HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Hints For Table Decorations---Attractive Menus, New Recipes, and Points on the Care of the Home.

Few people know how to care for the beautiful cut glass in their possession, and it is usual for it to lose much of its original color and lustre. Carafes and bottles are especially neglected, being most difficult to clean. A medium stiff brush should be kept for scrubbing the pieces, and a little intelligence used in handling them Unless there is a prejudice against having poisons of any kind in the house—and that is a very sensible prejudice—keep a little bottle of muriatic acid on hand. Potato parings are almost as good for cleaning inside of bottles, etc Never plunge cut glass into very hot or very cold water, never set it on marble or in a draught after washing. Cut glass has a singular propensity to break nearly in two when a cold draught strikes a damp piece. To clean a carafe cut up some potato paring and put in the bottle with a little lukewarm water. Allow this to stand for an hour, when shake well for several minutes. Empty and wash in soapy warm water. Rinse in clear warm water and dry.

Chili con carne merely means peppers with meat, and in Spanish communities many variations of this favorite hot dish are made. Wherever it has been adopted by American cooks the following recipe is commonly followed: Boil three large, ripe, red peppers until they are very tender, and remove all the seeds. Chop, and add one chopped onion, and a little salt. Mix with this a roux made with a dessert spoonful each of flour and butter thined with milk, and add one cupful of minced chicken. Serve at once.

Baked pears with rich cream as a late summer dessert should not be slighted. Select rather hard fruit, core without peeling, and fill the cavities with currant jelly. A few chopped nuts are also very nice with the jelly. Place in a deep dish or a casserole, sugar generously, and pour in a cupful of hot water. Bake slowly until quite tender, basting frequently. Serve with sweetened cream.

Red and yellow tomatoes make a combination tomato salad pleasing to the eye as well as to the palate. The tomatoes chosen should be small, as they are served whole on lettuce leaves. Plunge into boiling water to remove the skins, chill on ice and serve with a mayonnaise dressing poured over. A dust of paprika looks well on the golden mayonnaise.

A correspondent of Good Housekeeping gives this advice, which sounds sage: "When frying doughnuts have a kettle of boiling water on the stove, and as each doughnut is taken from the fat, plunge it for a second in the water, then drain." The doughnuts are said to be entirely free from greasy taste or feeling when so treated.

Tarragon vinegar may be inexpensively made at home with cider or white wine vinegar and dried tarragon leaves bought at the druggist's. Allow half a pint of leaves to a quart of vinegar and allow the leaves to steep for about two weeks. Strain carefully, using a flannel jelly bag. Bottle and keep in a cool place.

After using olive oil in place of butter to saute potatoes, small fish, tomatoes, etc., few housekeepers will care to go back to the old fashion. Oil, even the best, costs very little more than butter and less of it is required in cooking. Oil mixed with flour makes a very smooth foundation for a roux or white sauce.

For the tea table or for use with the chafing dish the latest luxury is a semi-circular screen of clearest glass, enclosed in a slender frame of silver. The screen is intended to shield the alcohol flame from draughts, and is really quite a safeguard in these days of slimy and voluminous sleeves.

Peach, grape, and other very juicy pies often give trouble by overflowing the crust and making it unpleasantly soggy. An old-time remedy is to bind a strip of wet linen over the edge of the pie just before it goes into the oven. It rarely fails to keep every drop of juice where it belongs.

A laundry convenience is a sleeve board, which slips inside shirtwaist sleeves, and making ironing them easy. Properly used the sleeve board obviates the ugly crease down the back of the sleeve. This useful little appliance costs only twenty-five cents.

A modern convenience, or luxury, is an automobile set, knife, fork and spoon, in a leather case. They are all very flat and occupy the smallest possible space, and are supposed to be taken on long jaunts during which wayside stops for luncheon occur.

Lima and red kidney beans are very good baked with pork, as ordinary white beans are prepared. Green or dried beans may be used. The dried ones must, of course, be soaked before baking.

Colored wash goods are said to become absolutely "unfadeable" after they have been soaked for three hours in one gallon of water to which has been added a tablespoonful of turpentine. Dry thoroughly before washing.

Keyholes in the doorknobs are a late device. They are recommended for entrance doors where the light is dim.

BLACK MAMMY'S PLANTATION TALES

Across the fields between us and the belt of dark pines the evening shadows were falling. A wind from the bay was sweeping up to us and the pines tossed wildly like the plumes of an Indian warrior decked for the wild warfare of old when Black Mammy, holding us close in her warm, comforting arms, told us, my little sister and me, the story of a lost song:

"Dar is mo'n one way to los' yer voice—an' yer wit also—ef yer gwine los' it.

"Some folks tell me dat de hummin' bird los' her voice 'long of greediness; dat her singing' got des bodaciously choked out of her wid eatin' too much honey.

"But de ole folks n'uster tell me she los' dat song 'long er pokin' her long mouf into ev'ything.

"You see, she do dat twel yit, her and her folks all of 'em do dat; poke dey long bill ev'ywhar.

"Da, now, chillun, don't ev'ybody hate to see a long bill comin'? He-he! Dat's de way wid de hummin' bird family and folks—a long bill—al'a's pokin' out a long bill!

"Hit's de truf dat she los' her song des teetotally long er pryin' too much on de summer wind.

"Summer wind so sweet, so sweet, dat hummin' bird study 'bout dat hit must come fum a gyarden whar de flowers is sweeter dan de flowers in dis hear gyarden.

"She studys much 'bout how sweet dose flowers she ain't seed must be if dese she is seed is so sweet dat she make up her mind dat she'll foller de wind whene'r it blows, and whare'r it goes.

"So on a summer day she start out. Sweet little breeze come by. Hummin' bird she start atter it. Breeze hit dart dis way—dat way!

"Hummin' bird she foller and she dash dis way and she flash dat way.

"De little breeze don't like ter be followed dat way; de hummin' bird ouliest bird light enough on de wing ter foller de breezes so clost.

"De little breeze she study 'bout she gwine home 'caze she don't like be des pry on and spy on dat way.

"Whar her home?

"Oh, la, chillun! Dat ain't my business I 'spec' 'tain't yourn neither.

"Ef I wuz ter go follerin' a breeze ter see whar hit come fum I might los' my voice same like hummin' bird.

"I'm hum! Den who gwine tell you tales den?

"Hummin' bird she got dar. But she sorry she went.

"It was rustle and tussle in de wind's house!

"One wind tossed her dis way, t'other flung her dat, 'n'other swing her yonder, y'other slung her roundabout

"She was whirl and twirl twell her head got dizzy, dough she al'a's was light-headed.

"Dee old folks say she open her mouf ter ax dem winds:

"'Please, Sah, lemme go!
I won't come heah no mo'—
Oh do, you lemme go!'

"And des den—de song got clean blowed out of her open mouf and got so mixed up wid de winds dat she couldn't nuvver git it back no mo'.

"Den dee say, dat all de winds went one way and whirled her out dere house; dey whirl her out so swif' dat she caught some of de winds rushlin' sound on her wings as she swep' out. She got dat rushlin' sound on her winds twel yit.

"Ain't you hearn it? I'm is.

"What's she see in de wind's house?

"Chillun, she nuvver wan't able ter tell, 'case her voice hit was clean gone."

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Mammy's "least grand boy," Zeek, had set a trap on the edge of the pine woods. He had slipped up from the quarter to the edge of the side gallery and had asked us to go to the trap that afternoon to see it and perhaps become possessed of its possible catch.

We were permitted, an unusual permission, to go. Mammy herself was Argus-eyed guardian.

We scampered over the field paths to the pines, subject all the while to momentary callings and sundry admonitions from Mammy. When we came upon the trap it had indeed fallen.

Caught under its whittled slats was a bluebird.

How we wanted that bluebird for our own!

Zeek offered to kill and "pick" him instantly for us.

We demurred, preferring to keep the beauteous creature for a pet, perhaps to its thinking, could it have been consulted, a worse fate than the sudden death that Zeek would bring upon him.

The arrival of Mammy panting and puffing from the ascent of the last slope put an end to both proposals, brought disappointment to us and joy to the bird. It was bad luck to kill a bluebird, she said.

To keep a bluebird in the house would be worse luck—far worse, when we suggested that—than warming a snake in the bosom.

Even to eat a bluebird's egg would put a spell upon whoever was so rash as to eat it, to wander forever, never to rest, ever to wander.

She declared that the bluebird must be freed at once.

Zeek, less fearful of ill-luck than of his grandmother's rod, unwillingly lifted his trap. Away went his prize—a flash of blue and white—into the pine woods.

As we sat on the edge of the pine woods on the aromatic sleek pine needles, to rest from our scamper through the fields, Mammy, to comfort us somewhat for our loss, told us how it came about that the bluebird was a witch bird.

"Long in de fust time thar was a plantation whar folks was pestered nigh 'bout to death bein' rid by de witches.

"In nigh 'bout ever' cabin in de quarter somebody was rid ever' night by de witches. Ever'body on de plantation sho was gittin' outen his skin and bein' er witch to ride folks of nights—but das was hit—Who?

"One night nigh 'bout ever' cabin got fixed fer ter cotch dat witch.

"One 'oman, she hung 'er hair sifter over de lintel of de do', and dat witch gotter count all de holes in dat sifter 'fo' he cross de do'.

"'Nother one she spread cottonseed over and under de do'.

"Ever' one dem cottonseed gotter be count' 'fo' de witch kin come in dat do'.

"De 'oman livin' at de end cabin in de quarter she didn't tell nobody what she gwine do.

"'Way turn er de night de man what was de witchman he got up, he rub one han' over de skin or one wrist, de skin er one elbow, de skin er de shoulder j'int. He rub bof de hands over all de rest of his j'ints, and as he rub he say:

"'Oooch—oo!
Ooch—oo!'

"And as he say dat he slip out his skin, lef' his skin behin' him, and start in and thoo de quarter to see who he kin fin' to ride and to pester all ways.

"He come to de do' whar was de sifter.

"He won't try dar.

"De nex' do' de mustardseed.

"He won't try dar

"He go to all de cabins and some'in' stop him off ever time twel he come to de las' cabin in de quarter.

"He don't see nothin' dar.

"Dat time he worrited out. He mos' too tired to ride and pester people.

"He see er gre't big split-bottom rockin' cheer wid er nine-patch cushion in it. He so tired he 'low he'll drap in dat cheer fer to rest er spell 'fo' he 'gin to play his pranks, tyin' sturrups in folks' hair and sech.

'He drap in de cheer and he 'low:

"'Ouch-or! Oouch-ow!
Tired, too! Tired, too!'

"Dar!

"Chillun, little mo'n dat man'd been setting' dar twel yit

"Dat 'oman in dat las' cabin in de quarter she knowed all de conjure and all de hands, she did She done stuck er three-prong fork up under dat cheer

"A witch can't move of he des happin to set down in er cheer dat has got er three-prong fork stuck in hit.

"All night dat ole witch man set dat des as still

"He look dis way. He look dat way, des like dat bird you trap was lookin'.

"When fust day come, dat 'oman 'gun to stir, she did Soon as she open her eyes she look toward dat cheer.

"Dar in dat cheer, top er dat nine-patch cushion, sat dat witch man.

"Dar he sat.

"Shoulders all hunched up. He look rale ashy in de daylight He so skeered up he look right rale blue. His shirt stickin' thoo de rags in his close look lak white patches on him.

"Dat 'oman she riz up in her, she 'low:

"'Who you?'

"Dat ole witch man he git mo' blue and ashy, he hunch up his shoulders, he 'low:

"'Well, I mus' go!
(Des so.)
Well, I mus' go!
(Des so.')

"But, chillun, he couldn't go long as dat three-prong fork stuck in dat cheer.

"Dat 'oman say, witch-lak as he is, she done cotch de feature of him and she know who he is.

"He des sot dar. His shoulders hunch up. He look rale blue and ashy in de daylight. He kep' sayin':

"'Well, I mus' go!
(Des so.)
Well, I mus' go!
(Des so.')

"Dat 'oman she got up and slipped round behin' dar cheer and snatched out de three-prong fork.

"Den out de cheer he flew, hollerin':

"'Oouch—ow; Ouch—ow!
Out, too! Out, too!'

"He dart out. He skin out. Blue and ashy. Dem white patches des shinin' in de fust daylight.

"De 'oman she run to de do'. She say to de nex' one passin': 'Did you see dat witch man fly out my do'?'

"Passer-by say: 'Naw, I des seed er bluebird fly out.'

"Nex' day late long by de sun de quarter folks went to dat ole 'oman's cabin and dar lay de skin what dat witch man done wriggle out of night befo'. Hit was limp and black and skinny.

"Dat three-prong fork done held dat man twel daylight and so he couldn't git back time 'nough to jump into his skin no mo'.

"Folks on dat plantation don't put no trus' in de bluebirds twel yit.

"Dat distru' min' 'bout bluebirds done spread thoo all de plantations.

"Folks say sence den dat witch man and all his folks is bluebirds. De boys is bluer dan de gals. Dey say all bluebirds is witch birds.

"Hit's wo'se sorter luck to kill one, er harm one; nobody don't never think er eatin' er bluebird.

"Hit's mighty bad to be projectin' roun' nights outen yo' bed—let 'lone outen yer skin."

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Against the dark background of the pines we saw a redbird darting. Flashing red like a rose run away, a rose broken from its stem by high winds and tossed hither and thither.

We exclaimed over its beauty and clapped our hands in joyous admiration of its swift motion and flowing grace.

"Don't you know better dan to make a miration when you see a red bird," commented Mammy; "ef you see a red bird and don't make no miration 'bout seein' it den you'll be sho to see you sweetheart 'fo' Saddy night. But ef you make a miration when you see it den de spell is broke."

We who had no sweethearts but the Lin Gallahads, Wallaces, Bruces, and the like of our books, whom we seemed little likely to meet in the outside world, cared little about "breaking the spell," but we were eager to hear from Mammy the tale of how Miss Red Bird got her tints, not quite so bright as those of the male bird now darting into the deep pines. She told us the story of the red bird:

"Dat day when Mister Red Bird done got Bre'r Deer sorter holped up, dat day Bre'r Deer got his face skint white, Mister Red Bird done got hisse'f a teetotal red all over. Red as blood 'case he been merged in blood by wipin' off Bre'r Deer's bleedin' face. Back thoo de wile woods he fly to sing ag'in wid his mate.

"But dat little gray bird what he done lef' dar didn't know dat red cullер.

"'He lef' her gray. He come back red.
'Twa'n't no wonder she fly off ever' time he come nigh.
She fly away and she sing at him:
"'Cha—Cha—Cha!
Go 'way! 'way!'

"Mister Red Bird he was clean outdone. He can't git Mis' Red Bird to stay still long 'nough to hear what he got to say fer hisse'f. She jest flutter off and she sing:

"'Cha—Cha—Cha!
Go 'way!
I don't know you, I don't know you, Who you? Who you? Who you?'

"He keep tryin' to tell her he's her true mate, but she flutter and she sing:

"'No, no, no—
(Des so.)
You too red—
Wings, breast, and head—
Way! Way! Way!'

"Den to make things wo'se fer Mister Red Bird, heah out de woods flesh de Kill dee' and holler, like she do holler, at Mister Red Bird:

"'Did you kill deer?
Kill-deer! Kill-deer!'

"Dar, now! Done he'p Bre'r Deer and 'scoused er bein' de one what kilt him, er nigh kilt him

"But Mister Red Bird bound to 'splain He pestered, but he keep right atter Mis' Red Bird He git nigh 'nough to hol' her, he flash his wing 'g'inst her, he dash his red breast 'g'inst her, dey two chase and race thoo de wile woods When dey come to the aidge er de pond 'midst de pines dey stop to ketch breaf Dey look in dat pond

"Dar!

"Now, Mister Red Bird done tap her so wid his fresh red wing and breas' and wing tail, she nigh 'bout red as he is

"But not quite She got some red feathers lef'

"But she see she like 'nough him fer dem to make up dey quar'l. Dey set on er limb and sing toge'her ag'in.

"But right now hit make Mister Red Bird mad fer de Kill-dee' to come hollerin' out de swamp at him:

"'Kill deer! Kill-deer!
Kill-deer!'"

—MARTHA YOUNG, in New York Times.

Wanted No Talk.

A blustering, self important gentleman walked into a barber shop at Peck and wanted his hair cut. He didn't want any talk—just a plain hair cut, and he wanted it right away.

The modest and unpretentious old gentleman in the shop attempted to explain, but was roughly told to go ahead without a word.

After the job was finished the man who knew everything looked in the glass and was horrified at his appearance. He fairly stormed around, and indignantly asked the old gentleman if he called that a hair cut.

The mild old man meekly replied: "I don't know. You must ask the barber. He'll be in presently. I am the editor of the village paper, and was waiting for a hair cut myself, but you wouldn't give me a chance to explain."—Lexington (Mich.) News.

Chamberlain's Tenure of Office.

Joseph Chamberlain was head of the Colonial Office for a longer time than any secretary with the sole exception of Lord Bathurst. The latter was at the head of the department from 1812 to 1827. Gladstone held the office for only a part of a year, and Lord Lytton for about the same time. The department had its beginning in 1660 in a special committee of the Privy Council to overlook the affairs of the "plantations," afterward the American colonies. Twelve years later this was associated with the Board of Trade, and it was not until 1768 that a colonial secretary was appointed.

A Relic of the Paris Siege.

There has just been added to the Army Museum in Paris a very interesting memento of the Franco-Prussian war. It is the first and perhaps the only number of a newspaper called The Ballon Poste, dated Sunday, Oct. 30, 1870. The paper, folded to the size of a letter, was dispatched from the city by balloon, and a four-cent stamp was attached to each copy so that it might be posted to the subscriber. The Ballon Poste was intended to keep the provinces informed of what was happening inside of Paris. The paper was found in Tours.

PRISONER OF VENEZUELA

Cruelties of bygone Ages Practiced in Southern Republic.

FORTRESS, LIVING GRAVE

Andres Duarte Level, Former Revolutionary Officer Describes the Conditions — Captives are Riveted in Heavy Shackles Two by Two for Life.—Beaten and Starved.

From a Venezuelan prison, where he had seen scores of his fellows perish, Andres Duarte Level, once colonel in the revolutionary forces of his country, has gained his freedom and has come North to breathe the free air of the United States, of which he will soon become a citizen, says the New York Herald, and to tell a tale of scarcely credible cruelties practiced with the permission and often with the active participation of President Castro upon his helpless enemies.

It was due in no small part to his youth—he is only twenty-seven—that Level was able to escape from the oppression of the Dictator. His father, who had been Vice President under Guzman Blanco, and who afterward held other offices of importance, left behind him—he is now in exile—friends who were more fortunate than he in preserving their balance on the see-saw of politics in the South American republic. These friends put forth their efforts to obtain the release of the son from the fortress of San Carlos, where he had been confined in irons since the suppression of the recent rebellion, in which he had seen active service.

Death was not feared by the prisoners of San Carlos; it was the greatest boon they asked for. Shackled one to another with irons that often weighed fifty pounds, beaten, starved, denied an occupation, they saw their fellows drop one by one, and they counted them lucky, for, with escape out of the question and rescue impossible, it meant death or worse—insanity.

Fifteen hundred men, the greater part of them political prisoners, were crowded into a space that would have been taxed by one-third of that number. The cells were in the casements of the fort, and those facing the sea were swept by waves, there being several inches of water in them at high tide.

On account of the peculiar manner in which they were ironed and the lack of room, these unfortunates were compelled to assume half sitting, half lying postures, the while the heat, fearful during the day, became absolutely unbearable at night, with no water to quench their raging thirst.

Into this living death Level was plunged not quite two years ago. When he emerged he was a changed man.

The son of a wealthy and prominent family, Level, who is of pure Venezuelan blood, derived his name from a French forebear, was educated abroad and in this country, being a graduate of St. Francis' College, in Brooklyn. He remained in New York until 1893, when he returned to his native land and was commissioned a lieutenant.

It was at this time that Cipriano Castro began the revolution that eventually resulted in the overthrow of the administration and the triumph of his cause.

After he had seen service in the Andes Young Level returned to this country upon the victory of Castro, but was unable to join the revolution incited by General Nicholas Rolando in 1900. This was partially suppressed, but at the beginning of the following year it broke out afresh, the cause having been financed by General M. A. Matos, a millionaire banker, whose interests lay in Paris as well as in his own country

Level returned to Venezuela, and after some difficulty joined the revolutionists, being made a captain in the artillery arm of the service, was captured and brought to Bolivar in chains a fortnight later. With his companion he was sentenced to be shot, but the sentence was finally changed to imprisonment. Refusing to reveal the hiding place of the insurgents' ammunion, he and Farreras were strung up by the arms and weights tied to their feet, almost pulling the legs from the sockets. They were relieved from further torture through the accidental discovery of the contraband war by soldiers of the government.

For eight months Level dragged out his existence with his fellow sufferers. Their clothing had been taken away from them and they were left only with their underclothes. Soon these fell apart and the rags were pieced together.

When for some real or fancied offence a prisoner was ordered to be whipped, a corporal's guard of ten men were detailed and each of these gave a certain number of lashes to the victim. When the blows were not sufficiently severe in the opinion of the corporal he would lash the soldier twice and then add three to the number the prisoner was to receive.

When Level was finally released it was upon the understanding that he was to leave the country at once and to say nothing and write nothing against the government. He received his passport on May 28 and embarked just in time to escape an officer who bore a warrant for his rearrest. Castro repenting his decision to give him his freedom. Level reached this country last June and formally declared his intention of becoming an American citizen. He has already obtained his first papers.

THE OTHER SIDE OF JIU JITSU.

A Baltimore Teacher Says the System Can't Hurt a Boxer.

Baltimore, Md.—Prof. Charles Willard, one of the ablest physical instructors in Baltimore, argues that any man able to box skilfully can successfully stand off any exponent of jiu-jitsu. Prof Willard in the New York Sun says:

"Now that the Government has issued orders to have the naval cadets at Annapolis instructed in jiu-jitsu, I feel that it will be interesting to the public to learn something of its worth, if it is worth anything. I uphold the merits of the American system of self-defence.

"I have studied the American, French and Japanese methods of defence and I stand ready to prove that a man having some knowledge of the American art can easily defend himself against an opponent using the jiu-jitsu method. I will not ask for a weight limit, for I won't object to him if he weighs 200 pounds, though I am much lighter. I have the science and strength of arm, shoulder and chest to make up for the loss of weight.

"Jiu-jitsu is a brutal system, for it aims to break arms, dislocate joints and disfigure one in the worst manner. If the jiu-jitsu opponent secures a hold he will break the bones in any part of the body on which he may secure a hold. If he gets a hold on the throat, he will choke the wind out of you or dislocate the larynx, which will paralyze the vocal cords, and the victim will be speechless for weeks. If he can get a hold on the face the fingers are stuck into the eyes, and the eyes are pushed from the sockets.

"Now this may seem very good to one who might be held up in a dark street by a murderous highwayman. To cripple him would do no harm. But the the very idea of teaching young men who must be in perfect physical condition, and in the service of the Government, an act of defence which will disable a comrade for life if it is used in the way it should be! Young men naturally lose their tempers in such a contest, and in an instant, without the slightest thought of doing injury, one may break an opponent's arm.

"It is different in the American system of attack and defence, for this teaches one to be quick, graceful, strong, honorable, brave and merciful. The object the American has in his defence is to punish his assailant as rapidly as possible and yet do him as little injury as possible.

"It is a surprise to me that more women do not learn the art of self-defence. A blow from a woman's delicate hand will hurt a man more than a blow from the strong hand of a man. It is the nervous shock that does the harm, not the sting.

"I am not opposed to Americans being progressive, and I am not jealous of any method of defence, but I cannot see that America can accomplish anything by studying Japanese jiu-jitsu."

Dr. Manuel Quintana,
Who has been elected President of Argentina.

Governor La Follette's College Days.

During his university days young La Follette's oratorical powers began to make themselves felt. Born with a gift for public speaking, he speedily developed into an eloquent and convincing talker, and was a conspicuous figure in the literary and debating societies. The interstate oratorical contest between Ohio, Wisconsin, Missouri, Indiana, Iowa and Illinois was one of the notable competitor. The subject of his oration was "Iago," and even as Iago's dupe, Othello, smothered luckless Desdemona, so Iago's young analyst and interpreter smothered his forensic rivals, first in the University of Wisconsin contest, second in the broader forum of the assembled colleges of the Badger State, each of which had sent its best speaker, and third in the interstate competition itself when the six champion orators of as many States were pitted against each other on the same platform.

Young La Follette staked everything on the merits of "Iago," used the same oration in all three contests, and carried off the interstate championship with ease. The winning oration, treasured still in scores of Wisconsin scrap-books, although a quarter of a century has passed, was printed in many Western newspapers, was recited by ambitious schoolboys for years, and was even said to have given the great Edwin Booth a new conception of the character of Iago.—Earle Hooker Eaton, in Harper's Weekly.

It is fortunate for the wise guys that the fool and his money refuse to stand pat.