Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XIII.

Easton laughed reassuringly. He was not afraid of clever women. Miss Winter must almost have heard the laugh, while there was still a smile on his face as he bowed before her.

"I have never," he said, as he seated himself, "been at an entertainment of this description before. I am only a beginner. In our country we manage things differently; and I cannot yet understand how much talking and so little action can benefit any cause."

"But," said Miss Winter, "you are not new to England. There is nothing about you to lead one to that conclusion."

"Thank you," he replied, gravely. "My claw-hammer coat was made in Piccadilly, so I suppose it is all right."

He looked down at the garment in question, and dusted the sleeves lightly with a perfectly gloved hand.

"Do you like it?" he inquired simply.

Miss Winter was becoming interested. She therefore quelled a sudden desire to laugh, and answered:

"Yes; it is a very nice coat."

"I am not," he said, after a pause, "new to England, but I have not moved much in London society. I suppose the men do all the moving in your society?—they seem to. The women sit mostly still and wait till the men come to them. With us it is different."

"The women," replied this womanly lady, "are beginning to move with us, and from what I have seen of the result, I rather incline toward the old policy of sitting still."

He turned and looked at her with a little nod. There was in his queer, restless eyes a distinct glance of approval.

"Yes," he said, "yes. So I should surmise. Our ladies are very fascinating, and very clever, and all that, but—but the young men do not seem to make such a pretty show of loving them as we read of in olden times. At all events, they do not continue to show them that regard which, I remember, my father showed toward my mother."

"I myself am an humble admirer of the womanly school."

"And I," added Easton. "Now," he continued, after a pause, "do tell me, what do all these good people think they are doing here to-night?"

"They think firstly," replied Miss Winter, "that they are getting their names into the fashionable society papers. Secondly, that their natural or arificial adornment is creating a distinct impression. Thirdly, and lastly, that they are assisting in some indefinite way toward the solution of a problem of which the rudiments are entirely unknown."

"Then in England, as well as in my own country, charity is a recognized plaything of society," suggested Easton.

"Yes. We take it up in late autumn and winter, when there are no races, no regattas, nor lawn tennis parties."

"Ah! then," said the American, "society is very much the same here as elsewhere."

At this moment Oswin Grace passed within earshot of them. He heard the remark, and recognized the voice. When he turned, his surprise at seeing Miss Winter and Easton together was so marked as to cause a little frown to pass across the queer, wistful face of the American. He returned the young Englishman's comprehensive bow, however, with perfect equanimity.

"You know Oswin Grace?" inquired Miss Winter.

"Oh, yes," was the cool reply; "Tyars brought him to my rooms one evening."

Miss Winter skillfully concealed eagerness.

"They are great friends," she said, lightly.

"Ye-es. Yes, Tyars constantly talks of him."

"I suppose," continued Miss Winter, in the same indifferently conversational way, "that they have many interests in common; both being sailors. At least, I believe Claud Tyars considers himself a sailor now."

This was clever, and the wary little man paused. He felt convinced that Miss Winter knew less of the past life of Tyars than she would have him believe. Moreover, he suspected that she had never hitherto called him Claud Tyars. The implied familiarity was a trap, womanly, clever and subtle; but Easton avoided it with equal skill. He maintained an easy silence. Immediately afterward, however, he made a blunder.

"Oswin," said Miss Winter, "is a great friend of mine, and I think Helen is my greatest friend."

"A sister?" inquired Easton, rashly.

"Yes. Mr. Tyars has not spoken of her, then?"

"No. Tyars did not tell me that Grace had a sister."

There was a short pause. Perhaps the American heard the little sigh of relief given by his companion, marking, as it were, the relaxation of an effort; such a sigh as an athlete gives when he has scored a success and his weary muscles fall into repose. He became instantly conscious of his blunder. He had been outwitted by this pleasant woman. He—Matthew Mark Easton—a born intriguer, a man with real genius for conspiracy.

"Ah!" reflected Miss Winter, "why has Mr. Tyars omitted to make mention of Helen's existence?" And with feminine intuition she made a hasty mental note of this important item.

"So," mused Easton, during the same pause, "there is a Miss Grace, and Tyars never mentioned her. I must be very careful. Seems to me that there are two men at stake here, not one; and I cannot afford to lose two sailors such as these."

Miss Winter was now drawn into a vortex of light-hearted idlers bent upon a systematic inspection of the pictures, and from their ranks Easton took the first opportunity of dropping away unobserved. They did not speak again during the evening; but the little seed was sown—the little seed of mutual esteem or mutual dislike, as the case may be, which under either circumstance seems to draw some people together here in life—to spread its subtle tendrils, intertwined and knit together, until their united strength is a thing undreamed of.

"I seem," reflected Easton, subsequently, "to have met that little English lady somewhere before. Her ways of speaking, and her method of expressing herself in a cheery way, as if nothing mattered very much, are familiar to me. I certainly have not seen her before in this vale of sorrow, as the lady writers call it. I wonder where I have met her."

It happened to fall to the lot of Claud Tyars to shut the door of Miss Winter's comfortable brougham; while Grace, who had helped her in, stood back and nodded a good-night.

The lady leaned back against the soft cushions, and drew her cloak more snugly round her. The flashing light of street lamp or carriage showed her face to be grave and thoughtful. She was realizing that Claud Tyars was something more than a mere lover of intrigue, making a mystery out of a very ordinary love affair. She was recognizing now that matters were more serious than she had at first considered them.

CHAPTER XIV.

Miss Winter sometimes fell a victim to a longing for labor. She sometimes felt useless, and looked beyond the work that lay at hand for heavier labor. When she heard of good works done by women, she longed to do something also.

But it was only at times that Miss Winter gave way to this weakness, and she was very quiet about it. When the paroxysm was upon her, she put on a thick veil, her quietest dress, and took the omnibus to Tower Hill.

She was too well acquainted with the world to go empty-handed and to make those trivial mistakes by which many well-meaning women reduce charity to the ludicrous. She had an old bag specially devoted to this secret vice, for one cannot carry half pounds of butter, packets of tea, and pounds of raw sausages in one's best handbag.

The recipients of her charity were a race of men overlooked by charity organizations, ignored by those bland distributors of leaflet literature who call themselves the Sailors' Friend. Very few people find themselves by accident in the London Dock or the St. Katherine's Dock; in fact, both these basins are rather difficult to find.

The shipkeeper is a strange, amphibious creature. His calling is afloat, his business on the waters, and yet he is no sailor. In busier times he rarely spent more than two months on board of one ship; now there are men living week after week, month after month, year after year on the same vessel. Many of them never set foot outside the dock gates; some there are who remain afloat always.

Miss Winter had heard of these ships, and from different sources she gradually learned that there were men living on board of them; men whose lives were almost as solitary as that of a sailor cast upon some desert island. It seems strange that within the roar of city life, almost within stone's throw of the crowded streets, there should be men living day after day without speaking a word to their fellow creatures. For if they do not choose to come ashore, certainly no one will trouble to go on board and see them.

In course of time she evolved the idea of going to the docks to see if it was difficult to get on board these ships, and there she discovered that there was nothing easier. It was merely a matter of paying, as it is in every other part of the world.

At first her advances caused consternation, but, woman like, she gradually made her way, never being guilty of one retrograde step. A few distrusted her motives, some thought she was merely a fool, others concluded she had "got religion." These latter were the first to welcome her. The explanation was so simple, and it had served to account for stranger conduct than this.

One and all appreciated the butter and the sausages. Some made use of the soap, and a few read the newspapers she brought them

Soon Miss Winter found that her advent was looked for. The responsibilities of beneficence began to make themselves felt. She commenced to know personally these quaint old hermits, and found that there were sincere and insincere shipkeepers—shipkeepers who were interesting and othrs who were mere nonentities. On the whole, she gave preference to those who took the butter and the sausages and left the soap. These latter were old fellows who had never washed, and did not see the good of changing their habits in old age. This conservatism indicated a character worthy of admiration, and superior to that of such as asked for more soap and hinted at tracts.

She became more and more interested in this work, and lapsed into the habit of going to the docks once a week, at least. As Claud Tyars frequented the same spot with an equal regularity, their meeting was only a question of time.

They had missed each other several times by the merest chance, but at last they came face to face in a most undeniable manner. The morning was rather foggy, and in consequence the dock was more silent and sleepier than usual. Miss Winter having just left a boat, was mounting the steep wet steps from the edge of the slimy water, when a tall man, emerging from the fog, came to the top of the stairs and hailed the boat.

"Wait a minute," he said; "I want you."

He came down a step or two and stood to one side to let Miss Winter pass. In doing so, he looked at her, and she, glancing up to thank him, gave a little start.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "You—here—Mr. Tyars?"

He raised his hat without betraying any surprise.

"Yes," he answered, "of course. The docks have a natural attraction for me—a sailor."

"I forgot," she said, looking calmly at him, "that you were a sailor."

She had been betrayed into surprise, but in a moment her usual alertness returned to her. She passed on, and he followed her.

"Are you alone?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she replied, lightly. "I am quite at home here. I come nearly every week and interrupt the meditations of the ship keepers. I look after their temporal welfare. It is quite my own idea, I assure you, that I have no connection with any philanthropic society."

"Tracts?" he inquired, shortly.

"No; no tracts," she replied. "Sausages, butter and soap—essentially of this world."

He was walking beside her, suiting his step with an implied sense of protection, almost of approbation, which annoyed her.

"There may be," he suggested, half ironically, "a hidden motive in the soap."

"But there is not," she replied, sharply. "I advocate cleanliness only. Personally, I prefer the dirty ones."

"Probably," he said, "you do a great deal of good. These poor fellows lead a very lonely life. You must seem to them like a being from another world."

"So I am, Mr. Tyars," she said, still upholding her work. "Quite another world."

Then she suddenly laid aside her gravity with that strange inconsequence which is one of the many important differences between the male and female mind.

"You speak feelingly," she continued, in thinly veiled mockery. "Perhaps you have been a ship keeper yourself. You seem to have been a good many things."

"Yes," was the calm reply. "I have. I was once a ship keeper in the Southern Atlantic."

She was silenced. The details of his terrible experience on board the fever-stricken merchantman had never been vouchsafed, but it was not difficult to imagine them from the official account he had been forced to publish.

Suddenly this cheerful little lady had realized the pettiness of her own existence, the futility of her own small caprice. She glanced up at him, almost meditating an apology. Observant and analytical as she was, she had not yet noticed a fact of which Tyars was fully aware; she had not noticed that in her intercourse with Claud Tyars she invariably began in an antagonistic vein, and that with equal monotony this antagonism melted after a few moments.

In one respect Tyars was a commonplace man. He possessed the genius of command, which is the genius most often encountered in the world. It is merely a genius of adaptation, not of creation. Its chief characteristic is a close but unconscious observation of human nature. He understood all who came in contact with him much better than any one of them understood him. Miss Winter was conscious of a reserve in this man's mind which was irrevocably closed to her. He casually glanced into her character in passing; if there was an inner motive beyond his fathom, he remained indifferent to its presence. When their paths crossed he was pleased to meet her, but she never flattered herself that he would go far out of his way to hear her opinion upon any subject.

"If," she said, "I cared for horrors, I should ask you some day to tell me about—about those days—your ship-keeping days; but I hate horrors."

"I am glad," he said, with evident relief. "I hate horrors, too, and should not make a picturesque story of it."

They walked on in silence, feeling rather more friendly toward each other every moment. It was necessary to pass beneath a crane of which the greasy chain hung loosely right across their path. Tyars stepped forward, and with a quick turn of the winch-handle, drew the chain taut, and consequently out of her way. It was a mere incident, trivial in its way; but women note these trivialities nad piece them together with a skill and sequence which men cannot rival or even imitate. Tyar's action showed an intimate knowledge with the smallest details of the calling he had chosen to follow.

(To be continued.)

POVERTY AND PAUPERISM.

Destitute in America Said to Number Ten Millions.

Poverty and pauperism have been studied by a hose of sociologists and there is an immense literature upon the subject. The most recent book, and, in many respects, the most noteworthy, is the one written by Robert Hunter, who for many years has been a practical worker among the submerged tenth, says American Medicine. He defines poverty as the condition in which it is not possible to obtain those necessaries which will permit the maintenance of a state of physical efficiency.

He also makes the astounding statement that there are 10,000,000 people in poverty in the United States alone—one in every eight. Charles Booth calculates that 30 per cent of London's population, or 1,300,000 people, are in poverty, and that the rate in smaller towns is nearly the same ("Life and Labor in London"), so that the phenomenon is apparently universal, the lower the civilization the greater the percentage of the poor.

For many reasons the whole matter is of vital interest to the medical profession. In the first place, such a condition of affairs is a serious objection to the new idea that our national dietary is too big—one-eighth of us never get enough. The racial deterioration and individual degeneration which must result in such condition of growth of children is a matter for serious thought. In the next place, when any of the poor people become ill, the burden of work falls on the doctor, who, more than any other person in the world, is expected to give assistance without money and without price.

Hunter makes a great distinction between these poor and the paupers, who expect and depend upon more or less assistance even when they are well. He estimates that there are 4,000,000 paupers in the country; 2,000,000 men are unemployed four to six months every year and cannot get work; over 1,700,000 children must work to help support the family, and about 5,000,000 women must work, of whom 2,000,000 are employed in factories. Over one-fourth of New York's people get some kind of public or private relief every year, and yet it is often impossible to get domestics for love or money.

PRAIRIE DOG MEAT IS GOOD.

Oklahoma Farmer Says It Makes Fine Eating.

Prairie dogs make good eating. This is not generally known, and even where it is known civilized people do not care to be called Igorrotes because they eat dog meat. "The other day I met a man," said a prominent farmer of the Faxon neighborhood, "who eats prairie dogs, and if we had a few more of his kind we would soon get rid of the little pests on our prairies.

"I had gone to Neima," he continued, "to attend to some business, and on the road met a couple of wagons containing a man and woman and about ten children. They stopped to make some inquiries about the road to Chattanooga, and in the course of our conversation the man remarked: 'There is plenty of meat in these parts.' By questioning him I learned that he referred to prairie dogs and then he told me that he and his family had been living on prairie dog meat for about ten days and avowed they had never in their lives eaten better meat.

"And the fellow was right. I have eaten them, too, and they are fine, especially the young ones. The hind quarters are a little heavier than a squirrel, but the fore quarters and other parts are better than squirrel. When we hunted buffaloes over this country a number of years ago we carried prairie dog tallow with which to grease our guns, and there is none better. At that time we ate lots of prairie dogs.

"The only reason why people haven't learned to eat prairie dogs is because of the name. The little animals feed strictly on vegetation and are clean. Their meat is better than that of any other animal that lives in the ground, better than rabbits and better than squirrels. We could get rid of the prairie dogs if our people would learn to eat their meat."—Lawton News-Republican.

There is nothing more precious to a man than his will; there is nothing which he relinquishes with so much reluctance.—Holland.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

DON'T FISH IN THESE WATERS!

A CHICAGO chap lost $5,000—his pile—on the stock market. "I'm not kicking," he says. "Now I can settle down to work again. I've served my conscription time—that's all. It's just like Europe. There every man has to serve his time in the army; here every man has to give a part of his life to the financial sharks."

No man is ever beaten so long as his pluck is left. And there may be no real misfortune in the loss of even all a man's money if it leaves him wiser than before. The young man who imagines he can beat the "financial sharks" at their own game cannot be disillusioned too young. The older he is when he gets the lesson, the more he will lose and the harder he will find it to recover. If his sad experience impresses upon his mind effectually the vital fact that success depends upon hustle, not chance, he is getting the best possible return for his money.

It is true that all of us must contribute to the "financial sharks." The trusts levy lifelong tribute. And up to the present time there has been no way discovered for avoiding it. But we need not voluntarily contribute. They take enough from us through prices of commodities and watered stocks—without our bodily plunging into shark-infested waters.—St. Louis Chronicle.

A WIFE WHO CAN WORK.

GROVER CLEVELAND WHITE, a Massachusetts boy of 18, has jilted his sweetheart, 17, and married her mother, a woman of 42, with two sons older than himself. Silly boy—eh? Maybe not. Marriage is not altogether a question of ages.

This young man, though fickle in his affections, has an idea or two of his own not half bad. "Although 42 years old, my wife," he says, "doesn't look to be over 25."

This is a point worth considering. A woman, we know, is no older than she looks—certainly she is no older than she looks to her husband. So long as she is young in his eyes she is safely within the limits. "She knows how to cook," says the young husband, coming to more prosaic defense. "She knows how to wash, iron, mend clothes and keep house, and that's more than a majority of the young girls of the present day know."

Youth fades. Love very often cools in a little while and frequently even congeals in the divorce court. But ability to cook, wash and keep house abides always; and the young man who at 18 has secured to himself such a treasure as this need have no concern for his future.

A wife old enough to be his mother and not averse to hard work must be able to support him; and is not that infinitely better for a young man of 18 than a giddy young thing who can do nothing but love him through a brief honeymoon that dismally ends when the larder runs empty? It would seem that Grover Cleveland White is a wise young man.—Kansas City World.

DECLINE OF NEIGHBORLINESS.

IT has been asserted that one of the regrettable characteristics of our age is the decline of neighborliness. There is a plausible reason for this view to be found in the increasing tendency of the population to flock in cities. There is an old proverb of the Romans, "A great town is a great solitude," which still holds good, and is impressively true of the vast modern municipalities. Long ago, when the English cities were villages compared with the overgrown modern municipalities, a British writer observed that there was not in them that "fellowship" which was in small communities. In patriarchal times there was little difference between a neighbor and a friend, and in districts where the old simplicity of life exists the "neighbors" are usually, in a very accurate sense, friends and brethren. The loss of this association, so much in evidence in every large town, finds no compensation in any of the advantages of urban life. "A crowd is not company; faces are but a gallery of pictures and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no friendship."

The commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is hard to obey when the neighbors are multitudinous. We must leave it to the interpretation of the wise whether it is applicable in a great city, save in the general sense that we should love all mankind. Obedience to the injunction seems to be more faithful in the small communities of the countryside, where life is close. We can imagine that the great commandment which implies the brotherhood of mankind found its first response where there were no cities.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE PREACHER AND THE NEWSPAPER.

SEVERAL good points were made by Bishop Fallows in an address before the General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church in a meeting at Philadelphia upon the attitude of the modern pulpit to the press. The argument was that the minister should use the newspaper as one of the most effective agents for assisting him in his chosen work. In the first place, its style should be followed by the preacher. The ideal newspaper article, the bishop said, is sharp, short and to the point. It is designed to catch the eye and hold the attention.

There was a time when the minister was much more influential relatively than he is to-day. This does not imply any diminution in the regard paid to the cloth or less interest in the theme which should be at the foundation of every sermon. It simply recognizes that modern society, with fast mails, telegraph, telephone, and improved mechanical devices has developed the newspaper into a daily encyclopedia of information, illustration, and inspiration, which materially lessens the labors of the minister and at the same time proves one of his greatest aids in the general improvement of moral and social conditions toward which he ever strives. The individual minister makes his voice heard only by a limited number. The newspaper, with its association with agencies for the transmission of important items to all other journals of its class, makes its influence felt round the world.—Chicago Tribune.

TWO-CENT RAILWAY FARES.

THE Ohio legislature this winter passed a two cent per mile passenger fare bill covering all railways in the State. Two cent fare has been operated on the many roads in New York State for a number of years. The Iowa legislature killed the two cent a mile railway fare bill for that State. Of course conditions are different in Iowa, the population is not so dense as in Ohio or New York, but the sentiment for cheaper railway fares is growing and probably within another year some way out of the difficulty may be found. No one wishes to hamper the railway companies in their efforts to operate their lines at profit. Because of crooked work in certain directions the railways of the country have come in for a great deal of unfavorable criticism of late, some of which has been deserved, but a good fair survey of the situation in a general way shows that the railways have been instrumental in building up the business of the country and have done more than any other one institution in making this the foremost nation so far as domestic trade and intercourse is concerned. Where the population is thick enough, reduced railway fares pay the companies because cheaper fares induce more travel, but this rule will not apply in every case. The railway men themselves usually are the best to judge and they have been reducing fares for business purposes alone. The inhabitants of Iowa have a right to demand the lowest possible passenger rate commensurate with the service given. The tendency is for cheaper fares and we are sure to get them.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A SOCIAL DILEMMA.

An old custom, now obsolete, in the commercial hotels of England is described in the "Memoirs of Sir Wemyss Reid." Dinner was then served at 1 o'clock for the commercial travelers, and the youngest man present was expected to act as president and to perform the conventional duties. On one occasion Mr. Reid, then a young man, arrived in the town of Preston. He did not know a soul, but was directed to an inn, which he reached just as the 1 o'clock dinner was being served.

The coffee-room, when I entered it, was filled by commercial travelers, all hovering wth hungry looks round the table that had been laid for dinner. They seemed relieved when I, as shy a youth as could anywhere be found, entered the room.

Instantly they seated themselves at the table. I looked round for some corner in which I might hide myself from what seemed to me to be their almost ferocious gaze, and was filled with alarm when I found that the only seat left vacant was that at the head of the table. A waitress approached me.

"You are president of the day, sir," she said, and motioned me to the vacant seat at the head of the board.

I do not think I was ever more miserable or more frightened in my life than when, under her imperious direction, I took my seat and met the gaze of a dozen hungry men. On the sideboard stood the soup-tureens, the waiting-maids beside them, but not a cover was lifted or a motion made, and dead silence filled the room. I sat in blushing bewilderment, waiting for the dinner to be served.

Suddenly, from the other end of the table, a harsh voice issued from the lips of a burly, red-faced man:

"Mr. President, if you are a Christian you'll perhaps be good enough to say grace, and let us get to our dinner, which we want very badly."

I managed to stammer farth the formula of my childhood. But I was incapable of maintaining the deception in which I had been innocently involved, and taking my courage in both hands, told the company that I was not a commercial traveler, and as I knew nothing of the usages of a commercial table, would beg the gentleman at the other end of the table to take upon himself the duties of president.

There was a burst of laughter, and good humor was immediately restored, and I was allowed to look, a silent spectator.

Has Seven Preacher Sons.

Seven sons of one mother in the ministry is the record of the Mouer family, of which the Rev. J. R. Mouer of Monessen, Pa., is a member. Five denominations have secured a pulpit supply from this family. Arrangements for a family reunion at which all of the preacher brothers will gather are being completed, and it will be held at McKeesport in June. The Rev. Mr. Mouer is pastor of the Monessen United Brethren church. None of the Mouer brothers has ever heard any of the others preach, and during the week they expect to be in the reunion they will hold religious services and each will take his part as leader at a meeting. The brothers have one sister. She is the wife of a minister, and he will also attend the reunion. — Philadelphia North American.

OVERSHOES IN GERMANY.

Use of This Article Is Increasing in Kaiser's Realm.

Consul Hurst, writing from Plauen, believes it will be of interest to American overshoe exporters to know that American rubbers are scantily represented in that city, which possesses 105,000 progressive inhabitants and has a climate resembling that of the New England States.

While the people do not employ this footwear to the extent prevalent in the United States, its use is increasing, perhaps more for women and children than for men. It is a habit further encouraged by the advertising of domestic producers, and there is no valid excuse why American rubber overshoes should not have an equal place with other makes.

There are two manufacturing concerns that now dominate the market, one near Hamburg, the other at St. Petersburg, which exports widely. The overshoe in demand is rather low and heavily constructed, and all on sale in Plauen are pointed in shape, following the style of the shoe in vogue. Storm slippers are not usually kept in stock, as there seems to be little demand for this variety. The buckle arctic of rubber and waterproof cloth is not used here. Although American shoes are on sale, they are without exception of the largest widths made by American manufacturers, shaped up with rather narrow toes, so that they approximate the prevailing fashion. The overshoe that must be furnished to the trade should meet the local style of shoe, a style, however, that does not rapidly change. While from point of durability it may be granted that the foreign overshoes and the American may be alike, the latter, especially those shown on this market, while somewhat lighter in weight, generally surpasses in elegance and fineness of quality European grades.

What is true of Plauen may be assumed of other German cities, and if there is any disposition on the part of an active wholesaler to explore this territory the way is open for his energy and skill. It seems astonishing in a large city such as this that the American rubber is rarely mentioned, but the imported Russian is well known and a fine seller.

GRANT OBEYED THE RULES.

President Insisted on His Coachman "Moving Along."

The recent episode at the Belasco theater here, when the President's coachman had a difficulty with the manager because he would not move his carriage, although nobody was in the carriage and it was waiting for some White House guests, reminded an old police sergeant of a time when he was stationed at the Baltimore and Ohio station here.

Among his other duties he had to keep carriages from standing at the curb directly in front of the station entrance, it being necessary to keep that place clear for carriages that were coming and going at that point. President Grant drove to the station to meet one of the incoming trains. While the officer was in another place the carriage stopped in front of the station. When the officer returned he noticed the President's rig standing there and waited for it to move along. When it did not move and no one alighted the officer supposed that the President had gone into the station.

"You know as well as I do that you cannot stand there," said the officer to the President's coachman.

"Do you know whose carriage this is?" was the only answer of the man on the box.

"That makes no difference. You must move." But there was no move on the part of the coachman to stir from the place.

"Hawkins," came a voice from inside, "did you hear what that officer said?" And the head of the President of the United States was poked out of the carriage window. The carriage moved.—Washington Letter to New York World.

Reform.

The bill was in danger and the general counsel of the corporation which it was designed to enrich hastily called in his legislative agent.

"All the reform elements are against us," he said, anxiously. "How are we going to beat down such a formidable opposition?"

"Don't try to beat 'em down. Pay 'em what they ask," said the legislative agent, who in his day had seen a number of quickenings of the public conscience.—Puck.

Some people can't listen unless they have their mouths open.

TALE OF A TRAMP SHIP.

Punjab Goat Butted Man Overboard and He Couldn't Swim.

The British tramp steamer Mashona arived in port from Calcutta to-day with a tale of monkeys and red and green paint, Punjab goats, camels and sea rescues, says the New York World. The goats are destined for the Barbadoes, where for years the British government has been trying to establish them without much success. They made things lively on the voyage over and nearly killed the cook's black helper, Mussalee Mohamed Allah, who towers 6 feet 3 in his bare flat feet.

The ship was out of Calcutta four days when she ran into a yeasty froth of water that prefaced one of the worst storms in her experience. For three days she weathered it with little trouble. Then she began to labor. That night a great sea burst over the rail and flooded the deck where the animals were kept. The camels broke their ropes and swam around in the green water. They were caught finally and saved in the nick of time from another sea that would have tossed them over the rail had they not been securely fastened.

After that final sweep the sea quieted and the ship rode safely through the night. In the morning the two Punjab goats were brought up on deck. They had been below since the ship started and they were more than wild. The first thing they met was the negro Mussalee. He was standing near the rail and the near goat butted him neatly over the rail into the sea.

The man could not swim and his yells brought half the crew to the side. They threw a life preserver to him, which he was lucky enough to catch, and then they lowered a boat. First Officer Isbester went off, with three others, and rescued the half-drowned man. When he got his breath the first thing he asked was what had hit him.

Daniel, a huge Indian monkey, made things lively one day when he broke into the carpenter's room and stole two buckets of paint, one red and the other green.

He took to the rigging and for two hours amused himself by scattering the stuff below. The ship looked like a crazy quilt when he had finished. It was weeks before the traces of it were entirely removed. Tramonkey kept to the rigging until he was starved into descending for food.

QUEER STORIES

No bird of prey has the gift of song.

Germany breeds 250,000 canaries every year.

A lion and lioness in the Frankfort Zoo roared with terror and crouched tremblingly because a ferret had found its way into their cage.

An African elephant is of value only for its ivory, of which a full-grown animal yields from $250 to $300 worth. On the other hand, a working Indian elephant cannot be bought for less than $2,500 to $3,500.

The raffesia of Sumatra is said to be the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It is composed of five roundish petals, each a foot across, and of a red color, covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens.

This story is told of Dan Leno, the late idol of the London music hall stage. His mind failed, and he was confined in a private asylum. Soon after this he got up an argument with one of the attendants about the correctness of the clock. "That clock's wrong," he said. "No, sir, the clock is quite right." "I tell you it's wrong." "No, sir, it's quite right." "Then if it's right, what's it doing here?"

A missionary lately returned from South America says that an Indian tribe there worships Bismarck as a god. Last year the Indian tribe's crops were failing from drought. The chief, having seen at a farmer's hut the picture of the Iron Chancellor, cut out from an illustrated German paper, asked the farmer to make him a present of the print, which request was willingly agreed to. Thereupon the Indians brought the picture in great procession to their temple, and, strange to say, a welcome rain watered the lands of the tribe.

Roussel Geo has completed what is said to be the largest picture ever painted. The area of the canvas is 807 square feet. The artist had to beg the loan of a studio of suitable size from the State, and he and his easels, some twenty feet high, were accommodated in the Gallerie des Machines, the largest one spanned building in the world. The picture represents the Paris crowd in 1789 rushing to the Hotel de Ville, led by Lafayette, after the taking of the Bastile, and contains more than one thousand life-size figures. It will be hung in a suburban town hall, that of Ivry.

Just Fit for the Job.

Judge Wilbur, who retired from the Rhode Island bench last June, when the new court and practice act went into effect, had for many years previously handled the criminal business of the State. He was perfectly familiar with the wiles and excuses of men who sought to evade jury duty and showed them little consideration.

A venireman gave as his reason for desiring to get out of grand jury service physical disability.

"What is the nature of your infirmity?" asked the judge.

"I am deaf in one ear, your honor," replied the man.

"You'll do," said the judge. "Don't you know you have to hear only one side of a case in the grand jury room?"—Boston Herald.

Not Popular.

"That man seems to be successful enough, but nobody has any use for him. What's the matter?"

"His only implements of progress are a hammer and a muck rake."—Detroit Free Press.

Some people save a lot of time by telling the truth.