

FAMILY STORY

HIS REVENGE.

M. S. RAVAGER had met with an accident. Struggling up channel during the night he had collided with a bark out from the pier, and though no one could quite tell how the mishap occurred, it was perfectly clear that the bark had gone down, and that the ram of the warship was in a damaged condition. M. S. Ravager was accordingly put into dry dock for repairs.

As very often happens at this place where the vessel was docked, convicts were at work upon the quays. They were a mixed lot; but, being good-conduct men, they all enjoyed a greater freedom of action in the discharge of their duties than is ordinarily extended to the enforced working guests of the nation. Yet, notwithstanding this unspoken testimony to their comparative worth, the commander of the Ravager was less disposed than usual to place trust in them. He was in a ferocious humor, for that little affair with the bark was not unlikely to interfere with his promotion. There would be an inquiry, of course, and what Christian ever could tell what confounded foolishness and injustice the "minding" might yield? He cursed the bark, and the ill-luck and the navigating lieutenant whom at one time he had left on the bridge, each with impartial fury; and put a double guard of marines ashore, with fixed bayonets and ball cartridge, and an emphatic instruction to "play the very devil with those jail-birds if they tried on any of their cursed nonsense."

The extra precaution was scarcely necessary. To do justice to these unwilling residents within the shadow of the broad arrow, they had no evil designs upon her Majesty's warship. Their hostility to an unappreciative country did not rise to quite so great a height as that. All the same, the commander might very easily have justified his course of action had such been necessary by the fact that many of the convicts were working only a few yards from the dock side and somewhat removed from the warder's immediate watchfulness; though it would have been possible to show on the other hand that, being men whose term of servitude was almost completed, these prisoners were perfectly reliable, inasmuch as they could not afford to commit any indiscretions calculated to jeopardize their expected early release on ticket-of-leave.

These considerations did not in any way concern the commander of H. M. S. Ravager, however. He was merely resolved to blow the convicts to the mischief, individually or collectively, if they tried on any tricks with his ship; and in the choicest of quarter-deck English gave orders accordingly.

One of the prisoners was working quite near to the dockside and almost in the track of one of the sentries from the Ravager. Though rather a refined person in appearance, the degradation of his position by no means overbelieved him with melancholy or distress. It may have been the consciousness of innocence that enabled him to whistle softly an air which had served the stout organs some seven years before and enabled him to view with unconcern the close proximity of his fellow-man. Perhaps he reflected that those aboard the Ravager were harder worked prisoners than himself and that he could afford them a trifle of pity.

He did not disdain, moreover, to take advantage of the situation in which he found himself, nor was his sensitiveness hurt by the silence of Tommy Atkins when he endeavored to engage that worthy in conversation. He was not discouraged by Tommy's dignity, and did not hesitate to try again when the guard was changed late in the afternoon and Private Robert Smith commenced his monotonous sentry-go.

As it happened Private Smith was intensely interested and excited by the presence of the convicts. He had good reason to be, for he remembered with a vividness and horror that set him shuddering how near he had been some eight years before to just such a degradation as these men were enduring. He was a different personage altogether now—different even in name—to the slip of a boy who had thought it a distinction to be the boon companion of one so clever and so dashing a man as Louis Vaudouis. The service had made a man of him, had effected a complete change in his personal appearance, while the narrow escape from the conviction for forgery during the period of Vaudouis' influence had so frightened him from wild ways that there was now no staid member of her Majesty's red uniforms than Private Smith, sometime Roger Vanbrugh. But in one respect he did not alter. He remained staunch to a savage hatred against the man who had certainly brought ruin into his life, and by secondarily insulting manners and methods had almost sent him into surroundings like unto those upon which he had passed with such fascination ever since the Ravager had been floated into dock. It is true the charge against him at the Old Bailey had not been established through a defending counsel's clever manipulation of evidence imperfectly presented by the prosecution; but he hated Louis Vaudouis no less passionately at that account, for he had but to recall those terrible hours spent before his judges—the miserable twistings, tellings, and baitings of the evidence, and, above all, the justice of the charge, to fill his heart with such fierce enmity as even now set his pulses leaping and boiling with the wildest desire for revenge.

A thrill of excitement went shivering down his spine for an instant, as he recalled fully through his veins as he found himself ashore and pacing so closely to the convict who had made vain overtures to Private Atkins, and who was now softly humming a once favorite music hall ditty.

The man's back was turned toward Private Smith. To all appearances he

Anecdote and Incident

Webster habitually fortified himself during speeches with gin and water. Gin, of course, has the advantage of looking exactly like water to the naked eye, and the great benefit kept it in him in a phial, with a tumbler, for medicinal doses. It is related that one day a fellow Senator took a big swallow from the glass, quite unsuspectingly, just as he rose to make some remarks, and the consequence was a choking fit, which threw the whole chamber, and particularly Mr. Webster, into convulsions of laughter.

M. Thiers, the president of the French Republic, once fought a duel over a girl of Aix, whose father had come to the conclusion that young Thiers, then a student, ought to marry her. "I don't do it," Thiers says, "to spend a few minutes with a woman about which I knew nothing than to spend a lifetime with a woman about whom I knew a great deal too much." And so the meeting came off, the opponents standing at twenty paces. Thiers' bullet went nobody knew where; that of the lady parent passed through his hat, an inch above his head. Referring to the circumstance, "Cham" in the Paris Press, afterward remarked: "If Thiers had not been so little he would never have become so great."

"Black Jack" Perival, who was a naval captain before the war, once brought a cargo of Spanish Jacks home in a nutcracker. He was in Spanish waters when the Jacks were given to the United States by Spain says the New York Sun, and was ordered to bring them out in his ship. It made him very angry, but he got the beasts aboard and sailed for New York. When he came through the Narrows, the guns had been rolled back, and out of every port there sailed a Jack's head. Thus decked out and without a salute he came to his anchorage. The admiral commanding sent post haste to demand why Captain Perival had not saluted. "I didn't salute," was the doubtful captain's answer, "because I couldn't. I had two men twisting every Jack's tail, but not one of them would brag."

Some hundred and fifty years ago, the natives of one of the Solly Islands boasted a library which consisted of but one book. It went from hand to hand until its pages grew utterly worthless. A meeting of the dignitaries was held to decide upon the purchase of a new library, this time of more than one book. Long and loud they argued, and the matter was nearly approaching a disastrous crisis, when a deputation of townspeople, desiring to have a voice in the matter, waited upon the dignitaries. Again the discussion waxed furious, and the ultimate result was the following resolution: "Resolved, On the next fine day, weather permitting, communication with the mainland, an order be transmitted to Penzance for another copy of 'History of Doctor Faustus.'" Then the meeting joyously broke up.

Nobody does anything well for nothing, and certainly not a lawyer. Lord Mansfield was so sensible of this that when, on one occasion, he had to attend to some professional business of his own, he took some guineas out of his purse and put them into his waistcoat pocket to give him the requisite stimulus. Sir Anthony Malone, an Irish attorney general, was so imprudent as to omit this precaution, and was grievously punished for it, for he was so inattentive regarding some property he bought for himself that he lost three thousand pounds a year by it. In future he enclosed his clerk to make an abstract of the title deeds of any property he bought, and lay it before him with a fee of five guineas, properly indorsed, which the clerk was scrupulously to account for; after which Sir Anthony made no more mistakes, as regarded, at least, his own affairs.

Once when the Pontaeola was coming up to San Francisco from the South sea, somewhere off Honolulu, she met a gale that almost laid her down. Carpenter McGloin, a privileged character who invariably became seelick in heavy weather, promptly went to bed. Finally it was reported to the captain that something was wrong with the foretopmast. The captain sent for McGloin, and the carpenter staggered on deck, "Get up there," commanded the captain, "and see what's the matter at the foretop." "Up that mast?" gasped McGloin. The proposition so dazed him that he lost his breath. "Up that mast," reiterated the captain, "and find out what's the matter at the foretop." "Captain," said McGloin, in a last despairing protest, "do you really mean that you want me to go up that mast in this storm, with this ship going this way, and see what's wrong with that foretop?" "You heard what I said," explained the captain, losing patience at last; "now get up that mast, and be quick about it, too." "Captain," said McGloin, solemnly, "if there was a four-inch plank from here to Brooklyn, I'd walk home."

A lady had issued invitations for a party of twelve, and on the morning of the appointed day, when conferring with the footman, she discovered that one of the twelve silver shells in which she had ordered the wine to be served had been misplaced. Right search for the missing article having proved unavailing, the lady decided that, sooner than give up that particular course, she would simply decline orders which they were intended for, and so the eleven shells would be sufficient. It happened that, when the orders were served at dinner, the hostess was engaged in a very animated conversation with one or two of her neighbors; and, forgetting her determination, took one of the shells of oysters and set it before herself. If the servant's heart fell in consternation at this, he gave no external sign at all, but, speaking in tones almost beneath the eardrums, but you said I was to remind you that the doctor forbade your eating oysters."

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheered to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

A Trifling Affair.
Columbian—Look here, Freddie, the man next door says you fired a small stone through a 22 gauge of glass in his window.
Freddie—Pshaw! If that price is worth \$2 I broke about 10 cents' worth of it.—New York World.

Quite a Pleasant Citizen.
Tommy (caught in the heinous offense of making a slip)—Oh right! don't trouble for get our yer 'stardies' (shirts). I'll go quietly, I won't offer no resistance.—Scrap.

Changed.
Parks—I can remember before I was married that I was tired of everything—nearly blasé.
Lame—Things are different now?
"I should say so; now it's a real pleasure to go to the club."—Brooklyn Life.

Have To.
Teacher—Johnnie, what do you suppose will become of you if you don't learn to spell better?
Johnnie—Dunno. Guess I'll take to writing dialect stories.—New York Journal.

A Brute.
Editor's Wife—Oh, John, the baby has swallowed a button!
Editor—Well, let's hope it won't hurt the poor little chap, but should it happen to kill him what a splendid alternative headline it will make!—"A Baby Bites a Button and Becomes Breathless!"
Editor's Wife—Oh, you brute!—Fun.

His Theory.
Jinks—That was a strange opinion of Capt. Symmes that the world is hollow.
Rinks—I am inclined to believe his theory was right.
Jinks—Why so?
Rinks—Because so many people have gone under lately.—Washington Times.

An Anarchist.
"What is an anarchist, anyway?"
"An anarchist is one who howls, who has no regard for authority, and who incoherently gabbles night and day."
"Yes; we have one at our house."
"What's his name?"
"Isn't named yet. He's our baby."
—New York Tribune.

Quite True.
History class at school:
Teacher—Name some of the most important things existing to-day which were unknown 100 years ago?
Tommy (with an air of intelligence)—Us!—Scottish Nights.

Cutting Back at Her.
Worried Shop Assistant (dritably)—Is there anything else I can get you, madame? We have some nice dark veils.—Truth.

The Light that Failed.
Mabel—So Mrs. Doyne has left her husband! I'm surprised; she used to say he was the light of her existence.
May—Yes, I know; but the light got going out nights.—Up-to-Date.

Her Dearest Friend.
Mrs. Newby—If I had known that my husband would be so hard to please I would never have married him.
Mrs. Tarty—Yet he can't have been so very hard to please when you did.—Truth.

Note Necessary.
Mrs. Noyes—Children! children! Can't you get along without making such a terrible racket?
Nelle Noyes—No, mamma, we can't. Willie's playing his papa coming home late at night!—Youkers Statesman.

Patent Cash Carrier.
"It runs from here to the rear of the store and thence to the fifth story, where the cashier receives it," the clerk explained.
"I gosh! I guess Mandy was right when she told me this was the store where a little money went a long ways."—Indianapolis Journal.

Two Views.
She—Miss Highbop is my warmest friend.
He—Warmest? The rest of your friends must be frozen stiff, for she's cold enough to chill a refrigerator.—Detroit Free Press.

At the Theater.
Behind a bunch of plumes she sat; They could not smother A laugh; for surely one big hat Deserves another.—Washington Star.

Every one who works hard is constantly surprised at seeing how well worthless people get along.

Cause and Effect.
"They say bleaching the hair causes softening of the brain."
"Not it is just the opposite; softening of the brain causes people to bleach the hair."—Yale Record.

As Usual.
"What because of your woman's de-filing style?"
"We couldn't find a girl who would act as chairman and keep still while the rest of us talked."—Philadelphia North American.

Of Course.
"I am rich and you are poor," said she. "Would you love me just the same were I the other way?"
"Of course I would, darling! It will be the other way after we are married."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Thin.
Mummers—Where's the lying skeleton, Joe? It's his turn to go on.
General Unity Boy—He's went an' slipped while he was washing his hands and went down 'n' waste pipe.—New York Tribune.

A Lay of Enjoyment.
Mr. Galber—Where's Mrs. Galber?
Servant—Somebody told her an important secret this morning and she has been out all day going from house to house visiting her friends—Spore Moments.

By Another Name.
Daughter—Did you give Charley any encouragement?
Father—Well, I suppose it amounts to that. He called it a loan, however.—Detroit Tribune.

English Sarcasm of Our Big Fruit.
Please, mister, frow me an apple?
Thrown—Aly Sloper.

She Was Unkind.
Mr. Duddlegh—Ah, Miss du Million, I have come to press my suit, doncher know?
Miss du Million—You may be a goose, Mr. Duddlegh, but this is not a tailor shop.—Omaha World Herald.

The Sweet in Shape.
First Milliner—How do you give your hats that sweet shape?
Second Milliner—Oh, when I get them all trimmed I run them through a clothes wringer.—Detroit Tribune.

Took Him at His Word.
Hubby—You are worth a million to me.
Wife—Can I get an advance of \$40 on that million for a new hat?—New York Tribune.

Liberal.
"Oh, what did her father give the bride?"
"I think I heard you say, Sir, His honor 'erfused in a generous tide, And he gave the bride-away."
—Up-to-Date.

Potatoes.
"I hear Smith has quit sowing his wild oats." "Yes!" "Yes, His attention was called to the strong arguments in favor of rotation of crops."—Detroit Tribune.

First Time.
Miss Sharpe—I celebrate my 24th birthday to-morrow.
Miss Oblige—Indeed! And isn't it singular? So do I.
Miss Sharpe—Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time!—London Tit-Bits.

Advice that Came Too Late.
Parson—Think twice, my friend, before you drink that.
Laborer—I 'ave, guv'nor; this is the third time.—Sketch.

Haven't Prof'ed.
Singleton—Don't you think that children profit by the example of their parents?
Benedict—Oh, I don't know. My son and daughter both want to get married.—New York Journal.

