

The Man Who Didn't Believe in the Potato as a Penwiper.

A spare, nervous looking man, arrayed in a rusty suit of black and carrying a small valise in his hand, went into one of the leading hotels the other day and addressed himself to the clerk.

"I see you use a raw potato as a penwiper," he observed.

"Yes," replied the hotel clerk, who happened to be at leisure and in a mood to be gracious. "It is as good as anything else and keeps the pen from corroding."

"Have you ever made an estimate," asked the stranger, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential tone, "of the probable effect of the general adoption of the potato as a penwiper, or rather a penstick?"

"I don't think I have," said the clerk. "It is worth your while, sir," rejoined the man in black, speaking earnestly and hurriedly.

"No, sir. I am not a potato enthusiast. I am a plain citizen, with a head for figures and the figures to show for it. With a view of doing what one man can do to prevent a custom thoughtlessly and inadvertently adopted from becoming a national calamity," he proceeded, opening his valise, "I have invented a little arrangement of wood, leather and tissue paper. I call it the comprehensive penwiper. It is, as you see, very much more ornamental than a potato. It is cheaper. It involves no waste of a useful food product. Renewed once a week, it will last a year at a total expense of"—

"I don't want it." "At a total expense, I was about to say"— "I don't care what the expense is. I don't want it."

"You don't, hey?" "No. I wouldn't have a carload of them as a gift." "Oh, you wouldn't! You don't care how soon there comes a shortage in the potato crop and the price runs up to \$10 a bushel! That's the sort of man you are, is it? You're willing to go ahead and plunge the country into a potato famine, are you? Rather than spend 25 cents for a useful invention you'd see the whole darned country starve, would you? A man, sir, that will stand right up in the face of facts and statistics—a man that can't be reached by figures and doesn't care for figures—is a man, sir, that would have committed the crime of 1873 if he'd had the chance. That's all, sir!"

He put the comprehensive penwiper back in his valise, shut the latter with a loud snap and with a look of lordly scorn strode away.—Chicago Tribune.

The Rival Beauties. Dear Girl—I wouldn't go down in a coal mine for the world. Rival Belle—It's nothing. I went down in one once. Dear Girl—I know I'd get all black and look like a fright. Rival Belle—I spent an hour in one, and none of the party spoke of any change in my appearance when we came out. Dear Girl—But you are a very pronounced brunette, you know.—New York Weekly.

Willing to Accommodate. Pretty Girl (looking in crowded elevator)—Can you squeeze me in there? Polite Young Man (promptly)—I don't know, miss. But I can come out and squeeze you.—New York World.

Forgetful. Professor (about to start on his wedding trip bids his parents farewell, then to his young wife)—Goodby dear—goodby. "What, you are saying goodby to me too?" "Why, that's so, you are going with me!"—Bach fur Alle.

It is said that in Virginia there are 1,000,000 acres of waste land or land that is not under cultivation more than there is under cultivation, while in North Carolina there is double the land not cultivated that is cultivated. Illinois has 4,000,000 of its 30,000,000 that are idle.

A THIRD IRISH PARTY.

Healy's Fight With McCarthy May Cause an Anti-Parnellite Split.

Timothy Michael Healy, the famous Irish M. P. who materially aided in driving Charles Stewart Parnell into retirement and an early grave, after Parnell's social shortcomings had been exploited in the divorce courts, is now endeavoring to force Justin Huntley McCarthy, the present leader of the Anti-Parnellite faction, from his place. Healy is also at odds with John Dillon, M. P., McCarthy's chief lieutenant in the conduct of the party's affairs.

Healy hates McCarthy and Dillon as heartily as he hated Parnell after the great Irish leader refused to surrender the scepter, and there seems excellent reason for believing that if Healy does not succeed in driving McCarthy from the chairmanship of the Anti-Parnellites he will cause a split in the most powerful faction battling for Irish home rule. In this event there will be three Irish parties in parliament engaged in a Killenny cat sort of strife that will eventually kill whatever little chance Ireland may at present have of securing home rule.

Healy was born May 17, 1855, at Bantry, in the county of Cork. From boyhood he displayed great interest in Ireland's political struggles, and at the age of 25 was arrested for delivering an incendiary speech at Bantry. He escaped conviction, and soon thereafter was elected to parliament from Wexford. Once in the commons he speedily established a reputation, owing to his zeal for Ireland and his marked talent as an orator. In November, 1881, he and T. P. O'Connor attended the Land League convention held in Chicago, and his wealth of Irish wit, his fiery oratory, his pathos and his pugnacity won for him many admirers. The Land League voted \$250,000 to assist the Irish movement, and the American toner was a glorious success. In 1883 Healy served four months in prison for seditious speech, and the following year was called to the Irish bar. In 1890, when Parnell was driven from the party leadership, Healy abused him with a virulence that shocked even the other enemies of Parnell. Since then Healy has been very conspicuous in Irish matters, and he will doubtless have a party of his own before long.

A RAILROAD KING'S GIFT.

Hill Seminary, Its Donor and the Educational Work It Will Do. Hard by the famous falls of Minnehaha and six miles from the center of the city of St. Paul stands Hill seminary, a new educational institution that will long endure as a monument to the liberality of James J. Hill, the enter-



HILL SEMINARY.

prising president of the Great Northern railroad, and Archbishop John Ireland, one of the ablest Catholic prelates in the United States. Jim Hill borrowed car fare to get to St. Paul, it is said, but now he has more millions than he has fingers, thumbs and toes, and three years ago he gave \$500,000 for the erection of a Catholic school that should bear his name and be an aid in the higher education of Catholics.

Surrounding the college are 40 acres of land, the gift of Archbishop Ireland, who is intensely interested in the project. The immediate campus of the seminary contains six acres, and the six buildings thus far erected are located in the form of a letter U. There is an administration building, a class building, a refectory and a gymnasium, and the two remaining structures are residence buildings. The seminary was recently opened to pupils with great pomp, Mgr. Satolli, the papal delegate in America, officiating as celebrant at the pontifical mass, which was a conspicuous feature of the ceremonies.

The central object of the school is to furnish proper educational facilities for students who desire to enter the priesthood. The branches of study comprise theology, philosophy, scripture, ecclesiastical history, eloquence, liturgy, political economy, higher sciences and higher English literature. Applicants who purpose taking the full course in the seminary must have first passed through a Roman Catholic parochial school and a preparatory collegiate course of six years. Then they must take a course of six years at the seminary, which is called by the faculty an ecclesiastical course.

Each of the two residence buildings or dormitories has sufficient space to comfortably accommodate 120 students, and each student has at his disposal two rooms, a bedroom and a reception room or den, where he may pursue his studies. The class building is two stories high and has four lecture rooms and an auditorium with seating capacity for 900 persons. The administration building contains the residence quarters and offices of the faculty.

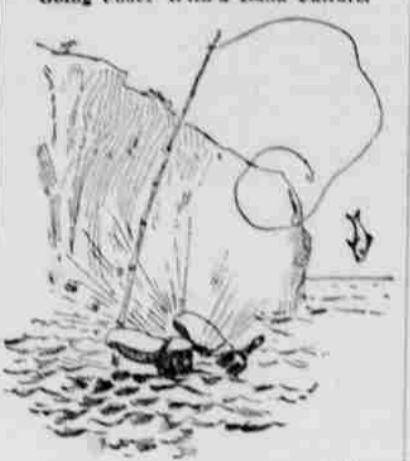
Italy and the Export of Antiquities. Signor di Prisco, an Italian country gentleman, recently dug up on his estate 28 ancient silver vases of Greek workmanship. He tried to sell them in Paris for \$100,000, but under the law forbidding the export of antiquities from Italy the Italian minister of education began proceedings against him.

The Wealth of Louisiana. The state of Louisiana, sugar plantations and all, is worth \$169,162,439.

A Chinese Opinion of Poker.

A Chinese gentleman staying at one of our big hotels, finding the time hanging heavy on his hands, asked an American acquaintance to initiate him into the mysteries of the game of poker. Some other men were invited in and the game was played with a \$2 limit. The Chinaman was greatly interested, playing boldly and losing philosophically to the extent of about \$100. Then he called a halt. While they were settling up the game one of the party, desiring to break the solemn silence, said: "Well, Mr. — poker—how you like him?" The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders and said, with a faraway look in his eyes, "Good game!" and then added quickly, "Not cheap!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Going Under With a Bank Failure.



Life.

Parson—Well, Molly, did you like my sermon this morning?

Molly—Oh, yes, your rivivence, 'twas mighty improvin'.

Parson—And what part of it did you like best, Molly?

Molly—In troth, please your rivivence, I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether it was mighty improvin'.

Parson—Now, Molly, if you don't remember it, how could it be improvin'?

Molly—Now, does your rivivence see that I'm in have been washin and dhyrin on that hedge there?

Parson—Certainly, Molly.

Molly—And isn't the I'm in all the better for the cl'min'?

Parson—No doubt, Molly.

Molly—But not a drop of the soap and water stays in it. Well, sir, it's the same thing wid me. Not a word of the sermoin stays in me. But I am all the better and cl'mer for it, for all that.—Household Words.

No Delay.

A large, good natured looking man, who always stops at a certain up town hotel, was greatly attracted to a little girl in the dining room the other day. She was about two years old, was beginning to run about and talk a good deal and also appeared to be at home in the hotel. After smiling at him across the dining room and making friends with him at a distance, he accosted her in the hall. He asked her the regulation questions put by strangers to children, all of which she answered promptly as her baby fashion would permit.

Finally the old gentleman shook hands with her and said: "You are a nice little girl. Shall I bring you a box of candy tomorrow?" The little one looked puzzled a moment, then spoke up brightly: "No; 'co better doe it now!" She got the candy that evening.—Chicago Post.

A Remarkable Pig.

A newly married lady who recently graduated from Vassar college is not well posted about household matters. She said to her grocer not long since: "I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago and they were very fine. Have you any more like them?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the grocer, "there are ten of these hams hanging up there."

"Are you sure they are all off the same pig?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I'll take three of them."—Texas Siftings.

No Possible Danger of It.

Straggles—Missus, won't yer give a starvin man 10 cents?

Kind Lady—And you won't take this 10 cents and get drunk on it if I give it to you?

Straggles—Lord bless you, mum, I couldn't git drunk on less'n a dollar'n 'alf!—Chicago Record.

Quite Germ-ane to Him.

"Tobacco is an excellent fumigator," remarked Twofer as he lighted up a dead black cigar. "It drives germs out instantly."

"Count me as a germ," said Goodstyle as soon as he had one whiff of it.—New York World.

Too Valuable a Life to Be Risked.

Acquaintance—Why don't you go and inspect that flimsy looking new building they are putting up in the next block?

Building Inspector—I'm afraid it isn't safe to go into it.—Chicago Tribune.

He Was an Author.

De Writer—Things go and come with me.

Von Bilk—You mean come and go, don't you, my friend?

De Writer—No; I'm an author.—Texas Siftings.

Establishing a Footing.

"All rights reserved," chuckled the one-legged burglar in the shoe store as he selected a few lefts and moved softly toward the open window in the rear.—Chicago Tribune.

Some Left.

"Have you given fresh water to the goldfish?"

"No, mamma, they haven't drunk what they've got already."—Christian Register.

AT THE ARMY'S HEAD

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES WILL SOON ASSUME THAT PLACE.

He Was Not Graduated From West Point, and He Is the Youngest Man but One to Become Commander in Chief—His Career in Brief.

General Nelson A. Miles, now in command of the military department of the east, with headquarters on Governors island, in New York harbor, who is to assume command of the entire army upon the impending retirement of General Schofield, will be the first officer not a graduate of West Point to reach that high place. He will also be the youngest general, excepting General Phil Sheridan, who has ever been at the head of Uncle Sam's military forces. General Sheridan was but 52 years old when he died. General Miles is 57, and as 64 is the retirement age has seven years of active service before him.

Nelson A. Miles was 22 when the war broke out, having been born in 1839 at Westminster, Mass. The little red schoolhouse was the source of his earliest education, and the course he received there was supplemented by the training of the village academy. At 16 he left the academy and went to Boston, where he got a place as clerk or salesman in a dry goods store. Among his ancestors were numbered some of the old time fighters of the republic, and a love for military affairs was one of his charac-



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

teristics even when a boy. In 1860, when there seemed to be some prospect of civil war, he joined in with a number of other young men and formed an organization which took military instructions from an old French officer. He was therefore fairly well trained in military matters when hostilities broke out, and upon enlisting was made a captain in the Twenty-second Massachusetts infantry.

With this regiment he joined the Army of the Potomac and served throughout the peninsula campaign. He attained the rank of colonel in the short space of two months, when he was but 22 years old.

At Fredericksburg he was wounded in the neck, and at Chancellorsville received a severe wound in the groin and leg, being so badly hurt that he had to be carried from the field. This injury kept Miles from active service for some time, and it was due to it that he was not present at the battle of Gettysburg, the only important engagement in which the Army of the Potomac took part at which he was not present. At Spottsylvania he was in the thick of the fight, and in the closing operations of the war, including the action at White Oak Ridge and the pursuit of Lee, Miles still further distinguished himself. When the war closed, he was brevetted a brigadier general of the regular army in special recognition of his services at Chancellorsville. Later he received a full commission as brigadier general of volunteers for his services at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

When there was no more fighting to be done in the south, Miles having signified a desire to continue his military career, he was made a colonel in the regular army and assigned to command the Fortieth infantry. In 1869 he was transferred from that command to the Fifth infantry. Application was made by the interior department in 1874 to the war department for punishment of hostile Indians wherever found, and it was then that Miles' career as an Indian fighter began. Before the year was over he had inflicted exemplary punishment upon the Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyennes in southern Kansas. In 1876, and shortly after the Custer massacre, Miles and his regiment were ordered to the Yellowstone valley, in eastern Montana. Generals Terry and Crook were in the field, but had not succeeded in doing much, although they had 4,000 soldiers. Soon after Miles' arrival they withdrew, and then, late in the fall, Miles began his campaigns against Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. In 1877 Miles did excellent work along the Red water, among the Wolf mountains and in the Rosebud valley, and in the same year practically wiped out the Nez Percés, under Chief Joseph. In 1878 he captured the Banocks. The next winter he passed in the east as a member of the army equipment board, but in 1879 he did more and effective Indian fighting.

Shortly after his victories in 1879 he was made a brigadier general in the regular army, and was in command at first of the department of the Columbia and then the department of the Missouri. In 1886 and 1887 he captured Geronimo after Crook had failed, and was then assigned to the division of the Pacific, and in 1890, on the death of General Crook, was made major general, with headquarters at Chicago. That winter he broke up the ghost dances in Dakota, and since then there have been no Indian disturbances worth mentioning. He was placed in command of the department of the east last year.

In 1868 General Miles was married to Miss Mary Sherman, a niece of Senator John Sherman. Their daughter, Miss Cecilia Miles, is a charming woman, and the son, Sherman Miles, is a sturdy lad in his early teens.

FIGURES ARE HIS FORTE.

Labor Commissioner Wright and His New Field of Usefulness in Washington.

"Figures won't lie, but liars will figure," is one of the epigrammatic remarks credited to Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor, who recently accepted the chair of economics in McMahon hall of philosophy at the Catholic university in Washington. Mr. Wright is an authority on figures, and in his case at least familiarity has not bred contempt. "It scares me to death to hear people use figures loosely," is another of his expressions, which somewhat extravagantly illustrates his reverence for his beloved statistics.

Colonel Wright was born in Dunbarton, N. H., 55 years ago, received a high school education, and for a time was a country schoolmaster. He began the study of law, but dropped his Black-



CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

stone when Sumner was fired on and enlisted in the Fourteenth New Hampshire regiment, of which he became colonel in 1864. He served for a time as acting assistant adjutant general on the staff of General Phil Sheridan, and in March, 1865, resigned from the army. Not long thereafter he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar and removed to Massachusetts, where he secured a lucrative practice and served two terms in the state senate, in 1871 and 1872. His good work as a legislator attracted Governor Washburn's attention, and the governor, unsatisfied with the work of the state labor bureau, asked Wright to take charge of it and ascertain whether or not the bureau had any excuse for being alive.

Wright relinquished a practice worth about \$10,000 a year with reluctance, but he soon became fascinated with the work, and the results of his investigations were so well appreciated that he held the office for 15 years. In 1880 he was appointed supervisor of the United States census in Massachusetts, and five years later he was made the first commissioner of labor in the interior department, Washington, with a salary of \$3,000 a year, which has since been increased to \$5,000. His published reports on convict labor, industrial depression, strikes and lockouts, factory systems and kindred subjects form in themselves a library of no mean proportions.

THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS.

A \$1,000,000 Addition to Our Navy, With Monster Twelve Inch Guns.

One of the most formidable ships of the new navy is the second class battleship Texas, which was placed in commission recently. She is a steel vessel 390 feet long, with 64 feet beam and a draft of 21 1/2 feet. She displaces 6,800 tons of water, and is practically a sister ship of the battleship Maine. Her speed limit is about 18 knots, which is very fast for a battleship of her displacement. In her vast hull is quartered a small army of men, the crew consisting of 450 officers and common sailors. In the matter of armament the Texas is conspicuous among the ships of the rejuvenated navy. She carries two 12 inch guns that are of enormous size and have an effective range of between 10 and 15 miles. Of the other ships of the navy but three have larger guns—the battleships Indiana, Massachusetts and Ore-

gon, which carry 13 inch rifles—and but two ships, the coast defense vessel Monterey and the battleship Iowa, have guns of as large caliber as the Texas. The Texas also carries 6 1/2-inch guns, 12 6-pounder quick firing guns, 4 1-pounder quick firing cannon and 4 maxims guns. Her heavy guns are well protected by practically impenetrable armor, and her machinery is also safe from the shells of an enemy. She is one of the most expensive vessels in the navy and cost Uncle Sam about \$3,000,000. Her construction was authorized and the money appropriated for the work nine years ago, but several years passed before the plans were accepted and the keel laid.

Vanishing Britons.

In the domains of the British empire alone some 8,000 individuals vanish each year.

THE CITY.

The Blues in my garden below.

Wide meadows ring my garden round, In that green wood wild violets grow, And in the front crooked flowers are blue. For all you see and all you hear The city might be miles away, And yet you feel the city near, Through all the quiet of the day.

Sweet smells the earth, new washed with wet, Wet leaves gleam in the moonlight pale, And in the wood behind the lane I hear the hidden nightingale. Though field and wood about me lie, I rest hushed in dewy sleep delight, Yet I can hear the city sigh, Through all the silence of the night.

For me the skylark notes and sings; For me the vine her garland weaves; The swallow folds her glossy wings To loam beneath my cottage eaves. But I can hear the giant reed, Can hear all day his sad slaves weep, And when at last the night is o'er, I hear him moving in his sleep.

Oh, for a little space of ground, Though never a flower should grow, Where miles of meadow lapped me round, And longues and longues of silence lay, Oh, for a wild lashed, treeless down, A black night and a lonely way, A silence deep enough to show, The voice that mucks me right and da— New York Times.

CHINESE GORDON.

The Famous Englishman's Resignation Prophetic Message to the Khedive.

A correspondent writing to The Irish American says: One chilly morning at Suva, in the winter of 1871, I received a message from Colonel Gordon. He had just landed from Suva and wished to see me. I found him in a room at the old Suva hotel, his black secretary and trusty friend Mohammed El Toharay, and a friend, including the governor of town.

Poor Mohammed El Toharay, who destined to see his master fall at Khartoum and probably shared his fate, looking cold and miserable, and tired he was sipping some hot milk of which the aroma did not seem illiar.

On my entering, Gordon exclaimed: "I have resigned the governor-ship of the Sudan and am returning to England. The Khedive's minister dared to send me instructions, and have resigned. Now, tell me how what will the world say of my going in the Sudan after the years I spent there? What is the opinion?"

I said something to the effect that name would live and be remembered. "Aye," he rejoined, "but what trace remains of my exile and labor? I know God's will that I should do my task, and there is absolutely nothing to show—nothing for the world to gaze at except"—he added this with a curious smile and pointing to the ring on the table—"except, perhaps, the have taught my Mohammedan secret to drink hot toddy at 10 in the morning."

Certainly Gordon's work was not tended for show. At Alexandria he had an audience with the late Khedive Tewfik Pasha, at which he tendered resignation, and then, removing his badge of allegiance, addressed words of stirring advice to his highness as from an independent Englishman. "Before embarking for Khartoum," he said, "I beg to inform you that I have resigned the governorship of the Sudan and am returning to England. The Khedive's minister dared to send me instructions, and have resigned. Now, tell me how what will the world say of my going in the Sudan after the years I spent there? What is the opinion?"

Both Averse to Interference. At the corner of Fourth avenue and Smithfield street a lady from Glenwood entered a crowded outgoing car. The conductor knew who she was, and she resided in Glenwood. He supposed that she had made a mistake, and that she thought she was on a Second avenue car, so he crowded up the aisle and litely inquired: "Where are you going, lady?" "That's my business," she tartly replied.

The conductor said nothing more, so the car sped along through the darkness crossing the Monongahela through covered Tenth street bridge and rapt putting space between it and Glenwood. When it entered the big Knoxville eline elevator and stopped, nobody a word. After a minute's wait unprecipitated started, leaving the sparkling electric lights far below.

"My goodness," screamed the Glenwood woman to the conductor, "what is this car going?" "That's my business," dryly replied the conductor.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Doubtful Sympathy.

Pat Regan had a face on him that, he had once remarked himself, was "offense to the landscape." Next to his homeliness his poverty was the most conspicuous part of him. An Irish neighbor met him recently, when the following colloquy ensued: "An how are ye, Pat?" "Mighty bad, intirely. It's starvation that's starvin me in the face."

"Is that so? Sure, an it can't be so pleasant for anyther of yez."—Montana Columbian.

A Patriot's Dinner.

Marion, the American Revolutionary general, once feasted an English officer on sweet potatoes baked in the fire by dark and served on a strip of fat with a log for a table. It is said that the officer resigned and went home, saying it was no use to try to conquer people who could live on sweet potatoes.

Deliberate treachery entails punishment upon the traitor. There is no possibility of escaping it, even in the highest rank to which the consent of society can exalt the meanest and the worst men.—Junius.

There is one instrument that no clever woman has ever learned to play, and that is a second fiddle.