

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Small Change. At the recent dinner given by Andrew Carnegie...



Why do the British continue the coinage of farthings? While the king adheres to the absurd and uncouth...

WHAT THE MAN REALLY WANTED Hotel Keeper Enriches a Prospective Guest.

Dan Sully, the ex-cotton king, was talking on the piazza of his hotel at Watch Hill, R. I., about matrimony. "You can't easily tell," he said, "whether or not a man is happily married."

The London Barber. District Attorney Whitman of New York city, apropos of the Rosenthal case, compared a bungling detective's methods to a London barber.

A Bold Ruse

By OSCAR W. TOWNSEND

A man rode up to a party of miners making coffee and frying bacon at a campfire and said, looking earnestly at one of them.

"Mart, the red devils have got Sam." "Oh, my God!" moaned the man addressed. Martin and Samuel Gifford were twin brothers...

Five men, all well armed, rode off, guided by Simmons, the one who had brought the news, for the purpose of rescuing the captive. But the Indians were not accustomed to going about in small parties...

"I was with difficulty that the whites could restrain Martin Gifford from rushing down the slope to die fighting for his brother. But they held him back on the edge of a wood in which they were lying on their stomachs...

The ghostliness of his measured walk soon brought about a commotion among his observers, and when he came near enough for them to see their prisoner's double they were dumfounded. When he had approached near enough to them for his features to be distinct to them he stopped and still looking up at the sky, pointed to his brother. Some of the Indians fell on their faces, while others, understanding the ghost's mission to be a demand for himself, ran to the prisoner and unbound him.

Some Popular Quotations.

In spite of Scott's popularity few people remember that from "Old Mortality" we have "a sea of upturned faces," and Byron is never thanked for "dash and blood can't bear it." The "most humorous and least exemplary of British parsons" is known to have thought "they order things better in France" and "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," but we seldom credit him with "I saw the iron enter into his soul." Yet that keen image of grief, so often on our lips, may also be found in the "Sentimental Journey." Cowper is comparatively little read, the immortal "John Gilpin" always excepted. Therefore we may be forgiven if the source of "hand and glove" or "my dear 500 friends" has slipped our memories. The same may be said of Rogers "To know her was to love her," Congreve's "Married in haste and repented at leisure," Farquhar's "Over the hills and far away" and Southey's "March of Intellect." Sir Philip Sidney, who was poet, philosopher and best of all heroes, should share a better fate. How many can tell that it was he who first said in English, "God helps those who help themselves" — Cornhill Magazine.

Flowers Instead of Beets. M. Max Reinhardt, the famous producer of wordless plays, endured poverty in his youth, and of those lean years many stories are extant. "Once in Berlin," said a German actor, "Reinhardt, who was playing with me in a cheap stock company, turned up at the theater with a magnificent mauve orchid in his buttonhole and on his feet a pair of atrocious boots with their soles tied on by means of twine." "I ventured to take Reinhardt to task," "Tut, tut!" I said. "To wear a costly flower like that, along with such shocking boots!" "Reinhardt frowned and answered contemptuously: "For \$3 I could buy a pair of commonplace, machine made boots in any shop in town, but for the same sum I can get at a florist's whom I alone know three of these marvelously beautiful orchids."

Funny Blunders. The following is surely the funniest vote of thanks uttered for a long time. The speaker with evidently the best intentions in the world nervously thundered along through various sentences complimentary to the lecturer and finally flickered out feebly thus: "And so I propose a vote of thanks for the lecture to which we have so ably listened." The audience was so wearied that it did not notice the fatuous remark, and only the lecturer smiled. It is fit to be placed beside another muddle headed sentence made in conversation to a north London clergyman. A man had been pressing his views energetically on a certain question when suddenly he paused and, looking at the clergyman, said briskly, "And now, sir, what is your humble opinion?" — London Tit-Bits.

Indian Names. The finest Indian names are those which belong to the cloud clan. All these names are derived from meteorological phenomena. They are the hardest of names to translate from Indian into English. The great cloud clan Sioux, whose name was really Eclipse, was always known to the whites as Hole-in-the-Day. A certain cloud clan girl, whose name was derived from the beautiful phenomenon of the slow advance of the approaching raincloud, was known to the whites as Walking Rain—a pretty name, but one requiring explanation to a tenderfoot. — Exchange

Old Times in New York. In 1789 New York city maintained an official who would whip a servant, either free or slave, for the master, charging a shilling for the job. Petty thieves were branded for life with "T" on the cheek. Mrs. Johanna Young and another woman convicted of grand larceny were driven all over the city in an open cart, then stripped to the waist and given thirty-nine lashes in public and then banished, "whereupon," says the record, "they went to Philadelphia."

Neglect and Cruelty. "So you want a divorce?" said the lawyer. "Yes," replied the woman with tear-stained cheeks. "He has been guilty of neglect and cruelty?" "In what respects?" "He neglected to feed the bird while I was away and he says the cruellest things he can think of about Fido." — Washington Star.

His Choice. "Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert who was applauding vigorously. He after a pretty girl had sung in a very painful way. "Not particularly," said the young man frankly, "but I'm exceedingly fond of the musician." — In After Years. Smith—When Green was courting that young widow a couple of years ago he declared he couldn't live without her. Jones—And did he marry her? Smith—Yes. And now he is trying to get a divorce on the grounds that it's impossible to live with her. — Exchange. Quite Different. He—But I thought you'd forgiven me for that and promised to forget it? She—Yes; but I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it. The noblest motive is the public good. — Vergil.

A Birthday Gift

By LUCY BURCH FORBES

An elderly gentleman traveling in the French province of Brittany stopped one evening at an inn. The landlord's daughter, Lucile, served him at supper, and the traveler the moment he laid his eyes on her was struck with her appearance. Though not beautiful, her face wore a very spiritual expression.

"How old are you, my child?" asked the stranger. "I'm twenty years old today, monsieur." "Ah, your birthday?" "Yes, monsieur." "It happens here in good time. I must think of a gift for you."

"That is very kind of you, monsieur, but since you are a stranger I would not like to accept a gift from you." "You might return it with a gift." "How could I do that, monsieur, since I have not a penny in the world? And since I have nothing I cannot marry Jules, who has nothing either."

This was said in a trembling voice that told how near the matter was to the girl's heart. "Well, tomorrow, if you choose, you shall give me something, and I will return an equivalent." The maiden wondered at what she could do for so respectable a gentleman, and when the next morning he asked her to send for Jules she wondered still more. Jules came, and he too, wondered.

"Take off your shoes," said the gentleman to the girl. She obeyed, and when he looked at her happily feet and round toes he expressed satisfaction. The three were in an arbor hung with purple grapes, for it was the autumn. The stranger placed the girl in a corner, where she leaned back against the vines, bunches of fruit hanging near her. He placed Jules beside her with an arm around her and told him to look steadily into her face. Then, opening a box of sketching materials, he proceeded to transfer the figure to a canvas he set up on an easel. When the painting was completed the artist said:

"Now I am ready to pay you your fee as models. I leave you to choose whether it shall be a franc for each of you for every sitting or half the value of the picture." The lovers consulted and, being sadly in want of money in hand, decided to take the 5 francs each for the five sittings.

"Very well," said the artist, handing them 10 francs. "As for the birthday present, that will come in time." The same day he departed, and the lovers wondered if they should ever hear from him again. One day a letter came from the artist inclosing two tickets on the railway to Paris and inviting Jules and Lucile to come to Paris and be his guests for a few days. Then Jules looked foolish, and Lucile clasped her hands with delight, declaring that she had believed all the while that the stranger would send the birthday gift but she had never dreamed it would be anything so nice as a trip to the capital.

She wrote, as the donor had requested in his letter, the day and hour of their arrival, and a servant met them and drove them to their destination, the stranger's studio, which they found a wonderful place, containing many works of art. The stranger welcomed them with a smile and sent an attendant to drive them about the city and show them the sights. When they had thus passed several enjoyable days the artist got into the carriage with them, and they were driven to a building in which was a large gallery of pictures. After showing them some of the paintings he led them into a room where they saw themselves in the arbor among the clustering grapes. But the canvas was now bordered by a heavy gilt frame that added much to its beauty. Jules, who, having lived in Brittany, where artists often go for subjects, knew some artists by name and looked in a corner of the picture for that of the painter. Then he looked up into the artist's face.

A Wonderful Tree

One of the most wonderful and most venerable trees known in the botanical world is the "Tree of Life" of the islands. There are several species of tropical plants which have a remarkable facility of life but the "Tree of Life" is the most remarkable almost beyond belief. Its presence is not under adverse circumstances being certainly beyond that of any other known plant. It appears to be a naturally indestructible by any means except by immersion in boiling water as the application of a red-hot iron to its roots and branching vines. It may be cut up and divided into infinitesimal particles, and then the very smallest shreds will throw out roots and soon grow and form new branches and buds. Specimens of this extraordinary plant have been suspended in the air in a dry, hot room; they have been placed in close, air-tight dark boxes, without moisture of any sort, and yet they lived, grew and flourished.

A Sundial That "Struck." Paris is said to possess more sundials than any other city in the world. In the eighteenth century the sundial was popular in Paris. Every day at noon the sundial of the Palais Royal was the center of interest of an eager crowd. A writer tells of a "great crowd" in the garden of the Palais Royal, gathering standing motionless, with their eyes in the air. Each was waiting for noon, having his watch in hand, ready to set at 12 o'clock. When the Duke of Orleans was altering the palace in 1788 the Parisians were much disturbed, thinking that they were to be deprived of their favorite sundial. But the duke not only preserved the sundial, but added to it a little powder magazine, which was so arranged that it exploded when the sunlight fell upon it, thus notifying every one who heard the explosion that the hour of noon had arrived. Later a cannon, which was discharged by the sun at noon, gave the signal.

Information Not Needed. A middle aged woman went into a shop and without hesitation made straight for the grape counter. The girl who handled this funeral material was extremely affable. "We have a large stock of grapes," she explained. "Let me show you some new French goods, very popular at this time for every kind of mourning and designed to express every degree of grief. If you will tell me for whom you are mourning I can fix you out in exactly the right thing." "Husband," replied the customer briefly. "In that case," said the girl graciously, "I can tell you just what"— "Young lady," interrupted the older woman angrily, "you needn't bother yourself. This is the fourth husband I've buried, and I know all about it." — St. Paul Dispatch.

Harlem in New York. In 1894 there was a settlement at the foot of a little hill in New York city which the settlers called Snake Began, or Snake Hill, but which is now called Mount Morris. As the settlement grew each Dutchman who lived there wanted to name it after his native town. But as each one had come from a different place in Holland they could not agree. Governor Stuyvesant made careful inquiries, and, finding that no one had come from Haarlem, he nipped all neighborly jealousies in the bud by naming it Nieuw Haarlem.

Anchorings a Lighthouse. A very effective method is employed to keep a lighthouse always in practically the same position. The ship is moored by three anchors which rest in the sea bed in the form of a triangle. When the tide alters its direction the vessel, of course, swings with it, but only to a limited extent. The ship cannot change right over, as it would if only one anchor were used. For the three anchors each fix it in a different position and do not allow it to move more than a few yards.

The Boy's Mistake. The teacher asked, "When did Moses live?" After the silence had become painful she ordered: "Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?" A boy answered, "Moses, 4000 B. C." "Now," said the teacher, "why didn't you know when Moses lived?" "Well," replied the boy, "I thought 4000 B. C. was his telephone number." — Pearson's Weekly.

The Other One. "What is the meaning of 'alter ego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin. "The other I," said the boy with the curly hair. "Give a sentence containing the phrase." "He winked his alter ego."

She Works at Home. Hicks—I understand Mrs. Bias has learned how to keep her husband at home. Winks—Nonsense! Bias is out with "the boys" nearly every night. Hicks—You misunderstand me. I mean the work she does at home keeps him. She's a dressmaker, you know. — Philadelphia Ledger.

Enemy Is a Mad. "There's an economical girl for you!" "As to how?" "Bats a five cent lunch every day." "Yes; she's trying to save \$30 to buy a new hat." — Pittsburgh Post. The Sighted Spirit Had Devised a Greater Punishment than Navy Imprisonment. "There's an economical girl for you!" "As to how?" "Bats a five cent lunch every day." "Yes; she's trying to save \$30 to buy a new hat." — Pittsburgh Post.

SELECT COLLINGS

A Medical Mystery. A strange instance is provided in the Swiss village of Tross, of the nature of Orlans. It appears that the majority of the inhabitants of Tross are what is called "bleeding." The women, for instance, who are subject to the attack of a neuralgia and neuralgia are used in for these a series of such operations. They immediately suffer a hemorrhage and it is almost impossible to stop the bleeding. In one case that of the daughter of a Tross doctor, who has been several times examined by me. They have been washed, treated with medicine and the usual means, but the hemorrhage has been followed by a second day at his death. "You can't save," said the doctor. "Because," said the minister of public instruction, "I am the minister of public instruction." The counselor stopped to think. "Very well," she said after a moment. "You can go on. But you'd better look out for the dogs. They're really strangers, and they're only showing up on the days on which M. Rodin wishes to receive callers."

A Rodin and His Wife. The famous French minister of public instruction, M. Rodin, was the subject of many rumors, among the rumors in Paris, a rumor appeared the other day at his death. "You can't save," said the doctor. "Because," said the minister of public instruction, "I am the minister of public instruction." The counselor stopped to think. "Very well," she said after a moment. "You can go on. But you'd better look out for the dogs. They're really strangers, and they're only showing up on the days on which M. Rodin wishes to receive callers."

Money Value of an Education. What is the money value of an education? The average return on the dividend case would be something like this: Two boys, aged thirteen, are both interested in mechanics. One goes into the shop; the other into a technical school. The boy in the shop starts at \$4 a week, and by the time he is eighteen he is getting \$7. As that is the other boy is learning, and starting work at \$10 a week. At twenty the shop trained young fellow is getting \$20, and the technical one \$15; at twenty-five the former is getting \$35 and the latter \$25; and by the time they are thirty-two the shop trained one is getting \$50 and the other \$35.

Alexandra's Royal Relatives. Probably no royal lady of any time has been so intimately related to so large number of kings and queens as Queen Alexandra. Her father and mother were king and queen of Denmark, her husband was King Edward, her mother-in-law was the late Queen Victoria, her son is now king of Great Britain, her daughter-in-law is queen of Italy, a sister was the late queen of Rumania and in her own right she has two brothers and a sister. The Hellenes, one of her subjects in the case of Rumania, another subject, was prince of Montenegro, and another subject was prince of Serbia. In addition, she is a widow, while a fourth is destined to be king of the Hellenes.

A Man of Many Tongues. Abbas Effendi, the Khedive of Egypt, owes much of his success as a ruler to his linguistic attainments, which are remarkable even for a monarch. During the course of an "ambassador's" frequently happens that his highness discusses questions of state with the British and American diplomats, who are so faultless in English, with the French representative in English, with the German and with the Russian in German. Later he will conduct all affairs with the Sultan's representatives in Turkish, they preside over a council of his ministry, where all the details of policy are discussed in Arabic, and at night he will be at the theater to opera in Italian.

Parting the Mist. The Kaiser is reported to have said that his son will be the last emperor, as the march of republicanism is steadily gaining. It is doubtful if the Kaiser were descendant of the Hohenzollerns did make such an admission, but we were reported in a stray blowing over the political wind is blowing over the nations. The day is already gone when any monarch would venture to say again that his personal will is the supreme law of the land. — Baltimore American.

Humane French Customs. Humaneness, however, is not the motto of the Paris Law police. At present it is on the other day and after the usual manner for a number of years, that the Paris police will have a "human" day. On a wall, where the Paris police have their headquarters, there will be a notice that no animal will be taken to the market.