ODDS AND ENDS.

TO A GIRL GRADUATE.

Whither away? Whither away, my friend?
It has full many a turn.
The flight of the eagle is without end,
But the wood thrush seeks the burn.

Over the sea the white sails fly,
The herons they wander far,
The song lark soars in the azure sky,
And the petrels cross the bar.

Whither away? What road, my friend?
The river is full of fire,
But the peaceful vale where the willows bend
Is the nightingale's desire.
—Harper's Bazar.

MISS FAITH'S ADVICE.

Miss Faith sat in close companionship, as usual, with her familiar spirit, a piece of crocheted edging. Her touch upon the mazes of tangled thread was very gentle, even endearing, and her look of content as she held it up and noted its effect as a whole seemed vastly out of proportion to the cause. Miss Faith was still pretty, with the pathetic beauty held as flotsam from the wreck of years. Her hair was prettier as silver than it had ever been as brown, and her eyes, though they had lost their vivid glow and eagerness, had gained a kindly sympathy. Her tenderness had even extended to the crocheting in her hand and imparted something to that usually very impersonal object that her fancy had fretted into thinking a response. She passed her hand affectionately over it now, as the figure of a pineapple, much conventionalized, repeating itself like history again and again, fell in scallops to the floor. "It's most done," she thought. "I can go back to the oak leaf pretty soon."

A change in the crochet pattern was the chief diversion of Faith's life, that ran on as monotonously to the observer as the tune of the famous harper who played upon only one string. To an ant the coming of a stick or a stone may be a great event. It is not hard to understand how a life that consists in taking infinite pains with many little things may get its sips of excitement, interest and novelty from a change in a pattern of crochet. The examination of the work appeared to be satisfactory, and Faith laid it on the table at her side. This table was devoted to the uses of her art, nor was ever profaned by the presence of any irrelevant substance. There were rows of spools of thread drawn up in lines like soldiers ready to receive an attack, hooks of various sizes lying like weapons by their side and various rolls of lace, the finished product of their warfare. Faith regarded them with approval, but as her hand lay upon the table fell away from the accustomed task, and she sat idle, watching the red coal, the shadows the lamplight threw upon the carpet and listening to the clatter that Mary, her maid of all work, was making as a part of the dishwashing.

"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith regretfully, "a sleight of hand performance, to see how many tricks she can do before one of them will break." But her face did not cloud, for she had learned resignation. She had surrendered to Mary the dishes and all the rest of the household divinities that had served so deftly and carefully for years that she might be more at leisure to while away her time in her own innocent fashion.

She wondered, as she sat staring dully at the blaze, how the crocheting had come to mean so much to her, and she could not think for the instant, then half remembered, saddened a little, lost the thread of memory again, her elbow resting on the table, her cheek in her palm. She could hardly believe now that a certain few years of her life had ever really happened. They must have belonged to some other and wandered willfully into her own, for they found no home for them in hers or likeness unto anything they brought. Was it so? They had gone so utterly, so completely, and she was happy now in her own harmless way, far inland, out of all reach of storm and reef. She was still looking vaguely, half wistfully, at the fire when her doorbell rang and some one had entered the room and was hurrying to her side.

"Aunt Faith," said a girlish, tremulous voice, "I've come to ask you to help me. Mother said you had suffered like this once and you had learned to forget, and I thought perhaps you could show me the way."

Faith looked down upon the slight figure crouched there, sobbing, and laid her hand gently upon the brown head, but she did not understand about the suffering.

"What is it, Grace?" she asked.

"Oh, it's Phil!" she cried. "He doesn't care for me any more. He's taking Jennie Thompson now, and I can't bear it. Mother said other women had to go through such things, but she'd always been happy, and I could come to you. You could help me," she said, looking up appealingly. "You could teach me to forget."

"Yes," said Faith slowly.

Then it came back to her all her own little story, and a dim, broken memory of the first heartache and her own long fight.

"Poor little girl," whispered Faith, stroking the beautiful mass of tangled hair. "Yes, I will. I learned to forget once. Yes, I remember now. Wait a minute, dear. I will show you."

Faith slipped out of the room and returned in a few minutes, bringing three rolls of very broad crocheted lace.

"Can you crochet, Grace?"

"Not very much," said Grace, wonderingly.

"Well, I will teach you. This is the way I learned to forget. The needle slips in and out, and the sunlight and moonlight fall on it, and the lace grows and grows, and is so pretty, and it brings comfort. When I began, I couldn't see the needle for tears. Oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my lace all ready—it's grown yellow lying in a chest in the garret. But after awhile the lace took up my trouble drop by drop till it was gone, and I could tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. These are the three rolls I did in the three years, one for each. They're yellow now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, very broad. "It's hard to do," she said, "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man, I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would do a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball and the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light. But I couldn't very well, so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my trouble into it, and I was afraid. I thought a long time about it when Alice was married, but I was afraid it would some way make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one—and this is the second's and this the third's. There's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace.

"That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty." Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking, "to forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work.

"There," she said after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, aunt?" she asked hesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle when there came a ring at the door.

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recreant lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There were shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace. Then seeing her aunt's half dazed expression, in face of this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil, and they went out chatting merrily.

Faith listened till the last footfall on the crust had died away, then carefully rolled up the lace.

"She thinks she's happier," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property, but a crochet needle," she said, looking up pityingly upon those in the old box, "is always the same."—Springfield Republican.

Nursed His Wrath.

He was a Bath boy, who, when 13 or 14 years old, went to sea on a fishing schooner. One morning he had the misfortune to burn some mackerel which the skipper was frying for his breakfast that he took one of the burned fish from the platter and slung it across the table into the boy cook's face.

The boy nursed his wrath until with full fare the fisher boat was tied to her pier in the home dock, when he packed his kit, went ashore, and from the wharf made this little speech to the captain:

"Cap'n, you've insulted and abused me on this trip, and sure as I'm alive, when I grow up to be a man, I'll lay for you and lick you if I'm able!"

Years rolled on, and the boy cook became master of a ship and could thrash almost any man on land or sea. One day in Portland while he was passing the Falmouth hotel he encountered, face to face, his former Grand Banks captain and accosted him, but the former Bath boy refreshed his memory with the circumstances of that fishing trip and added:

"I told you after you had struck me with that fish, cap'n, that I'd whale you if I ever grew big enough, so look out for yourself. I'll keep that promise right to the letter!"

With these preliminaries the Bath boy "sailed in" right on the principal street of Portland, and, sure enough, satisfactorily to himself, redeemed his boyish threat.—Butte Independent.

A Thorough Job.

A Philadelphia housekeeper tells this story in The Record of that city: "We had at one time in our employ a very green young woman whose nationality is typified by an emblem of the same verdant color. This young woman came to us from an intelligence (?) office. She showed her intelligence on the first day of her service in our family. She was told to go out in the yard and take down the clothesline, which was stretched among a half dozen posts for the purpose. She was at the job for so long a time that we began to wonder what on earth was the matter with her, and we went out to see what she was doing. We found her hacking away vigorously with a spade. She had already dug up three of the posts and was ready to commence work on a fourth when we found her. She didn't understand what we were up so long."

A Bit of Irish Wit.

Some time ago while I was trading in a village store one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who was waiting on me, and said:

"Please step to the desk. Pat Flynn wants to settle his account off the books. That is, he wants a receipt."

The merchant was evidently annoyed. "Why, what does he want of a receipt?" he said. "We never give one. Simply cross his account off the book. That is receipt enough."

"So I told him," answered the clerk, "but he is not satisfied. You had better see him."

So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and, after greeting Pat with a "Good morning," said:

"You want to settle your bill, do you?"

Pat replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said the merchant, "there is no need of my giving you a receipt. See, I will cross your account off the book," and, suiting the action to the word, he drew his pencil diagonally across the account. "That is a good receipt."

"And do you mane that that settles it?" exclaimed Pat.

"That settles it," said the merchant.

"And you're sure you'll never be askin me for it again?"

"We'll never ask you for it again," said the merchant decidedly.

"Faith, thin," said Pat, "I'll be after kapin me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet."

"Oh, well, I can rub that out."

"Faith, now, and I thought the same," said Pat.

It is needless to add that Pat got his receipt.—Romance.

An Honest Judge.

"One of the most honest men who ever lived was Judge Arthur Shields," said C. R. Markham of Cheyenne. "He was on the bench in the early days of Kansas, and I was one of the lawyers who practiced in his court. Upon one occasion I was conducting a case in which I had perfect confidence when the trial began, but before it had progressed far the evidence against my client's side of the controversy was so strong and so unexpected that I saw the case was hopeless. I fully believed the witnesses lied, but could not shake them by cross examination, and it looked as though my client would lose his property. Judge Shields had decided every question with perfect fairness, and it could not be seen that he was in any way interested until suddenly he called to an attorney, 'Mr. Black, take the bench for the rest of this case;' then, turning to me, he said: 'Have me sworn as a witness. I will not see a man robbed in this court in matters of which I have personal knowledge.' He took the stand, and his testimony saved the case for me. The other side appealed, but the judge was sustained, the only case of the kind in the books."—Washington Star.

Cremations.

It is noteworthy that though in each of the American crematories more men than women have been cremated the movement abroad was practically begun by women, Lady Dilke of England and a German woman having been cremated at Dresden. When efforts were made in the years 1873-4 on the continent of Europe, in England and in the United States in favor of the cremation of the dead, Lady Rose Mary Crawshay was one of its prominent advocates. A number of well known women in this country have expressed themselves in favor of cremation. Among them are Olive Thorne Miller, Mrs. Lippincott, Mrs. J. C. Croly, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Alice D. Le Plongeon, the late Kate Field, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland and Edith Thomas. At a public meeting Mrs. Ballington Booth referred to the time when her body should be carried to the crematory. The total number of cremations in the United States from 1876, when the first crematory was established, to the close of 1895, was reported to be 4,647. The number of men cremated in New York is about double that of women.—New York Tribune.

"I Love You!"

"I love you!"

Oh, what music there was in those words as they flowed mellifluously—which means something about honey—from her parted lips. Her lips were parted in the middle.

"I love you!"

The songs of the birds in the trees overhead seemed jangling and out of tune in comparison with these words of hers.

"I love you!"

Aye, for such a one as she kings, and even actors, would have given up their all and fallen captive at her feet.

"I love you!"

And he? Did his heart leap within him? Did his panting breath denote the ardor of his longing to clasp her in his arms? Did he fall on bended knee and cry:

"And I love thee!"

No. He gave a blithe bark and wagged his tail to show that he was her favorite poodle.—New York Journal.

When You See It In Print.

A sensitive man is never so humiliated as when he is obliged to read his own proofs. Type mocks the writer. The sentence that in manuscript moved with the stride of an armed man or glanced like a swooning strain of Strauss is now limp and lame. The paragraph that glowed with color is now pallid. Sparkling wit is flat. Sage reflection is jejune. The thought, "Shall I ever get the money for this?" is jostled by, "Who would be fool enough to pay for it?"—Boston Journal.

The Good and Beautiful.

To see the good and the beautiful and to have no strength to live it is only to be Moses on the mountain of Nebo, with the land at your feet and no power to enter. It would be better not to see it.—Olive Schreiner.

The Weakness of a Woman.

A woman who has suffered eighteen years, who has been cured after a life of misery and lives again in the sunshine of happiness, speaks to other women in words of no uncertain meaning.

Just a woman's story.

Not strange because it happens every day, not romantic or thrilling, but just a story of misery and suffering such as only women know.

For eighteen years, Sara E. Bowen, of Peru, Indiana, carried a burden of pain. Night and day, without respite, she suffered the most dreadful experience that ever fell to the lot of woman.

That she did not die is almost beyond belief.

That she is well to-day is a miracle.

Mrs. Bowen's trouble requires no description beyond the symptom, which every woman will instantly recognize.

In describing them Mrs. Bowen says:

"For eighteen years I suffered with weakness peculiar to my sex.

"I was a broken down piece of humanity; a shadow of a woman.

"My brain was tortured until I could remember but little. I could not sleep or eat and was reduced in weight to a mere skeleton. What little I did eat could not be digested in my weakened state, and caused me untold misery.

"My skin was muddy, my eyes were heavy. I was dizzy all the time and totally unfit for even ordinary housework.

"Doctors prescribed for me without avail. Medicine was recommended and taken in quantity but it did no good.

"Time and time again I was at the brink of despair. Day by day my trouble grew worse, and dark indeed was the day before my deliverance.

"A friend of mine told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and what they had accomplished for others in my condition.

"It was the first glimpse of the sun of happiness through the dark clouds of misery.

"I bought a box and took them. Even then I felt their effect. I bought more and continued to take them until I was well and strong.

"They liberated me from the most terrible bonds that ever tortured a woman. They brought me new life when death was welcome.

"I recommend them to my friends, and I do not hesitate to say to every suffering woman in the world that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure her."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for all forms of weakness. The blood is vitalized and becomes pregnant with the elements of life. The nervous system is reorganized, all irregularites are corrected, strength returns and disease disappears. So remarkable have been the cures performed by these little pills that their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization. Wherever you go you will find the most important article in every drug store to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE COUNTRY'S ONLY PRACTICAL WOMAN CIVIL ENGINEER.

Overheated Living Rooms—Woman and Ambition—Fancy Jackets—Women Conducted the Meeting—Opera Bonnets. Denim Makes Way For Ticking.

Marion S. Parker enjoys the unique distinction of being the only practical woman civil engineer in this country. She is a slight young girl, apparently about 20 years of age, and has a womanly, gracious manner that makes her very charming. Miss Parker seems quite unconscious of the fact that her peculiar position as the one woman in her profession makes her interesting.

"Really, there isn't anything to tell," she replied to an inquiry. "I made up my mind to be a civil engineer, studied for it and am now working hard for promotion. It was the most natural thing in the world, for I just followed my inclinations. I wouldn't do anything else."

"At first," she continued, "I thought to study architecture, for plans and designs have always had a great attraction for me. Then, as I became more and more interested in mathematics, I realized that something involving that branch of science would be more to my liking. Civil engineering was just the thing, so at 15 I began earnest preparation."

"Did you have any difficulty in getting such an education?" I asked.

"Not in the least. My father is a graduate of Ann Arbor, and I concluded

MARION S. PARKER.

to go there for instruction. I prepared, matriculated and was admitted to the regular course in civil engineering, just as though I were a man. You know at Ann Arbor all the courses are open to women, and they couldn't deny my application. It is coeducational in every sense of the word.

"I took the regular course," she went on, "except that in the senior year I substituted architectural work for surveying. I preferred it only because I thought the other would do me more good."

"Wasn't it difficult to obtain a position?" I asked.

"Well, I was extremely fortunate," said Miss Parker. "I had anticipated a great deal of trouble, knowing I should have to contend with an enormous amount of prejudice, and that practically I should have to struggle for even the slightest foothold. However, Mr. Purdy offered me a position either in the New York or the Chicago office. I was given the same salary that is given to men doing the same work and had equal chances of advancement. Two weeks after I had graduated, in July, 1895, I was at work."

"What would you say the necessary qualifications are for women who wish to take up the same business?"

"First of all, to make a success of such a career, a woman must be thoroughly and naturally fond of mathematics, not merely algebra, etc., but applied mathematics and the like. Civil engineering is really the application of pure mathematics to construction. Then, too, a woman must be willing to work with all the little intricate and complex details that are part of mathematical service. She must be careful, accurate and patient. The whole system is made up of trifles, to be sure, but if every trifling detail is not exact and perfect serious accidents may occur."—Boston Globe.

All Put On.

"I don't like the stage manager," said the soubrette petulantly. "He's always making us learn some new popular song."

"What of that?" asked the first comedian.

"Oh," answered the soubrette, "I hate a man who puts on so many airs!"—New York Press.

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Expansive Ohio.

Teacher—Jimmie Green, you may rise. Can you give us the geographical boundaries of Ohio.

Jimmie—No ma'am. You can't catch me on any such game as that. Since last November Ohio hasn't had any boundaries.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Dramatic.

Manager—Everything set for that farmyard scene?

Property Man—Everything but the hen.

Once more the eternal feminine and the exigencies of realism were in dire conflict.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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TALLYING PINEAPPLES.

Quick Work Done In Handling the Fruit on the New York Wharf.

The pineapple season lasts from about March 1 to about Aug. 1. New York gets pineapples from the Florida keys, from the West Indies and from the Bahamas. Some come in steamers, some in sailing vessels. Pineapples from Havana by steamer are brought in barrels and crates. Pineapples brought in sailing vessels are brought mostly in bulk—not thrown in loosely, however, but snugly stowed, so that as many as possible may be got into a vessel.

On the wharfs here pineapples brought in bulk are handled with great celerity. Men in the hold of the vessel fill bushel baskets with them and hand the baskets up on deck, where they are passed along and set up on the stringpiece of the wharf. The trucks in which they are to be carted away are backed down handy. A box of suitable height, and which is as long as the truck is wide, is placed at the end of the truck. A man standing near on the wharf lifts the baskets from the stringpiece and sets them up on this box. Two men stand at the box, each with a basket of pineapples in front of him, to count the pines and throw them into the truck, which has racks at the sides; lengths of board are placed across the end as the load rises. Two men stand in the truck to level the fruit as it comes to them.

The two counters are experts, and they work with great rapidity and steadiness, keeping pineapples going all the time. Each man picks up two pineapples at a time, one with each hand, and gives them a toss into the truck, both men counting as they go along, one after another, "one," "two," "three," "four," "five," and so on up, each count meaning two pineapples. When they strike "one hundred," the tallyman makes a straight chalk mark on the end of the truck; that stands for 200 pineapples. While he is making the chalk mark the other counter keeps right on, and he may have got up to "two" or "three" again, for it takes a second or two to make the chalk mark, but by that time the tallyman is at it again chiming in with "four," and away they go together again, counting up rapidly toward another hundred. If a man on the load finds a specked pine, he drops it over the side of the truck into a basket that stands there, and says: "One out." The tallyman tosses in one without counting, to keep the count good.

As fast as the counters empty the baskets they push them off the box, and the man at the stringpiece sets up a full one in its place and the counters keep the pineapples going without cessation. At the fifth hundred the tallyman makes a mark diagonally across the four he has already made, in the commonly used method of tallying freight; but these five marks here stand for 1,000 pineapples. On a double truck there are usually carried from 4,500 to 5,500 pineapples; on a single truck, from 2,000 to 3,500.—New York Sun.

LAUGHTER.

Has It Evoluted From the Brutal Yell Over a Tortured Enemy?

Just as the hoof of the horse is the remnant of an original five toes, just as the pineal gland in man is now said to be the survival of a prehistoric eye on the top of the head, so, perhaps, this levity in regard to particular ailments (in others) may be the descendant of an aboriginal ferocity in man. It is a well known theory that what we call humor arose from the same source; that the first human laugh that ever woke the astonished echoes of gloomy primeval forests was not an expression of mirth, but exultation over the misery of a tortured enemy.

There is to this day something terrible in laughter. The laugh of madness or of cruelty is a sound more awful than that of the bitterest lamentations.

By means of that strange phonograph that we call literature we can listen even now to the laughter of the dead, to the hearty guffaws or cynical titterings of generation after generation of bygone men and women, and if we are curious in such matters we can probe into the nature of the changes that have passed over the fashion of men's humor. For it has been said, not without the support of weighty cumulative evidence, that, as we penetrate further into the past, we find the sense of humor depending always more obviously and solely upon the enjoyment of the pain, misfortune, mortification or embarrassment of others. The sense of superiority was the sense of humor in our ancestors; or, in other words, vanity lay at the root of this, as of most other attributes of our bumptious species!

Putting ear to our phonograph, we catch the echoes of a strange and merry tumult; boisterous, cruel, often brutal, yet with here and there a tender cadence from some solitary voice; and presently this lonely note grows stronger and sweeter, as we travel slowly toward our time, until at length, through all the merriment, we can hear the soft undermurmur of pity. Does the picture not seize the imagination—the long laughter of the ages which begins in cruelty and ends in love?—Westminster Review.

An Old Building.

Poughkeepsie has a building that is probably the oldest one on the Hudson river. It is at the corner of Washington and Delafield streets, and was erected, according to tradition, in 1713. The plaster on the walls is six inches thick, and the laths are hand cut, about two inches in thickness. It is safe to say that house, even if antiquated, is a warm one to live in during the winter.—Oak Hill Record.

STORIES OF STETSON.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MEN EVER IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

An Ignorance Whose Depth and Breadth Made It Highly Entertaining—Stetson Was a Source of Fun Outside of Theatrical Circles as Well as Within Them.

There is a man born now and then with a sort of humorous silver spoon in his mouth. Uninterrupted good fortune as a humorist smiles on him through life, and that, too, with no seeming effort of his own. He somehow acquires an early reputation for saying or doing funny things, which, once gained, nothing can take away. All the jokes in his line of his generation, and often some of earlier and later generations, are credited to him, and nobody cares to dispute the honor. Collectors of jokes are ready to accept Joe Miller as Joe Miller, but no literary scholar believes that he originated all the jests in his alleged book. Anybody can think for himself of two or three similar examples in the present half century, and, even so, it is not likely that John Stetson ever really said all or half the amusing things that were attributed to him. They were good stories, some of them, and they were told of Stetson, just as the story of fiddling while Rome burned was told of Nero, not because they were true, but to show what kind of man Stetson was.

The stories which it was thought proper to fix upon John Stetson were those which exhibited any broad, comprehensive and picturesque ignorance. He was an ignorant man no doubt—ignorant enough, perhaps, to say all the things that it was ever said that he said, but the chances are that he did not say them all. But the stories are none the worse for that. Years ago Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" was played by the students of Harvard college and excited great comment throughout the country. It was discussed one evening at a dinner at which Stetson was present, and he cheered the company by announcing that he had contracted with Sophocles for the writing of a new play to be produced by him the following season.

This story belongs in the same class as a somewhat more elaborate one. Stetson once took possession of a new theater and discovered in the lobby a picture that did not meet his artistic taste. "Take that picture down," he said.

"But, Mr. Stetson," somebody remonstrated, "that picture was painted by Michael Angelo."

"Michael who?" said Stetson.

"Michael Angelo."

"Well, take it down," said Stetson, "and discharge Angelo. I won't have any of these foreign scene painters around my theater; I'm going to employ Americans."

This so amused those who heard it that they at once told the incident to friends of Stetson and themselves, and among them was Jack Haverly, the famous negro minstrel manager. Haverly did not laugh when he heard it, but simply looked puzzled. He thought for a few moments, and then a faint smile came into his face, and he said, "Oh, yes, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!"

This answer was thought good enough to take back to Stetson, who, it was assumed, must have taken pains in the meantime to inform himself of the history of art sufficiently to understand it. "What do you think, Stetson?" said his friend. "We have told Jack Haverly what you said about Michael Angelo, and he said, 'Oh, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!'"

Stetson looked blank in his turn for a moment and then received his own little illumination as to the humor of the thing. "Why, the ignorant old fool," he said; "of course he ought to have said, 'There isn't any such person as Michael Angelo.'"

This story again recalls another with a similar touch in it. The conversation once turned on a clever passage in W. J. Florence's old play, "The Mighty Dollar," in which Bardwell Sloat exposes his ignorance by referring to a hackman whom he had encountered in Venice. "Yes," said Stetson, "that is clever; of course they don't have hacks in Venice; it's such a slow place they don't have anything but omnibuses and mule carts." This fable found its way into print again only a few weeks before Mr. Stetson's death.

"What do you think of So-and-so?" Stetson asked of a friend, naming one of the actors of his company. He meant to ask what his friend thought of the way the actor was playing the part in which he had then engaged, but the friend supposed that he meant to ask what manner of man he thought him. So he answered, "He's well enough, only he seems to me to be a little too pedantic."

This struck Stetson as a good word, and he stored it up in his memory for future use. A few days later, when he met the actor, he said, "I was in front watching you last night and thought you didn't play that part quite as pedantic as you might."

Sometimes Mr. Stetson's expressions amounted to epigrams. It will be remembered that when Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" was first done in this country at the New Park theater, now the Herald Square, it was a dreadful failure. It was clearly and obviously so to anybody who saw any considerable part of it, even if he were ordinarily a bad judge of such things, and Stetson was not a bad judge. He had secured the rights to the opera for New England, and he had paid a good deal of money for them. He went to the New Park on the first night to see and hear what his property looked and sounded like. After the first act he strode out into the lobby and somebody heard him mutter: "'Gondoliers!' 'Gondoliers!' H'm! Gone dollars!"—New York Tribune.

Herring Gull Swallows a Sparrow.

Half a dozen English sparrows flew into the wild fowl inclosure in Central park and began pecking at some grain set out for the white crane's use. The crane's long and slender neck shot out, and a fluttering sparrow was grasped in its bill, while the others flew away in alarm. A herring gull ran to the crane, seized the sparrow, elevated its head and gulped down the live bird with evident satisfaction. Then it went to the basin, took two sups of water and scanned the skies for more trustful birds in sight.—New York Sun.