# Copyright, 1898, 34 THE MOUNT

was such a large, strong man that when he first set foot in the little parallelogram I called my garden it seemed to shrink to half its size and become preposterous. But I noticed at the same time that he was holding in the open palm of his huge hand the roots of a violet with such infinite tenderness and dellcacy that I would have engaged him as my gardener on the spot. But this could not be, as he was already the proud proprietor of a market garden and nursery on the outskirts of the suburban California town where I lived. He would, however, come for two days in the week, stock and look after my garden and impart to my urban intellect such horticultural hints as were necessary. His name was Ruetli, which I presumed to be German, but which my neighbors rendered as Rootleigh, possibly from some vague connection with his occupation. His own knowledge of English was oral and phonetic. I have a delightful recollection of a bill of his in which I was charged for "fioletz," with the vague addition of "maine cains." Subsequent explanation proved it to be "many

Nevertheless my little garden bourgeoned and blossomed under his large, protecting hand. I became accustomed to walk around his feet respectfully when they blocked the tiny paths and to expect the total eclipse by his enormous bulk of that garden bed on which he worked, for the tiniest and most reluctant rootlet seemed to respond to his caressing paternal touch. was a pretty sight to see his buge fingers tying up some slender stalk to Its stick with the smallest thread, and he had a reverent way of jaying a bulb or a seed in the ground and then gently shaping and smoothing a small mound over it, which made the little inscription on the stick above more like an affecting epitaph than ever. Much of this gentleness may have been that apology for his great strength common with large men, but his face was distinctly amiable, and his very light blue eyes were at times wistful and doglike In their kindliness. But I was soon to learn that placability was not entirely his nature. The garden was part of a fifty vara

lot of land on which I was simultaneously erecting a house, but the garden was finished before the house was, through certain circumstances very characteristic of that epoch and civllization. I had purchased the Spanish title-the only "legal" one-to the land, which, however, had been in "possession" of a "squatter." But he had been unable to hold that possession against "a jumper," another kind of squatter who had entered upon it covertly, fenced it in and marked it out in building sites. Neither having legal rights, neither could invoke the law. The last man held possession. There was no doubt that in due course of lit-Igation and time both these ingenious gentlemen would have been dispossessed in favor of the real owner (myself), but that course would be a protracted one. Following the usual custom of the locality, I paid a certain sum to the jumper peaceably to yield up his possession of the land and began to build upon it. It might be reasonably supposed that the question was settled, but it was not. The house was nearly finished when one morning I was called out of my editorial sanctum by a pallid painter, looking even more white leaded than usual, who informed me that my house was in the possession of five armed men. The entry had been made peaceably during the painters' absence to dinner under a wayside tree. When they returned they had found their pots and brushes in the road and an intimation from the windows that their re-entrance would he foreibly resisted as a trespass.

I honestly believe that Ruetli was more concerned than myself over this dispossession. While he loyally believed that I would get back my property, he was dreadfully grieved over inevitable damage that would be done to the garden during this interval of neglect and carelessness. I even think he would have made a truce with my enemies if only they had let him look after his beloved plants. As It was, he kept a passing but melancholy surveillance of them and was indeed a better spy of the actions of the intruders than any I could have employed.

One day, to my astonishment, he brought me a moss rose bud from a bush which had been trained against a column of the veranda. It appeared that he had called from over the fence the attention of one of the men to the neglected condition of the plant and had obtained permission to "come in and the it up." The men, being mere hirelings of the chief squatter, had no personal feeling, and I was not, there fore, surprised to hear that they presently allowed Exetil occasionally to come in and look after his precious "slips." If they had any suspicion of his great strength it was probably offset by his peaceful avocation and his bland, childish face. Meantime I had begun the useless legal proceeding, but had also engaged a few rascals of my own to be ready to take advantage of any want of vigilance on the part of my adversaries. I never thought of Ruetli in that connection any mor-

than they had. A few Sundays later I was sitting in the little tea arbor of Ruetli's nursery. peacefully smoking with him. Presently he took his long china bowled pipe from his mouth and, looking at me blandly over his yellow mustache, said: ment: "I haf von der pet, but I dinks natives have a curious manner of kill-"You vents sometimes to go in dot bouse, eh?"

I said, "Decidedly." "Mit a revolver and keep dot house dose men out?"

"Yes. "Vell, I put you in dot house today."

"Sunday?" "Shoost so. It is a goot day. On der Suntay dree men vill out go to

valk mit demselluffs. Two," holding up two gigantic fingers, apparently

I lift de fence over." I hastened to inform him that any violence attempted against the parties while in possession, although that possession was illegal, would, by a fatuity of the law, land him in the county jail

only a shade or two smaller than his

destined victims, "bleiben dar. Dose

I said I would not hear of it. "But suppose dere vos no fiolence Suppose dose men vos villin, eh? How

vos dot for high?"

"I don't understand." "So! You shall not understand. Det is better. Go avay now and dell your men to coom dot house arount at halluf past dree. But you coom mit yourselluff alone, shoost as if you vos for a walk, by dat fence at dree. Ven you shall dot front door vide open see, go in, and dere you vos. You vill der rest leef to me.'

It was in vain that I begged Ruetli to divulge his plan and pointed out again the danger of his technically breaking the law, but he was firm, assuring me that I myself would be a witness that no assault would be made. I looked into his clear, good humored eyes and assented. I had a burning desire to right my wrongs, but I think I also had considerable curiosity.

I passed a miserable quarter of an hour after I had warned my partisans and then walked alone slowly down the broad, leafy street toward the scene of contest. I have a very vivid recollection of my conflicting emotions. I did not believe that I should be killed. I had no distinct intention of killing any of my adversaries. But I had some considerable concern for my loyal friend Ruetli, who, I foresaw, might be in some peril from the revolver in my unpracticed hand. If I could only avoid shooting him I would be satisfied. I remember that the bells were water into her liquor than was needringing for church—a church of which ful or lawful. Burns accordingly came my enemy, the chief squatter, was a with his apparatus and at once detectguiltily conscious of my revolver in my woman," he said, "I canna tak this to passed me with their hymn books in But I'll seal it wi' the king's seal and their hands. I walked leisurely so as not to attract attention and to appear in my youthful excitement. At last I reached the front gate with a beating heart. There was no one on the high veranda, which occupied three sides of the low one storied house, or in the garden before it. But the front door was open. I softly passed through the gate and darted up the veranda and into the house. A single glance around the hall and bare deserted rooms, still smelling of paint, showed me it was empty, and with my pistol in one hand and the other on the lock of the door I

any one but Ruetli. But where was he? The sound of laughter and a noise like skylarking came from the rear of the house and the back yard. Then I suddenly heard Ruetli's heavy tread on the veranda, but it was slow, deliberate and so exaggerated in its weight that the whole house seemed to shake with it. Then from the window I beheld an extraordinary sight. It was Ruetli, swaying from side to side, but steadily carrying with outstretched arms two of the squatter party. his hands tightly grasping their collars. Yet I believe his touch was as gentle as with the violets. His face was preternaturally grave. Theirs, to my intense astonishment, while they hung passive from his arms, wore that fatuous, imbecile smile seen on the faces of those who lend themselves to tricks of acrobats and strong men in the arena. He slowly traversed the whole length of one side of the house, walked down the steps to the gate and then gravely deposited them outside. I heard him say, "Dot vins der pet, ain't it?" and immediately after the sharp click of

the gate latch. Without understanding a thing that bad happened. I rightly conceived this was the cue for my appearance with my revolver at the front door. As I opened it I still heard the sound of laughter, which, however, instantly stopped at a sentence from Ruetli which I could not hear. There was an oath, the momentary apparition of two furlous and indignant faces over the fence but these, however, seemed to be instantly extinguished and put down by the enormous palms of Ruetli clapped upon their heads. There was a pause. and then Ruetli turned around and quietly joined me in the doorway. But the gate was not again opened until

the arrival of my partisans, when the house was clearly in my possession. Safe inside with the door bolted. I turned eagerly to Ruetli for an expla-

It then appeared that during his ocfor this day and this purpose. It was the bell in the church tower. for a bet, which they had eagerly accepted, secure in their belief in his simplicity, the sincerity of his motives In coming there and glad of the opportunity of a little Sunday diversion. tax on any one killing a "hippo," but In their security they had not locked experience has shown that the "hippo the door when they came out and had is unworthy of the care taken of him not noticed that he had opened it. This He is most destructive. A bull hippo was his simple story, his only com- potamus will upset a small boat. The I shall nod gollect der money." The ing a hippopotamus. They attack him two men did not return that afternoon, with spears when he is in a sleepy conwisely conceived that a man who was spear is a rope with a huge float at the so powerful in play might be terrible end of it. This float hampers the in earnest; whether they knew that his movements of the unwieldy animal,

got tired of his expensive occupation. I never knew. The public believed the latter. Ruetli, myself and the two men he had evicted alone kept our

secret. From that time Ruetli and I became firm friends, and long after I had no further need of his services in the re captured house I often found myself in the little tea arbor of his prosperous



Tying up some slender stalk to its stick nursery. He was frugal, sober and industrious. Small wonder that in that growing town he waxed rich and presently opened a restaurant in the main street, connected with his market garden, which became famous. His relations to me never changed with his changed fortunes. He was always the simple market gardener and florist who had aided my first housekeeping and stood by me in an hour of need. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### EXCISEMAN BURNS.

The Way an Old Woman Outwitted

the Scotch Poet. A story is told about Burns in his capacity of exciseman. Old Jean Davidson kept a small whisky shop and was suspected of putting more fresh deacon in good standing-and I felt ed the irregularity. "Now, Jean, ma hip pocket as two or three churchgoers Dumfries this night; 'tis ower late. return to lift it in the mornin'." When he had gone to his lodging Jean fetched at the exact time, a not very easy task the village cooper, who removed a hoop from the barrel and bored a hole, through which the adulterated liquor was drawn off and stuff of regulation strength put in. Then the hoop was old Korea it was placed over the heart refixed, and Jean, with a brave heart, of the beloved before being worn in awaited the gauger. In the morning up came Burns to claim the keg. "One minute, Mr. Burns," said Jean sweetly. "Ye might jest test that whisky to convince me, since I canna see how I could have been makin' sie a mistake.' "It means breaking the king's seal." said Burns, "but I'll just fix on anstood inside ready to bolt it against other." So the sample was taken and tested and of course found to be all right. Burns was bewildered. "Was ere aught wrang wi' me. Jean. 'tis na for me to say. Weel, I just thocht ye were fully smert wi' your foo, leading female mourner. wee tester.'

## TORTOISE SHELL.

In Working It Gentle Heat and Pre-

sure Are Mainly Used. A tortoise shell is harder and more brittle than ordinary horn. Heat and pressure are practically the only means | side them. which can be employed in working it. and it is impossible to work tortoise her deliciously strange little womenpigment easily liquefies and obscures ese, wild eyed, glossy haired dumpvalue. Heavy pressure is also impossible owing to its brittle character.

The plates of the carapace, or back shell, are first separated from the skel of the time she spends upon it. Her eton by the application of gentle heat face is washed with honey oil instead and then flattened by a similar proc- of water. Sometimes she sifts a fine ess. The superficial irregularities are powder scented with her favorite flownext rasped off, and the material is er over it. polished, ready for molding into any

desired shape. by a process which requires great care beautiful ecru. Though she may never and attention. Two surfaces are first be seen by man, save husband or fa rasped and cleaned and are then gen- ther, during curfew time or women's tly heated and pressed together. The hours-8 p. m. and 3 a. m.-she may go heat liquefies them, and the pressure out freely visiting friends and relaeffects a perfect union, making an in- tives. Her hair is brushed with a visible joint.

the same plate, so that the teeth of one sampan. dovetail into the spaces of the other, avoiding all waste.

## Bells and Thunderstorms

An instance of the absurdity of some was the notion that the ringing of the trousers are as full as a divided skirt church bells had a counteracting effect and become narrow at the ankles. that the vibration of the air caused by grass and picturesque shoes. Her skirt casional visits to the garden he had the movement of the bells resulted in is very full and shirred at the top into often been an object of amusement and the dissipation of the electric fluid in an eight inch band. This fits tightly criticism to the men on account of his the air. The belief was so common at size, which seemed to them ridiculous one time that the belief was so common at around the chest and under the arms. It is like the seemed to them ridiculous one time that the belief was so common at around the chest and under the arms. The jacket worn is not over seven ly inconsistent with his great good bu- soon as signs of an approaching thun- inches in length and runs the gamut mor, gentleness and delicacy of touch. derstorm were seen. Science now holds of Korean blues and greens, which are They had doubted his strength and a contrary opinion. Not only does the challenged his powers. He had re- sound have no possible effect on the sponded once or twice before, lifting air, but the vibration caused by the weights or even carrying one of his sound of a bell upon a cloud charged critics at arm's length for a few with electricity may cause it to dissteps, but he had reserved his thal feat | charge its contents upon the ringer of

## The Hippopotamus.

When first the Sudan was opened up it was thought desirable to impose a nor did their comrades. Whether they dition in the river, and attached to the act, in which they had been willing and after several spears have been performers, had been witnessed by driven into him he is easily drawn to passing citizens, who supposed it was the bank and dispatched. - London skylarking, of whether their employer Globe.

#### WOMAN AND FASHION ODD KOREAN HABITS

TEAR BASKETS AND HEART CLOTHS AND THEIR USES.

Secret" Mourning That Every One Knows of and Respects - The Quaint Toilet of a Masampho Belle. A Strange Headdress For Women.

There is a great deal of poetry about all Koreans. This does not make the risitor in their country love them less. "Why do you shake your husband's gown so feroclously every morning? the writer cald to a hostess in Seoul "Are you afraid a spider may be weaving in it?" "Oh, no, moonface," was the reply "He must be in Japan now-so far it is

-and his spirit comes every night to

this gown. So tired must be be in the

morning to go back so far into his body again." And she wept copiously, dropping each tear very carefully ipto a metal lined little basket hung from her waist. If her husband had died on his journey the basket would have been nearly full by this time; every one who has any regard for her would have added a drop or two, and her mourning would have been as intricate a performance as a case in international law. Even as it was the tear basket was steeped in incense and many heartbreaking songs and proverbs walled over it. Weep flowers-that is, any sort of bloom that withers soon - may be

the spirit. "Do men ever wear the tear baske for women?" I once inquired.

pressed and strung around the basket.

The wing of a wounded bird may dec

orate one side; a motherless child may

imprint a kiss upon it for the good of

"Oh, moonface, you are curious s much," was the reply. "Women never go away from men in Kowli." "But they die."

"Yes, and then verra often the good men wear the tear basket in secret mourning."

There is much secret mourning in Korea, and it is like the Irishman's secret-everybody knows it and rethe wrong man may wear secret mourning clothes for him and don the tear basket filled with tears of persons who have not deigned to speak to her in the lifetime of the loved one At certain hours she may wail round his grave and leave the best of everything to eat on his tomb for his hun gry spirit. The worldly mate of the departed looks on, and often it seems she is flattered by the performance. A slave may mourn secretly for the queen, and anybody who wants to may sympathize without hurt for a

beheaded criminal. Next to the tear basket the heart cloth is the quaintest symbol of Kowli emotions. One is never permitted to know of this precious ornament unless it is worn for his or her sake. In any other breast. One heart cloth often does for a whole family, being worn by different members in turn. Characters representing poetic say ings are appliqued upon it, such as: "Without thee I dwell with the spir it of the withered tree."

"My heart beats only to thine." "Ahu-peace."

"The sun will come again." In some parts of the country heart cloths are placed over the body of nicht?" he asked. "Weel, Mr. Burns, the dying and then given to the shanggoo, head male mourner, and the joo

Masampho is a quaint and picture sque town, nearly as much so as Fusan, from which it is not far removed. One of the sights of Masampho is her shopping district, which consists of in numerable mats spread out on the ground, upon which are exhibited the

vares of their owners, who squat be But the chief joys of Masampho are shell at a great heat, since the coloring the never to be forgotten Masamphonthe shell, thereby greatly lessening its lings, with cherry lines for mouths, who waddle around and about, quack-

ing in fascinating tones. The Masampho belle's toilet is worthy

She may stain her complexion to suit her fancy, but generally she prefers Larger or thicker plates are produced it to be the natural color, which is a fragrant bunch of switches and glued Tortoise shell combs are cut by the into many different forms. Sometimes highly ingenious twinning machine, so it makes a butterfly or a tortoise and called because two combs are cut from at other times a lot of leaves or a little

When it is properly shaped, big jade or glass pins are stuck in. The only cap she ever wears has no crown. Its back is shaped like a helmet, and there are two long tassels hanging from the of the notions held by our ancestors forehead and neck brim. Her cotton in a thunderstorm. It was supposed where they meet little socks made of somewhat the tints of the peacock's

> If of the common people, she may al low her small feet and ankles to show but if of noble blood her skirts must sweep the streets. All women carry with them a long cape, so that if 1 any possibility they should meet man they may throw it quickly ove their heads, leaving only a slit in front for the eyes .- New York Post.

One or the Other. Mrs. Smithers-I called on Mrs. Blumpter yesterday, and she returned he called the "receptive sense" in rethe call today. Must think a great deal of me, don't you think? Mr. Smithers wise ones who relieve the mind by performing a disagreeable duty as soon as possible.-Indianapolis Sun.

No Chance For Him.

"Come on; have a game of poker!" "I don't believe in games of chance." "That need make no difference. Come on and play."-Houston Post,

An Early Summer Costume. White linen is used effectively in this tub frock, which is fashioned in quaint stitchery. The blouse has a V band of fagoting to which the body portion is who became a friend of the Charlesaw



THE ELABORATE TUB FROCK.

prettily into the belt and the fastening effected in the back with pearl buttons. The sleeve is plaited at the shoulder and opens at the elbow to admit a lace river bank and had seen this strange trimmed puff. The skirt is cleverly plain and strapped with fagoting, and a very smart finish. The hat of nat- get it back. spects it. A woman who has loved ural tint panama is simply trimmed with black velvet ribbon and a monture of summer flowers.

Brown a Stylish Color.

Brown in every shade will be popular in the summer and spring clothes, says the Ladies' Home Journal. This neans that the pongee and shantung silks and the washable cotton mate holland linen, will continue in favor. these new colorings in brown, but in reality they are simply ecru, cream and the dark tones of brown. Brown is a good color in all its shades for summer, for general wear, as it does not fade, neither does it show the dust. the mixed Scotch tweeds are liked.

For the more dressy gowns, both for the street and the house, the pale steel grays will be used and also the dull pastel shades of green.

Colored slip linings are worn with the open meshed materials, and the color of the slip lining is brought out in a stronger note in the trimming of the gown. The changeable shot taffetas are used for lining the loose, open weaved brown and blue voiles and these gowns narrow plaid silks combin- value to the donkey. These the blackng the coloring of the lining and the material are used. In the making up of an open weaved blue hop sacking or woolen materials in blue a dull green lining would be effective.

The Sailor Hat.

There are several new sailor shapes running from stiff, narrow brimmed English models to flat French "canotiers." Imported by a Fifth avenue modiste for her Easter opening was a French sailor whose crown and brim were both wider than they were long. The brim was of red taffeta edged with red velvet, the crown of coarse red straw. Around the crown was drawn a garter band of red velvet ribbon forming an elongated knot in front. Under the brim was fastened a red cock's feather plume.

Whether trimming is arranged high or low is a matter of choice. Some times the entire decoration of a hat droops from under the brim. In other cases considerable height is obtained by the use of aigrets or wired ribbons. New York Fashion Letter.

A Modish Hat. The top of this modish hat, as well as the edge of the brim, is made of white straw in one of the novelty



THE NEW PLANE SHAPE weaves. The underbrim facing is of maline, which shades from white to a deep violet. The shaded plume repeats these tones. It passes flatly over the crown and droops low over the underbrim at the side. The hat is lifted in the front by a wide bandeau.

Spencer and Music.

Mr. Herbert Spencer cultivated what spect to music and was wont to speak with more than a little bitterness of One performer who had been chosen had.

"HONEST INJUN.

How the Chickneaws Were Taught the Meaning of the Expression Among the earliest comers to "the style with much fagoting and hand Hatchee country, in western Tennesapplied is box plaits, this blousing Indians and often mended their guns without charge. Barnes was a poor man, but obtaining on credita donkey named Moses, which was valued at a considerable sum, he imported the animal and stabled it at the smithy, says canvas partitions, the greater part the Youth's Companion. It was the given up to the bar and gaming tafirst in that region. One morning he found the door open and Moses gone. He followed a trail to the bank of the river and lost it. The stream was in flood, and he believed his valuable animal was drowned. Unless he found his Christian virtues gradually losing some way to raise the money to pay for it he was a ruined man.

Two months later a trading scow came down the Hatchee from Bolivar, and on the roof, spread out in the sun. was the hide of Moses, unmistakable in its soft and handsome grays. Barnes related his story to the trader and received the skin, which had been bought at Bolivar from a trader there. As no white man would have shot a donkey Barnes concluded that the Indians, who had never seen one, but who were then hunting on the Hatchee, were the offenders.

To trap them he tried a little strata gem. He organized a shooting contest and offered as a prize "the handsomest skin ever taken on the Hatchee, the pelt of a beautiful animal." A Chickasaw brave was the winner

of the contest and claimed the prize Barnes brought forward the skin of Moses and spread it on the ground. "There is your prize," he said.

"Me shoot um! Me shoot um!" cried the winner, running to the skin and pointing to a bullet hole. Then he told how he had been wandering down the wild animal, like nothing he had ever shirred over the hips, the front being seen before, breaking through the cane. He had shot it and sold the three deep tucks above the hem make hide at Bolivar. He was delighted to

This was what Barnes had hoped for. Standing, he addressed the Chickasaws.

"My brothers," he said, "you know me. I am a poor man, but I am friend to the Chickasaw. I mend his gun for him and deal fairly by him This animal was my white man's pony I bought it far away and brought i here. It cost me much wampum, the rials, such as india linen, batiste and price of many Indian ponies. To lose it will lose me all. It escaped me and There are many new names given to went to the woods, and there a Chickasaw killed it.

"When I am in Chickasaw country, I obey Chickasaw law. When Chickasaw is in white man's country, he should obey white man's law. White man's law is that whoever kills my For these same reasons the greens and pony must pay me for it. What will Chickasaw do?" The Indians had listened attentively

> When he had finished, they went to their ponies, tethered near by. The whites watched them meanwhile with intense interest. The Indians untethered their ponies and brought them up. "Take um," they said. "Indian have only ponies. Give um all." "How many?" asked Barnes.

"You say how many." Barnes appointed an appraiser, who hopsackings, and for the trimmings of selected a number of ponies equal in

nith sold to his neighbors. The Indians gave up their hunt and of one of the new striped transparent satisfied. They had maintained, for their tribe at least, some claim to the title, "Honest Injun."

THE SPANISH NOVIO.

A Gallant Who Rarely Weds the

Maiden He Attends. A Spanish maiden who is in the least attractive is always attended by a young man. He is called her novio and it is his privilege to accompany her on her walks, though of course always with either her mother or a maid to play propriety. His courtship seldom ends in his becoming engaged to the young lady, but while it lasts she has to be obedient and loval to him.

If he should transfer his affections to another fair damsel, the slighted one has no redress, for he is quite at liberty to do so, their friendship never be ing regarded in the light of a formal engagement. Marriages are settled by the heads of the two families chiefly concerned, and until such an arrange ment is made the young Spaniard may be novio to as many girls as he likes, one after another. This custom has certainly more advantages for the men than it has for the maidens, but yet few Spanish girls would care to be without a novio, however fickle he might be.

Handwriting on Iron.

It was an accident that led to the discovery of the method of transfer ring handwriting to iron. An iron er." founder while experimenting with molten iron under different conditions ac cidentally dropped a ticket into a mold. He presently found that the type of country the club world has a good the ticket was transferred to the iron many class and other limitations. But in distinct characters. Following up in Japan the system has flourished the idea which this fact suggested, he from time immemorial and enters into procured a heatproof ink, with which the daily life of all sorts and condihe wrote invertedly on ordinary white tions of men. It is no uncommon thing paper. This paper was introduced into for people of means to belong to from the mold before the molten iron was ten to a hundred different clubs, bepoured in. When the mold cooled the nevoient or social, all of which exist paper had been consumed by the heat. mainly to give the members an opporbut the ink, which had remained in tunity for one festive gathering the tact, had left a clear impression on the more. In Tokyo there are 5,000 differ-

ungainly, but King of Soaring Birds, the Mustaches and the Pockmarked, No one would be likely to imagine, which explain themselves. for example, that so heavy and, in fact, apparently ungainly a bird as a pelican is a king among soaring birds. After much flopping when these great will ever receive its deathblow, but birds have acquired headway the now and then it gets jogged a bit. Two broad wings are spread, and in majes cockneys met not long ago, says Good tic circles they mount skyward, with Words, in a London thoroughfare. only an occasional flap of the wing, of "I've just 'eard that your little Bill ten passing beyond the range of one's got run over," said one. "'Ow did it vision.-Country Life In America.

Teacher-James, you were late yes. terday morning: Pupil-Yes; but, as -Well, either that or she's one of these the general desire to be a performer. you were saying to the class today. Mrs. Newlywed-Doctor, that bottle we should let bygones be bygones, of medicine you left for baby is all to play Beethoven for him was thun- Teacher-But have you no excuse to gone, Doctor-Impossible! I told you derstruck on arrival at Mr. Spencer's offer? Pupil-In that same talk you to give him a teaspoonful once an residence at being asked to render an said that one who was good at ex hour. Mrs. Newlywed-Yes, but John extract from one of Sullivan's operas. | cues was usually good at nothing else. and I and mother and the nurse have Light music had a charm for the phi Under the circumstances I think it each to take a teaspoonful, too, in orlosopher which light diterature never better for me not to do anything that der to induce baby to take it.-Puck. will lower me in your estimation.

GREELEY AN THE ROCKIES

The Way He Sobered Up a Boisterous Hotel Growd.

In the "Memoirs of Menry Villard" here is a chapter in which the authog describes a meeting with Greeley in the Rockies. The "Tribune philosopher," havingo met with an accident which crippled him for several weeks, was an unwilling guest at the Denver House, the only "hotel" in the city, a rude shack of a building, with bles, and therefore not a place conducive to the quiet and repose of invalids. Mr. Villard noticed a change gradually taking place in the usually benign features of the philosopher, control over him, until finally one day he lost his temper completely and swore at his disturbers "so violently that I dared not believe my ears. His wrath, however, did not culminate until the third night of his tortures. About 10 o'clock he got up and limped into the barroom, where he thus addressed the astonished tipplers: "Friends, I have been in pain and without sleep for almost a week, and I am well nigh worn out. Now I am guest at this hotel, I pay a high price for my board and lodging and am entitled to rest during the night. But how can I get it with all this noise going on in this place?"

"Then," adds Mr. Villard, "he addressed one of the most pathetic appeals I ever heard to those around him to abandon their vicious ways and become sober and industrious. He spoke for nearly an hour and was listened to with rapt interest and the most perfect respect. He succeeded, too, in his object. The gambling stopped, and the bar was closed every night at 11 o'clock as long as he remained."

THE CASPIAN SEA.

One of the Remarkable Physical

Features of the Globe. One of the most remarkable physical eatures of the globe is the deep and wide depression in the nollow of which stands the Caspian sea and near to it the sea of Aral. The Casplan is nearly as large as France, and its surface is eighty-four feet below the level of the Black sea. The sea of Aral is nearly as large as Ireland and is very little over the sea level. Within recent geological times the vast expanse in which these lakes are found was sea. Its floor has been gradually raised, and the waters filling the depressions are all that is left of an ancient Mediterranean. A strange feature of both bodies of water is that although they receive large rivers, especially the Caspian, into which the Volga, the Ural river and scores of streams from the Caucasus flow, both have for many years been getting shallower. Evaporation, for they have no outlet, exceeds the inflow. But, for some climatic reason probably, the sea of Aral and its neighbor, Lake Balkhash, have since 1891 been increasing in depth. Whereas the Caspian, like the Dead sea, is very salt, owing to the rate of evaporation, Aral and Balkhash are brackish only. These remnants of what was once a great sea opening into the ocean, as the Mediterranean does now, still contain marine fish and seals. Some of the latter survive in the Aral and Baikal lakes, having gradually become fitted for their habitat, though it is no longer salt, but merely brackish, and, went back to their villages, poorer, but in the case of Baikal, actually fresh

A Back Action Joke.

The traveling men of Maine are noted for the jokes that they are always springing on the public, but recently one of them got into trouble in an un expected way. His parents celebrated their golden wedding, and the drummer had long planned to spend the day with them. But when the day arrived he found that he was too far from his old home to get back to it, so he sent a telegram to his father. He thought that it was a good time to get off a joke on the old man, so he merely sent the message, "Is marriage a fallure?" He was somewhat taken aback when he got the reply, "Marriage is not, but the results sometimes

Browning's Modesty.

The only son of Robert Browning and his illustrious wife was a diligent art student when he grew to manhood. He was believed to have a promising career, but once when the father was showing a friend some of his son's pictures he expressed a fear that he might suffer from the high hopes built upon

"He is placed at a disadvantage." said Browning. Then he explained further, in a phrase as modest as any ever uttered by a great man:

"People expect much from him, you see, because he had such a clever moth-

Club Land In Japan.

Japan is the ideal club land. In this ent societies, from the Red Cross to

Little Rill's Luck.

It is not probable that superstition

'appen?" "'E was picking up a 'orseshoe for luck," replied little Bill's father.

All Dewn.