

"BY THE GRACE OF CHANCE."

By W. A. FRASER.

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Lieutenant Layton had a friend, and the friend had peculiarities. One of the peculiarities was an absorbing love of getting into debt and consequent kite flying. It was as easy to get into debt in India as it is to get into sunshine. He was known by the cheerful name of "Gaiety."

With nothing tangible in sight chances had to be taken, and one or two little fliers on the part of Gaiety had only worked them down deeper in the debt mire.

That was why Layton was wandering about on the middle close to the Lucknow race course one evening when he should have been at the "gym" or the "mess" or almost anywhere except mooning about on the dismal smoke scented plain.

He was doing something that no officer in the whole service would have given him credit for—he was betting.

The friend who had used up the money and who would most likely

ender peered at him from the thick folds of a purple tree and sneeringly asked why the sahibs signed notes they could not pay.

It meant ruin and shame and all the rest of it, and even the face of his friend, of Gaiety, all the happy boyishness gone, was there in the evening dusk, drawn and white and pleading.

It was a bitter struggle, for Layton had honor, plenty of it, but the odds were too great. He could not fight against it, and besides Johnson had not confided in him, had not trusted him, had not put him on his honor. It was his luck that he had seen the trial. Fate had drawn him there to show him a way out of his difficulty.

Also, if he bought Zigzag in the lotteries Johnson could claim half every time. They could both win quite enough, for the lotteries would be very heavy.

This was the day before the opening of the Lucknow spring meeting. It was the next morning Frank Johnson was walking home from the course after having seen his string exercised, when he was stopped by one Harvey, trainer to the rajah of Jaganat.

"Good morning, Messer Johnson," began Harvey, and in his manner was much of the I've got something behind all this style.

"What is it, Harvey?" said Johnson, scenting the something at once.

"Well, sir, you know Simpkin, don't you?"

"Is he any good?" asked Johnson. "He's never done anything yet."

"That's all right, sir," answered the trainer with a wink, "hand 'e's in the big handicap here, the same race as your Zigzag's in."

"Well?" queried Johnson. "The handicapper don't know much about 'im 'ere' sir, hand if you 'appened to be anywhere near when the weights was made him up and could get a tidy weight hon him we could hand the stuff."

"What weight'll do you?" asked the owner of Zigzag.

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The Place For Him.
"Gracious! You don't mean to say you are going to move out to Alguiburst?"

"Indeed I am. I consider it an ideal place."

"Hub! You want to read the papers. There's more sickness there than in any other town in this vicinity."

"I know it. I'm a physician."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Confidence Between Members.
"I understand," said one member of the legislature, "that the senator whom we recently elected was beset by footpads and robbed in Paris."

"Dear me," answered the other member of the legislature, "those Frenchmen have such a brutal and direct method of getting a man's money away from him."—Washington Star.

A JOSSHOUSE.

Pen Picture of the One in San Francisco's Chinese Quarter.

In one corner is a miniature wooden warrior, frantically riding a fiery steed toward a joss who stands in his doorway awaiting the rider's coming. A teapot of unique design, filled with fresh tea every day, and a very small cup and saucer are always ready for the warrior. This represents a man killed in battle, whose noble steed, missing his master, refused to eat and so pined away and died. A welcome is assured to them in the better land if the work of man can accomplish it. The horse and rider are to them (the Chinese) what the images of saints are to Christians. In another corner is a tiny bowl of water. The gods occasionally come down and wash. At certain times of the year direct questions are written on slips of paper and put into the hands of one of the greatest josses. These disappear, and then the joss either nods or shakes his head in answer.

On the altar or altars are several brass and copper vessels, in which the worshiper leaves a sandalwood punk burning in such a position that the ashes will fall on the fire sand in the vessel. When one of these is full, it is emptied into an immense bronze vase on the balcony, and this, in turn, is emptied into the ocean. The Chinese take good care of their living and never forget their dead. Once a year, the fourteenth day of the seventh month, they have a solemn ceremony by which they send gold and silver and cloth to the great army of the departed.

A furnace is a necessity in a joss-house, and is lighted on ceremonial days, and paper representing cloth, gold and silver is burned, the ashes of the materials being, in their minds, useful in spirit land. Private families send to their relatives and friends whatever they want by throwing the gold, the silver and the cloth paper, also fruits, into a fire built in the street in front of their houses. The days of worship come on the 1st and 15th of each month.—Modern Culture.

THE TALE OF A TACK.

How an Italian Tenor Was Enabled to Reach High C.

"There was once an Italian tenor at Covent Garden of the name of Tascia, who, I am sorry to say, sang his own praises better than the score," says Mr. William Parry, the stage director at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"For this and other reasons he was strongly disliked by all the workmen. One day he came to me and said, with great show of mystery: 'Tell me the exact spot.' 'I could not for the life of me understand what he wanted.' 'You know well enough what I mean,' he persisted. 'Show me the spot where I am to sing the high C. There is always one spot on the stage that is better than all the others to stand on when you sing. Where is it?'

"I'll show you later," I replied. 'But, remember, never a word. It would cost me my place if it should leak out.' 'Then I drove a brass tack into one of the stage boards, and he was overjoyed when I solemnly pointed out the exact spot, and so were the workmen at the prospect of a joke at his expense. That night he carefully stood on the tack and sang the high C. Rushing into the wings, he exclaimed: 'Beautiful! Wonderful! Ever afterward, no matter what part of the stage demanded his presence, he would rush to the tack when the time for the high C came and there deliver it.'—Saturday Evening Post.

The Doctor's Indiscretion.
"There is no profession which calls for the use of more discretion than the profession of medicine," remarked a well known physician of this city.

"Just to give you an instance," I said, "I came home late one evening after a very busy day and was told by the office boy that a certain Mrs. S. had called me up three times on the telephone. As her young husband had taken a sudden turn for the worse, I got 'em' to connect me with her house."

"The missus has gone to bed, sir," said the voice of a maid in reply, "but she was so anxious to know if she could wash Tommy's face."

"I called back that she had better ask the nurse if it was dirty. Now they have another doctor."—New York Mail and Express.

Sold at Last.
A traveling man who is absent from the city about 60 days on each trip carried a pair of shoes to a German shoemaker to be half soled before leaving on a tour through the country towns. The shoemaker was accustomed to selling articles left with him for repairs if not called for in 30 days. The drummer stated to the shoemaker he would be absent from the city for at least 90 days and would not leave the shoes to be repaired unless he was assured that they would not be sold.

The traveler's trip was prolonged to 90 days. When he returned, he went immediately to the shoemaker for his shoes.

The shoemaker's inability to distinguish between have and half came near resulting in his receiving a thrashing.

"Have you sold my shoes?" asked the drummer.

"Ya, I haf soled them," replied the shoemaker.

"What in blazes did you do that for?" yelled the traveler.

"You told me for to do it."

AN OFFICIAL MIX UP.

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Life in the year 1900 was decided by the powers in Washington that Mr. Daniel H. McMillan, ex-state senator of New York and for many years general counsel in the city of Buffalo for the Vanderbilt system of railroads, was to be appointed associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico.

This appointment had been agreed not only by those who knew Mr. McMillan in the state of New York, but by lawyers of Santa Fe and of other cities in New Mexico who knew of him and desired to see him obtain the place.

Toward the close of 1900, with Governor Otero of the territory, Mr. McMillan was on a Lake Shore train speeding toward Washington. When the train stopped at Fairville, O., newsboys boarded it, and one of them called out: "All about the new supreme court judge of New Mexico, Silas Alexander appointed." The governor of the territory and Mr. McMillan looked at each other, and they bought a paper, and in that paper they read in glaring headlines that Silas Alexander of Santa Fe had received the appointment to the vacant judgeship.

Mr. McMillan the morning of his arrival in the capital went at once to the office of the secretary of war.

"How did it happen I was not appointed?" he asked.

"Why," said Mr. Root, "you are appointed."

"Why," said Mr. McMillan, "you are mistaken." And he drew from his pocket the Cleveland newspaper of the day before. Secretary Root turned all colors. "This is a mistake," he said; "an absurd, strange mistake, for I have it from the president's own lips, corroborated by Mr. Griggs, attorney general, that your name was sent yesterday to the senate for action and that the recommendation was duly signed by President McKinley."

Then the men went to the state, war and navy building and found Attorney General Griggs.

"But you have been given the appointment," said Mr. Griggs.

"Then what does this newspaper report mean?" was the reply.

The attorney general was dumfounded. "I cannot conceive what it means," he said. He tapped his bell, and when a messenger came in response he requested the attendance of the clerk in confidential relations with him, whose duty it is to fill in upon appointment blanks the names of those who are designated for appointments by the executive.

The clerk appeared. "Mr. Blank," said the attorney general, "did out at once whose name was sent yesterday to the senate with the recommendation by the president that he be appointed associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico."

"I will look," said the clerk. He soon returned with a memorandum slip in his hand.

"Mr. Alexander," he said—"the man from Buffalo."

Then a glimmering of the truth dawned upon the group. "Are you sure," said Attorney General Griggs, "that the name was not McMillan?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "The name was Silas Alexander."

The situation was remarkable, and time was important.

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Cafe Bland

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How He Cured the Bell.

The late Father Boyle, who for years was one of the most prominent and popular Catholic priests in Washington, had a great reputation as a wit. Some of his most intimate friends were Protestants and members of the Protestant clergy. A few months before his death he erected a missionary chapel on the city yard and bought and discarded by one of the Protestant churches. He sent the bell to a foundry in Georgetown and had several inches of metal pared off the rim. Having thus got rid of a crack, the harsh and discordant tones of the bell became soft and sweet. Meeting a Presbyterian minister not long after, Father Boyle called his attention to the change, and the latter could scarcely believe it was the same bell.

"What in the world did you do to that bell," inquired the Presbyterian pastor, "to cause such a change in the tone?"

"We blessed it and blessed it and blessed it until we got the Presbyterian devil out of it," retorted Father Boyle, "and then it sounded all right."—Washington Star.

A Sensible Query.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett once told a good story about his going to Ireland for the first time. "As soon as I landed in Ireland I attempted to look for traces of some of my ancestors, who came from the extreme north of Ireland. Meeting an intelligent looking Irishman, I informed him of my mission, saying that my ancestors emigrated from about that spot 100 years ago, and I was there trying to look them up. He answered: 'Ye say your ancestors emigrated from our town about 100 years ago? Thin why are ye looking for them here?'—London Tit-Bits.

Feelings and Fingers.

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger.

"The feelings," he said.

"Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner. "But why is it worse to hurt the feelings?"

"Because you can't tie a rag round them."

Stale Candy.

Stale candy can generally be worked over by reboiling it. In the case of acid candies, such as lemon drops, the candy is boiled, the acid is withdrawn by the use of lime or chalk, and the syrup is then used in the manufacture of that or any other species of candy.

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