Feeling a Part

By REGINALD D HAVEN

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"I never did but one good act in my life," said the old counterfeiter "There wasn't much credit in it to me, but it was productive of a lot of happiness to others. It occurred many years ago, and as I am now a very old man and have a very long, troubled life to look back upon, including several terms in the penitentiary, it stands out from the rest of my acts in odd contrast

"It was in the summer of 1859 that several of us got together in a northern city and manufactured a number of twenty dollar counterfeit bills As soon as we had finished the job we destroyed the outfit, divided the bills, and started for different parts of the country to put them out on the public, my section being the south Boarding one of the crack steamers of that day I started for New Orleans In order the better to impose on people I dressed myself in ministerial black and wore a white cravat I had been an actor and could personate a clergyman or any one else, for that matter to perfection

"The main cabin of the steamers running on the Mississippi river in those days, when the table was not set for meals, was occupied principally for gambling Poker, seven up euchre and other games were played, though the parties playing were not large and often two persons only occupied a table I was sitting on the guards one day when a negro came out of the cabin wringing his hands

"'What's the matter, boy?' I asked

"'Mars' done gone lose me to a nig gab trader Ma wife an' pickaninnies won't nebber see me no mo

"I found that his master a planter had taken him to Cairo as his body servant, was returning, had lost all the money he had with him at cards staked his darky and lost him too I went into the cabin, where the planter and the trader were settling up, the planter being at the moment occupied in making out a bill of sale for the slave.

"'I beg your pardon, sir' I said to the planter 'On account of my vocation I am opposed, of course, to gambling in any form, but I dislike exceedingly the separation of families I understand that you have lost your negro. I would be pleased to lend you the money to win him back'

"The gentleman accepted the offer I brought out some new, crisp bills, just from the press, and the game started anew It was euchre I soon saw that the gambler could go on winning from the trader all day if he liked, for the former was perpetrating one of the commonest tricks on him—that is, turning jack In other words, when he dealt he would always turn up a knave for himself Seeing this and other cheating I interfered I told him that I had learned the game before becoming a clergyman and insisted on taking the planter's place Since I was backing the latter he was obliged to yield to me in the matter, which he did with a bad grace

"I had not only learned the game before becoming a clergyman [illegible] all the tricks that went with it and many other games I [illegible] that card sharper [illegible] eyes The negro [illegible] ed me into the [illegible] watching the game [illegible] It was hard for me to keep [illegible] face playing as I was a supposed minister of the gospel with counterfeit money and doing as neat bits of thimblerigging as had ever been practiced on that palatial steamboat The negro trader was not a professional card sharper though he didn't hesitate to cheat the planter and never dreamed that the somber man before him in a spotless white necktie was placing the cards exactly where he wanted them.

"Of course I soon won the darky for his master. Then I arose from the table, delivered a homily on the sin of gambling and returned to the guards I was followed by the planter, who said to me:

"'Pe'mit me, suh, to say to yo' that yo're the first man of the cloth that has eveh obtained my unbounded respect, suh. Yo' have saved my boy, suh, from being separated from his wife and children, an act fo' which I would have been to blame I have sufficient influence, suh, to control a call to the First Baptist church of ——, Mississippi. If yo' will accept it it shall be yo's with a fat salary.'

"I thanked the gentleman for his offer, but declined it. When we reached his landing he insisted so heartily upon my visiting him at his plantation that I consented.

"I was made welcome by his family, and the wife and children of the negro I had saved from the trader came to the house with tears in their eyes to thank me. I was a good looking young fellow in those days and could see that I made an impression on one of the planter's daughters. I had everything at my disposal to perpetrate any rascality I might choose. I could get the planter's indorsement, which would enable me to dispose of my 'green goods,' and I believed I could win his daughter.

"I did neither. For a brief season I enjoyed the sensation of being a fine fellow. During that time I permitted myself to feel the part just as an actor will feel the character he is personating. Then when it was over I departed, resisting with difficulty the reproachful look of the girl who favored me, and as soon as I was on another boat, was again a dog of a counterfeiter."

Mrs. Grundy.

The first mention of Mrs. Grundy is found in Morton's clever comedy "Speed the Plow" Farmer Ashfield at table with his jug and pipe is talking to his wife on her return from market.

"Well dame, welcome whoam What news does thee bring vrom market?"

"What news, husband? What I always told you that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought 5 shillings a quarter more than ours did"

"All the better for he"

"Ah, the sun seems to shine on purpose for him"

"Come, come missus as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times dan't three grumble when they be unkindly a bit"

"And I assure you Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market"

"Be quiet, woot ye? Always ding dinging Dame Grundy into my ears 'What will Mrs Grundy say?' 'What will Mrs Grundy think?' Canst thee be quiet? Let ur alone and behave thyself pratty"

No Mystery About It.

The other night after Harker was safe in bed there came a mysterious tapping below his window Harker slipped out of his covers and cautiously raised the sash

"What's wanted?" he demanded, his teeth chattering

"I just wanted to tell you" came a muffled voice "that there's a hand moving around just inside your cellar window"

With visions of burglars Harker picked up his revolver and slipped through the halls in his pajamas Cautiously he searched the cellar with a lighted candle but it was empty Outside on the sidewalk stood the stranger

"I don't see any burglars down here," called Harker nervously

"Who said anything about burglars?" laughed the stranger

"Why didn't you call me out of bed to tell me that there was a hand moving around near the cellar window?"

"Sure it's the dial on the gas meter It works while you sleep"—Philadelphia Times.

Conscience Versus Art

Shortly after Tennyson's poem "The Vision of Sin" appeared an eminent mathematician sent the poet a letter that ran like this

"Dear Sir I find in a recent poem of yours, entitled 'The Vision of Sin,' the following unwarranted statement 'Every moment dies a man, and every moment one is born' I need hardly point out that this calculation, if correct, would tend to keep the sum total of the world's population in a state of perpetual equipoise, whereas it is an established fact that the said population is constantly on the increase I would therefore suggest that in the next edition of this poem the erroneous calculation to which I refer should be corrected as follows 'Every moment dies a man and one and a sixteenth is born' I may add that the exact figures are 1.167, but something must of course be conceded to the laws of rhythm"

"That's the Way They All Do"

An enthusiastic citizen went to visit Europe was [illegible] and the [illegible]

[illegible]

"You probably will do [illegible] ed his wife [illegible] That's the way all the ocean travelers do"—Detroit News Tribune

The Wizard.

"It's a remarkable thing" said old Brightboy at tea time, "but I can push my saucer through the handle of my cup"

The others glanced at the small handle and gave the speaker a withering look.

"I can," persisted Brightboy

"Do it, then," they challenged.

Calmly taking up his spoon, Brightboy passed it through the handle of the cup and then pushed the saucer with it.

Cold Comfort.

Modest Amateur (showing his latest painting)—I'm sure, Miss Ethel, you think I'm still some little way from being an artist. Fair Critic (anxious to say the polite thing)—Oh, no. Very, very far from it, I assure you.

Puffs.

"Miss Footlittle's reputation and her complexion are very much alike."

"Meaning that they are both brilliant, eh?"

"No; they are both made with a puff."—Boston Transcript.

Pope's Preference.

The Prince of Wales of Pope's time once said to the poet:

"Mr. Pope, do you not like kings?"

"Sir," replied the poet, "I prefer the lion before the claws are grown."

He Told Her.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta.

"I think it must be the beams," replied Charlie softly.

A Pearl in the Trough.

"How are you today? Feeling well?"

"Do you really care a rap?"

"Not a rap. I merely asked out of politeness that I see was quite wasted."—Pittsburg Post.

THE GILA MONSTER

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

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Little Inez Basquemento, a Mexican girl I saw while engineering in the southwest was a merry child (if she had been born in the north she would have been a child, but being a Mexican, she was a woman) She might have been anywhere from fourteen to sixteen She played the guitar and sang with a little birdlike voice, jabbered Spanish musically, danced, and her face wore a perpetual smile, which was for every one But if any person attempted to guy her she would knit her brows and shrink away as though terrified And once her confidence was lost by a bit of banter her good will could never be regained

There was a young engineer engaged on the same work as myself out there, at the time fresh from one of the "Tech" schools of the northern states He was twenty years old handsome as a picture and as bright as a new brass button What must he do but make love to Inez with all the recklessness of youth regardless of the consequences both to himself and her I, who was older saw his danger and warned him I knew what was up, for in the evening when the day's work was over I would hear on the Basquemento veranda the twang of Inez's guitar her little flute voice her merry laughter mingled with sounds which I recognized as coming from Ben Eggleston, the young man who was sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind

"You little fool" I would say to him "don't you know that the girl is a mingling of child and woman—child in inexperience woman in development, that she will fall in love with you and then"—

"I'll break it off at once," would be the young fellow's invariable reply The boy fully intended to keep his resolution when it was made, but gave up trying to do so when it got cold The next night I would hear the same pleasant sounds on the veranda and knew that they were breeding the same storm

This went on till the work on that division was finished and we were about to move Eggleston assured me there wouldn't be any trouble The girl was such a child that he couldn't believe she had been attracted to him as she might have been if more of a woman He was going away and would simply bid her goodby as he would any other girl of immature years whose companion he had been

"My advice to you," I said, "is to do no such thing Go without saying anything about your going"

He didn't take my advice The day before leaving he told her in a careless way that the engineering party to which he belonged was going to move its headquarters

"And I will not see you again?" said the girl, her smile vanishing

"Perhaps not," replied Ben, not thinking it wise to leave her to ask for words [illegible]

[illegible]

That evening I met Inez carrying a cudgel [illegible] It was the same innocent look she had always worn but I noticed a peculiar glitter in her eye There was something incongruous in a little girl's carrying a bludgeon and naturally fearful for Ben Eggleston, I could not help vaguely connecting the act with the jilting he was giving her She passed me without looking back, and, taking position behind a tree, I watched her.

She went along, looking about her on the ground as if searching for something. She spent half an hour in this way, I following her, taking a new position now and then where I would not be observed by her. Presently I saw her hit something with her weapon. Then she picked up what looked to me from a short distance like a baby alligator. She held it by the tail, dropped it into the bag, closed the mouth and went away.

I didn't know what it all meant; but, still timorous about Ben, I told him he had better not wait for the moving of the party, but get out at once. He laughed at me and said there was nothing to fear and if there were he wouldn't run from a little Mexican girl who had scarcely given up her doll.

We engineers slept in a long temporary building one story high. That night I was startled by an unearthly yell. Springing out of bed, I ran along to a room where Eggleston and a rodman slept. The window was open, and Eggleston had just struck a light. His roommate was holding one leg and writhing with pain.

"Kill it!" he yelled.

Then I saw a little alligator looking thing on the floor.

"Kill it! It's the Gila monster and has bitten me. I'm gone up."

Inez's actions were explained. She had dropped the reptile in through the window on Ben, she supposed, but really on his roommate. For a week the poor devil howled in agony, then died.

That was years ago. Ben Eggleston has never married. The bare mention of a woman produces on him a temporary insanity.

An Anecdote of Bach.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar once invited John Sebastian Bach, the Nestor of German music, to attend a dinner at the palace. Before the guests sat down to the feast Bach was asked to give an improvisation The composer seated himself at the harpsichord and straightway forgot all about dinner and everything else He played so long that at last the duke touched his shoulder and said "We are very much obliged, master, but we must not let the soup get cold"

Bach sprang to his feet and followed the duke to the dining room without uttering a word But he was scarcely seated when he sprang up, rushed back to the instrument like one demented, struck a few chords and returned to the dining room evidently feeling much better "I beg your pardon, your highness" he said "but you interrupted me in a series of chords and arpeggios on the dominant seventh and I could not feel at ease until they were resolved into the tonic It is as if you had snatched a glass of water from the lips of a man dying of thirst Now I have drunk the glass out and am content"

His Turn Came

Ben Davis defeated President Madison for election to the Virginia house of delegates after Madison had left the White House Old Davis who seldom wore a coat was sitting on a rail fence on the roadside in Greene county one morning when a young man dressed in dapper fashion and evidently from the city passed by

"Good morning" said David, with the proverbial Virginia politeness

To this the stranger paid no attention In a few minutes however he came to a fork in the roads and was evidently in doubt which way he should go He retraced his steps to where Davis still sat on the fence and asked him with great politeness if he could tell him which way led to Stanardsville Davis made no reply

"Will you please tell me" the young man repeated "which road I take to get to Stanardsville"

"You can" said Davis stolidly "take any d—d road you please"—Popular Magazine

A Lawyer's Paradise

Naples under Spanish rule in the eighteenth century was overrun with lawyers Of their profession Joseph Addison had this to say

"It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples It is commonly said that when Innocent XI had desired the Marquis of Carpio to furnish him with 30,000 head of swine the marquis answered him that for his swine he could not spare them but if his holiness had occasion for 30,000 lawyers he had them at his service"

It seems to have been a golden age for lawyers for as the author says "there are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending [illegible] himself up in his closet and falls a tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a lawsuit [illegible]"

To [illegible] Gentlemen

[illegible]

[illegible] guinea or two guineas without inquiring as to your right to bear arms. And, though the heralds college has the right to grant arms to those who can afford to pay the necessary fees, it cannot prevent people from using arms to which they have no right.—London Chronicle.

Made Her Pay Well.

A certain queen of Hanover once upon a time when traveling stopped at an inn called the Golden Goose. She remained two days to rest herself and retinue and receive such entertainment as was needed and for the same was charged 300 thalers. On her departure the landlord besought her with obsequious deference to favor him with her patronage on her return.

"If you desire that, my dear man," replied her majesty, "you must not again take me for your sign."

Very "Respectful."

The villagers used to make love in a solid, stolid fashion. "I'm sure, m'm," said a servant to her mistress, "nobody could have had a respectfuler young man nor what Thomas has been to me. We've been courting two years come Martlemass, and he's never yet offered to kiss me!"—From "Recollections of a Yorkshire Village," by J. S. Fletcher.

A Similarity.

"He's quite wealthy and [illegible] now," said Mrs. Starvem, "[illegible] say he rose from nothing."

"Well, well!" remarked [illegible] "That's just what I [illegible] breakfast table this morning."

Closing [illegible]

Pulsatilla—Your [illegible] hear, has written a [illegible] he produced [illegible] —Y-yes; the last [illegible] duced a [illegible]

[illegible]

THE SIREN

By CORA HATHORN SYKES

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Each dwelling should be a thing of itself, not containing any one except the family whose home it is Many a wife and husband have been separated, innocent children made to suffer and sometimes murder done because of a man or a woman going to live with a family of which they were not a part.

The Browns were a humdrum couple, content with each other and their home When it was decided to have a governess for their children Miss Olive Markam was selected for the purpose Miss Markam was pretty, and Mrs. Brown should have hesitated before taking her into the sheepfold Not that the wolf was likely to harm her lambs, but there was a sheep in the family who, though not very tender, was liable to fall a prey to the newcomer Neither Mrs Brown nor her husband gave the entrance of Miss Markam into the family a thought so far as danger was concerned Neither had ever known a pang of jealousy Mr Brown was a pudgy, baldheaded man of forty two, Mrs Brown was a tall, angular woman but a year his junior Neither supposed that the other could attract any one else even if so inclined The governess was but twenty and replied to Mr Brown's remarks with "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," as a person of an entirely different generation And yet there was danger in her presence at the Browns'

Mr Brown had his own sleeping room, where he might get a quiet night's rest without being disturbed by the rest of the family One night he wakened from a bad dream and could not go to sleep again After vainly endeavoring for an hour or more to do so he got up, put on a dressing gown and went downstairs to get a biscuit and a glass of wine, hoping that by thus drawing the blood to his stomach he might return to slumber He took great care to move softly that he might not awaken any of the family and on reaching the dining room refrained even from striking a light. He found what he wanted in the sideboard and, having partaken of it, was about to return to his room when he felt his hand clasped by a softer one

Mr Brown knew Mrs Brown's hand very well It was not soft, it was not even round On the contrary, it was hard and bony A current shot quickly up his arm and entered his heart? no, his self esteem, exciting that natural gratification a man who has passed middle life feels in attracting a young woman The conviction that the governess had fallen in love with him popped into Mr Brown's head and created there a disturbance at once delightful and terrifying On the one hand was his home, his wife, his children on the other the siren If he listened to the one the wreck of the others was sure to follow But, had he the power to resist? Mr Brown felt in his bones that he had not

All this flashed through Mr Brown's mind in the two or three seconds that he held the hand in his Then it was withdrawn and without sound or farewell the owner passed. With a wildly beating heart he stood, listened, hoped for further manifestation, feared he would receive it, groped for it with outstretched hands, was disappointed, comforted, troubled, pleased and thrilled all at the same time. At last, being convinced that the owner of the hand had gone, he returned to his room.

Mr. Brown lay awake till daylight, a prey to different emotions, then went to sleep and dreamed that he and the governess were floating down a river whose banks were covered with luxuriant foliage and overhung with flowers. She was the same woman, but transfigured to one of transcendent beauty. He bent over the side of the boat and saw his own face [illegible] in the water. To his surprise [illegible] had come back on his head [illegible] gray streaks in it, and his eyes [illegible] gained the fire of youth.

Then he took her hand [illegible] same hand he had held [illegible] was the same [illegible] out the dread of [illegible] wife of his bosom [illegible] was concerned, [illegible] children were not [illegible] ed in paradise.

He was [illegible] and the words [illegible] going to sleep all [illegible]

It was [illegible] dishabille and formed [illegible] contrast with the [illegible] Mr. Brown lay a few moments trying to get used to the changed reality, then slowly got out of bed, forced himself into his clothes and went down into the dining room. The family were at breakfast. His eldest daughter, aged fourteen, looked at him mischievously.

"How did you like the ghost, papa?" she asked, her eyes dancing with fun.

[illegible]

[illegible] she told him [illegible] in the night for a [illegible] him leave his [illegible] with better [illegible] his hand.

[illegible] said Mr. Brown to his [illegible] and before going [illegible] I've been thinking [illegible] will get on better [illegible] taught by a governess [illegible] you're right, pa. Any[illegible] keep Miss Markam any [illegible] She's going to be mar[illegible]

"Yes, to a very nice looking [illegible] fellow, a year older than [illegible] difference as between us, [illegible]

Old Enough to Be Good.

He was a liquid eyed Spaniard on tour through Italy She was a New England maiden lady doing Florence. They met first at the pension table d'hote and next in the Uffizi gallery.

"The madonna of which you [illegible]," said the liquid eyed Spaniard, "is across the hall and down to the [illegible] two doors. It hangs in gallery [illegible]"

"According to my Baedeker," protested the New England maiden, "it hangs in gallery 5."

"Pardon. It is impossible," [illegible] ed the Spaniard "It stands [illegible] my Baedeker that it is to be [illegible] gallery 3."

"Perhaps," said the New [illegible] maiden, "your book is out of [illegible] It [illegible] easy to assure ourselves [illegible] right. Let us go to gallery [illegible] and see"

"Madame," said the Spaniard [illegible] some emotion, "it is not necessary [illegible] exert ourselves. This book [illegible] is perfectly reliable. My [illegible] himself assured me so. It is [illegible] volume that he used when he toured Italy at my age."—[illegible] Press.

A Breach of Good Form.

There is a little east end [illegible] under six, who reaches the limit [illegible] matter of sensitiveness. Like [illegible] has her points in respect to de[illegible] ness She was taken about a [illegible] to spend a few days with [illegible] The little miss played around [illegible] of her aunt's place for awhile [illegible] her aunt let a playful young [illegible] into the yard, saying to the child [illegible]

"This is your little four footed [illegible] in."

Five minutes later the aunt [illegible] to the front yard to call the [illegible] the house, but she wasn't anywhere [illegible] be seen The fox terrier was [illegible] alone. There was a scrambling [illegible] for the child and all kinds of [illegible] but the little girl didn't turn [illegible] aunt hustled into town. The little [illegible] was home with her mother.

She had walked right to the [illegible] town as soon as the fox terrier was presented to her.

"Why didn't you stay at [illegible]" her mother asked her in surprise.

"She introduced me to a dog," replied the haughty [illegible]—Cincinnati Post.

"The Soul of Golf."

One who knew the soul of golf [illegible] it and described it. It was a [illegible] green, with a drop of twenty [illegible] hind it To have overrun it [illegible] have been fatal There was a [illegible] head wind The player would [illegible] running up He cut well in [illegible] ball to get all the back spin [illegible] He pitched the ball well up [illegible] the wind, which caught it and, [illegible] count of the spin, threw it up [illegible] until it soared almost over the [illegible] then it dropped like a shot bird [illegible] a yard from the hole, and the [illegible] spin gripped the turf and held [illegible] within a foot of where it fell. [illegible] obvious to one man that it [illegible] crude shot It was equally [illegible] to another, who knew the inner [illegible] crets of the game, that it was [illegible] liantly conceived and beautifully [illegible] cuted stroke One man saw [illegible] the soul of the stroke. [illegible] husk and the other took the [illegible] P. B. Valle in North American [illegible]

An Unusual Opportunity.

The young clergyman had been [illegible] by his bishop to raise in his [illegible] ish as large a sum as possible [illegible] the fund for the people of a [illegible] The rector had put the need [illegible] people as graphically as he [illegible] but he was not gifted with [illegible] and felt that his appeal [illegible] home to the hearts of [illegible] made a last attempt [illegible] thusiasm for the [illegible]

"Think of [illegible] said earnestly, [illegible] sons living [illegible] Christian [illegible] in this [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ly to the class [illegible]

"What would I be, Tommy?" asked.

"A cinch!" shouted Tommy.—[illegible] York Weekly.

Reassured [illegible]

A wife, joining [illegible] conveyance of real estate [illegible] by the judge, who [illegible] private, according [illegible] assembly, whether [illegible] compulsion on [illegible] band. She stu[illegible] replied: "He[illegible] ty like hi[illegible]