

**LADY OF THE CLICKER.**

**Daily Round and Hedged Up Dignity of the Woman Who Telegraphs.**

It occurred to a citizen the other day on approaching the fair telegrapher in an up-town hotel that a woman in such a place must often have her temper and her fortitude taxed by thoughtless members of the opposite sex.

The young woman in question was possessed of a personal makeup that would attract attention in a crowd, yet through all the rush of business and hurry of work she never once seemed conscious of herself. Men came and went, their messages were received, the words picked off by the lead pencil measurer, the charges announced, and her seat remained unmoved, as Francis Wilson has it, her "moving a muscle or wincing a wrinkle."

To the inquirer after facts she turned, and for the first time raised her eyelids, that disclosed a pair of sharp, honest, blue gray eyes, full of business, yet suggestive of a happy, laughing temperament, if you only knew her outside her "cage."

"Oh, no," she said, "we are too busy for idlers, and always of necessity too deeply interested in our work to allow us to pass the 'conversation lozenge.'"

"There are those who fancy we are here only to look pretty and impress the gentleman guest with the idea that he has delayed for a whole week to send a telegram of utmost importance."

"This is not the case, however, and the man most likely to forget himself and both of us is not the fellow who spends a quarter for an unnecessary telegram as an opener to conversation. We see him, of course, occasionally, but his business generally amounts to inquiry as to the location of the perfectly visible hotel desk or of the nearest postoffice or letter box. We make short work of him, and in a discreet way can force the blush on him that sets him on his gentlemanly feet again."

"Others there are, and thank goodness they form the great majority that rules, whose business is transacted promptly, politely and with an evident sense of the fact that they are dealing with a lady. These persons it is a pleasure to serve, for there is no superfluous dialogue or attempt at jesting, or suggestion of anything but the perfect gentleman."

"A boor gets loose at us once in a while, but we manage him on the plan of the quiet answer that turneth away wrath." He's apt to be bold and genty, and to find fault with us for that his 'darther' hasn't tellygraffed him since his arrival. On a suggestion to such a one that perhaps his worthy girl at home has not been informed of his stopping place in the metropolis, he is frequently awakened to his own sense of carelessness, and then rises the smile that shows the good heart underneath, and all is serene again."

"Yes, we work constantly, and we must work well, for oftentimes much depends on the correctness of our transmission; but we have no cranky overseer, we are well paid for young women, and our trials are fewer and not so spirit rending as those that fall to the lot of the saleswoman."—New York Herald.

**The Yosemite Valley.**

For every hundred persons living west of the Mississippi river who have seen St. Peter's at Rome hardly ten, I think it may be safely said, have visited the Yosemite. Two small hotels in the valley are ample for all who may at any one time seek accommodations, and on an average two coaches a day during the season will carry all who seek conveyance to that place of grandeur. One thing is certain, the foreigner "doing" the United States seldom omits the Yosemite; yet many an American tourist traveling in California leaves the coast in ignorance of the wonders and beauties of the famous region. On a beautiful Sunday in May, out of sixty-five guests at the Stoneman house over forty-five were foreigners, most of them on a trip around the world; and that proportion is not unusual during the season. To the foreign tourist the Yosemite ranks with Niagara, and from those who have seen the wonders of nature on every continent the verdict seems to be that the Yosemite stands pre-eminent—the greatest of all.—New England Magazine.

**The Wandering Jew.**

Calmet's "History of the Bible" has this to say of the Wandering Jew: He was the porter of Pontius Pilate, and was called Calaphilus. When the mob was dragging Jesus to the judgment hall Calaphilus struck him, saying: "Go faster, Jesus! Go faster. Why dost thou linger?" Jesus replied, "I am indeed going; but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon this man was converted and took the name of Joseph. He is supposed to live forever, but every 100 years he falls into a trance, upon awakening from which he finds himself at the same age as when the Saviour said these words to him. The Wandering Jew is grave and stern, is never seen to smile, and perfectly remembers the death and resurrection of Christ. No place is his home for more than a few hours, and thus does he fulfill his title of "Wandering Jew."—Detroit Free Press.

**Canada and Newfoundland.**

When was the Dominion of Canada constituted? Is not Newfoundland in it? The Dominion was formed in 1867, and is composed of the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia, with certain territories and arctic islands. Newfoundland was invited to come in by the act of confederation, but she holds aloof, and remains an independent crown colony.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Better Not Sigh.**

A chemical analysis of the food cooked by our grandmothers, which men sigh for once in a while, would show it 83 per cent. more dangerous to the stomach than food prepared in the modern kitchen. As a matter of fact, American women knew nothing of cookery up to twenty-five years ago.—Detroit Free Press.

**NOTED BOOK THIEVES.**

**HISTORICAL PERSONAGES WHO STOLE UNIQUE VOLUMES.**

**The Well Dressed and Intelligent Looking Class Which Librarians Fear—A Bishop, an Inspector General, a Pope and a Noted Priest Were Thieves.**

Book stealing is an art upon which much ingenuity has been expended. One never knows in what form it will next break out. It is an incident by no means uncommon in Booksellers' row for a bibliophile to be offered a book which had been stolen from his next door neighbor. There is something more than a tradition to the effect that a bookseller has on occasion purchased a book taken a minute or two previously from the shelves outside his shop!

A favorite mode of stealing books from public libraries is to procure a book, sit down to read it and then wrap it up in an overcoat, and after this to take up a paper or magazine. The rest is easily guessed. The public libraries suffer in all sorts of ways, for here the accumulated wisdom of the thief finds plenty of scope. Some of the tribe have a mania for old directories. Librarians complain frequently of the clerical thief of sermons and theological literature.

Novels and "books of the bibliophile" (as the French call them) one can understand being stolen; but sermons and theology! Women, more or less—generally more—respectably dressed, are often objects of suspicion with librarians; for the "receptivity" of cloaks is infinite, and the "feelings" of the culprit must also be considered. As a general rule, the thief is well dressed and educated, and frequently well to do.

**HISTORICAL THIEFS.**

Whatever may be the causes which prompt a person to steal books there is always this consolation—he is in good company. This balm may not be a very healing one to the soul of the person whose books are stolen, but it must be consolatory to the thief, when repenting in prison, to know that some great and good men have been touched with the same species of insanity. Hearne, in his "Johannes Glastoniensis," more than hints that Sir Thomas Bodley had a weakness in this direction. "If you hold," he warns Sir Henry Saville, "any books so dear as that you would be loath to have him out of your sight, set him aside," etc. Moore, Bishop of Ely, has likewise come under such a stigma.

The anecdote runs to this effect: A gentleman calling on a friend who had a very choice library found him unusually busy in putting his best books out of sight. "Upon asking his view in this he was answered, 'Don't you know the Bishop of — dines with me today?'"

The very king of book stealers was Libri, who, as inspector general of French libraries under Louis Philippe, had special facilities for helping himself and whose known thefts have been valued at £20,000. The most interesting illustration of this man's depredations was exposed in 1868, when Lord Ashburnham issued a translation of the Pentateuch from a Latin MS. which had been purchased by the late Lord Ashburnham from Libri, who had sold it under the condition that it was not to be published for twenty years. It had been stolen in 1847 from the Lyons library and the last clause of the agreement, therefore, could be easily understood. Libri evidently was not one of those whom Jules Janin describes as "people who don't think it thieving to steal a book unless you sell it afterward."

**POPE AND PRIEST.**

Innocent X, when still Mgr. Pamphilio, stole a book from Du Montier, who was himself a book thief, and ought to have been en courrant with the devices and designs of his own weaknesses. It is refreshing to come across an example when the tables are so completely turned; and if anything would induce an honest man to turn book thief it should be the exhilarating fun of stealing from another thief. It is reported, however, that Du Montier recovered the book, and kicked the Cardinal out of the house. Catherine de Medici went in for stealing books by wholesale and barefaced; she seized the fine library of Marshal Strozzi and promised to pay his son for it in installments, but never a farthing did he get.

Of another and equally extreme type was the Spanish priest Don Vincento, who sold books and then murdered the purchasers to regain possession of his coveted treasures. Like most of the biblioklept tribe he came to grief at last. The original edition (1492) of the "Fuerzas e ordenaciones fets per los gloriosos Reys de Arago als regnicsos del Regne de Valencia," was offered for sale by auction, and after a long and obstinate competition was knocked down to a bookseller named Paxtot.

A week afterward Paxtot's shop was burned down, and he was suffocated at the same time. Suspicion was directed toward Don Vincento, whose residence was searched, and there at length was discovered the incunabula above named. The priest was arrested, and at the hearing he confessed—not from contrition or the fear of torments in the next world, but because it appeared that the volume was not unique, as had been supposed. He sobbed violently when he was condemned to be strangled, and the only defense he vouchsafed was, "Ah! your worship, my copy was not unique."—St. James Gazette.

**Married Women Don't Work.**

As to married women working there is a bit of statistics that shows how few married women do work for wages. Out of over 200 women who had received training as professional nurses thirty-five afterward married, and only one of these thirty-five ever again worked at her profession of nursing the sick for pay.—Boston Transcript.

Those who say that our soldiers cost as much as Germany's count the expense of the pensioners with that of the regular army. On the average there is about one commissioned officer to every twelve enlisted men in the United States army.

Through the crowd, whose are they the faces faint revealed, yet sure divined, the famous ones of old?

"What," they smile, "our names, our deeds, so soon erased?"

Time upon his tablet, where life's glory lies enrolled?

"Was it for mere fool's play, make believe and mumbling? So we battled it like men, not, boylike, sulked and whined? Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was coming; Soldiers all, to forward face, not anxious to lag behind!"

"How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader?"

Lead, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings left and right; Each us on his sole head, faller or succeder, Lay the blame or lit the praise; no care for coward's flight?"

Then the cloud rift broadens, spanning earth that's under. Wild our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's success; All the good and beauty; wonder crowning wonder. Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

—Robert Browning.

**Cupid vs. Clothes.**

When Elizabeth held the fort in England, and Sir Walter Raleigh used to go about with clothes on that if he had got hard up he could have gone around to his uncle's and put them up for thousands of pounds, not to mention a certain pair of shoes of his which were said to be worth 6,000 crowns, then it became the fashion for a man who was in love to neglect his apparel, as if he were too much occupied to bother about such trifles.

There was one mark in particular—his garters were not to be tied. So that when an Elizabethan dude walked down the Mall with these useful appendages hanging on behind him it was equivalent to saying that his heart was gone. Here we have Shakespeare in "As You Like It" putting these words into the mouth of fair Rosalind, "There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeves unbent, your shoes untied, and everything about you denoting a careless desolation."—Clothier and Furnisher.

**The Personal Pronoun in Conversation.**

The inordinate employment of the possessive case is a vulgar solecism, and not used to excess by those of gentle breeding. There are both men and women who are forever talking about "my carriage," "my house," etc., until they disgust their hearers. One is apt to imagine that such persons are the possessors of newly acquired wealth and its appurtenances, when this small, two lettered word slips from their lips with unseemly frequency.

The pronoun "I" should not be too often repeated, as it gives too personal and egotistic a turn to conversation, and the frequent recurrence of "I said so and so," and "I did so and so," reveals a nature weighed down with a sense of its own importance, and caring little about what other people are doing or thinking.—Jennens-Miller Magazine.

**People Who Eat Alone.**

In all thoroughly civilized countries the members of a family and their guests partake of meals while collected around a central board, but this is not so with the majority or even a fraction of the semi-civilized and barbarous nations. The Mardivian islanders dine alone, retiring to the most secret parts of their huts for the purpose of eating their food. This custom probably arose among them in an early period of their history, for fear, perhaps, that another with equally as sharp an appetite and more bodily strength would deprive the feaster of his meal.—St. Louis Republic.

**Declaration of War Not Necessary.**

Wars are often engaged in without any set declaration. This is the case in Europe, and has been so here. The United States made a pronouncement of this sort when it entered into the contest with Great Britain in 1812, but no such formality was observed by us in the contest with Mexico or in the civil struggle of 1861-5. In each case the government recognized that a state of war existed and acted accordingly.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Canine Intelligence.**

One of the intelligent dogs lives in Bar Harbor, Me. He was carrying a paper the other day when several canine companions began to bother him. He put the paper down on the ground, and when a dog attempted to touch it sprang on him and gave him a good shaking. These tactics he repeated several times, till at last he could not get any dog to touch the paper, and then he quickly picked it up and walked away.—Kennebec Journal.

**A "Hello!" Raise.**

One telephone was put in at a small town in Kansas, and the owner of a house to rent immediately raised the price \$5 per month. Then he went over and called up a sawmill half a mile away, and burst a blood vessel trying to keep up a conversation over the wire.—Detroit Free Press.

**A Mournful Accompaniment.**

Best Man (at church wedding)—Gee-whittaker! You addle-pated old apology! What in the creation are you tolling the bell for?

New Sexton—Sure, didn't Oi hear th' young leddy say wid 'er own lips that she'd be married wid a ring?—New York Weekly.

**A New Plate Glass Polisher.**

Thomas Todd, of Butler, Pa., has invented a method of fire polishing plate glass whereby the grinding and polishing of one side of the sheet is saved, and the fire polished surface is said to be of brighter polish than is obtainable by artificial polishing.—New York Journal.

**A Touching Appeal.**

"Were you touched at the minister's eloquence last night?" inquired Weeks.

"Yes," returned Wentman gloomily, "for \$10."—American Grocer.

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