

HARRY MAN!

"Men are peculiar things," said the matron to the caller. "As long as I've been married I've never been quite able to understand Mr. Cloober. I don't believe there ever was a man who thought more of his family or took more pride in them, and yet—"

"I think that anybody might be proud of two such lovely girls as you have," said the caller.

"Mr. Cloober is," said the matron. "He really is. He thinks everything of them and they can do almost anything with him. I often say that he will do more for them than he will for me. Yet he's peculiar about that. I think they are girls to be proud of. I don't say it just because I am their mother. I think any woman would say the same. I declare I don't believe I ever saw a prettier sight than those two girls were when they were dressed for the ball the other night. Did you see them? No, of course; you weren't there, were you?"

"I did have an invitation," said the caller, "but you know how it is with me. It's so hard to get Mr. Wells to go anywhere of an evening."

"Well, Geraldine was in pink and Ethel was in blue, and the costumes were made almost identically the same. I do think Mrs. Moxley has exquisite taste. She's expensive, but it's really worth while to pay the prices she charges to get the results. At first she said she positively couldn't make the dresses. She would design them, but that was because she simply couldn't resist doing that. She has an awfully artistic nature, you know, and Geraldine and Ethel appeal to it. Finally she burst out: 'Oh, you dears! I'm just going to make those frocks for you if I let everything else go.' Wasn't that perfectly sweet of her?"

"So she made them. Eggpore silk, and when she showed me what it was—did you ever see any of it? It was imported for the first time only about three months ago and it's just the loveliest, most delicate material I ever saw. Too delicate, I'm afraid. I don't believe it will ever clean. But it made up so beautifully that I'm not sorry now that

I chose it. I think with a little careful pressing it will stand one or two more wearings—if the style hasn't gone out. And she had some perfectly beautiful lace to go with it—some she brought back with her from Paris the last trip she made. But I was going to tell you about Mr. Cloober.

"I had Mrs. Clancy come over to dress the girls' hair on the evening of the ball and it was exquisite the way they looked when they were all dressed. As I say, I don't know when I ever saw a prettier picture. 'Now, darlings,' I said, 'papa is in the library and you must go down and surprise him.' So they went down and tiptoed up behind him and then, when he looked around, they dropped him a curtsey. It was too sweet!"

"I'm sure it must have been," said the caller.

"But will you believe me, my dear, that man just looked at them without so much as a smile and then gave a grunt and went on reading his paper. I declare I was out of patience. 'Well, papa,' I said, 'what do you think of your daughters? Why don't you look at them?'"

"I looked at them," he said, just as short and snappy as could be.

"Well, don't you think that they look charming? I asked."

"Oh, I suppose they all do," he growled. "It seems that they are fussed out a good deal more than necessary." Then he went on with that paper of his.

"I declare you don't deserve to have such daughters," I said. "All right, indeed! That's all you have to say, is it? Come on away, my dears; your papa is too much engaged to pay any attention to you."

"He felt in his breast pocket and pulled out an envelope and threw it on the table. 'I hardly think that you will expect me to be very enthusiastic when you look at that,' he said.

"I opened it, and what do you suppose it was? Mrs. Moxley's bill for the dresses. And really not so very much, for her. And those darling girls standing there! Don't you really think men are peculiar?"—Chicago Daily News.

talked everybody tired before the dinner began, and Travers saw visions of a bad meal when he discovered the Englishman to be his neighbor at table. There was never a stop to the fellow's tongue. When the oysters were brought on, he began: "Now, it is a question as to whether or not the oyster has brains; scientists dispute the idea." "T-t-they certainly have some," retorted Travers. "Your proof, sir," challenged the Briton, eager for argument. "W-wh-wh-why, sir, the o-o-oyster know h-h-h-how to shut up."

FOOD FIT FOR THE GODS.

Ohio Editor Sings a Poem to the Glory of Buckwheat Cakes.

There is nothing in this world that so completely surrounds the human appetite and makes it a willing captive on one of the cold December mornings when a boreal blast comes rushing down and infuses itself in the very brick and mortar of one's home as a dish of hot buckwheat cakes, generously moistened with a sage-spiced gravy, off of a reeking-hot pork steak. This is not altogether a delicate combination, but it is, if one takes into account the day and the freezing air outside and the shivering snowflakes that are trying to slip in under the windows to get warm. It is then that one does not want to toy with torrid food or spend the time crunching cream puffs. He wants something that fights the polar chill. The Almighty made the buckwheat cake to do that very thing and the pork steak to assist it.

Now, some people are squeamish about pork and suspect it is too strong for their delicate digestion. Go to. What is that kindly odor floating like a sweet incense spirit out of the kitchen—that flavor of the frying pork steak, and the delicate incense of the sage along with it, and the mouth-watering sight of that browned pier of buck heat cakes—what is it all but loving nature's urgent invitation to abandon your cowardly suspicion and partake?

Of course, this does not apply to May day when the Johnny jumpers are peeping from under the dead leaves and the soft zephyrs are playing tag with the morning sunshine—but now; look without; listen to that arctic roar; see the snowflakes freezing to death, hear those icicles falling from the neighboring roof—is it time for strawberries and parfait? No, indeed; pass the buckwheat cakes and more of the steak and gravy, please; let the polar winds howl.—Columbus Journal.

Benjaminites Are Few.

About 94 per cent of otherwise normal people use the right hand in preference to the left; 6 per cent are left-handed, and it is a curious fact that one-third of the 6 per cent are ambidextrous.—Portland (Ore.) Journal.

His Business.

"I know a man who is always anxious to treat everybody he meets." "He must be very generous." "Not a bit of it. He's a doctor."—Baltimore American.

ROMANCE OF A SLAVE.

Advanced Money for Education of Former Master's Children.

Permitted by his white owner to purchase his own freedom and that of his wife with money he had accumulated through his industry, William O'Neal, a remarkable negro who has just died at Cheneyville, La., years afterward educated a son and a daughter with the greatest solicitude possible, says the New Orleans Picayune.

This incident was recalled yesterday by gentlemen in New Orleans who knew O'Neal and the white family which at first owned him and then were the beneficiaries of his affection. The owner was John Johnson, a prominent sugar planter of Rapides parish. Before the civil war Johnson was the owner of a large plantation and of many slaves. Among the slaves was a mulatto, William O'Neal, who, like many of the more intelligent slaves had been taught a trade. O'Neal was trained as a cooper, and proved not only a skillful mechanic, but a steady worker, faithful and economical.

Belonging to an indulgent owner, O'Neal was given many liberties not usually accorded slaves, but instead of wasting his time he worked for himself and laid aside his earnings. When he had saved a sufficient sum he arranged to purchase the freedom of his wife. He was advised that it would be better for him to purchase his own freedom, so that every cent he thereafter made could be devoted to the purchase of his wife and other relatives. But O'Neal had early determined that his first earnings should free his wife, and the suggestions were disregarded. It was not until after the purchase had been effected that he realized his mistake and sought to repair it.

Again the indulgence of Mr. Johnson was shown. He permitted O'Neal and his wife to arrange the matter so as to apply the money on O'Neal's freedom, the wife returning to bondage.

A free man, able to work for whom he pleased and to apply his earnings as he pleased, O'Neal soon saved enough to buy his wife's freedom a second time, and then that of his mother.

Freedom did not "spoil" O'Neal, as is said to have been the case with many negroes. He continued at his trade until he had accumulated a small sum, and then opened a general merchandise store at Cheneyville. His business was a success, and he soon bought a small farm for his mother, giving it to her for life. He next bought a place for himself—a small residence and sixty acres of the best land.

O'Neal continued to prosper after the war, which had practically stripped his former master of his wealth. An unfortunate shooting affray, in which Mr. Johnson was killed, added to the family's troubles and made the children dependent upon others. O'Neal was the first one to offer assistance, and the help he proposed to give was not merely temporary. He agreed to support the son and daughter of his former master, paying their expenses until they had acquired an education.

This act of O'Neal's won for him the admiration and respect of the entire community, which had formerly regarded him merely as a good negro.

The two children he educated grew to maturity, married and moved to Texas, while O'Neal continued to reside in Cheneyville, conducting his business. When his mother died he insisted upon the property he had given her being distributed among her other heirs, declaring that he had enough.

O'Neal was known in New Orleans in a business way. His credit was good at all the wholesale houses with which he did business, and he was regarded as a good business man.

The Boy's Opinion.

They are 2 kinds of magsines one kind that has powder in them and which xplodes and blows up people and gunbotes and forts and snap cracker stores and a nother kind that doesn't have any powder in them or ennything else except advertising my father says, the last don't xplode very often but they bust up suntimes.

they is a grate many pages in magsines the second kind. I dont know how many but they is a awful lot of pages. It dont take long to read a magsine the second kind, not the first, becaus most of the pages is about silver pitchers for \$2 dollars and \$40 cents a peace and sets of Shakspear for \$1. dollar and how to study law by male for \$50 cents and how to raise hens and squobbs for \$1. dollar and \$25 cents and about soper that flotes and pictures of stockings with legs in them, and niggers with dippers in his hand and a white spern on and 2 little nigers without enny close except little skirts, and babies without close on setting in tubs and overmoobles and moter boats and gas stoves and toilet powder and bull dogs and most everything else in this world except stories.—Success Magazine.

Serious Fun.

"How do you manage to write so much light comic stuff?" asked the inquisitive friend.

"By settling down to heavy, serious work," answered the jokesmith.—Kansas City Times.

A POLITICAL FAMILY.

The Countess of Carlisle, one of the most brilliant of living Englishwomen, is a rampant Radical in politics. Her husband, the earl, is a Conservative of the old-fashioned type, who regards the House of Lords as the chief pillar of the British constitution. The children of this distinguished couple, of whom there are eight surviving, exhibit the same diversity of political opinions, the men generally holding the views of their father and the women those of their mother.

Gladstone once said of Lady Carlisle that she was "one of the most valuable assets of the Liberal party." Indeed, she is universally acknowledged to be a power by her own side and a doughty foe by her opponents. When her eldest son, Lord Morpeth, was contesting a Birmingham division for Parliament, the chamberlain remarked to him:

"If women were allowed to stand for election, I suppose we should have your mother down here running against you as a Liberal candidate."

"I have not a doubt of it," replied the viscount, "and a poor figure I or any other man would cut beside her. She is one of the best of mothers, but for the good of the country, as she sees it, my defeat, so long as I was beaten by a Radical, would cause her more satisfaction than my election. And my sister Dorothy is the same way."

It is an interesting fact that when this family espouses opposite sides in public it is the side on which the women are found that most often wins. That was the case at a recent by-election in the Hexham division of Northumberland. The Liberal candidate was elected by a large majority.

One of the issues was the House of Lords. Lord Morpeth made several speeches in favor of maintaining unrestricted the legislative powers of the peers. And his sister, Lady Dorothy Howard, who has inherited her mother's gift of speech, as often demolished them, demonstrating, to the amusement of her audience, that an unfettered House of Lords constituted the greatest obstacle to legislative progress in the kingdom. At one of the meetings addressed by Lord Morpeth, Lady Dorothy distributed leaflets, advocating Liberal principles among the people for whose enlightenment her brother was engaged in propounding Conservative doctrines.

While canvassing, brother and sister frequently ran across each other, when there was a lively exchange of banter.

"I say, Dorothy," exclaimed Lord Morpeth on one occasion, "it is no use your going in there!"—indicating a house which he had just left. "I have secured that little lot."

"I suppose you mean that you've kissed all the babies in the family?" was the retort. "At that game I admit I am no match for you, but I can beat you all hollow when it comes to talking over the men. When I leave that house I shall have captured that 'little lot' of yours for the other side."

So it proved, according to a contributor to the London Daily News, which records these divisions in the noble house of Carlisle.

Perhaps the most striking thing about this interesting family is that they never quarrel. They are disunited politically, yet they live together in the sweetest unity.

Machine Calculates Wages.

A new wages calculating machine of English make has recently been brought out. The design is free from small and intricate pieces of mechanism which are generally a prolific source of trouble. This instrument is a time and labor-saving device employed in the case of piece work, for quickly finding, without calculation, the proportion of the total balance money that is due individually to any number of men sharing profits on the same contract, the divisions being proportional to each man's fixed daily or weekly money rate. When work is paid for on the premium system the instrument can, also, be used for finding the time allowance that is to be added to the actual time occupied on the contract.

The instrument consists of two large wheels, with broad flat faces, mounted on the same spindle. The spindle is carried at each end in bearings fixed to the wooden supporting stand. One of the two wheels is securely keyed to the spindle, and the other is free to revolve. A spring of sufficient strength to cause the two wheels to revolve together, presses the loose wheel against the other.—Technical World Magazine.

Doesn't Dare.

"You fellows may find it all right," said the man in the corner of the smoking compartment, "but in my business I can't take people as I find them."

"What is your business?" asked the man whose suit case was covered with labels.

"I'm a photographer."—Cleveland Press.

Emanipated Squaws.

An Indian woman was in Horton this week, arm in arm with her man, instead of trailing along meekly behind him. The "new woman" idea seems to be obtaining on the reservation, and the first thing we know they will have clubs and federations out there.—Horton (Okla.) Record.

Wanted to Know.

Compositor—About this story headed "Wheeling in West Virginia?" Editor—What about it?

Compositor—Does it belong to the series of articles on American cities or does it go on the sporting page?

DID NOT WANT FINE HOUSE.

Woman Said It Made Her Tired to Look at Mansion.

"Isn't that a perfectly beautiful house?" said one woman to another, as the trolley passed by a magnificent residence.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, carelessly. "It makes me feel tired just to look at it. Ever since our friends, the Smiths, went to Europe and asked us to live in their house and take care of it for them I've been a changed woman. I was simply tickled to death over the prospect; but after I had lived there a month I thought differently. No servant would stay where there was so much work. The polished floors got dusty if you turned your back on them. The magnificent bathroom was a nightmare to keep clean; the butler's pantry was so inconvenient it got on my nerves, and with the fine system of heating we nearly froze to death. I was never so happy as when they returned and we could move back into our own little, warm, convenient, not-stylish, two-by-four of a house."

The other woman looked thoughtful over this description. For it is true that many and many a woman looks with envy at the fine home of a neighbor simply because she does not know anything about it.

For it is not the lofty building, the beautiful architecture, the handsome furnishings, the open fireplaces or the ornate reception hall that makes a home homelike; in this day of scarce and high-priced as well as inadequate servants these things mean more trouble than anything else.

It is not the size of the rooms nor their hardwood floors, the outside piazzas nor the lawns around the house that make that place most livable. Put it down as a fact that money has nothing at all to do with the making of a real home.

There is more than one family living happy, hearty and comfortable in a six-room house who are getting more out of life and their house than many a rich man does in his lofty, uncomfortable and most expensive mansion.

Fine feathers, so the proverb runs, make fine birds; but fine birds do not make fine homes, as many who know can testify.

Do not envy your neighbor her fine house, gentle reader; rather than being a joy to her it is more than likely it is a veritable burden upon her back.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Teacher—Donald, why are you scratching your head? Small Donald—"Cause I'm the only one that knows where it itches."

Little Elmer—Mamma, please give me another lump of sugar for my coffee, I dropped mine. Mamma—Where did you drop it, dear? Little Elmer—I dropped it in—er—in my coffee.

Teacher—Where's the north pole, Harry? Harry—Don't know. Teacher—What! You don't know where the north pole is? Harry—No, ma'am; if I did them explorer fellows would be out of a job.

Little Allen—Papa, has everybody got a soul? Papa—I suppose so, my son. Little Allen—Well, papa, do you think you could open your mouth wide enough so I could look down your throat and see if you have one?

One morning Uncle Bob was engaged in shaving himself, and his small nephew was an interested spectator. "Clearance," said his uncle, "don't you want me to shave you, too?" "No, uncle," replied the little fellow. "My whiskers ain't ripe yet."

"Mamma," said little John, "where do good little boys go?" "To heaven, dear," replied his mother. "But I mean when they are alive," said the little fellow. "I don't know," answered the mother. "I suppose they stay at home." "I thought maybe their mamma's took 'em to the theater sometimes."

"Moral courage," said the teacher, addressing the juvenile class, "makes one do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions. Now, Johnny, can you give me an illustration?" "Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny. "If a feller has candy an' eats it all hisself an' ain't afraid of th' other kids callin' him stingy th' moral courage."

Barometer Stone.

There exists a stone which is said unfalteringly foretells changes in the weather. This stone was found in Finland many years ago by an explorer, and has since been watched by scientists with great interest. It presents a white, mottled appearance in sunshine, gradually turning from gray to black as a rainstorm approaches. The stone is composed of clay, niter and rock salt. In dry weather the salt in the stone is prominent, but when the air is filled with moisture the salt absorbs the moisture and turns black, thus forming the barometer.

Petrarch.

Petrarch lived seventy years. The famous sonnets to Laura, the only productions by which the poet is now remembered, were all written within a period of twenty years, during which time the intimacy continued. Petrarch had been writing sonnets to Laura for about sixteen years when the lady fancied she discovered symptoms of a not unnatural weariness and plaintively asked, "Are you tired so soon?"

KILL THE WEAKINGS!

Boston Bean Bolter Boasts Belief in Benevolent Brutality.

At that center of beans and brains, Boston, lives Dr. Andrew Christian, a successful Back Bay physician, big, athletic and 30 years old, who is the latest to be heralded as a champion of the theory of the survival of the fittest.

"If mothers would be willing to have their children quietly put to sleep forever when they are very young and show signs of deformity or degeneracy the world would be better," he says. "Of course that could not be unless the women could be educated up to the fact that it would be the kindest way to end a life which will be of no use to itself or anyone else."

"If I, myself, had a little child born and it was deformed or showed that it would be mentally weak, then I would be willing that it should be put to death with no suffering, and it would be the prudent thing to do because it would save it from untold suffering later. This may seem harsh, but it really isn't."

"A board of overseers of marriage is what we want. The race is degenerating and some radical change must be made soon or we will in time have only idiots and imbeciles. Just take for example what Luther Burbank has accomplished with the flowers. Even more can be done with human beings and greater results obtained."

"Only the fit should marry, only those who are mentally and physically normal and sane, those whose ancestors were clean of life and well balanced mentally."

"To be born under right conditions with as nearly perfect mother and father, mentally and physically, as possible, is the heritage of every child, and the man or woman who cheats a child of that heritage is committing a double crime, one against the child and one against society."

QUEER STORIES.

Bridge builders in San Francisco are paid \$5 a day.

The printing trade in Canada employs almost 10,000 people at an annual wage list of \$5,540,885.

Birds, when perched on trees or bushes, are natural weathercocks, as they invariably turn their heads to the wind.

The purest breed of Arab horses are the Kochlani, whose genealogy has been preserved for 2,000 years. They are said to be derived from King Solomon's stables.

The richest woman in Great Britain is Miss Emily Charlotte Talbot, who owns two magnificent estates which she inherited from her father, worth about \$7,000,000. Another rich woman is Miss Alice de Rothschild, who is very charitable and has a great hobby for gardening.

The youngest mountaineer who ever set foot on the Jungfrau summit is Ida Lecht. She is only ten years old, and is the daughter of the Jungfrau railway manager. She was born and reared among the Alps, and learned to climb like a goat when hardly more than an infant.

Mrs. Hetty Green's portrait is being exhibited in one of the New York picture galleries, showing her wearing the small black bonnet with a bit of white, in which she is seen so often. Strange to say, she has a small curly-haired dog in her arms, which indicates that she is at least a lover of animals.

At the last general election in New Zealand there were 263,597 men and 212,875 women on the roll. There actually voted 221,611 men and 175,049 women. In fourteen contests the women voters outnumbered the men. Of the candidates elected in these fourteen constituencies only one was unmarried.

It is not generally known that there is a room in the British Museum set apart exclusively for forgeries. In the time the museum has been in existence many spurious articles have come into its possession. In some cases the object has been on view for some time before the forgery was discovered. The public is not admitted to the room in which the articles are kept.

The King can do no wrong, but there is one innocent thing that no sovereign ever does—namely, to stand with his back against a wall. At the royal stand at Newmarket or elsewhere his majesty invariably leaves ample room for persons to pass behind him, so that he may escape having perpetually to reply to their salutations, which he would be bound to notice did those people pass in front of him.—London Chronicle.

Recovering Waste Tin.

There are acres of dump heaps in every city of the world literally covered with tin cans and similar articles of tin plate, in which there is at least five per cent of pure tin, but the recovery of this metal has never been economically done. The solder entering into the manufacture of these articles is secured by the simple process of heating the mass until the solder runs and goes to the bottom, but for one reason or another it has never been possible to regain the tin. This has now been achieved and is being extensively done in Copenhagen by an electric process.

Widows are often said to be "fascinating." They know how to handle the men; that's the real truth about it.

The great difficulty seems to be to be both good and interesting.

GOOD Short Stories.

An old Georgia negro having told the judge that he had "been in three wars," was asked to name them, when he replied: "I wuz a cook in de Confedrit war, an' atter freedom broke out I wuz married two times!"

A certain nobleman well known to society, while one day strolling round his stables, came across his coachman's little boy on a seat, playing with his toys. After talking to the youngster a short time he said: "Well, my little man, do you know who I am?" "Oh, yes," replied the boy; "you're the man who rides in my father's carriage."

She had buried three husbands, and the fourth lay cold while the undertaker measured him. And she was known in the Kentish village to have put aside something more than husbands. "It isn't, p'raps, the right time to mention such a matter," said the undertaker to the widow, "but if you was thinking of taking a fifth—" "Now, that comes of being precipitous," replied the widow. "I've just took the barber what come to shave the corpse."

A gentleman from one of the Northern States hurried to Texas to the bedside of his son, who lay sick with a very high fever. The doctor who had accompanied him was very anxious to procure some ice for his patient, and the father approached a group on the hotel piazza, inquiring where he might get some ice. None of the group made any response for some time, but when the inquiry was repeated, one man finally renounced tobacco juice for attention. Striding to the end of the balcony, he ejected the juice and made reply: "Well, who ever heered o' ice in the summer time!"

"It will be impossible for us to transact any public business to-night," said the president of the city council, "because of the lack of a quorum." "Mr. Chairman," said the new member, arising quickly, "I have been elected on a pledge to my constituency that I shall work untiringly and unceasingly for the upbuilding and uplifting of our city, and I now and here move that a committee be appointed to consider the immediate purchase of as good a quorum as the market affords, and that the committee be instructed to secure the quorum and have it properly installed by the next meeting night. And furthermore," he said, with a fine patriotic touch, "let us obtain a good American quorum, and not one of those ancient Roman things!"

Mr. Travers, the famous New York wit, once met at dinner a pompous Englishman who was "doing" the States. He had letters aplenty attesting his importance—letters from Gladstone, Dilke, Salisbury, and Churchill. He had