

TRANSFORMED.

He was a swineherd, so the story runs. Unconscious and sad, but with a throbbing heart. Who, when he saw her pass along the way. Mirola, the king's child, devout and fair. Could not but fall upon her path and cry. Fair lady! may I look upon your face? And so his rudeness vanished, and the man, smitten to life, as by the hand of Jove, Bourne from thought; lost all his former self. Thus, in a trice, before her beauty's spell, Became a Poet!—'Tis a legend old. Writ in the chronicle of Mohrabad. —Gilbert P. Knapp.

Lawyers Looking for Libels

There is another and not a small class of lawyers who industriously peruse the columns of the press in quest of opportunities to advise the bringing of suits for libel against a paper that may have mentioned somebody's name in an uncompromising way. I know of a recent case where a paragraph spoke somewhat disparagingly of a friend of mine. The next morning when he got to his office he found a dozen notes from as many attorneys lying upon his desk. He opened them, and each contained a slip of the paragraph in question and all urging him to bring suit and offering their services. He had not read the article, and knew nothing of it until he opened the bids, each and every one of which pronounced the paragraph an outrage. Before he had read half of them he was boiling over with indignation against the publisher. Visions of sweet revenge and heavy damages fairly danced before his agitated eyes. He immediately determined upon bringing suit and came to me for advice as to which of the bidders he should select to handle his wounded feelings and fill his not overly plethoric purse. I explained to him the glorious uncertainties of the law and dissuaded him from his contemplated course. —Philadelphia News.

The Littlestness of Man.

There are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when they lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to meet according to their own convictions, because perhaps ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great roll of import, ant, fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the coral. —Robert J. Burdette in New York Star.

A Great Piece of Luck.

"Ah! how d'ye do, Jones? I had the greatest piece of luck last night." "How so?" "Why, you see, one of my tenement houses burned down." "You don't mean it! Did the families get out in safety?" "No, I believe a few of them were burned to death. But that's neither here nor there. I was going to tell you about my good luck. I had intended to put in a fire escape this very week—the papers are making such a fuss, you know—and it would have cost me \$100. I've saved that now. How's that for luck?" —Boston Transcript.

Pushing Trade Too Far.

"You must push matters a little, James," said the druggist to the new boy. "By calling a customer's attention to this article and that article you can often effect sales." "Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait on an elderly female who wanted a stamp. "Anything else, ma'am?" inquired the ambitious boy, politely. "Hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, belladonna, mole destroyer." The elderly female looked the stamp viciously and left the door open as she went out. —Texas Siftings.

The Graduate's Negligence.

School Girl—Mamma, my head aches so I can't see the figures any more. Won't you do this sum? Mamma (looking over the problem)—I don't know how, dear. "Why, grandma said you graduated with the highest honors." "Yes, I did. I could have answered any question in the books then; but I can't now." "Have the books changed?" "No, but after leaving school I negligently allowed my head to stop aching." —Omaha World.

No Draw the Line.

Minister (discussing religious matters)—Of course, Mr. Hendricks, one can be too narrow in his views regarding the observance of the Sabbath, but there is fishing, for instance. Do you think it is right to fish on Sunday? Mr. Hendricks (evasively)—Well—er—I think I would draw the line at fishing on Sunday. —Texas Siftings.

After the Storm.

Jinks (who has just slipped and tumbled down the front steps)—Never mind, old fellow. Guess I'm not hurt much. How do I look? Jinks—Never looked more natural in your life. Jinks—Impossible! Jinks—I tell you it is so. You look just like your rolled self.

Gained by Science.

Science has at last furnished an unanswerable reason why very young men know so much more than old ones. The brain decreases in weight with age. It is heaviest between the ages of 14 and 18. The old gentlemen could now get off the band wagon as gracefully as their age will permit. —Denver Republican.

A Serious Difficulty.

Since a Russian law forbids the use of exclamation points in newspaper articles, one is at a loss to see how can be properly interpreted therein a Mussow's outburst when he steps on a tack. —Boston Budget.

The Sikhs a Stalwart Race.

The people from Benares to north of Delhi are much more stalwart and manly than are the Bengalees, but they in their turn are greatly inferior to the men of the Punjab. This word means and expresses the country lying between the five great branches of the Indus. In this country is a magnificent race of men. The Sikh soldiers in the army are the handsomest body of men I have ever seen, and indeed I have never seen any European or American who came anything like being a perfect model of manly beauty as several officers I have seen in the native Sikh cavalry. Today we witnessed the practice of a native regiment at company target shooting.

The officers on horseback are simply superb; afoot all show one universal defect among the entire people of India—an almost total absence of calf to the leg. Even in Punjab men and women have none. I can say this of the women because up here there are two things quite antipodal to our customs. Men wear what seem to be skirts and the women all wear trousers—and very tight ones, too, below the knee. The other singular thing is one sees hundreds of men with beards dyed a brilliant red. A gray bearded man is rarely seen from Lahore to Peshawar, for they take on a bright vermilion, evidently not for the purpose of concealing age, but as a sort of beautifier. The men of Punjab proved themselves brave by giving England more trouble to subdue them than perhaps all the balance of India. But when once they acknowledged the supremacy of their new rulers, like brave men they have shown themselves true. They have none of the servile demeanor of the Bengalees. They look a foreigner straight in the face—respectfully, but with an apparent consciousness of their own dignity. —Carter Harrison's Letter in Chicago Mail.

Fascinating but Dangerous Sport.

The most intensely fascinating and by far the most dangerous way of hunting the Bengal tigers is the way most of the natives do it. They collect in throngs of hundreds and go to the woods, with half bred bull and terrier dogs, rifles of 40-caliber and innumerable spears, and drive the tigers out of their jungles. The vicious dogs go in and bound them and snarl and howl threateningly. The tigers are gradually driven from point to point by the howling dogs and shrieking natives, and are finally worked into a gigantic and strong netting nine or ten feet high and with interstices seven or eight inches square. Then the chetties, as these queer natives are called, range themselves along the sides, and when the tigers lunge at them they are met at every point by gleaming spears. Such howling and snarling, combined with the shouts of the natives, sounds like the wailing of the damned. The native women are on hand, too, and lend their aid, and when the government officers join in the European ladies are perched conveniently in trees, to lend a bit of life to the scene. —San Francisco Examiner.

A Card or a Photograph?

"Would you rather have my card or my photograph?" Two young men who had been discussing a bottle of wine in an uptown picture gallery were preparing to part. "Your card will do; I don't want to put you to so much trouble." "No trouble at all. If you like I'll put my portrait on the back of the card." He thereupon drew from his pocket a small rubber stamp and imprinted on the back of his card a very creditable likeness of himself.

An inquisitive reporter, who overheard the dialogue, took pains the next day to learn to what extent the fad had gone. He found that there are several concerns in the city where portrait stamps are made, similar in style to the rubber stamps, containing one's name and appended to it a pocket lead pencil. These stamps cost from \$2 to \$5 each, and are from one to three inches square. All the stamp makers require a tintype portrait of the customer and a money order. The stamps wear well and are much affected by young clerks and East side business men. —New York Mail and Express.

A Once Noted Cavalryman.

A small man, with a gray mustache, a slouch hat over his blue eyes, and a walk no longer as chipper as it once was, is recognized by few people here when he makes his occasional visits from Washington. He is Gen. Pleasanton, whom many think one of the greatest cavalry commanders of the war, and who undoubtedly fought and won, perhaps, the greatest cavalry engagement of the contest between the states. It was at Brandy Station, where eighty regiments of horsemen contended on one field with no infantry or artillery nearer than ten miles away. Sometimes the battle flags of the contending generals were not further separated than the two sides of Broadway. Pleasanton, Kilpatrick and Custer were in a single group. Detecting a crucial point in the opposing line, Pleasanton cried: "Custer, go right in there!" Custer's mounted band at once struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and in ten minutes he had carried the position. Custer and Kilpatrick are dead. Pleasanton, barely 50 years of age, seems to be out of gear with the world. —Cor. New York World.

The Burglar Is a Gentleman.

"The popular idea of the average burglar is all wrong," said a detective to a reporter. "He isn't a man with a dark lantern any more—a rough and ready brute who delights in killing people. The burglar of today will do everything in his power to escape, and the taking of a man's life is his last resort. I have known many burglars in my time, and they were the most gentlemanly men I ever met. Nerve! You could bet on that. They have to be, but they will not take human life." —Chicago Tribune.

I don't Quite Understand.

Tobaccoist Customer—The figure of the Indian is all right and true to nature, but I don't understand why you put that bottle of rum in his hand. Sign Sculptor—Heck you've never seen a live Indian, have you? —Id. Id.

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