PARSON HARWOOD'S **CURVES**

By Bert Estes

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ALLIA CITY, like most Ohio G river towns, had a mixed poplation full of sharp antagonisms, social, political and re-

Notwithstanding, there was one local institution about which there was only one mind. The Gallia City Baseball club, the apple of the municipal eye, was felt to be set for the city's defense against the world in general and the nine from Centerport in particular.

Centerport, a few miles down the river, was a high headed little town given to vaunting itself unseemly and challenging other towns to come out and meet their doom. Worse than that, Centerport had in hand a large stock of doom and was liberal in applying it -over the diamond. The mutual scorn of Centerport and Gallia City had something tragic in its intensity. To beat Centerport was the summit of Gallian achievement: Centerport lived only to repeat its victories over the hated foe. In both business of all sorts was transacted as a sort of adjunct to the larger mission in life.

Brent Harwood came to Gallia City to supply Dickson's pulpit while Dickson, poor man, was away in hospital. Dickson was the Presbyterian minister. Harwood was to live in the vacant parsonage and take his meals over with the Potters. Dickson had arranged all that. Harwood hoped he had arranged also for some one to meet him, but when he stepped off the boat from Cincinnati early one Saturday morning and looked about he found none to welcome him.

When the dock had been deserted by all but roustabouts and chronic loungers, Harwood made up his mind that there was some hitch-his letter of announcement had possibly miscarriedso he walked up to an old river man in the freighthouse and said:

"I believe I am to board with a famlly here named Potter. Do you know of any such people?"

"Know 'em! Why, sonny, they ain't man, woman ner child-doggone it, even er ornerey yaller purp ner scasely er flea on that purp-livin' in these here parts that I don't know! You bet I know 'em-hull fambly, includin' the cat-ole chap, with b'iles on his nose; nice ole gal fer his missus, son, the golalfernalest cuss in seventeen states ter sell pianners an' orgins, an' the son's wife, Annie, who is jest er great big bunk o' the salt o' the earth. Say, what d'ye want with 'em? Be ye one o' them drummer chaps tryin' ter sell Pot some more goods?"

Harwood shook his head. "I've come to spend the summer bere," he said. "I shall take my meals with the Potters and live at the parsonage." "Why, it's shet up! Dickson's gone

ter New York ter have some big doctor cut him open an' right him up inside,' the river man said. did hear thar

was a-say, young fellow, you ain't the new preacher that's comin'?"

"I am going to try and preach," Harwood said modestly. "My name is Harwood."

"Brother Harwood." faltered the river man, "lemme beg your pardon the durndest worst way. I had no ideeyou don't look like a parson, you don't dress like a parson, you didn't let on you wus a parson-how in tunkit was a fellow to know? I hope you'll fergit I called you sonny. If you will, by grab,

church-not next Sunday, but some time before you go." "That's a bargain," Harwood said, shaking hands before he made his way to breakfast at the hotel.

you can lick me if I don't come to

Upon his second Monday morning in Gallia City Harwood strolled down to Stevenson Potter's music store. Ste



"Lemme beg your pardon, brother Har wood," faltered the river man.

venson he had found a fine fellow, although everybody but his own family did call him Pot. Pot, on his part, had at first been doubtful of the young preacher just out of seminary, but after a little had said of him to a friend:

"Our parson is all right from the ground up, not one of those white chokered fellows who go around with faces as long as a snall track, as if they had given up the world, the flesh and the devil and were aimighty sorry they had to. Harwood is none of that sort. He's a man first and a minister afterward."

As Harwood stepped inside the mu-sic store a strong voice called across the street:

"Hey, there, Pot!"

"Coming, colonel," Potter answered, picking his way across the newly sprinkled street to a big crockery store opposite. A muscular young fellow leaned against the doorjamb.

"Here's the devil to pay and no pitch hot, and mighty far to water," be said. "Centerport has challenged us to play 'em Saturday, and Tom Jordan is off on a big, big bat. You know, there ain't another man in the whole darn wild Indian, trying to blow on his write him a nice letter of thanks.town that can pitch a ball within four hands and rub his elbows at the same Lendon Telegraph. feet of the plate. Centerport knows it

challenge on us."

"Round up Tom. He can get in shape," Potter said confidently.

Colonel snorted: "Round nothin" Tom's a holy terror when he's on a spree-besides, he's gone. Maybe the Lord knows where he is-I don't, for sure. It's the very cussedest luck-I'd rather lose a hundred dollars than have them fellows come and wallop us -and we've got to play 'em. If we refuse they'll crow over it forever and the day after."

"Great mud!" said Potter-he never said anything stronger-"that mustn't happen. Can't we import a pitcher? What's the matter with Stevens of the Riversides? He's a bird-no mistake.' Colonel shook his head. "Never do in the world," he said. "'Twouldn't be a square deal for one thing; for an-

other, they'd be sure to get on to itand then"-"Well, we've got to accept the challenge." Potter said. "Do it right away and throw in a big bluff. Tell 'em we've got a new pitcher that will take all the kinks out of 'em. Then we must rustle for a pitcher-we've got to

-that's all. "Lord, Pot, it makes me sick abed thinkin' of the luck of those Centerport scrubs," Colonel said. "They've beat us and beat us on flukes this way -we've not had a fair show in the longest time. And now, just as Tom Jordan was pitching in such great shape, off he goes and gets full again Wish the old man Jordan would pitch him in the river, neck and crop-it's

less than he deserves."

"Well, whining nor cussing don' help us, as I see. I'm going back to talk with the preacher," Potter said. "Preacher be hanged!" Colonel said irreverently. "Are you going to set him praying against the Centerports?" Potter did not answer-the last word caught him half way across the street.

wood asked. smiling. Potter explained briefly that Colonel was not a military man. He had been baptized that way and was the "son" of Roodsell & Son. Moved by an impulse he did not understand, he told also of the challenge and of Gallia City's predicament. Harwood listened. thrumming softly on the strings of a

fine guitar. At the end he said: "I'm feeling pretty dull and blue this morning. Do you think your friend Colonel would let me toss ball to him long enough to set my blood circulating?

"Great mud, parson! Do you play ball?" Potter asked.

"I did at college, also at the seminary, whenever I had the chance," Harwood answered. Potter whistled.

"Dickson almost had fits if you named baseball to him," he said. "Why, he preached against it and came near losing his job. He did lose half the congregation. But come on. I want Colonel to see you."

Colonel stared a little at Harwood's request, but invited his two visitors out into the alley back of the store, where they might toss balls to their hearts' content and not a soul be the wiser. But to Harwood's suggestion of gloves he only said. "If it gets too hot, I'll put 'em on, but I reckon there won't be any long whiskers on the balls you pitch."

Harwood's eye twinkled wickedly, but he said nothing, only stripped off through the dust he cried: coat, vest and collar and began to toss, He played lightly, but easily. Colonel caught with an air of condescension and returned the ball with a great show of consideration for the minister's soft hands. After a little Harwood asked if Colonel would mind catching a bit while he tried his hand

at pitching. "Blaze away, parson," grinned Colo nel. In a minute or two a square box cover was in place as a "home plate" and Colonel behind it, caricaturing the man at the bat. Harwood pretended not to see the implied satire. He step-

ped into the pitcher's place, which he had marked at the proper distance. A ball or two went over the plate true as an arrow. "Good enough, parson!" Colonel laughed, still patronizingly. "You've got the ball under bully control, sure."

Harwood said over his shoulder to Potter: "Open your eyes and get right behind me. You'll see something. So will Colonel." Then in a louder voice: "Do you mind if I pitch a few stiffer ones? I want to see if I have lost the bang of it."

"Let 'em come, parson!" Colone shouted back, almost convulsed that a little man, whom he could fling over his shoulder, should be so considerate. Harwood nodded, saying:

"Thank you. Of course I would not put twist in them unless I knew you did not object. I wish you'd put on gloves, though. I hate to pitch hard o a man in bare hands." "Gloves, nothin"." Colonel said, al-

most nettled. "Maybe I don't look contagious, but you can bet your last nick you'll find me catching." "Very well, my Christian friend!"

Harwood called back. "Catching as you may be, you are not entirely immune. Mind out! Here goes!"

Biff! sizz! the ball went out of the parson's right hand like a rifle shot, dipping off the ends of his fingers with a crack like a whiplash. It started to the right of Colonel so fast the eye could scarcely follow it. Colonel darted to get behind it, when suddenly it changed its mind, plunged to the left,

passed him entirely and writhed, hissing, far down the alley. "Sufferin' jiminy! What was that?"

gasped Colonel. "Oh, only one of the things you didn't catch-not exposed enough, I fancy," Harwood grinned. "Now let me give you another."

Whizz! A great outshoot went whistling through the air. Colonel did his little dance again-only this time he reversed. As he brought up stand ing, empty handed, he said in awestruck tones:

"For the love o' God, parson, nobody but a crosseyed man could eatch those dum things! Get one right at meright here!" folding his hands in front

of his stomach. "That's right where they would go if you didn't get out of the way. Stand to do? still and keep your eyes open," Harwood commanded. "Now!"

Biff! Another sizzling inshoot. Crack! Colonel was in the air dancing like a Old Lawyer-Then I'd advise her to

too-that's just why they've run this time. The ball had gone as Harwood said. The concussion of it had jarred Colonel from finger tips to shoulder

blades. "If you'd only put on the mitts," Harwood said, with a tantalizing grin, "I'd like to throw you a few speedy ones. Otherwise I'm really afraid I might hurt you."

"Hurt me!" Colonel's tone was abject. "And them paws feeling like a full crockery crate had smashed 'em. I'm no giutton, parson. I know when I've had enough. But, say, you're the decelvingest package ever I struck." "Mr. 'Harwood." sald Potter, "if you don't mind I'll go get Bill Reed to come

and eatch for you. "I should like it of all things," said Harwood. "The little I have done makes me feel a new man."

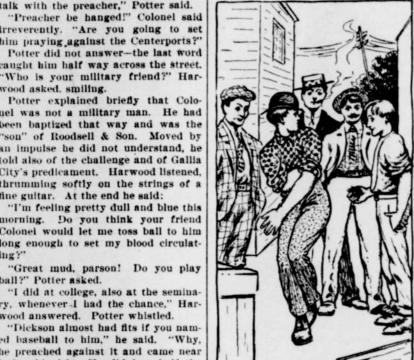
"Me. too, and a derned poor one." Colonel added, but he plucked up spirit to grin heartily when Potter came back with Bill Reed, catcher to the Gallias, two or three other members and several "fans" besides. When Harwood suggested gloves,

Bill sniffed even more disdainfully than Colonel had done. Harwood smiled as he took position in the box and said softly: "Say where you want the balls, Mr. Reed. I'll try to put them over the plate about right." Bill squatted back of the plate, spat

tobacco juice on his hands and said, "Give us a low ball." Harwood gripped the leathern sphere, leaped the length of the box, gave a twist of the wrist and let drive a straight drop over the middle of the plate. Reed put up his hands; but, to

his amazement, the thing ducked un-

der his fingers and went skipping down



"I'm very sorry." Harwood said de-murely.

the alley. He was chagrined, of course, but when Harwood again named gloves he said almost roughly: "Don't you lay awake nights thinkin' o' Bill Reed. He don't need no gloves to catch no preacher's pitchin'.'

Harwood nodded and pitched the same inshoot he had sent to Colonel. Bill leaped to this side and that in a vain attempt to get behind the ball.

"Fellows, did you see that thing? If I hadn't quit drinkin', I'd swear I had ly know it any better after you have em again!"

Potter lined up his forces behind the Parson. Harwood winked at Potter; then, with a motion like the uncoiling of a steel spring, he sent another inshoot to Reed so swift that Reed had no time to dodge it. Bill managed to get his hands up in the instinctive movement of self defense. He caught and hung to the pigskin cannon ball, though his fingers did not feel it, they were so farred and numb.

"Whoop!" roared Bill, sitting down suddenly and staring wild eyed at the parson. "Boys," he went on solemnly, "that wuz a close shave. If I hadn't caught the durned thing 'twould a-gone plumb through my innards. Say," looking ruefully at his hands, "no more ball today, thank you! I've got to see

Doc Johnson about them things." "I'm very sorry," Harwood said demurely, "but you wouldn't put on gloves for a parson's pitching, you know. Soak your hands in very hot water: it will set them all right. Now,

to play ball?" In the soft, warm twilight of that eventful day Harwood sat coatless and comfortable in the parsonage study. He was smoking and trying hard to keep cool. He was also very lonely and, it must be confessed, blue from staying alone in the deserted house. So he was genuinely glad to hear heavy steps upon the gravel and a little later to welcome Potter, Colonel, Reed and

some more men he did not know. "This isn't exactly a social call," Potter began, "yet we can't exactly call it business, and the fact is we're all afraid

"Oh, ho! Somebody going to commit matrimony? Who is it-Colonel or my friend Reed?" Harwood asked, his eyes twinkling. Reed grinned broadly. The day before he would have thrashed the man who had named him friend to a parson. But a man who could play such ball-that was another matter altogeth-

"You're dead wrong, parson. That sort of thing comes right in your line and ours is way off it," Potter said. "We are in a hole. We want your help, but we don't know how you'll take our proposition."

"But you do know-at least you ought to-that if I can legitimately help you or any one in this town I shall be both proud and happy to do it," said Har-

"But this is clean outside ministerial duty," Potter began. Harwood smiled. "I am a man as well as a minister,"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Young Lady-A friend of mine is engaged to a man, and now he refuses to marry her. What would you advise her

Old Lawyer-Is the man wealthy? Young Lady-No. He hasn't a shil-

WEBSTER AS A DRINKER.

The Great Orator's Deep Potations

Before Two Famous Speeches. Daniel Webster was invited to Richmond in the fifties. He accepted the invitation, came to Richmond and went to the Exchange hotel. He was invited by the state legislature to address them and the people of Richmond, and a committee consisting of James Lyons of Richmond and Robert E. Scott of Fauquier, two of the most eminent lawyers in the state, were sent down to the hotel to escort him to the capitol building. They found Mr. Webster in a state of intoxication in such degree that Mr. Lyons said to Mr. Scott: "This man can't make a speech. You must take his place." Mr. Scott replied, "No man can take the place of Daniel Web-

After delay, during which Mr. Webster improved a little, he was asked if he would go to the capitol. He replied, "Yes.' With great difficulty Messrs. Scott and Lyons supported and helped him to the capitol. When they reached the rotunda near the Washington statue, Mr. Lyons said, "Mr. Webster, de you think you can speak?" "If you will give me a drink of brandy, yes."

A messenger was sent to a neighbor ing hotel and a bottle of brandy brought. Mr. Webster poured out successively two goblets full and drank them off, straightened himself up, shook himself as a lion might have done, walked steadily and directly to the south porch of the capitol, and in the presence of an audience of 5,000 people, which consisted of the intellectuality and beauty of Richmond, male and female, made his celebrated October speech, one of the greatest even of

Edward Everett related that on the day Webster replied to Hayne of South Carolina he walked with him to the capitol; that he seemed so badly prepared that he doubted him and feared that he was not equal to the occasion; that just before he rose to speak he phoid fever and various other morbid drank a goblet of brandy and then made his great speech in reply to of the vital forces. At the present Hayne, which is an English classic. Such was the effect of the beverage on Webster.-Beverages.

THE GREAT POETS.

Do Not Study Them For Knowledge; Read Them For Culture.

Young men and young women actually go to college to take a course in Shakespeare or Chaucer or Dante or the Arthurian legends. The course be comes a mere knowledge course. My own acquaintance with Milton was through an exercise in grammar We parsed "Paradise Lost." Much of the current college study of Shakespeare is little better than parsing him. The class falls upon the text like hens upon a bone in winter. No meaning of phrase escapes them; every line is literally picked to pieces. But of the poet himself, of that which makes him what he is, how much do they get? Very little, I fear. They have had intellectual exercise and not an emotional experience. They have added to their knowledge, but have not taken a step in culture.

To dig into the roots and origins of the great poets is like digging into the roots of an oak or maple the better to As it passed him and went hustling increase your appreciation of the beauty of the tree. There stands the tree in all its summer glory. Will you reallaid bare every root and rootlet? There stand Homer, Dante, Chaucer and Shakespeare. Read them, give yourself to them, and master them if you

> are man enough. The poets are not to be analyzed; they are to be enjoyed; they are not to be studied, but to be loved; they are not for knowledge, but for cultureto enhance our appreciation of life and our mastery over its elements. All the mere facts about a poet's work are as chaff as compared with the appreciation of one fine line or fine sentence Why study a great poet at all after the manner of the dissecting room? Why not rather seek to make the acquaint ance of his living soul and to feel its power?-John Burroughs in Century.

William Shakespeare.

What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office is there any other gentleman who cares or function or district of man's work has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?-Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Regard For Sacred Trees.

Throughout the length and breadth of India the Ficus religiosa, under which Buddha rested for seven years plunged in divine thought, is dedicated to religious worship and may on no account be felled or destroyed. Wi more universal but not less sincere reverence do the peasants of Russia prostrate themselves before the trees which they are about to cut and deprecate the vengeance of the deities whose resting places they then proceed to de- tury. stroy.-Gentleman's Magazine.

His Mental Incapacity.

The Court-So you ask divorce from this man on the ground of mental incapacity. What proof have you that he's insane?

The Woman-Who said he was insane, your honor? The Court-Why, you say he tally incapable.

The Woman-Yes; incapable of understanding that I'm boss.-Baltimore

The longest cold season in the United States is found in the Rocky mountain region, where it exceeds the warm by about ten days. The warm season in Texas and the lower Missouri valley opens about ten days earlier than in the region near the middle Atlantic coast and from twenty to twenty-five days earlier than on the southern coast of California. In the northwest the warm season opens from twenty to twenty-five days earlier than in the lake region and from fifteen to twenty days earlier than in the north Pacific

HEART STIMULANT.

Cold Applications Superior to Drafts

of Alcohol. There is a deep seated belief amount ing almost to a superstition that alcohol is a very important heart stimulant, especially when this organ is weak. Winternitz, the great authority on hydrotherapy in Germany, has often told us of the very great value of cold as a heart stimulant or tonic

and that it is far superior to alcohol in this respect. Dr. Kellogg gives the method of application as follows: "The application consists of a compress applied to the portion of the chest wall over the heart. This comprises the space bounded by the second rib above, the right border of the something awful," says John Swain in sternum, a line falling a half inch to Ainslee's. "Government engineers have the right of the nipple and the sixth found that the amount of solid matter rib below. The compress should be

arge enough to cover this space and pension is enough to make a block of o extend at least two inches outside earth 300 feet high and a mile square. of it. Ordinarily the best effects are Fifty feet off the top of this is spread produced by employing water at a ground on the valley between here and emperature of about 60 degrees. The the sea, and the rest goes out into the ompress should be wrung moderately gulf of Mexico to build up more contidry and should be very lightly covered. It is desirable that cooling by slow be continued for some time."

Dr. Kellogg continues: "In Germany and France it is the custom to administer alcohol to the patient just before putting him in a cold bath. Some practitioners, as Winternitz, administer but a very small amount, a single mouthful the position from which he spoke, on of wine, for instance, while others give brandy in considerable quantities. A few American practitioners employ brandy freely with the cold bath. The unwisdom of this practice will be apparent on due consideration of the following facts: "One purpose in administering the

cold bath is to secure a true stimulant or tonic effect by arousing the vital energies through excitation of the nerve centers. Alcohol was once supposed to be capable of effecting this and was used for this purpose in tyconditions accompanied by depression time, however, it is well known, and with practical unanimity admitted, that alcohol is neither a tonic nor a stimulant, but a narcotic; that it depresses and does not excite; that it essens and does not increase the activity of the nerve centers, and that this is true of small as well as large doses, as has been shown by the researches of careful investigators."--

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Give the roots of trees a deep and broad bed of soil to start and grow in. In pruning the grape cut back to the hird bud, as it is usually the first entirely perfect bud produced. When winds prevail from any direc-

ion, as they usually do, lean the tree a ittle in that direction when setting out The essentials in making a good garden are rich soil, plenty of manure, good seeds, timely labor and a fair sea-

Having the soil in a good tilth and planting in straight rows will save much labor in cultivating in the gar-

moss and lichens adhering to the bark of trees is an application of lime white-In taking trees from a nursery or forest, preserve all of the roots and fine

One of the best ways of getting rid of

rootlets possible. Dig out instead of pulling up the tree. When the fruit or leaves of any plant or tree are eaten by insects of any kind, spraying in good season and sufficiently often is the safest and best remedy. Gladiolus bulbs should be planted in full sunshine, four or five inches deep and about one foot apart. Good soil, rather sandy, is best, avoiding manure, especially if fresh.

To the Point. An incident which occurred while Admiral Dewey was commanding the Asiatic squadron and one which illustrates his independence is one known

as "the coal incident." It seems that his squadron was in need of coal, but instead of writing to lony van Corlear from the battlement the chief of the bureau of equipment at the navy department he purchased a Then, closing the door in their astonlarge amount of coal without consulting the department.

The following is the correspondence between the admiral and Captain Bradford, the chief of the bureau of equipment, and is self explanatory:

Navy Department, Washington To Dewey, Manila: Why did you buy so much coal? BRADFORD.

Flagship Olympia, Manila. To Bradford, Chief Bureau Equipment Washington: DEWEY.

Saturday Evening Post.

The Wrong of Intolerance. The intolerant state of mind is in jurious both to the state and to the individual. It goes with conceit and deadly pride. The strange thing is that men are apt to plume themselves upon their intolerance. It is evident that a man's conduct and a nation's conduct should be the result of thought and judgment, but intolerance stops thought and destroys judgment.-Cen-

"But why did you name your baby after his most disreputable ancestor? the surprised friend asked the proud young mother

"Well, you see I expect him to improve on the former bearer of the name. Indeed, he bardly can help it, because the ancestor was so very bad. then she stammered out: If I had named him after the most disinguished member of the family, he might not have lived up to the name Babies hardly ever do when they are named for great personages, as I have often noticed."-New York Press.

Physically, Not Mentally. Dick-You were born to be a writer

Charlie. Charlie (blushingly)-Ah, you've see some of the things I've turned off. Dick-No I was thinking what a splendid ear you have for carrying a

pen.-Stray Stories.

Offices and Officeseekers. It frequently happens that when a

man gets an office he finds it too small for him. But they're all willing to squeeze in .- Atlanta Constitution.

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FARMERS AND MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA. 222 Mission Street, San Francisco.

A RIVER OF L'AND.

Astonishing Amount of Earth That

Flows Down the Mississippi. "The capacity of the Mississippi for filling up canals and old channels is annually carried past Vicksburg in sus-

"Think what that means. Instead of evaporation should be encouraged and a tiver of water this is a river of land. It would make a solid stream of earth five feet deep and nine feet wide, flowing night and day as fast as a man can waik, four miles an hour, all sliding down off the northern half of the coun try toward the sea. Year in, year out, that endless line of earth goes on. It would take a force of more than 50,000 men working in eight hour shifts to throw the dirt into the stream, supposing the river bed were rigid and an inexhaustible supply of dirt on the bank. It would make 25,000,000 wagon loads every year.

"But here-what are the use of such figures? Below Vicksburg-and above it, too, to an extent-we have the earth has half as many oboes and bassoons itself to speak for it. Except for the as the ancient band of eight pieces, sevoccasional fragments of the line of blud's along the eastern edge below times as many horns, to say nothing of here which bob up at Fort Adams, at the saxaphones, which are part clarinet Natchez, at Grand Gulf, at Baton and part horn." Rouge, at Port Hudson, there is nothing about the level of the high water river except the artificial levees. These are in places miles back, great earthen banks, sometimes thirty feet high or more, sodded and free from trees, of queer and elaborate drinking veswhich protect the wonderfully fertile region behind them. "And all this level country which

the river overflows and fertilizes is constantly increased by this river of dirt which the Mississippi brings down from the inner region, gathered all the way from the Rockies to the Alleghanies. Sometimes the river starts to eat away this land that it has made. In a single summer, if it will, it eats away half a mile of it out of some bend. It cuts it out sometimes an acre at a bite and takes with it forests, houses, levees and all else.

"The river is not a uniformly moving stream. One side or the middle moves swiftly; the other parts are still or sluggish. Sometimes even these run up stream. The swift part is the channel current and runs in the deepest sections. It makes crossings whenever driven off shore by a promontory. These crossings are dumping places for the surplus earth the river has picked up in the bend it is eating."

One of Field's Crasy Jokes.

In his biography of Eugene Field er the humorist's arrival in Chicago it occurred to him one bleak day in December that it was time the people knew there was a stranger in town.

So be arrayed himself in a long linen duster, buttoned up from knees to collar, put an old straw hat on his head and, taking a shabby book under one arm and a palf leaf fan in his hand, be marched all the way down Clark street, past the city hall, to the office. Every where along the route be was greeted with jeers or pitying words, as his appearance excited the mirth or commiseration of the passersby.

When he reached the entrance to The Daily News office, he was followed by a motley crowd of noisy urchins, whomehe dismissed with a strange and the caballacte gesture with which Nicholas Kooran perplexed and repulsed Anof the fortress on Rensselaerstein. ished faces, he mounted the two flights of stairs to the editorial rooms, where he recounted, with the glee of the boy he was in such things, the success of

Praise of Work Well Done.

Perhaps there is nothing else so productive of cheerful, helpful service as the expression of approval or praise of work well done, and yet there is nothing so grudgingly, so meagerly given by employers. Many of them seem to think that commendation is demoralizing and that the voicing of appreciation will lead to listlessness and the withdrawal of energy and interest. This evinces but a poor knowledge of human nature, which is always hungering for approbation. But hów mistaken such views are is shown by the loyal and unstinted service given to those large minded men who treat their employees as members of a family committed to their care.-Suc-

·hism:

At a confirmation at Strassburg the bishop asked of a pretty soubrette the usual question of the Heidelberg cate-

"What is your only consolation in life and death?" The neophyte blushed and besitated. The first question was repeated, and

Wise at Last.

Stockson Bonds-Poor Lambley! He never could get on the right side of the classes, and each class has its one little narket.

een for the last three months or so.

Stockson Bonds Really? What-

"The young shoemaker in the next

street."-London Tit-Bits.

Cutten Kewpons-The outside. He's mit. - Philadelphia Press. Clouds on the Horison. "Old Multimillion is afraid that some

day be may be poor." "What gives him that idea?" "His daughters' husbands."-Puck.

Water sufficient to cover one acre one tuch deep will weigh 101 tons.



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STRAW AND BINDERS' BOARD 55-57-59-61 First St. TOL. MAIN 190. 21 SAN FRANCISCO.

Age of the Brass Band. "As antiquities go nowadays," mys

Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's, "the brass band is a very ancient institution. That is to say, its inventor died in 1894 at the age of eighty. There were horus before Adolphe Sax, to be sure, but not such horns as we have now, for they could not play every tune in every key. They could not even play a scale in any key. The very first band entirely of brass was organized in 1835, and I doubt if any of the instruments then used could be played upon by modern musicians without special practice. It is only back to 1783 when a full regimental band of the British army consisted of two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons. It must have sounded even funnier than Tennyson's famous combination of 'flute, violin and DASSOOH.

"How long a way we have come since 1783 may be learned from the ensemble of a first class modern band. The modern band of forty-two pieces en times as many clarinets and nine

When every man got drunk and was proud of it in olden days, much ingenuity was expended in the construction sels, and many such are yet to be found in museums, especially in Ger-One preserved in a Berlin museum represents Diana mounted on a stag and surrounded by hounds and hunts-

men. The cup consists of the hollow

body of the silver stag, the head of

odd Drinking Cups.

which is removable. The piece stands fourteen inches high. It was made at Augsburg in 1610. It is also an automobile propelled by clockwork concealed in the base. Trick cups which drenched the unini tiated were very popular. Another variety contained wine and water in separate compartments. The drinker who

filled his mouth with water, though the cup was apparently full of wine. The glass with the fighting hares, in the same museum, belonged to Friedrich Wilhelm I. The hares represent two of his ministers and boon compan

did not know how to manage them

lons.-New York Herald.

A Painter's Troubles. The desire of the Bank of England officials to discover forgers has some times led to curious mistakes. On one occasion the painter George Morland, in his eagerness to avoid his duns, re tired to an obscure hiding place in Hackney, where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some

of his neighbors to believe him a forger of notes then in existence. The directors, on being informed, dis patched some dexterous detectives to the residence, but Morland's suspicions were aroused by their movements in front of the house and, thinking them

bailiffs, escaped from the back to Lon-Mrs. Morland informed the visitors of her husband's name and howed them and munished pictures. The facts were reported to the directors, who presented Morland with two twenty pound notes by way of compensation

Criticising a Portrait.

for the alarm.

opinion.

Walter Dean, Sr., once hired an artist to paint his portrait, with the stipulation that the picture would not be accepted and paid for unless it looked like himself. When the portrait was completed, it was sent to Mr. Dean, who did not recognize himself and absolutely refused to pay the painter. The painter sued, and Joe Strong, the artist, was called in to give an expert

"You see the portrait of Mr. Dean?" the lawyer asked. "No," said Mr. Strong, "I do not."

ing to the big canvas. "I don't call that a portrait. I call that a map of Mr. Dean," said Mr. Strong.

"There it is," said the lawyer, point-

Twas Easier.

"So you are going to Europe?" "I am." answered the young man. "Why don't you stay here in America, where there are so many opportunities to make a fortune?"

"Well, I've concluded that the other side is easier. Of course you can make a fortune if you will stay and work for it, but people are always more liberal when they are away from home. I have concluded that it is much easier to go over there and let the other Americans bring it to me."-Washington Star.

Lack of Originality.

Says a Philadelphia physician: "The utter lack of originality in the human mind vexes me. Even the insane are not original in their delusions and manias, but they can be divided into uniform and unvarying set of aberra-Cutten Kewhous-Ob, but he has tions. The insane cannot be other than imitative and commonplace."

Fresh Paint Stains.

A fresh paint stain on woolen goods will disappear if rubbed against other woolen goods. For instance, if the stain is on the sleeve of a coat take that garment off and rub the paint against the other sleeve. It will disappear and leave no sign. This is easier than applying turpentine and exactly as efficacious, but it must be done while the pairt is still wet.