

The Man Who Was Laughed At

By SADIE OLCOTT

Muldrough was a ranchman. He was a typical westerner, but, having made money at raising sheep, he held his head pretty high. He had a daughter, Rosa, who was a rustic beauty. Muldrough didn't propose that Rosa should take up with a cowpuncher or anything like that. He intended her for a ranchman like himself, who rode over his broad acres and bossed others.

A ranchman came courting his daughter, truly enough, but not the kind of ranchman Muldrough was looking for. His name was Jabez Stubbs. He came out from Missouri to start ranching on fifty acres of land and with a dozen sheep. He was the homeliest man in the west, and so ignorant was he of western ways that he didn't even carry a revolver. He caught sight of Rosa Muldrough one day skimming along on horseback, for all the world like a swallow, only a hundred times as pretty, and he wanted her right off.

He was a very honorable fellow. Stubbs was, almost as honorable as he was homely. One morning Muldrough was standing on his porch, boot-ed and spurred for a ride over his domain, when he saw Stubbs coming up to the house mounted on a horse as neatly looking as the rider was homely. When he reached the porch, without dismounting he said in a cracked voice:

"Mr. Muldrough, I've come to ask you for your daughter—that is, if she'll marry me. I've got fifty acres of land and a dozen sheep, but that isn't all the property I've got. There's \$3075 in the Dime Savings bank of Independence, Mo., and \$972 in—"

"He got no further," Muldrough put his hand to his hip, drew his revolver and, pointing it at him, said:

"Get!"

Stubbs looked up, apparently more surprised than hurt, and, digging his heels into his horse, rode away, saying:

"Very well, Mr. Muldrough, I've taken the right course in asking your permission to win your daughter before speaking to her. Now, since your treatment of me I give you notice that I'll win her if I can without your permission."

A burst of laughter, in which was mingled a lot of scorn, was the only reply to this threat. Then Muldrough went into the house and told Rosa all about it. She didn't laugh as he did, for, down in the bottom of her heart, she sympathized with Stubbs on account of the treatment he had received from her father. But Muldrough did not notice this and never dreamed that he had anything to fear from Stubbs through Rosa.

Some time after this, when the girl was out on her horse, she met Stubbs. He rode right on, looking at her with fully out of his eyes till he saw her draw rein; then he came to a stop.

"Mr. Stubbs," she said, "I wish to say to you that a man who pays a woman the highest compliment he can pay her—provided he wants her for herself—is entitled to a civil reply. My father was not warranted in his treatment of you the other day, especially since your cause was perfectly honorable. Nor was he authorized to speak for me. Though I highly appreciate the compliment you have paid me, I decline your proposition because I do not love you."

"I thank you for saying it to me in stead of never giving me an answer at all. I'm sorry you don't love me. I love you and shall always love you. I'll never love any one else."

"Why do you especially want me, Mr. Stubbs?"

"Because I do."

"There are plenty of girls in the world far more attractive than I."

"Not to me."

"I wish you didn't feel as you do. It troubles me to give any one pain, and to be the cause of your spending your life alone distresses me very much."

"And I don't like the idea of distressing you. I'm not going to distress you any more than I can help. If you think my being about here will have that effect on you I'll go elsewhere."

"Oh, I wouldn't drive you away from here. That would be selfishness. I can't love you, but I can sympathize with you."

After a few more words they both rode on. When Rosa had gone some distance she drew rein, turned her horse's head and looked back. Stubbs was sitting on his horse, facing her, not far from where she had met him. She waved a hand to him, then turned again and rode on.

One day Muldrough went home after being out all day to find his daughter gone. She had left a note for him, bedewed with tears, saying that she had gone off to be married. She knew her father would not consent to the match, so she was obliged to go away and be married somewhere else. She did not give her lover's name.

Muldrough stormed until he learned that the man his daughter had married was the one he had laughed at when he had made an application for her hand. Then he was crushed.

Jabez Stubbs if he had been permitted to finish the list of his bank accounts might possibly have been accepted, for he could have bought out Muldrough two or three times over. He is now the richest man in his state.

But Rosa knew nothing of this when she married him. She certainly did not marry him for money or for looks. What she did marry him for has been a question among her friends ever since.

An Irish Rebel

A Story For St. Patrick's Day

By NORA MCARTHY

It was in 1798 that the last attempt of any importance was made to free Ireland by violence. These revolutions have always been the work of the Catholic party, which lives almost anywhere in Ireland except in the province of Ulster, where many of the people are Protestants. So Ireland from the beginning of her revolt has been in the position she is now with reference to home rule, Ulster against the rest of the island.

One of the most earnest rebels in this 1798 trouble was Patrick Mulligan, a young fellow, who, like many another Irishman, was named for St. Patrick, who introduced Christianity into Ireland.

After the Irish revolt of 1798 Pat was found to be so deeply dyed in treason that all his inventive powers, assisted by those of his friends, were not sufficient to keep him from indictment and trial, and he was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. When the judge put on the black cap he asked the condemned man if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

"Divil a word, your honor," said Pat, with an impressive bow to the judge, "have I to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me, for I'm the worst rebel in Ireland, but I have something to say when I shall be hanged. I have the honor to bear the name of the patron saint of Ireland. This year St. Patrick's day comes on Friday, two weeks from tomorrow, and I should be obliged if your honor would sentence me to die on that blessed day."

The judge granted this modest request and after he had passed sentence asked Pat just why he wished to be hanged on the saint's anniversary. Pat replied that St. Patrick was stronger than the king of England and would have a care for any one who should be swung off on that day.

The following two weeks were a series of receptions on Pat's part, everybody he knew coming to the jail to see him and bringing him delicacies.

Instead of acting like a man who each day was twenty-four hours nearer the gallows, the nearer drew the time of his execution the merrier he grew. When asked by his friends why he was in such good spirits he said that he was named for St. Patrick, who was to be hanged on St. Patrick's day, and divil a bit would the saint suffer his friends to hang at all.

His faith affected his friends to such an extent that they set about trying to get a pardon for him. But Pat had given the government so much trouble, not only in times of open rebellion, but of unrest, that they were determined to get rid of him. So Pat's friends were obliged to try another plan. One of them, a cobbler, riveted together some straps to go under his arms with a hook at the back of the neck.

Another friend, who was a third the night before, drank, and in the morning he was not drunk, and in a condition to officiate on the scaffold. So he appointed a deputy, and that deputy was the man who got him drunk.

When Pat was brought out to be hanged he made a bow to the crowd, willing to see him swung off and said:

"Good morning to you. It gives me great pleasure to afford you amusement on this blessed morning. He was led up on to the scaffold and, acting on the instructions he had received, he rejected to the rope on the ground that it was not safe, being too light and might let him down and hurt him. So another rope was produced, and the deputy sheriff who he came to see the morning before Pat's head confined to catch the end in the hook at the back of the neck.

Now, there were those present who, if they had perceived what was going on, would have reported the fact, and though Pat might have been saved for the time being, he would have later been strung up in earnest without waiting for another St. Patrick's day to come around. So the deputy was obliged to go through the motions and the rope was put around the neck of the culprit. It was intended that the hook should relieve the strain entirely, but it did not work as well as expected, and Pat was jarred senseless.

The deputy was obliged to let him hang an hour, but by setting ahead the hands of his watch he saved the time to forty minutes. Then Pat was cut down, put into a coffin and driven away in a cart.

The logging of the cart resuscitated him, and he was about to sit up when he was held down by a friend, and it was not till the cart struck a wood that he was taken out of his gawsoner receptacle. He was then given a disguise and some money that had been collected for him and told to make for the coast and take the first vessel sailing for America. Pat bade them all goodby and the next evening was concealed on a ship about to sail for Philadelphia.

Pat found the United States recently revolted colonies of England, and there were as many patriots there as in Ireland. So he was much pleased with his surroundings and spent the first few years in his new home trying to organize an invasion of Ireland by his friends with a view to helping her to an independence similar to that gained by the American colonies. But finally he settled down and became an American citizen.

Classic Rupee.

Palmerston used to greet all whom he did not know with "How d'ye do, and how's the old complaint?" which fitted all sorts and conditions of men. Trivial illustrations, indeed, which we may dismiss with this single note of recognition, that they are every what as socially sincere as "literal truth" told often in such a way as to create an entirely false impression.

At times the ruse rises into a fine art. I recall the cunning artist who painted the beautiful Irish girl, twice a Duchess, with a sundowner that turns from the sun to look at her, and Mrs. Gaskell's heroine, who, as amateur clerk, tries to make the old bookkeeper forget that she is a woman by whispering. A millionaire peasant of Russia wished Engel to give piano lessons to his daughter, but in order to lessen the cost thought that she might do without learning the black keys. The master sat down at the piano and played Chopin's etude on the black keys so divinely that the father exclaimed: "The devil take the 5 rubles! She shall learn to play on the black keys too."—Atlantic Monthly.

The Wrong Bertie.

Sir Francis Bertie was once the center of an amusing muddle at Windsor. It happened during the reign of Queen Victoria, when Sir Francis was permanent under secretary of state for foreign affairs. Wanting to consult Lord Ponsonby about a certain matter, he telegraphed to him at Windsor: "Shall be down tonight, Bertie."

The telegram was shown to the queen, and as Bertie was the name she always used to her son, the late King Edward, she came to the conclusion that he was going to pay her an unexpected visit. When Sir Francis arrived he was considerably taken aback at the elaborate preparations that had been made to receive him, and the old queen laughed heartily at the trick he had all unconsciously played on her, but when he was leaving she suggested that he should in future sign his telegrams in some other way.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Better One.

At the monthly meeting of a certain hobnobbing society, one of the members related an interesting experience. He had recently sold a couple of "squakers"—very young pigeons—to a man whose cot was 200 miles away. He sent them off by train and was as surprised to find them back in the old cot two days later.

There was a painful silence, broken at length by the president's "Wonderful!"

"You doubt my word?" demanded the narrator of the story.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "It's a strange coincidence, that's all. I sold the very same man a setting of eggs in the middle of June. Before the end of the month those birds had hatched out and had flown back to me! Homing instinct's a wonderful thing!"—Youth's Companion.

The Order of the Seraphim.

The Order of the Seraphim is the oldest and most famous of the decorations in the gift of the king of Sweden. Originally it was instituted by Magnus IV., some 600 years ago, to commemorate the siege of Upsala, the ancient capital of the Swedish kings, and its fortifications bound the recipients of the order to fight to the death for the maintenance of their religion and to constitute themselves the special protectors of the widow and the fatherless.

When it was revived about the middle of the eighteenth century by King Frederick the obligations laid upon the members were somewhat less onerous. The decoration consists of an eight pointed star in white enamel with cherubs' heads of gold and is worn on a broad band of pale blue ribbon.

Banana Meal.

It has been proved in India and the Malay peninsula that the produce from one acre of bananas or plantains, as the fruit is termed in that region, will support a much greater number of people than a similar area under any other crop, and the immense yield may be preserved for an indefinite period by drying the fruit and preparing meal from it. Plantain meal is made by stripping off the husk, slicing the core, drying it in the sun and then reducing it to powder, and finally sifting. It is calculated that the fresh core will give 40 per cent of meal and that an acre of average quality will yield over a ton.

Extinct.

Teacher—Now, James, do you understand the meaning of the word "extinct?" James—Yes'm, Teacher—Then name one bird that is now extinct. James—Chipper. Teacher—Chipper? What kind of bird is that? James—My pet pigeon. The cat caught him this morning.—Judge

Government.

"Is this a government of the people, for the people and by the people?" "Well, it was in the day of log houses and open fireplaces, but since we have built skyscraper blocks and 200 family apartment houses we have developed janitors."—Buffalo Express.

Senna.

The senna exported from Egypt is gathered from shrubs growing wild in the Anglo Egyptian Sudan and the Red sea districts of Arabia.

No Infallibility.

Dictionaries are like watches—the worst is better than none and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.—Samuel Johnson.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless.—Paley.

Turning the Tables.

When Sir Henry Lucy was writing for a well known newspaper under the famous management of the late Sir John Robinson, the latter frequently complained of Lucy's terribly bad handwriting.

One day Mr. Lucy, as he then was, received a very heated note from Sir John, again complaining of his handwriting. Now, Sir John himself wrote in execrable "bat," and there were three words in that note that Mr. Lucy could not possibly decipher. He cut holes in a sheet of paper and covered the whole of the note except these three words. Then he went down to the office, showed Sir John the abridged note and asked him if he could interpret the cryptic words.

After prolonged examination Sir John could not. Veteran proofreaders were called in, and they also failed. Then Mr. Lucy uncovered the note and showed Sir John that it was his own!—London Answers.

American Humor.

Frank Gould says that American humor is like nothing else under the sun—so droll, so grotesque and often so solemn in expression.

Mr. Gould gives this account of a half minute comedy enacted in one of the corridors of a Chicago hotel. It was played by two millionaires. One of them, waiting for the elevator, was struggling into his fur lined coat. The other, "an acquaintance, took hold of the coat and assisted him into it.

The first man turned, saw who it was, "grave" put his hand into his pocket, took out a dime and handed it to his helper, who, with equal gravity, pocketed it. Then the first man went down in the elevator, and the other passed on to his room. Not a word had been spoken and neither man smiled, except inwardly.

Would a foreigner have understood the pantomime, even if he had known the standing of both men?—Buffalo Express.

Shirts From Trees.

It is comforting at least to know that the old "Song of the Shirt" does not apply to all parts of the world. In the forests of Oronoko, situated on the slope of New Granada, nature has provided what serves as a ready made shirt for the natives. It is obtained from the maripa tree, a species of tropical palm, which has a thin, fibrous red bark. When a native wants a shirt he simply cuts a piece of one of these trees about eighteen inches in diameter and takes off the bark, unrolling so as not to cut it in any way, and thus obtains a hollow cylinder of flexible bark somewhat resembling a rough sack without any bottom. He then makes a small slit in each side for his arms to go through and puts it on. It is only during the rainy season, however, that natives conform to the requirements of civilization sufficiently to wear garments of any description.—New York Sun.

A Penalty of Genius.

It seems to be the frequent penalty of genius that it is denied the privilege of perpetuating its name and kind beyond a few generations at most. Thus it is said that there is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Coleridge, Goldsmith, Byron or Moore; not one of Sir Philip Sidney or of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Graham or Canning; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon or Macaulay; not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble or Edmund Kean.—London Standard.

Horseshadish.

The cultivation of horseshadish is a thriving industry, a writer in the Country Gentleman says, and he describes a three acre farm devoted to this industry, which keeps two men busy, one of them making good money out of his miniature farm. One advantage of this crop is thus described: "The horseshadish farmer can well be back and rest in easy security, for he has a crop that only insects with suicidal motives attack."

Home Conservation.

"Why have you interested yourself in theophany?" "Well," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "my husband persists in talking about banking and currency. I thought I'd follow his example and try to act wise about something that neither of us understands."—Washington Star.

Cordial and Confidential.

"How did you get along with Mamie's father?" "Fine!" he said it was all right before I asked him. And then he asked me if I didn't know a few more likely young fellows who would take the rest of his girls."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Trouble Ahead.

Husband to wife—Didn't I telegraph to you not to bring your mother with you? Wife—I know. That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.—London Tit-Bits.

Out of Mind.

Fenton—At first he was simply crazy about her, but now he neglects her shamefully. "Stoness—I see." At first he went out of his mind and then she went out of his mind.

Supercandence.

"Did that manager discover any humor in your play?" "Yes," answered the gloomy author. "He said the whole thing was a joke."—Exchange.

Broken by The Tango

By MARJORIE CLOUGH

From the time when I came to be old enough to think of marriage I looked upon it in a feminine way. I didn't say when I was grown I'd be a teacher or a lawyer or anything like that. I said I was going to be married and live in a nice, cozy house and thought of my dolls as real children.

When I was eighteen years old my father died and left me little or nothing. It looked very much like my being forced from the domestic life I had laid out for myself when a child. Will Isham and I were spoons, but Will was such an easy going fellow that he didn't fill my idea of a husband at all. What I wanted was a strong character, who would make up my mind for me, relieving me of forming decisions, which I always disliked.

Will was an amiable chap, and I was very fond of him, but it seemed to me that we were too much alike.

I was hesitating between Will and stenography—Will was perfectly able to take care of me—when Warren Robbins came along. It seemed to me that Mr. Robbins was just the man I wanted. It was not long before he proposed to me, and I accepted him at once.

I confess it seemed very nice to have some one to obey. There are two divisions of mankind and womankind in these days. I may call them pleasureites and nonpleasureites. Formerly the pleasureites played cards and the nonpleasureites didn't. Now the pleasureites dance the modern dances and the nonpleasureites are shocked there at.

I found very soon that I was a pleasureite and Warren was a nonpleasureite. I became infatuated with the tango. Warren declared that any woman who danced the tango was not the wife he should like to marry.

We hadn't been long engaged before Warren made this known to me, and I felt called upon to defer to his wishes. Somehow this particular deference was not pleasant. I didn't see why I shouldn't dance the tango as long as I danced it properly. Warren argued that I could not always rely on finding a partner who would dance it properly with me and that the tendency of such dances being bad, by dancing it I was encouraging vice. He told him that I didn't agree with him and should dance the tango.

Warren was somewhat surprised at this and reminded me that I wished to follow a leader. To this I replied that in the tango the man guided the woman's steps.

You should have seen the look he gave me. "That's the most brilliant bit of logic I ever heard," he said. "It's worthy of Archbishop Whately, who wrote a book on categorical syllogisms and other points pertaining to the subject. If he heard it he would turn over in his grave."

"I don't see anything the matter with it or the tango either," I replied with some curtness.

"It's about like the clinging vine and the sturdy oak. A flagpole set up near the oak, the vine-unclings from the oak and clings to the flagpole."

"The vine wouldn't do that unless the oak had got in under the oak's bark and rotted the trunk."

"Perceiving that your logic and your similes are altogether beyond my poor intelligence, I bid you good evening."

I didn't feel very good over this. Somehow I felt that, irrespective of the morality or immorality of the tango, in dancing it despite my fiance's wishes I was not following out that for which I had agreed to marry him.

While I was thinking about it I was called to the phone. Will Isham was at the other end, and Will and I were good friends. We had simply not met, that was all.

"Do you go to the ball tonight?" he asked.

"No, Warren doesn't approve of these modern dances, and just now the old ones are not danced. He won't take me."

"Do you suppose he would let you go with me?" "Let me?" "Yes, Haven't you said you were going to marry for the purpose of having a master?" "I'll go with you."

"Thanks awfully! I'll call for you at 9."

When 9 o'clock came I was dressed in a new ball costume just come in and, waiting in the drawing room when who should call but Warren. He had come to make up, but when he saw my clinging skirt and my decollet waist, with only a little lace over one shoulder, he forgot all about what he had come for and began to abuse my costume.

"Looks like an elegantly folded sheet," he said sarcastically, "only the sheet must have been taken from a crib."

I fired up at this and gave him such a tongue lashing that while about it I didn't notice the entrance of Will Isham. When I did notice him he was grinning like the cat that ate the canary.

Warren left me, slamming the door behind him. I went right out with Will, got into the carriage, and we were driven to the ball.

What a softening influence there is in the tango! It made me forget the disagreeable episode.

I have engaged myself to Will. He says he always wished to cling to a woman, and I'm just the woman he prefers to cling to.

Playing the Piano.

Millions of people play the piano. Few people listen to them. Why is that? Let me remind you of a little story. One summer Joseph Jefferson, the dearly beloved old actor, spent a part of his holiday near a lonely little village. Early on Sunday morning he met the clergyman of the place. Church and stage instantly became friendly and Jefferson was asked whether he would care to read a part of the service. He consented to read the Lord's Prayer. After the service the white haired clergyman shook his hand. Tears were in his eyes as he said, "Ah, Mr. Jefferson, you ought to have entered the church." "Why?" asked the great actor. "Because what you read sinks into the hearts of your hearers. I thought I had never heard the Lord's Prayer before, you read it so beautifully." "Well," said the modest old actor, "you know, don't you, that hardly one person in a million is ever rightly taught to read."

Similarly, few people are ever rightly taught to play. That is why, perhaps, so few care to listen to the average player.—Woman's World.

When the Full Moon Lights Sahara. The following description of the Egyptian full moon is quoted from "It Happened in Egypt":

"The stars spoke to us as we walked soft footed through the sand, and the pure wind of the desert spoke other words of the same language—the language of the universe and of nature. Here and there yellow lights in a distant camp flashed out like fireflies; far away across the blowing sands rocks bleached like bone gave an effect of surf on an unseen shore; now and then a silent, swift moving Arab stealing out of shadow might have been the white woman who haunts the sphinx hurrying to a fatal tray, and the great pyramid seemed to float between desert sand and cloudless sky like the golden palace of Aladdin being transported through air by the genie of the lamp. There never was such gold as this gold of sand and pyramids under the moon!"

Bird Ballast—a Storm Sign. "What is all that great crowd of crows doing?" We asked the aged lighthouse keeper.

"Them crows there," the old man answered, "is talkin' on ballast—a sign of storm."

The beach, white in the winter sunshine, was covered with crows. They seemed to be feeding busily.

"No; they ain't feedin'," said the keeper. "They're swallerin' sand; ballast, you know—ballast for the high winds that are comin'. Yep, a storm is doo."

The crows rose, a trifle heavily, and flew back inland again. Soon, however, a fresh lot made a second great black blot on the white beach.

"Yep, them's my barometer," said the old keeper; "crows swallerin' sand for ballast—a sign a storm is doo."—New York Tribune.

Proud of His Infamy. When the Volturo burned in mid-ocean a few of the men rushed the boats and were knocked down by the captain. What becomes of such men in after days? Do they hide in shame from their fellows, fearful that their infamy may be recognized and their infamy proclaimed? Not necessarily. A public librarian was once visited by a man who came to him for a book on notable shipwrecks. He searched the pages eagerly, then pointed out a passage referring to a seaman who tried to take a woman's place in a lifeboat and had been shot by the captain. "I'm that man," he declared, proud that his exploit should appear in print, and offered to show the spot would to support his claim.—Chicago News.

From Many, One. "This is our most valuable fowl," said the amateur hen farmer.

"A fine bird," remarked the visitor, trying to look wise.

"Yes, indeed. We have named her E Pluribus Unum."

"Why the name?" the visitor questioned.

"She came from the only egg that hatched of fifty in the incubator."—New York Times.

Worse and More of It.

"How fat Ellean is getting," said the young man. "I think it's a shame for a girl to take on flesh that way." "You shouldn't say that to me," protested the young woman archly. "I am a little plump, myself, you know."

"I know, I know," he hastened to apologize. "But it's all right with you. I mean it's a shame when a girl's young."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Off Guard.

"How did it happen that your friends got the best of you?" queried the inquisitive person.

"They got busy while I was watching my enemies," explained the man who had got the short end of it.—Chicago News.

Wolfhound and Gazelle. The swiftest dog in the world, the Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show twenty-four yards to the second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than twenty-seven yards a second.

Pen and Pencil.

The Pencil—You ought to be ashamed of yourself. They say you have always to be driven before you'll work. The Pen—How about yourself? The Pencil—Oh, I'm lend—Exchange.

Carry on every enterprise as if all depended on the success of it.—Richardson.