A PETTY TYRANT

By MARGARET BARR

In Italy they celebrate the anniversary of the evacuation of the country by the Austrians much as we Americans celebrate the Fourth of July.

On one of these anniversaries two ladies were walking on a street in Milan. They were Austrian tourists of high degree, one of them the Countess Canega. Being citizens of that empire which had lost its hold on Italy, it is not to be expected that they would feel any sympathy with the celebration.

While passing some persons who were firing explosives a man set off a pack of firecrackers, several of which snapped on to the countess' dress, burning holes in it. She was in no mood for such a misfortune and resolved on being revenged on the Italian who had occasioned it. Calling on a policeman, she showed him the damage that had been done, pointed to the perpetrator and demanded his arrest, that she might recover demages. The policeman agreed to do her bidding if she would accompany them. She consented, and the three went to the station, which happened to be only a block away.

The officer in charge suggested that since the judge before whom the case would be tried was then holding court and the ladies desired to leave Milan the next morning they go at once before him and see if they could not get it disposed of without delay. This pleased the irate countess, and they went to the courtroom.

Now, a gentleman who had been walking the streets enjoying the celebration had witnessed the accident and followed the parties first to the police station and thence to the courtroom. There he listened with marked attention to the proceedings. The lady claimed that the dress was worth 1,000 lira, or $200. She had bought it in Milan only the day before and summoned the merchant who sold it to her to bear witness to the price paid. This established her claim, and, as to the man who had burned it, he confessed that he had done so, but accidentally.

The judge ordered him to pay for the dress, but he said that he was a workman and without any means whatsoever.

He offered to bind himself to pay by installments, but the lady, who was revengeful rather than needy, declined to accept such terms. The judge thereupon said that in default of payment and costs the poor fellow must go to jail until he could raise the money.

"Then," said the man, "I shall have to remain in jail, for there is no possible way in which I can raise such a sum except by working for it, and I need all I can earn to support myself and my family."

The judge endeavored to persuade the lady to be lenient, but she declared that the man could pay if he would, and she would make no compromise.

"In that case," said the judge, "I have no discretion in the matter but to send the man to jail."

At this point the gentleman who had followed the party stepped forward and said to the judge, "I will pay the lady the 1,000 lira she paid for the dress, but in that case it will be mine, will it not?"

The judge ruled that it would. The lady, whose ire had had time to cool, seemed willing to accept the solution, and the stranger, taking out a pocketbook, handed her the money and paid the costs. Then he said:

"Judge, I know who this lady is, for I have met her at court in Vienna, though she does not remember me. Her ire at the man who unintentionally burned her dress was occasioned by the fact that our people are today celebrating the expulsion of our former masters, her countrymen. She has treated the unfortunate man with great rigor, and I propose to be equally exacting. The dress she wears is mine, and I demand it immediately."

The countess, somewhat abashed at this speech, said that she would deliver the dress as soon as she could go to the hotel and replace it with another one.

"You refused," said the stranger, "to give this man time, and I refuse to give you time. I demand my property."

The lady looked at the judge to learn if he would support that demand. The judge had already recognized the stranger and with great deference to him said that he had a right to compel the immediate delivery of his property.

"What!" exclaimed the countess. "Do you mean to force me to disrobe here?"

"You showed no mercy," replied the purchaser, "and I will show you none."

"And if I refuse your insolent demand?" she asked, looking again at the judge.

"I shall send you to jail," replied the latter.

There was a knot that only the purchaser could cut. He did it by making the lady an offer of her dress for 2,500 lira. Since she must either accept it or appear in public without it she angrily consented. The stranger took the money and handed it to the man who had burned the dress, saying at the same time to the lady:

"My object, countess, has been simply to save this man from your tyranny, just such as our people have suffered from your Austrian government. I bid you good morning."

"Who is he?" asked the lady after he had gone.

"Prince Umberto," said the judge.

Laugh at Your Burden.

Most of us are bending under the burden of some great load. It may be care, it may be disappointment, it may be injustice, it may be physical pain or spiritual discouragement, but it is heavy. Often it seems heavier than we can bear, and we cry out and protest. These burdens are very real, but really they are not half as big and heavy as we make them, declares a writer in the Universalist Leader. We have had them upon our shoulders, entirely out of our sight, so long that they have been magnified by imagination or weariness or impatience until they seem unbearable. Now, then, whatever your burden may be, however long you have been carrying it and however proud you may have become of your self imposed martyrdom just take your burden down and look at it honestly, and you will be surprised how it has dwindled away while you have been magnifying it in your mind. Look at it frankly and fearlessly and in nine cases out of ten will your tears be turned to laughter and your sighing into song.

A Scene in the House of Lords.

Once when the late Lord Ritchie was president of the local government board he was very anxious to hurry a certain bill through before the end of the session.

Lord Ritchie saw his bill through the commons and then strolled up to the lords, where he found three peers in a private room seated before three empty tumblers.

"Is this the house of lords?" he asked with a touch of sarcasm.

"It is," was the reply.

The minister sniffed. "Do I smell whisky?" he asked.

"You do," said one noble lord. "You may observe that the glasses are empty. Unless they are immediately refilled one of us will go, you will not have a quorum, and your bill will not go through."

So the president of the local government board comforted the house of lords with whisky, and his bill was passed.—London Tit-Bits.

A Spider and a Fish.

"The amazing strength of spiders is shown in a number of well authenticated instances," a biologist says. "Thus we have an instance of a half inch spider catching a two inch fish. It was of the ground or wolf family. A scientist came upon it struggling with a fish on the edge of a little pool. Its claws were buried in the fish's tail. It had the tail out of the water, but the head still remained underneath. Like a fiend the spider struggled to pull the fish up on the bank, and the fish struggled desperately to draw the spider into the pool. For ten minutes the scientist watched this silent and deadly fight. Then he hurried away for a bottle in which to put the combatants when he captured them. He was gone about half an hour, and on his return the end had come. The fish was dead, and the spider was slowly dragging its victim away."—London Express.

The Greatest Epic.

The greatest epic given in any language "on the score of sublimity" is Milton's "Paradise Lost." Of but little practical value, Milton's great poem is, as a mind expander, the most masterful thing in the world's literature. To be under its influence is like standing out under the star filled dome of the heavens. It appeals with tremendous power to the sense of the sublime in us and lifts us up to the peaks of wonder, awe and reverence. Homer is, of course, marvelous, and Dante is among the gods, but Milton overlaps them all when it comes to mental and spiritual uplift and enlargement. The "Paradise Lost" serves no utilitarian purpose, but it helps us to feel "God, freedom and immortality."—New York American.

Coleridge and His Books.

Coleridge before his death had parted with most of his books. Yet there was a time when the author of the "Ancient Mariner" hoped that his heirs would profit largely by the sale of his collection. He even went so far as to leave word that, "in case of my speedy death, it would answer to buy £100 worth of carefully chosen books in order to attract attention to my library and to give accession to the value of books by their coexisting with coappurtenants." When his estate was realized, however, there were no surplus funds to spend on coappurtenants.—London Spectator.

As Usual.

"I'm so glad to see that you have recovered from your illness."

"Yes, but I had a narrow escape. The doctor said if I had waited a day longer it would have been hopeless, and they all said it was the only case of its kind on record. The doctor is going to write it up for a medical paper. The only thing that carried me through was my wonderful vitality."—Judge.

Daily Obligations.

"By George, I don't know what we are coming to! It's getting harder and harder to meet one's ordinary obligations."

"What's bothering you—taxes?"

"Taxes nothing. Tips!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That Tired Feeling.

Tommy—Pop, ennui is merely being tired of doing nothing, isn't it? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son, with the addition of being too tired to do anything else.—Philadelphia Record.

Life is a battle, not a parade, and it is for us to make today's defeats tomorrow's conquests.

My Strange Vision

A Story For Washington's Birthday

By F. A. MITCHEL

I wish it distinctly understood before telling this story that I make no pretense at an explanation.

In New Jersey there are still standing houses in some of which happened scenes connected with the Revolutionary war. Most of these are now dilapidated. Of some only a part remains, while a few are well preserved. In one of these houses I once slept. The only mark of its past grandeur was the staircase. The minute workmanship of that day was apparent in it, though in its dilapidated condition it looked tawdry.

I slept in a room on the second floor near the head of this staircase. The original room had been divided into two small ones. I went to sleep very soon after going to bed and must have slept till after midnight, when I was awakened by a hammering at the front door below. There was a noisy confusion of men's voices without, and I heard above the din, "Long live the king!" Another cried: "The rebel is within. Watch every egress!" And still another shouted: "He's gone, you traitor Tory. You're too late!" Then there was a shot, and I heard some one cry, "My God, I'm done for!"

Immediately after the shot came a fierce onslaught upon the door below, and I heard it give way.

Scarcely a minute had elapsed while this was going on before I sprang from my bed, rushed to the door of my room, opened it and looked out. Lights from below faintly illuminated the staircase. Descending it was a woman in her nightdress, a shawl wrapped about her shoulders. She was young and beautiful. When I opened my door she had turned an angle in the stairs and faced me. A voice from below cried:

"The captain's shot! Give me that shawl to stanch the blood!"

The woman's face was lighted with anger, as if suffering some grievous wrong.

"God forbid," she replied, "that I should give my shawl for any such purpose."

It was a sickening sight, that which I saw next. I wish I could forget it, but I can't. It will be with me to my grave. I saw a soldier in a three cornered hat, a red coat and buff knee breeches run up the stairs and plunge a bayonet into the woman's breast. She sank down with a moan. There were cries of "Shame!" from below, and I heard shrieks and lamentations in different parts of the house.

Suddenly I found myself in darkness. I was lying in bed, my heart beating like a drum. As I became more conscious of where I was I saw a streak of light coming through a shutter from a street lamp without. All was still.

What a horrid dream—nightmare, I mean. I knew that I had got out of bed and gone to the door. But—

My thoughts went off in all imaginable directions.

In an hour I was asleep again. My vision came back, though this time it was more like a dream. Yet so real was it that when I returned to my ordinary consciousness I wondered if I had been asleep.

I saf by an open window looking out on large grounds. Persons were grouped below me, all subdued, speaking in low tones. There were soldiers among them dressed in the Continental uniform. Before the door was a gun carriage. As in a moving picture, at the gate at the farther end of an avenue of trees appeared a commanding figure, also in Continental uniform, mounted and followed by several officers. They rode rapidly toward the house, and I heard a voice below exclaim:

"General Washington has arrived!"

Then I heard singing of hymns below, after which I saw a coffin wrapped in the stars and stripes taken out and laid on the gun carriage. The cortege moved away, the general and the officers being a part of it.

I awoke in the morning feeling as if I had suffered a great strain during the night, though it was rather a spiritual than a physical strain. After breakfast I called the man of the house aside and told him of my nocturnal experience. He said that he was no interpreter of dreams, and that was all the information I got out of him.

Some time after this visit I was telling my visions to a librarian. His interest in my story grew intense as I proceeded. We were in the library at the time, and when I had concluded he went to a shelf, took down a book, opened it at a certain page and handed the volume to me.

I read of a certain house in New Jersey where an officer in the Continental army was wont to visit his young wife. He was betrayed by Tories, and British troops sought to capture him. But, learning of his danger, he escaped before they arrived. The scene I had dreamed—or seen, I know not which—had been enacted during the Revolution in the very house in which I saw it more than a hundred years later.

My friend the librarian hunted for an account of the funeral of the young wife who was killed by a British soldier because she would not give her shawl to stanch the blood of his captain, that officer being the one searching for her husband. No record was found of the obsequies, but it seems probable that a woman who died in the struggle for independence would be given a military funeral and that General Washington, who was then at Morristown, would very likely be present.

Don't Guide a Man.

"We were late," groaned the girl who was tired, "because we went fifteen blocks out of our way."

"Why did you do that?" asked an unsympathetic brother. "Why didn't you keep your eyes open and take the right car?"

"I did," said the girl. "I knew which way to go, but my eyes got confused, and I didn't dare to put him on the right track. If I had he would never have forgiven me. I have lost the friendship of three interesting men by that very evidence of strongmindedness. Experience has taught me that next to being caught in a fib, the thing that most riles a man is to be guided by a woman. To wander around like a babe in the woods, to retrace his steps half a dozen times and finally to arrive somewhere an hour late are blunders that he can cover up with one excuse or another, but for a woman to take the lead and say, 'We want this car,' or 'We must go this way,' presupposes a state of lamentable ignorance on his part and makes him hate that woman forevermore."—New York Times.

Already Had It.

A southwestern sheriff, visiting New York to take a prisoner back to his district, was turned over to an inspector, who was to be his amusement guide. They wound up at an east side hall, where there were a few dips present.

After a half hour the inspector called one of the crooks to one side and said:

"See that tall man with the sombrero?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"He's a Texas bull. I'm showing around, and I think it would be a fancy idea if you could nick him for his ticker."

"Nix; you're trying to put me in bad."

"Nothing like it—purely a joke, that's all. To show you I'm on the level I give you my word that you won't get in trouble, and I'll give you a five dollar note for his watch."

"All right. Here it is." — Chicago Post.

A Board and a Paper.

Take an ordinary board two or three feet long, such as a bread board, and place it on the table so that about one-third of its length will project over the edge. Unfold a newspaper and lay it on the table over the board. Any one not familiar with the experiment would suppose the board could be knocked off by hitting it on the outer end. It would appear to be easy to do, but try it. Unless you are prepared to break the board you will probably not be able to knock the board off. The reason is that when the board is struck it forces the other end up and the newspaper along with it. This causes a momentary vacuum to be formed under the paper, and the pressure of the air above, which is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, prevents the board from coming up.

Classic New York.

There is probably no better illustration of the irrelevancy of certain place names than that afforded by the classic names of many towns, villages and cities in the state of New York. By way of illustration the following names from the single county of Cayuga may be mentioned: Auburn, Aurelius, Brutus, Cato, Conquest, Genoa, Mentz, Scipio, Sempronius and Venice. In Onondaga county are Apulia, Camillus, Cicero, Delphi, Euclid, Fabius, Manlius, Marcellus, Memphis, Mycenae, Pompey and the large city of Syracuse. In Seneca county are names like Junius, Ovid and Romulus. Other large cities in other parts of the state are named Rome, Utica and Troy.—Report of American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.

Some Apple Terms.

In describing the fruit the word "base" means the part of the apple at the stem end; "apex," the portion at the blossom end; "cavity" is the depression around the flower end; "calyx" the so called flower in the apex of the apple. The general form is referred to as being "round," "oblate," "conical" and "oblong." As regards size, apples are said to be "small" when two and one-half inches in diameter or under; from two and one-half to three and one-half inches they are termed "medium" and above this "large."—Rural Californian.

Two Letters.

Nelly—What kind of a letter did your husband write when he was away?

Wife — He started "My Precious Treasure" and ended by sending "love."

"How did you answer?"

"I started with 'My Precious Treasurer' and ended with 'Send me £5.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Solved.

"Twelve persons for dinner! Aren't you crazy to invite so many?"

"We might invite a thirteenth. That would perhaps take away their appetite."—Paris Sourie.

Dainty Fare.

Customer—Four pounds of black pudding, please. Pork Butcher—Yes, sir, in a minute. Customer—Serve me at once. It's for an invalid.—Paris Liberte.

No Returns.

Hokus—So she didn't return your love, eh? Pokus—Return my love? Why, she didn't even return my presents.—Town Topics.

Wasted Time.

No boy, when he applies for a job at any business man's place, is asked if he is an expert at playing pool.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Mutiny

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

On my last voyage with Captain Waterman we had bad luck with the crew. Two men were lost overboard in a storm, three died of sickness, and five deserted at Madeira. We went through the strait of Gibraltar with eight men and when we reached Naples were reduced to six, for we had scarcely cast anchor when two more men left us for parts unknown.

We lay in Naples a week, taking on a cargo of olive oil, figs and Italian fruits. Several days before sailing on the return voyage the captain was requested to take some money to New York. It wasn't much, but quite enough to excite the cupidity of a common sailor. Waterman was so proud of being intrusted with the amount—about $12,000—that he had to tell one of the men about it. The worst of it was that we were obliged to make up the crew at Naples in order to take the ship back to New York, and any one who has ever been in Naples will understand what kind of men we were obliged to accept. Some of them were a weak, aged, degraded lot, while the rest looked as if they had seen service as brigands. The fact is that before we got through with them I made up my mind that they had spent the greater part of their lives behind bars.

When we sailed away from Naples I confess I had misgivings about ever getting across the Atlantic with such a crew. The second mate, Hanford, felt a good deal as I did about it, but the captain didn't seem to feel the least uneasy. Before making due westward we went down to Messina to take on oranges. The evening of our arrival I noticed by the looks of the men and certain hurried consultations that took place among small groups of them that something was brewing. Instead of going to my berth when I came off watch and feeling uneasy, when no one saw me I slipped into one of the ship's boats. I hadn't been there very long before there was a commotion beneath me. I heard shouts down between decks, and several of the crew passed up the companionway, and the whole lot of them talked hurriedly directly beneath the boat I was in. I knew by what was said that they had killed the captain and the second mate and had been disappointed in not finding me in my berth. What had become of me was their chief topic of conversation, and it seemed to trouble them very much. Some one said that he had seen a man leap overboard, and this seemed to satisfy them that I had thus escaped, but they didn't propose to take any chances, and their leader, dividing the ship into sections, detailed two men to search each section. Certain of being captured if I remained where I was, when no one was near me I let myself down into the water and, swimming to the rudder, climbed up on it. Not being a first class swimmer, I didn't dare to try to get to the shore, which was fully a mile distant.

It wasn't long before I heard the anchor being drawn up, and I felt sure that the men were going to put out somewhere and I would stand a good chance of being drowned perched where I was. However, I couldn't help myself and must take my chances of meeting death that way rather than giving myself up to be murdered. They sailed northeastward and in a few hours came near land, which was a part of the toe of the boot of Italy, as it appears on the map. They coasted along till they came to a very thinly settled region from which mountains rose from a beach. There they ran the ship ashore. Taking two of the boats, they landed, and, turning the boats adrift, they began to walk northward on the beach.

I was now relieved of my fear and turned my whole energies toward following them up and turning them over to the authorities for punishment. Swimming forward to the bowsprit chains, I climbed up on deck, lowered a boat and when the men were passing around a spur in the mountain pulled away from the ship. When I came in sight of them again I was to them simply a man in a boat, for they were too far away to see who I was, and, in order to lull any suspicions they might have, I pretended to be fishing.

After proceeding northward for a couple of hours, coming to a gap, they turned eastward. I pulled ashore and, leaving my boat, took the only road they could have followed. They stopped at a small town, and I halted outside. When they left the place I entered it, and, finding telegraph facilities, I sent a message to the nearest point where I would be likely to find a police force sufficient to handle them and sent an account of the situation, with the direction the men were moving. I was requested to keep track of them if possible and post the police from time to time of any change in their route.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon I met the police detachment and guided them to a point where I knew the men were journeying. We let them proceed to a sort of pocket, where we called on them to surrender. They were only partly armed, and the police, besides outnumbering them, all had rifles. This brought them to terms, and we captured them, including the $12,000 they had with them.

They were taken to Naples, where they were tried. Some of them had been compelled to join the mutiny, and they were let off. The ringleaders were given solitary confinement for life, while the rest got light sentences.

[illegible]

[illegible] primitive station, but well [illegible] station master. Presently [illegible] one of the crew [illegible] looked about and [illegible] lying on the platform [illegible] with it along the line. When a train came in the man waved it [illegible] engine driver pulled up and [illegible] there got in. Later, when [illegible] was pulling up in any [illegible] came along the platform and [illegible] the tickets, carefully [illegible] names, nationality and [illegible] the passengers. Two [illegible] on they got out, and they [illegible] not only a station master [illegible] for, and the latter stayed [illegible] all day in an orchard [illegible] arrived, meanwhile [illegible] honey from the comb. [illegible] one wonders, could such a [illegible] railway system be found? [illegible] World Magazine.

The Only Way.

The old lady was very fond of [illegible] the efficacy of perseverance. [illegible] fact, she rode her hobbyhorse [illegible] to death that her servant at last [illegible] quite tired of her everlasting "[illegible] vere—persevere! If he only [illegible] perseverance one can accomplish [illegible] thing in this world."

One day the old lady had [illegible] and a large number of dumplings were served up. [illegible] however, were not all [illegible] eight or nine being sent down [illegible] again.

On the following day the old [illegible] invaded the lower regions and [illegible] the leftover dumplings to be [illegible] up for dinner. But greatly to her [illegible] sternation, she found they had all [illegible]

"Sally," she cried, "where are [illegible] dumplings left from yesterday?"

"Eaten 'em, mum," was the [illegible] lady's reply.

"Eaten them? Good heavens! How did you manage it?"

"Perseverance, mum," came the [illegible] reply.—London Answers.

Jarred the New Yorker.

A traveling salesman, who had [illegible] the Rocky Acres, and going to the [illegible] merchant, said pompously: "[illegible] from New York. I want to show [illegible] the newest line of—"

"Where did you say you were from?" asked the merchant, getting ready to do some "kidding." The great [illegible] manner of the New Yorker had [illegible] him. The salesman repeated [illegible] think the fact that he was from New York was something to make [illegible] merchants' jaws drop open. [illegible] what we western people call a "[illegible] York fool"—the one kind that's [illegible] loss.

"Why, I'm from New York," [illegible] ed the grocery, swell up and [illegible]

"Who runs the hotel in that [illegible] asked the merchant in a friendly [illegible] ner.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mother's Inadequate Reason.

It is said that the average child's [illegible] vorite word is still "why," [illegible] cates that in spite of all [illegible] the infantile craving for knowledge [illegible] not degenerated. And the mother [illegible] makes the answer which calls [illegible] least reflection, but this, of course, [illegible] where the need of a wider [illegible] material information is [illegible] The modern child learns [illegible] things which it has always [illegible] ed, but which have come to the [illegible] among the unexpected "[illegible] age." And even the most [illegible] willing parent may have to think [illegible] when the child, who wants to [illegible] asks "why" the telephone [illegible] aeroplane flies, the submarine [illegible] the gramophone sings, the typewriter prints and the electric kettle [illegible] self?—New York Tribune.

The Grand Canyon.

In the Grand canyon the highest sides are 6,235 feet above the stream, but they are perpendicular for [illegible] some 3,000 feet, where the [illegible] chasm is often but a few hundred feet wide. Above that the sides [illegible] off in a series of cliffs to the level of the surrounding country, and if the world lasts long enough and a great rainfall should come a deep and wide valley will exist there some day. It would be folly to attempt to say what the erosion that has made the canyon first set in. It may have been as long ago as a million years. The exact time is pure guesswork.—Exchange.

Proof Positive—Perhaps!

Two young women were exchanging confidences one afternoon as they shared their tea. "He didn't tell me he loved me," said the younger of the two, with a happy reminiscent smile as she toyed with her spoon, "but he kissed me." "Well," replied the other, "he must love you if he kissed you!"—London Mail.

His Retort.

Laird—Well, Sandy, you are getting very bent. Why don't you stand straight up like me, man? Sandy—Eh, mon, do you see that bird of yours over there? Laird—I do, Sandy. Weel, ye'll notice that the tail feathers hang down and the empty end stand up.

Under Medical Advice.

Irate Tailor—Now look here, Mr. Scribb, this has gone on long enough. I demand a check right now. Impecunious Author—Sorry, Snip, old man, but my physician has ordered me to quit writing altogether for three months.—Harper's.

No one need wait for kindness to be kindness.