

WHEN PEGGY GOES TO MARKET

When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes,
I'm stupefied with wonder at
How very much she knows,
She makes her way between the stalls
And with judicial air
Decides that this is "so and so"
And that is "pretty fair."

She knows if fish are fresh or not,
And, wise as any owl,
She differentiates between
A chicken and a fowl,
She thumbs the breastbone of the one
And pulls the other's legs;
She squints her pretty little eyes
To test the new-laid eggs.

The veg'tables must be just right,
For with a critic's eye
She scans them, not inclined to pass
Their imperfections by.
She calls the market folks by name;
Ah, what a lot she knows,
When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes!

When Peggy does the marketing
My heart with pride she fills;
I go along, a useless thing,
Except to pay the bills.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In the Nick of Time.

THE Widow Carney came out of her two-room shanty beyond the dump. She stood erect in the spring sunshine, looking over a network of railroad tracks, across to the switchhouse where Kathleen had taken Fergus O'Hare's dinner. Nellie Carney was still little more than a girl. Her face was arch and sweet, her eyes bright, her hair black and curly. The wind blew her calico dress away from her fine figure.

"And you say that she's a widow," John Conover remarked to Fergus. "Not long I venture."
"Three year," said Fergus, panting a little. "Not for any fault of the b'ys. She's a little uppish, is Nellie Carney. Phil were a fireman an' like to be engineer wan day, but the greasers down Coyote pass finished him wan night when they attacked the train. Company gives her the rint av the hoose thar, an' she keeps boarders for meals."

That is how John Conover met Nelly Carney. He was getting ready to go to the mines. He had just come from the Eastern States and had a claim up about Toby's creek that his brother had left him when he died the year before. He did not say much about himself to anyone. He took his meals with the widow Carney for a week or so, and bunked in with Fergus O'Hare. He said he was getting his outfit. Nellie Carney did some sewing for him, and they sat together evenings, while Kathleen slept beside them.

One of these evenings John Conover seemed to be very thoughtful. At last he took a sudden resolution.

"Nelly," he began, gently, "I'm going up to a rough place, but I've got a notion to take you along."

"It takes two to make a bargain, Mr. Conover."

"Not this bargain. I know you'll go, dear. I'm only wondering if it'll pay you. Jim always stuck to it that creek claim was bound to pan out. If it does, you and Kathleen will be fixed for life. If it don't you might have a tough time. Shall we go down to the 'squire to-morrow, Nell?"

Nelly took a night's sleep on it, and in the morning consented to go up country with John Conover. They were married one day, and set out the next, taking the little child with them.

It seemed a shame to John Conover that he had brought such a pretty creature to live in such a wild and lonesome spot. She was happy enough, apparently the same Nelly that he had seen on the dump that spring day. The more he loved her the more he brooded over her sacrifice of a home and friends among civilized people. He worked hard, and the next summer made a good find in a hole and sent her back to San Francisco with a small fortune and instructions to put Kathleen into a convent, where she could have schooling and he made a lady of for the future.

Life in a hotel is a great educator. Day after day Mrs. Conover went about, saw great plays, read novels, visited her child, and enjoyed existence. She received John's infrequent letters with a positive alarm. Suppose he should send for her to return. She could close her eyes and see the great, dark, snow-topped mountain wall, the rough cabin close under the shadow, the howling waters of the mountain torrent. In dreams she heard the thrumming voice of the wind among the pine boughs, the scream of the wild eagles—that was all. She missed John at first with all the passion of her impulsive nature; but, as time went on, the longing grew less fierce, and she felt she would rather never return than to go now when life was so full of gaily and novelty.

One day Fergus O'Hare came to see her. The colored servant told her with a grin that the visitor would not write his name on a card, maybe couldn't. Nelly flushed, for she knew it was but a little time since she had been ignorant of card formalities. She said she

would see him in her own parlor, and the amused bellboy showed up the switchman. He looked rougher and more grimy than ever.

"How do you do, Fergus?" she said, with a little condescension.

Fergus had stopped in the middle of the little parlor.

"Nelly Conover! Oi can't believe it's the same," he said.

"It is," she laughed; then in her warm-hearted way, "Sit down, Fergus. I'm glad to see you. You should see Kathleen. She's a fine girl now."

Fergus would not sit down. He was evidently at a loss what to say. He shifted his hat uneasily.

"Nelly Carney, that was, Oi must hurry my wurd as Ol'Ve Tim Blake in me place down in the yard. Ol'Ve some wurd of John Conover from a dirthy Chinese that Ol'Ve befriended wunst or twice. He told me, Nelly Carney, that John has made his foind at last, an' that three or the worst min in San Francisco are to be afther not only phwat he's taken out alridly, but it will be his life for his claim out there beyant."

Nelly Conover had risen. All the fine lady dropped from her. She ran to Fergus and caught his hand.

"Fergus, Fergus, ye're a friend indeed! Come away with me to John. Get Tim, Denny and Jerry and one of the other boys we can depend on. There's plenty of money. We will go faster than any one; O Fergus, help me for old-time's sake."

"We've no tolme thin, to lose," quoth Fergus. "For that gang is away three hours noo. Be ready whin I come with the b'ys."

An hour or two later Nelly was ready. She had been to the convent to kiss Kathleen, she had dressed herself in her coarse mountain clothing again. The next train north bore the Irishman and Nelly to the little station where she had decided to get off.

It was a short cut, rough and dangerous, that Nelly made up her mind to lead her followers. It was one by which John Conover used to secretly transport his gold. Several times she had tramped with him up and down the pass. She calculated that she could arrive an hour or two after the attacking party if they pushed forward all night. A terrible energy possessed Nelly. Her eyes shone with terror and anxiety. Could they reach John in time? As they plunged onward in the dark she registered a vow never to leave John Conover again if his life was spared.

Toward dawn the party were in sight of Toby's creek. Nelly pointed with shaking finger at the hut near the mountain side. There was a light in the cabin. The party crept up stealthily. Nelly crawled on her hands and knees to the back window. The sight within froze her blood. John Conover was tied and bound before the fire until he was perfectly helpless. Three men were torturing him, Indian fashion, by applying burning sticks to his feet. He would not sign away his claim.

Nelly drew back one second and Fergus took her place. A settled gray look came into the face of the big switchman. He motioned the next man, and all drew their pistols. Fergus crept to the door, motioning Nelly to protect herself. There was a sudden crash-in of the door, three shots and a dash at the window. Nelly fired the pistol that she held straight into the face of the man who came first.

John Conover was always a badly crippled man. He had expected no success, but he knew Nelly well enough to think she would never relinquish the claim only over his own signature, hardly then. He had resigned himself to die that she might have a fortune. It was a snatch from the grave for him.

Every one knows the Conovers on the two continents. The claim was one of the three best in California. Kathleen was such a fabulous heiress she could have married a dozen titles, but she chose a plain American. She had a young half brother, who, strange as it may seem, was called Fergus from the first. He was a famous athlete in an Eastern college in the '70s, and married an English girl of family. Nelly Conover, a lovely, white-haired old lady, may often be seen in the picture galleries and pleasure gardens of continental cities, walking beside the wheel chair of a genial old gentleman. She kept her vow. No time since that awful hour on the mountain side has she been from John Conover's side.

When Henry Irving Was Hissed.

"I was hissed every night for a week when I was playing the provinces about thirty-five years ago," said Henry Irving to a writer in Ainslee's. "I was given an engagement as leading man in a very small theater, and before I made my bow to the audience I learned that the man whose place I had taken was very popular in the vicinity, and that the people strongly disapproved of the way in which the management had forced him to retire, so that when I made my appearance the audience showed their disapproval of the manager by strongly hissing the successor to their favorite, and they kept it up for a week. It was a very unhappy week for me."

A Shrewd Move.

Corn—What sense can you see in the game of golf?
Merritt—The sense is displayed by the players in having a boy to carry the big bundle of sticks for them.—Judge.

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

Some Characteristics of the Famous American Labor Leader.

Samuel Gompers, the American labor leader, is as conservative as the English leader, Burns, is radical. Where the latter says strike, Gompers says arbitrate. "I cannot," he once said, "much as I hate oppression, endure the sight of hunger."

The nation owes a bigger debt of gratitude to Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, than most people imagine. Had it not been for the rock-like firmness with which, for nearly a fortnight, this man stood against a continent-wide strike of sympathy with the Pullman men, there might have been an uprising of organized labor, compared with which the strikes and riots that really did occur would have been mere child's play.

Mr. Gompers' diplomacy was not less striking than his wisdom. He at no time said that he would not advise a strike. He simply, by delaying action, gave his followers time to think. When they had thought, they saw the masterfulness of his course. Mr. Gompers proved himself to be a general worthy of leading so great an organization as the Federation.

Samuel Gompers is an American by adoption. He is of German descent, as his name indicates, though of English birth. Thirty-eight years ago he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in London. Then he was a lad of 10, with no brighter prospects, no greater advantages than those of ten thousand other apprentice boys of the world's metropolises. To-day he is the executive head of the most extensive combination of labor unions in the world. In this capacity



SAMUEL GOMPERS.

he wields a constant power by the side of which that of other labor leaders is nothing.

The lad did not like the shoemaker's trade, and, his release being secured, he learned to make cigars, becoming proficient by the time he was 13. Then, with his father's family, he came to America. Down to the time he began to work in the shoe shops, he attended day school regularly. After that he continued his studies at a night school, where he applied himself so eagerly as to excite the especial attention of his teachers.

Upon his arrival in America he joined a New York cigarmakers' union, and his gift of common sense and his power to express his thoughts logically and clearly quickly made him a prominent member. Later he was repeatedly sent as delegate to the international union.

When David B. Hill was Governor, he wished to make Mr. Gompers a member of the State Board of Arbitration at a salary of \$3,000. The tender was courteously declined.

"If I should accept a political appointment," said Mr. Gompers, "my usefulness in labor organizations would be entirely and permanently destroyed."
In 1882 Mr. Gompers was made president of the American Federation of Labor, and now holds that office. His salary is but \$1,000 a year, less than he could earn at his trade in good times, and a far smaller sum than could be commanded by a man of his unusual natural abilities and self-won acquirements in the business world.

Peculiarity of Snakes.

A snake tamer who had trained a serpent to follow him around the house and even out of doors happened one day to take it with him to a strange place. The snake, unused to the locality, seemed to forget all his training and, escaping into the bushes, resisted capture with bites and every indication of wildness. When caught it at once resumed its tame habits. This tendency to become wild immediately upon obtaining their freedom and to again become tame when caught is said to be a peculiarity of snakes.

The American Bird.

The turkey was first discovered in America, and brought to England in the early part of the sixteenth century. Since then it has been acclimatized in nearly all parts of the world.

Why They Wear the Fez.

From an interpretation of a passage in the Koran Moslems are forbidden to have shades to their eyes, hence the absence of the peak both from the fez and the turban.

Number of Buddhists.

The number of Buddhists is computed to be 455,000,000.

FIRST CABLE CAR.

Remarkable Canal Between Phillipsburg and Newark, N. J.

Running from Phillipsburg, N. J., to Newark, N. J., there is a canal that is in many respects the most remarkable in existence. It is sixty miles long, and was in operation in New Jersey before a railroad existed in the State. Its most remarkable feature is that in place of the lock system in use on canals the boats are drawn up and down ele-



THE FIRST CABLE CAR.

variations on great cars with high sides and open ends on a track eighteen feet wide. These are the original cable cars. The principle by which they are operated, the endless cable, is exactly the same as that which was utilized for operating cable cars in cities. This method of transportation has been in use on the Morris canal for half a century, and antedates the introduction of cable cars by at least thirty-five years.

SETTLED FOR THE DRESS.

No Claim Was Made by the Farmer for His Wife's Broken Limbs.

"Just settled the strangest claim for damages that I ever had," laughed the railroad claim agent. "I was called down the road the other day to look up an accident that we had. We had run into an old farmer's wife, breaking both of her legs and an arm and using her up generally. I received orders from the general manager to go post haste to the point of the accident and settle for it on the best terms I could get."

"Just before I left the manager handed me a letter and said with a smile that I had better look into that, too, while I was about it, as it would not take me out of my way. When I was settled for the journey I took the letter out of my pocket and looked it over. It was a claim for five yards of calico, which the threat that if we didn't settle for it immediately suit would be commenced to compel us to. The claim was very vague, no reason being given why we should pay for five yards of calico, and I resolved to look the matter up to satisfy my own curiosity if nothing else."

"However, the other case was more serious, so I looked that up first, and as I entered the house the old man, whose wife had been nearly killed, said grimly:

"So you're here ter settle that thar claim for damages? Wul, it is mighty lucky that ye have come, for I waz goin' ter start suit agaln ye right away. My wife hadn't worn that thar dress more'n twice an' it waz jes' ez good ez new."

An Ancient Coin.

One of the prized curios of the Philadelphia mint is a coin which is 2,000 years old, and which was coined at the ancient mint of that other Philadelphia of the far east mentioned in the Bible. It is still in good condition, and the inscription is perfectly legible. The design on the face of the coin bears a striking resemblance to the Goddess of Liberty of our own currency, and underneath is the one word, "Demos," which means "the people." On the other side is the figure of Diana, with her bow arched, and the inscription, "Diana, Friend of the Philadelphians." When this coin was struck off Philadelphia was the most important city of Lydia.

Sculpture Should Face South.

A group of sculpture should never front to the north, from which point it is always viewed under unfavorable conditions, as the strong southern light is trying to the eyes and the features of the figures are in such deep shadows that they can hardly be seen—certainly not to advantage. Facing the south the conditions are all reversed. Such mistakes, it may be added, are rarely made by artists, but sometimes by the directing authorities. A case in point is the statue of Penn. surmounting the City Hall in Philadelphia, which is far too high and faces the wrong way.

Spaniards a Charitable People.

The Spanish are among the most charitable people on earth. Without a poor tax, Spanish communities of 50,000 self-supporters feed a popular population of 5,000 or more.

LITTLE SCHEME

The Politician Worked for Finding Out How the Vote Stood.

"I was greatly puzzled election day," said an amateur politician, "at the coincidence with which a certain old-time leader, who is a particular friend of mine, gave out the exact character of the vote polled up to that hour at one of the down-town precincts, where he was stationed. 'It stands at present—Flower,—for Capdevielle, and—tickets scratched,' he said, in reply to my question, giving the precise number of votes, which I have forgotten. 'Oh, come, now!' I protested laughingly, 'you may have a general idea of the lay of the land, but I can't believe you know exactly how many ballots each candidate has received.' 'It's just like I tell you,' he replied solemnly. 'Well, how do you do it?' I asked. 'You are certainly not basing your figures on what the voters say, are you?' 'Not on your shirt studs,' he answered, grinning; 'I'm too old for such foolishness as that. But I don't mind putting you on in strict confidence. Do you see that window with the blinds half drawn over there?' he added, pointing to the fourth story of the house opposite. 'Yes, what of it?' 'Well, there's a man in the shadow with a pair of strong field glasses. From where he stands he can see right down into the open top of the voter's box, and the glasses make it exactly like looking over the fellow's shoulder inside. I don't say he can tell what separate names are scratched, but he can see easily enough when any scratching is being done, and which ticket is stamped if it goes straight. Then he gives me a signal from the window, and I jot it down in my little book, with possibly the name of the voter—just for future reference. There's no chance of a mistake. It's a sure thing.' I glued my eye on the window the next time a man went into the booth, and presently I saw a movement in the shadow and a flash of glass. Then a hand was waved up and down the left side of the sill. 'That's another scratched ticket,' said my friend, pulling out his little red book."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

At the Telephone.

"Hello, Central?" "What number, please?" "One thousand two hundred and sixty-four." "I don't catch that." "One thousand two hundred and sixty-four." "Try it once more, please." "Twelve hundred and sixty-four." "Seven hundred and sixty-four?" "No; twelve hundred and sixty-four—one thousand two hundred and sixty-four." "I can't give you two numbers at once. Which do you want first?" "I was giving you the same number two different ways." "A little louder, please. I can't quite make you out." "I said I was giving you the same number two different ways." "Oh, yes. Well, what number do you want?" "Twelve hundred and sixty-four." "Suppose you gave me each figure separately, like one, two, three, for instance." "All right. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Got that?" "Yes." "One, two, three, four, five, six. Got that?" "Yes." "One, two, three, four. Got that?" "Yes?" "You want twelve, six, four, do you?" "Yes, twelve hundred sixty-four. Do you understand now?" "Yes. I understand. Twelve sixty-four is busy now. Ring off, please."—Harper's Bazar.

Don't Care for Oysters.

Great quantities of crabs and lobsters are annually canned in Russia, yet lobsters are in little favor, and frogs' legs are regarded with horror. A woman who sold large quantities of crabs, upon being asked for some frogs' legs, replied that she "would not touch one of the horrid things for a ruble."

Wherever there is water in Russia the frogs abound in such quantities that one is reminded of the noblemen of other days who used to send their slaves out to beat the marshes, so that they could sleep.

Russians never eat rabbits, as they say they nest with rats, nor will they touch snails or turtles, which are found in great quantities all over the country. Only the aristocrats eat kidneys, and then only those of the sheep or lamb. Goose flesh is little esteemed, though the fat is used for culinary purposes.

Ticklesome.

An English tourist, driving along a country road in Ireland, drew the driver's attention to a wretched tatterdemalion. "What a shocking thing it is," said he, "to see a man in such rags and misery." "Begorra, thin, yer honner," replied the driver, with the characteristically Irish desire to put a good face on everything, "that's not from poverty at all, at all. The truth is that the man's so ticklesome that sorra a tailor in the country can attempt to take his measure!"

She—To think that you once declared that you would love me as long as you lived! And now, hardly a year married, and you care nothing at all about me! He—But you see when I told you I would love you as long as I lived I wasn't feeling very well, and I really didn't think I would live long.—Boston Transcript.

A bad reputation may be acquired in a day, but it usually takes a lifetime to acquire a good one.