



RULE OF THREE.

THE master of the schooner Harbell came slowly toward the harbor, accompanied by his mate, a man who included no intoxicants, the dignity of the skipper, always a feature, had developed tremendously under the influence of his mate. He stepped aboard his schooner importantly, and then, turning to the mate, who was about to suddenly hold up his hand for help.

"What did I tell you?" he inquired sharply as the mate got quietly down.

"The mate listened. From the fo'c's'le the low gruff voices of men broking the silvery ripple of women's hair.

"I'm a Dutchman," said the mate, with the air of one who felt he expected to say something.

"After all I said to 'em," said the skipper with weary dignity. "You don't know I said to 'em, Jack?"

"Sbody could ha' swore louder," testified the mate.

"Here they are," said the skipper, "defying of me."

"They've been gone and asked the females down the fo'c's'le ag'in, know what I said I'd do, Jack, if I did."

"You'd eat 'em without salt," said the other helpfully.

"I'd do worse than that, Jack," said the skipper after a moment's discomfiture. "What's to hinder us casting off and taking them along with us?"

"If you ask me," said the mate, "I don't say you couldn't please the ladies."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, nodding sagely; "don't make no noise, and let the mate be cast off the schooner which held his unconscious vision of their native town, and the wind off the shore the little schooner sailed away from the quay."

The skipper went to the wheel, and the mate of the mate hauling on the rope brought a rough head out of the fo'c's'le, the owner of which, after a cry of surprise below, sprang up on deck and looked around in bewilderment.

"And by there," cried the skipper, "the others came rushing on deck, and began 'our parlor, sir," said one in his more politeness in his than he had ever used before.

"And by," said the skipper.

"Well, then," shouted the mate, "lively there! Lively with it!"

The men looked at each other helpfully and went to their posts, as a man of dismay arose from the fair deck below, having just begun to realize their position, were coming back to try and improve it.

"That!" roared the skipper, in premeditated astonishment; "what! gells and after all I said. It can't be! I'm dreaming."

"Take us back," wailed the damsel, clinging the sarsenic; "take us back, sir."

"I can't go back," said the skipper. "You see what comes of disobeying my gells. Lively there on that deck!"

"I won't do it again," cried the damsel as the schooner came to the harbor and they smelled the sea beyond. "Take us back."

"Can't be done," said the skipper, firmly.

"I sign the lot, sir," said Ephraim Biddle, solemnly.

"Well," said the skipper; "they're always, an' I shall put 'em ashore the first port we touch at—Plymouth."

A heartrending series of screams from the stowaways rounded his senses, screams which gave way to sobs, as the schooner, catching the wind, began to move through the water.

"I'd better get below, my gals," Biddle, who was the eldest member of the crew, consolingly.

"You don't you make him take us down," said Jenny Evans, the biggest of the three girls, indignantly.

"We can't, my dear," said Biddle helplessly. "You don't want to see us into prison, do you?"

"Don't mind," said Miss Evans, "so long as we get back."

"You take us back," said Scott, sullenly.

"Well, you can look out for some other time," said Miss Evans, how ever. "You won't marry me, how would you get if you did make the skipper put back?"

"I'm likely six months," said Biddle helplessly.

"I'm months would soon pass away," Miss Evans, briskly, as she wiped her eyes.

"I would be a rest," said Miss Williams, coaxingly.

"I'm not seeing things in quite same light, the girls announced intention of having nothing more with them, and crowding together on the benches beneath two or three blankets, consoling themselves with each other's misfortunes.

"I'm all the circumstances of the case, the Captain thought it best to stand down found him still at his post, and the girls put their heads under their blankets and sniffed discomfiture. Then, after an animated discussion, they arose, walked up to the deck, and eyed him unfavorably.

"You're not any bigger than a said Miss Williams, savagely.

"I didn't think of it before," said Miss Evans. "I s'pose the crew help him."

"If they do, we'll serve them the same," said Miss Evans, scornfully.

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gazed earnestly at them and took the wheel.

"You won't hurt old Biddle, I know," he said, trying to speak confidently.

"Of course not," said Miss Evans, emphatically.

"Tar doesn't hurt," explained Miss Williams.

"It's good for you," said the third lady, positively. "One—two—"

"It's no good," said the mate, as Ephraim came hurriedly into the rigging, "you'll have to give in."

"I'm—I will," said the infuriated skipper. Then an idea occurred to him, and puckering his face shrewdly he began to descend.

"All right," he said, shortly, as Miss Evans advanced to meet him. "I'll go back."

He took the wheel. The schooner came around before the wind, and the willing crew, letting the sheets go, hauled them in again on the port side.

"And now, my lady," said the skipper, with a benevolent smile, "just clear that mess up off the deck, and you may as well pitch them mops overboard. They'll never be any good again."

He spoke carelessly, albeit his voice trembled a little, but his heart sank within him as Miss Evans waved them back.

"You stay where you are," she said, imperiously. "We'll throw them overboard—when we've done with them. What did you say, Captain?"

The Captain was about to repeat it with great readiness when Miss Evans raised her trusty mop. The words died away on his lips, and after a hopeless glance from his mate to the crew, and from the crew to the rigging, he accepted his defeat and in grim silence took them home again.—Washington Post.

Manitoba's Premier Incognito.

About one year ago a respected citizen of a small town in North Dakota walked into the hotel with his wife for the noonday meal. He saw at his table two strangers, one a young man, pretty well dressed, and the other, evidently a farmer, about 60 years of age, with a gray, rough beard and well-worn and ill-fitting clothing. Little attention was paid to the pair, beyond a hasty scrutiny. The citizen and his wife were thinking of taking a trip to a lake in Manitoba, near Crystal City, for a few days, and were talking about the trip, inquiring how long the fishing would be good, etc., questions which those who were talking seemed unable to answer. The old farmer spoke up, and, venturing to explain that he lived quite near the lake, told all about the situation there, where to go, at whose house to stop and other needed information. Little else was said, but the impression made on the citizen and wife was not sufficient to cause them to make very much inquiry, and no one about the hotel knew who the two men were.

"Well, he seemed to be a nice old fellow," said the wife, "though I noticed he seemed quite helpless in regard to disposing of his lettuce. Probably his first meal at a hotel."

"Very likely," replied the citizen.

The next day the citizen met his friend, the lawyerman, who said:

"By the way, did you see Premier Greenway of Manitoba when he was here yesterday? His driver brought him down here from Crystal City, where he lives, you know, to catch the train for St. Paul and then to Ottawa, as he was in a hurry to go. He said he thought Greenway was called there to confer with Laurier and fix up the school question. He took dinner at the Columbia, and I didn't know but you might have seen him."—Boston Transcript.

Took His Trunk on His Wheel.

Evidently determined to lessen his expenses for a trip to the shore, an ingenious wheelman pedaled down Walnut street early the other morning on a tandem, the rear seat of which contained an ordinary traveling trunk supported by means of a board fastened to the seat. Comments and smiles were numerous as the strange-looking load went about, but the cyclist wore a satisfied expression, which showed that he was proud of his ingenuity. He got along swimmingly until he reached Second street. In the midst of a gathering of produce tins the daring rider spilled about ten inches of an opening. Giving an extra spurt he attempted to pass through, evidently forgetting he had the trunk in the rear. There was a sudden jolt, a crackling noise, colored language, and all was over. By a miracle the cyclist was not hurt, but was merely thrown among a lot of splinters which had formerly been a trunk. In a dazed manner he collected a lot of shirts, collars, outing suits and several other essentials to a sporty time, and, strapping them together, tied them on the seat again and started for home.—Philadelphia Record.

Europe's Oldest Professor.

Samuel Brassai, the eminent Hungarian professor, has just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his advent to scientific honors. He is 97 years old, and is the senior active teacher of learning in Europe. Through his unselfish devotion to the cause of Hungary and the purifying of the Magyar language he has established a firm place in the hearts of his countrymen. Mr. Brassai has contributed a number of scientific inventions to the physical laboratories of his college in Budapest, among them a chronometer with which he watches the standing of the sun each day and thus regulates the town clocks. He is a great philanthropist. Most of his money has been given to the advancement of sciences throughout his land.

Severn's Advertising Points.

Some odds cannot be overcome by the best of ads.

A smart advertiser doesn't write "smart" ads.

It is as easy to spell a good ad as it is difficult to write one.

Genial warmth in the ad will thaw out the purses of readers.

Poor advertising succeeds oftener than good advertising fails.

Change the ad often and each time let it be a economy, but the people who have most time have least money, and those who have most money have least time: so concentration is necessary in the ad.—Ad Sense.

An Atchison man is writing a novel in which the villain is avenged by his rival marrying the heroine.

CANOVAS.

He Inspired the Horrid Cruelties Practiced in Cuba.

The tragic taking off of Senor Canovas, the Premier of Spain, cannot blur the historical fact that he was the monster who inspired the barbarities in Cuba. He was the archfiend behind the butcher Weyler, and supported him in all his atrocities toward the Cuban patriots. The undoubted fact that Canovas acted only in accordance with his training and his conception of patriotism does not change the nature of his conduct nor ameliorate its horrid savagery.

He was the instigator of the most awful scheme of wholesale assassination the civilized world has seen for years in a civilized land, and the great strength of his character and his domination of his official associates serve to render his cruel nature more conspicuous. There has never been an attempt to deny that Weyler in his present position has been a creature and tool of Canovas. It has even been hinted that the two had some sort of secret business alliance, possibly in connection with a division of spoils. But the business considerations are not material to outside spectators of the Cuban tragedy. The fact that Weyler was the agent who executed the decrees of Canovas, his chief, is the fact that stands out with awful plainness from the record of this conflict.

There have been the most serious complaints against Weyler from his troops, from his officers, from the more humane Spanish citizens in Havana, from thousands of prominent citizens in Madrid, and these complaints have been of such magnitude that any man less strongly fortified in his position must have been overwhelmed. But Weyler has withstood them all and has not abated by one jot his policy of inhumanity. There is nothing of inherent strength in Weyler to justify such successful resistance. He has not been the man of power who has disconcerted his foes. Canovas alone has been his bulwark and to Canovas alone does he owe immunity from the wrath of his outraged people.

But there is a worse phase yet of the situation. Canovas has not only protected Weyler but he has been his sponsor in a way that shows that on Canovas has rested the chief responsibility for the cruelties in Cuba. Canovas has been cognizant of the character of Weyler's campaigns. The whole world has been told with infinite and horrible detail of the butcheries perpetrated by that man. The burning of hospitals, the killing of women and children, the murder of old men, the assassination of non-combatants, the torture of suspects in prison, the assassination of prisoners, the whole category of atrocities has been laid bare to the world faithfully and with horrible circumstantial evidence.

These have been the apparent acts of Weyler, but the man who must be held responsible in history is Canovas. Weyler was Canovas' creature and subject entirely to his will. If Canovas had disapproved of Weyler's course, if he had objected to those butcheries, if he had not desired a reign of barbarous methods in the carrying on of the Cuban war, a word from him would have changed it all. He could have compelled a cessation of the cruelties in a day, or if Weyler had dared to disobey he could have stripped the butcher of his command in an instant.

Canovas has escaped exposure before because the Cuban Junta has feared to tell the truth about him. The Cuban patriots in the United States have not dared place the responsibility where it belonged lest Weyler should be ordered to be more cruel and bloodthirsty. Denunciations have been poured out against Weyler, but the real villain was granted temporary immunity in the hope that some political expediency would cause the recall of Weyler and the substitution of a less savage commander. The American press has followed this same course, heaping execrations on Canovas' tool and hangman instead of on himself, on whom 90 per cent. of the blame must rightfully rest.

Canovas selected Weyler to do this cruel work because he knew Weyler was naturally inhuman and savage, and Canovas was the villain on whom American denunciation should have fallen, hot, vitriolic, and sulphuric. The Italian anarchist had rid the world of one of the hardest-hearted creatures that ever disgraced it. One thing is assured, no subsequent Spanish Premier can escape responsibility for the acts which were naturally inhuman and savage, of the general in command in Cuba. If atrocities are kept up by Weyler or a successor to Weyler the successor to Canovas will be made to feel the wrath of civilization.

Old-Fashioned Journalism.

He was a tenderfoot from Illinois. He was hungry, ragged and dead broke, and was making for Carson Plains with the idea of finding something to do as an editor, reporter or compositor on the American Eagle. It was a scrub week-day, but up to the average and work of some sort was his last hope. He was within a mile of the town, and had sat a crowd of about thirty men turned in from the Snake gulch trail. They were mostly hard looking cases, and as they came up the leader looked the tenderfoot over and queried:

"Why don't ye hang yourself?"

"Because I've got no rope," was the reply.

"What's ye goin'?"

"Down to Carson Flat."

"What for?"

"To hit a job on the Eagle."

"Ar ye a newspaper man?"

"Yes."

"Then cum along."

He followed the crowd down the hill and across the level to the town of tents and shanties, and the first stop was made in front of the Eagle office. The leader and two of his crowd entered, and pretty soon reappeared with the editor and proprietor, who had a rope around his neck and was somewhat perturbed. There were cries of "Hang him!" from various individuals, but the boss of the gang waved his hand for silence and said:

"All in reg'lar order, boys. Now, Mister man, we don't like yer paper, and we've cum over to give ye a choice. Will ye git or hang?"

"What's the matter with my paper?" demanded the editor.

"Will ye git or hang? We hain't no time fur foolin'."

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

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

A Well-Meant Hint.

"I ordered my new bathing suit today, George."

"Well, see that there isn't too much of it."

"Too much of my bathing suit?"

"No. Too much of you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Up to His Eyes in Affairs.

"There goes Modicum all dressed up. I wonder if he is in any business now."

"Oh, dear, yes."

"What is it?"

"Everybody else's."—Exchange.

A Mean Insinuation.

"Yes, sir, when I played Hamlet in Lynnthe house was filled to the doors."

"Where were the doors?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Casey's Energetics.

This shows the admirable energy displayed by Mr. Casey at the bat.

Not a Good Shot.

Forest and Stream contains an account, full of dry humor, of a father and son and their experience with an American rifle of the best and newest make. Target-shooters nowadays have, perhaps, little faith in the marksmanship of the old frontiersmen, and the elder gentleman in question did much, during his visit to his son, to confirm the impression of his own inadequacy.

"Well, well!" he said, examining the target rife at three first opportunity. "What improvements they have made since I was a boy. Dear me! Our rifles were very crude affairs in those days."

He continued in this strain all the way to the woods, and his son began to feel very sorry for him. It seemed a shame to be enjoying such modern improvements which the older generation had been denied. He tried to be encouraging.

"Yes," he said, "the finish of our rifles may be finer, but I suppose the old muzzle-loaders would shoot just as straight."

"I don't know! I don't know!" replied his father, sadly.

"Well, you didn't miss often with them?"

"No, not often. But we didn't dare to miss. Powder was too scarce."

"Lead, too, I suppose?"

"Well, not so scarce as powder, for we could use it over again. When we had powder enough to shoot at a mark, which was seldom, we would always shoot much better than we did, for you have plenty of ammunition to waste in target-shooting. And then you know such fine sights; I shouldn't even know how to use them."

"Oh, yes, you would! Here, I'll tack this target on a tree, and we'll try a few shots."

"No! no! you do the shooting. I can't shoot. Why, boy, I haven't fired a rifle since the war. And I never was anything of a shot. Brother Zeke and Abe could beat me any time, and neither of them could shoot like father."

But when the target had been set up, and the son had hit the bull's-eye, the father consented to "try those sights, just to see how they would work." He had contrived his son's persuasion as a challenge, and he would not refuse it, even in the face of certain defeat.

He took the rifle, threw his arm well out, and raised the piece, but complained that he could not see. The younger man grew a little nervous.

"Be careful, father," said he, "that's a set trigger."

"Boy," was the stern reply, "I never used any other kind."

A suspicion began to creep over the son that he might have been unnecessarily solicitous.

"Crack!" The old gentleman had shot into a line three inches below the bull's-eye. At his second trial he did the same.

"That's funny," said he. "My sight was touching the mark."

He had been holding the aperture as if it were a pin-head, and it was explained to him that the bull's-eye should be centered in that little hole. From that moment he hit the center and kept on hitting it. His work was amazing, but he kept apologizing for it, and his humility was perfectly sincere.

No, he never was counted a good shot—Zeke could beat him—so could Abe—his father was better than any of them—and uncle George was a real marksman.

But my! what improvements you have made!"

A Bird that Acts as a Shepherd.

In Venezuela there is a species of crane, called by the natives the yak-mik, which is easily tamed and trained to look after a flock of sheep or take care of the inmates of a poultry yard. When these are placed in charge of this bird it may be implicitly trusted to takes them to their feeding places in the morning and bring them safely home at night, not forgetting to hunt for and collect the stragglers. The yak-mik displays all the traits of character usually associated with the faithful shepherd dog. It can be amusing, too, for, while its usual gait is slow and sedate, it can execute the most fantastic waltzes and strike all sorts of absurd attitudes. A German agriculturist, Herr von Seyffert, had one of these cranes which took charge of a herd of heifers, driving them to and from their pastures. It also kept order in the poultry yard, stopping all fighting and disorder.

Received by Appearance.

"Willie," shouted the irate father, "didn't I warn you not to eat any more cucumbers?"

"I didn't eat no cucumbers. I'm to be the contentionalist in the circus what we're goin' to give in the barn."—Detroit Free Press.

Explained.

"You saw them drown, did you?"

"Oh, did. They stood there till the water ken over their heads."

"Which one went first?"

"Well, I heard her voice th' last, sor."

"I suppose so. You know they say a woman always has the last word."

"Yes, sor. But the woman were a foot taller than the mon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Simple Experiment.

Farmer Jason—Yas, it's an experiment, but I had ter put my college sons an' their wheels ter some work, an' this seemed the easiest. What d'ye think of it?—New York Journal.

A wful Thought.

"Mr. Courty asked me to marry him last night," she blushing told her mother.

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him to ask you."

"Ask me?" echoed the startled parent. "Why, Mary, surely you wouldn't have your dear old mother commit bigamy, would you?"—Tit Bits.

The Hitter Part.

"It was all due to the whisky," said the prisoner.

"But," said the captious visitor, "I notice that you, instead of the whisky, are in here."

"And that ain't the worst of it, either. They left the booze outside."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Even That.

Uncle John—I hope you are not a deceiver, that you never keep anything from your wife?

Dazzle—No; not even my pocketbook I'll not deny that I try to; but she is always sure to find it.—Boston Transcript.

They Don't.

He (at the hotel table)—I've often wondered how these waiters can remember so many orders at once. I know now.

She (who had often wondered the same thing)—Oh, do you? How can they remember so much?

He (triumphantly)—They don't!—Detroit Free Press.

Good Reason.

"So you've lost your cook?"

"Yes, she went last week."

"What was the trouble?"

"She said my new bonnet made her look a perfect fright."—Pittsburg Post.

Practical Frude.

"My folks have some family plate," said one small girl in a boastful tone.

"Well," replied the other, "that isn't anything. Our folks have some armor plate, and, what is more, they are going to sell it to the government."—Washington Star.

Unprofitable.

"Why is it that you never build castles in the air, Grumpy?"

"Because you can't rent the things."—Detroit Free Press.

A Kind Invitation.

Diver—I haven't time now to tell you why I haven't that bill. Come on; we'll talk about it while I work.—Pileogond Blatter.

Wanted to Be Secure.

Bookkeeper—What's all this fuss about? Do you suppose the old man suspects me of any crooked work?

Chief Clerk—Oh, no. He isn't to blame for it. Count Skeekis has made arrangements to marry Miss Araminta and is having experts go through the books to see that there have been no misrepresentations regarding her father's wealth. That's all.—Cleveland Leader.

A Good Recommendation.

"I have an aching void the world can never fill," sighed Mr. Percasse, after Miss Munn had rejected him.

"Have you tried a dentist?" asked Mr. Clingstone.—New York World.

The Cut.

"Did they have a profusion of cut flowers at the dancing party?"

"Including the wallflowers, yes."

"Truth, magnificent, eternal, often finds its best servant in scornful and soul-searing envy."—Detroit Journal.

Don't be Whining.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window and he'll fall on his feet, and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. A few cents has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of metal sky-high he would drop down into a good place. A hard-working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it.

What a fool trick it is for a country dog to follow his master's wagon to town on a hot day when he might have remained at home in the shade!

