

Washington's Spy

He Had a Unique Way of Getting Information.

By F. A. MITCHEL

While visiting one of the historic houses in northern New Jersey...

"All the antique furniture in this house," he said, "has been here since 1764, though some of it is earlier than that."

"Washington passed on up to Morris town, from where he kept in touch with all the region between New York and Philadelphia."

"One of these emissaries was a Lieutenant Rogers, a fearless youngster, but so glib that he was very hard to find more time with the girls than in looking after the movements of the enemy."

"Rogers could have got out of Catharine all she knew—so I should suppose—within a week, although it may have taken more time than that to do the job."

"On a recent trip I was on deck talking with a passenger when eight bells sounded. 'There goes eight bells,' I said, exclaiming myself. 'I must take my watch below.'"

"'Gracious,' she exclaimed, 'fancy having a watch that strikes so loud!'"

"'Wanted the Same.' Mrs. Comeup—My dear, we must have some one to look after our supper. Mr. Comeup—What's them, and why must we have 'em? Mrs. Comeup—I don't know, but everybody says Mrs. Smart has such the ones at all her affairs."

"The Holmes Firm. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend—be it on the back of it: 'Taken by O. W. Holmes and Sun.'"

"How about the rent of this house of yours, Flittor? Doesn't the landlord ask a good deal for it?"

"Pretty Good Advice. When mean things are said about you, if they are true, amend; if they are not true, it is not a bad idea to amend a little anyway.—Christian Herald."

"Our vines are like our nails—once we cut them they grow again.—T. Bernard."

Child Material

If parents do not know by this time how to bring up their children it is not for lack of instruction.

Begin by well wishers, hemmed in on every side by experts who speak of 'child material' as if it were raw silk or wool pulp.

It is hard to be dealt with as 'child material' when one is only an ordinary little boy. To be sure, 'child material' is never threshed as little boys were wont to be.

Curious New York Club. Probably one of the least known clubs in New York has its home on the borders of the lake in Central park, opposite Seventy-seventh street and Central Park West.

Passing of the Cou-Blanc. In the Alpine valleys, near the Little St. Bernard there is cultivated a species of goats to which the natives give the name of 'cou-blanc.'

Nicely Disguised. Some days ago, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the principal police inspector of the Second district was called to an affair as delicate as it was urgent.

Remarkable Watch. An officer of a liner which sails from New York touches for the following story: 'On a recent trip I was on deck talking with a passenger when eight bells sounded. 'There goes eight bells,' I said, exclaiming myself. 'I must take my watch below.'"

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Forestalled

By JOHN G. LARNED

During the reigns of Louis XIII, XIV, and XV, of France dueling was so prevalent that at one time it began to appear that all the bravest men in France would be killed.

Paris in those days was a favorite resort for the few colonists of North America who ventured to cross the Atlantic, and young Mathewson made quite a sojourn there.

One evening after a ball, at which Mathewson had paid marked attention to Mlle. de Boyer, he was addressed by a young army officer as follows: 'I am the bearer of a challenge to you from Count Gaston Vaudelais, you having during the evening brushed against him in the dance.'

Climate and Sleep. Climate has something to do with the amount of sleep required by a man. In India, for instance, sleep overtakes people at the most unexpected moments.

Wanted to Be Thought Timid. Anote France has one quaint characteristic. He likes to be regarded as a man of exceptional timidity.

Sleep Curiousities. One of the curious facts brought to light by the scientists who are fond of trying to solve the mystery of sleep is that when one is fast asleep some part of his brain or several parts of it may at the same time be awake.

How He Escaped. Paul Deroulede was one of the few Frenchmen held by the Prussians as prisoners of war to escape from custody, and, anti-Semite as he was, he disguised himself as a Polish Jew.

Father's Definition. 'Pa' said the small seeker after knowledge, 'what is a kiss?'"

A Stinger. Mrs. Nagger—Perhaps you recall, it was on a railway train that we first met, and—Mr. Nagger—Yes, but it's too late now for me to sue the company for damages."

A Love Story. 'It is Cupid who pierces hearts with his arrow.'"

'Yes, but it takes a pretty girl to draw the bow.'

Influenza in Every Land

Legion are the names that the dread "flu" has been called by those that have fallen under its magic spell.

No country will acknowledge that its shores are the birthplace of the "flu" and the following are a few of the names given this unnamed disease. In Russia it is called Siberian fever and in Siberia Chinese fever.

Very apt is the Swedish definition—"snuffika" and "snuff fever." Our own description—influenza—was taken from the eighteenth century Italian writers, who spoke of "una influenza di freddo." Influence of cold upon one's own physicians mistook the description for the name of the disease itself; hence influenza—London Answers.

Contentment. The blind Mme. du Defand rejoiced that her affliction was not rheumatism Spurgeon's receipt for a contented heart was never to chew pills, but to swallow the disagreeable and have done with it.

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He Needed Credit

By EDWARD L. BARKER

Jim Follansbee and I were in London waiting for a remittance that didn't come. What was the matter, I didn't know, but I didn't get the money.

Were you ever in a strange land without money or credit? Well, it's a mighty-mean feeling. We hired a room, which we paid for in advance for a week, and this left us 12 shillings for meals for that period.

One evening when we were pretty near starved I said to Jim, "Jim, I'm going to have a bang up good dinner."

"I'd like to know where you're going to get it," said Jim. "And I'm going to take you in too."

"That's very good of you. Only I don't want any Barmecide feasts just now. I'm hankering after the real thing."

"Shut up and listen." I developed my plan to him. I reserved for myself the leading role, and Jim didn't like playing a low down part, but he was hungry enough to steal a baby's bottle.

That was a dinner I've never forgotten. Every time I get awfully hungry I cut it over again—in imagination. When I'd got through with the substantial I topped off with an English plum pudding, washed down with some real port—the real stuff that the nobility drinks—and ordered a cup of coffee.

Having satisfied a hunger that had been accumulating for a week, I strolled up to the cashier's desk, where the proprietor himself sat behind a cigar counter. I had picked out a shilling clear and was cutting off the end preparatory to lighting it when I heard a voice close beside me say: "Mr. Marston, this is the luckiest meeting for me in the world."

I turned and there was Jim beaming on me as happy and as innocent looking as a six-year-old boy. "You have the advantage of me, sir."

"You haven't the advantage of me, I know you for Edwin Marston, head of the firm of Marston, Plunkett & Co., bankers, Wall street, New York. I once kept an account at your house. My name's Follansbee—that was the only truth in the whole tale—and I regret I'm lucky to meet you, for I've spent all my money and am waiting for a remittance. You must help me out."

"I don't remember you, sir," I replied, "but I'll not see a fellow countryman in a strange land in need of friends. How much do you want?"

"Oh, £50 will do. But, I say, I haven't dined and I need a sovereign for a dinner right off."

"Go right over there to that table and order what you like." Jim sat down at a table, and I don't think he left anything on the menu unorderd. If he did it wasn't anything more succulent than a herring, I stood by the landlord puffing my cigar.

The Lazy Woodpecker

Woodpeckers are the greatest stay in beds of all the American birds, while robins are among those who stay up latest at night and get up earliest in the morning.

On the average, downy woodpeckers were not heard from after half an hour before sunset and pileated woodpeckers after an hour before sunset. They slept in the morning until ten or twenty minutes after sunrise, in contrast to the robin, which is up more than an hour before sunrise, and the wood pewee, which is up an hour and a half before sunup.

The robins, pewees and thrushes, he found, generally retired for the night about half an hour after sunset, so the woodpeckers usually took two or three hours more sleep than the pewees or the robins.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Roof in Literature

Northern literature has never taken the roof seriously. There have been many books written from the viewpoint of windows. The study window is usual. Then there is a college window and the Thrums window; also, there is a window viewpoint as yet scarcely expressed—that of the boy of Stevenson's poems with his nose flattened against the glass; convalescence looking for sailormen with one leg.

What is "Un Philosophe sous les toits" but a garret and its prospect? But does Souvestre ever go up on the roof? He contents himself with opening his casement and feeding crumbs to the birds. Not once does he climb out and scramble across the mansard. On wintry nights neither his legs nor thighs tempt overhead. Then, again, from Westminster bridge, from country lanes, from crowded streets, from ships at sea and mountain tops have sunsets been thrown to the moon, not once from the roof.—Yale Review.

Building a House in France

It is unusual for a house, however small, to be erected in France without the services of an architect, who not only draws the plans, but actually superintends the work. Usually it is he who orders the building material and assures himself that its quality is up to the specifications and requirements. The contractor and his workmen perform their duties in conformity with the architect's orders, and the latter who is usually a man with capital, advances the funds required in order that the contractor need not wait for payment until the building is completed. Moreover, the French law imposes on the architect a serious responsibility, since he as well as the contractor is responsible for all defects of construction during a period of ten years.

A Flash of Howells' Wit

In the "Letters of Charles Eliot Norton" is one written by him to Eliot Norton in 1907, in which is this glimpse of Howells with a flash of his quick wit: "Mr. Howells was with us on Sunday and seemed better than I had expected, considering how poorly he was during the greater part of the winter and spring. Pleasant as he always is, he never was pleasanter, and we had four or five hours of animated talk, by which a vast deal of ground was covered. His humor was delightful as of old. One quick bit of wit is worth preserving. I was speaking to him of Dr. James' new book and said that it was brilliant, but not clear. 'Like his father,' said Mr. Howells, 'who wrote the "Secret of Swedenborg" and kept it secret for me in the world.'"

Very Popular

"She says she had several men running after her at the seaside." "Ha, ha! So that's what she says, eh?" "Yes, My, she must have been popular!" "Well, I hardly call it that. What she means was she came very near drowning one day, and the whole life saving crew ran after her."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Witty-Rated

An Irishman once was traveling in a train with a friend when two very stout ladies entered the carriage. They placed themselves on each side of Pat. "Are you sure you are comfortable, Pat?" the friend asked. "Sure, I haven't much room to grumble," was the reply.—London Express.

Hopefulness

Hope springs eternal, and for ten years on a stretch a man can vow every night that the next morning he will arise ten minutes earlier and yet never do it.—Chicago News.

A Fine Distinction

The fine distinction in the animal kingdom is that the blindest hog gets killed, while the human article goes on and on forever.—Portland Oregonian.

Good Advice

It is better to be a bluffer than a grouch. Make the world think you are happy whether you are or not.—Manchester Union.

Truth can be outraged by slanders quite as cruelly as by speech.