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- 3rd. The ability to properly and promptly care for your business.
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BIRMINGHAM PICTURES.

They Were Mere Paper, but They Subdued the Artist Turner.

Turner, the great landscape painter, was a curious mixture of parsimony and generosity, determined money grubbing and unreckoned devotion to his art. He would drive a hard bargain one day and the next refuse to sell at any price. Intending purchasers were sometimes excluded from his gallery, and the refusal of admission was communicated in anything but a polite manner.

Mr. Gillott, the wealthy pen manufacturer of Birmingham, once proved himself equal to the task of storming the castle in the teeth of the gruff artist and his doorkeeper and achieving a bargain. A book on Turner gives the story.

Mr. Gillott was met at the door of Turner's house by an old woman, who opened the door and asked the gentleman's business.

"Can't let 'e in!" she snapped out when he told her and tried to slam the door.

But Mr. Gillott had put his foot inside the door and without waiting for permission pushed past the enraged janitress and hurried upstairs to the gallery. Turner met him like a spider whose web has been invaded. The intruder introduced himself and said that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell," was the answer.

"Have you seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visitor as calmly as if he had been received as a gentleman should be.

"Never heard of 'em," said Turner.

Mr. Gillott took from his pocket some Birmingham banknotes.

"Mere paper," remarked Turner, who evidently enjoyed the joke.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," said the visitor, waving his hand to indicate the paintings on the wall. His tone—perhaps also the sight of the "mere paper"—conquered Turner, and when the visitor departed he had bargained for several valuable pictures.

Undoubtedly Genuine.

The mistress observed one morning that her dusky butler was wearing a ring with a setting almost large enough for a beacon light if it had possessed the proper brilliancy. Later in the day she chanced to hear a conversation between the butler and the maid.

"Am dat a genuine dimont yo' is sportin', Jake?" the maid asked, suspicion and hope about equally balanced in her tone.

"Am dis a dimont?" reproachfully. "Does yo' s'pose I'd buy anything else fo' a 'gement ring? Huh! Dis am a dimont, an' hit am gold what hit sets in."

"Ef yo' mean yo' bought hit fo' me yo' will have to tell the price 'fo' I'll believe hit's a dimont. I was fooled once wid a brass ring, an' I don't mean to be caught again."

"Cose hit's a dimont, Lucy. Hit cost \$2.50."

"Well, gimme here. Long as hit am a genuine dimont I'll 'cept hit fo' a 'gement ring."—Housekeeper.

Wanted Him Anyway.

A dramatic club gave a series of matinee performances of an old Greek drama—the "Antigone" of Sophocles. At the fall of the curtain there were clamorous applause and some calls for the author.

The performers came forward and bowed.

"Author, author!" yelled the "gods."

The leading actor advanced to the footlights and informed the audience in reproachful tones that "the author has been dead over 2,000 years."

Quick as thought, the answer flashed back from the gallery, "Then trot us out his mummy!"—London Tatler.

Clever Idea.

At the services one Sunday morning in a church for the colored folks of a Mississippi town there was observed one dusky youngster accompanying his grandparents and sitting as wise as a young owl throughout the long sermon.

At the close of the service somebody congratulated the grandfather upon the excellence of the child's behavior.

The grandfather smiled significantly. "Dat boy is always well 'breateden befo' he goes in de church."—Judge.

His Sobriety.

A gentleman who had grave doubts as to a servant's sobriety one day accused him of intemperance and as a test chalked a line across the floor and commanded him to walk along it.

The fellow looked at the line for a bit, then at his employer, and said: "No jokes, now, sir. Which line do you want me to walk on?"—London Telegraph.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

His Original Was Dr. Bell, a Master of Inductive Reasoning.

Dr. Joseph Bell, the distinguished Scottish surgeon, was the original of Sir A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. Dr. Bell, who was born in 1837, came of a family which for three generations had been distinguished in surgery. For a quarter of a century he was surgeon at the Royal infirmary, Edinburgh, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, then a young man, was one of his students. He was greatly impressed by his professor's display of inductive reasoning, and he has told many stories in illustration of them.

Many stories are told of Dr. Bell's wonderful powers of observation and analytical reasoning. For instance, he could tell from the mud on a patient's boots the part of the city or surrounding country he had come from. When giving gratuitous advice to outdoor patients at the Edinburgh Royal infirmary he was fond of mystifying them by giving them little intimate tidbits regarding their occupation or past lives. "I see," he would observe slyly to a patient, "you are suffering from drink. You even carry a flask on the inside breast pocket of your coat. Throw it away."

To another he would nonchalantly remark, "Cobbler, I see," having quickly observed the mark where the lapstone had worn the man's trousers. To an anxious mother he would quietly observe, "Your first child, my good woman," the mystified, simple soul wonderingly replying, as he had foreseen, in the affirmative. She would go away still marveling at the intuition of the great surgeon, having no idea that there could be any significance in the brilliant tartan cape she had bought with such pardonable extravagance for her firstborn.

Then a bricklayer would appear in the consulting room suffering from spinal complaint, and the doctor's kindly sympathy was instant and comprehensive. "It aches, does it? I have no doubt it does, and carrying a hod of bricks won't improve it, will it?" he would observe in his brisk fashion. The afflicted bricklayer, being a reticent Scot, kept his surprise to himself till the end of the interview, when he asked somewhat cannily, "I am no saying you're wrang, but wha' tell ye I was a bricklayer to trade?"

Dr. Bell was well aware of the part he had played in creating the great detective of fiction and was proud of the fact. One winter evening some ladies were sitting round the fire reading and discussing Conan Doyle's hero when there entered the great surgeon. He asked what they were reading, and they told him that it was the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." "I know the man," observed the doctor quietly. Returning shortly from seeing his patient, he came back to announce with as much modesty as might be, "I am Sherlock Holmes."—London Chronicle.

Tennyson as a Star Gazer.

Star gazing had a tonic effect upon Tennyson. In some reminiscences of the poet Sir Norman Lockyer remarks that Tennyson was a frequent visitor to Fairfax road, West Hampstead, where Sir Norman had erected his Cooke Equatorial in the garden. "One night when the moon's terminator swept across the broken ground around Tycho he said, 'What a splendid hell that would make!' Again, after being shown the clusters in Hercules and Perseus he remarked musingly, 'I cannot think much of the county families after that.'"

A Spirit to Be Deplored.

Just where honorable industry ends and avaricious piling up of treasure begins no one can take it upon himself to say. The spirit, however, that impels a young man to sacrifice all the nobler aims of life in order to turn a liberal competence into wealth too great to be spent (and the giving away of which, unless carefully regulated, is a doubtful source of good) is certainly to be deplored.—Eliot Gregory.

Wanted to Pay.

Very much indebted customer enters a butcher's shop, remarking, "I'll take a leg of mutton, and I want to pay for it."

"All right," replies the butcher, handing forth the meat, which customer takes and starts to go. "Look here," cries the butcher, "I thought you said you wanted to pay for it?" "So I do," was the reply, "but I can't."—London Telegraph.

A Phenomenon.

"What's this word, pa?" asked Willie, pointing it out in his book. "Phenomenon," replied pa. "Well, what is that?" "That, my son, is exactly what you would be if you never disturbed your father with questions."

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