

Food For Powder

A Tale of Dr. Jameson's Raid By P. Y. BLACK

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Two of the station traps drew up at the entrance. The little hotel had to be entered through the bar; but, as few ladies stopped in the little town on the coast, that was no great inconvenience. One of these was the lady in question. The little crowd drew back to let her pass in, and when she was once inside and had inclined her head slightly and a little nervously toward the men, including them all in one courtly bow, all hats came off. She was not young, a woman between thirty and forty, and if ever she had so been, she was not now beautiful. Her brown hair was dusted with gray, her face was pale and thin, her eyes were deep set and sorrowful. She was accompanied by a boy of ten, neatly dressed, and a maid dressed in black, whom the stamp of Chancery lane was indelibly branded—an unmistakable lawyer's clerk. The hostess was a little flurried. Guests of her sex were rare, but rarer yet ladies so evidently of a high breed as this. The clerk asked at once for a parlor. He was not sure, he said, whether the party would remain or not, but at present the lady would like a private room and a word with the landlord or his wife. The bar was turned over to the care of a youth of all work, and the host and his wife led the way into the only parlor in the house, that in which stood the piano round which had gathered of nights the reckless troopers on leave from the barracks before they had volunteered for the unfortunate "Jameson's raid."

They closed the door, and the lady, seating herself, looked to the lawyer's representative, who spoke at once.

"M," he began, with a little cough like his master's in court. "The—ah—facts of this case are these: Ah, I am instructed to state that my client has been credibly informed that you—ah—as the proprietors, lessees or managers of this inn, hostelry or hotel, have recently—ah—given shelter and in all probability have had transactions with a gentleman whom my client is very anxious to meet. I should say—ah—that it is possible—ah—that in the use of the word 'gentleman' I may unconsciously be misrepresenting—"

The lady flushed, and the speaker corrected himself hurriedly.

"Misleading—ah—I beg your pardon, my lady—misleading you. From information received at Cape Town and at Kimberley we are of opinion that the gentleman may, by reason of misfortune and of having assumed to some natural extent the—ah—picturesque but somewhat unorthodox and—ah—mannerisms of the—ah—interesting but—ah—unconventional pioneers, have recently presented the appearance of being—ah—not a gentleman."

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dead and his brother. The title and estates are his, and everybody knows of his innocence. Oh, do—do help me to find him!"

"My, my! To think of it!" cried the landlady, excited beyond measure. "To be sure we'll find him; don't you fret, dear. And this is his boy—poor, pretty boy! To be sure, we'll find him. But don't you know what name he went by?"

"I think—he was disheartened and reckless," said the lady, crying, "and got into trouble. That was my blame, poor fellow! No wonder he thought all the world was against him."

"I think in the misery and despair he did things," said the landlady, "and changed his name more than once. We found that in Johannesburg he was known as Lawrence, but he left there suddenly, and we heard that he had come in this direction."

"Lawrence," said the woman, shaking her head. "I know none of that name."

"Oh, think, think, think!" cried the wife, rising in her anxiety and taking both hands of her new friend in her own. "Think! In a little place like Fryburg you must see everybody who—oh, oh, oh!"

In rising she faced the fireplace, and on the mantelpiece rested a pocketbook, a neat morocco affair, which, as the landlady had observed, had been left by the new trooper on the piano in the hurry of the raiders' preparation to join Dr. Jameson.

The lady ran to it with a loud scream and opened it, crying:

"It is his! It is Robert's! I gave it to him myself!"

In her frenzy her trembling fingers fumbled over the clasp, and the book opening suddenly, several papers fell upon the floor. The lady's loud cry brought in the landlord and the lawyer's clerk and one other. In their concentrated observation of the unwanted feminine the hotel people had paid no attention to the appearance of the other arrival in a carriage from the train. He was a solitary traveler and had not clamored for attention. Now he stood coolly at the door, watching the unusual excitement within the parlor. Nobody noticed his presence.

"Mr. Brown," cried the lady to the clerk, "we have found him! Oh, how glad I am! See, here is his pocketbook! Oh, tell me, you kind woman, who left this?"

"That?" said the landlady. "Why, that belonged to one of the poor men who went out with Dr. Jameson. He had just come, and I didn't hear his name. My, but—sure, the boy here is like him."

"With Dr. Jameson?" the lady whispered, very white. "We heard on the train that the raiders were killed and captured. Was he there—at Krugersdorp?"

Nobody was heard to speak. The man at the door slipped quietly in and examined the papers on the floor unobtrusively. For a moment the lady trembled, then, taking her little bewildered son's hand, she said steadily:

"Mr. Brown, will you order a carriage and horses? I will go there at once."

"My lady, where?"

"To the battlefield!"

"It is late in the day, my lady, and many miles."

She bit her lips.

"Please order the horse at once," she said. "No doubt we can find fresh ones somewhere if these fall us on the road."

He looked at her and opened his lips to protest, but looked at her again and obeyed. The good woman of the house pried, but had sufficient instinctive tact not to press the feverishly agitated wife to remain. The landlord bustled about and himself saw to the guides and horses.

In the meantime the lone traveler took one glass of beer and a sandwich at the bar and, grabbing his valise, made haste to catch a southbound train for Kimberley after consulting for a moment the timetables which explained how one should quickest reach Pretoria in the Transvaal.

Wrapped in cloaks, the lawyer's clerk and the tired child slept fitfully through the night as four horses rattled them over the wide and lonely veld. But the wife was sleepless, staring with anxious eyes into the continual shades and guiding shadows of no meaning, they were animate for her—forms and faces of long ago leaping to fantastic life, forms and faces even more fantastic, of a future doubtful and dreaded. Once or twice her fatigue overcame her anxiety, and she slept a little. The last time she woke up with a cry for help. In her dream she had seen a tall ladder resting in unseemly depths of blackness, yet whose top was falling to the ladder's foot, to dreadful darkness; but she and an old man were looking down at him from above.

"Oh, dear God!" she sobbed, shuddering. "Wherever he is, whatever he has done, blame not him, but me! I pushed him down! My God, I pushed him down!"

His friend Wryll and he had hidden side by side, disarmed after the surrender. Triumphant Boers, from whose lips at intervals rose hoarse psalms of praise, rode on either side and in front and rear. Some of the ruder Transvaalians, the young and hot blooded, were roused to a high pitch of excitement by their victory and taunted their prisoners, threatening them with retaliation as outlawed raiders. The unlucky outlanders rode gloomily on, unanswering, in a manner stunned to speechlessness by so overwhelming, so

unexpected, a catastrophe. That spirited dash, that daring gallop to the Rand, that revival of medieval chivalry which their hot, naught rocking brains had dreamed would be greeted by an empire's cheer, had come to this humbling defeat half way and an ignominious procession to prison, perhaps to the gallows. Two or three proud hearts, ignorant of their captors' real mind and abhorrent of such an end, welcoming any fate but that, made hopeless darts for the open veldt in a useless effort to escape. These were shot down—poor, unlucky exiles from home, who had vainly sought retrieval of name and fortune on the rim of the death pit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Civilization by Chemistry.

It might be said that the civilization of a country is measured by its consumption of sulphuric acid, a chemical product which is at the bottom of almost every industry. Chemistry is responsible for the existence of all explosives. In this last respect, so far as usefulness for war is concerned, it might be deemed destructive, but in its production of fertilizers it is creative, and in its manufacture of medicines it is preservative of human life. Chemistry has made it practicable to produce a pure quality of gas for illuminating purposes. There would be no good inks if it were not for chemical science. Where would photography be but for chemistry, upon which the whole art depends?

The whole leather industry depends upon chemistry, for tanning is a chemical process. Mineral oils, such as kerosene, are purified by chemical means, and the same may be said of vegetable oils and of all the pigments employed for painting. Many kinds of foods are preserved by the help of salicylic acid and other chemicals, which are not harmful when used in very small quantities.—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Worried by the Leak.

Strange replies are often received by wives who wake their husbands for burglars, leaky water pipes, etc., in the early morning. Mrs. C., wife of a certain government official in Baltimore, is decidedly nervous and has frequently "heard things." One morning she thought she smelled gas. Bravery came to her momentarily, and she crept down stairs to investigate. After sniffing about for some minutes she rushed up stairs, called Mr. C., then shook him and at last aroused him. Then this was heard:

"John, there's a leak in the gaspipe in the kitchen. We'll all die if it is not fixed."

Leaks had been heard of before, and Mr. C. sleepily asked:

"Is it a leaking much now?"

"Not much," screamed his wife. And then as Mr. C. turned over this soothing advice was given:

"Put a bucket under it and come to bed."—Baltimore Sun.

A Light Heart Under Failure.

A light heart under failure is a condition of success which may be written down as an essential. No one should be so warned against the deleterious effects of the blues. Nothing deadens the heart of enterprise or unstrings the nerves of action like a fit of the blues. In one of those beautiful prayers which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote for us in his Samoan household he prayed for "courage and gaiety and a quiet mind." A man who backs up his brains with these three gifts has all the odds in his favor. It is next to impossible that he should fail in what he undertakes to accomplish. Gaiety is the essence of power. What is there in a failure or two to cry about or in a dozen failures when you know you are bound to get there?—Richard Le Gallienne in Success.

"The Arabian Nights."

That most fascinating book, "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment," is not the work of any one man or men, but simply a compendium of Arabian folk-lore tales, doubtless told in the bazaars by professional raconteurs so often as to make them history. These tales have suffered many alterations and in their present form show traces of translation to Egyptian soil. The date of the accepted version is not earlier than 1450 A. D. The book was first introduced into Europe through a translation from Arabic into the French by one Antoine Galland in 1704. The manuscripts used by him bore the date of 1648.

No Sensation Intended.

Among the printed and posted regulations of one of the New York public schools are these instructions for the fire drill of the pupils:

"Fire Drill—(a) Three Bells—To the sidewalk and return with clothing.

"(b) Four Bells—To the yard and return without clothing."

As a matter of fact, this performance is not as sensational as this principal's ambiguity might suggest, for the clothing referred to is only the outer wraps and hats of the children.—New York Mail and Express.

"The Ghost of Leap Year."

In France there is a popular tradition among the peasantry, especially those of the Seine country and of La Chatre, concerning a demon called "The Ghost of Leap Year." It is said that every leap year this peculiar sort of evil demon makes his dread appearance. The creature's sole pleasure is to be displeased with everything and everybody. His shape is not distinguishable in member, joint or limb, but taken altogether his hideous and uncanny actions make him a much dreaded monster.

Dogs.

There are in France 2,864,000 dogs, an average of 75 to every 1,000 human beings. Irish dogs, curiously enough, come next, with a percentage of 73 per 1,000. England has only 38 per 1,000, Germany 31 and Sweden only 11. It is stated that Germany claims to have almost 2,500,000 dogs, Russia only 1,500,000 and Turkey, oddly enough, only 350,000.

A Biting Retort.

Lady Wortley Montagu, one of England's most brilliant women, incurred Pope's undying hatred in the following manner: The poet, who was deformed and very dark and addicted to questioning everybody, once asked her to define an interrogation mark. She defined it as "a little, crooked, black thing that asks questions."

SECONDHAND SMOKES.

Selling Cigar Stubs Is a Lucrative Business in Naples.

Buying and selling cigar stubs is a large and lucrative business in the city of Naples, and many persons are engaged in it. Some of them have little stalls or shops near the docks, the arsenals and the manufacturing establishments where workmen are in the habit of passing to and from their tasks. Others, with less capital, have little stands at street corners, a board laid across a saw horse, upon which their stock in trade is displayed, while the petty dealers in this line of business exhibit their stock in little piles upon the sidewalk, sometimes not even a newspaper being under them.

The supply comes from the cafes, restaurants, hotels and other public places. Men and women pick over the garbage heaps and the dust boxes, and boys run up and down the pavements in front of the hotels early every morning looking for "snipes." Some of the restaurant and cafe keepers sell the privilege of picking up the cigar stubs in their places to dealers, and the proceeds amount to a considerable sum during the year. In other places it is one of the perquisites of the head waiter.

Some of the stubs are taken to factories where they are cut up and manufactured into cigarettes and smoking tobacco, but the greater part of them are sold to the lower classes of workmen, sailors and dock wallopers, who smoke them in their pipes. At the entrance of the navy yard, which is upon one of the most frequented streets in Naples and in a very conspicuous place, half a dozen of these secondhand cigar dealers can be found when the men are coming out of the gates at the close of their day's work.

The employees are not allowed to smoke inside, and their wages do not permit them to indulge in the luxury of cigars or even smoking tobacco at first hand, so for a centesimo, which is the smallest coin imaginable—one-fifth of a cent—they buy a cigar stub, crumble it up in their hands and cram it into their pipes.—Chicago Herald.

GRANT AND OCHILTREE.

The Grievance the President Had Against the Colonel.

"After the war," said a veteran of fifeholder, "a warm friendship sprang up between General Grant and Colonel Tom Ochiltree, although they had fought on opposite sides. When Grant appointed a large number of people who had been under him to federal offices, he also appointed Ochiltree. Tom had been 'under him' in a sense. Tom was made United States marshal in Texas.

"Well, you know, in those days Tom took a very deep interest in the ponies and was a sort of patron saint of racing in the new southwest. He was so much admired by horsemen generally that it became quite the thing for owners to name their horses after him. At one time there were not less than a dozen horses running at various tracks under the name of Tom Ochiltree."

"Everything went smoothly until Tom came up to Washington, several months after assuming his new duties. In the course of his visit he called at the White House for a conference with the president. After talking generally for awhile Tom noticed that the president seemed to have something on his mind—didn't appear to be as frank and cordial as usual. He finally asked General Grant what the trouble was, thinking that the chief executive might not be satisfied with the manner in which the marshal's office was being conducted.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the president, "I don't like the way you've been running about the country, following the races. I see by the sporting columns of the papers that first you are in Louisville, then you're in New York, next you're in Saratoga and next somewhere out west. I would rather you stayed at home and looked after your office."—Washington Post.

The Three Meal Habit.

Our three meal habit is a fearful tax on our working capacity. It troubles the temptation to overeating. Our champions stagger under the weight of a physiological handicap. One-half of the functional energy of the system is diverted by the exigencies of digestion. No other hygienic mistake has done so much to make us a generation of dyspeptics as the custom of after dinner work. Its victims, moreover, incur the risk of contracting that form of moral dyspepsia called pessimism. It tends to rob the working day of its reward.—Success.

Alcohol and Tobacco.

According to the London Lancet, when evil effects ensue from smoking tobacco they are very much intensified by indulgence in alcohol. Pyridine, the chief poisonous constituent of tobacco smoke, is not so easily soluble in water as in alcohol. Pyridine bases can be easily traced in the mouth of an immoderate smoker and especially of the smoker of cigars. An alcoholic drink is, therefore, calculated quickly to wash out this poisonous oil and to carry it into the stomach.

An Irish Fishing Story.

There is a good fishing story in an Irish contemporary. Two enthusiastic anglers arranged a fishing match to decide the respective merits of the worm and the minnow as bait. For hours they sat patiently on a bank without getting so much as a nibble. At last the proprietor of the worm suddenly said that he had got a bite, and, jerking his line out of the water, disclosed at the end of it the other man's minnow, which, having by this time grown hungry, had devoured his worm.

Pity to Punish Both.

Strenuous Father—Tommy, this hurts me as badly as it hurts you!

Tommy—Well, then, pop (boo-boo) seems to me there's no use in two sufferin' for the faults of one! Let's call it off!—San Francisco Bulletin.

Hunting.

Ascum—Hello! Where did you get that black eye?

Downes—Hunting.

Ascum—Gun kick you?

Downes—Oh, no. I was just hunting trouble.—Philadelphia Press.

CHASING A GHOST.

The Way Whale Hunters Are Sometimes Fooled by "Spouting."

While the right whale is not so large nor so vicious as the sperm whale, the danger of hunting it is greater. In company with a fleet of ships, also bound for the arctic whaling grounds, says a writer in a contemporary, we sailed from San Francisco in February, and early in April we encountered the edge of the ice in Bering sea. The whales live far in the ice, and thither we went to find them. Occasionally a mother seal with one or two pups would dispute our way. She would not fly because of the little ones, holding her ground quietly, with fear in her eyes, while the pups barked vigorously at our presumption in disturbing them.

We had been "iceing" for more than a week when we reached Cape Navarin, on the Siberian coast, a bleak, mountainous, dreary place. The next morning we saw another ship coming toward us, the dense black smoke from her try works showing she had recently caught a whale. In the afternoon we pushed on beyond the cape, and the lookout was cautioned to be extra vigilant. From his place in the crow's nest he scoured the sea with a long glass, and presently there came the welcome cry, "Ho-o-o-ow off the lee bow!"

Every man strained his eyes. On the edge of the ice some two miles away was the familiar spout. The wind had died away until there was not a ripple on the sea. Boats were lowered, sails set and everything made ready. We drifted about helplessly. Every man knew that to place an oar or paddle in the water would "zilly" the whale, for the big animals have a marvelous acute sense of hearing, and the minute they hear is an unusual sound they disappear.

One boat drifted in the direction of the spouting, which continued with clocklike regularity. Presently the sail of that boat was dropped, and the men rowed back to the ship. We had been "chasing a ghost." The spouting was caused by water spouting through a hole in the ice with each heavy swell.

COOKING HINTS.

Don't salt cucumbers or eggplant before cooking. It makes them indigestible and unpalatable.

Avoid peeing rubarb when it is young and tender, for it only needs wiping with a damp cloth before using.

A piece of tough meat can be very nicely stewed in a double boiler. It will take twice as long, however, as if cooked directly over the fire.

Fish which contain few bones may be converted into fillets by dividing the flesh from the backbone in long, wide strips and then removing any smaller bones. Soles supply the best fillets.

Crusts and crumbs of bread left over from the table should be dried, put aside for rolling and dipping or to be used in scalloped dishes or mixed with a few sliced apples and baked and served as a dinner dessert.

To prevent sausages bursting when cooking put them into a sawpan, cover them with cold water and bring this to a boil, after which take them out and fry them in the usual way. This, it is said, will not only prevent the sausages from bursting, but will improve their flavor.

An Atchison Lynching.

Here is a story of a lynching in the early days of Atchison: A man named Sterling was hanged first. He was a vicious fellow and did not flinch. Indeed, while the rope was around his neck he announced that he was the best man in Kansas. Sandy Corbin, one of the lynching party, was somewhat of a fighter himself and did not like Sterling's talk. "Men," he said to the lynchers, "if you will postpone proceedings ten minutes I will take the conceit out of this scoundrel." The committee thought it would not be proper to let Sandy whip Sterling before hanging him, and the lynching went on, although Sandy grumbled loud and long because Sterling's bluff was not called.—Atchison Globe.

A Tiny Flower's Great Message.

The trailing arbutus has only one very near relative, and it lives in Japan. This tells to the botanist a strange story. When North America was warmer, the parent of both spread over northern America and Asia. With the descent of the ice cap, in the glacial period, the flowers were forced downward, one on the east coast of Asia and one on the east coast of America. They have been separated just long enough and under surroundings just different enough to have made a little difference in their appearance and habit, and yet their common origin is still easily traceable.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Clerical Garb.

When Martin Luther laid aside the monk's clothes which had up to that time been his garb, the elector of Saxony sent him a piece of black cloth. Black was at the time court fashion, and Luther had a suit made of it according to the prevailing cut of the time. His pupils followed his example, and henceforth black became the distinguishing hue of clerical garb. It was not, however, for many years afterward that the cut of a clergyman's coat became in any way different from that of the laity.

Palm Leaf Cradles.

In the palm region of the Amazon river there is a tribe whose infants are cradled in palm leaves. A single leaf turned up round the edges, according to native custom, makes a capital cradle and on occasion does service as a bath. Strong cords are fashioned from the fibers of another kind of palm by which the leaf cradle is suspended under a tree, and the wind rocks the baby to sleep.

Making It Important.

A lecturer in Cork once began an address by remarking very solemnly, "Parents, you may have children, or if not your daughter may have," and concluded with, "There is no man, woman or child in this audience who has arrived at the age of fifty years but that has felt these mighty truths thundering through their minds for centuries."

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Japanese Waiting Mice.

Among the many animals which are adopted as pets there are numerous odd and peculiar creatures. But certainly one of the oddest is the Japanese waiting mouse. Mice have been brought under cultivation and have been so altered in appearance by the fancier that their original wild relatives would fail to know them. Yet the fancy mouse, with his wonderful markings, is a very ordinary creature compared with this waiting member of the family.

It is no doubt true that many a tale hangs by the tail of many an animal. The waiting mouse probably has his in view, as his main object of life appears to be to catch and lick up his own tail, the contortions and gyrations in which he indulges during the process being decidedly unique. The mice sometimes perform in pairs, but they are different to ordinary dances in that they wait head to tail, turning so quickly that it is difficult to tell where one begins and the other ends. The faculty of waiting is hereditary, for the young mice of this variety evince a tendency to spin as soon as they are old enough to move about. There are no special markings in the waiting mice, though they can be obtained in several different colors.

Scratched Off.

"If it please your honor," said a lank individual who had been summoned for jury duty, "I'd like to be excused on account of illness. I'm suffering from something that might prove embarrassing to the other jurors and is certainly embarrassing to me."

"What is the nature of your illness?" asked the judge.

"Well," said the young man hesitatingly, "I'd prefer to tell you in private. I'm somewhat delicate about speaking of it in public."

"I cannot hear anything in private," responded the judge impatiently. "If you want to be excused, you must tell me here and now what is the matter with you."

"Well, if I must tell it here—I have the itch."

"The itch?" echoed the judge, and, turning to the clerk, without marking how apropos his observation was, said, "Mr. Jones, scratch the juror off."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Story of Lincoln.

It was a frequent custom of Lincoln's to carry his children on his shoulders, says The Literary Digest.

He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father and the species of tyranny they exercised over him are still the subjects of talk in Springfield. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."

Indian Prayer Sticks.

Those acquainted with Indian customs know of the prominence that feathers hold in the religious and social ceremonies of the red men. Particularly among the Navajoes and Pueblos are these plume emblems believed to have the utmost efficacy for good or bad.

All about any Pueblo town may be seen carefully whittled sticks, each with a tuft of downy feathers, generally white ones, bound at the top of it. They are prayer sticks and are quite as curious as the prayer wheels of Burma and the paper prayers of the Chinese. The feathers, stick and manner of tying the feathers vary according to the nature of the prayer. The Indian who wishes to ask a favor of the "Great Spirit" prepares his feather prayer with great secrecy. Then, taking it to a proper spot, he prays to those above, and, planting his stick, leaves it to continue his petition.

Too Early.

One raw February morning an instructor in the University of Michigan was calling the roll of an 8 o'clock class in English.

"Mr. Robbins," said he.

There was no answer.

"Mr. Robbins," in a slightly louder voice.

Still no reply.

"Ah," said the instructor, with a quiet smile, "come to think of it, it is rather early for Robbins."

This is Current Literature's anecdote of the late Moses Colt Tyler, who later became professor of history at Cornell, and it shows him in the pleasing light of a man who could be boyishly gay at a gray and cheerless hour—no small feat, if one stops to consider an instructor's provocations to morning dullness.

About Printers' Marks.

The interrogation mark or "point" (?) was originally a "q" and an "o," the latter placed under the former. They were simply the first and last letters of the Latin word "questio." So, too, with the sign of exclamation or interjection (!). In its original purity it was a combination of "i" and "o," the latter underneath, as in the question mark. The two stood for "io," the Latin exclamation of joy. The paragraph mark is a Greek "¶," the initial of the word paragraph. The curly mark or "fleur-de-lance" is a mark that a word or sentence was objectionable and should be cut out.

Disappointed.

"So you advise me not to sue?" said the client.

"I do," said the lawyer.

"Well," returned the disappointed client, "it seems strange that when a man pays for advice he can't get the kind he wants."—Chicago Post.

The white convicts employed on the breakerwork at Cape Town are sending a loyal address to King Edward praying his clemency on the occasion of the approaching coronation.

If you have a dime, don't make yourself believe it is a dollar. That is what you do when you stop work to tell you a good man you are.—Atchison Globe.

Two of the station traps drew up at the entrance. The little hotel had to be entered through the bar; but, as few ladies stopped in the little town on the coast, that was no great inconvenience. One of these was the lady in question. The little crowd drew back to let her pass in, and when she was once inside and had inclined her head slightly and a little nervously toward the men, including them all in one courtly bow, all hats came off. She was not young, a woman between thirty and forty, and if ever she had so been, she was not now beautiful. Her brown hair was dusted with gray, her face was pale and thin, her eyes were deep set and sorrowful. She was accompanied by a boy of ten, neatly dressed, and a maid dressed in black, whom the stamp of Chancery lane was indelibly branded—an unmistakable lawyer's clerk. The hostess was a little flurried. Guests of her sex were rare, but rarer yet ladies so evidently of a high breed as this. The clerk asked at once for a parlor. He was not sure, he said, whether the party would remain or not, but at present the lady would like a private room and a word with the landlord or his wife. The bar was turned over to the care of a youth of all work, and the host and his wife led the way into the only parlor in the house, that in which stood the piano round which had gathered of nights the reckless troopers on leave from the barracks before they had volunteered for the unfortunate "Jameson's raid."