

THE SOUTH WIND.

Wind that sings of the dreamy South
When the pale first blossoms woo the bee,

Over the springing wheat-fields pass,
And over the small home gardens fare,

A COOL SCOUNDREL

My profession isn't a popular one.
There is considerable prejudice against it.

There was a man who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job,

The door was chilled iron, about the neatest stuff I ever worked on.
I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside,

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

I went back to the bank, and it didn't take long to throw open the door and stuff them bonds into the bag.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."

"That's very creditable to you," says he, "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door,

"Well," says I, kinder modest like. "What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?"

"I don't rightly know yet," says I, "but I rather think it's a little on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I am here. I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

"The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says: 'How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-tryin' to crack this bank for all I know.'"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly. "Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket.

I suppose I ought have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

MICHAEL G. MULHALL, FAMOUS IRISH STATISTICIAN.

Michael G. Mulhall, whose death was recently announced, was perhaps the best known statistician of the present day. Mulhall was born at Killiney, near Dublin, sixty-four years ago, and his career was full of adventure.



MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds. 'Are you satisfied now?' says he. I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was.

That I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside.

I got through the lock pretty soon and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get it before morning. "Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

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In such a fashion, but brought up against the bars with force enough to throw him to the floor. Surprised at the appearance of the invader, he filled the house with his roars.

He was led from the garden and wanted to keep away. About a year ago a serious disturbance at the zoo was due to the flashing of a mirror in front of the lions' den.

At that time the lions, with the exception of one or two of the wildest, were kept in one cage. A visitor held a mirror in front of them one afternoon and the beasts were thrown into panic.

They fought and dashed at the bars with such violence that it was feared several would die as a result of their frantic struggles. It required the combined efforts of all the keepers for several hours before they could be quieted.

GOT THE WORK HE WANTED. Effrontery of the Applicant Sued the Railroad Manager. United States Revenue Inspector William A. Gavett vouches for the following story of a well-known Southern railroad man:

H. M. Hoxie, general manager of the I. & G. N., was universally considered a good fellow by his friends in Texas and elsewhere. A slight deformity caused him to limp, and the brakemen on the road, with the quick adeptness which railroad men possess in giving nicknames, promptly dubbed him "Old Flatwheel."

One day Mr. Hoxie sat in his office when a typical Texas "brakie" stalked in and stood with his hat on in the middle of the floor.

"I want a job," said he. After a little talking Mr. Hoxie suggested that his manner was unbecoming, and suggested that he would give him a practical lesson in how to ask for a position.

"You take my seat," he said, "and I'll show you how you ought to act." The brakeman took the general manager's chair and Mr. Hoxie stepped out into the hall. After giving a respectful knock he came in and stood uncovered before his temporary superior.

"Well," said that worthy. "I am looking for a position, sir," said Hoxie. "I have 'braked' for four years and I think I could fill a position on the International. What can you do for me?"

The tough brakeman leaned back in his chair and stuck his thumbs in the armpoles of his vest. "Well, 'Old Flatwheel,' I'll just give you a job," he drawled.

"I took me off my feet," said Mr. Hoxie in telling the story at a Galveston banquet. "But I laughed in spite of myself, and the applicant began work on the International a short time after that."—Detroit Free Press.

Long-Lived Birds. It used to be believed that the ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing seventy years of age is on record.

Hot and Tots. The Dutch settlers at the Cape of Good Hope called the native Hottentots because the Caffre language seemed to be a perpetual repetition of the syllables hot and tot.

NAMING THE BABIES.

GIVE THEM GOOD, PLAIN, HONEST ENGLISH COGNOMENS. Fad for Diminutives and Fancy Names is Abating—Fewer Myrtles, Rays and Mazymes—Select Appellations from Your Native Tongue.

A clergyman who baptizes a great many babies asserts that the fancy names for girls which have caused so much disgust among sensible people are going out of date. There are fewer Carries, Emmas, Ellas, Mames and Sadies and more Carolines, Emmelines, Elizabeths, Marys and Sarahs.

His entrance made, his first word spoken—the burden rolls away and the remainder of the dialogue and business comes in the main with pleasing certainty. Eleven o'clock finds him worn out, hoping for a favorable verdict from the dramatic reviewers, but really at that moment too exhausted to be concerned in anything in life except an inviting pillow.—New York Press.

Among boys the selection of foreign and outlandish names is far less common. Now and then there is an Alphonso or Alonzo, transported from the Latin countries, but the good old English names, such as have been borne by the kings in all the centuries, still stand the test of long endurance.

The new King of England has added to the respect in which he was held by choosing the good old English Edward instead of the one which he received from his Dutch father.

Among the Henrys, Georges, Williams, Charleses, Jameses, Edwards and a few others, are names enough to fit out the largest family of boys. Then there are a few Bible names that are favorites. John, David, Peter, Stephen and Andrew being the most popular.

Greek names like Aristarchus, Demosthenes, Anaxagoras, Themistocles and Sophocles are too lengthy for use in this hurrying age. A family in Central New York saw the name of Socrates in a book, and named their son So-cra-tes, accent on the second syllable, and by that pronunciation he was known through a long life, though his intimate friends reduced it to Scrate.

Two inmates in a Glasgow asylum, working in the garden, decided upon an attempt at escape. Watching their opportunity when their keeper was absent, they approached the wall. "No, bend down, Sandy," said the one, "and I'll climb up your shoulder to the top, and then I'll give you a hand up, too."

"Harry, did you buy me that hat I wanted?" "No, Marie, I bought a new cooking stove."

"You selfish thing!" "Feminine Cherty. Bess—Miss Oldham would certainly make a brave soldier."

"Tom—Why do you think so?" "Bess—She never deserts her colors."

"Is that marble?" asked a customer, pointing to a small bust of Kentucky's famous statesman. "No, sir," replied the conscientious dealer, "that's Clay."

"Enpeck—My dear, according to my views of bringing up children—Mrs. Enpeck—Never mind about your views, I'll attend to bringing up the children; you go down in the cellar and bring up a bucket of coal."

"Not Guilty." "Is that marble?" asked a customer, pointing to a small bust of Kentucky's famous statesman. "No, sir," replied the conscientious dealer, "that's Clay."

"Only Estate of Its Kind." "There is one point to which I wish to call your attention," said the owner of a fine old colonial palace to a prospective purchaser.

"What is that?" "This estate is, I believe, absolutely unique in this particular, among estates with buildings as old as this one."

"And what is this unique feature?" "It was never occupied by Washington as headquarters."—Philadelphia Press.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I sent a postage stamp for a pamphlet which was to tell me how to succeed." "What did it say?" "It said: 'Make better use of your postage stamps.'"

The Literary Movement. "Did you enjoy the reception at the Literary Club?" "Very much, indeed. Everybody was so well dressed."

Justifiable in His Case. "Do you go to the theater in Lent?" "Yes; I'm such a pessimist that nothing amuses me."

Compulsory Outlay. "Is Bibb a good neighbor?" "No; he's very unpropitious, because he paints his house every spring, and that makes everybody in the block have to do the same."

These Real Estate Men. Brown (angrily)—I thought you said that was a fine ducking shore you sold me. I was there all Washington's birthday and there wasn't a duck in sight.

Real Estate Agent—I told you it was a fine ducking shore—but it ain't my fault if the ducks haven't sense enough to find it out.

Natural History. "Pa, what makes a rabbit wobble its nose so?" "I can't tell you, Jimmy."

"I know; it's because it hasn't got enough tail to wobble."

Another Literary Guess. "I've got a theory." "What is it?" "I think the same hand that penned 'Billy Baxter's Letters' wrote 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters.'"

Horrid Man. "Harry, did you buy me that hat I wanted?" "No, Marie, I bought a new cooking stove."

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GOOD Short Stories

On the occasion of the last visit of P. T. Barnum to England, George Augustus Sala presided at a dinner given in honor of the famous showman.

In the reception room all were waiting to welcome the guest of the evening, when Mr. Barnum came in beaming and, shaking hands with the chairman, said, with a strongly marked Yankee accent: "This is indeed a surprise to me."

"Did you hear that?" Mr. Sala whispered; "why, he arranged for the dinner himself."

Senator Vest has been handicapped with poor health for some time, nevertheless his mind is one of the brightest in the Senate. One day recently he sank into his chair, saying to his neighbor: "I am an old man, and I'll never get over this."

"Come, come, Vest, brace up," replied his neighbor; "brace up, and you'll be all right. Look at Morrill over there; he's nearly 90, and is as spry as a man of 40."

"Morrill! Morrill!" said Vest; "he's set for eternity. They'll have to shoot him on the day of judgment."

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What He Talks Through.

Myer—What's Windham's telephone number? Gyer—Six and seven-eighths. Myer—Why, there aren't any fractional numbers in the telephone book. Gyer—But there are in hats.

These Loving Girls. Maude—I didn't think you would be able to recognize me after a three years' absence. Clara—You have changed considerably, but I'd recognize that hat of yours a hundred years from now.

Citing an Exception. Smith—Kindness always conquers. Jones—Oh, I don't know. I once knew a man who tried it on a mule. Smith—Well? Jones—His funeral was largely attended.

His Experience. Hix—It's just as easy to tell the truth as it is to tell a lie. Dix—Yes, but when a man realizes that by telling a small lie he will not only make his wife happier but will get several hours' more sleep he is justified in telling it.

Not an Intercourse. Farmer Hayrix (to hotel clerk)—How much dew you tax a feller fer stoppin' in at this here tavern? Clerk—Three dollars a day. We give you all the comforts of a home. Farmer Hayrix—Gosh! I git all them dew home fer nothin'.

One Man's Opinion. Wife—What is this gold reserve the papers are continually referring to? Husband—I guess it must be the manner in which gold persists in holding aloof from the most of us.

A Friend in Need. "So Birdie Plyppe married a lame man!" It is the last thing I would ever have expected her to do. "It was a case of gratitude, I believe. They were shipwrecked together, and by using his cork leg as a life preserver he managed to save them both."

Anticipating a Brilliant Season. The Early Cuckoo—How do you do? Seems to me you're looking rather forlorn and poverty-stricken. The Early Toad—You won't think so when you see me cutting a wide swath in costly furs.

At a Matinee. The Girl—Beg pardon, sir, does my hat trouble you? The Man—I can see nothing else. The Girl—Then I'll tell you what to do. Just keep your eye on me, and when I laugh, you laugh—when I cry, you cry.

Ready to Believe It. "What is the name of this station?" asked the passenger from the East, who had been looking wonderingly out of the car window. "Dauphin Park," replied the passenger from the suburb just beyond. "That explains it. It must be nice to fish for them from the windows of the dwellings."

"Fish for what?" "Dolphin." The Viewpoint. "Golf," said the ex-bankier, "is a fine game, but it doesn't amount to much in the way of exercise." "Golf," remarked the ex-gambler, "is splendid exercise, but it's an infernally poor game."—Chicago Tribune.

Taking No Chances. "Yes; he has proposed by letter," she explained. "Now do you think I ought to mail my answer immediately or keep him in suspense for a while?" "Mail it!" exclaimed her dearest friend in a tone that had a trace of spitefulness in it. "If I were you I'd telegraph it," and there was an emphasis put on "if I were you" that came near breaking a friendship that had extended over several years.—Chicago Post.

Needle Help. Landlady—Will you have another help to the chicken, Mr. Bilthers? Mr. Bilthers (stare boarder)—Yes; unless I get help I'm afraid my jaws won't stand the strain. You see I never practiced mastication as a physical feat."—Ohio State Journal.

Changeable Ever. Yeast—I can always tell what the weather is going to be by my wife. Crimzonbeak—Indeed! Is she as fickle as that?—Yonkers Statesman.

In the Mexican Household. The arrangement of furniture is much more formal than in the United States. It is a very common sight to see a splendidly furnished parlor with a row of straight backed chairs all alike with their backs against the wall and as close together as they can be placed clear around the room.

Heavy single doors, such as are used in the United States, are practically unknown in Mexican houses either at entrances or between interior rooms. All doors open in the middle and are fastened with bolts top and bottom. Exterior doors are always fitted with glass panels, for they also serve as windows. All such doors opening on the street or open court are fitted with solid shutters that are folded at the sides out of sight when not in use.

Mute and Blind Americans. The number of deaf-mutes in the United States is over 111,000; the number of totally blind is 88,924. Next to a love affair that doesn't pan out, a woman's greatest disappointment is in when a doctor she recommended, failed to effect a cure.

GEN. PALMER, THE NEW COMMANDER OF BRITISH FORCES IN INDIA.

Maj. Gen. Sir Arthur Power Palmer, who by King Edward's approval has become permanent commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, has been for a long time commander of the Punjab frontier force and provisional head of the imperial service. He is an old-time Indian campaigner, thoroughly seasoned to the climate and the work. In the great mutiny of 1857, the year in which he entered the army, Gen. Palmer raised a regiment of Sikhs, which he commanded till the close of the campaign. In 1863 he fought in the bloody business upon the northwest frontier, and afterward in the Abyssinian war, in the Duffin expedition, in the Afghan war, in the Sudan, and as head of the campaign in the Chita Hills. It is said he understands Indian military needs more than any other man in the empire.



GENERAL PALMER.