Miranda's Whims

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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It was afternoon on one of the last few hot days of summer. Through the open windows came glimpses of greenwood bespeaking a delicious coolness and the ripple of brooks, but in the schoolroom the air was undeniably close. The scratch of a pencil, the shuffling of impatient little feet, the drone of a lazy bee, all seemed to intensify the impression of heat, and the young schoolmaster stirred restlessly.

It had meant a great deal to Peter Raymond, securing the village school at Wimberly, but he had not found his task an easy one. His eyes, wandering over the rows of bent heads before him, encountered the glance of a girl seated near the door. The girl, one of the older scholars, with a toss of her curls, returned to her book, and the trouble in the schoolmaster's face deepened. Here was the crux of the situation. If he could win Miranda Hemming to his side the remainder of the pupils would follow easily enough. But it was Miranda herself, with her great blue eyes, fetching dimples and coquettish ways, who openly led the revolt against him. The teacher sighed again. Perhaps he was too young.

From the very beginning of his work, however, Raymond had recognized the primitive instinct of hostility to the unknown in the questioning eyes uplifted to his own. Now, after five weeks, he seemed no nearer the solution of his problem; indeed, matters under Miranda's spirited guidance were becoming even worse, despite his pointed ignoring of her mutiny. He touched the bell.

"First class in grammar," he said. Miranda, with several other girls, ranging from sixteen to eighteen, came slowly forward. It was rather a trying recitation. Most of the girls stumbled. Miranda failed utterly, nor did she care. To all his questions she answered with provoking nonchalance, evidently indifferent as to whether he were pleased or not. Her rebellion had never before been quite so openly manifest. A sudden line of resolution tightened the young man's mouth.

"You may return to your seats," he said. "Miss Miranda, I shall expect you to remain after school until that lesson is recited perfectly."

"What!" cried the girl. Involuntarily she fell back a step, hardly believing her own ears. That any one should dare address her, Miranda Hemming, in such fashion! Raymond's expression did not change.

"You heard what I said," he returned quietly. "It should not take long."

For a moment Miranda, stupefied, hesitated, then she flounced indignantly back to her seat. The whole school, which had dropped all work to listen to the passage at arms between Miranda and the teacher, fairly shivered, and Tom Carruthers, a big, loutish chap of nineteen, shot a sullen look at Raymond. To scold Miranda! To the quivering excitement of the school, the time until 4 o'clock appeared fairly to fly. Would teacher really keep in Miranda?

When the others arose, Miranda also sprang to her feet. Then something in the teacher's expression caused her to sink back in her seat, tingling and abashed. It took an unusually long time for the pupils to disperse that day, but at last they were all gone.

"You need not think that I shall study that lesson," she declared with sharp emphasis. Raymond nodded.

"As you please," he answered. "Only here we both stay until you do."

"And I'm not to have any supper?" incredulously.

"Not until you learn that lesson."

"But"— burst out Miranda furiously. Then she closed her lips with a snap and leaned back, her hands tempestuously folded before her. Raymond picked up a book.

"Take your own time," he said pleasantly.

But somehow the book did not prove very enthralling. Between his eyes and the printed pages persisted the vision of a willful little face set in its tangle of wavy hair. Yet he must not be beaten now. His whole future hung on this issue, he thought. The shadows lengthened, the sun dropped behind the hills. Miranda, who for some time had been stealing furtive glances at the quiet figure behind the big desk smiled prettily.

"I'm—I'm hungry," she wheedled. For an instant Raymond wavered. This new sweetness was strange and alluring. But before he could speak the door was flung open and Tom Carruthers appeared on the threshold.

"Ben't ye comin' home to supper, Mirandy?" he demanded. "Yer ma sent me fer ye," darting a suspicious look at her jailer. "Ain't ye comin'? I'll look out fer ye."

"Why," began Miranda feebly. Raymond, a sudden, unaccountable resentment surging into his heart, frowned.

"Miss Miranda is in no need of a champion," he declared stiffly. "She can leave when she chooses. You may go." And Tom, after an instant's scowling hesitation, went out, banging the door. Miranda bit her lip.

"I will never learn that lesson," she repeated stubbornly.

There was another long silence while the shadows darkened. At last the young man rose and lit the lamp.

"It is nearly 9 o'clock," he said briefly. Miranda, now close upon tears, looked back still defiant.

"And if I say it you'll let me go?"

"Certainly."

With rapid, choked utterances she flung the text at him, not pausing for question or comment. And then—

"I—I hate you," she cried vehemently; "hate you, hate you! And I'll never, never come into this horrid schoolroom again!" The bright drops shone in her eyes like dew on forgetmenots, her cheeks were flushed to a wild rose pink; the girl was shaken, puzzled, hurt. The village boys she had teased and ruled at will. For the first time she had found a man impervious alike to her anger or smiles. From the day that he, a stranger, had met her eyes in calm unconcern she had unconsciously resented the fact. Now the repressed wrath of weeks found vent.

"I hate you," she reiterated stormily. The next moment she had flashed through the door and was gone. Raymond, oddly depressed in spite of his victory, followed slowly.

The world was flooded with the tranquil glory of the moonlight as he went out. A narrow path led to the road where a row of maples lifted their leafy branches to the starry skies, and Raymond, fancying that he caught the gleam of a white dress there under the trees, felt his heartbeats quicken. Somehow he had been looking forward to walking home with the girl. Then as he turned from locking the door a dark figure rushed by the corner of the schoolhouse, there was a woman's shrill scream, something heavy struck his forehead, and Raymond fell.

It must have been nearly an hour later when Raymond and Miranda stopped at the gate of the girl's home. Hearing footsteps, Mrs. Hemming came out to meet them.

"Well," she said. "So I hear you've been having trouble with Mirandy. Tom was here in quite a state and wanted me to interfere. But I judged you knew how to run your own game," comfortably. "Did ye meet him?" Raymond, feeling the bump left by the stone on his forehead, laughed.

"Yes, we met him," he said whimsically. "And he left us in no doubt as to his opinion of me. Indeed, I might say that he left a decided impression. If it had not been that Miranda, suspecting there might be trouble, waited— But, after all, I do not know that I blame him much," he went on. "He could not appreciate that I was acting in Miranda's best interests," with mischievous emphasis. Miranda, very shy and conscious, flushed. Mrs. Hemming lifted her hands.

"What ever am I going to do with that girl?" she ejaculated. "Really, she's growing fairly unmanageable. If she only had a father!" The young man became suddenly quite grave.

"Will you intrust the task to me, Mrs. Hemming?" he asked. "I think I understand her better now."

"Trust you," cried Mrs. Hemming. "Why, ye're nothing but a boy yourself. How could you be a father to her?" regarding him in perplexed astonishment. Raymond bent and possessed himself of the girl's slender hand.

"No, I suspect that I couldn't be a father to her," he agreed, "but she has just promised to marry me."

ENGLISH CIVIL SERVICE.

The Pay In It Is Small, but the Positions Are Eagerly Sought.

"Once a civil servant always a civil servant," appears to be the motto of the English civil service, for unless one proves dishonest or an extraordinarily poor workman he is retained in service until the age limit is reached and the salary list is exchanged for the pension roll.

Unlike the civil service in the United States, there is no strong partisanship. Appointees hold their position no matter which party may be in power.

The pay is not large, even in view of the small cost of living in England. Fifteen dollars is about the limit of weekly payment in the postoffice department, though some of the executive positions pay as high as $2,000 a year. The excise department is a favored branch, the pay starting at $250 a year. This is raised by a yearly increase of $25 until the pay reaches $400, and after a year is jumped to $575. From there on the pay jumps rapidly to $1,250 yearly, and if the officer is fortunate in at last arriving at the dignity of collector he draws $4,000 yearly.

Parliamentary clerkships run from $500 to $3,000 a year, and the navy department will run a clerk up to $3,000 if he reaches the importance of fleet paymaster.

In spite of the small salaries the places are eagerly sought, since it means a life position, with a pension for one's declining years.

Mezzofanti's Memory.

Cardinal Mezzofanti had a memory little short of miraculous. Dr. Russell, his biographer, says that the cardinal spoke with the greatest ease thirty languages, that he spoke fairly well nine, that he used occasionally, but not with fluency, eleven more; that he spoke imperfectly eight and that he could read eleven more. Taking, in addition, the number of dialects he used, some so diverse from the mother tongue as to constitute a different language, Dr. Russell says that the cardinal was master of no less than 111 different languages and dialects. His German was so excellent that he was taken for a native of Germany, while his French and English were equally pure. Dr. Tholuck heard him converse in German, Arabic, Spanish, Flemish, English, Latin, Greek, Swedish and Portuguese at one of the pope's receptions, and afterward Mezzofanti gave him an original poem in Persian and left him to take a lesson in Cornish. He knew several of the American Indian languages and nearly all the dialects of India.

Why Prison Doorkeepers Are Surly.

"Why are the doorkeepers of prisons always surly? I guess it is because they have to answer so many foolish questions," said a prison doorkeeper.

"Only this morning a ring comes at the bell. I halt in the middle of my breakfast. I tramp down the long corridor. I unlock my fifty ton door with my twenty pound key. Outside stands a tough young man, his hat on the side of his head, who says:

"'Boss, when'll Joe Mace get out? Me and another feller's got a bet on it.'

"People come here and ask me when this prisoner's trial and that prisoner's trial take place. They come here without permits and demand to see a prisoner with the same air as you'd go to a friend's house and demand to see your friend. They bring presents to prisoners—boxes of cigars, bottles of rum, scarfpins and poker dice. It is the constant rebuffing of all these foolish persons that makes the doorkeeper of a prison surly."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mutual Concession.

Fred—So you are really going to marry that young widow, eh? Joe—Yes. Fred—She tells me you have promised to give up smoking. Joe—Yes; sort of mutual sacrifice, as it were. She agreed to give up her weeds if I would give up mine.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Blaine Knew the Family.

A gentleman prominent in Cambridge told this anecdote of the late Hon. James G. Blaine one night not long after witnessing the incident:

Mr. Blaine, said he, had a peculiar gift for remembering names and faces, but this was the most amusing exhibition of his gift that I had ever witnessed. It was at a large reception in Washington. A gentleman of rather countrified appearance was introduced to Mr. Blaine as Mr. Mason.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Blaine. "Mr. Mason of Poultney, Vt.?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Mason, delighted at being definitely placed geographically.

"The son of Stephen Mason?"

"Yes," delighted again to be genealogically placed.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Blaine, "and he died in, let me see, in 1868, did he not? I remember—and he was buried in the little yard by the church. And his father was John Mason, who fought in the war of 1812. Ah, yes."

It was all so sympathetic and so historically correct, and the man's pleasure over having a distinct place in the

"AH, YES, I REMEMBER," SAID MR. BLAINE.

statesman's mind was so evident that we coveted the ready memory and tact of the busy statesman who could so definitely place every one.

Yet this seemed exceptional, so after the man had passed on we said to the senator: "How could you remember all that? Did ever you know his father?"

He laughed and said: "No, I never saw him, but I had an old aunt who lived in Poultney, Vt., and several summers ago I spent a Sunday with her, and I went to church with her. The day was warm, and I had difficulty in keeping awake. The window was open to the little graveyard, and every time I nodded I opened my eyes to see on a big stone whose reflected whiteness made me blink, 'Stephen Mason, died April 26, 1808,' and beside it was another with 'John Mason, born 17—, died 18—.'

"It never would have done to fall asleep. My aunt would never have forgiven me, so I memorized that, and I never hear the name Mason that I don't see that big white stone and those big letters spelling out 'Stephen Mason.' No, I never saw the man or heard of him before."—Boston Herald.

Lawson and the Wind Clock.

Thomas W. Lawson, himself an adept in unconventional tactics, recently received a shock at his own specialty. He was driving a spirited horse to a light vehicle. Having occasion to leave it in order to enter an office building, he called to a street urchin:

"Sonny, hold my horse?"

"Cert," was the pert reply. "What do I git?"

"A dollar an hour," said Mr. Lawson, laughing.

"By that clock?" continued the lad, pointing to a street clock in front of a jeweler's.

"Yes," said the financier, much amused.

"All right," assented the boy, with a sudden alacrity in contrast with his previous hesitation.

Mr. Lawson performed his errand and emerged again from the office building.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked the boy.

"Two hundred and seven dollars."

"What?"

"By the clock, mister."

Mr. Lawson glanced at the clock, an advertisement. It contained no works, but was operated by currents of air, and the hands were revolving with the rapidity of a pinwheel.

"I thought Wall streeters could do more business on wind than anybody else," gasped Mr. Lawson, "but this takes my time!"—Success Magazine.

Wanted to See Lewis and Clark.

Director of the Mint Roberts is telling a good story on an Iowa friend with whom he recently visited the Lewis and Clark exposition grounds at Portland, Ore. The Iowa man had been accustomed to receiving railroad passes and deadhead tickets at theaters, so when he was confronted with a sign announcing the admission charge of 50 cents to the grounds he was inclined to balk.

"Here," he said to his friend Roberts, "I don't like the idea of paying 50 cents to get in there. Wait a minute, and I'll hunt up these fellows who are running the show, Lewis and Clark, and see if I can't get a pass."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lovers of Coffee.

The London Globe doubts whether there is anywhere in the world a place more addicted to coffee than the little island of Groix, about nine miles distant from Lorient. The customs' records show that the annual consumption of coffee in the island is about 90,000 pounds. Now, the population is 5,300, and, as the men pass practically their whole lives afloat as seamen, this large quantity must be consumed by about 3,000 women, children and old men. It works out at thirty pounds a head per annum.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

Chief of the Washington clubs is the Metropolitan, temporarily located in the annex of the Arlington hotel pending the erection of its new clubhouse on the site of one lately destroyed by fire. The Metropolitan was established forty years or more ago and has always numbered among its members the leading men of official and resident life. Its president is Rear Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N. The resident membership is something less than 1,000, with a nonresident list of 500 or 600.

The president and vice president of the United States and the chiefs of embassies and legations comprise the short list of honorary members, although many of those officials do not avail themselves of the club's privilege, unless on the active list as well. President Roosevelt was for many years an active member of the Metropolitan, but resigned when elected to the vice presidency.

President Gets Statuette.

President Roosevelt was the recipient the other day of a beautiful equestrian statuette of himself as colonel of the rough riders, which is the latest of the works of the sculptor Macmonnies. The presentation was made in the White House by Miss Janet Scudder of New York, a pupil of Macmonnies, whose work has been accepted for the Luxembourg gallery in Paris. In addition to the president and Miss Scudder those present at the ceremony, which was informal, were Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral Dewey and Mrs. Dewey and Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bonaparte.

British Squadron Coming.

The navy department has been advised through the British embassy of the intended visit to American waters this autumn of Prince Louis of Battenberg, with a squadron of British warships, consisting, as understood here, of four cruisers.

It is understood that owing to the lateness of the season of the arrival on this side of the Atlantic the squadron will not be able to visit Newport as it was desired, but will visit New York and then Annapolis. From the latter place the prince is expected to come to Washington.

While the navy department is not advised definitely of the date of the prince's visit, it is understood that it will take place some time in October.

Admiral of the Navy.

Admiral Dewey, who, to give him his proper title, should be spoken of always as the admiral of the navy without any given name, just as Mr. Cannon is on all formal occasions the speaker of the house, ranks higher than the head of the army. The admiral of the navy holds his rank by special act of congress and is recognized at home and abroad as the highest officer of our national defense. General Chaffee is lieutenant general chief of staff, the head of the army, inasmuch as this service has no general of the army.

Dean of the Diplomats.

The dean of the diplomatic corps is always the ranking member of that body and is the oldest ambassador in point of service in Washington. At present Count Cassini of Russia holds this position, to which he succeeded three years ago on the death of the late Lord Pauncefote, the first ambassador from Great Britain. Count Cassini having lately been notified of his transfer to Madrid his mantle will fall upon Baron Mayor des Planches, the ambassador from Italy. The latter is a comparatively young man who arrived in Washington just four years ago and is likely to remain at his present post for many years, which will give the Italian embassy a prominence heretofore unknown.

Pension Office Clerks.

Chief Clerk William H. Bagley of the pension office recently canvassed the 1,200 clerks in that bureau for the purpose of ascertaining the former occupations of the employees. The results were surprising.

It was found that the register of clerks contained the names of nearly 400 men who had prepared themselves for the professions of law, medicine and theology. The graduates in law numbered 267, in medicine 100 and in theology 20. Forty clerks had been authors, 43 were editors, 18 were editors and publishers, 27 were printers, 151 were newspaper correspondents, 4 were reporters, 3 were proofreaders, 33 were magazine writers, and 1 confessed to having been a poet. A total of 144 clerks held diplomas from colleges and universities.

Among the men now passing on war claims who formerly held military titles are 1 major general, 1 adjutant general, 5 brigadier generals, 8 colonels, 7 lieutenant colonels, 12 majors, 48 captains, 80 first lieutenants and 8 second lieutenants.

Cabinet's Religious Preferences.

Charles J. Bonaparte is the second Catholic to be appointed to a place in President Roosevelt's cabinet, former Postmaster General Robert J. Wynne being the first. All the leading church denominations are now well represented in the cabinet. Secretary Hay is a Presbyterian and attends the Church of the Covenant, of which President Harrison was a member. Secretary Wilson is also a Presbyterian and is a member of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church. Postmaster General Cortelyou is a member of St. Mark's Episcopal church. Secretary Hitchcock is a member of the same denomination, but attends at St. John's, the famous little church in Sixteenth street. Secretary Metcalf is an Episcopalian, Secretary Shaw is a Methodist and Attorney General Moody is a Presbyterian.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

The Wall Street Way.

Jobson—You bought the stock on your broker's advice, didn't you? Dobson—Yes; he gave me four excellent reasons why it should go up. Jobson—What has he to say now? Dobson—He has given me four equally good reasons why it went down.

The Conscience Fund.

It is a noticeable fact that all contributions to the "conscience fund" are made anonymously. Can it be that the man with a conscience is always ashamed of it?—Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

More Than a Hint.

"If I should attempt to kiss you," asked the young man, "would you scream for your mother?"

"I guess I would," the fair thing admitted, "but it wouldn't do me much good. Mother is visiting fifteen miles out in the country."

A moment later something happened.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

On to Him.

Mrs. Jones—It must have been a great surprise when you found that your husband had been lying to you right along.

Mrs. Kandor—Not at all. It was only what I expected. When he asked me to marry him he told me he had never been in love before.—Boston Transcript.

Didn't Look It.

Guest (at reception)—Who is that glum old party over there in the corner?

Host—Don't you know him? He's Professor Sholligus, the eminent sociologist.

Guest—H'mph! He looks more like an unsociologist.—Chicago Tribune.

A Secondary Consideration.

"Yes, the auto whizzed across the dock and plunged into twenty feet of water. And, by George, it wasn't injured the least bit."

"How about the passengers?"

"The passengers? I don't think the paper said anything about the passengers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Jilt's Confession.

"I don't see what you find so attractive in that young man," said one girl. "He is neither handsome nor intellectual."

"No," answered the other, "but he has the reputation of buying lovely engagement rings."—Washington Star.

He Was a Case in Point.

Bobby (to visitor)—Mr. Smith, what's an exception?

Mr. Smith—An exception is—er—er—Why do you ask, Bobby?

Bobby—Oh, sister told papa you were an exception to the rule that a fool and his money are soon parted.—Judge.

Frugal Papa.

Miss Darling—George, dear, we must elope.

George—But surely your father has no objection to—

Miss Darling—None whatever. He suggested it, in fact. He says it will be cheaper.

Doesn't Show In the Dark.

Younger Brother—I say, muvver, I know why Johnny is so awful fond of going to lantern shows.

Mother—Why, dear?

Younger Brother—Becos he doesn't have to wash his neck before he goes.—Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

Stays by It.

"How do you like your new minister?"

"He's certainly faithful."

"Does he stick to his text?"

"Does he! Stuck to it for over two hours last Sunday."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Proof of It.

Mrs. Gay—But, John, you surely don't consider yourself a financier?

Mr. Gay—Certainly I do. How do you suppose I've kept from paying your milliners' bills for so long if I'm not a financier?—Philadelphia Press.

Overheard by the Office Boy.

"The editor looks downcast. What's the matter with him?"

"He received a letter yesterday informing him of an inheritance, and in the rush he replied, 'Declined with thanks.'"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Where Matter Wins.

Lion Tamer—There's only one kind of an animal that can't be tamed by the power of mind over matter.

Psychic Inquirer—What's that?

Lion Tamer—A mule.—Detroit Free Press.

One Thing Needful.

Mistress—Why, Jane, the chairs are all covered with dust!

New Servant—Well, they ought to have a covering of some kind to hide their shabbiness, ma'am.—Chicago News.

A Perpetual Supply.

"How easily she loses her temper!"

"Yes, and unfortunately she has plenty of it to spare."

Stubborn.

"Self opinionated? Well, I should say he is. I never met any one so dogmatic."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Why, he's positively bull-dogmatic."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Consolation.

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the Irishman to his wife when she fell into the river—"You will find ground at the bottom, my dear."

THE ROLE OF HAMLET

MANY FAMOUS ACTRESSES ESSAYED IT AND FAILED.

Even the Gifted Sarah Siddons and the Brilliant Charlotte Cushman Were Not Equal to the Task—Anna Dickinson In the Part.

Although many of the cleverest actresses the world has known have essayed the part, they have, with few exceptions, failed in it.

Even Sarah Siddons, probably the greatest tragic actress of all time, was a failure as Hamlet largely owing to the nondescript nature of her garments, which were neither masculine nor feminine and which made it almost impossible to forget that her Hamlet was a woman and not a man, says London Tit-Bits.

Charlotte Cushman was perhaps the most brilliant player of male parts of her or, indeed, of any other generation. She was equally brilliant and convincing as Romeo, Cardinal Wolsey or Claude Melnotte, but when she made the crucial experiment of playing the melancholy Dane even she proved unequal to the task. In fact, her Hamlet was so badly received in Dublin that she there and then made up her mind never to play it again.

And yet her Romeo was such a triumph of acting that James Sheridan Knowles, the great dramatist and critic, was completely carried away by it. Of her acting of the passage where Romeo flings himself upon the ground, "taking the measure of an unmade grave," he says: "It was a scene of topmost passion, not simulated passion; no such thing—real, palpably real. The genuine heart storm was on in its wildest fullness of fury, and I listened and gazed and held my breath, while my blood ran hot and cold. I am sure it must have been the case with every one in the house, but I was all absorbed in Romeo till a thunder of applause recalled me to myself."

And of her assumption of the difficult part of Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" Justin McCarthy says: "I have seen Claude Melnotte played by many great actors, from Macready to Irving, but Miss Cushman eclipsed them all. She created for me the only human, the only possible and the only endurable Claude Melnotte I have ever seen."

Miss Julia Seaman, a once popular actress, was so severely criticised when she played Hamlet some years ago that she turned round on her critics and assailed them in a very vigorous manner. The late Miss Marriott, who had one of the most beautiful voices ever heard on any stage, was more fortunate, although it was one of her least successful assumptions, and in the fifties an American actress, Miss Percy Knowles, made such an unfortunate exhibition of herself as the melancholy one that a country manager actually issued a notice warning his patrons against going to see her.

Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean) was the first to put on Hamlet's doublet and hose; Mrs. Glover won Edmund Kean's approval by her playing of the part, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt gave a picturesque and clever rendering of Hamlet, although it was not to be compared with many of her brilliant assumptions.

Charlotte Crampton was noted for her clever acting of masculine parts, which would have been even more convincing if she had not been such a tiny woman. "There is a woman," Macready once said, referring to her, "who would startle the world if she were but two inches taller." She was such a magnificent swordswoman that few men cared to try their skill against her on the stage, and she was undoubtedly a genius in her way, with a courage commensurate with her skill.

She was one of the finest personators of Richard III. ever seen on the stage, her Shylock was among the most brilliant pieces of acting in her day, and she was almost equally clever as Iago, Romeo and Don Caesar de Bazan, and yet when Charlotte Crampton challenged criticism with Hamlet she failed as signally as her rival, Charlotte Cushman, had done.

Probably the most successful of all lady Hamlets was Anna Dickinson, who made considerable reputation as Macbeth and Claude Melnotte. "A number of women have tried Hamlet," she said. "None, I believe, with any success. Yet, in my opinion, the character of Hamlet is eminently suited for a woman's capabilities. Hamlet was very young—a mere college boy, in fact. Besides, a fine actress is more likely to bring out the wonderful womanlike delicacy of Hamlet's character than a very young actor." And she supported her views by giving an attractive and clever rendering of the part.

VERA SASSULITCH.

The Way the Great Russian Woman Spy Blinded the Nihilists.

When the famous General Trepoff was only at the beginning of his career Vera Sassulitch was his invaluable assistant.

Trepoff was the detested enemy of the nihilists, and he was very anxious to obtain inside information as to their doings and plans. Suddenly one day in 1878 he was fired at while driving through the streets of St. Petersburg by no other than Vera Sassulitch. She was at once seized by the soldiery and was charged with the attempted murder of Trepoff, being tried in the ordinary manner; but, to the amazement of the public, she was acquitted!

On her release the nihilists gathered about her, desiring to admit such a friend of the people to their closest acquaintance. In this way she was admitted to all their private circles and was made acquainted with their secrets. These she at once communicated to the Russian government. The truth was that the whole business, including the attempt on his life, was faked by Trepoff himself, and it was simply a clever ruse to get from the nihilists what could not be got in any other way. Thereafter Vera Sassulitch played the part of government spy on innumerable occasions.

Trouble Ahead.

Young Husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph to you not to bring your mother with you? Young Wife—I know; that's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Japan has very few millionaires and practically no multimillionaires.

London's new county hall on the banks of the Thames will cover 5.6 acres.

Sir Thomas Lipton has invaded Paris. He has opened a store in the Place de l'Opera.

The story and a half house in Milan, O., where Thomas A. Edison was born is still standing, though not fit to occupy.

"Men as a rule cease to read books after the age of forty," says Mr. J. Pink, who has just completed his jubilee as librarian at the Cambridge (England) Free library.

Infant mortality is reported to be greater in Prussia than in any other country except Russia. The deaths the first year are 6 to 7 per cent in Sweden, 15 in France and 23.6 in Prussia.

Recently a sacred white bull was brought from India for exhibition at the Crystal palace, near London, but the British authorities refused to let it be landed except in the form of beef.

Roumania is now the fourth largest petroleum producing country in the world. The list is headed by the United States, then comes Russia, while the third place is held by Austria-Hungary.

The famous Jungfrau railroad, in Switzerland, is making steady progress. The railroad has already been completed up to a height of 10,236 feet. Trains are now running up to the Eigerwand station.

The islands of Formosa produced $1,400,000 in gold last year. The mountain districts running through the middle of the island are believed to contain rich deposits, but they have not been explored yet.

During the last year the Canadian government paid out in steamship subsidies a little over $500,000. These subsidies have been paid partly for mail purposes and partly, apparently, to establish commercial connections.

A young New Hampshire woman recently broke her engagement with a Vermont youth for the reason that he informed her that when they were married she would have to give up her canary bird, as he considered it too expensive.

The Hygienic institute of Breslau is making war on mosquitoes. Municipal experts will destroy the mosquitoes which pass the winter in the cellars and basements of houses. Malachite green is to be used for destroying the larvae in ponds.

A Vermonter has done that which promises to confer a priceless boon upon those who love pie. He has invented a wood pulp plate which is guaranteed to absorb the moisture in the under crust of the pie and make the pie always wholesome.

It is stated that in Great Britain 75 per cent of all classes of pauperism is due to drink and in Germany 90 per cent. In Germany drink leads to 1,600 cases of suicide every year and supplies the lunatic asylums with something like 3,000 victims.

In 1904 the number of arrivals at Ellis island was 606,000, the number for the entire country being 800,000. Of these 263,150 settled in New York city and the great majority of the remainder went to other cities as laborers, etc., where they are not needed.

The Chinese are turning to small foreign novelties and notions, such as small hand mirrors, belt buckles, combs, hair brushes, beads of many varieties and glass novelties generally. The goods of this sort they buy are cheap and generally gaudy and poor.

Extensive plans for the improvement of the Suez canal are now under way. The waterway is to be widened so that the largest ships can pass each other at almost any point between Port Said and Suez, and by constant dredging the depth of the canal is to be kept at about twenty-eight feet.

Among the interesting facts about the new Pennsylvania railroad tunnel and terminal in New York are these: Total cost, $70,000,000, in addition to the $10,000,000 for the station site, on which were about 200 dwellings; daily train capacity, 900; passenger accommodation daily, 200,000; men at work, about 10,000; time required for trip under the Hudson, two minutes.

About eighteen months ago Rev. H. W. Knickerbocker of Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, Los Angeles, was deposed for heresy. He went to a mining camp, where he got work as an ordinary miner. After a time he purchased some claims for a few dollars, later selling them for $1,400. Now he is worth $100,000, owns thirty claims outright, has an interest in as many more, besides doing a large brokerage business.

Alderman Hamburger of New York city has been in office three and a half years, and during that time he united 6,000 people in wedlock—that is, he has performed 3,000 ceremonies. He points with pride to the fact that only two knots of his making have been severed in the divorce courts and justly draws the conclusion that there is something lucky about a marriage made by him. There is no money reward for the alderman, who gets up in the middle of the night to exercise this charter privilege.

A device to prevent a horse's tongue from lolling out of his mouth is attracting the attention of horsemen. It consists of a bit to which has been added shields completely covering the animal's mouth at either side. These are further held in place by means of straps around the animal's nose. The inside of the shields are covered with tiny points, but they are sufficiently far away from the animal's flesh to afford him no discomfort until such time as he undertakes to thrust his tongue from his mouth, and then he is forcibly reminded of their presence.

The Way of It.

"Who is that sprightly girl over there?"

"That's Miss Jones, who took part in the amateur theatricals last night."

"And who are those nineteen tired looking women near her?"

"Those are her mother, sisters, aunts and cousins who helped her to get ready!"

Hatred is an active displeasure, envy a passive. It ought therefore not to surprise us that envy turns so soon to hatred.—Goethe.