

"THIS PLACE HAS CHANGED HANDS"

DINNY moved his horse and cab over near the depot, where the people were passing, and the policeman moved him back again.

"But I can't get three passengers in two weeks over there," said Dinny.

"You can't get any passengers if we take your license away from you," said the policeman.

So Dinny stood away from the maddening crowd and grumbled, while the horse tossed his nosebag into the air and tried for the last grain of oats. Then he grew philosophical, though he did not abate his anger, for he said, as he whipped his body with his hands: "Well, I'm agin the alderman, anyhow."

The cold increased as night came on, and Dinny thought less and less of the cab business. Not that it was new to him. He had driven for years, but a man may dislike even his oldest habits.

And late at night he dropped into Ben McGraw's saloon to thaw out and smoke one final pipe before turning in. Ben was alone, and he offered to sell the saloon to Dinny.

"What'll you take?" asked the cabman as he rubbed the tobacco between his palms and warmed his back at the fire.

"Free and clear, \$500, or \$200 and you assume everything."

"I'll give you three hundred without incumbrance," said Dinny, a little proud of the last word.

"Cash?"

"No. Money."

"I'll not do it," said Ben. "Make it four hundred and I'll trade."

They settled at \$350, and Dinny rummaged around his clothes till he found a \$20 gold piece with which he bound the bargain. Next day he sold his horse and cab to a countryman, and went over and stood on the depot side of the street.

"I told you to stay on the other side of the street," said the policeman.

"I'll stay where I like," said Dinny.

"I'll have the badge off'n you!" declared the officer, and he caught at the lapel. But Dinny, secure in a good suit of clothes, guiltless of obligation, and smilingly strong, remained unmoved.

"I'll have the star off you, though," he said as he moved triumphantly away from the diligent officer. But, defeated as he was, that threat had little terror for the policeman. He knew where he stood with the alderman.

Sunday evening Dinny went up to Carnahan's house, and carried a box of candy for Mary. Somehow it seemed the sweets lacked virtue, for Mary Carnahan was less than hospitable in her greeting. Dinny wondered if he had a rival. He got ready to leave earlier than usual, when Mary, from force of habit, asked him what was his hurry.

"I'm needin' the warm' of me overcoat," said Dinny. "This place is chilly."

"It's no chillier than it ought to be, Dinny Mannigan," said the girl.

"And why?"

"People that keeps a saloon?"

"Oh, and it's that, is it?"

"Yes, it's that."

"Well, a saloon-keeper with silk is better than a cabman with calico."

"Then he ain't, though," said Mary, her blue Irish eyes steady and unsmiling.

"Then I'll send around the man that bought me out. He's a Reuben." For Dinny felt himself discredited, and, with a man's brutality, he lashed out blindly.

"Do. I'm sure he'll be welcome."

But she repented in a moment, and went close to her lover, the eyes less steady and the face flushed and red.

"Ah, Dinny," she said, "why did you buy it? Things were better before."

But he was not mollified. He had tasted some of the sweets his position yielded, and he knew there were more further on. He turned from the door and would not look at the face pressed against the window—the face that would have lighted ever so much if he had but turned with a smile.

The alderman came down Monday morning and told Dinny to support Spieshoffer as central committeeman.

"But I don't like him," said Dinny. "I'm whettin' me hatchet for another guy."

"You'll put your hatchet in the ice box and kape it there till I tell you to take it out—and then you'll use it on your best friend if I tell you to."

The alderman was a very domineering fellow, and Dinny didn't know just how far he might care to go. That was the only limit. It is never a question how far he can go, but how far he may choose.

The alderman's son came around in the afternoon, and Dinny interested himself in the study of heredity and the anomalies it involved. The son was slender, tastefully dressed, with a diamond which he did not labor to

show, and a watch which he treated as a common thing in spite of its jeweled case and intricate monogram. He brought a friend or two with him, and they seemed to like the quiet of Dinny's place and to be willing to pay for it.

Next day he came again, with an added companion or two, for he had no need of working. And when he came the third day he got quite chatty with Dinny while waiting for his friends. And Dinny learned he was laying pipes for the appointment of a certain man to the judgeship.

"He's the son of his father, all right," said Dinny as he rinsed the glasses and wondered if the Reuben had found a buyer for the horse or had driven it out into the country, where they both belonged.

Quite a number of persons talked with Dinny about supporting Spieshoffer for committeeman, and he had not specially warned to the alderman's conceptions of his duty. So about noon a man came in and told him the license was due. And he paid it and took a receipt, which he found in half an hour was the emanation of a weight unknown at the City Hall—one who had no more authority for collecting money than he had for claiming to be honest.

Dinny met this genius at the depot in the evening, but the policeman wouldn't arrest him, so Dinny followed to another beat, and himself arrested him.



"AND WHO BOUGHT IT?"

But the alderman persuaded Dinny not to appear and prosecute when the case came up in the morning, and he had to pocket the loss and grin as if he enjoyed it when the court told the prisoner to go. It was not specially consoling to him to learn later that the fellow was quite valuable in the service of Spieshoffer, and was an excellent man at the primaries, not to speak of his accomplishments on election day.

Then the brewer who had "backed" the saloon since the beginning of Ben McGraw's reign sent word that Dinny would have to look out for himself in the future, and the leeman annoyed him with the statement that he could have no more crystal cubes from the Laketon Company, and when he told them to sit on the lee till he asked for it, and went to the rival houses, he found them consumed with inertia, and he concluded they understood each other.

The spirits man dropped down at a most inopportune time, and just about took all the money Dinny had, and then the alderman's son came in and asked how was business.

"It's good," said Dinny. "I make three hundred dollars a month right along now." And they fell into better fellowship.

"Do you know that Spieshoffer is agin you?" said Dinny.

"How?" with a languid roll of the body, as became a power.

"He's after the scalp of the man you're tryin' to make judge."

"No."

"I tell you he do be after him."

"Then we'll have to kill Spieshoffer off."

"You can't do it while I'm running this place," said the proprietor, with a great show of loyalty to his friends. The alderman's son made no reply, but he was more pacific in his intercourse with Dinny. He seemed to think this was a man to cultivate—or remove.

Through the window Dinny saw Mary Carnahan go by; and she looked at him, but did not bow or smile.

In spite of the consolation it gave him to plant the seeds of dissension between father and son, Dinny's cup of trouble was very nearly full. He could only buy ice by sending an express wagon—and the money—after it. Though he never defaulted a payment, he was refused credit at the cigar man's, and the other wholesalers informed him they understood he was against the alderman.

That functionary came in one afternoon and asked Dinny what he had done to help Spieshoffer on the committee.

"Not a turn," was the defiant reply.

That evening a new policeman came on the beat, and he came in and told Dinny if he didn't quit running a disorderly house the doors would be closed against him.

"And never a drunk nor a noisy man in me place!" groaned Dinny.

At midnight he escaped arrest by the narrowest, for after he locked the place and was looking about him another officer came along and addressed him:

"Now, don't be standin' around there and drummin' up customers. It's midnight and time for you to go home."

To his great surprise Dinny simply whistled, and went obediently down the street.

In the morning the alderman's son came in rather early and lighted a cigarette.

"What'll you take for the place, Dinny?" he asked.

"And what'll ye give?"

"Two hundred dollars."

Dinny calmly hammered a glass on the bar till he broke it, and then as calmly asked:

"Do you want to see me sales for the past month—and the ward agin me, too?"

"Well, what is the place worth to you?"

"Oh, I'm doin' fairly well. I'm goin'

ror shattered, the furniture wrecked and the glasses strewn over the floor in glittering confusion. The revelers grew wanton in their success, and pushed one another through the windows, unhinged a door and set it up as a gang-plank from the bar to the pavement. And then they turned out the gas and left—just before the arrival of a judicial officer, who knew who was alderman of this ward and who his friends were, night or day.

In the morning the alderman came along and noted the complacent figure of Dinny, sitting cross-legged on the floor of an express wagon across the way. He also saw his son among the fellows in the wrecked saloon, and noted that the heir of his house was jubilantly disposed. He mistook it for the cheer of vandalism, instead of the stoic disregard of misfortune which marks the youth of opulence, and he rather gloried to know that his dilettante son had blossomed into anything so vigorous. He noted, too, the banner, on the wall, and, deeply appreciating the quality of what he supposed was Dinny's wit, turned to that gentleman and thought to be merry with him.

"So the house has changed hands, has it?" he queried.

"It has that same."

"It looks it."

"It sure do."

"When did it change hands, Dinny?"

"About five o'clock last night, if I rightly remember."

The alderman grew more serious. Maybe he had not punished Dinny after all.

"And who bought it?"

"Your son down there," indicating the polished proprietor of the ruin.

"My son, Cornelius."

"No less," said Dinny, and uncured his legs from the bed of the express wagon.

It was an even thing for the first three minutes. And after that the cabman's activity prevailed over the alderman's adipose tissue, and Dinny rose victorious in time to dive through the crowd from the advancing policeman. The alderman was hustled into a drug store, where a surgeon visited him, and hours after a carriage took him home.

In the afternoon Dinny and Mary Carnahan went to the matinee and saw Herr Spieshoffer standing across the street, reading the sign:

"This Place Has Changed Hands."

—San Francisco Post.

World's Oldest Family.

As a result of recent investigation it has been shown that the foundation of the families of about a dozen of the 400 barons in the British House of Lords dates back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family of the British Isles is the Mar family of Scotland, 1093. The Campbells of Argyll began in 1190. Tallyrand dates from 1199, Bismarck from 1270, the Grosvenor family, the Dukes of Westminster, 1096. The Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 952, and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 570, are all registered carefully, and authoritatively in a book kept in Mecca by the chief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants.

In China there are many old families; also among the Hebrews, "but," says an authority, "there is one gentleman to whom the world must take off its hat, not as facile princeps or primus inter pares, but as the great and only one-such. This is the Mikado of Japan." His place has been filled by members of his family for more than 2,500 years. The present Mikado is the 122d of the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 600 years before Christ. Of the seven great religions enumerated by Max Müller as possessing Bibles, the Mikado family is older than five.

Davis' Chair.

When "Ben" Wade, of Ohio, was the presiding officer of the Senate, he used occasionally to call some Senator to take the chair, and relieve himself by walking up and down in the lobby, which runs back of the Senate chamber. Once, while thus walking, he was overtaken by a certain carpet-bag Senator from one of the Southern States, who occupied the identical chair that Jefferson Davis had used while a member of the Senate. Walking along by the side of Wade, he rubbed his back wearily, and said: "Wade, these Senate chairs are the most uncomfortable things I ever saw. My back is positively blistered from sitting in mine." Wade looked at him for a moment, and, as he turned away, muttered: "Davis left enough brains in the seat of that chair to blister the backs of two or three such men as you are."

Oil Yield of Indiana.

A recent report of the State geologist says that the total production of oil in Indiana was 4,380,000 barrels in 1895, valued at \$3,100,800. The probabilities are that the area of territory productive of oil will continue slowly to spread to the west and south, until it finally embraces the greater part of the area at present yielding natural gas.

When women make their love a burden, they need not expect men to want it.

What nasty slang this new word "nit" is!



A Gigantic Buffalo.

The skeleton of a bison of an extinct species is said to have been found recently in Western Kansas. The skull was nearly four feet long. Under the skeleton lay a small stone arrow-head.

Oil from Celery.

A new industry which is receiving encouragement in Germany is that of distilling a strong aromatic oil from the green leaves of the celery plant. A hundred pounds of leaves make one pound of oil. The oil is used for flavoring purposes.

Poisoned Arrows.

It is said that the Bushmen of Namqualand use the venom of the night-adder to poison their arrows. A stone covered with a sticky resin, obtained from a certain plant, is thrust into the mouth of a living snake, and then the resin, thus charged with venom, is smeared upon arrow-points.

Opium Smoke.

The French chemist, Moissan, recently analyzed the smoke of opium, and found that its peculiar effects due to the presence of a small quantity of morphine. The cheaper qualities of the drug, when burned, produce a variety of poisonous compounds in the smoke, which are more injurious than the morphine that characterizes the smoke of the best opium.

The Poison of Fatigue.

Experiments have shown that fatigue causes a chemical change in the blood, resulting in the production of a poison resembling the curare poison, which certain savage tribes use for arrows. Arrow poison, however, is of vegetable origin. When the blood of a tired animal is injected into the arteries of a fresh one, the latter exhibits all the symptoms of fatigue.

A Lion-Antelope Fight.

In his recently published book on the "Game Fields of the Transvaal" Mr. F. V. Kirby describes a battle, witnessed by him, between a lion and a sable antelope, which resulted in the death of both of the combatants. At first sight it may appear surprising that an antelope could kill a lion, but the sable antelope of South Africa is a powerful animal armed with strong, sharp horns.

The Glacier Bear.

A species of bear found among the glaciers along the Mount St. Elias range in Alaska is regarded as being distinct from any American bear hitherto known. It has a very broad head and a bluish-gray coat, and according to Mr. William H. Dall, it is more nearly allied to the black than to the brown bear. An attempt is to be made this summer to obtain an entire skin and skull of the glacier bear for mounting.

A New Gem.

Within the past twenty years a new and very beautiful stone has been introduced in jewelry. It is the green garnet, sometimes called the "Uralian emerald," being found in the Ural Mountains. Mr. George F. Kunz, the gem expert, says of it: "It varies in color from yellowish-green to an intense emerald color, and has such a power of refracting light that it shows a distinct fire like the diamond or sapphire, and in the evening has almost the appearance of a green diamond."

A Tree of Iron.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia Professor Carter gave an account of a wonderful tree-trunk discovered in a sandstone quarry in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. It is ten inches thick and eighteen feet long, and has been turned into iron through a natural process of substitution, by which the wood has been replaced with iron hematite derived from the sand. This is analogous to the transformation into agate undergone by formerly submerged tree-trunks in Arizona and the Yellowstone Park.

A Novel Fire-Engine.

What might be described as a double tandem bicycle, with four wheels arranged like those of a wagon, and four seats for riders, two in front and two behind, and carrying a hose reel, rotary pump, etc., was exhibited at the recent bicycle show in Paris. The machine is intended as a fire-engine. When the scene of the fire is reached the pedals are thrown into gear with the pump, the hose is unrolled, and the riders, resuming their seats, work the pump by means of the pedals. It is claimed that this machine can outstrip any fire-engine drawn by horses on the way to a conflagration, and that its pump is at least as effective as those of the hand-engines used in small towns.

Culture is dangerous when it reaches the point of taking a woman's mind off the things she has in the oven.