

. THE . OTHER . MAN. .

E stood on the brink of the preci-pice and looked over. Three hun-dred feet below him the sea broke on the somber rocks.

The man's muscles tensioned and he It was a foolhardy thing to do, and drew a deep breath. What an easy evidently bespoke a strong brain, way to end it all! Just one little stepthose rocks below were no bunglers; abruptly. The stooping figure was they would make no mistake over their | Everett. work, and the sea would tell no talesand then-then he would be away from it all, and would never have to hear the stolen his love from him-the man who agony of hearing that she was married | nad made his life a blank and barren to Everett.

Married to Everett-married to Everett! The words clanged in his ears, He groaned aloud and bent hastily over the edge.

throat; the ground rocked sickeningly pieces on those cruel rocks beneath! beneath him, and for one dizzy second he thought he was falling-falling down that interminable space.

Then the mist passed, the ground stopped rocking and he gasped with thinking of his own skin. Suppose a relief to find himself still standing safe | sudden noise made the man start? Aland sound on firm earth. He turned away with a scornful

laugh at his own weakness. Home again, he flung himself into an easy-chair and lit his pipe, resolved to his shoulder.

give way no longer to morbid imaginings. He picked up a magazine, but his thoughts flew off at a tangent to the

very evening, to which he had been Invited. He had vowed not to see her again

till he could settle once for all the demon of unrest within him, and a crowded | and the waves below reached up hunballroom was the last place for impassioned avowals.

He thought how cool and beautiful of anger at their failure, she would look in her white muslin, with her fluffy golden hair framing her breath. sweet little flower-like face. Perhaps he would go, after all. Then a second gruffly. figure rose up to spoil the picturehandsome, happy-go-lucky Everett, with a merry word for everyone, say, old chap, you might just hang on dancing untiring attendance on the fas- to my legs for a minute, will you? 1 cinating hostess and never leaving her | want to reach that great bit just there. side for a moment.

How dared he take possession of her in that way! And how could she put | pudently up at them just out of reach.

Amateur-What does it mean in theatric circles when they say the Free Press. As he neared the summit he per-'ghost walks?" Veterap Actor-It means that the rest of us don't have to .- Detroit Free Press.

some plant from the cliff below. A little nearer, and he stopped short

All his love and hate surged up with in him. Everett, the man who had waste. A thousand devils seemed let loose within him. How very near that stooping figure was to death-so near that one touch-just one little motion of the foot-and he would lose his bal-A mist came before his eyes and his ance and go speeding, speeding down breath rose in a choking heave to his those smilling cliffs and be hurled to His breath came quickly.

Suppose it had happened accidentally? Even as he thought he knew he Deacon Shanghai-Dat boy certainly was a coward. Even then he was Is full ob music, Mrs. Jackson. Mrs. Jackson-Yes, Deacon; hit most unconsciously he opened his lips, run ovah by one o' dem street planand a barsh "Hallo!" broke from him. Everett's nerves were steel, He ners,

urned his sunny face and smiled over "Hallo, old man!" he responded amla-

Fraser came and stood dumbly beside

"You'll be over in a minute!" he said

"Not 11" he said confidently. "But, 1

Everett laughed easily.

and it's just beyond me."

"Well, it isn't as bright as it might him, holding his hands tightly together be," answered the antique clairvoyant, dance which was to take place that behind him to hide their shaking. He who was taking a long look into it; had forgotten Everett was a sailor. "but," she added with a girlish titter,

He watched him furtively leaning "perhaps the gas is turned down."down further and further, till it seemed | Puck. impossible he could retain his balance; Proved His Point.

"Opportunity comes once to every gry white arms to catch him, and fell man. back again with a murmuring thunder "That's right; and any man is bound to become famous if he only lives long A little further. Fraser caught his enough."

"Oh; I don't quite believe that." "You don't? Suppose a man lives to be 150 years old; wouldn't that make him famous?"-Philadelphia Record.

Taking the Sting Cut of It.

"Have 1 got a bright future?" anx-

lously inquired the sweet young gradu-

ate, who was chock-full of ambition.

OF THE PRESS.

and Smith home with me, and I'd like

to have a nice dinner for them .- Phila-

In Theatric Parlance.

Inherent Talent.

delphia Repord.

Trying to Follow the Injunction. "And now," continued his angry spouse, thoroughly aroused. "I am go ing to give you another piece of my The waving pink bloom nodded im | mind-what are you doing?"

"I am turning the other ear," patient-Fraser stood motionless, moistening his iy responded Mr. Meeker .-- Chicago

Editor, "who writes to know 'what is the popular spoonholder of this sea

"Evidently," replied the Snake Editor, "she's never had any beaux." "Why?" "Because if she had she'd know that

the most popular one is the parlor sofa."-Philadelphia Press. Heavy Incidentals.

She-Is the writing of poetry very lu-

crative? He-Well, it would be if one didn't normal number of limbs is conclusivehave to lay out 50 cents or so every ly proved by the skill of Mile, Rapin, a week on paper and stamps!-Puck. Swiss artist, who, though without

A emory. Husband (angrily) - Don't forget, madame, that you are my wife. Wife-Oh, never fear. There are ed, whom many of us have doubtiess some things one can't forget .- Detroit seen at work in the Antwerp pleture

Affir led Her Ple taure. He-I am afraid you don't like my lancing.

She-On the contrary, I think it is very amusing.

Nominated. "What does Mildred mean when she Earl of Morton, who took her under his says that she is writing her letter of acceptance to Theodore." - Denver News.

Highly Epj yable. Buggins-1 hear Smitkins is learning golf. Does he enjoy it? ready put three caddles in the hospital.-Philadelphia Record.

Terrible. Scene: A railway car. First Artist -Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used.

Second Artist (in a hoarse whisper)-Well, 1 was at Stodge's yesterday; he had just knocked off three little girls' heads, horrid raw things, when a dealences with his marvelous feats. er came in, sir; he bought 'em directly, took 'em away, wet as they were, on a comes nachel toe dat chile; his pap war stretcher, and wanted Stodge to let him

have some more next week. Old Lady (putting her head out of window and shrieking)-Conductor, stop the train and let me out, or 1'll be murdered!

Intervals in Fxcitement. off to be a pirate.'

"Are you, Bobby ?" "Yes, but don't you be scared; I'll

come home at night to sleep."-Chicage Record. Plain Evilence of Art.



"Here's a girl," remarked the Query HANDLESS BUT HANDY | Plymouth the government retains from

warfare on the water impossible. ARMLESS PEOPLE HAVE ACCOM-PLISHED DIFFICULT FEATS. of modern civilization is that there are

Individuals Minns Upper Limbs Have Become Famous Artists, Dextrous existence, the extirpation of many Penmen, Exp.rt Musicians and Arforms of disease, and the rational attitisans.

> sented as having a dark side, for the erywhere we see peace, prosperity, progress, and it is therefore with feel-

ings of the utmost gratitude that we tleth century,"



Dr. Stubbs, the Bishop of Oxford, was Turning to earlier armiess celebrities, mention must be made of John Valeonce importuned by a woman who, Muggins-Says it's great. He has al- rius, born in Germany in 1667, who knowing his experience of the Holy was capable of performing many sur- Land, kept on asking him what places prising feats. He could shave himself, she ought to visit, as she was starting play on the drum, fence with much on a trip to Palestine. After answer skill, and, in short, use his toes with ing topographical questions without as much adroltness as most men can number, he was again asked: "But, their hands. He possessed, however, | really, what place would you advise me a modern rival in the person of Herr to go to?" "To Jericho, madam." said Unthan, whom many will remember as the bishop, sweetly,

> exhibiting himself a few years ago in A London newsboy, who is accus-London, where he surprised large audi- tomed to shout "Extras" every evening, recently had a very bad cold and

> Matthew Buckinger, who was born became hoarse. Feeling himself at a at Nuremberg seven years later than disadvantage, he carried a large card in Valerius, was but a mere trunk, pos- front of him, on which he had roughly sessing neither arms nor legs. Despite written: "Hush! Noise is a nuisance! his natural disadvantages, however, he | 1 can't shout my extras, but 1 have is said to have been an excellent per- them all the same!" It idid not take former on the flute, bagpipe and trum- the boy long to sell out his stock of papet, while his sketches-landscape, fig- pers to the grateful passers-by.

ures and coats of arms-which were In her book on "Some Players," Amy "Ma, when I get big I'm goin' 'way executed with a pen, were equal to the Leslie says that Edwin Booth's detestamost finished engravings. His calition of "Richard III," was frank and graphy, of which examples are still ex- incurable. One night, when in the tant, would have done credit to the most magnificent instant of Richard, a most expert writing master, and, insuper fell in a writhing, squirming atdeed, he was able to make no incon- tack, which set the country audience siderable income by the sale of these laughing, Booth said, quietly, after the fall of the curtain, amid shouts of mis-He figured likewise in the not very guided laughs, "What was the matter,

invidious role of wife beater, for on captain?" The trembling captain one occasion when one of his wivesowned reluctantly that one of his twenhe was married four times-insulted ty-five-cent men had been seized in a him, he sprang upon her, got her down. ht. "Please pay thirty cents next time, and buffeted her so severely with his and employ one whose fits may not instumps that she was glad to escape terfere with Richard. Richard is un further chastisement by promising endurable enough without the addition amendment in the future-a promise of rented fits." hat she falthfully kept.

Equally marvelous were the feats of William Kingston, who at the commencement of the present century resided at Ditcheat, near Bristol, where of Rugeley, England, to a correspon- When the bird dies it is a sign that

DEVIL DANCERS OF CEYLON.

Earn a Good Living by Exorcising Declads, though electricity long ago made moas from the vick. The real Singhalese devil dancers in

Ceylon are most ferocious and savage "Perhaps the most striking feature fellows. Their dances are revolting no ugly women. The improved condi- and horrible. But their profession is tions of life, the place which legitimate popular and affords a royal living for enjoyment has in the modern scheme of the men who go into it.

There is a superstition among the Singhalese that when a man falls sick tude of mind of the average woman he is supposed to be afflicted with have worked wonders. No modern a devil. In order to rid him of the playwriter would think of elaborating disease the devil dancers are called in a plot in which married life was pre- to propitiate the demon.

Two or more of them go by night to woman of to-day is a joy in her own the sick man's house, in front of which house, and not only in the houses of a small, square inclosure, about six others, as there is reason to believe feet high, has been made of grasses was the case a hundred years ago. Ev- and paim leaves. This answers the purpose of the green room at a theater. The men appear at first without masks and with long yellow grass watch the departing hours of the twen- streamers hanging from their bends and waists. The only light cast on the scene is by torches made of sticks, around which pieces of cloth are wrap-

ped, dipped in oil. To the music of a tom-tom, kept up on one note, the dancers sing a peculiar, wild, funeral dirge, in which the spectators often join.

The dancers begin by slowly moving about, stretching the right foot and bringing the left up to it, and appear as if they were searching for some thing, during which the singing sounds like crying. They are then asking the devil to appear. There are twenty-four different sorts of devils, and, after the first part, the dancers are constantly changing their clothes to represent the entire species; some wear masks, some don jaws and terrible teeth reaching

to the ears; the jaws open and close in a very realistic manner. A dance lasts over two nights, as the

whole twenty-four devils have all to be personated before the particular demon who is afflicting the sick man is pitched on. When he gives signs of his presence the daucers go into a sort of frenzy, which increases as he takes possession of them; the tom-tom beats faster and faster, the chanting grows into yells, the men whirl and stamp, the bells fastened by bracelets on to.

their ankles jingle and clash. At this stage the dancers appear to be looking for some object to give the devil in sacrifice, and into which he may pass. A chicken is usually offered by the friend of the sick man, and this unfortunate bird is selzed upon, twisted and tormented and hitten between the false teeth, until the dancers, worn out move slower and slower, and the chicken sinks into a sort of trance, which is a sign that the devil has accepted the sacrifice, and is willing to pass from the man into the bird. Now and then the bird is revived by some charmed water being thrown on its head, and then the torture of it begins again. After this the men don sheepskin petticoats and capes, and in the

The desire of the inhabitants of Sing torchlight look more and more diabol-Sing to change the name of the town ical and frenzied in their thanks to recalls a somewhat similar desire on the devil for consenting to leave the the part of the inhabitants of the town sick man.

he cultivated a small farm. He could, dent of the New York Times. A man the devil has left the man, and he will

That success in art is not the monopoly of such as are dowered with the

arms, has made a name for berself with her portraits and bas reliefs, and of the Belgian painter, recently deceasgallery copying the works of the old

masters there on view. Other armiess artists, too, have ac

quired fame, among whom may be mentioned the celebrated Miss Biffen, who carned a living as a miniature painter. Originally on exhibition at Bartholomew fair, she was seen by the patronage and paid for her artistic education. She was a favorite of George IV, and William IV., the latter of whom allowed her a small pension.

specimens of his skill.

Ilis pipe-mankind's universal baby- dry lips. bottle-for once failed utterly in its mission of soothing. He tossed it angrily across the table and buried his face in his hands, lost in a whirl of miserable confectures.

His thoughts flew back to that dance gers-just the opening of his handone week ago-one week so crowded with hopes and fears that it seemed a for breath. lifetime.

He remembered those two dances, glanced back. the music, the scent of flowers in the conservatory, and, more distinctly than said, "to wear this evening." all, the laughing face of Dolly.

Then those few overheard words denly pressed spring. There was a sud rushed through his brain. He clinched den cry, and then-then something his fists and his face flushed at the rec- went rolling, rolling, striking and ollection. He had drifted from the ball- bounding sickeningly down that steep room to the conservatory. Would she side,

consent? That was the question that | For an instant the white face was upthrobbed in his brain. Should he say turned.

the words that would decide his future "All right, old chap-I know-accilife and hers? He had puffed at a ci- dent!" floated up brokenly, and then garette, and stared at the thin wisps there was a last bideous thud, and the of blue smoke. Would his hopes fade waves clutched greedily at their unrecinto nothingness as that, fragrant ognizable prey and drew it under. And smoke faded and vanished into air? the swooping seaguils shricked wildly And then he heard people talking. He and circled upward.

recognized the voice of Everett, and Fraser stood as if turned to stone. then Dolly's. They were seated on the gazing with distended eyeballs at the opposite side of the conservatory, and gurgling eddies where that-that thing had not seen him as he sat almost con- had disappeared.

edge. • • •

said merrily.

"So long!"

"I say, old fellow, do wake up and

stop having the horrors! You don't

a red nightmare. The voice went on:

had a telegram calling me back to Ire-

land immediately. Old Chris Murdoch

has releated and consented to our be-

ing publicly engaged. And all through

Dolly, too-bless her little heart! She's

Everett turned back, half-laughing.

Archbishop's Apt Retort.

The archbishop of Dublin recently

performed a marriage in the family of

"I only looked in to say ta-ta. I've

cealed behind a tangle of patta leaves. Murderer! Murderer! Murderer! "Dolly," Everett was saying, "you The waves lashed it at him, the seamust say 'Yes.' My whole life depends gulls shricked it, the whole living and upon it. We have been chums so long. | inanimate world flung the awful word Say you will and make me the happlest at him. He stood paralyzed. Had he done it

man in England not to speak of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Say 'Yes!' 1 -he? What had he done? He held his know what you want to say-that we hands vaguely and plteously out before ought to be getting back again. And him, asking them mutely. Murderer! there are all those loathsome people Murderer! Murderer! Yes, it was true -true! His hands told him-his hands who want dances. Confound 'em, You will? I knew you would ---- "

Fraser had sat there, almost unable blood-red-stained with blood! The to move. He did not know how long. grass was red-the sky-the very sea The music from the ballroom floated was blood! out into the conservatory, mingling He flung up his hands with an awful

with the laughter and chatter of the guests. All hope, all interest in life was gone-snatched from him by those few overheard words. People were

asking for him. What did it matter: know how beastly awful you look# nothing mattered now. A voice aroused Fraser opened his eyes slowly and him. He looked up, and saw Everett stared in blank terror at the handsome before him-Everett, who was his tanned face looking down at him. He wondered vaguely whether he was friend; who was now his rival-his dreaming now or had just awoke from

eenms! "Hallo, Fraser, old man, you seem to by ten fathoms deep in the blue dumps! What's the matter now? Come and have a smoke with me. I've been looking for you half the evening."

And that all happened a week ago! A week-the most miserable in his life. And now he was trying to forget her. Meg's dearest friend, you know, and What a fool he was!

IL. The thought of that steep drop down to the sea kept recurring to his mind again and again with a fatal fascination put it away from his as he would. | face. Through all his broodings its somber invitation stood out clear and distinct. He could see even now the jagged rocks lurking below, dripping with spray, looking for their prey,

At last he got up. It was no good staying in. Inaction was torture to him in his present frame of mind. He would try and walk it off.

He started aff rapidly, without any definite aim or intention, but unconsciously his steps turned toward the the proceedings and said to him as he once more ascending the steep little you." "And with thy spirit," is reportpath he had traversed that morning.

Tribune. Everett looked around. The Mystery of Motive, "D'you mind, old man?" he said. "Why," asked the young wife, naive-

And mechanically the other stretched ly, "do you always whistle when you out his hand and obeyed. get my millinery bills?" Now-now! one movement of his fin-"To raise the wind!" replied the man -Detroit Journal. He fought the thought back, gasping

In 'isputabl-. Everett leaned still farther. He half Mamma-Oh, Ethel, you never saw me behave like that.

Ethel (aged 4)-Well, I haven't know-"They're for Dolly, you know," he ed you so very long .- Tit-Bits. The fingers opened as if by some sud-

Compulsory Proportions. "You're not half so stout as you were, Billy."

"No: we've moved into a flat, and]

just had to get thin."-Indianapolis





Beggar-Plase, yer honor, do help a

that he had opened. God! They were poor old body. Irritable Old Chap-Don't bother me. woman. Can't you see that I couldn't possibly get a hand into my pockets? Beggar-Ah, but perhaps I could, yer

cry and sprang blindly over that fatal bonor. His Grasping Disposition. "They say," remarked the mother thoughtfully, referring to the young man who had called the previous evening, "that he is of a grasping disposition." "Well, I should say he was!" ex-

claimed the small boy. "Willie!" cautioned his sister, but it was too late.

"You just ought to have seen the way he grasped Lou when she said she'd marry him," persisted the youngster .-Chicago Evening Post.

Crowded Cut. "Have you called on Penelope since

she's been moving heaven and earth she got back?" to soften the old chap's heart." He "Yes, but I'll have to go again." waived an airy good-by, "Ta-ta!" he "Why?" "She got started first in telling her summer experiences and I didn't get a Fraser gazed speechlessly at him, the

word in edgewise about what I'd been tears still standing thick on his white doing all summer."-Chicago Record. Discouraging. "I wish you wouldn't look at me as "You are the first girl I ever loved," though I were a ghost!" he protested said Mr. Simper to Miss Kittish.

"In that case you may cease loving me. I do not care to be practiced on."

Correct. "Johnny," queried the teacher of the wealthy Irish distiller. After the new pupil, "do you know your alphabreakfast the distiller thanked the bet?"

archbishop effusively for his share of "Yes'm," answered Johnny. "Well, then," continued the teacher, coast, and presently he found himself took his leave, "The Lord be with "what letter comes after A?" "All the rest of them!" was the tried to have been the rejoinder. umphant reply.

She-I came to study art. noment I looked into your face.

They All Came Back. "Half a dozen of us fellows," said the struggling young author, "held a competition in short story writing. My

story won the prize." "Conceded to be the best, ch?" "Well, we sent them all to the same magazine, and the editor kept mine longer than any of the others."-Phila

delphia Press. Most Unfashion ible.

"My gracious!" suddenly exclaimed little Mabel Blugore, who had been and doubted the truth of his confesday-dreaming, "I suppose there's no help for it." "What are you thinking of, dear?"

asked her mamma. "Why, I was just thinking when we die we'll have to wear ready-made heavenly robes for a few days till we and scroll work in which writing excan be fitted."-Philadelphia Press.

The Only Cossibility. He-Nothing could ever come between

us, could it, dear? She-1 can't think of a single thing unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man .- Harper's Bazar.

Used to It.

Mr. Lurker-Excuse me. Miss Snap per, but I have long sought this opportunity---Miss Snapper-Never mind the pre-

amble, Mr. Lucker. Run along in and ask pa. He's been expecting this would come for the last two years.-Tit-Bits. 31, 2000:

A Courteous Offer. "Couldn't I be squeezed in there somehow?" asked the pretty girl, as she contrast the present with the past, All

car. free," exclaimed a young man in the center of the car.-Baltimore American.

No Birds. "I am told that Miss Frocks is a vegetarian," sald Mrs. Fosdlek. "She is," replied Mrs. Keedick, "even in her millinery."

Pepper in Olden Times.

Dr. Adolph Miller, of Philadelphia, President of the Pennsylvania Mycological Club, in a dissertation on the pepper plant, says that during the Middle Ages in Europe pepper was the that it was not generally acknowledged most esteemed and most important of that one of the most important of duall the spices. Genoa, Venice and oth- ties is to enjoy the legitimate pleasures er commercial cities of central Europe of this exquisitely designed world! were indebted to their traffic in pepper for a large part of their wealth. Its

time.

him.

ithout other aid than that of his toes, saddle and bridle his horse, milk his own cows, cut his own hay, bind it up deputation of the inhabitants waited on never killed, and never esten after dy-Artist-I knew you could paint the in bundles, and carry it about the field for his cattle. He was an excellent leave to change the name. The min- thing is quite enough; it is really horcarpenter, too, and had neguired no little renown as a hammer thrower, they proposed to substitute. They re- ful when the men leave off to go to being able with his feet to cast a heavy sledge hammer as far as most men could with their hands.

Very expert, too, is Caleb Orton, an American, though in his case his skill has brought him within the clutches of the law, for though without hands he contrived to forge a postal money order. For that nefarlous purpose he employed his mouth, and although the authorities were at first incredulous

sion, he soon put the matter beyond doubt by ocular demonstration.

Gripping the pen between his teeth, he, by means of a series of rapid movements of his head, executed one of those elaborate designs of birds, beasts perts delight, and proved to the satisfaction of everybody present his undoubted culpability.

AT THE END OF 2000 A. D.

What One Writer Predicts Will Hap pen a Century Hence, The twentleth century is to be the

century of change; science, which is going at the trot, will then go at the gallop, says a writer in London Truth. We think we know much; those who will live 100 years hence will wonder we knew so little.

The following is prematurely quoted from the Dally Cinematograph of Dec.

"On the eve of the twenty-first century it will be in the minds of many to vainly sought entrance to the crowded are aware that gigantic strides have been made recently in the direction of "If you can get in, I have one arm progress, but few realize that only a vants to say he was not at home if he ing to do with you doing your duty," hundred years ago men traveled in was. "A servant's strict regard for answered George Eliot, trains over the land and in ships over with an early adaptation of electricity; that coal was used in almost every household; that hundred of millions were spent in taking instead of in say. the smallest anecdote he would not al- by the Century Company. ing life; that the soldier was more low himself the minutest addition to honored than the surgeon; that welldressed women wore furs in the day

while the sun was shining and half stripped themselves in the evening and

"Only a century ago selfishness and superstition still bound our predecesimportance as a means of promoting sors, but science has removed these commercial activity and civilization bonds from us. As we walk in the during the Middle Ages can hardly be silent streets and look upon the smokeoverrated. Tribute was levied in less sky, where thousands of aerial pepper, and donations were made in | carts, cabs and carriages hurry hither this spice, which was frequently also and thither, we wonder how man can used as a medium of exchange in place | have lived without flying. Even yet we of money. When the imperial city of are surrounded by a decaying past. Rome was besieged by Alaric, the Underground London is said to be King of the Goths, in 408 A. D., the honeycombed with tunnels in which ransom demanded included 5,000 trains ran up to fifty years ago! In pounds of gold, 30,000 pounds of silver many parts of the country telegraph and 3,000 pounds of pepper, illustrating and telephone poles still stand with the importance of this spice at that dangling wires, though wireless telephony has long since superseded those Fifty miles from the town where a older methods of communication. man dies, the papers, if they mention Builders occasionally come upon leaden

his death at all, tell the truth about piping through which gas was conducted when gas was an illuminant. At life.

named Palmer had made Rugeley no- be cured. The bird is then thrown into torious by an atrocious murder, and a the river, to be carried to the sea. It is the home secretary with a petition for ing. About an hour of this sort of name?" They expressed their unquall- Journal. fied delight, and obtained the home sec-

retary's consent to this method of obliterating the memory of the obnoxious. Palmer. The home secretary in question was Lord Palmerston. The town is still known as Rugeley.

When George Sand, the famous French novelist, was living at Nahant, near the close of her life, she was fairly caught on her own grounds by a determined British journalist, of her own

do you work, madame?" "I never work," replied George Sand, gayly, "Ho! But your books? When do you make them?" "They make themselves, morning, evening, and night." This was baffling, but the British lady, al-

'Olympia,'" returned George Sand, reorganized house of Harper & Bros. book.

Dr. Johnson's Regard for Truth

embellish his story.

Mistaken Identity.

Attorney-You say you had called to at the time the burglary was committed? Witness-Yes, sir.

"Then how did it happen that when

the prisoner dashed into the room and . . . All the men who want to stick assaulted you you leaped through the window and went home, making no attempt to defend the lady or give the alarm?"

"I thought it was her father."-Hartford Times.

Bootblacks in Berlin.

Bootblacks are seldom seen on the you will get all the whacks that the streets of Berlin, owing to the fact other chap would have got if he had that it is one of the duties of German written the book, in addition to a few servant girls to shine shoes in the whacks on your own merits." household, and of porters to attend to

it in hotels. There are bootblacks at It is folly to attempt to please everythe principal railway depots, but they body. It matters not in which direcfind more patrons among women than tion a man faces he must of necessity turn his back on balf the world, among men.

What a failure most of us make of Women either love or hate; there is no happy medium in their affections.

ister hesitated, and asked what name rible and revolting, and one is thankplied that they had not decided. "What drink the toddy prepared for them, do you say," said he, "to taking my and make a night of it .- New York



"April's Sowing" is Miss Gertrude sex, who opened a formidable note Hall's first long story. The title is book and demanded: "At what hour taken from Browning's "Pippa Passes."

Two weeks after its publication, 40,-000 coples of "Alice in Old Vincennes" were sold. It is a story of American life by Maurice Thompson.

though deficient in grace, did not lack Wm. Dean Howells, the foremost figgrit, and said: "What is your own fa- ure in American letters to day, is to vorite, may I ask, among your novels ?" be one of the literary advisers to the

with a beaming smile. "'Olympia?' I Annie Russell Marble has written a do not know that one." Perhaps-I book with a suggestive title, "Books have not yet written it!" and the vic- That Nourish Us," published by T. J. timized author beat a hasty retreat. Crowell & Co. It is certain that yearmuch amused as she looked back and ly come from the press books that give saw that her nonsense was being duly us neither temporary nor lasting nourjotted down in the formidable note- ishment, and the necessity arises for a wise choice.

Here is a story told in "Notes and It was said of Dr. Johnson that he Queries": A lady asked the novelist always talked as though he were tak. what her duty was in certain difficult ing an oath. He detested the habit of circumstances, and received a clear relying or prevaricating in the slightest ply. "But," she objected, "if I did that degree, and would not allow his ser. I should die." "Surely that has noth-

the truth," said he, "must be weakened "The Biography of a Baby" is the the water; that they communicated by such a practice. If I accustomed title of an unusual volume by Miss with each other by telegraph; that their my servant to tell a lie for me have Millicent W. Shinn. Miss Shinn is a streets and houses were lit with gas or I not reason to apprehend that he will Californian and still lives there. She tell them for himself?" A strict adher- has always been interested in babies, ence to the truth the doctor considered and has made a careful study of them as a sacred obligation, and in relating both as teacher and friend. Published

Apropos of prefaces-something that few care to praise-Mr. Kipling gives the following good advice, given when he was asked to write a preface; "Some rather interesting experiences see Miss Billings and was at the house have taught me that the best way of making a man hate me for life is to meddle in any way with his work.

· · · If the book is good, it will go. and if not, nothing will make it stir. a knife into me would stick it into you as soon as they saw my name prefacing your book. Bitter experience has taught that that kind of thing doesn't pay. If a book stands by itself, it will stand by itself; but if you use an-

other chap's name to help it to a start.

