

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Hatred is a rust on the heart.

Opportunity never hunts far to find the man.

Eccentricity is foolishness that has succeeded.

The wise man should be thankful for the fools. The contrast makes him noticeable.

The American ice trust lost money last year. Probably it had too much watered stock.

It is very hard to convince a divorcee woman who has obtained big alimony that marriage is a failure.

There being little doing in the foreign office, John Bull sent in another warning to Abdul Hamid.

The race question is a serious one, but the "coon" song problem is a far more serious one and far more difficult of solution.

Some people act as though they thought the world ought to come and knock them down with a club and make them take a living.

Of the making of many books which have about as much literature quality as may be found in race track books there seems to be literally no end.

The bachelor girl who admits that she never had a chance to get married has arrived at a point where she is willing to accept pity in lieu of admiration.

Still we hesitate to take as fresh news the statement of the dressmakers that "figures are made, not born." Nature has never been guilty of making a "straight front."

London Truth says that under the influence of the American woman "society has degenerated from a polite pleasure into a profession." That was what ruined baseball.

An actress has succeeded in advertising herself in New York by whipping a dude for kicking her dog. The press agent is at a loss to understand how the news of the affair leaked out.

Most of the European military authorities have agreed that the lance is obsolete as a weapon of war and have decided not to use it hereafter. While they were about it, why didn't they also condemn the ballista, the catapult and the arquebus?

A new cure for tuberculosis consists in inoculating children with a germ as soon as possible after they are born. Is it any wonder that some parents are pondering the wisdom of bringing children into a world so full of experimentation and inoculation?

"My daughter is taking honors at the school of mines," said a charming woman recently, "and my son is in Paris learning dressmaking." Each was following a decided bent which was not to the taste of the other. There is no better reason for a choice of profession than the determination to do one's best work in the best way.

The Netherlands government, which owns more than one-half of the railways in Holland, finds itself troubled with strikes of the railway employees. It has decided to ask Parliament to pass a law forbidding the employees of the State railways to strike, and the employees have decided to strike as soon as the law is passed. This situation is interesting, and it should be instructive.

A current circulation of \$30,000, barring a tiny fraction, for every man, woman and child in the commonwealth is probably the best showing ever made by any nation—the price of a cow or an overcoat for everybody. Its distribution is a trifle irregular, but that is like the sea's level, always in a state of disturbance and rectification. Those who haven't got their share of the \$30 are not forbidden to hustle for it, and those who have more the get-rich-quick concerns stand ready to redress their balance with neatness and dispatch whenever they are so minded.

Among the interesting statistical facts contained in a late volume of the consular reports is a tabular statement of the value of Germany's trade with Venezuela. The imports into Germany from Venezuela from 1897 to 1901, inclusive, amounted to \$11,685,890, about 2 per cent of Germany's total imports. These imports seem to have fallen off since 1897, when the highest figure was reached. On the other hand, the exports from Germany to Venezuela have increased, the highest figures having been reached in 1901, when they amounted to \$1,660,000. While the figures indicate that Germany is increasing its business with Venezuela, they show also that the trade is small and an inconspicuous figure in the commercial records of Germany.

The number of railroad accidents that have occurred in the United States during the last few months is abnormal and it has puzzled the country to account for them. Even the citizen who has no railroad experience can distinguish very well between an unavoidable accident and the other kind. The other kind have apparently been the more numerous. The slaughtering of human life in preventable railroad accidents is due to either incompetency or neglect. Now railroad men, or at least those trusted with the running of locomotives, are far from incompetent. They are among the finest men of the country. If they neglect their duties, when the results are generally fatal to themselves, it must be on account of physical and mental exhaustion. If they are being overworked the practice should cease. Public interest demands this imperatively, but it is hard to understand

how the railroads themselves can stand the property loss that follows wrecks which can be classed as preventable.

The announcement is made by the British home office that Mrs. Florence Maybrick, now undergoing sentence of penal servitude for life for the alleged murder of her husband, will be released next year in time for her to give her personal attention to suits affecting her interests in Kentucky, Virginia and West Virginia. Should Mrs. Maybrick live a year longer she will be a free woman after an imprisonment in Woking prison of fifteen years. As to the question of her guilt or innocence there will always be a division of public sentiment, though the great majority of people, both in this country and in England, believe her to be innocent, in spite of the circumstantial evidence against her. Even among those who believe her guilty undoubtedly many think a life sentence unnecessarily severe, and that fifteen years of confinement in the hardest penal institution in England is sufficient punishment for a crime which had some mitigating features about it even from the standpoint of the prosecution. It is needless to discuss the question of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt. No new point can be urged, no new facts presented. The question has been gone over in its every aspect. The pressure to secure her release has been strong and continuous. Her friends have never given up hope, notwithstanding the persistent refusal of the home office to reopen the case or to consider petitions. They are about to succeed, and when Mrs. Maybrick is out another quasi-international question will have been settled, much to the general relief.

The recent endowment by Mr. Phipps of an institution in Philadelphia for the study and treatment of consumption marks a new step forward in the crusade against tuberculosis. A consideration of the appalling loss of life from this disease, and the conviction that it is a preventable as well as a curable malady, led a number of physicians and philanthropists a few years ago to begin an organized campaign against it. The plan of the campaign is one primarily of instruction. International congresses have been held to consider ways and means not only of caring for the sick and curing the disease, but also and chiefly of diffusing a knowledge of the affection among the people at large so that, knowing its nature and the manner of its spread, they might intelligently apply the measures for its prevention. One congress held in Berlin offered a prize for a popular essay on tuberculosis and how to combat it. The prize was won by an American physician. His little book has been translated into all the leading languages of the world, and millions of copies of it have been distributed. In addition to this, many sanitariums for the care of the sick have been built or are planned. A philanthropist in England last year gave a large sum of money to be spent for the good of the people in whatever way the king might designate. His majesty decided to employ the money in the crusade against tuberculosis. Prizes were offered for plans for a sanitarium, and the building is about to be begun. Many of the States and cities of this country have hospitals for consumptives under construction or in operation. The Institute to be established in Philadelphia is, however, more comprehensive in its scope than any in existence. In addition to the hospital and dispensary features it is intended to be a great teaching center for the people, that they may have a practical demonstration of the best means of fighting this deadly disease. With all these forces at work against tuberculosis the hope of ultimate victory is bright, and indeed statistics already show a relative lowering of the death-rate from the disease in many parts of the world.

"THIRD STORY BACK" COMEDY.

How One Boarder Managed to Pay Her Room Rent.

The man with the bald spot at the back of his head was reading aloud from the reflections of Marcus Aurelius. The landlady told him to shut up. "It's all very nice," she said, "but I don't feel like listening to it to-day." The bald man closed the book over his index finger, which he generally uses for a book mark. "What is the matter?" he asked. "I have been imposed upon again," said the landlady. "The lady in the third-story back room is the guilty party this time." The bald man said he was surprised. "She seems to be a very nice woman," he said. "She is very popular." "Exceedingly so," said the landlady. "It is through her popularity that she imposed upon me. Day after day streams of people have called to see her. They were all women, and many of them came with bundles. There was one woman—the short one with the scar on her chin—who came regularly every morning about 9 o'clock. All day long I could hear a sewing machine running at full gait in there, and I thought the third-floor woman must be getting ready to get married, she was having so many clothes made. But the clothes were not hers. I found out about them this morning. They belong to the woman who came here with the bundles, and the short woman with the scar has been making them on the third-floor woman's machine. The short woman has actually paid rent for the room and the machine at the rate of \$2 or \$3 a week, but not a cent of compensation have I had for the wear and tear on my carpet, on my door bell, and on my servants."

"I have just been upstairs putting a stop to it. If the short woman wants to sew in my house, why doesn't she rent a room from me outright, instead of sneaking in on the pretense of visiting a friend? Without doubt, that was the most high-handed arrangement I ever came across. I have heard of tenants in lodging houses carrying on all kinds of business in their own rooms, but I never before heard of sub-letting a third-story back cupboard for enough money to pay the first rent."—New York Times.

The average mother is very fond of saying, "I can do without myself, but I won't deny the children."

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XVIII.

Chopart was a bold, reckless man, and a cruel and avaricious. He had commenced his career as a commander at the Natchez fort by cruelty to his own men, but one or two grave complaints made to Gov. Perier had come high causing his removal, and he let the whites be in peace, but expended his wrath upon the poor Indians. He was now much elated, for he was sure that the beautiful village of the White Apple would soon be his, and he meant to pocket much money in the transaction. One day he sat in his rude house, with some of his attendants about him, when a soldier demanded admittance.

"How now, sirrah?" he demanded, as the man entered.

"I have come with a warning," the soldier replied.

"Hah—a warning! Speak out."

"An old woman passed my post this morning, monsieur, and she bade me tell the French to be on their guard, for danger threatened them."

"And from whom?"

"From the Indians. They will rise and butcher us all."

"Have you spoken of this before?"

"I have not."

"Then you shall not tell it to others!" cried Chopart, in anger. "Have you not seen enough of this life? What ho! without there!"

At this call, two soldiers entered, who usually stood in the passage to obey the commander's call.

"Take this fellow and lock him up in the prison," he ordered. "We'll soon have the red rats down upon us if they know we lived in fear! They dare not offer us harm. Away with him!"

And for conveying this intelligence the poor man was cast into a strong dungeon, and there kept for several days with his feet in the stocks.

But this was not the only note of warning Chopart had. Four days afterwards, a soldier came to him and informed him that the Indians surely meditated the destruction of the fort, and of all its white inhabitants.

"Out, fool!" exclaimed Chopart, angrily. "The old hag who told you this only thinks to frighten us. She thinks that by exciting our fears she can frighten us into giving up our plan of taking their village of the White Apple. What! would ye show to the Indians that we feared them? Away with such idle foolery!"

Pricked Arm was astounded at the infatuation of the French commander, and as a last resort he went to his father, lieutenant, a man named Mace, who, he imagined, would have some influence with his superior. But even this proved abortive. She told Mace that destruction would surely fall upon them if they did not take some means to keep the Indians away from the fort. But on the very next day Chopart invited all the whites to a banquet, and pledged his friendship to them anew.

With a feeling of utter consternation, Pricked Arm returned to her lodge. One evening she sought White Hand's dwelling, for she had a faint idea working through her mind that the French youth might have some influence in all this. She knew that he had been originally doomed to death to go and intercede face to face with the white man's God, but she had never yet fully known why he was spared. She found White Hand alone. He gazed eagerly into her face, for he was anxious to know how her work progressed.

"White Hand," she said, speaking abruptly, "why were you spared from death when you first came here?"

"That I might marry Coqualla," replied the youth.

"But was there nothing else?" asked the old woman, looking him sharply in the face.

"Why, yes," returned White Hand, speaking with some diffidence, for the real reason seemed so foolish and ridiculous to him that he almost feared he should be laughed at for speaking of it.

"Why I promised to pray to the white man's God that none of the wickedness of the French might succeed, and also to tell him how basely the red men had been wronged by the invaders; for I was of that people, and they supposed that I should have some influence with my Superior Father."

"That's it!" the aged princess groaned, with her hands folded across her bosom.

"How?" asked the youth, in surprise.

"I knew that the Great Spirit had a hand in this work. The fort at Natchez is doomed past all hope!"

"It is not!" the youth cried, in surprise.

"It is! The last stick will be removed to-morrow, and then the blow must fall!"

"To-morrow?"

"No—the blow falls on the day after. The fatal sticks mark the intervening days."

"All at Natchez, then—all at Natchez?"

"All at Natchez, yes; elsewhere, for the others wait yet another week, and ere that time the whites will be warned. But what noise is that? Hark! There are shouts of welcome."

They both started for the door, where they were met by Stung Serpent, who was kept to transport the goods of the French to the Indian village; and the other was a tailor named Lebeau, whose services they wanted in fashioning the French garments to their own use.

On the next morning, White Hand was startled by the return of the Natchez. He went out and his heart sickened at the scene he was destined to witness. Two hundred and fifty human heads—

But those who know the Indian character can imagine the horrid orgies they might hold when fired with revenge and dashed with victory. Even the historian, who deals only with stubborn facts, lays down his pen in silent horror when he finds himself in the midst of Lebeau's narrative of what he saw in the Indian village, and bids his readers spare him the recital.

White Hand crept back to his lodge, and Coqualla found him there pale and faint. She bathed his temples and brow, and after a while he revived, but he dared not venture out.

"Alas, my companion!" murmured the princess, "they make horrid pomp over their victory, but it has cost them dear, though they realize it not now. My people are now blind, but they shall awake to see and sigh and know that the best man of them all is come!"

"Coqualla?" uttered the youth, starting up. It was a mere interrogative.

"My father is wounded, even unto death." And as the maiden thus spoke she bowed her head and the big tears trickled down between her fingers.

"When? How?" asked White Hand, forgetting for the moment the deep terror

of his warriors, accompanied them to the town, and there the dark monarch promised Chopart that, in consideration of his kindness in allowing them to remain so long in their village, they would bring more than the quantity of corn promised. "On the morrow," he said, "we will come with our tribute of corn, double what we promised, and on the next day we shall leave the village of the White Apple."

"But stay," cried Chopart, "we will have one more carnival ere we part. This night you shall bring your warriors here, and we'll cheer our souls."

"Our white brother speaks kindly," returned the Great Sun; "but will he not be wroth at the rudeness of my people?"

"No. Bring them, and we'll pledge friendship."

"The red brother will come,"

"And he'll come with him?"

"I shall be so."

And that night saw the scene of a carnal changed to Natchez. And there they sat—the doomer and the doomed! And they pledged eternal friendship! The white man had planned to drive him from his home, to profane his temple, and plow up his fathers' graves! The red man had planned to keep his home, to maintain sacred his temple, to guard well his fathers' graves, and that this should be done, the invader was to be swept away! It was a strange pledge, but the white man was the first to offer it.

It was after midnight when they separated, and the stars lighted the Natchez to their homes. When they reached their village, the Great Sun, in company with his chiefs and nobles, went to the temple and entered. They approached the place where the sticks had hung, but there were none there now. The leathern thongs hung against the wall, but there was nothing in them.

"Chiefs, nobles and warriors of the once powerful Natchez, may not this be the eve of our re-awakening? The day is past—the morn cometh! Shall not the Natchez once more stand at the head of the nation?"

And henceforth from that time let me tell you, the Great Spirit is with us, while the white man's God has forsaken him. What shall we fear? Sleep now, but sleep not too soundly nor too long. Let the sun find us ready to bid him welcome—so shall we do honor to the parent of our great first king!"

This spoke the Great Sun, and as he closed, he moved slowly towards the door, and his chiefs followed him; and ere long afterwards the village of the White Apple was wrapped in silence; but there were two there who slept not.

White Hand still prayed that the coming death blow might not extend to his father, and he who watched the sacred fire now felt his duty doubly binding, and sleep came not to him, as he still kept up his tireless vigils.

CHAPTER XIX.

At an early hour the Great Sun and Stung Serpent were astir, and when the first rays of the morning sun darted into the beautiful vale, they rested upon the warriors of the Natchez there assembled. Such as had pistols carefully loaded them, and hid them away with their hunting knives in their bosoms. Their tomahawks were sharpened and slung to their belts, and all took their places. Then each man of the common class went and got his bag of corn, and having set it down, they commenced their war dance. But they made not such hideous noise as usual—only enough to propitiate the Great Spirit, and make him acquainted with their intent.

It was well in the morning when they set out, and by the middle of the forenoon they reached Natchez. They entered the place dancing and singing, and straightway carried their corn to the fort. Then the red men began to separate—some this way and some that. Every house had one or more visitors, according to the number of people in it. Some begged for milk, some asked to buy powder and shot, for which they promised to pay in corn at some future day. A richly stored barge lay at the pier, which had come up the day before, and on board this a number of Indians crowded. Into the fort they crept by different ways, presenting themselves wherever there was a white man, until at length they were distributed wherever there was a blow to be struck.

At length a sort of solemn stillness reigned over the devoted town, as though the death-angel had hushed all hearts. But hark! What is that horrid yell that comes from the fort—a yell that makes the very blood freeze, and causes the hair to stand on end? What are those fearful cries—those maniac shouts—and those despairing groans?

The general assassination of the French took so little time that the execution of the deed and the preceding signals were almost the same thing. One single discharge closed the whole affair. It cost the Natchez only twelve men to destroy two hundred and fifty, through the fault of the commanding officer, who alone deserved the fate which was shared by his unfortunate companions.

Some half dozen Frenchmen escaped, as by a miracle, this general massacre, and made their way to New Orleans in safety. The women and children of the whites were mostly saved to be kept as prisoners.

Of course the Natchez supposed that all the whites in the country were now dead. Not one of them dreamed that a week too early. So they caroused in town all night, and on the next morning they started for their village. They had spared two men whom they retained as prisoners, and who escaped from them after having served them some weeks. One was a wagoner named Mayeux, who was kept to transport the goods of the French to the Indian village; and the other was a tailor named Lebeau, whose services they wanted in fashioning the French garments to their own use.

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"When? How?" asked White Hand, forgetting for the moment the deep terror

of his own soul in the grief of his companion.

"He received a bullet in his bosom yesterday. But he sent me for you. Come."

White Hand arose and followed Coqualla from the lodge. In the center of the great square, before the youth dared was a fire kindled, but the youth dared not look towards it. He knew its terrible purpose, and with quickened steps he hurried, stopping his ears with his fingers to shut out the sounds that fell upon his ears. But fortunately he had not far to go. When he entered Stung Serpent's dwelling, he found the women there crying and yelling in despair. Upon his bed lay Stung Serpent, breathing heavily, and ever and anon raising his head to listen to the sounds that came from the square. When his eyes rested forward, at the same time bidding the others stand back.

"Sit thee down by my side," he said, "for I have much to say to thee."

Quickly the youth sat down, for he hoped he should now know some things that were only his at present by suspicion.

(To be continued.)

ONE WAY TO SMASH TRUSTS.

How Jupiter Pinning Knocked Out a Corner in Olynpius Nectar.

The boss of high Olynpius looked up from his cup with a wry expression.

"What's the matter, Jupiter?" inquired Juno, as she dipped into the ambrosia platter.

"It's this nectar," replied the eminent Olynpius. "It ain't up to the standard. What's the matter with it?"

"In my opinion," said Juno, as she took a spoonful of the honey of Hybla. "It's all the fault of the trust. They have let the quality run down. And at the same time they have raised the price."

"Trust!" cried Jupiter. "What trust is that?"

"The Olynpius Nectar trust," replied Juno. "I thought you knew all about it. Mercury is the president and general manager, and he and Apollo are the board of directors. Mars wanted to buy in, but they wouldn't let him. They claimed he was too quarrelsome. They gave Neptune 100 shares of preferred on condition that he'd help them water the stock. I thought you heard of it at the time."

Jupiter looked black, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, as he pushed away from the table.

"I hear of it now for the first time," he growled, and the echoes of his growl reverberated among the distant hills. "And what's more, I don't expect to hear of it again. Syndicate my nectar, will they! Why, blame their pesky hides, what do they mean by it?"

"There, there, Jupiter," said Juno, in her most soothing tone, "don't get so riled. The boys didn't know how vexed you'd feel about it."

"Well, they'll soon find out! Haven't they a plant somewhere, or something?"

"There it is," said the statuesque one, as she pointed to a lower terrace.

Jupiter grimly smiled.

"We won't have to wait for any Supreme Court decision in this case," he remarked, as he stepped to the nearest cupboard and drew out what looked to be a half-dozen metallic skyrockets.

At sight of them Juno gave a little scream, and put her hands over her ears. A moment later Jupiter stood by the open window and drew back his massive arm. There was a blind flash and a startling report, and the nectar plant on the terrace below trembled to its base. Thunderbolt followed thunderbolt, and when the sixth was thrown there wasn't a vestige of the building left.

"There," said Jupiter, as he wiped his hands on his napkin and calmly resumed his seat at the table, "I fancy that's one way of solving the trust problem. Pass the nightingale tongues, please."

VERSATILE MR. HILL.

Railroad Magnate Who Knew How to Handle a Derailed Engine.

James J. Hill's wonderful versatility and grasp upon the multitude of details of practical railroad management have been a source of much comment among railroad men in recent years. While on a tour over the Great Northern road, his train, which was going down a steep grade, became derailed. Running at a low rate of speed as the train was, no damage was sustained by the officials further than a general shaking up. Mr. Hill was the first man to alight when the train stopped after running several rods along the ties. He found that the locomotive had been thrown from the rails, and stood watching the ineffectual efforts of the train crew to place the engine back on the track. Jackscrews were used, but the men did not seem to thoroughly understand the work.

"That won't do," said Mr. Hill. "Your jacks won't lift it when in that position."

But the men applied the levers, thinking they would show the president that they knew their business. The jacks slipped, letting the ponderous machine down on the ties with a bump.

"Let me set that jacks," said Mr. Hill; "I don't think it will slip then." And, grabbing the screw, he set it at an incline to his own satisfaction, and, after throwing a little sand on the top and bottom, he exclaimed, "Now go ahead."

The train men were a little dubious at first, but they applied the levers, and the huge machine slowly lifted itself into place and slid quietly onto the rails. The delay was only twenty minutes.—New York Times.

Question of Degree.

The philosophy of human existence was discussed in the presence of the representative of the Washington Star.

"It is my opinion," remarked the first sage, "that a man who has a college degree is very likely to be successful in life."

"True," answered the other, fresh from the reports of the commencement exercises in the newspapers, "and it is a rule that works both ways. A man who is successful in life is very likely to get a college degree."

From Habits.

Mr. Brown:—Good morning, Mr. Jones: how's your wife?

Mr. Jones (who is deaf and didn't quite understand):—Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning.

Grief hallow hearts even while it ages heads.—Bailly.

Short Stories

A certain parson of the old school, who had preached a sermon of the finest, old-fashioned flavor, after deploring the new-fangled doctrines of some of his younger brethren—especially the ideas of the heaven and other historic places which they inculcated in their discourses—wound up his own discourse by saying: "As for me, brethren, the hell of our fathers is good enough for me."

Senator Foraker does not care much for society, but of course, he is obliged to attend many functions during the season at Washington, D. C. The other evening he was heard to give the following order to his coachman: "Drive us to Senator ———'s man: to dinner, then call and take us to Mrs. ———'s reception. At twelve call for us to go to the ——— embassy, and after that take us to the mad-house."

When a colored waiter, dubbed "Snowball," accidentally spilled some soup on a Southern representative whom he was serving, the wrath of the Congressman knew no bounds. After a long scolding, the infuriated Southerner roared: "Snowball, you have sanded a man who may be President of the United States." Snowball's face relaxed, and two gleaming rows of ivory came into prominence. "Laws, mistab," said he, "when you gets to be President I reckon I'll be Gawd."

A story is told of a pastor of a small New England town who went to New York and returned to his home with the idea that he had seen about all there was to see. When he was asked by one of his trusted deacons if he had studied the gambling dens he had gambled himself, he hesitatingly confessed that he had. "Where?" queried his astonished friend. "Well, you see it was this way. I went down to the Bowery and found one of them gambler's machines. And, would you believe it, I just stood there and risked pennies in that machine till the gum wouldn't come any more."

An amusing story is told of Lady Barker's first dinner-party at Simla. Desirous of having a pretty table, Lady Barker had herself expended much care in decorating it. She had just received from Europe certain dainty china figures and ornamental dishes, and had arranged a tempting show of sweetmeats, flowers and fruit. When dressing time came, Lady Barker charged her servants to be on the watch and take care of everything; but something of interest occurred outside, and every servant left the room, quite forgetting to close an open window. Before this window was a big tree on which sat several monkeys, which had watched the preparations for dinner with much interest. A half hour later the hostess appeared ready to receive her guests. Just to be sure that everything was right, she gave a glance into the dining-room. There she beheld a busy company of monkeys hard at work, grinning and jabbering, their cheeks and arms crammed with expensive sweetmeats, while the table presented a scene of frightful devastation—broken glass and china, fair linen soiled, everything tossed about in hopeless confusion. From this wreck she had to turn aside and welcome her guests with as much ease of manner as possible. Dinner, of course, had to be deferred until order could be restored.

THE SECOND TROMBONE.

A Musician's Trick that Had Very Lurid Consequences.

There is a Philadelphia drummer who is known as a kind-hearted and obliging man, always ready to do a favor if he can. Lately, however, he had an experience which may make him cautious, or at least may influence him to consider more carefully whether or not his kindness is wisely bestowed. He tells the story himself to a reporter for the Philadelphia Telegraph.

While I was in a small city not long ago a concert company which carried its own orchestra put up at the hotel where I was staying. Among the musicians was a trombone-player who was a friend and neighbor of mine in Philadelphia. I saw him soon after his arrival, and he had such a very woe-begone look that I asked him what the matter was.

"To tell the truth, Jim," he said, "I'm in a lot of trouble. I'm engaged to a young lady in this town, and I rather foolishly promised to spend the evening with her, thinking I could get a substitute to play for me, but there isn't a trombonist in town."

"Too bad!" said I. His face lighted up suddenly.

"Why, Jim," he said, "you can help me out. You're musical—"

"But I don't know the first thing about a trombone," I interrupted.

"Oh, that won't matter," he said, lightly. "I'll play second trombone, and all you will have to do is to follow the movements of the first trombone, puff out your cheeks and keep your eyes on the music. I'd do as much for you."