

AUTUMN.

With sky brown eyes she comes again, With hair a sunny, silken gleam...

CUPID'S ARROWS.

Once upon a time there lived at Simla a very pretty girl, the daughter of a poor but honest district and sessions judge...

When a man is a commissioner and a hachelor and has the right of wearing openwork jam tart jewels in gold and enamel on his clothes...

He was a plain man—an ugly man—the ugliest man in Asia, with two exceptions. His was a face to dream about and try to carve on a pipe head afterward...

When he turned his attentions to Miss Beighton, I believe that Mrs. Beighton wept with delight at the reward Providence had sent her in her old age.

Mr. Beighton held his tongue. He was an easy going man.

Now, a commissioner is very rich. His pay is beyond the dreams of avarice—is so enormous that he can afford to save and scrape in a way that would almost discredit a member of council.

Consider that everything I am writing of took place in an almost prehistoric era in the history of British India.

But there was no denying the fact that Barr-Saggott was phenomenally ugly, and all his attempts to adorn himself only made him more grotesque.

Then Kitty put up her little chin and said irreverent things about precedence and commissioners and matrimony.

Late in the season, when he judged that the time was ripe, Barr-Saggott developed a plan which did great credit to his administrative powers.

She smiled at the mother of a potential commissioner, and the shooting began, all the world standing a semicircle as the ladies came out one after the other.

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND HER WORK.

Declining Days of the Greatest Woman-Writer America Has Ever Produced—How the Famous Fiction Came to Be Written.

Whatever may be the purpose of the aged and obscure negro of Lexington, Ky., in setting up the claim that he is the original from which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe drew the character of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it will scarcely be regretted that it has called public attention once more to the first and greatest woman writer America has ever produced.

The public will accept at once, and without a dissenting voice, the statement of the distinguished author that Uncle Tom had no living prototype, but the character was her own creation.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AT 42.

write this wonderful story is easily answered.

She was born at Litchfield, Conn., and was one of a family of six, all of whom became distinguished in the particular fields of labor they had chosen, and she, perhaps, the most distinguished of them all.

Her father removed to Cincinnati to accept the presidency of a theological school when she was a young woman, and she and her sister intended to found a school for young women, but the married Prof. Stowe before their plans were matured.

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The great patron saint of the Armenian Christians is St. Gregory, surnamed the "Illuminator," who baptized King Trivdates in 302 A. D.

The artificial ensemble sung of in the following rhyme, clipped from a London exchange, is not applicable to many women nowadays, but the catastrophe of the closing lines is by no means rare.

Both in individuals and in masses violent excitement is always followed by remission and often by reaction.

First Author—Have you heard that our chum, Smithers, has married? Second Author—Yes, he wanted to double his circle of readers!—Flegende Blatter.

The party had been toiling for an hour up a steep road along the edge of a precipice.

Roman ladies of rank had their slaves carry for them a number of amber and crystal balls about the size of a billiard ball.

green glades and perennial flowers of Florida. One can but wish that she might have found there "the fountain of perpetual youth," so diligently sought by Ponce De Leon, but which unfortunately existed only in the visionary mind of that noted Spanish adventurer.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" itself, as represented in the average stage production, bears little similarity to the one which Mrs. Stowe idealized.

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THE BOGUS "UNCLE TOM."

Mrs. Stowe's admirers, whose memories turn back to ante-bellum days, to realize that she has been permitted to see the full fruition of her labors, and prayers, and to rejoice over a country now indeed free and united, and now, as these many friends read this brief glimpse of her, after her long retirement from public view.

Primitives Mounds in Texas. A communication from Mr. John E. Matthews in your issue of Dec. 27 respecting mounds and the "mound builders" shows that he is probably unaware of the existence of a group of mounds in Texas, which are well worthy of study by the archaeologist.

A Russian general who was in a hurry to get to St. Petersburg from Vladivostok found the time saving route was to go to Yokohama by steamer, thence by another steamer across the Pacific to San Francisco, by rail to New York and by steamer to Europe.

Everything Goes. Yabsley—Who was it that said, "Genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains?" Wickwire—I don't know who said it, but if it be true my wife is a genius.

A Brilliant Spirit of Repartee. She—It is reported around town that we are engaged. He—I have heard worse things than that. She—I never have.—Texas Siftings.

A Knowing One. "I don't gamble," said the cannibal as he took the lid off the sailor soup, "but I guess I'll open this jack pot." Life.

He Will Need It. Lord Dunraven sailed for home before the result of his investigation was made public. This course will give him a few days in which to compose a suitable apology.—New York Telegram.

One Way Out of It. As a last resort the powers might secure a dice box and make it a turkey raffle.—Kansas City Times.

THE WIZARD ON WAR.

HOW THE ONLY EDISON WOULD TREAT A FOREIGN INVADER.

Electricity as an Engine of Destruction. Cables Laden With Torpedoes—Ordinary Water Could Be Charged With Death Dealing Currents.

Thomas A. Edison, wizard and workman, has ideas for waging war with electricity.

"The only sort of war I believe in and the only sort that I look forward to is commercial war. That sort of war is warlike enough for anybody, as you know if you have ever tried it."

"However, I have been thinking a little about plans for convincing Britannia that she does not rule the wave as thoroughly as she seems to think she does."

"Mind you, by the way, I am quite certain that a great deal has been done in the way of coast defense by the navy that the public knows nothing about."

"At the same time no man can think of everything, and perhaps this idea of mine that I shall tell you about would be of use. The navy has men who could easily carry out the idea if it were given to them. It is simple."

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The trouble seems to be that the English have ships that could sit out at sea and shoot at us from a distance of ten miles. That would annoy us, no doubt, but I think my plan would intercept the passage of the vessels on their cheerful bombing errand.

I should think that a great number of these cables could be laid for a small fraction of the cost of even a small navy. The cost of one English battleship would supply cables and torpedoes enough to blow a whole navy into the air.

"I have a lot of other schemes in my head, but I have not the time to think seriously of what may never be serious if needed. We need cheap electric light and cheap electric power and cheap electric transportation in this country more than we need electric guns."

"I rather like my idea of flying torpedoes, and I think that they might prove eventually to be great pacifiers. They would move by electricity and once being launched they would fall, quite unlike the gentle dew, from heaven and blow everything to pieces."

"If we had them first, however, we could send them over to England on fast cruisers and drop a few on London or Windsor in a manner persuasive. I think that when the art of war shall enable fighting countries to drop flying dynamite torpedoes on queens and presidents, no retreat will be safe and the sending of common men to be shot or subsequently taxed will no longer be so much of a novelty."

"What we need is to make sure that war will mean the death of those who declare it, and declarations of war will be scarce."

"My plan for using a stream of water with an electric current attached would be of special value in defending a fort against assault. It is nonsense to offer any objections to the plan."

TRUE TO THE QUEEN.

A SCHOOLGIRL'S DISPLAY OF PLUCK RAISES A TUMULT.

Belleville's High School Up in Arms—The Girls Say She Is "Horrid," but the Boys Declare They Will Stand by Her Whether She Be Right or Wrong.

Pretty Polly Biller's action in tearing up an American flag and taking England's side on the Venezuelan question before the scholars of the high school at Belleville, N. J., continues to be the talk of the town.

The Biller family Bible says Miss Polly's Christian name is Mary, but she is universally called Polly. She is the bright 16-year-old daughter of Lawyer George Biller of Newark, and is as pretty as she is bright.

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When she came down stairs, her appearance was made more attractive by the outlines of two flags embroidered upon the bosom of her dress.

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LAYMAN PREACHES.

Novel Feature in a Baptist Church in Illinois.

A new feature in the pulpit parlance was introduced in the First Baptist church at Evanston, Ill., the other evening.

The pastor exchanged places with a member of his congregation and listened from a pew while the layman discoursed to the large audience which had gathered in consequence of this novel method of conducting church services.

The man who spoke was Mr. J. W. Thompson, president of the Evanston library board, a wide reader and deep thinker. He is, moreover, a business man, being the manager of a bicycle company.

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