

# THE OPEN DOOR.

**PRESIDENT LINCOLN** had just issued a call for more troops, and volunteers from every direction responded to furnish their full quota. States failed to furnish their full quota, however, and Iowa was among the delinquents. Then came the order for a draft, and the name of Hon. James Fisk of D— headed the list of the drafted. This was no particular credit to his fellow townsmen, for in spite of his title (which, by the way, was a tribute to wealth only), a meaner, was a more miserly creature than James Fisk ever lived upon this earth.

He was just in the prime of life, or would have been had he been less selfish, but little by little certain objectionable traits of character had left their imprint upon his countenance until he appeared prematurely aged. Hence the sobriquet of "Old Jim Fisk," which he was familiarly called by every man, woman and child—excepting on rare occasions when discretion was considered the better part of valor.

The Hon. James Fisk was a banker, a railroad magnate, and a real estate man combined. In fact, he had owned a large portion of the town in its early history, and he therefore considered himself of no small importance in the financial world at least. Like many another, he loved his money first, himself next and his country last, as well as least; though it is said that when he ran for United States Senator during the previous campaign, he made some thrillingly patriotic speeches, and apparently without the slightest compunction. In those days he was called "Old Sodom and Gomorrah," an appellation which he never quite outgrew.

James Fisk was not the type of a man who could conscientiously sing "America" or "The Star Spangled Banner," consequently he felt that personal insult had been directed to him when the President had the audacity to place his name with the rest of the common herd. Nevertheless, it was a case of compulsion, and he knew that he must either hire a substitute or go into the army himself. The former was not very easy to accomplish, as the majority of the poor men had already enlisted, and money, at such a time, was no inducement to the rich man.

He was not in an especially amiable mood, when at the close of an unsuccessful day spent in search of a substitute, he entered his office to attend to the afternoon mail. As he read the last letter a heavier scowl deepened upon his forehead and he exclaimed harshly:

"The young jackanapes need not think that he can fool with a hornet and not get stung. Extend their time, indeed! Why, the interest was due a month ago! I'll foreclose the mortgage to-morrow."

A new thought seemed to occur to him, for the muscles of the stern mouth relaxed; he smiled blandly, rubbed his hands together caressingly, and said:

"Mr. Fisk, you're a diplomat—a born diplomat. You're an honor to your country, but more particularly to yourself. If you can only manage this thing properly, you will be all right—yes, all right."

At the close of the foregoing soliloquy he filled out a telegraph blank as follows:

"Horace W. Packard, Carson City, Iowa—Have found a way to help you out. Come to D— on first train."

"JAMES FISK."

The message was soon dispatched, and reached its destination just as Horace and his mother were sitting down to their evening meal.

"Old Moneybags is getting awfully considerate, all of a sudden; what do you suppose is back of it, mother?" asked the boy as he handed the telegram to her.

Mrs. Packard gave a sigh which belied her words, but she responded hopefully, "I don't know, dear, but we will trust that his heart has softened a little toward the widow and the fatherless."

"Don't you think you can go with me, mother? I believe Jones will give us passes, so you can offer no objection on that score; anyway, you need a change, for you look pretty tired these days."

And thus it was settled that Mrs. Packard was to spend the week with an old school friend, while her son attended to business matters.

Mr. Packard had been one of the first of Iowa's sons to lay down his life for his country. From the hour that his father had marched away, Horace had secretly cherished a desire to join the army. He knew that his years were against him; then, too, his mother's heart was so sore at the heavy blow which had fallen on their home nest as the result of the war, that he never mentioned the subject, and Mrs. Packard little dreamed of the great struggle that was going on in the mind of her boy.

How his heart swelled with patriotism the next day as he walked up Main street! All D— was astir with the news of war, and a bugle was sounding the reveille. When he passed a squad of the drafted men in their gay uniforms, the sight was almost too much for him, the war fever was on him, and had it not been for the thoughts of his already bereaved mother Horace Packard would have gone at any cost.

An hour later he came out of the office of James Fisk with a determined look on his manly face, and it seemed as if he had grown an inch taller.

Mrs. Packard met him at the door, and affectionate greetings were exchanged. The boy tried to smile, but when he looked into his mother's eyes he made a miserable failure of it, and the tears welled up instead. They were as quickly dried and he said, "You see, mother, it is just like this. Fisk was going to foreclose the mortgage, but he says he will give you a clear title if I will go as his substitute. I can't bear to leave you, little mother, but I do want to go and fight for my father's country,"—and the boy's eyes flashed. Then he added quietly, "I should go sooner or later, anyway. This is our one opportunity to free our home from debt, and you will not say 'no,' will you, mother mine?"

But Mrs. Packard sat as if she were

perforated. At last her voice came to her, and all the mother love asserted itself as she clasped the stalwart lad in her arms and kissed him passionately. "Oh, my boy, my all, how can I let you go? What will mother do without you?"

"How old are you, my man?" asked the examining physician of Horace, later in the day?

"Seventeen, sir," responded the boy, promptly.

"Um! Um!" was the suggestive exclamation. This was followed by more questions. "I see, I see," said the old doctor. "Why didn't you add a year to it; that's what lots of them do. You'd have stood a better chance if you had."

Horace stretched himself to his full height, and the physician continued, "I don't need to ask you if you are strong, for your physique speaks for itself, but your age certainly stands in the way. Do you think you would be able to shoulder a musket all day?"

For reply Horace placed five chairs in a row, leaped over each in turn, then faced around, and vaulted over the entire group with one bound.

The physician smiled at the exhibition, but said, "Something of an athlete, my man; well, I think we will give you a trial."

When Horace entered the Hon. James Fisk's office his heart smote him painfully, for boy though he was, he saw a slight that is stamped upon his memory to this day.

The mother stood before the desk of the grim-faced man pleading for her



PLEADING FOR HER BOY.

boy; but the two elder people were so engrossed that they did not hear Horace enter.

"For God's sake, James Fisk, for the sake of the love you once professed to have for me, spare me the misery of sending my boy to the war. What is a paltry six hundred dollars to you? Foreclose the mortgage to-morrow, turn us in the street, but don't influence my child to sacrifice himself on the altar of love for me."

For an instant the woman thought that she caught a glimpse of feeling in the cold eyes, but it passed as quickly as it had come.

"Mrs. Packard," responded the metallic voice with staccato-like precision, "business is business. You are too late, for the contract is signed, and this day I have canceled the mortgage. Allow me to say, madam, that revenge, such as this, is sweet."

The woman gave him a swift sad look, her lips opened as if to speak, then she turned and left the office. That night the Hon. James Fisk was suddenly called to join the great majority where no proxy could take his place. He had evidently not left the office since his interview with Mrs. Packard, for the errand boy found him the next morning with his legal documents scattered about him. "Heart failure!" the doctor pronounced it, that convenient post-mortem phrase which covers a multitude of errors.

In the tightly closed hand was a miniature picture of a fair-faced girl—a pensive countenance—at that sweet time when she is

"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood meet."

"It must be the sister who died years ago," said Madam Grundy.

However, one person knew the truth of the matter, for on his desk was a note addressed to Mrs. Packard, and it read:

Friend Margaret: I have reconsidered my hasty words and have decided to go myself. Have destroyed the contract, and thus release the lad. (How like you he is!) Please keep your contract for the sake of old lang syne. Obediently,  
J. L. FISK.

—Ohio Farmer.

**Collaborating in Soul-Saving.**  
"In the days of my early ministry," said a well-known clergyman, "I thought it necessary to impress thoughts of salvation by everything I uttered."

"My first work was in a Western mining camp, and I had to remain over night at a rough hotel to wait for a stage to convey me to my destination. At the table a savage looking man said gruffly:

"What might be your line, young fellow?"

"Selling souls," I said solemnly.

"Ugh," was the only response.

"After supper, a coarsely dressed man approached me and said:

"Pardner, let's make some kind of a dicker. We're in the same line, an' thar ain't no room for both. Thar's a camp furdur up the creek whar yo' could set up and do well."

"I think you are mistaken, my friend," I said. "I am a minister of the Gospel."

"Scuse me, parson; I was mistaken in yo'; I thought yo' was a cobbler,"—"Saturday Evening Post."

**Ancient War Customs.**  
In the ancient wars it was the custom for both armies to go into winter quarters, but nowadays such a thing is quite unknown, and several battles during this century have been fought on Christmas Day and New Year's Day.

When a married woman begins to exaggerate the size of the milk bills to her husband, her next move will be to suggest that he buy a cow.

Speaking of colleges, old age usually improves their faculties.

## MAN BAIT FOR A TIGER TRAP

**Horrible Punishment Inflicted on an English Engineer in Burmah.**  
Burmah was a most disturbed country from 1852 till 1856. I had my share of rough work, for I was detailed to survey and explore the country with a view to opening it out by roads, writes Henry Stone in the Wide World Magazine.

Moung-Goung Gee, an independent warrior, half soldier, and wholly a dacoit, was in arms at this time, and appeared here and there from time to time. I suppose it was between 2 a. m. and 3 a. m. when we were savagely awakened, and before we knew for certain whether the whole thing was a fantastic dream or not, we were securely bound and taken off to Goung Gee's headquarters, about six miles off.

About 5 p. m. I was walked off a good six or eight miles through dense jungles, reviled and tortured more or less the whole way, and at length I found myself stripped and thrust into a trap prepared for a tiger—a bamboo arrangement of simple construction. My fallers were needlessly brutal and abused me in every way, hoping I'd like the treatment I should meet from the man-eating tiger which hovered about near where the trap had been specially laid.

But previously, while a prisoner and tied to a tree, a Karen girl had, at the risk of her life, given me a little water, and I begged of her to send some one hurriedly to Captain D'Oyly, who was camped a few miles off, to hurry to my rescue.

Shortly afterward I heard soft foot-falls first, and then something sniffling round the trap. There could be no doubt that it was the man-eater. My heart nearly burst. I was kept in agony for fully ten minutes, and then the beast evidently found the door, for he entered and I heard the door fall. There was a partition of bamboos between him and me, but I anticipated that he would soon demolish that and then tear me to pieces as I lay huddled up helplessly.

It appeared afterward, however, that the Karen girl's brother had been forced to erect the trap, and had made the partition of male bamboos of great strength.

In the darkness I could see the great, luminous, wistful eyes of the man-eater. The fearful brute, finding he could not get in to me, began to insert his paws gently, but I crept up to the outer bars, and then he could barely reach me. He did succeed, however, in giving me a claw or two on my back and buttock.

As he smelled the blood he began to gnaw at the bars, and would doubtless have made short work of them, but there was a sudden glare of torches, a confused murmur, and then I felt that worst had passed.

The Karen girl, with ten of the Sikhs out of the twenty which formed my bodyguard, came up and bayoneted the tiger, who was caught literally like a rat in a trap. Fire they dared not, as they were only a couple of miles from Goung Gee's camp. They released me—more dead than alive—from my living tomb, and then improvised a hammock out of a native blanket and carried me to my camp.

**Saw the Point Himself.**  
The following story is told by the Youth's Companion of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead some years: A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year, and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for over a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now that I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."

**Son-in-law in All His Glory.**  
A donation party was given to a good country clergyman in part payment of his small salary, the principal result being twenty-seven bushels of beans and a large variety of second-hand clothing for his five children.

The patience of the clergyman's wife finally gave out. On the next Sunday she dressed all her five children in the donated second-hand clothing, and under her direction they marched up the aisle just as the good pastor was reading that beautiful passage, "Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The next donation party was of a different character.

**Furnish Buckets for Garbage.**  
In the parish of Shore-ditch, London, each dwelling is furnished with two sheet-iron buckets, one for garbage, the other for combustible refuse. The streets are cleaned by boys with brooms and dustpans. The sweepings are put in sheet-iron receptacles on the street corners. Cans belonging to the parish collect the refuse from the streets and dwellings and haul it to the public power plant. There it is used as fuel to produce steam to run the dynamos that light the parish by night and provide electrical power to small manufacturing by day.

It is the experience of the women that it is easier to have the grip twice than to stay well, and nurse a man who has it once.

There are more good women in this world than great ones.

It's a wise dude that doesn't marry an athletic young woman.

## HABITS OF THE HORSE.

**Fear of Wolves, Speed of Colts and the Habit of Shying.**  
Another animal which, when in a state of nature, lives in droves, is the horse. It is almost as defenseless as the sheep, and when a herd of wild horses is attacked by wolves there is no escape but in flight, says Our Animal Friends. In its wild state the horse's natural habitat is on the open plains, not in mountainous regions, but on the steppes of Asia, and when attacked by wolves its only safety lies in its superior speed. If the young foal were not as swift as its parents it would fall an easy prey to the pursuer, and so, within a few generations, the wild horse might be utterly destroyed by its enemies. The curious thing is that the foal is quite as swift as its parents. When one looks at it, even in its domesticated condition, it seems to be all legs, and one is surprised to see how easily the slight body is borne along on those long legs, beside the mother, even when she is running at her swiftest rate. In that fact lies the safety of the wild horse from destruction, and the thousands of generations in which that useful animal has been domesticated have brought no change in the peculiar conformation of the foal's limbs, though it is no longer needed for its original purpose.

Another curious thing is that one of the faults of the horse of which we are apt to complain, we mean the habit of shying, is a survival of an old habit which was useful and necessary when its ancestors were still roaming wild upon the plains. Then every noise was constantly on the outlook for an enemy, and it did not look only with one eye. It habitually kept turning its ear in all directions, so as to catch the slightest sound which should indicate the presence of danger. Not only when a wolf was seen did the herd take flight; any sound, as of the wolf breaking through the long grass, caused an instantaneous stampede; and something of that habit still survives. The horse seldom fears the objects which it sees unless they appear suddenly; but the sudden appearance of some light thing driven by the wind, or some slight sound that perhaps may not be heard by his master, may cause an instant and involuntary shy, such as the poor brute would instinctively make if he were still wild upon the plains. How unjust it is, and how utterly stupid, to justify his terror by whipping him for such a fault! To do so is to make him only so much the readier to shy again, remembering—and he is sure to remember—that, even if there has been no reason for his involuntary shying, there is something to dread immediately afterward. The only sensible way to deal with this remnant of wildness in the domesticated horse is to stop and let him feel that there is nothing to fear, and so break down the remnant of his old and perfectly natural habit of flight from possible danger.

## QUEER BURIAL PLACES.

**Strange Requests Made by Eccentric Decedents.**  
The most extraordinary of all burial requests was that of the celebrated Jeremy Bentham. The great philanthropist and exponent of the doctrine of utilitarianism, dying in 1832, left directions that his body should be dissected and that the skeleton should be put together, and, after being clothed in a like old-fashioned suit, should be seated in a sort of glass house on wheels. The first part of the program was performed by his faithful disciple, Dr. Southwood Smith, who, in endeavoring to preserve the head, deprived the face of all expression. Seeing this would not do for exhibition purposes, Dr. Smith had a model made in wax by a distinguished French artist, who succeeded in producing a most admirable likeness. The skeleton was then stuffed out to fit Bentham's clothes and the wax likeness fitted to the trunk. The figure was placed, seated on the chair in which he usually sat, with one hand holding the walking stick which was his constant companion in life, called by him (like a dog) "Dapple." The whole was inclosed in a mahogany case with a glass front, covered by folding doors, and presented to University College, where it can be seen in the south gallery of the college museum.

The strange request of Anthony Etterick, who was a prominent lawyer and once Recorder of Folsom, is noteworthy. Having some cause of offense against the people of Wilmor, England, in which town he lived, he declared that he was to be buried in a consecrated spot, but not above nor below ground, not in the church nor out of it. To make certain that this was done he got permission to build a coffin into the wall of Wilmor minister, so that it is half in the church and half out, half above the ground and half below it. To do this a special arch had to be made, and for the repair of this arch and the coffin Anthony Etterick gave to the church a sum of 20 shillings from a farm. To bury him the wall of the church level with the pavement was opened and the body deposited in the coffin as described. It is of slate and is embellished with many coats of arms. There are two dates on it—1691 and 1703—one over the other, so as to render both almost unreadable. He was fully convinced that he should die in 1691 and had his coffin made and the date placed upon it. But he did not die till 1703, and so the second date was cut over the first.

An art gallery seems a queer place in which to bury bodies, and probably few of the inhabitants of Dulwich are aware that Dulwich College picture gallery contains three bodies—the bodies of the three people to whom that collection of pictures owes its existence. Noll Joseph Desenfans was a native of Douai, in France, but settled in London, first as a teacher of languages. He became possessor of a valuable picture by Claude, which he sold to George III. for 1,000 guineas, and so became a picture dealer. Then Stanislaus, King of Poland, commissioned him to purchase pictures to form a national gallery for Poland, and in this work Desenfans was helped by his friend, Sir Francis Bourgeois, R. A. When the Polish King was overthrown the collection of pictures came back to Desenfans, who on his death left his pictures to Bourgeois, who decided to hand them over to some public body for the benefit of the public. Accident directed his attention to Dulwich College, to which he bequeathed his pictures. The bequest was conditional. He wished a mausoleum to be erected in the gallery, where his own remains and those of his friends M. and Mme. Desenfans, might repose. The condition was accepted.

**Tender Recollections.**  
The balloon was tugging at its rope and bouncing about clumsily in the puffs of wind. A widow stood regarding it with streaming eyes. She was alone, but a crowd gathered about her, attracted by her untimely tears. She sobbed for ten minutes, while the crowd restrained themselves, but at last an old gentleman, whose long white hair and saintly face declared his belief that he was privileged to thrust himself into anybody's business, stepped forward and said:

"Madam, why do you weep? Why, oh, these tears?"

The woman sniffled loudly and then replied:

"It's the balloon."

"But," queried the old gentleman, "why does the spectacle of a balloon cause you to weep? Did a loved one once perish as an aeronaut?"

"No," replied the weeper, "it wasn't a son—it was my husband."

"Ah, your husband was killed while ballooning?"

"No, he wasn't; my husband died in his bed, but he weighed twenty-one stone, and that jumping balloon reminds me of just how Henry looked the last time I saw him A-dancing. His figure was like that!" And the widow dissolved in a new burst of tears.—Judy.

**Russia's "Spanish" Navy.**  
The Reichswehr gives an almost comic account of the Russian naval maneuvers which were held in the Baltic recently. Every ship engaged in the operations was not only short-handed, but such men as they had were perfectly untried hands, incapable of performing the most ordinary duties, and causing a large number of mishaps by their bungling carelessness. There was a special lack of engineers and firemen, to an extent, indeed, which endangered the safety of the ships. The allowance of ammunition which had been placed on each vessel was absurdly insufficient, and rendered any kind of systematic gun practice impossible. In the auxiliary squadron of thirty ships no less than twenty broke down so completely as to be entirely hors de combat. "This," remarks the Reichswehr, "is the fleet of the power which desires to dispute England's supremacy of the seas. Anything more ridiculous can hardly be conceived. If this squadron was in the least degree representative of the Russian navy Russia's competition for the supremacy of the world may be regarded by England as a negligible quantity."

**"Parson Tough."**  
A story of Hobson's early days at Annapolis shows that the lads who made heroes are not always the reckless ones of the company, but rather

## WHEN AN AXLE BREAKS.

**How Damaged Vehicles Get to the Repair Shop.**  
The common way of getting a vehicle to the repair shop when an axle breaks close to the hub, as it usually does, is in the case of a rear axle, to get a piece of joist or other timber from the nearest convenient place, make the forward end of it rest to the front axle, and let the other end trail under the broken axle, which rests upon it, the end of the joist dragging on the pavement behind. Thus supported, says the New York Sun, the broken end of the axle is kept clear of the pavement, but not so high as it would be if in order and with a wheel on it, and so the vehicle thus drawn off to the shop has a decided sag.

A better way of getting the vehicle with a broken axle to the shop, and one often used on heavier vehicles, such as coaches and large wagons, is to make fast to the broken axle a short section of axle with a wheel turning on it, such as repair shops keep ready for such use; wheels of different sizes, front wheels and rear wheels, turning on a short length of axle, which is secured to the broken axle by means of clips. This temporary wheel may perhaps be of a different color from the other three, but it holds the vehicle up to its usual level, keeps it from racking, and by this means it is drawn easily and safely to the shop.

It may be, however, that for the very largest vehicles such spare wheels and axles are not kept; and, in that case, this vehicle would be got to the shop in the same way as the lightest of vehicles, but with the use of rather heavier materials. Thus, when the rear axles of one of those long four-wheel trucks, such as are now used for the transportation of ponderous iron beams, was broken off at the wheel, the axle was supported on a long, square, heavy stick of timber, the forward end of which was secured to the front axle. To raise the rear axle up to about its ordinary level, blocks were placed between its under side and the top side of the timber. From the under side of the end of the timber, as it dragged over the paving stones, little smoke wreaths now and then floated out. Even with no load at all the weight of the massive truck was so great and bore so heavily upon the supporting timber that the end of the timber, where it dragged upon the ground, had been worn down almost to a point and it was almost set afire by the friction as it was dragged along.

**The Duplex Questioner.**  
The treasurer of a theater wrestles with many phases of humanity, all of which are more or less interesting. Hugh Quarles, the Bijou's treasurer, claims to have had an entirely new one in the person of a duplex question asker. Late Saturday afternoon a gentleman stepped up to the box office and asked if Mr. Aronson was in.

"He is in Chicago," replied Mr. Quarles.

"He is in Chicago? When do you expect him back?"

"To-morrow, sir."

"To-morrow? He won't be in before?"

"Not until Sunday," said the treasurer.

"Not until Sunday? Well, have you any good seats for to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes? Are they front seats?"

"Fifth row," answered the treasurer.

"Fifth row? Can't you give me seats in the second?"

"No, sir."

"No? Are they aisle seats?"

"Aisle seats," answered the treasurer.

"Aisle seats? On the side or in the center?"

"Right side," said the treasurer, rather impatiently.

"Right side? Can't you give me center?"

"Not center, sir."

"Not center? Have you the first row in the balcony?"

"Second row, we have center."

"Second row? How much are they?"

"Three dollars, please."

"Three dollars?"

As the treasurer handed the gentleman \$2 change out of \$5 the duplex question asker said:

"Thank you."

By this time Mr. Quarles had acquired the duplex habit and said, thoughtlessly: "Thank you—thank God."—New York Telegram.

**Not the Whole Thing.**  
"What do you think that girl said when she refused me?"

"I'll never guess."

"She said she had so many similar experiences lately that she couldn't offer to be more than a half-sister to me."

A man tells a girl that she is pretty, and forgets it in five minutes; the remembrance still warms her heart when she hears his name when she is 60.

Cold weather naturally makes the alcohol thermometer low-spirited.

## THE OPEN DOOR.

century up, on the site of an elder one founded by S. Willebrodus. After a severe storm in 1674 the nave fell, leaving a large space between the tower and the chancel. The tower is 550 feet high and very beautiful. A new nave was built, but between it and the tower a moderately wide street runs. This is still considered consecrated ground, and the utilitarian municipality has shocked the faithful by the innovation of a tramway.

Here are some official statistics to prove that a bombardment is not such a terrible thing after all. In 1870-71 the bombardment of Belfort lasted seventy-three days, during which 199,453 projectiles fell within the city, and there were but sixty victims killed or fatally wounded. At Strasburg, during the siege of thirty-eight days, the Germans fired upon the city, mostly at close range, 103,722 shells, with a record of only 300 victims. Finally, at Paris, where the bombardment lasted only twenty-three days, 10,000 shell shells were thrown, killing and wounding 107 persons.

**SULTAN'S PRIVATE LIFE.**  
**How the Despot of the Turks Spends His Leisure.**  
The Sultan rises at 8 o'clock, we are told. He does not get into uniform at once, like his friend, the Kaiser, satisfying himself with a dark-colored dressing gown. It is only when he expects an early state visit that he puts on his "Stambul," or gold-embroidered coat. As soon as his prayers are ended he has an early breakfast. The officer of the day then approaches with papers which the first secretary has prepared. These usually relate to appointments, dismissals, decorations and promotions of various Ottoman officials throughout the Empire. Then come the telegrams from the embassies in various lands, and the secret dispatches from the attaches, who are spies on the actions of the ambassadors.

At the second breakfast, the chief meal of the day, Abdul Hamid appears in some state. There is a curious ceremony observed at this meal. The dishes appear on the table sealed. The seals are broken in the presence of the Sultan, and a specially-appointed officer tastes each dish before it is presented to his Majesty. Hitherto Abdul Hamid by these precautions has avoided poisoning. After dinner he has coffee and a cigarette made out of tobacco specially grown and sorted for his own imperial use. This is followed by a siesta of two hours. Late in the afternoon the secret reports of his spies and police agents in Constantinople are brought to him, and when nothing of moment presses he occupies his evenings listening to French ballet music on the piano.—Lecture Hour.

**He Wanted a Pension.**  
Opie Read tells a funny story of a colored man who had conceived the idea that he could get a pension from the Government. He went to a pension agent to learn what steps it would be necessary for him to take to bring about the desired result.

"Were you really in the army, Sam?" asked the agent.

"Yes, sah; indeed I was, sah; I was in de army for more'n a year, sah."

"What regiment were you in, Sam?"

"Wall, sah, I don't just this minute remember, but I see gwine to bring you all de papers and dat will explain de matter."

"But you surely remember whom you were with, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah; I remember dat all right; it was wid my young master."

"Oh, then, you were in the Confederate army, were you?"

"Yes, sah; yes, sah."

"Were you ever wounded, Sam?"

"Yes, sah; indeed I was; see dat scar, sah; I got dat scar in de army, sah."

"What was it hit you, Sam?"

"Wall, sah, it was a skillet, sah; indeed it was; a big iron skillet, sah."

"Now, see here, Sam, what chance can you have to get a pension? In the first place, you were in the rebel army, and then the only wound you received, anyway, was from a skillet; what in the world has our government got to do with your case?"

"Wall, sah, it was a government skillet, sah."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**He Obeyed Instructions.**  
The Club Women tells an amusing story of a party of women who recently visited Pike's Peak. A youth, still in knee breeches, although he wore a collar of extraordinary height and stiffness, was their guide, but his knowledge of the points of interest appeared to be slight.

Every few minutes he stood up and shouted the names of certain boulders and streams. When we were nearly at the top he called out:

"On the right is the Lion's Mouth!"

"Why is it called the Lion's Mouth?" asked a skeptical lady, who had peered him with "whys" all the way.

"Aw, I dunno," said the lad, tired of being asked for information. "I was told to holler these names. I dunno why nothin'. It's my job to holler, and so I holler."

**Speed of the Frigate Bird.**  
Many sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night on the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly under favorable conditions two hundred miles an hour.

**A Clear Field.**  
Hardfax—Hello, Honeydew! Haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?

Honeydew—I'm living in Chicago, trying to make an honest living.

"Well, old boy, you ought to succeed. You haven't any competition."—Life.

**Horseflesh as Food.**  
Over 100,000 horses are killed every year for food in Paris, and there are scores of restaurants where horseflesh is served as an article of food. The use of this meat has recently extended to many other cities of Europe.

**Duldom Aristocracy.**  
"My doll can shut her eyes and go to sleep just lovely."

"Huh! My doll never goes to sleep at all; she's got insomniac."—Chicago Record.