

A REMARKABLE ECHO

WONDERFUL SOUND EFFECTS IN A NEW YORK MONUMENT.

The Famous Baptistery at Pisa Occupied by the Soldiers' Shaft on Riverside Drive, Where Sound Rolls About Like a Ball.

A big French motor car occupied by two men and two very pretty women whirled up Riverside drive late Sunday evening and at Ninetieth street drew up and stopped at the approach to the Soldiers and Sailors' monument. It was long past the hour when the crowd of fashionable promenaders leaves the drive as the party of four stepped out of the big, vibrating machine and climbed the steps to the monument.

One of the men was a millionaire well known in the financial district. The other was a great tenor. With them were the millionaire's wife and a pianist in half a dozen Euro-Operatic coaches living—a woman who is a constant attendant upon operatic stars and a sharer in no small degree in their musical triumphs.

If it had been made during a Sunday or a weekday afternoon, a crowd of fashionable folk would undoubtedly have had their curiosity piqued by the peculiar visit of four such well known people. The whole affair was so bizarre and the sounds which soon issued from the narrow entrance to the glistening white monument were so strange that at any but a late night hour a crowd must have quickly filled the plaza around the marble shaft. A desire to escape any such annoying incidents probably led the visitors to choose the nighttime for their visit.

"The average American is a consummate ass," said the New Yorker as he guided the small party up the moonlit steps to the monument. "He travels to the utmost parts of the world, spends barrels of money and generally writes a book or two describing the marvelous things he sees, when by remaining right at home he could have seen sights of a similar kind which would have knocked the spots off the things on which he has wasted his patrimony and paragraphs of superlatives."

"But echoes, signor," replied the tenor as he grasped the Wall street man's arm. "Echoes such as we have in the baptistery. Never—except in the old cathedrals of Italy?"

"That's just what Americans say," retorted the New Yorker man. "They go into ecstatic raptures over European mediocrity without knowing that they live among the greatest collection of marvels in the world. Listen to this."

The party had reached the door leading to the interior of the monument. A solid cylindrical wall of marble and granite surrounded a slender room empty save for a half dozen dried wreaths lying on one corner of the stone floor. When the whole party had wormed its way into the monument, the Wall street man bade them be very still and with upturned face intoned a low note. An echo was heard which rivaled those marvelous reverberations which have drawn travelers to distant parts of the world and have been the subjects of brilliant descriptions in the daily press and between covers. The note seemed instantly transformed into a moving ball of sound. Its journey to the distant stone ceiling could be distinctly traced. It seemed to be wafted upward like a ring of smoke in a cottony dandelion seed. The sound decreased until the note seemed to strike the small, high ceiling, where it lingered a moment before commencing its downward trip. Gradually increasing in loudness, it came back to the floor of the monument, apparently as loud and as intact as when it was uttered. The whole wonderful incident occupied only a few seconds, but very strange of the sound's trip to the top of the monument and back was as pronounced and as easily traced as though it had been a butterfly or a toy balloon.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the tenor in tones of rapture and surprise. "I never dreamed such a marvelous echo existed outside the baptistery at Pisa."

"His voice made a perfect riot of sound within the narrow shaft. Countless tones going and coming in rapid succession produced an effect almost painful upon the ears of the listeners.

"At the request of one of the women the tenor sang very slowly and softly a few phrases of "La Donna e Mobile." The effect was peculiarly beautiful. Two men seemed to be singing, one a half beat behind the other. As in the Wall street man's experiment, each note could be heard distinctly soaring aloft to the ceiling and back. At the return of each note in its original vigor and fullness the effect of a second singer was produced. The union of the bell-like tones of the beautiful voice, the wonderful echo and the peculiar strangeness of the whole situation brought cries of delight from the two women.

"I believe it is as fine as the one in Pisa," said the woman who coaches prima donnas, "and to think that we never even heard of it before!"

"Peculiar fact," said the New Yorker, striking a match and illuminating the dark, cold interior. "New Yorkers never know anything about New York. You can't sit down in a hotel lobby or in a club and speak of echoes but a dozen men will commence to dilate on some reverberations they have heard in some backwoods German or Italian town. But none of them knows of anything remarkable in his own town, the greatest city on earth."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Touched.

Poetisms—He told me a very touching story. Hardhead—And how much did you let him have?—Cincinnati Times Star.

The Surgeon's Charges.

"I hear you're dissatisfied with your doctor's bill."

"Yes, I don't think he's entitled to \$20 for that operation."

"Why not?"

"Because if he was he'd claim more."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Compulsory Piety.

Sunday School Teacher—I hope all the little girls in my class love God?—Brown—I do. Sunday School Teacher—That's right, Eva. Now tell us why you love him. Eva Brown—Got to—Lippincott's Magazine.

WASTED INDUSTRY.

A Mouse Task That Failed Because of a Lack of Ingenuity.

A number of white footed mice which I had in captivity, says a writer in Country Life in America, escaped from their cage to a cupboard in the kitchen, and thence through a hole in the plaster and between the laths to the walls of the house. Every night they came out for food. One evening I saw a mouse come out of the cupboard. He found a hickory nut on the floor and attempted to carry it up the wall twelve inches to the hole in the plaster, but, alas, the crack between the laths was too narrow, and after fumbling with his burden for a minute or two he dropped it to the floor. Next he tried to push it in ahead of him, and, failing in that, he went in himself, turned round and attempted to pull it in after him. Occasionally it would slip out of his paws and roll upon the kitchen floor, and then out he would come some repeat the whole performance. He tried it again and again, but with no better success. He kept at it until far into the night, and when I awoke at 7 o'clock the next morning the first thing that I heard was that mouse or another one fumbling and dropping the hickory nut.

Since then I have kept them well supplied with nuts, and although they still spend hours in carrying them to the crack in the laths and letting them fall, they are always forced in the end to eat them in the cupboard. There is plainly a lack of ingenuity, because ten minutes gnawing would have solved the problem. Had the aperture in either case been too narrow to admit themselves they would have quickly widened it with their teeth, but to apply the same principle to get the nut through seemed to be a piece of reasoning entirely beyond them.

HISTORY OF THE COACH.

The First of These Vehicles Was Built in 1457.

As popular as coaching is in some parts of the country, but little reliable information has ever appeared in the public press respecting its history and development. At the town of Kotze, in Hungary, in 1457, the first coach was constructed. This was soon afterward presented to Charles VII. at Paris. The first authentic record of a stagecoach in England shows that six of such vehicles were in use there in 1692. So popular did they become in that country that a few years later they were in general use on all the principal roads of the kingdom.

Steam railways have to a large extent done away with the use of the coach as a link in the commercial chain, but as a means of furnishing the highest type of recreation the coach and four is as popular today in the British empire and in France as it was when this was practically the only means of locomotion in those countries.

Stagecoaching in America was almost coexistent with the settlement of the colonies, and in the early history of the country there were few if any other means of transportation that did not welcome the sound of the coachman's horn as one of the fascinating incidents of pioneer life. As civilization pushed itself westward the stagecoach was ever in the lead of those agencies which blazed its pathway. These vehicles, as well as their equipments, were comparatively crude in their construction and unpretentious in their appointments, but they admirably served the purpose for which they were intended at I laid the foundation for the popularity of coaching as a pleasurable pastime developed in later years.

Coaching parties had been popular in England and France for several generations before they were introduced in this country, yet the sport is so wholesome and so enjoyable that it cannot be doubted that in time it will become as popular here as it is across the Atlantic.—Illustrated Sporting News.

Zola and Dreyfus' Book.

The editor of a Paris paper, recalling what Zola had done for Dreyfus, called upon the novelist to have him review the unfortunate captain's book, the history of his troubles. The visitor found him at the big table in his library, doing his day's work. "Review Captain Dreyfus' book," he repeated when the proposition was made to him. He got up and ambled round the table—a short man, with a stomach and no presence—grunting at intervals. Finally he said: "Why should I review his book? He never even read mine."

The Bigger the Better.

A Scottish parish minister was one day talking to one of his parishioners, who ventured the opinion that ministers ought to be better paid.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "I am pleased that you think so much of the clergy. And so you think we should have bigger stipends?"

"Aye," said the old man. "Ye see, we'd get a better class o' men."

The Lady Dentist.

I do not think I could reconcile myself to ministrations of a lady dentist. The extraction of a tooth is, I should say, the job of all others that requires a masculine touch. There may be "he females," as Artemus Ward called them, who possess this qualification, but it will not be acquired by training. The lady dentist must be born, not made.—London Truth.

His Purpose.

"Bluffly told me he was going out every day this week to see if he couldn't find work."

"Yes, and he was successful."

"That so?"

"Yes. He couldn't find it."—Philadelphia Press.

The Tomb of David.

The tomb of David, king of Israel, is still pointed out to travelers in Palestine and, despite its age, is in a remarkably good state of preservation. David died in 1013 B. C. and was buried in the "city of David." His tomb became the sepulcher of several subsequent kings and one of the sacred places of the kingdom. It stands on Mount Zion, at Jerusalem, just outside of the city wall.

There is a whole chapter of sound advice in the admonition: "Don't dodge difficulties; meet them, greet them, beat them."

THE PEPPERMINT STICK.

Some Words of Praise For the Candy of Our Daddies.

The old style stick candy has red stripes running around it in spiral form. The body of the stick is white. It is slightly flavored with peppermint. It is very sweet and wholesome. Good enough for a king! So cheap that the poorest may have it. Six sticks for 5 cents. Enough to last a family of five, two days. Break a stick in two in the middle, eat half of it after dinner or after supper if preferred. That is enough candy for one day. It is good for children. Keep it in the house. Away up in the pantry where the children can't help themselves. After dinner is over take it down, break a stick in two and pass it around. The children will like it immensely. They will like it all the better for not being able to get too much of it. Never let them have all they want of it. A half stick is enough, although a whole stick might be allowed occasionally. All the fancy stuff put up in boxes that cost a dollar or more cannot equal the old-fashioned stick candy. Six sticks of it contain more solid comfort and more nutrition than a wagon load of caramels and painted bonbons. It is the candy of our forefathers. Our grandmothers used to eat it. Accept no other. Be sure that you get the proper trademark—red stripes running spirally round the stick. Beware of substitutes.—Medical Talk.

THE WILD BIRD.

When the Naturalist Gets a Chance to Study Him at Close Range.

For the greater part of the year is the dominant instinct in the life of nearly every wild bird or mammal which has to contend with man or overt enemies of any kind. But with the periodic revivals of the reproductive functions, profound changes occur not only in the bodily parts, but in the instincts which govern their movements and life. The parental instincts, which are essential to the generation and successful rearing of the young, begin to assert themselves and by blocking or supplanting the sense of fear hold them to the focal point—the nest and later the young—during the period when parental care and even parental sacrifice is necessary.

This wonderful parental instinct, or series of instincts, rises gradually like a fever, reaches a maximum and then as slowly subsides. When at its height every sense seems to be lost in an all absorbing passion. This is the time to approach the wild bird. We can watch and record with pencil and camera every act which occurs at the nest, and can approach as near as we please, and by aid of the tent are enabled to analyze in detail the behavior of the same birds for a period of from one to three weeks.—Professor Francis H. Herrick in Harper's Weekly.

A GREWSOME MESS.

Mrs. Wolfe's Recipe For a Good Water Cure.

Mrs. Wolfe, the mother of the great general, kept a comprehensive cookery book, still preserved at Squieries Court, Kent. One of her recipes was for "a good water for consumption." "Take a peck of garden snails," says the prescription, "wash them in beer, put them in an oven and let them stay till they've done crying; then with a knife and fork pick the greens from them and beat the snails shells and all, in a stone mortar; then take a quart of green earthworms, slice them through the middle and strain them with salt, then wash them and beat them, the pot being first put into the still with two handfuls of angelica, a quart of rosemary flowers, then the snails and worms, then grimgony, bear's feet, red-neck roots, barberry brake, bilberry, wormwood, of each two handfuls; one handful of rue-timoric and one ounce of saffron well dried and beaten; then pour in three gallons of milk; wait till morning, then put in three ounces of cloves well beaten, hartshorn grated; keep the still covered all night; this done, stir it out; distill it with a moderate fire. The patient must take two spoonfuls at a time."—London Chronicle.

Courage of a Horse.

Horses painfully contend on the race track for victory out of their own native courage and ambition—not under punishment, for, as a rule, the courageous horse will "stop" or "beat up," as the technical phrase is, when whipped or spurred at the finish of a race. In California some years ago a running horse broke one of the bones in a foreleg near the close of a heat, perhaps seventy yards from the wire. He faltered for a moment and then, recovering himself by a mighty effort, struggled on and won the heat practically on three legs.—Country Life in America.

Citiz of Natural Glass.

A cliff of natural glass can be seen in Yellowstone park, Wyoming. It is half a mile long and from 150 to 200 feet high, the material of which it consists being as good glass as that artificially manufactured. The dense glass which forms the base is from 75 to 100 feet thick, while the upper portion, having suffered and survived many ages of wind and rain, has naturally worn much thinner. Of course the color of the cliff is not that of natural glass—transparent and white—but is mostly black and in some places mottled and streaked with brownish red and shades of olive green and brown.

Four Kinds of Ligs.

The late Sir Frederic Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses—first, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful adjective; third, of the expert witness, and, finally, of "my brother Fred."

Who Says Ching.

"Phyllis is the merriest kind of a gossip."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because she never tells you anything herself, but gets you to tell her all you know."—London King.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

Sure of His Pay.

Thomas Nelson Page, the novelist, has a great liking for colored people, and they in turn like him.

"Moses Stebbins is a good friend of mine," Mr. Page said at a dinner party. "One morning I met him on horseback. 'What's the joke, Moses?' said I. 'The joke is, sah,' he answered, 'dat Ah've jes' won a quabtah f'om dis yah boss.'"

"How did you win it?" I asked.

"Ah won hit dis a-way: Dah wuz a white papah on de road, an' Ah sez ter de boss dat Ah bet a quabtah he gwine ter shay at de papah. De boss he take de bet, sah, an' deñ he lose hit, fo' de fool animal shied like de debil'."

"Well, you've won the bet, Mose, but you'll have some difficulty in collecting it," said I.

"Oh, no, sah; no, sah; no trouble 'bout dat. Hyah, hyah, hyah! Aw's gwine ter collect de bet all right."

"How on earth will you collect it?"

"W'y, tomorrow de master he's gwine ter gimme a dollah ter buy feed fo' dis yer nag. Well, Ah jes' keep out er de feed money de quabtah w'at am owed me."—Portland Telegram.

No Exceptions.

Speaker Cannon a short time ago called to his desk one of the officers of the house.

"I want you," quoth he, looking around the luxurious chamber, where a few stray columns of tobacco smoke were curling upward to the beautiful ceiling. "To enforce the standing rule about smoking on the floor. I want the rule strictly enforced."

One day shortly after this as soon as the house adjourned Mr. Cannon de-

Ways of Failure.

The selfish mortal who never considers any one but himself.

The young man who always spends his money before he gets it.

The lazy person who dishonestly appropriates praise or commendation belonging to another.

The lazy young man who gets to the office late, leaves early, grumbles continually at the firm that employs him.

The lazy woman who shirks her tasks, who as wife, mother or wage earner, and slips through life as easily as possible.

The lazy man who allows his faculties to rust, doing as little as possible, allowing ambition, energy and self respect to go up, literally and figuratively, in smoke.

The lazy young woman who arranges her hair, manures her finger nails, gossips continually and takes but a languid and haughty interest in the wants of the customers.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Knew the Formula.

For Quannah, an intelligent and popular Comanche chief, the cattlemen around Fort Worth, Tex., built a house and furnished it. They were rather puzzled when he told them that the first article of furniture he wanted was a roller desk. "What can you do with roller desk, Quannah?" they said. "You can't write."

"Oh, I want 'em," said Quannah. "You see, I open desk, an' I sit down in my chair, an' I put my feet up on desk, an' I light my seegar, an' I hol' newspaper up front o' me, like this—sabe? Then write man come in, an' he knock at door, an' he say, 'Quannah, I want talk t' you a minute.' And I turn round in my chair an' puff lo' smoke 'n his face, an' I say: 'Go 'way! I've busy t' day.'"

A Prime Minister's Mistake.

Lord John Russell, when British prime minister many years ago, made the acquaintance of the late Earl of Stair, then Lord Dalrymple, at a country house and was immensely taken with his amiable manners. "I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance," he said, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You must come into the house of commons and support me there." "I have been doing that for the last ten years," was the quiet rejoinder.

Not Without Distinction.

A note of family pride was struck in the conversation between three small Reading boys the other day. The parts played by their respective grandfathers in the civil war were being depicted by two of the boys in vivid colors. The career of each, it seemed, had been halted by confinement in southern prisons, and it was on the latter fact that the lads laid particular stress. The third youth, unable to match these recitals with his own forefathers, preserved an envious silence for awhile and then, not to be outdone, said disparagingly:

"Why, that's not so much. My Uncle Bill was in jail a long time, and he was never in the army at all!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Rejected With Scorn.

A certain social organization called the Young Woman's club found itself in difficulties after the lapse of some twenty years. The "young" women were no longer rightly named. Mr. William H. Crane, the actor, was once consulted by some charming girls in regard to the name of their prospective club. Their object, they wrote, was the building of character. They wished that to be suggested in the title and also the fact that they were unmarried. Mr. Crane replied that he had a name for the club, "the Building and Love association."

The Will Was Three.

He—So your husband has given up smoking? It requires a pretty strong will to accomplish that. She—Well, I'd have you understand that I have a strong will!—New Yorker.

A MILLIONAIRE'S SYMPATHY.

Refused Old Friend Loan of \$5, but Started Him Anew in Life.

"A man whom I knew well, one who had once been a prosperous business man in St. Louis, but who had met reverses, walked into the office of one of our western millionaires and asked the loan of \$5," said a Missouri congressman.

"The man seeking the favor had been a close friend of the millionaire before he had become immensely rich. The unfortunate one went to the other in fear and trembling, dreading to be turned down, for he knew that the news of his taking to drink had reached the ears of his old time friend."

"He was greeted with cordiality, however, and plucked up heart to ask for the money. Immediately the millionaire's demeanor changed. 'No,' said he, 'I can't let you have \$5.'"

"I hardly expected you would," replied the supplicant, "but thought that maybe for our former friendship you might do me that little favor. However, it does not matter. When a man's luck deserts him he can get no assistance from any quarter, and with an air of absolute dejection he turned to leave the office."

"No, I won't give you what you want, but wait here a few minutes," and the millionaire went into his private room and held a brief conversation with one of his employees. In a quarter of an hour the clerk returned and held out a big, fat envelope to the miserable being. The latter, hardly realizing that any one should send him a communication, broke the cover and inside found five brand new \$100 bills and a railway ticket to St. Louis, with berth or parlor car. On seeing these and realizing that the man whom he supposed would not let him have \$5 had been his benefactor, the recipient of this unexpected generosity broke down and cried like a child."

"There is not a word more to the story except that with the money the man went to his old home and started up a small business, out of which he derives a comfortable living. The moral, if there is one, is that millionaires are often as sympathetic as ordinary mortals. This particular one I know to be the possessor of a big heart, and yet he has the best reasons for never talking about his acts of charity."—Washington Post.

WORKED BOTH WAYS.

Clever Manner in Which a Paris Concierge Was Outwitted.

Honore Palmer once outwitted a concierge in Paris very neatly.

A lad of sixteen or thereabout at the time, Mr. Palmer was spending the winter in Paris with his mother. One cold night in February he stayed out unusually late, and desiring to get in without awaking any one he rang up the concierge softly.

The concierge, with equal softness, came downstairs. He whispered through the keyhole, "Is that you, Mr. Palmer?" and then he said positively:

"I can't let you in, sir."

"Why not?" asked the young man.

"Because the rules are very strict," said the concierge. "No one ever is let in after midnight."

The boy desired ardently to enter. He thought a moment and then he slipped a gold louis under the door.

"I have just slipped a gold louis under the door for you, concierge," he whispered. "Now, let me in; that's a good fellow."

The concierge instantly drew back the bolt. "Come in softly. Make no noise, monsieur," he said shamelessly.

But young Palmer was already regretting the gold louis, his last one. A thought struck him, and he had no sooner entered than he said:

"Oh, by the way, I left a book on the stone balustrade outside. Do you mind getting it for me?"

With great politeness the concierge, in his bare feet, tiptoed out upon the cold stones. While he fumbled the boy pushed to the door and locked it.

"Let me in, monsieur," whispered the concierge, who had nothing on but a nightdress of white linen.

"I can't let you in. We let no one in after midnight, unless—"

But young Palmer had to go no further. The concierge, freezing in the cold, perceived he had been outwitted, and, in his turn, slipped the gold louis under the door. Picking it up, the boy admitted the man and then went quietly to bed.

Green For Evening Wear.

Green is a tremendously popular color for evening wear just now, and there are few women so plain this hue does not become them. A blond looks well in pale green, a brunette in apple-green. Intermediate shades are generally becoming. But the most fashionable shade is bluish green, the color of the bottle fly. Green spangles are unexcelled for modish evening gowns, and, in fact, "creeusy" decorations are all the vogue. For the hair, "buds" are wearing green leaves covered with a varnish that produces a glistening effect. In the words of a witty woman, "It is to glitter."—New York Press.

Something Dainty.

Very dainty indeed are the new bouques of French batiste. The model is tucked both back and front beneath.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Slim Waist Costume.

A modish shirt waist costume is shown here, with the tucks in box plaited effect. The waist closes at the back and is supported by the body lining. The sleeves are the newest in cap sleeve style, embellished by the use of broad tucks.

Tucks in box plaited effect extending to distance depth are carried out in the



FOR YOUNG GIRL.

five gored skirt, which flares prettily at the lower edge. The fullness in the top of the skirt is disposed of by an inverted box plait.

If a plain suit is desired, the stitching of the plaits will be trimming enough. If more elaboration is desired, use bands of clay lace on or between the plaits on waist and skirt to form yokes. The mode is suited to all lightweight materials, including cashmere, voile, albattross, mousseline, foulard, etc.

Bridal Fashions.

Brides are wearing the plainest of dead white satin gowns at the altar. These are generally cut en princess, with some beautiful lace employed for the empicement and sleeves.

Lace veils are more worn than tulle. The flowers for this occasion are white roses and myrtle. A sprig of orange blossoms is generally mingled with the flowers of the wreath. These are worn rather low on the forehead, the hair pulled well forward and plumed here and there over the flowers to prevent that heavy regularity of the line of white that is sometimes so trying to the prettiest and youngest of faces.

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The Art of Growing Young.

To retain the spirit of youth while age weakens the body is a splendid thing. There are those of whom we say "He never grows old." Their hair may be whitened, their faces wrinkled and their shoulders bent, but in heart they are young. "If their strength is labor and sorrow," their lively interest in the things that concern those of younger generations gives no indication of it. Their tenderest and kindest thoughts may be of the past, but they live in the present.—Springfield Union.

How the Indians Dan.

We have all heard the phrase, "After him with a sharp stick," but it may not have occurred to many of us that the stick referred to is the much feared yearly January bill. Such, however, is the meaning that the saying conveys to the Nushman Indians of California, who have seen the disagreeable habit prevalent among us of "letting their hair may be whitened, their faces wrinkled and their shoulders bent, but in heart they are young. "If their strength is labor and sorrow," their lively interest in the things that concern those of younger generations gives no indication of it. Their tenderest and kindest thoughts may be of the past, but they live in the present.—Springfield Union.

Self Made.

A Philadelphia man was at an evening gathering recently, where he met a widow to whom he wished to be especially complimentary. "The fact is," said he during the after dinner conversation, "you women make fools of the men."

"Sometimes, perhaps," said the widow carelessly. "Sometimes we don't have to."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Criminal Escaped.

Jack—You've heard about the escaping criminal who stepped on a slot machine and got a wedge? Mack—Yes; that's old. Jack—Well, even the bloodhounds couldn't get his cent.—Yale Rec, ord.

Keep on Trimming Your Lamps.

Keep on trimming your lamps, tilting your soul, tugging and pegging away. You can never tell when the moment of success will come.

A DISRAELI EPISODE.

How the Statesman Took His Brandy Next in the Commons.

I was stationed in London nearly two years during the Seventies, when Disraeli was prime minister, and often heard him speak, frequently saw him upon Whitehall, walking home with Lord Russell by his side, once "interviewed" him and witnessed the solemnities of his elevation to an earldom. But the most characteristic and thoroughly Disraelian incident I recall has never been told.

About 1 o'clock in the morning, shortly after the return of the Earl from Berlin bearing "peace with honor," I left the press gallery of the house to go to the cable office. Passing a stand in the lobby where a stoop shouldered woman was wont to sell spirits and "soft" drinks, I dropped into line with half a dozen men and waited my turn to be served. I paid no attention to the man directly in front of me except to notice that he was hatless and to comment mentally upon the dangers of such conduct in that cold and drafty place.

"Sixpenny 'orth o' brandy, neat," said the broad shouldered little man directly ahead. The dame courted, an unusual attention to a customer, served the spirits, and the purchaser drained the glass at a gulp.

"But it on the book," said the customer as he replaced the glass upon the counter. Then he turned, facing me, and made his way through the crowd toward the house of lords. The man was unnoticed in the badly lighted corridor, although his name was ringing throughout the civilized world, the Earl of Beaconsfield!

The interesting feature of this episode was not that his lordship took a drink of brandy during a long night's session, but that he had an account with the woman tapkeeper and from sheer force of habit had walked over to the commons end of Westminster palace to get his "brandy neat" at the familiar place.—Julius Chambers in Harper's Weekly.

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The boy desired ardently to enter. He thought a moment and then he slipped a gold louis under the door.

"I have just slipped a gold louis under the door for you, concierge," he whispered. "Now, let me in; that's a good fellow."

The concierge instantly drew back the bolt. "Come in softly. Make no noise, monsieur," he said shamelessly.

But young Palmer was already regretting the gold louis, his last one. A thought struck him, and he had no sooner entered than he said:

"Oh, by the way, I left a book on the stone balustrade outside. Do you mind getting it for me?"

With great politeness the concierge, in his bare feet, tiptoed out upon the cold stones. While he fumbled the boy pushed to the door and locked it.

"Let me in, monsieur," whispered the concierge, who had nothing on but a nightdress of white linen.

"I can't let you in. We let no one in after midnight, unless—"

But young Palmer had to go no further. The concierge, freezing in the cold, perceived he had been outwitted, and, in his turn, slipped the gold louis under the door. Picking it up, the boy admitted the man and then went quietly to bed.

Green For Evening Wear.

Green is a tremendously popular color for evening wear just now, and there are few women so plain this hue does not become them. A blond looks well in pale green, a brunette in apple-green. Intermediate shades are generally becoming. But the most fashionable shade is bluish green, the color of the bottle fly. Green spangles are unexcelled for modish evening gowns, and, in fact, "creeusy" decorations are all the vogue. For the hair, "buds" are wearing green leaves covered with a varnish that produces a glistening effect. In the words of a witty woman, "It is to glitter."—New York Press.

Something Dainty.

Very dainty indeed are the new bouques of French batiste. The model is tucked both back and front beneath.

The Art of Growing Young.

To retain the spirit of youth while age weakens the body is a splendid thing. There are those of whom we say "He never grows old." Their hair may be whitened, their faces wrinkled and their shoulders bent, but in heart they are young. "If their strength is labor and sorrow," their lively interest in the things that concern those of younger generations gives no indication of it. Their tenderest and kindest thoughts may be of the past, but they live in the present.—Springfield Union.

How the Indians Dan.

We have all heard the phrase, "After him with a sharp stick," but it may not have occurred to many of us that the stick referred to is the much feared yearly January bill. Such, however, is the meaning that the saying conveys to the Nushman Indians of California, who have seen the disagreeable habit prevalent among us of "letting their hair may be whitened, their faces wrinkled and their shoulders bent, but in heart they are young. "If their strength is labor and sorrow," their lively interest in the things that concern those of younger generations gives no indication of it. Their tenderest and kindest thoughts may be of the past, but they live in the present.—Springfield Union.

Self Made.

A Philadelphia man was at an evening gathering recently, where he met a widow to whom he wished to be especially complimentary. "The fact is," said he during the after dinner conversation, "you women make fools of the men."

"Sometimes, perhaps," said the widow carelessly. "Sometimes we don't have to."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Criminal Escaped.

Jack—You've heard about the escaping criminal who stepped on a slot machine and got a wedge? Mack—Yes; that's old. Jack—Well, even the bloodhounds couldn't get his cent.—Yale Rec, ord.

Keep on Trimming Your Lamps.

Keep on trimming your lamps, tilting your soul, tugging and pegging away. You can never tell when the moment of success will come.