

THE BELLEVUE MENAGERIE.

Discovered by a French Agent or a Humble Property Man.

When "The Bride Elect" played in New York recently, there was repeated demand for the presence and works of Billy Brady, the property man, a slow-minded, bovine Englishman, to whom, by comparison, the average boy of seven years is a paragon. But no one had seen Billy for three weeks. Eventually it was learned that at the time of his disappearance "Props" had received \$100 from the old country. One of the assistants in the mechanical department of "The Bride Elect" company, asserted that Billy had promptly converted the money into American dollars and started out to celebrate his acquisition by a ten-day spree in New York. At the end of the celebration he was picked up in the street by a policeman and sent to Bellevue Hospital, suffering from the effects of his debauch and terrorized by his hallucinations.

However, Billy turned up at rehearsal Wednesday morning, and was promptly chided by Manager Eddie Shults for his misconduct. Billy looked griefed and surprised.

"Why, I was over at the Bellevue Hospital, sir," he returned, "and I was sick, sir, very sick."

"Well, what happened to you at the hospital?" asked Mr. Shults.

"Nothing much, sir," said Billy, respectfully. "They were very kind, and the doctors; but," sinking his voice to an impressive and confidential depth, "Mr. Shults, they have the oddest way of running that hospital you ever heard tell of. It ain't run like a hospital, sir; it's more like a theatre."

"A theatre, Billy? How so?"

"Well, they make you go to a show every day, sir, and it's the oddest show, sir, in the world; but it ain't right, sir, to make sick folk look at it all the time."

"A show, Billy? Tell us about it."

"Well, sir, it was a kind of museum show, you know—animals of all sorts—and you just lay back in bed and look at 'em as they pass 'round. There were rabbits, big white rabbits, sir, bigger'n pigs, and they had great long ears like fans, and green ears they wore, too. Then they were great mice, as big as the rabbits, and they wore all kinds of queer colors, with long tails that curled and curled until you wondered at their great length. I never saw nothing like them in the museums in town or on the Bowery, and I was in that business five years ago, at that."

"Every day and every hour the doctors would turn them great animals into the ward, and we folks had to look at 'em, 'case there was no way we could help it, stretched on the beds, weak and ill. I didn't think it was right, Mr. Shults, sir, 'cause it made some of the ill folks worse and worse. Why, right next to me was stretched a poor fellow what had the 'Willies,' and what had 'em awful, sir, and when the show was turned into the ward he would scream and scream to get away from 'em. It was wrong, Mr. Shults, sir, to make that poor man suffer so. It didn't do him no good; it made 'im worse, if anything."

"Were you frightened when they turned the animals into the ward, Billy? Did you scream?" asked a member of the company who had gathered to hear of Billy's adventures.

"No, ma'am," drawled Billy, "but I can't say I was pleased—they were so big and wild looking. But they were not the worst of the show, ma'am. I could stand them all green and blue and red in great spots, which were wolly fifty feet long and pink and green and blue and red in great spots, and thick'n' beer kegs. I just turned my face to the pillow and buried my head, and wouldn't look at the 'orrid things."

There was a perceptible inclination to explode on the part of the listening company, but Mr. Shults managed to ask, with some composure:

"What was the cause of your illness, Billy?"

"Why," returned Billy, innocently, "the doctors said I was coming down the measles."

And it was a fact that Billy, after lingering in the throes of delirium tremens for over a week, and attending retracted zoological exhibitions, had been discharged from Bellevue without the slightest idea that the performance he had imagined and described were not of actual occurrence.—Washington Post.

Rough on the General.
A French actor named Hyacinthe once illustrated the saying, "Discretion is the better part of valor." It was in the month of June, and a company of the national guard of which Hyacinthe was a sergeant, was engaged by a body of insurgents behind a barricade at the other end of a short street, from a corner of the barricade was making remarkably effective practice in the assaults. At that moment up came a general.

"We must get him to expose himself," said the general. "One of you must climb up on top of the barricade; then, when our friend at the other end of the street shows himself to take aim, two or three of you fetch him down. Up with you, sergeant!"

"Beg your pardon, general, but, perhaps, you see, an insignificant noncommissioned officer like myself may have a attraction for him. But a handsome, distinguished man like you, in that stylish and becoming uniform—e'd be more than mortal if he could resist the temptation. I'll lend you a hand, general."

On Their Wedding Toast.
She—You notice this nice new car? She—Do you suppose they knew we were just married?

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE OLD MAN.

A French, Old Man and a Young Man.

The young man was determined that if he could accomplish anything, the case should be decided in favor of his client, and so, when the careful old man went upon the stand for the first time, the attorney leaned forward, prepared to fight every inch of the way.

"Mr. Johnson, the plaintiff," said the careful old man, "said that if I would buy the house, he would get Mr. Gimpson to relinquish his release. He said he thought Mr. Gimpson would agree to go. I guess—"

"Never mind what you guess. We don't want any hearsay or guessing. Your Honor" (to the court), "I object to this witness's testimony. He is guessing at what he says. We want facts."

"Excuse me," said the old man. "I was about to say I guess at nothing, and insisted on the understanding being established in my presence. So the two men got together, with me on hand to listen to what they said. I understand."

"Objected to an incompetent. Your Honor, we don't want to know what this man understands was done. We want what he knows was done. We want—"

"One moment," said the careful old man. "I was about to say that I understand ordinary conversation with some difficulty, and so that there might be no error, I insisted that they tell out their propositions in loud tones which they did until you could hear them in the middle of the town: I am informed—"

"Your Honor," cried the young attorney, "is our time to be taken up listening to hearsay evidence? He does not know. He was informed that such and such was so and so. What we must have is what he knows about the case, and whether or not he—"

"I am informed on real estate values, having been a real estate agent all my life," the old man said, "and I know what the worth of that lease was to the holder of it. Knowing the facts, I would fix his damages at seventy-eight dollars and thirty-two cents. I believe—"

"Objected to as a conclusion and as incompetent. What any man believes is not necessarily good proof. I don't want to know what you believe, but what you know. We must insist on your telling what you know and not what your surmise, or what you conjecture, or what you think, or what you imagine. A court-room is not a place for exploiting what a man believes, but what he is sure of. I think the court will support me in saying that we don't want to know what this man believes." And the young lawyer looked confidently at the justice.

"I was going to say," said the witness, "that I believe that is all."

Presence of Mind.
A young woman in a Western State, who lives near to a railway crossing looking out of the window the other day, saw a laborer jump from one track to the other to escape an approaching freight train. He was apparently dazed by terror, and stood still, not seeing that behind an express train was rushing down upon him.

The girl saw that before she could make him understand his danger it would be too late. She therefore threw up her arms, shrieking wildly: "Help! help! help! trusting to the impulse which sends a man on the instant to the relief of a woman in distress."

"I'm coming!" shouted the Irishman, springing toward her in time to escape the engine as it rushed past. He stared back at it, and then at the woman crying and laughing in the window, and taking off his hat with shaking hands, said:

"I owe you something, miss," and walked away.

His intentions probably were as friendly as hers, but the wit was slower.

Another example of presence of mind was that of a woman who, being left alone in the house one night, heard a noise in the dining-room, and knew that burglars were removing the plate. She was too far from any other house to summon assistance. Seizing a large paper bag which lay on a table, she inflated it and broke it on the wall of the stairs with a loud report. The thieves, mistaking it for a pistol, dropped their plunder and fled.—Youth's Companion.

One Woman's Fad.
"I am always reading in the papers about the women having some fad or other," remarked the man nearest the open fire at the club. "I wonder if it is true?"

"How?" inquired the other man.

"That the women are always collecting something or other."

"You don't believe it?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, anybody would know you were not married."

"No, I am not."

"That's very evident."

"Does your wife collect?"

"Collect? I should say she does. She collects everything."

"What, for instance?"

"Coins, for one thing."

"She is a numismatist."

"I don't know whether that is what you call it. They called it kleptomaniac in the Casino case. She goes through my pockets every night and gets the coins."

Her Presence of Mind.
"Yes, Harry and I went out riding on a tandem, last evening, and he gave me such a fright I have hardly got over it even yet." "How was that?" "When we were going through an avenue of trees, and there was nobody in sight, he leaned forward on his handle bars and reached his head around and kissed me." "Why, that was dangerous, wasn't it? If you had swerved over so like, the machine would have upset and thrown you both off." "Yes, but I didn't swerve."

Still Supplanting the Horse.
"Pretty soon, I suppose," murmured an ex-cow-boy, "we'll even have to change our proverb."

"Which one, for instance?"

"We'll have to say that one should not kick a girl who is in the saddle."

IF THE DOG COULD TALK.

The Parrot and Monkey Story Would be an Unpleasant Remembrance.

The man is a bachelor who has passed the half-century post. He has a large circle of acquaintances. He would be in a social function every night if he had the opportunity. He is fond of young folks. Sometimes they are fond of him. Two persons, a young woman and a young man, preferred to be alone and sought an unobserved spot, as they thought, in the house where the reception was a brilliant one. The old bachelor saw them. They saw him, but not in time.

"We shall be rid of him in ten minutes if you will excuse me when I ask him to my room," said the young man. When time was up the young man introduced the subject of dogs. The bachelor prided himself on his knowledge of animals. The young man told of his dog, and wanted the bachelor to see him. They were excused and went to the young man's room in the adjacent building. The dog was a Dane, and great in strength. After the pedigree was discussed the young man excused himself for a moment. As he passed by his dog he said to him, "Watch him."

The young man returned to the reception. There was no intrusion after that. He was the young woman's escort to her home, and her home was two miles away. As he was leaving he asked "What became of him?" meaning the bachelor.

"I left him in my room."

The young man returned to his room and found the bachelor reading and, evidently, enjoying himself. The sideboard was well stocked. The young man was profuse in his apologies. So many things had occurred to keep him and he had no opportunity to send a message.

"But why didn't you come?" he asked. "Why did you remain here?"

The bachelor put up a brave front. He had become interested in a book. And the whiskey was great; the cigars were delicious. Then he said he must go, and he did. The young man saw him to the cab, and said the proper thing, and the bachelor was off in the hack.

The young man returned to his room and his dog greeted him effusively. His master stroked his head and looked into his eyes and said:

"Ah, my fine fellow, if you could talk you would tell a story that would make that parrot and monkey story an un-called-for number."—New York Sun.

They Were Polite.
A Philadelphia detective while in Camden the other day heard that a farmer living on the outskirts of that town had been buncoed out of \$50 in the Quaker City the day before, and he went over to get a description of the men.

"But I don't want 'em ketch'd!" said the farmer after he had told the story. "You don't?" asked the detective in astonishment. "Don't you want to get your money back?"

"Wal, yes," he rather grudgingly admitted. "But I don't want them fellers in jail over it."

"But—why not?"

"Wal, because they treated me so durned polite an nice. Say, you jest or not when they acted. Why, every time they bumped into me or stepped on my corns they begged my pardon, just as if I was the President."

"Humph!" grunted the detective. "That's part of their business!"

"Mebbe it is, Mister," replied the farmer, "but I can't get over it. Their room was up in a big, high building, an' was purty nigh empty, but durned if they didn't hunt me up a cheer an' made me take it, while they had a box o' cigars an' told me to take one."

"But they're thieves, man, and robbed you?"

"I know, but see how nice they was. After a bit they brought out a bottle an' told me to take a swig, an' bimbeby they told me to take another cigar. Durned if I was ever treated so nice before."

"And for that reason you won't make any effort to have them captured, eh?"

"That's about the size of it, Mister. If they hadn't bin so durned nice to me I'd had 'em juggled or busted. Say, now, but when I rise up to go they told me to take another cigar an' another drink, an' as I was leavin' I'm durned if they didn't tell me to take the elevator! O' course I didn't want to lug that big thing home, but it was kind o' them to offer it to me jest the same, wasn't it, b'gosh?"—New York Journal.

She Had Ample Revenge.
No one but a woman could have conceived so cruel a vengeance. Yet she tells of it with positive glee. They lived in one of those exclusive little squares—hotbeds of gossip—where the houses are every one built on the same plan and where each man, woman and child knows the finest details of the next door neighbor's existence.

However she dared do such a thing I cannot imagine," said the modern Borgia. "It was when I was ill that she called upon me, and in my weakness I was foolish enough to have my maid get out my new gown and show it to her. Would you believe it, she had the audacity to go directly and have the gown duplicated, down to the very buttons before I had ever been well enough even to try mine on! But I am not the kind of a woman to tolerate such treachery. I saw that she was speedily and hideously punished."

"What did I do?" continued the exasperated speaker. "Why, I made a present of my gown to Lucia, my colored cook, and the first time that I saw that woman go out I hired Lucia to put on the gown and walk up and down the square in full sight of the entire neighborhood. Then, when that woman returned home our mutual friend met her in front of her house and said to her:

"Why, my dear Mrs. Dolliver, what a charming gown you have on! But let me think now—where have I seen a gown similar to yours? Oh yes, I remember—Mrs. Hill's cook has just gone around the corner with one just exactly like it. How strange! here she comes now." Up sauntered Lucia, twirling a red umbrella. Mrs. Dolliver is having to use color restoratives on her hair; they say it turned white in a minute.

"You see, I have a drop of Italian blood in my veins. I believe in the vendetta. 'Vengeance is mine!'"

AN ANIMAL STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.
The Tale of a Kicker.

One day young Mr. Plumettall was squatting in the sands of the desert, sunning himself and dressing his beautiful tail feathers.

"What funny kind of things men are!" he said to himself. "They pull out our beautiful feathers, which are so useful to us, and then stick them on the hats of their wives and daughters and try to make them look like us, and then they turn around the next moment and despise us and say we are 'simple.' 'Simple little ostriches,' they say, 'who hide their heads in the sand and think themselves safe.' Here comes one of those simple men now. I do believe he's after my tail feathers. Watch me as I teach him something."

Thereupon he stuck his head deep in the sand and waited.

On came Mr. Arab, broad with the sun, with turban on head. "Ah!" said he. "There is one of those simple birds. There are the largest of their kind, and yet have no way to protect themselves except to run away. Just look at him now, with his head down in the sand. I shall advance slowly upon him, grab a handful of feathers and my fortune is made."

Mr. Arab stole up softly, creeping on hands and feet.

Mr. Plumettall chuckled to himself under the sand and kept very still.

"Oh, how easy!" said Mr. Arab. "It is simply ridiculous how easily some animals are fooled." And he reached out his hand, grasping two of the long plumes.

In an instant the message had gone along the nerves of Mr. Plumettall that the time for action had come.

He jumped high in the air, throwing the sand squarely in the face of the swarthy Arab, and then dealt him two fearful blows with his heavy feet.

Mr. Arab fell backward and seemed to see two suns in the sky, and it seemed to be raining sand.

When he came to himself the ostrich stood grinning at him.

"When you size a man up," said he, "remember that there are two ends to him."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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AN ANIMAL STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.
How the Rooster Learned a Lesson.

There was a rooster that was so large that a boy hitched him up to a wagon and drove him up and down the road.

"Ah!" exclaimed the rooster. "It is much nicer to be a horse than a rooster. I shall always be a horse."

And he felt very proud indeed of his new accomplishment.

When night came, his master put a halter on him and tied him in a regular

home stall and gave him an animal of hay and a bucket of water for his supper.

Mr. Rooster made an effort to make a meal of these, but without success, for he was not able to sleep standing up there in the stall.

When his master came through the stable to see if all was well the rooster said:

"Please, sir, I don't think I like being a horse. Please let me be a rooster again."

And his master was a good person and granted his request.—Adams Co.

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THE OLD GRAVESTONE.

A Fairy Tale.

BY MARY CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

In a house with a large courtyard in a provincial town at that time of the year in which people say the frostings are growing larger a family circle was gathered together at their old home. A lamp burned on the table, although the weather was mild and warm, and the long curtains hung down before the open windows, and without the moon shone brightly in the dark blue sky.

But they were not talking of the moon, but of a large old stone that lay below in the courtyard not very far from the kitchen door. The middle of the old stone was covered with moss and lichens, and the children might be said to be playing on it. They did not leave behind them much. They left behind them a few old people had believed they possessed. What there was went to families intimately related to them. Of whom up then no one had ever heard. The old house, with its balcony of wickerwork and the bench at the top of the high steps, under the lime tree, was considered by the local inspectors too old and rotten to be left standing. Afterward when the same fate befell the convent church, and the graveyard was destroyed, the gravestone of Preben and Martha, like everything else, was sold to whoever would buy it. And so it happened that this stone was not cut in two, as many others had been, but now

it stood whole and uncut in the courtyard.

"Any one can see that it is a gravestone," said the eldest of the children. "The representation of an bourgeois and part of the figure of an angel can still be traced, but the inscription be-

neath is quite worn out excepting the name 'Preben' and a large 'M' close by it, and a little farther down the name of 'Martha' can be easily read, but nothing more, and even that cannot be seen unless it has been raining or when we have washed the stone."

"Dear me! How singular! Why, that must be the gravestone of Preben and his wife!"

The old man who said this looked old enough to be the grandfather of all present in the room.

"Yes," he continued, "these people were among the last who were buried in the churchyard of the old convent. They were a very worthy old couple. I can remember them well in the days of my boyhood. Every one knew them, and they were esteemed by all. They were the oldest residents in the town, and people said they possessed a ton of gold; yet they were always very plainly dressed in the coarsest stuff, but with linen of the purest whiteness. Preben and Martha were a fine old couple, and when they both sat on the bench at the top of the steep stone steps in front of their house, with the branches of the linden tree waving above them, and nodded in a gentle, friendly way to passers by it really made one feel quite happy. They were very good to the poor. They fed them and clothed them, and in their benevolence there was judgment as well as true Christianity. The old woman died first. That day is still quite vividly before my eyes. I was a little boy and had accompanied my father to the old man's house. Martha had fallen into the sleep of death just as we arrived there. The corpse lay in a bedroom near to the one in which we sat, and the old man was in great distress and weeping like a child. He spoke to my father and to a few neighbors who were there of how lonely he should feel now she was gone, and how good and true she, his dead wife, had been during the number of years that they had passed through life together, and how they had become acquainted and learned to love each other. I was, as I have said, a boy and only stood by and listened to what the others said; but it filled me with a strange emotion to listen to the old man and to watch how the color rose in his cheeks as he spoke of the days of their courtship, of how beautiful she was and how many little things he had been guilty of that he might meet her. And then he talked of the wedding day, and his eyes brightened, and he seemed to be carried back by his words to that joyful time. And yet there she was, lying in the next room, dead and

lie in the courtyard below, a wooden block for the maid and a plaything for the children. The paved street lay across over the rising place of the Preben and his wife. No one thinks of them any more now."

"And the old man who had spoken of all this shook his head mournfully and said: 'Forgotten! Ah, yes, everything will be forgotten!' And then the conversation turned on other matters."

But the youngest child in the room, a boy with large, earnest eyes, stood up on a chair, behind the wickerwork balcony and looked out into the yard where the moss was growing a foot high on the old gravestone, the stone which had always appeared to Martha and her father as a block of history. All that the boy had heard of Preben and his wife seemed to be defined on the stone, and he looked on it and glanced at the clear bright moon shining in the pure air of the night. "If the light of God's countenance beamed over his beautiful world, 'Forgotten! Everything will be forgotten!' still echoed through the room, and in the same moment an invisible spirit, whispered to the heart of the boy: 'Preserve carefully the seed that has been entrusted to thee that it may grow and thrive. Guard it well! Through thee, my child, shall the old forgotten inscription on the old, weathered, beaten gravestone go forth to future generations in clear golden characters. The old pair shall again wander through the streets arm in arm with their frail, healthy cheeks on the bench under the lime tree and smile and nod at rich and poor. The seed of this hour shall open in the course of years into a beautiful poem. This seed, and the good and evil, forgotten. They live always in story or in song."

A Fairy Tale.
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