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Factual Books.
If a scholar has little money for
books, he should expend it mostly on
works of reference, and so get a daily
return for his outlay. So seems to have
thought a young man who when we re-
cently heard, who, when asked by a
cannasser to purchase an encyclopedia,
said he had one.

"Which one is it?" inquired the can-
nasser.

"The young man could not remember
Neither could he tell who published it,
but it was a fine work, in many large
volumes.

"Do you ever use them?" asked the
agent.

"Certainly—almost every day."
"In what line?"

"Oh, I press my trousers with them.
They are splendid for that."—Kambler

The Collegian's Retort.
Members of the class in Cambridge
had been rather flippant in regard to
some pompous authority, and a fellow
was eulogizing him. Said he:
"You are probably ignorant, young
gentlemen, that the venerable person of
whom you have been speaking with
such levity is one of the profoundest
scholars of our age—indeed, it may be
doubted whether any man of our age
has bathed more deeply in the sacred
fountains of antiquity."

"Or come up drier, sir," was the re-
ply of the undergraduate.—"Recollections
of Aubrey de Vere."

A wagon load of mortar will fill about
80 beds.

HE WAS A POOH BAH.

HOW YOUNG FOX RAN A WHOLE
COUNTY IN DAKOTA.

He Held All the Offices For One Winter
and Rather Enjoyed the Experience,
Though It Is Presumed That He Was
Sometimes a Little Lonesome.

There is a man in this town who was
the supreme ruler of the whole county
for almost six months. He was a Pooch
Bah with a vengeance. His name is E.
J. Fox, and he is fond of telling how
he ran Cavalier county in the first win-
ter of its existence. It came about in
this way:

Cavalier county had been named, but
unorganized for several years up to
1884. It consisted of a large strip of
land, all owned by the government, ly-
ing west of the western boundary line
of Pembina county. About that time
P. McHugh of Bathgate was elected as
a representative of Pembina county in
the legislature, and it occurred to him
to Attorney W. J. Mooney of the same
village that it would be well to
organize Cavalier county and add to it
the three ranges in the western part of
Pembina county. This western part of
Pembina county was very much higher
than the rest of the county, and was
situated, the people said, and say yet,
"on the mountain." So McHugh got a
bill through the legislature defining
Cavalier county as it is today.

That was in the winter of 1884-5.
A courthouse was built at Langdon,
which was designated as the county
seat, and at the election in November
various county officers were elected.
But none of the county officers came to
Langdon to live. It was already a bad
winter, and they could see no reason
why they should come if there was
some one there to take charge of the
records. So they united in asking E. J.
Fox, a young man just from Canada,
to take charge of the offices until sum-
mer. Fox accepted the position, or pos-
sitions, and in December took charge of
the affairs of the county. The court-
house was then a large building—in
fact, too large for use. Fox decided
that it would be better to leave it va-
cant until spring, and he took up his
abode in a one room "claim shack," the
only other building in town. This was
about 15 by 20 feet in dimensions, and
there he lived and did business that
winter. He was deputy clerk of the
county, county judge, county treasurer,
county auditor and register of deeds.
The sheriff lived in the country and the
superintendent of schools lived just
across the Manitoba line. The sheriff
did not serve out his term, for he was
put in jail for shooting a man in a fight.
There was not another living soul with
him.

Fox lived entirely alone, and did his
own cooking, except the bread baking,
which was done by a neighbor three
miles away. Langdon, though the county
seat, was not yet a postoffice. The
postmaster of Olga, in the eastern part
of the county, used to send over a large
package of letters and papers about
twice a week to the people whom he
knew lived near Langdon, and Fox
would give to these people their mail
when they called for it. There was not
one settler 40 miles to the west, but
about 40 and 50 miles northwest, near
the Manitoba line, there were several
settlers, and some of these used to drive
that great distance to "file" on a home-
stead or a tree claim. When they did
that, Fox had to give them their meals
and lodgings, and, in fact, he had often
to keep a sort of hotel.

The winter of 1884-5 was very cold,
and at night Fox used often to lie
awake and listen to the blizzards howl
around his little shack. He was kept
busy, however, for there were many
filings, registrations of mortgages and
a few deeds. An average of two or three
men would come to see him daily on
business, but he seldom saw a woman.
Nearly all the settlers near him at that
time were bachelors, who afterward
went back to Canada to get married;
and indeed Fox did the same. Every-
body was poor, and yet they all seemed
to enjoy themselves, though they had
to haul their wheat from 50 to 75 miles
to market.

The winter passed very swiftly, and
in the summer Mooney and McHugh
came with their families. Then other
settlers began to pour in. Buildings
went up, as if by magic, and in a few
months there were a postoffice and a
dozen dwellings. Talk of a railroad be-
gan to be heard, and in a few months
it came. Then indeed Pooch-Bah Fox
had to surrender his glory. He chose to
take up the humble position of superin-
tendent of the schools of the county
and he still retains the place. He is dis-
posed to think that, in spite of the com-
forts and conveniences of the present
mode of life here, he enjoyed himself
more that winter when he was monarch
of all the government offices of Cavalier
county.—Langdon (N. D.) Cor. Chicago
Record.

Discernment.
"Ella, you have been playing all the
afternoon with these toy soldiers. That's
not a proper amusement for a big girl
like you," said her mother.

"But, mamma, I am not playing with
the soldiers. I picked out the officers
and played with them."—Pearson's
Weekly.

Accounted For.
Mabel—What an interesting talker
Mr. Gusher is! He always holds one
when he speaks.

Mrs. Gusher—Does he? That ac-
counts for the hair I found on his shoul-
der last night.—Straud Magazine.

The principal defense of the Dutch in
the war with Alva was found in the
character of their country. Small bas-
tions, long curtain walls and very wide
ditches filled with water were the char-
acteristics of a Dutch fortification.

"I am not going to give him up with-
out a trial," said the woman as she in-
timated proceedings for a divorce.—
Chicago Dispatch.

Her Trial.
"I am not going to give him up with-
out a trial," said the woman as she in-
timated proceedings for a divorce.—
Chicago Dispatch.

FOOLED THE MANAGER.

How J. W. Kelly, "the Rolling Mill Man,"
Made the Hit of His Life.

A theatrical manager tells this story
regarding the late J. W. Kelly:
In his earlier days Kelly was appear-
ing at a variety hall in San Francisco.
The proprietor and manager of the place
was a German, who had a great admi-
ration for the "rolling mill man."
While Kelly was appearing at the the-
ater the German arranged to put on the
stage a series of tableaux depicting the
heroism of the members of the San
Francisco fire department. Kelly was
to stand at one side of the stage and re-
cite some original verses describing
each picture or tableau as it was shown
on the stage. The German was widely
known and his recitations were highly
appreciated.

"Oh, Chon," he said, "do your best,
and you will make a hit of your life!"
On the day of the opening Kelly re-
mained at home, so as to be in the best
possible trim for the show. Soon after
8 o'clock he started for the theater.
Just before going into the hall it oc-
curred to him that he could have some
fun with the German; so he turned up
his coat collar, mussed his hair and
went reeling into the variety hall.
There was a sound of crashing glass-
ware. The German had dropped a tray
full of beer glasses.

"Oh, Chon," he moaned, waving his
hands in the air, "you had wooined all
to tape! The vit is te good of baffing
Irishman to work for you!"
"Thash all right," mumbled Kelly,
staggering up to him.

"Go way," shouted the manager.
"You hef kveered to show."
With that the manager rushed for the
stage and arranged that a sobrette
should announce the tableaux. Then he
went out in front and waited, all in a
tremble, to see if she could get through
with it. In the meantime Kelly went
around on the stage, and just as the so-
brette walked on the stage Kelly fol-
lowed her and said, "I'll take care of
this."

The German saw him come on the
stage, and with a cry of mortal terror
ran for the front door. He knew that
Kelly would spoil everything. He stood
in the street, mopping his brow and
moaning in agony, when he began to
hear loud applause inside the theater.
He could hardly believe his senses.

Every few seconds there would be a
roar of laughter and handclapping. He
timidly went back into the hall, and
there was Kelly, sober as a judge and
"straight as a string," making the hit
of his life. After that all the German
could do was to sit down at a table to
weep and order beer for everybody
around.

In telling the story Kelly used to say
merely to finish the story, "I saw him
after that when I really did have a tidy
number around, but he only laughed and
said, 'No, Chon, you can't fool me.'"
—Chicago Record.

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

Incident of a Reporter's Visit to a Fire
Engine House.

A reporter who had sought at a fire
engine house information on a point
concerning which the driver could best
inform him stood talking with the
driver by the stall of one of the horses.
The horse was secured by a tie strap
commonly used in the department. One
end of the tie strap is made fast by a
staple driven into the side of the stall,
while the other end is passed through
the throat latch of the horse's bridle and
held on a small piece of wood in a little
recess in the side of the stall. By means of a
simple mechanical contrivance the pin is
pulled down at the first stroke of the
gong when an alarm is sounded, the tie
strap is released, and the horse is set
free. As the driver and the reporter
talked, the horse, in a friendly sort of
way, bent his head toward the driver.

Suddenly an alarm was sounded, and
the horse was transformed, and like-
wise the driver. The horse's head went
up, and he was alert in every fiber. At
the first stroke the pin had dropped, and
the horse was free. With a single bound
he cleared the stall and made for his
place by the engine, with the driver be-
side him. The other two horses of the
team—this was a three horse team—
were clattering forward at the same
moment. At the front of the house men
were sliding down poles like lightning.

There were a few sharp, quick, snap-
ping sounds, as the men already there
snapped the collars together around the
horses' necks, and over it all the boom-
ing of the gong.

In all the newer firehouses of the city
the stalls of the horses are placed as
nearly as possible abreast of the engine,
so that the horses shall have the shortest
possible distance to go. In some of the
older houses, in which there is less room,
the stalls are at the rear. That is where
they were in this house.

Surprised a little, the reporter had
lost a second or two in getting to the
front. When he got there, he saw the
driver in his seat holding the lines over
the team ready to drive out and waiting
only for the last stroke of the gong.

All fire teams are hooked up on every
alarm. On first alarm they go out only
to fires within their own district. This
alarm was for a fire outside the district.
Unhooked, the horses trotted back to
their stalls. Descending from his seat,
the driver took up the interrupted con-
versation just as if nothing had hap-
pened.—New York Sun.

Embroidered Suspenders.
"There's no dandy business about it,"
he said. "It's just plain, hard sense.
Since the new woman has made herself
so distastefully apparent I have had to
have my initials put on nearly every-
thing I wear, so that there would be
no excuse for my wife thinking it's
hers."—Chicago Post.

Did Him a Favor.
Pedestrian (to footpad)—Money or
my life, is it? I was wondering how I
was going to live through this week.
Now I won't have to. Very kind of you
shoot away.—Boston Transcript.

A Discreet Estimate.
"Papa," said young Mrs. Hunker,
"won't you please give George and me
\$10,000?"
"What do you want that much money
for?"
"We want to build a \$5,000 house."
—Harlem Life.

English in Japan.
Here are some attempts at English to
be seen on the signboards in the streets
of Tokyo:
"Wine, beer and other medicines."
"A shop, the kind of umbrella, parasol
or stick."
"The shop for the furniture of the
several countries."
"Prices, no increase or diminish."
"All kinds of superior sundries kept
here."
"Skin maker and seller" (portman-
tenu shop).—London Tit Bits.

SONG.

I would that my love were a fly fair
And I would that I were a snubnose bold,
Still to be dressing her snowy hair
All day long with my airy gold.

Or would that she wore the dew that lies
In the rose and in the rose tree were,
To fold my red leaves over her eyes
And make my weakness a part of her.

Would I were a breeze that is where it will
And she a leaf in some lonely place,
How I would cling to her, sing to her till
She gathered me up in her green embrace.

Or would that she were a fawn so gay
And I within some lonely b-d
Where she has always feet would stray
And dimple the turf above me spread.

Nay, leave th' sunbeam the light that's his
And leave the fly her of gold,
And give me my maiden, just as she is,
To kiss and sing to, to keep and hold!
—New York Ledger.

A LAD WITHOUT GUILE.

How Grant Impressed His Comrades as a
West Point Cadet.

"He was a lad without guile," testi-
fies General Longstreet. "I never heard
him utter a profane or vulgar word. He
was a boy of good native ability, al-
though by no means a hard student. So
perfect was his sense of honor that, in
the numerous cabals which were often
formed, his name was never mentioned,
for he never did anything which could
be subject for criticism or reproach. He
soon became the most daring horseman
in the academy." He had a way of
solving problems out of rule by the ap-
plication of good, hard sense, and Rufus
Lugall ends by saying: "When our
school days were over, I had the average
opinion of the members of the class had
been taken, every one would have said:
'There is Sam Grant. He is a splendid
fellow, a good, honest man, against
whom nothing can be said and from
whom everything may be expected.'"

One of the keenest observers in his
class, for a year his roommate, perceived
more in him than his instructors. "He
had the most scrupulous regard for
truth. He never held his word light.
He never said an untruthful word even
in jest.

"He was a reflective mind and at
times very reticent and somber. Some-
times seemed working deep down in his
thoughts—things he knew as little about
as we. There would be days, even
weeks, at a time when he would be si-
lent and somber—not morose. He was
a cheerful man, and yet he had these
moments when he seemed to feel some
premonition of a great future—wonder-
ing what he was to do and what he was
to become. He was moved by a very sin-
cere motive to join the Dialectic society,
which was the only literary society we
had. I did not belong, but Grant joined
while we were roommates, with the
aim to improve in his manner of ex-
pressing himself."—McClure's.

Unauthentic Portraits of Franklin.

It seems the height of absurdity to
look upon the so called "Summer Por-
trait of Franklin at Twenty," belonging
to Harvard university, as an authentic
portrait. Where did Franklin, who was
grubbing for funds to carry him home
at the time this picture is supposed to
have been painted, get the money for
his work? Aside from Franklin's cir-
cumstances being against its authentic-
ity, his "Autobiography" is silent upon
so important a subject as this portrait,
and its history is purely mythical.

Another picture that has no better
claim to be considered a likeness of Ben-
jamin Franklin hangs in the Metropol-
itan Museum of Art and was painted by
Stephen Elmer, an English still life
painter. There is nothing to show that
it was given the name of Franklin until
1824, when a plate engraved by Ryder
and published in 1782, as "The Politic-
ian," was relettered and issued with
the name of Franklin.

The last picture to be mentioned in
this expurgatorial list is of the first im-
portance as a work of art. It was paint-
ed by Thomas Gainsborough and is in
the collection of the Marquis of Lands-
down, but it is clearly not Benjamin
Franklin. It is, in my opinion, the por-
trait of Governor William Franklin.—
Charles Henry Hart in McClure's Maga-
zine.

The First Steam Power.

The power of steam was known to
Hero of Alexandria, who exhibited what
seems from the description to have been
a small steam engine to Ptolemy Phila-
delphus and his court about 150 B. C.
Ptolemy describes a small boat, built by
means of a wheel, "driven by a pot of
hot water." Watt's invention of a rotary
steam engine was patented in 1769.
The first railway locomotive was built
by Trevithick in 1804. The first prac-
tical locomotive was perfected by Ste-
phenson in 1825. As early as 1707 Denys
Papin built a model of a steamboat,
which was destroyed by a mob of boat-
men. The first practical steamboat was
built by William Eymington in 1802.

In 1808 Robert Fulton, in connection
with Chancellor Livingston, built a
steamboat which was tried on the Seine.
In 1807 the Clermont began trips from
New York to Albany.

A Discreet Estimate.
"Papa," said young Mrs. Hunker,
"won't you please give George and me
\$10,000?"
"What do you want that much money
for?"
"We want to build a \$5,000 house."
—Harlem Life.

English in Japan.
Here are some attempts at English to
be seen on the signboards in the streets
of Tokyo:
"Wine, beer and other medicines."
"A shop, the kind of umbrella, parasol
or stick."
"The shop for the furniture of the
several countries."
"Prices, no increase or diminish."
"All kinds of superior sundries kept
here."
"Skin maker and seller" (portman-
tenu shop).—London Tit Bits.

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