles from that place. About forty years ago a band of robbers and counterfeiters, headed by old Jason Spray, caused a reign of terror in that section. They were known to have captured and concealed large sums of money. Finally the section arose in arms and wiped out the whole nest except a couple of desperadoes, named Wright and Newman, who escaped. Search was made for their ill gotten gains without success, and the robber band and its hidden treasure eventually became only gossip and tradition. The old Spray cabin was a haunted place for many years, but was finally burned, and for the last quarter of a century the very location has been lost sight of, it merely being known that it once stood in one of the Broderick fields.

The other morning the men on this farm upon going to work in a wheat field were astounded to find a long trench dug in the earth, ending at what proved to be the fireplace of the old Spray cabin. The stones of the hearth had been plowed over until two feet under ground, so the person unearthing them must have had an accurate knowledge of their location. These stones had been removed by the persons excavating and two holes sunk in the ground for some little depth. From one of these it was evident that a box had been taken and carried off. What it contained and who took it are questions which have set the whole region agog. Two Texans who had been loitering about and who disappeared the night of the digging are supposed to have some connection with the affair. It is said that they obtained a knowledge of the buried treasure from Wright or Newman and came after many years to claim it.—Indianapolis News.

Members of the Korean Legation.

The members of the Korean legation in Washington are showing themselves more progressive than any of the orientals of the diplomatic corps. When the Koreans arrived four years ago they wore gorgeous silk gowns, long pigtail hats and peculiar ventilated hats which looked like flytraps. They were followed about by a mob of small boys, but they soon laid aside their oriental garb. Over a year ago the men at the legation did away with their pigtail hats and donned trousers. Then Mrs. Ye, wife of the minister, began wearing the most fashionable gowns of American make, and her home became a social center among the diplomats.

Mrs. Ye has now become a member of the Presbyterian church. For some time she and her husband have attended the Church of the Covenant, occupying seats directly back of President Harrison. It is only within recent days, however, that Mrs. Ye had her name entered as a member of the church. She took the step while visiting in a small Virginia town near here. It is understood that the Korean minister and other members of the legation will follow the example of Mrs. Ye.—Chicago News-Record.

Many Troubles and Vexations Caused by a Visit.

Many troubles and vexations were caused by a visit which was paid the other day by the czar to the military camp at Izora. The latter place is a village on the Neva, about ten miles from St. Petersburg, and accessible by water or rail. On the occasion of the visit soldiers were placed on the railway. Not far from the city are a number of mills, the workmen at which live on the opposite side of the line, going home daily for their meals. These workmen got to their work on Saturday morning, but were not allowed to cross the line to gain their food, being obliged to go without their food or buy it in a public house. No traffic was allowed.

Everybody who laid their own farm lands on the side of the railway were forbidden to fall across. The trains from Moscow were stopped and were sent off all within a quarter of an hour of each other in the evening. The river traffic was also entirely suspended. It can be readily imagined that such a circumstance would occasion some vexation, and it is only a Russian official who can see the good of it.—London News.

Graves in the Cemetery.

Every one of the several hundred graves in the Cemetery of the Holy Redeemer, on East Biddle street, has been decorated with flowers and candles during the past two days. The big congregations of St. Michael's and St. James' Catholic churches, who use the cemetery, have decorated the graves of men, women and children. It has been raining, and the graves had been coming and going, one on foot and some in carriages. While much was carried with them and spent a whole day with the dead. At nightfall the candles lit up a pale flitting of light from each mound. The visit to the burying place is a survival of the former custom of celebrating mass and offering prayers for the repose of the souls in purgatory.—Baltimore Sun.

Resting in an Old House.

The ancient blockhouse in Edgcomb, at the entrance of Wiscasset harbor, Maine, which was built in 1808, has fallen into such dilapidation that extensive repairs have been found necessary. To replace the timbers which supported the walls and floors of the second story beams fifteen inches square have been required. Summer residents of the vicinity have undertaken the task of restoring and preserving the old landmark.—New York Tribune.

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Saved by Pure Nerve.

"About two weeks ago I was camping with a party on the shore of Lake Erie, near from Ashtabula," said George Wilson.

"Shortly after we had retired one evening I heard a peculiar whirring sound, which I recognized at once. There is a rattlesnake in the camp!" I exclaimed. "I am going to get up."

"Hush!" came the word, slowly hissed through the teeth, from a companion near me. The snake has crawled into my shirt bosom. This was said very softly, and we were almost paralyzed with fright at the prospect. We were afraid to stir for fear the reptile would take alarm and strike its victim. It crawled over his body good naturedly, evidently enjoying the warmth, for the night was a little raw.

"At times the snake's head was close to his face, and he told us afterward he feared the motion of his chest up and down in breathing would stir up the reptile, and he tried hard to breathe as little as possible. Finally the snake crawled toward the fire, and in an instant the whole camp was up. One seized a club and broke the reptile's back before it could make a spring. It measured nearly five feet.

"The man who had the terrible experience collapsed like a rag after it was over. During the ordeal we were all surprised at the coolness and nerve he displayed. With all danger passed he fell into a faint, but he soon revived."—Syracuse Standard.

The Book of Confessions.

The English drawing room has a new fad, which is as unique as it is interesting. On a table in the drawing room or the reception room is kept a handsomely bound volume with the word "confessions" running in large gilt letters over the handsome binding. In it are contained all the gossip or sentimental thoughts of the members of the family and intimate friends, which they inscribe from day to day. Here and there one finds a line quoted from some more or less noted poet to indicate the sentiment that swayed the writer's heart. Communicated itself to his pen at the time he made the inscription, or some sad or joyful happening that has caused him to leave behind the imprint of his state of mind by perfoliating a page from a familiar author.

The name of the writer is signed to each inscription, and for weeks afterward this quaint volume furnishes food for the amusement of the initiated by its curious contents. It is not only in many cases an index to the character of those who are permitted to write in it, but it reflects their temperaments as well, like a diary, in which are entered the events of a space of one's life.—Jeune Miller's Illustrated.

Republicans Fight Trade Lord.

My Paris correspondent writes, "Deeply as British civic corporations are sunk in snobism, none of them ever fell so low as, in naming a street after the hero of Trafalgar or of Waterloo, to christen it Lord Nelson street or Duke of Wellington street."

My correspondent underestimates the depth of snobism in civic human nature. There is, it appears, a "Lord Nelson street" in Liverpool. Even this is outdone in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Some years ago the city boasted of two Lord Nelson streets and two Milton streets. In order to get rid of the consequent confusion, the corporation, instead of altering "street" into some synonym, put a thoroughfare into "Lord Nelson street" and another into "Lord Milton street." The idea of conferring a pseudo nobility upon the author of "Peveril of the Loeb" is novel and striking, and one comes to think of it there is no obvious omission of this kind in history, which it may not yet be too late to rectify.—London Truth.

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A SCOTCH TRADITION.

MERCILESS WARFARE OF ONE OF THE OLD SCOTCH CLANS.

A Terrible Story of the Frightful Destruction of a Whole Race, the Inhabitants of One Island—Even Today the Spot is Said to Be Haunted.

A friend of mine made a prolonged tour of Scotland last year to indulge in his favorite pastime—fishing—of which there is some better in the whole world than among the highlands and contiguous islands of that country. He brought back with him a vast storehouse of strange tales of the primitive people among whom he sojourned, for he avoided the usual lines of travel, confining his wanderings to the remote villages and out of the way places which the ordinary tourist never visits. He lived for months with the peasant and fisherman class, with whom, ingratiating himself into their good graces, he learned much of the traditions current in the region, which have only been kept alive by being handed down from father to son through the generations.

At one time residing with a simple fisherman on one of the Hebrides, that group made famous by the celebrated tour of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, he was told a strange story pertaining to a cave on one of the islands, which he afterwards visited with his host, making the weird tradition doubly interesting. It was this:

More than three centuries ago there existed two clans between which there had waged the most bitter and relentless warfare for generations. Of course the people of both factions were but little more civilized than the North American Indians when Columbus gave a new world to Spain. Both clans lived by stealing from their neighbors, decidedly preferring the mode of life to an honest endeavor of raising anything for themselves. Their tenure of the dark glens which they claimed was held by the prowess of their primitive bows and arrows, their rude claymores and ruder dirks. Ignorant, cruel and vindictive, the several clans hated each other with a hatred unknown but to dense ignorance; they hated simply because their names differed, because they had been taught that differences between names meant feuds between races.

One of these two contending clans lived on one of the little islands of the Hebrides group, a barren rock, desolate spot, surrounded only by the eternal surf. One mild winter day the boats of their hated enemy. The intention of the invaders was of course to kill, plunder and destroy. They did plunder and burn the huts they found on the shore, but not a human being was found that they could massacre. The whole island appeared to have been abandoned. The invaders ransacked it well; traversed every glen and every ravine and wondered where their venerated enemies had gone. Failing in the principal part of their bloody mission, they prepared to leave. They took up their camp, but hardly had they cleared the little creek by which they had entered from the sea when a man, who appeared extraordinarily vain, stepped forward in the uncertain light of a willow torch and quietly but firmly said:

"I shout announced the discovery, and the invader disappeared. But the secret had been betrayed. The inhabitants had hidden themselves, not departed. In half an hour their assailants landed and at themselves with a disappointed hope to the south. Snow had fallen during the night, and the footsteps of the invaders led to a ravine, the wherabouts of his clan. The invaders exultingly followed his trail to the hiding place of his people, a curious cavern, its entrance through the maze of rock overgrown with thick grass, a place easily missed by the invaders who entered with the intention of conquering the locality. In this cave were gathered all the families of the tribe, the women and little children and a few of the old men, the men of the clan, the young warriors having gone off on an excursion—a marauding excursion—to the neighboring islands.

With shouts of triumph and exciting wrang compatible to the cry of "Invaders!" they collected around, drifted with the dread death, in which the rocks were piled and piled again, and the invaders, their limbs, and what their enemies were doing, containing the silence of a tomb. A few words of muttering Gaelic were heard, but the invaders had retreated, and the cave was a silent and empty shell. The invaders were a wall of agony. Over the creaking and roaring of the huge fire the dying wretches attempted to get out, only to be killed at the mouth of the fierce hell or thrust back with pikes into the scorching flames. At last all sounds ceased—the blaze sunk and died away completely; the fiends had done their work; not a living creature remained within the almost red hot cavern. The clan had been extinguished—a clan less in the highlands of Scotia. The triumphant murderers took to their boats and sailed away again, leaving their dead unburied as they lay.

They never were buried through all the long years. The little island where such atrocities were committed was accursed—haunted by spirits of those who had met their horrible fate there. It was also claimed by the fishermen of the other islands that whenever they happened to pass that way in the night low wallings were distinctly heard, sharp, piercing shrieks, and that ghastly skeletons were seen walking on the beach, and the place was avoided as a pest hole. After many generations these superstitious notions died out. Now the island is inhabited again, but the dreadful legend sticks to it, and it is said that many a human bone is dug up by the small gardeners.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Resting in an Old House.

The ancient blockhouse in Edgcomb, at the entrance of Wiscasset harbor, Maine, which was built in 1808, has fallen into such dilapidation that extensive repairs have been found necessary. To replace the timbers which supported the walls and floors of the second story beams fifteen inches square have been required. Summer residents of the vicinity have undertaken the task of restoring and preserving the old landmark.—New York Tribune.

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