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THAT GERMAN GIRL.

There was a twinkling of brown legs in the yellow dust of the chief street in the little New Jersey village, and a voice belonging to the owner of the legs shouted "Hey!" Alan, who had one foot on the step of the bus that was to take him and other ardent fishermen down to the landing, whence they would sail out to Barnegat bay, stood still.

The brown legs bore down on Alan, and the boy above them thrust a telegram into his hands. Alan tore it open and read:

"Come to New York on the first train."

"What's the matter?" asked Captain Wilkins.

"My uncle wants me to come to New York," said Alan. "I can't go out today. I'll catch the 10 o'clock train up."

"Don't seem to mind getting dispatches no more'n sif they's postal cards," remarked the captain, and two or three other boys respectfully followed Alan as he hurried down the road to the hotel where he was spending the summer.

It was a little after 1 o'clock when Alan walked into his uncle's office in Wall street and found that gentleman sitting at his desk and gazing abstractedly at nothing.

"Glad to see you, my boy," said his uncle as he heard his step. "In fact I'm very glad to see you."

"What's wrong, uncle? Is it mamma?"

"No, no; your mother's all right. It's I. I'm in a lot of trouble and maybe you can help me out. At any rate that's why I sent for you."

"What's the matter? Failed?"

"Failed! Of course not. Business is good enough. It's that girl."

"Girl? Why, uncle, it seems to me you are getting pretty old"——

"Alan, it is one of the misfortunes of life in this age that there comes a time to every boy when he thinks he is called on to say smart things. They are not smart, but the boy thinks they are. The girl I have in mind is not the kind of girl you mean. In fact she's a Dutch girl, or a German, or something of that sort."

"Well, there are nice Dutch girls, aren't there?"

"Oh, confound it; it's that girl out at the house—your mother's girl; the servant."

"Why, what's she been doing?"

"She's been talking Dutch."

"Well, that's rather natural, isn't it?"

"It's inhuman. She talks Dutch, but doesn't understand it; at least when I talk it to her."

"But I don't see what you want of me."

"I'll tell you. You've studied German in school, haven't you?"

"Yes; one term."

"Good. This is the way it is: Your Aunt Louisa is in some sort of trouble—making jelly and it won't come, or broken her leg, or something serious. Anyway she sent for your mother in a hurry, and away she went. I told her not to worry about me. I used to know a good deal of German, and I could get along with Marie, or whatever her name is, for a couple of weeks. But I don't get along. I can't make her understand what I say, and she doesn't speak any kind of German I ever heard. We don't seem to chord, as they say in the orchestra."

"And you want me to help you talk to her and understand her?"

"That's just it."

"Well," said the boy, "we'll both try her. I'll go over to the house and spend the afternoon studying my German grammar—all about 'Haben sie meine mutter gesehen?' and 'Ist das Ihr bruder?' and that sort of thing. I want some luncheon first, though."

"All right," said uncle. "We'll go up to the Rathskeller and eat frankfurters and potato salad. There's nothing like laying a good foundation, and maybe we can pick up some bits of German flying around there."

It was 7 o'clock that evening when Alan and his uncle descended to the dining room of their home. Alan carried his grammar and his uncle a dictionary in his hand. There was a troubled, even anxious, look on the uncle's face, and Alan did not appear entirely at ease. They seated themselves at the table and presently Marie appeared bearing a tureen of soup. There was a troubled look on her face, too—that is, as much of a look as ever comes to the face of a German servant girl. Subsequently Alan described it as the look of a tortured saint.

"Guten abend," said uncle with cheerful civility.

"Guten abend," answered Marie with equal cheerfulness, as she sat the tureen before him and then retreated.

"Good start, uncle," said Alan approvingly. "I am glad, though, we didn't have to say anything about soup, for I couldn't find the word for it in my grammar. You see, I came down to the kitchen this afternoon and nosed around to see what we were going to have for dinner, and I made a list of the things and then looked up as many of them as I could find in my grammar. But I couldn't find soup."

"There are two words here," said uncle, after searching the dictionary. "I can't make out what one of them is, though it looks like 'suhp.'"

"Ess so ha pay," said Alan.

"Fat the other is 'suppe.' There's an 'f' after it, and I suppose that means 'feminine.' Just why soup should be feminine I don't know, but then no human being ever know the reason of the genders in German."

"There isn't any butter on the table, uncle," said Alan. "I like butter at dinner, even if it isn't good form." As he spoke he reached over and touched the bell.

"Great Scott!" said uncle, as Marie appeared. "How are you going to ask for it? Do you know the word?"

"It must be somewhere here," said Alan, hurriedly turning over the leaves of his grammar. "You look too."

There was a flutter of leaves on both sides of the table, and uncle cried "Butter," only he got the accent on the o's, and Marie, teacher she, [illegible] is it die or das—machen sie der butter kommt."

"Ach, ja," said Marie, and uncle said cordially, "That's good."

"You 'make you' everything in German," said Alan; "but I suppose I ought to have said, 'mach dn?'"

"Yes, that's so. It's always 'du' to children and inferiors."

"Or intimate friends," added Alan. "I don't suppose Marie is our intimate friend."

"I have recently come to regard her as my bitter enemy," said uncle thoughtfully, "though we seem to be getting along all right."

Alan rang the bell again, which seemed to alarm his uncle, but the boy pointed to the soup plates and they were removed. Then came a baked bluefish beautiful to look upon. "There isn't any lemon with it," said uncle. "I want some lemon."

"I don't know how you are going to get it," said Alan.

"There's lemonade here in the dictionary," said uncle, consulting his book, "but lemon is probably an entirely different word, and I don't think lemonade would be very good on bluefish, even if she knew how to make it. I'll have to go without it."

There was a ring at the basement doorbell, and Marie was heard as she walked through the hall. Then there was a colloquy in which somebody with an Irish brogue seemed to be figuring. Uncle and Alan dropped their forks and waited results. Presently the door was closed; Marie made a detour through the kitchen and appeared in the dining room. "Ein mann," she said.

"I knew that," said uncle. "Who is he? Wie is ter? What does he want?"

"Was?" asked Marie.

"Who is he? Is it a beggar, a—what's that word Alan? You know that comic opera."

"Pinafore?" asked Alan.

"Pinafore? No, what an idea! Der Bay something—Bettelstudent. Ist er ein bettelstudent—or bettel, I mean."

"Ich verstehe nicht," said Marie.

"Of course you don't," cried uncle. "You don't understand anything. That will do. Aus gehen." And uncle waved his napkin like a woman shooing hens. Marie fled, while uncle took up the carving knife and started to carve.

"As usual," he remarked, "this knife is too dull to cut custard. She's got to sharpen it."

"Well, how on earth are you going to tell her?" asked Alan. "I don't know what 'sharpen' is."

"I'll find it," said his uncle, opening the dictionary. "Just ring that bell."

Marie appeared and waited while uncle ran over the leaves, muttering to himself. "Ah, here it is! 'Scharfen.' You tell her to 'scharfen' the knife."

"What's 'dull?' I've got to know that too."

"'Dull?' Let's see. It's any one of half a dozen things. Try 'abstumpfen.' That's the longest of the lot.

"Knife is 'messer,' said Alan. "I remember that, but I've forgotten whether it's masculine or feminine. I'll compromise on 'das,' which is neuter. 'Marie, das messer is—what's that word—abstumpfen—das messer ist zu abstumpfen—abstumpfen. See?" hacking at the roast as he spoke. "'Scharfen du'—I know that grammar is off, but starving men can't talk grammatically—'scharfen du das—das messer—scharfen—du verstehn?'"

Maria looked doubtfully from Allan to his uncle and then asked:

"Was haben sie gesagt?"

"What did I tell you?" groaned uncle. "That's just what she says to me, and I talk the very best kind of German to her. I'll get along with the knife some way. 'Aus gehen,'" and again Maria was shooed out of the room.

"Have you stopped drinking claret at dinner, uncle?" asked Alan, as he straightened out a ragged slice of beef on his plate.

"I have stopped doing everything I ever did," said uncle. "I don't dare to ask for anything, and I can't go down into the cellar for the claret, because there is a spring lock on the door, and if I shut myself in Wos-haben-sie-gesagt wouldn't know enough to let me out. I tried to ask her for some mustard the other day and she didn't understand. Then I said it was hot—meaning of course the stuff I wanted—and she opened the window. I shook my head and said hot—or 'heiza'—over and over again and pointed to my mouth. She thought for a moment and then disappeared. I heard her banging away at the refrigerator, and pretty soon she came in with a bowl of cracked ice. I tell you, Alan, that girl will drive me crazy."

"Why wouldn't it be a good scheme for us to teach her English?"

"Teach her English! Good heavens, we can't teach her anything. I shudder at the thought of speaking to her. Say, how would you like to have some ice cream tonight?"

"Tiptop. But there isn't any in the house, and we couldn't make her understand if we tried to send her out for some."

"She'd probably bring back soap. No, when we finish this we will just sneak out—I think we can get out without her knowing it—and we'll go down to Manhattan Beach and finish our dinner there with ice cream and coffee."

"But what shall we do about breakfast? We've got to tell her about that."

"We'll stay down there all night and get breakfast there in the morning. And, by the way, I don't think it hardly fair that your vacation should be spoiled, and I think you had better go back to New Jersey tomorrow. I'll get along some way till your mother returns."

How uncle got along may be understood from this extract from the letter to Alan's mother that he wrote the next day:

"It's dreadfully hot here and Marie has been looking far from well. So I have taken the liberty of giving her two weeks' vacation with pay, and she's gone into the country to visit her married sister. She understands that she has not been discharged. I'll sleep at the house. Everything is going all right."—Columbus Press.

BREVITIES

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

John Wanamaker's life is insured for exactly $1,505,000.

The oldest British soldier is Sir Patrick Grant, aged eighty-eight.

Robert Louis Stevenson, it is reported, has established a literary and social club in Samoa, with his wife as president.

President Harrison is fond of billiards and wields a fair cue. There is a billiard room in the basement of the White House, with a good table.

Carl Voght, the celebrated German anatomist, is responsible for the theory that small headed idiots are a retrograde movement toward the monkey type.

M. Turpin, the inventor of the explosive melinite, who is now undergoing five years' imprisonment, claims to have finally solved the problem of aerial steering.

W. K. Vanderbilt has given orders to Laird & Co., of Liverpool, England, for a new steamer that shall be at least 350 feet in length and broader in beam than the Alva.

W. D. Walton, of Petersburg, Va., was struck by a minie ball in the armpit in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House. The ball was never extracted. Recently he coughed up the ball.

Dr. Thaw, who lives in a fine castle at Piermont, overlooking the Hudson, is the son of the late William Thaw, of Pittsburg, who left ten children a fraction over a million dollars apiece.

The ex-chief Geronimo, who with other subjugated Apache Indians is living near Mobile, has been made a gardener at the military station where he is a captive, and is also a justice of the peace for his tribe.

The best dressed woman in Washington wears no such gowns as does the Chinese minister at the capital. He never wears the same costume twice at any public entertainment. His stock of silk and satin goods is valued at $130,000.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, seems to be the greatest American literary executor of deceased authors. He is not only in charge of the manuscript treasures of Emerson, Carlyle and Lowell, but has been chosen for the same duty by John Ruskin.

TURF TOPICS.

Yo Tambien will spend the winter at Nashville.

The season of Sultan up to the time of his death was in round numbers worth $15,000; Simmons, up to this date, $22,000.

The Hawthorne judges have announced that Jockey Mara, who rides for A. G. Blakely, has been ruled off the turf for life for foul riding.

The board of control is being severely criticised for a request to the New York newspaper chiefs to forbid their racing reporters from betting on the races about which they write.

Five 2-year-old trotters have gotten records in races this year in Better than 2:21—viz: Silicon, 2:20¼, by Wilton; Jay Hawker, 2:20¾, by Jay Bird; Lesa Wilkes, 2:20¾, by Guy Wilkes; Princess Royal, 2:20, by Chimes; and Wanda, 2:19½, by Azmoor, son of Electioneer.

August Belmont is talking about suing the Coney Island Jockey club for the Futurity stakes. He says that the owners of Morello, who won the stakes, were not properly registered before the board of control, which is a violation of the rules. His filly Lady Violet ran second.

Midnight Chimes, a black filly by Chimes, owned by C. J. Hamlin, burst a blood vessel and fell dead on the Mystic park course at Boston, just after passing the distance pole. Her driver, Ed Geers, was thrown, but was uninjured. The filly had a record of 2:16½, and was valued at $25,000.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Sacramento will make an exhibit illustrating its postal service from the days of 1849 to the present time.

The Norwegians of Chicago have ordered a painting of Lief Erickson's discovery of America for exhibition at the fair.

Princess Louise has completed a bust of the queen, which with her majesty's consent is to be sent to the Chicago exhibition. It is now in the queen's boudoir at Osborne.

The main railway station within the World's fair grounds, where all excursion trains will discharge their passengers, will be a handsome structure costing $225,000, and will accommodate 25,000 persons at one time.

Brahms, who is at the head of the modern German school of musical composition, and Joachim, probably the greatest living violinist, and a composer of note also, declined the invitation of the World's fair to visit Chicago.

AROUND THE THRONES.

Queen Victoria is exceedingly fond of tapioca pudding.

Prince Pedro, grandson of the late Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, is hopelessly and violently insane.

The empress of China never travels without 3,000 dresses. These are placed in 600 boxes, and are carried by 1,200 coolies.

The czar of Russia is the largest individual landowner in the world. The area of his possessions is far greater than that of the entire republic of France.

The late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe saved Wolseley's life during the Crimean war. He was declared dead and about to be carried off, when the prince noticed a twitching of the young man's face, and applying restoratives revived him.

A Life Convict Worth $100,000.

A state prison convict worth $100,000 is a little out of the ordinary. Yet such is Charles Wright, No. 4,789, a life man at the Michigan state penitentiary.

Wright is a fine looking man of thirty years. He came to the prison from Benzie county, northern Michigan, a little less than three years ago. He was one of the most prosperous business men in that part of the state, having made a fortune in the lumber business. He and his brother as partners operated extensive mills. Late in 1889 two officers of the law proceeded to attach certain logs in order to compel the company to pay taxes.

Wright requested them to attach a neighboring pile of lumber rather than the logs, as attaching the logs would close down the mills and result disastrously. They not acquiescing, he made the request take the form of a command, and said he would shoot them if they persisted in serving process on the logs. They came back in the evening and attached the logs, feeling that this was the only way the firm could be brought to time.

"You remember what I told you," were Wright's words, uttered in the coolest manner.

"To blazes with you," was the only response, and Wright, drawing a six shooter he had just purchased, shot one man dead, then the other.

At the prison Wright's conduct is excellent. His cell, one of the larger and lighter kind, has an oil stove in it. He does most of his own cooking, and his wealth enables him to have many delicacies. If he wants extra tobacco he has no trouble about getting it. He probably lives better than many men who enjoy liberty. His cell is finely furnished. His bed is a comfortable one. There are paintings on the walls and rugs upon the hard floor.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A Rooster on the Chicago.

On the flagship Chicago there is a rooster which has been on board for about eight months, during which time he has delighted the crew and won his laurels on several fields.

He was bought at Barbadoes on the squadron's way south, and was intended to be served for Christmas, but during bad weather he crowed so lustily and seemed such an undaunted rooster that one of the officers interceded for him and his life was spared.

On the quarter deck are several big ventilators, which are partly covered with polished brass, making reflectors. Dick, for so the rooster was named, soon passed these ventilators and saw his reflection. His first air of startled surprise was met by the other rooster with one which entirely equaled it, and upon this Dick ruffled his feathers and looked threateningly, only to be met by one quite as defiant.

This was more than he could stand, and after prancing around a little he advanced to the attack, being promptly met by the other rooster. Then ensued a very comical encounter, for Dick struck at this ventilator with bill and spur, getting more and more mad every minute, and furnishing side splitting amusement to officers and men, who were interested spectators, until finally from sheer exhaustion, he was obliged to give up the fight and retire, having only the satisfaction of finding that the other rooster retired likewise.

The curious delusion lasted several weeks, and it became a common thing to see Dick either sullenly glaring at that other one or actively engaged in trying to damage him.

The crew are very fond of him, and when they went ashore for target practice on an island Dick was allowed to run on shore.—Boston Herald.

Making Writing Easy.

It is always a task for a traveler to write home. The jar of the cars, the uncertainty of a boat's equilibrium and the constant lookout for sights and novelties make writing almost a bugbear to travelers. It is difficult to write even a postal card.

Appreciating this need for something to assist the tourist in his home letter writing, a "down east" Yankee has had several thousand postal cards printed like this:

DEAR ——: I am well and hope you are well also. I reach —— next ——. Address me there. Remember me to ——. The weather is ——. I am having a —— time. Must stop now. —— Yours, ——.

The cards have not been placed on sale yet. But the ingenious inventor hopes great things from them.—New York Recorder.

The Annual Football Battle.

As the Choctaw election row is settled, and Judge Botkin, a famous Kansas partisan and county seat warrior, has resigned, the country can regard with undivided interest the progress of the football campaign. The captains of the elevens are already making denials at a rate that would take the breath away from a statesman or the chairman of a national committee, though the campaign is in the green as yet. By the middle of November the magnificence of manly legs, the sweep of muscle laden arms, and glorious battles in the dirt will again surprise the world.—New York Sun.

Egyptian Tools.

One of the most interesting exhibitions in connection with the recent oriental ist congress in London is a collection of tools used by workmen in building the pyramids of Egypt. They were gathered and are exhibited by the illustrious Egyptologist, Mr. Flinders Petrie. These utensils indicate that ancient workmen had an astonishing acquaintance with many tools which we have been accustomed to consider essentially modern. Among the exhibits are solid and turbular corundum tipped drills and straight and circular saws and chisels described as "not a bit inferior to those now used."—Exchange.

It is estimated that in the United States there are 2,500,000 hives belonging to 70,000 rearers and producing 61,000,000 pounds of honey yearly.

Deep Ocean Soundings.

The following is based on the results of soundings taken by the United States steamship Tuscarora in 1890:

The Tuscarora was commissioned to determine the feasibility of a cable route across the middle of the north Pacific from California to Yokohama, Japan, by way of the Sandwich and Bonin islands. On the homeward voyage they surveyed a second route from the east coast of Japan to the entrance of Puget sound. On June 11, 1890, on the second day out from the Japanese mainland, a 3,427 fathom sounding was made, only forty-eight fathoms short of the deepest sounding made off the Ladrones—this, too, at a distance of only 100 miles from the coast of Japan. In making the next cast in the same vicinity the Tuscarora's men ran out 4,643 fathoms of wire, and then the line broke before bottom had been reached. A Lucas sounding machine, with 7,000 fathoms of wire, was next brought on the scene, and exactly 4,655 fathoms of the slender metallic strand were "paid out" before the "nose" of the machine grounded. Several casts of the apparatus were made in this immediate neighborhood and the depths found to range from 4,356 up to the maximum of 4,655 fathoms. This series of remarkable depths south and east of the ridge lying between Cape Lapatka and the Aleutian islands exceed any similar depressions yet found in any of the great oceans.

This extraordinary ocean basin has been given the name of "Tuscarora Deep," in honor of the United States vessel making the soundings.—St. Louis Republic.

Overheard at the Hotel.

Teddy Vanchump—That young fellow to whom you took off your hat just now is engaged to Miss Daisy Goldberg. Are you acquainted with him?

Bill Uppercrust—I don't know him at all.

"Then how did you come to bow to him?"

"Because we are in the same line of business, so to speak. I, too, am engaged to Miss Daisy Goldberg."—Texas Siftings.

One of Fox's Retorts.

Fox was seldom, if ever, at a loss for a retort, and a story is told how, when canvassing Westminster, he applied to a shopkeeper for his vote and interest. The man produced a halter with which he said he was ready to oblige him. "Thank you," replied Fox, "for you kind offer, but I should be sorry to deprive you of so valuable a family piece."—London Standard.

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