## THE DRUMMER'S REVENGE

Revenge was formerly the pleasure of In our days it has become the the gods. delight of traveling salesmen, those demigods of the country, whose mythology owes its origin to Balzac. This does not mean that Gaudissart's descendants are unkind divinities. On the contrary, they are, as a rule, good natured devils, fond of the pleasures of the table, which is a very legitimate liking, besides heartily relishing a good laugh and making the most of life. These gay companions are not satisfied with enjoying anything alone. A fig for egotism, that vice of ill natured people! Their gayety is of a communicative sort, and their supreme delight, is to relate to each other the tricks and pranks practiced on some fellow drummer. Their jokes are generally of a free and easy species, and, as a rule, no drummer cares about keeping the last lick. Inde irde From this peculiarity arises an unquenchable thirst for revenge.

Their anger is generally short lived, and is seen dissipated by the contents of a bottle of cha spagne. They are very unrelanting, ho vever, and they make it a matter of conscience to get even with the fellow joker that has hoaxed them. Just think! Let as imagine one of them to have been at Perigneux, the victim of a practical jok ! How could be dare to return to that lown, the scene of Romen's greatest explaits, unless he could say at the table d'hote: "You know, I caught up with him at Bordeaux, and, I tell you, I paid him back in his own coin with heavy interest." Instances are cited in which retribution has been delayed for two or three years, and the sweets of revenge enjoyed only after the victim had traveled to every nook and corner of France; but, like certain wines that are improved by a voyage to India and back, the enjoyment was all the greater on account of the delay. It is no rare thing to hear the Chevalier de la Guelte, escorting the Baron des Rossignols to the depot at Beziers, say: "As for you, old fellow, I shall pay you back at Dunkirk in six months' time." The Baron des Rossignols may rely on the chevalier's meeting his obligations at maturity.

As for me, said friend Doublure, I did not have to wait so very long for revenge, the last time, when I got even with that confounded scamp, Bechard. Bechard is not a bad fellow, but he is the most inveterate joker that ever lived. His system is rather on the old style. He has no creative genius, and tries to keep ahead by practicing a lot of classical jokes which he always keeps in stock. His imagination is so sterile that he is compelled to rely on quantity to replace what is wanting in quality. But, in this world, everybody does the best he can. Yet, in doing what he can, Bechard becomes a bore with his jokes. When he has picked any one out as the butt of his wit the victim has either to display his temper, which always shows bad form, or to leave the place to Bechard and go elsewhere.

On my last trip to Quimper I had need of all my patience on his account. Having stopped at the Hotel de l'Epec, I met him at the breakfast table. Delighted in finding a good subject to practice on, my friend Bechard went to work without loss of time. In the evening, at dinner, fritters were brought in. Bechard, who had left the dining room for a minute, returned just in time to take the dish from the waiter and place two fritters upon my plate. At the first bite my teeth met with a soft resistance that set them on edge. I took the fritter between my fingers, and opening it, I found a small card, round as a coin, bearing this inscription: "The best cloth may be had from the house of ---giving the name of the firm represented by my friend Bechard. I put on a pleasant face over the matter, and, after dinmer, we started out together to the coffee

On the sidewalk, at the very door of the hotel. Bechard offered me a Londres, which I accepted; he was even kind enough to hand me a burning match. I lit my cigar, but before I had gone fifty steps, pschtt! a real Roman candle blazed out between my teeth, nearly blinding one of my customers who had come up to speak to me. He went away furious, and I lost his trade, while, at the distance of three steps. Bechard was clinging to a lamp post, laughing to kill himself. the coffee house he caused me to stumble, thereby making me tear the cloth of the billiard table, which mishap cost me twenty francs. Later on we returned to the hotel.

We stayed awbile, chatting with the landlord. Bechard soon left us, begging to be excused, as he felt very sleepy. did not go up stairs until fully a quarter of an hour after he did, and I am sure that you will not be astonished when I tell you that he had made good use of the fifteen minutes. When I put my key into the lock I found that I could not open the door; it was fastened on the inside. After all, was it really my room! Evidently not, as I heard, on the inside, the grumbling of somebody whose slumbers had been disturbed. I returned down stairs. No, there was no mistake. "Your room is No. 13, sir!" I went up again, and this time succeeded in opening the door. I am in my room. No, by Jove! it be longs to somebody else, for there is a person in the bed. I beg his pardon, and am on the point of withdrawing when an idea strikes me. Going to the bed, I gently tap the sleeper on the shoulder and find that I have been trying to arouse-my bolster, to which I had been addressing my apologies. I soon found the solution of the mystery when I discovered a panel door in one of the corners of the room. It was plain that Bechard had managed to get the room next to mine. I tried the knob. The rascal had barricaded the door. I rapped. A loud snore was the only answer I got. The joke had been carried out to the end-the end, no, not yet, for as I endeavored to slip in between the sheets my progress was arrested by an earthenware vessel artistically covered up. Bechard was undoubtedly a great man.

I got in bed at last and fell asleep while revolving in my mind different plans by means of which I could obtain a striking revenge. But the question was, would I have sufficient time? Suppose Bechard were to escape the next day! No danger, we were both going to Douarnenez. would meet again.

We did meet again, the next morning,

just after rising.
"I say," said Bechard, coming up to me, "are you going to Douarnenez?"

"In what carriage?" "In my own."

"Could you manage to make room for me?

"Why, certainly, with pleasure." The incautious fellow was placing himsell in my power. My eyes must have flashed like those of a cat finding again a monse that she had almost given up for

"Wait for me a minute then," said Bechard. "I want to change my breeches, as it is quite chilly this morning, and I am shivering in the ones I have on It was then the month of August. But

it was 5 o'clock in the morning and a stiff wind was blowing from the east. Bechard had come down in a pair of linen pantaloons. He returned in a short while, his legs

incased in a pair of winter trousers, the cloth of which seemed to be nearly an inch in thickness.

"I am a cautious man." said he, "and I am always very careful when I come to this confounded coast of Brittany, even in summer time. We got into the carriage, and as I had a

good horse we soon got over the road leading from Quimper to Donarnenez. There each attended to his business, and after breakfast we started for Audierne. The day was becoming excessively hot Before leaving Bechard had said: "Wait

until I change my breeches." "Pshaw," replied I; "it is hardly worth the while! Besides, my horse is harnessed, and the flies are worrying him. As he is very high spirited I fear he may play us some ugly trick."

We got into the carriage and started off again.

We had not been under way half an hour before Bechard began moaning. "I am so hot," said he, "that I feel just

as if I were boiling in my own juice. In fact, the sun's rays seemed to have coated the earth with molten lead. Moreover, Bechard and I had our legs hermetically closed in under the thick leather carriage apron. With his winter pantaloons on. Bechard must have been suffering untold agonies.

"Ha! ha!" thought I, concealing my satisfaction. "This is the foretaste of revenge, anyhow!"

"I say," observed Bechard at the same instant, "'tis this blasted apron that is keeping us so hot. Suppose we try to raise it.

"All right," replied I, "let us try."

We raised the apron. "Twill not do," said I. "You see yourself that with it raised I shall not be able to handle the reins.'

We put it back again. There was a long interval of silence. Bechard was between a stew and a sweat, while I was slyly fol lowing up the threads of an idea that my brain had just evolved. "By jingo! I can't stand them any longer," said Bechard.

"What?" queried L

more than twenty times.

"My breeches, of course." "Well, if they bother you so much as all that, why don't you take them off?

Nobody will see you. "That's an idea!" exclaimed Bechard. "And a good one, I assure you. I speak from experience, as I have done so myself

'Honestly speaking?" Yes, I pledge you my word of honor."

"Well, then, here goes!" And in one time and two motions Bechard took off his pantaloons, folded them carefully and sat down on them with a sigh of relief.

From that moment his humor was most charming. With a slight touch of irony n his voice, he inquired if I had slept well the night before.

"I slept very soundly," replied I. I carefully noted the mile stones at the side of the road. Audierne was barely more than two kilometers away. I waited a few minutes longer. Suddenly, as I stretched forth my arm to touch up the horse, my whip slipped from my hand and dropped to the ground.

"My whip!" cnied I "Has it fallen" Well, get down and

"And my horse!"

"I will hold him." "No, indeed. He is too restive. He eems to obey no other hand but mine. "What shall we do, then?" "Won't you get it for me!"

"Certainly, but wait till I slip on my pantaloons.

"What is the use? There is not even a cat to be seen anywhere within two kilometers of this place.

"All right! wait a minute." And Bechard, unsuspecting Bechard, jumped out of the carriage to the road. Hardly had he touched the earth than I gave a slight twitch to the reins and my horse started off like lightning.

rified voice. I did not hear him long, as my horse, urged on by my voice, was running at a

"Hey! Hey!" howled Bechard in a hor-

fearful rate of speed. But, through the little glass in the rear of the vehicle. I could see the unfortunate man brandishing in despair the whip, which he had picked up, and stretching his bare legs as fast as he could along the dusty road. Oh! what a funny sight my friend Bechard furnished me with.

I relished my cruel joy until I reached the principal houses of Audierne, as I carried my vengeance so far as to drive a good distance up the main street. Here, at last, I checked my horse and waited.

It would be no easy task to describe the astonishment of the good people of that city, when they saw coming a sweating, blowing, fuming and swearing stranger, noble looking, with a hat on his head, a jacket on his back, a whip in hand, but entirely wanting in nether garments. The women of place ran off, cackling like a lot of frightened hens, while the excited men, mistaking the queer visitor for a lunatic, were on the point of mobbing him. Bechard had barely time to leap into the carriage, and I really believe that if he had not been aware of the fact that I was the stronger of the two he would have tried to strangle me.

"You would hardly believe," said friend Doublure, in concluding his relation, "that he has sworn an implacable hatred against me, and has never forgiven me for having made him enter Audierne in that simple costume, with linen flying in the breeze. And yet they had a good

laugh over it in the town!" The ungrateful wretch! After that, what inducement is there for a fellow to help a friend in scoring a success?—Translated from the French of Joseph Montet for The Times-Democrat.

Origin of "Mente Cristo."

An autograph letter of Balzae has just been made public which tells that he once Ireamed of great treasure being buried in Corsica, and he set out alone to seek it. Want of funds, however, hampered him, and before he reached Ajacelo he lost faith in his enterprise and decided to return to Paris. But from this incident great many things without actual test. They Dumas derived the inspiration of "Monte

Cristo. There is more danger in a reserved and silent friend than in a noisy, babbling Proord. enemy .- L'Estrange.

#### DEFECT OF VISION.

FACTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

A Most Common and Disagreeable Deformity-Remedy for "Cross Eye"-Cause of Awkwardness in Children-Use of Spectacles-Good Rules.

By far the most varied and frequent disorders of the eyes, those giving rise to the gravest complaints, are those depending apon defect of vision. A few of these disorders may, with advantage, be brought to the attention of each parent and guardian;

"Cross eye" is a most common and disagreeable deformity, and is the result of defective vision. It is usually found in but one eye, and is not noticed till the child reaches an age at which intelligent observation begins, say over 2 1-2 years. Every conceivable device has been tried for its correction, binding up the straight eye, binding up the squinting eye, wearing of patches and shades, compelling vision through small holes in black disks, etc., but none are successful, for none embrace the correction of the cause. "Cross eye" depends upon defective vision and the existence of greater defect in one eye than in the other. When long neglected, the squinting eye loses sharpness of vision, even to the point of blindness after which, even though straightened, sight cannot be restored. The remedy for cross eye lies in the correction of the vision by means of glasses, and where this can be perfeetly done and the child is not too old, the eres become straight. If the squint is too confirmed, the glasses must be assisted by operation. A cross eved child over 10 years of age is a constant reproach to its parents. What mother can excuse herself for allowing her child to become blind in an eye? The de formity itself is too hideous to be neglected. What mother is prepared to accept the just censure her neglect or penuriousness will receive from her cross eyed child in later years? The fact that it is only a "cross eve" does not restore vision when the child becomes an AWKWARD CHILDREN.

Eye strain and imperfect vision are not always accompanied by manifest conditions, such as spoken of above. The eye gives no external sign of many of its worst troubles. For instance: A boy is noticed constantly blinking his eyelids. Remonstrate with him and he says he "cannot help it," but that it is worse upon use of the eyes; yet his eyes show no evidence of weakness. After a time his whole face works in unison with the eyelids, and later on his shoulders and even his arms are in motion. Punishment avails nothing in breaking the so called "habit;" it grows worse. Examination of his eyes reveals a defeet; correct it by proper glasses; and behold, in a few days he has forgotten to blink his eyes and shrug his shoulders. Another child buries the side of his head into his book and looks at you with head and neck awry. He grows actually lopsided. Why! Because he is finding the most comfortable way of seeing. Straighten his vision, allow him to see in all directions equally, and, if not already too long neglected, he will carry himself erect and look squarely at everything.

Here approaches a girl with handsome, soft eyes: her gait is awkward and her sten hesitating and uncertain. You are moved to pity by the thought of what a clumsy, ungainly woman she will become. Yes! pity her! The girl cannot see beyond the length of her own arm-how then can she know where she is walking, or upon what? Can you wonder she is timid, nervous, pale and excitable? Adopt the means of letting her see, correct her near sightedness and watch the change! A young woman may be conspicuous for apparent ignorance. Her parents say she always had sore eyes when studying or going to school, so they put her to work. The sore eyes were not the result of study, but of bad vision, and her parents must receive the blame for not having had her eyes put in condition for use. And now, though the vision may be good, it may be too late for her to gain all that was lost to her in the opportunities of childhood.

USE OF SPECTACLES.

Let every mother lay aside her prejudice against spectacles and remember that if her child's welfare, comfort and happiness can be advanced by wearing them it is her imperative duty to provide them. No child, lowever, should be allowed to select the glasses to correct its own defect, for ofttimes those furnishing temporary relief will produce a vast amount of harm to the eye, The corrections, particularly with children, must be left to the competent special physi-

How frequent are the following expres sions: "I get sleepy if I read," "I cannot thread a needle at night," "I never read—it gives me headache," "Sewing by hand makes my temples pain," etc. Not one of these expressions contains an allusion to the eyes, yet each one of them indicates that there is some trouble with one or both eyes which needs attention. Constant headache, boring pain in the top, back or side of the head, with a regular sick headache once or twice a week, are not infrequent symptoms. Every doctor in the neighborhood exhausts himself upon the case. In sheer despair a specialist is consulted. Inquiry elicits the fact that there is never pain in the eyes, and to \$20 each, the price depending chiefly on "Yes, I will wear glasses, but know it will do no good." But what is the satisfaction to the former sufferer when weeks after weeks pass by and no sick headaches? Friends may call it affectation, but glasses mean comfort and they are worn.

Good rules to observe are: Use the eyes freely; do not abuse them; always have plenty of light, but, when possible, avoid a glare; if possible have the light falling over the shoulder or from behind; read but little or not at all in the lying position; avoid reading by twilight. Inability to use the eyes means something; find out what it is. Allow no inflammation or pain in the eyes to be neglected, and bear in mind that many an obscure pain or ache may be due to over-taxed eyes or defective vision.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## A Doctor's Advice.

"If the women-I refer to poor men's wives and those that are mothers-took a little more regular exercise they would be able to enjoy much better health than most of them have, and at the same time have less expense in the way of doctors' bills," said a retired physician, who, as he laughingly observed, was not interested in keeping people sick. 'The truth is that they stay indoors so much that when they do go out the change is too much for them and they invariably complain of a cold or sore throat. If they took a short walk every day they would be surprised at the good it would accomplish for them."-Philadelphia Call.

Woman's Talent Underestimated.

The quality of the milk in the cocoanut can never be accurately determined by looking at the outside of it. But the world assumes to judge of the capacity of women to do a are excluded from nearly all the occupations of men untried, because for lack of more cogent reasons, it is alleged to be unwomanly to undertake manty tasks.-Philadelphia

ANTHROPOMETRY THE THING.

The Rogues' Gallery to be Strengthened by a Curious Device.

Criminals throughout the city may be displeased to learn that the officers of the Central office are studying up a new system that promises to aid the bluecoats in detecting and identifying thieves of high and low degree. It is known as the anthropometric system, and has been brought to the attention of a noted detective of Joliet. The word comes from two Greek words, and it means having reference to the measurement of human beings. The police are now compelled to trust entirely to the Rogues' Gallery for means of identification. The new system is intended as an addition to the gallery. At police headquarters there are half a dozen photographs of a noted burglar now at liberty. No two of these pictures are alike, and that fact is made the basis of an assertion that it is sometimes impossible to identify the original of a picture. The new system consists in merely collecting a carefully taken neasurement of certain parts of criminal's

In future, when a dangerous suspect is ar rested, a registry will be taken of the width and length of his head, the length of his left forearm, the length and breadth of his left foot, the length of the little and middle flugers of both hands, the length of his right ear, size of his mouth, a description of his nose and eyes, the size of his chest while standing, the length of his body while seated, the length of his legs and entire body, the dze of his neck, the full stretch of his arms, and the breadth of his back from shoulder to shoulder. Particular attention will be paid to deformities, marks or scars. All the neasurements will be taken with graduated rules, caliper compasses and one or two other trustworthy instruments. The record will be kept in a book, which will contain printed directions and a formula for the exammer.

The police think it . great innovation. They say these measurements will be found perfectly trustworthy, as a man's figure and general profile rarely changes after maturity. The innovation is the property of M. Pestilon, and was first introduced at the Prison ongress in Rome two years ago.—New York Mail and Express.

#### Paper to Wrap Turkeys In.

"I deal almost entirely in grocers' brown paper," said a Duane street paper merchant to he ubiquitous reporter. "Most of the paper nills are situated in the New England states, out a great quantity of paper is manufacured throughout New York state, especially tlong the eastern border."

"What is the paper made out of?" queried the reporter.

"Straw and water. Almost any kind of straw will answer, and I think that corn stalks have also been pressed into service, although the paper made from this material was inferior in quality. Finil threshed wheat or rye straw, well bound, is preferred. In he manufacture of paper the straw is unbound and laid closely in hugs vats. Lime is sprinkled over every layer, and when the vats are full, lime water is thrown over the whole. Steam is then turned on at the botom of the vats, and the straw is allowed to sook until it is thoroughly purified. It is then passed through a large revolving washer and cleansed from the lime and other impuri-The straw, or what is left of it, is next des. bassed through grinders, which reduce it to a only, when it is let down into a large tank mder the floor.

"The pulp is now pumped up, and is ready to pass over the machine. It is first thinned with water, if the paper is intended to be light, and then is transferred to the 'first felt' y means of a revolving wire cylinder."

What do you mean by the 'first felt?" "Oh, it's the finest kind of a woolen felting which carries the pulp through any number of rollers. From the first felt it is transerred to the second and third felts, each of which is coarser than the first. By the time he pulp has passed over the third felt the water is pretty well squeezed out of it, and he damp paper is able to support its own weight as it passes over a space of about aree feet to the 'dryers.' These are big, holw iron cylinders five feet in diameter and cated by steam. They are usually seven in number, and by the time the damp paper asses over them and through a set noothing calendars, it is thoroughly dry nd is then wound up on reels.

"It is now in one long sheet about four and half or five feet wide. The paper on four and sometimes five reels is unrecled and cut and counted. Finishers then take the paper, old and tie it. After being tied up into undles it is pressed, and is then ready for he market."-New York Press.

Mummies Dirt Cheap. Dr. J. A. S. Grant Bey, of Cairo, Egypt, as spent twenty-five years in the land of the haraohs and speaks all the languages of hat polyglot country. In order to instruct he native doctors, two years ago he started in Arabic medical paper, which has met with success. For years he has devoted his time to the study of archeology, and has amassed enough Egyptian gods, from Horus and Osiris down, to nearly fill the Metropoltan Museum of Art. The mummies of Egypt, he said, were now dirt cheap, owing recent discoveries. They sold from \$10 their state of preservation. He brought over a mummified hawk as a curiosity and presented it to the Smithsonian Institution Scientists, who formerly paid high prices for fine, first class mummies, of late years, the foctor said, purchased very few. The cheap mummies were bought principally by the agents for museums."-New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ailments of Nervous Subjects.

Some affect to believe that nervous subjects feign their ailments for the purpose of attracting attention and sympathy. It is quite true they frequently exaggerate their sufferings, but that is no excuse for denying their existence. Besides, it is natural to exaggerate a grievance so long as it remains unrecognized. Others admit the reality of the diseased sensations, but maintain that the only way to abolish them is by means of reason. They hold that nervous persons ought to be taught to control their nerves by their reason, and they insist that "plain speaking" is the strongest aid to recovery. Their experience seems to corroborate this opinion. The sufferers cease to complain to them, so they fancy that their "plain speaking" has effected a cure. This fancy is, however, very far from the fact, which is that the patients have transferred their complaints to a more sympathetic ear .- Nineteenth Century.

Politeness in the Rockies.

Eastern Lady (traveling in Montana)—The idea of calling this the "Wild West." Why I never saw such perfect politeness anywhere. Native-We're allers perlite to ladies,

"Oh, as for that, there is plenty of politeess everywhere, but I am referring to the Why in New York the men behave borridly to one another, but here they all treat each other as delicately as gentlemen in a drawing room.

Yes, marm, it's safer." -- Omaba World.

# A STORY OF GREELEY.

A DASHING YOUNG REPORTER WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

How He Reported the Famous Editor of The Tribune and Attended Opera

at the Same Time-A Day of Wrath. "Yes, I used to know Horace Greeley very ell," said a leading Ellsworth, Me., merchant in conversation the other day. "Of all the eccentric men I ever knew I think he was the most peculiarly so. I had occasion to call into The Tribune office often when Mr. Greeley was there, and I never shall forget a little incident that, fortunate enough, made a good mechanic out of a poor newspaper man. Mr. Greeley, you know, prided himself that the columns of The Tribune were always accurate, and that, too, The Tribune never got left on any important item of news.

"On the reportorial force of The Tribune at the time I speak of was a dashing young Massachusetts fellow, a man, so New York newspaper mes said, who had a good nose for news. The young man had been connected with The Tribune but a week, when one afternoon he was summoned into the editorial sanctum by Mr. Greeley himself. I happened to be chatting with Mr. Greeley at the tine, and remember the scared look of the reporter's countenance when he ushered himself before the great Greeley and the conversation that then took place.

'Young man,' said Mr. Greeley, 'there is to be a dinner at R-s to-night, and I shall speak. Be there at 8 sharp and report me. I want a column and a half.

IN A DILEMMA.

"The reporter bowed himself out of the sanctum. As further developments proved, the newspaper man had made arrangements to take his girl to the opera that evening. He was up a stump what to do. He was afraid of Mr. Greeley and he was afraid of his girl. He consulted with a reporter friend of his on a rival paper to The Tribune, and his friend thus talked: 'Oh, that's nothing. Guess you haven't been in New York long! How much did Greeley say he wanted? Column and a half! Ob, that will be all right. You just get into your claw hammer and take the gal to the opera. I know what Greeley will talk about. I've been to dinners lots of times and heard his speeches. After the opera come over to my office and I'll dictate Greelev's after dinner speech, you write it down, and I'll wager a \$5 note that the editor will compliment the report.

"The Tribune reporter took his girl to the opera. He didn't enjoy himself very much, and after the curtain fell and the girl was home he sought his reportorial friend and found him in his den. They 'wrote up' Mr. Greeley, and put over the article the most breezy headlines in their newspaper vernacular. The speech was printed on the first page of The Tribune.

"The next morning Mr. Greelev came down own and tumbled into the editorial chair at 7 o'clock. He took up The Tribune, and the first thing his eye fell upon was Horace Greeley's ringing speech at R-s last even-He read the article to the end without a word "He then threw The Tribune into the

waste basket and pulled the bell for the man-'Who wrote that article said Mr. Greeley,

when the man had appeared. " 'The new man,' replied the manager. "'Send him up!' roared Mr. Greeley. "The reporter who took his girl to the opera the night before came up. Mr. Greeley was white as a sheet when the youth backed into

the sanctum. AN ANGRY EDITOR.

"'Did you write that article?' thundered Mr. Greeley, referring to the half column of headlines under which was Mr. Greeley's

"'Yes, sir,' said the reporter; 'I followed you the best I could. You know you spoke uncommonly fast last night, and there was a noise and I had to stand up. 'Spoke uncommonly fast, did If thundered

Mr. Greeley. 'Young man, you lie! I was sick last night and didn't go within three miles of R-s, and didn't make any sreech. "Mr. Greeley grabbed the retreating form of the pencil pusher and actually booted him

down stairs and into the street. "The editor tried to recall the great edition of The Tribune, but it was too late. He sent men all over the city with instructions to buy every morning Tribune in New York. Said e, 'Buy them at any cost.'

Mr. Greeley paid as high as 50 cents a copy for some of the papers, but the speech that he didn't make was the gossip of all New York for a week. The reporter never dared to show his face to Mr. Greeley after that night. He dropped the scribe's pen like a boiling not potato, and went west, I believe. He made a splendid mechanic.

"On the way to The Tribune office every morning Mr. Greeley always stepped into a periodical store and bought The Tribune and every other paper printed in New York,' continued the Elisworth merchant. "He told me one day that he always bought his own paper when he was within three minutes' walk of The Tribune building. He couldn't wait, as he said.

"I've seen Mr. Greeley walk into church when the parson was praying, making a tremendous racket as he trudged up the aisle to a front seat, throwing a big bundle of newspapers into the pew and then himself. His pew was next in front of mine. In five minutes after he was comfortably settled among his newspapers he was napping. People used to tell me that the ablest preacher in New York city couldn't keep Horace Greeley awake of a Sunday morning."-Ellsworth (Me.) Journal.

The Supreme Court Chamber.

The supreme court chamber at Washington was given over to frescoers this summer, and was a barren and desolate place enough. Dusty white bags shrouded the busts of de and gone chief justices in the niches around the semi-circular walls, the floors were bare and the high bench looked cold and lonely. Scaffoldings held the painters to their work up under the high ceiling. In the gloomy looking clerk's desk was locked up the famous court Biole, an Oxford edition of 1799, first used when the court came to Washington in 1800. Since then every president has kissed it at his inauguration, and every chief and associate justice has been sworn in upon it. Just to the north of the main chamber is the triangular room in which Morse placed his first telegraph instrument and received the first message sent over the wire. It came from a field station at Bladensburg, six miles away .- New York Sun.

Mark Twain's Children.

Mark Twain is very particular about the education of his children. He has a school room in his house, which is filled with pretty chintz covered furniture and floods of shine, and there his three little daughters study every day from 9 until 1. These children are remarkably good linguists, and have been brought up to speak French, German and Italian. Mr. Clemens has very common sense ideas on the training of children, which he expressed some time ago in a letter that was published over h's name,-Harper's

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

A Remarkable Personage at the White House-A Very Comical Sequel.

One day a man of remarkable appearance presented himself at the White House and requested an audience with Mr. Lincoln. He was a large, fleshy man, of a stern but homely countenance, and of a solemn and dignified carriage. He was dressed in a neatly fitting swallow tail coat, ruffled shirt of faultless fabric, white cravat and orange colored An immense fob chain, to which was attached a huge topaz seal, swung from his watch pocket, and he carried a large gold beaded cane. His whole appearance was that of a man of great intellect, of stern qualities, of strong piety and of dignified uncomeliness.

"I am in for it now," thought the presilent. "This pious man means business. s no common preacher. Evidently his gloomy mind is big with a scheme of no ordipary kind." The ceremony of introduction was unusually formal and the few words of conversation that followed were constrained. The good man spoke with great deliberation. as if feeling his way cautiously, but the evilent restraint which his manner imposed upon Mr. Lincoln seemed not to please him, The sequel was amazing.

Quitting his chair the portly visitor exsended his hand to Mr. Lincoln, saying, as the latter rose and confronted him: "Well, Mr. President, I have no business with you; sone whatever. I was at the Chicago convention as a friend of Mr. Seward, I have watched you narrowly ever since your insuguration and I called merely to pay my espects. What I want to say is this: I think you are doing everything for the good of the country that is in the power of man to io. You are on the right track. As one of your constituents I now say to you, do in future as you d-n please, and I will support you!" This was spoken with tremenions effect.

"Why," said Mr. Lincoln, in great astonshment, "I took you to be a preacher. I' shought you had come here to tell me how to sake Richmond." And he again grasped the hand of his strange visitor. Accurate and penetrating as Mr. Lincoln's judgment was oncerning men, for once he had been wholly nistaken. The scene was comical in the exfreme. The two men stood gazing at each other. A smile broke from the lips of the solemn wag and rippled over the wide excause of his homely face like sunlight overpreading a continent, and Mr. Lincoln was onvulsed with laughter.

"Sit down, my friend," said the president; sit down. I am delighted to see you. Lunch with us today. Yes, you must stay and much with us, my friend, for I have not seen mough of you yet." The stranger did lunch with Mr. Lincoln that day. He was a man of rare and racy humor, and the good cheer, he wit, the anecdotes and sparkling conversation that enlivened the scene was the work of two of the most origion! characters ever een in the White House.-Ward H. Lamon,

The Importance of Self Control.

An expert and experienced official in an inane asylum said to us a little time since that hese institutions are filled with people who have given up to their feelings, and that no one is quite safe from an insane asylum who illows himself to give up to his feelings. The mportance of this fact is too little apprenated, especially by teachers. We are always talking about the negative virtues of liscipline, but we rarely speak of the posiive virtues. We discipline the schools to teep the children from mischief, to maintain good order, to have things quiet, to enable he children to study. We say, and say ightly, that there cannot be a good school. without good discipline. We do not, however, emphasize as we should the fact hat the discipline of the school, when ightly done, is as vital to the fuare good of the child as the lesons he learns. Discipline of the right kind s as good mental training as arithmetic. It s not of the right kind unless it requires inellectual effort, mental conquests. The exberienced expert, referred to above o make the remark to us by seeing a girl give way to the "sulks." "That makes inane women," she remarked, and told the tory of a woman in an asylum, who used to ulk until she became desperate, and the exert said: "You must stop it; you must con-rol yourself." To which the insane woman eplied: "The time to say that was when I was a girl. I never controlled myself when was well, and now I cannot." The teacher has a wider responsibility, a weightier dissiplinary duty than she suspects. The pupils are not only to be controlled, but they must e taught to control themselves absolutely. ionestly, completely.-Journal of Education

Practical Co-operation.

No one who knows anything about co-opration in principle and practice disputes the act that it pays. A fresh and interesting broof of this has just come to me. A young grocery clerk in a wholesale house found simself out of a job some time ago. He ived in Harlem, in a neighborhood tenanted hiefly by people of limited means like himelf. Knowing the value of produce he had iften remarked to his wife on the advance price charged up town by purveyors of the secessities of life, and when he found he had othing else to occupy his time with he comnenced to buy the family supplies down own and carry them home in a basket. A seighbor in the house suggested that he should do the marketing for her, too, because the fancied the goods he purchased were beter than those she got from her grocer and outcher. She paid him the up town price for hem, so that he not only got his own supplies at bottom figures, but had the expense of bringing them up town more than paid

This suggested an idea to him. He made out a price list, charging an advance on cost and still less than the local scale, secured the apport of some more neighbors and comnenced to market for them daily in a wagon that he hired by the month. In this way he got his own food supply for nothing. Then iome of his customers proposed to form a regular association, pay him a salary for do ing the business and enjoy the benefit of the savings themselves. He readily agreed to this, and is now purveyor general to some wenty families, gets a bigger salary than he received through his clerkship and hopes to build the society up into a strong co-operative club, with its own store and staff .- Alfred Trumble in New York News.

An Inquisitive Youngster. Bobby (reading)-Pa, what is the meaning

f homo genus! Father-Let me see-it means that Home

vas a genius. Bobby-Well, who was Homer! Father (irascibly)-Didn't I just tell you

hat he was a genius? Mother (coming to the old man's assistan Bobby, you mustn't bother your fathe

when he is reading his paper. -The Epoch. Hope for Young Men.

Who says that there is not hope for the young men of to-day! Of Amherst's ninetythree freshmen but seventeen smoke tobacco. A tobacco report from the class three years from now will be interesting.-New

Never wash woolen goods or blankets on cloudy day.