

ASLEEP ON THE CARS.

THAT is provoking!"

The exclamation escaped my lips in spite of the fact that I was travelling alone.

Yet not alone. For in the seat with me sat a pretty young traveling companion, one whom I had not seen before and who must have come in and occupied the place while I had dozed off.

Yes, I had been five minutes asleep, and in that brief interval there had happened something which caused me to exclaim in the way I did.

When I lay back my head in the fast-whirling train, to think a moment, I held in my hand a photograph. It was in a cabinet envelope, and, strange to say, I had not yet looked at it.

I leaned forward in the seat and tried to search the aisle past my traveling companion, then I looked under the seat, then back of it.

"It must have fallen out of the window," I said to myself.

At this the young lady murmured:

"Have you lost anything?"

"Yes," said I, "and, to make the matter more embarrassing, it was the picture of a young and beautiful girl, the finest of her sex."

"You pique my curiosity," said my companion.

"Well, mine was piqued also," said I, "but, owing to my stupid fashion of falling asleep in a railroad train, I am afraid it will never be gratified unless I am fortunate enough to see the original some day."

"How interesting," said the pretty girl beside me.

Seeing that she was in a mood to allow me a chance traveling companion, to converse with her, I said: "It is too utterly provoking!" Here I hesitated.

"Tell me about it," said she.

"Well," said I, "as you probably live in the East, and as I live in the far West, and as there is no probability of our ever seeing the people or even of knowing, as far as you are concerned, who they are, I will tell you about it. I think I can do so without impropriety," laughed I, "especially as it is a love affair, and all the world loves a lover."

At this the pretty girl looked intensely eager, and I prepared myself to tell the story of the lost photograph.

"I can best begin," said I, "by reading you a letter."

Taking from my pocket a letter in a man's writing, I read aloud this paragraph:

"She is a beauty, Ned, and no mistake. I am wild for you to come East and meet her. She is a Southern girl, but comes North now and then to see her grandmother or aunts, or something of that sort. Makes her headquarters at Boston."

"But that is not the best part of it, Ned. I could love her for her pretty face and for her good qualities. But, truth to tell, I am loving her just a little also for her money. Think of it! A cool million, all in her own name! Came into it last January. She is very generously inclined. Talks a great deal about charity and all that. But I think her charitable impulses could be curbed. At least, I shall try it."

"My chances are excellent. Her folks, strictest of Bostonians, like me. She is not indifferent; writes to me regularly. Accepts the trifles I send her. And seems to think there may be somebody worth having up here in the North, even if she is a Southern girl."

"Well, Ned, I deserve her. I can make a woman happy, though I am afraid that I should never have fallen so desperately in love with her if she had been poor."

"Good-by. Glad you are coming East soon. I enclose the picture of my beautiful heiress. Send it back to me. I want you to see how she looks. Yours, CHARLEY."

"Now, isn't that provoking?" said I.

"I read the letter, took out the photo, laid back my head and fell asleep. Now, when I wake up, I find it gone."

"That is really too bad," said the young lady. "I can see how badly it places you. What will your friend—what was his name—Charley, say?"

"Guess he won't worry himself to death," laughed I, easily; "he can ask the young lady for another. Lucky dog, Charley always was."

"Almost too lucky," murmured the young lady sweetly; "one would hardly expect so much."

"Well, Charley deserves it; he deserves all he will get."

"Yes, all he will get," said the young lady; "he seems so frank and all—that sort of thing."

After this the conversation branched out on general topics, and before long the young lady began to gather up her traveling bag. "I get off at Brookline."

"Allow me."

And with all grace I assisted her off the train, sorry to lose so interesting a traveling companion.

A few days later I received this letter from Charley:

"Dear Ned: The heiress is stone cold on me. I went to call on her the first night of her arrival north, and found her pleasant, but that was all. I could

not get into conversation with her, for she kept putting me off and engaged in a running fire of words with some stupid young cousins of hers. I could not get a minute with her alone. Come, Ned, you are a Beau Brummel and understand girls. What is the matter with her? What have I done? Send me back her photograph. I find I am really in love with her. Yours,

"CHARLEY."

The next day there came this letter by messenger:

"Go with me to-night to call on her. I sent her some flowers this morning early. Half an hour later I saw the children carrying them to school—those stupid little cousins, probably, to give to the teacher. You must go with me to-night. Maybe you can tell what is the trouble. Yours desperately,

"CHARLEY."

That evening, unwillingly, but to oblige my friend, I called for him, and together we went to make a social call at the home of his former friend, the young lady who had suddenly frowned upon his suit.

The house, a very beautiful one, was gayly lighted, and from the inside came sounds of music.

"Looks as though they were having a party," said my friend. "They did not invite me."

"Never mind; we will go anyway."

A butler admitted us, and we were shown into the parlor.

There was a ripple of feminine laughter, a rustle of silk skirts, and the next minute I found myself bowing low to the prettiest girl I ever saw.

Yet her face was strangely familiar, and so was her voice, when she held out her hand and said sweetly: "I believe we have met before."

"Why, why, so we have," I gasped, forgetting my manners.

For the young woman was my traveling companion of the week before.

"I think," said she, later in the evening, when we found a minute to chat alone, "that I have some property belonging to you. I picked up the photograph as it fell off your lap. It had come out of the envelope, and seeing that it was a picture of myself, I kept it."

"You must have been interested in the letter I read you on the cars,"

"I was."

I will not try to picture the surprise of my friend Charley, nor will I tell how I won the girl.

But I will mention that the proudest ornament of my library table is a cabinet photo from which the sweet face of my wife looks at me.

Vendettas of the Present.

It is through lack of information that the vendetta is referred to to-day as an institution of the past. Vendettas—blood feuds—exist to-day not only in Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, but in Kentucky and other of the southern and western states, and also at times in England, Ireland and France, Italy and the east.

It has happened recently that an Albanian whose relative had been killed by a Turkish vizier shot the vizier's son—which is at least a partial exemplification of the vendetta. In Arabia the system is to-day in full operation, a fact which is so well understood that offenses sufficient to start a train of killings are rarely committed, and a considerable degree of order is thereby preserved.

As it is generally understood the vendetta originated in the following practice: An assassin was never allowed to escape. The responsibility of punishment was assumed by the nearest blood relations of his victim. There must be blood, a death for a death.—New York World.

Objects to Football Hair.

Phineas T. Lounsbury, ex-governor of Connecticut and president of the Merchants' Exchange National bank in New York, is a Yankee of the old school. Some time ago an advertisement was inserted in New York papers that the bank wanted a clerk. Several applicants presented themselves and were ushered into the private office, where sat the doughty president in characteristic attitude, his feet perched on the desk and a big perfecto between his whiskered lips. The cashier had decided on his man, when Mr. Lounsbury stopped him with a gesture. He whispered a few words to him and the clerk was not hired. Later it developed that the reason for the president's action was his antipathy to the applicant's hair, which was of the football variety and parted in the middle. After this discovery it was noticed that the coiffure of several of the bank dandies underwent a change and the Harlem barbers did an immense business.

When a man walks down the street with a woman wearing a rainy day skirt he looks as ashamed as if he had been caught stealing something.

Some men never get done being mad about Christmas.

GOOD-LOOKING MEN WANTED

Handsome, Vigorous Persons Desired for Positions of Importance.

"We hear a lot of talk of pretty women getting all the best positions as clerks, stenographers, and so on," remarked the undersized little man to his hum. "It never seems to occur to people that good-looking men get all the best jobs in men's work. But they do. A tall, portly, well-dressed man will make his way with half the brains of an insignificant-looking, carelessly dressed fellow. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a successful politician, professional man, or business man is handsome, or big and 'fine looking,' as they say."

"A few days ago a friend of mine lost a job that pays \$10,000 a year simply because he is homely and weighs only 120 pounds. A manufacturer wanted a superintendent in one of his mills. He wrote to an editor, an old friend in Chicago, and asked him to recommend somebody. The editor wrote back: James Gregory is the very man for you. He has had experience, he is clever, and I can recommend him from twenty years' acquaintance. The manufacturer telegraphed immediately for Gregory to come and take the place. Gregory reported for duty at a manufacturing town 200 miles away. He wore his best clothes and was thoroughly well groomed. But Gregory is small and pale and looks like a school boy."

"I am James Gregory," he said when he arrived at the manufacturer's office. "Oh, are you? Well, ah! the fact is, ah! the fact is, Mr. Gregory, I didn't expect—" And the manufacturer shook his head in despair.

"Expect what?"

"Well, I thought you'd be a big, fine-looking fellow. The fact is, you won't do at all. Gregory, I'm sorry, but you won't do at all. Why, the men won't be bossed by a man who doesn't weigh more than two sacks of flour!"

"That ended it. Gregory lost the job, and he was an expert, too, as far as knowledge of the work in hand was concerned."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HOW HE GOT HIS CLOCK.

Saved a Man's Life Who Was Dying of Quinsy.

In the hallway of a Philadelphia doctor's house stands a fine example of a grandfather's clock, the possession of which the medical man owes entirely to a pinch of snuff, says the Philadelphia Record. Some years ago the doctor in question set his heart upon such a timepiece, and devoted two of his vacations to clock-hunting. He visited many New England farmhouses without success, as old furniture has been pretty well gathered up by the dealers "down east," and then carried his quest into Delaware and Maryland, where he found many old clocks, but none of them for sale.

He was about to return home disconsolate when he was called into consultation over a patient dying of quinsy. The resources of medicine had been exhausted, when the Quaker city doctor bethought himself of an old snuffbox he had picked up during his wanderings, in which still lingered a modicum of snuff, pungent as of yore. With this powerful tobacco the doctor assailed the nostrils of the sick man, who, sneezing violently, broke the abscess in his throat that was choking him to death. Stimulants were administered and the sick man recovered.

The Philadelphia doctor left the place the morning after this remarkable operation, but he had not been home a week before the grateful Marylander sent him a grandfather's clock, accompanied by a card, upon which was written: "This clock, which struck the hour of my birth, would have also marked the hour of my death if your skill and knowledge had not stayed the hand of the destroyer."

Early Dictionaries.

The first dictionary recorded in literary history is the standard Chinese dictionary, compiled by Pa-out-she, who lived about 1100 B. C. It contained 40,000 characters, each of which stood for a word, mostly hieroglyphic or rude representations resembling our signs of the Zodiac. This was four centuries before writing was employed by Western people. Anticities, a contemporary of Alexander the Great, published a Greek dictionary of the words in ancient writings 336 B. C. Another Chinese dictionary was produced about 150 B. C., and Varro's Latin compilation of an English dictionary were made by Bullokar in 1616, and by Cockerham in 1623, although a glossary of old English words was prepared in or about 975.

Scent of Lobsters.

Lobsters can smell as well as animals that live upon the land. A piece of decayed meat suspended in the water in the locality where lobsters are abundant will soon be surrounded by a greedy, fighting crowd.

Alcohol in Lemon Extract.

Lemon extract has become a favorite beverage with the Poncha Indians, owing to the quantity of alcohol which it contains, and it is said that they have been able to get roaring drunk on a fifty-cent bottle.

At 2 cents a mile a trip to the sun would cost \$1,828,604.40. We understand there will be no cut-rate excursions this season.

HEROES OF TWO WARS

ROBERTS AND KITCHENER, WHO HEAD ENGLISH FORCES.

One Reaped Undying Fame in the Celebrated March to Kandahar, the Other Won Glory on the Bloody Sands of the Soudan.

The seriousness of the war situation in South Africa has stirred up England as she has not been stirred up before in three-quarters of a century and has led to her ordering to the scene of hostilities two of her ablest generals, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, and Maj. Gen. Lord Kitchener, the one the hero of Kandahar, in Asia, and the other the hero of Omdurman, in Africa.

Lord Roberts, who will assume chief command in South Africa, is the idol of the British army, and is popularly known as "Bobs." He is regarded by the military authorities of the leading countries of Europe as the foremost



FIELD MARCHAL ROBERTS.

British commander of the Victorian era, his celebrated forced march to Kandahar constituting one of the finest feats of English arms in modern times.

Lord Frederick S. Roberts was born in 1832 and was educated at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. He was only 19 years old when he went to India and entered the Bengal artillery as a lieutenant. Here he labored unknown to fame until the Indian mutiny, when he was attached to the column which was sent to attack Delhi, the forces of the rebellion. The position of the small British force before the capital of the insurrection was for months a perilous one. Fighting was of daily occurrence, the mutineers having an inexhaustible supply of ammunition. Roberts came under fire for the first time in a skirmish, when eight of his party were killed and thirty wounded. Soon afterward, in another of the engagements near the walls of the city, the young lieutenant was hit by a bullet near the spine as he was helping the drivers keep the horses quiet while limbering up the guns. A leather pouch had somehow slipped behind his back and prevented the bullet penetrating deeply.

At the Relief of Lucknow.

After the capture of Delhi Roberts joined the army of Sir Colin Campbell, which advanced to the relief of Lucknow. When the relieving army got close to the rebel lines outside Lucknow Sir Colin, wishing to let the British commander, Outram, know of his progress, wanted a flag raised on the mess house. Within plain view of the mutineers, Lieut. Roberts climbed to the top of the building, and amid a rain of shot, raised the flag on the turret nearest to the foe. It was shot away, and he replaced it. Again it was shot away, and he raised it again. But it was not for this deed that Roberts won his Victorian Cross. That was done at Khodagunge, Jan. 2, 1858. He saw in the distance two sepoy going away with a standard. Putting spurs to his horse he overtook them. They turned and presented their muskets at him, and one of the men pulled the trigger. It snapped, missing fire, and the sepoy was cut down by Roberts' sword. The other mutineer rode away, and the young lieutenant brought the standard back to camp. The same day he rescued a wounded comrade under almost similar circumstances.

In the years that followed the mutiny Roberts saw almost continual service. He was at Uncebyla, in the frontier campaign, in 1863; in 1867 he had charge of the embarkation of the force for the Abyssinian campaign. In 1871 and 1872 he was the senior staff officer in the Lushai campaign, and from 1875 to 1878 he was quartermaster general. All his promotions were "for merit."

It was toward the end of 1878 that the great opportunity of Gen. Roberts' career came to him. The Ameer of Afghanistan rebelled against the authority of Great Britain, and Roberts was sent at the head of the army to subdue him. He carried the enemy's stronghold at Pelwar Kotul with a splendid rush at odds of almost 10 to 1. The next year the news of Sir Louis Cavagnari's murder in Kabul horrified all England, and Roberts was called upon to lead another avenging force. With 6,000 men he cut his way straight through the hostile land, and in thirty days placed the British flag above the citadel of Kabul, after routing the Afghan army, which outnumbered

hered the British by twelve to one. Then after re-enforcements had been sent to him he began one of the most famous marches in history—over towering mountain ranges and through hostile territory, straight from Kabul to Kandahar—300 miles in twenty days. At the end of the march he crushed Ayoub Khan, and the whole empire rang with the praises of the man who a few months before had been almost unknown.

Since then Roberts has advanced through successive stages to the position of commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland. Now in his sixty-seventh year he is called upon to face the hardest task of his military career.

Kitchener, Hero of the Soudan. Lord Kitchener, chief of staff, Lord Roberts, is England's latest and most popular war hero. His successful conquest of the Egyptian Soudan won for him a fame in England to be compared with that of Admiral Dewey in this country. In return for the services Gen. Kitchener rendered his country in Egypt he was raised to the peerage and was voted a gift of \$100,000 by the House of Commons.

He was born in Kerry County, Ireland in 1851, and at the age of twenty received his commission as lieutenant of engineers. For a long time he was in the civil service in Egypt, but in 1882 entered the regular service in Egypt under Sir Evelyn Wood, who was then engaged in the reorganization of the Egyptian army. He received an appointment on the intelligence staff when the troubles in the Soudan made necessary the dispatch of trustworthy English officers to Dongola in advance of Lord Wolseley's Nile expedition fifteen years ago. There Kitchener was always the one selected for any work that demanded great force of character, combined with tact and resourcefulness in dealing with intrigues of disloyal officials or winning over the chiefs who wavered between fear of Egyptian power and a hankering after the good things promised by Mahdism.

With the Nile expedition Kitchener's promotion was rapid. He became one of the two majors of cavalry in 1884 and was made lieutenant colonel in 1885 and became colonel in 1888. He was in command of a brigade of the Egyptian army in the operations near Sukkim in December, 1888, and was present in the engagements at Gemal and at Toski, in 1889.

At the beginning of the campaign of 1896 for the reconquest of the Soudan



MAJ. GEN. KITCHENER.

Kitchener was made commander-in-chief of the forces in Egypt. He led a successful expedition up the Nile against the Khalifa, safely conducting his troops up cataracts and through marauding tribes and burning deserts until Omdurman was reached. Here was fought a terrific battle, between the Anglo-Egyptian troops and the dervishes, the latter being cut down like grass before the scythe. In one charge the dervishes lost 4,000 men and when the battle was over 16,000 of their dead and dying strewn the ground. The Khalifa and his chiefs were fugitives and have recently been killed. Kitchener, on returning home after this brilliant expedition, became the popular idol. He is the youngest major general in the British army.

Not a General's Egg.

The freshness of eggs is carefully graded in this country, but our distinctions are surpassed in delicacy by those long since in vogue among the British residents of India.

Soon after Arthur Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington, was appointed a major-general for his great services in India, he happened to stop in Calcutta. At breakfast the hero was served with boiled eggs. He took one, broke the shell, and dropped it with an air of disgust.

"Laurel," he cried to his valet, "what do you mean by giving me a bad egg?"

The valet hurried to his master, and examined the egg with the utmost seriousness.

"I entreat your forgiveness," said he, "but it's all a mistake. The stupid servant has gone and given you an alder-camp's egg by mistake."

Art.

"Spreader pawned his overcoat to get canvases to paint a picture."

"Did he sell the picture?"

"Yes; what he got for it just enabled him to get his overcoat back."—Indianapolis Journal.