

A WHISTLER STORY.

The Eagle That Was Made to Pose as a Fighting Cock.

Apropos of something Whistler once told a cockfight story so vividly that only a man with a sailor's instinct could tell it as well, mimic it so keenly and enjoy it so thoroughly. It was a story of a strange species of the American cock, pictured to the smallest detail so beautifully that one forgot that it was a story.

Some American sailors were at a cockfight in a seaport town in England when one of them remarked to the owner of the champion:

"We have got an American cock on board that can whip any bird here." "Go fetch 'im on," said the champion. "Chuck 'im in and see. If 'e licks one bird we 'ave plenty more to throw in that can lick hany blawsted Hamerican bird you can fetch 'ere."

"All right. We'll bring one," said the sailors. When they got aboard they rigged up an American eagle. After their own manner, they painted, trimmed, spliced and reefed fore and aft, transforming the eagle to a cock. When ready they went ashore to pit their new American gamecock against all England.

At the pit the sailors chucked in their cock, which looked around for other surprises as he backed close to the wall.

"Now, bring on your birds!" yelled the sailors. A strutting cock was thrown into the pit and was another surprise to the poor dismantled eagle. He backed up closer and closer to the wall, wondering what would happen next. The cock walked three times majestically around the circle, cuffing at his strange opponent, the eagle pitifully abashed and bedrabbled, crouching lower and lower and looking around and above him for an explanation of what it all meant, while the crowd were yelling madly for the English fighter. The eagle made himself smaller and smaller, but at last, finding that he could get back no further and thinking that something was expected of him, and, as the cock dashed at him again, stretched out his long claws and took his opponent by the neck.

Here Whistler ended with an imitation by motions of what the eagle did. He stretched out his arm, shaped his hand like a claw, which by this time looked like a real one, drew it to his mouth and with one bite pulled off the head as he thought an eagle might do it. Then he looked blandly about the room, as the eagle had done, at the astonished crowd and said, "Now bring on your other birds."—Otto Bacher in Century.

TOWNS WITH TROUBLES.

London's trouble is her fog. Tokyo's trouble is earthquakes. In her worst 200,000 residents were killed.

The mistral is the trouble of Marseilles, an east wind that increases the city's death rate 50 per cent.

Calcutta's trouble is cholera, and the bubonic plague is the trouble of Bombay. Each city pays to her trouble an annual tribute of 9,000 souls.

Bagdad's trouble is the "Bagdad button," a sore that attacks practically every resident and visitor, leaving a button shaped permanent scar.

Madrid's trouble is the solano, a summer wind from the southeast. It is exceedingly hot and is accompanied by blinding, choking clouds of dust, so that notwithstanding a temperature of 105 or 110 degrees all windows must be closed.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Science of Chemistry. Chemistry did not become a science—in other words, chemistry proper did not exist—until the seventeenth century, and it was as late as the middle of the eighteenth century before it began to amount to much. The old alchemy undoubtedly contained the germs, or at least the possibilities, of the present day chemistry, but beyond this the relationship between the modern science and the ancient delusion is slight indeed. Still, it cannot be denied that it was in the foolish search for the "Philosopher's Stone" and the "Elixir of Life" that men first hit upon the discoveries which were destined to develop into the great science of today.—New York American.

The Sarcastic Cabby. The London bobby is notorious for overgrown feet and hands. Likewise the London cabby is generally accredited with never being at a loss for a reply. One day a bobby lifted up his hand majestically to halt a cabby, but the latter crowded his horse ahead. "Didn't you see me raise my 'and'?" demanded the bobby.

"I did see the sky darken a moment, but my 'orse was shy'n' at your feet," retorted the cabby as he whipped up and went on.—London Graphic.

The Danes and the Raven. Perhaps the Danes selected the raven for their standard out of feelings of gratitude, for before the invention of the mariner's compass they must have found him extremely useful. The only method of determining whether land was near was to let loose a raven. If the bird saw land he sailed away forever; if he did not, he returned to the ship.—London Chronicle.

Equally Culpable. "I can say for myself that I never have been mean enough to get another woman's cook away from her."

"Neither have I, but I must confess that once or twice I have tried to work our cook off on some of my neighbors."

Shut Him Off. "What are you taking for your cold?" "Nothing." "But, my dear fellow"—"Nothing, I say, not even advice. Fine day, isn't it?"—Illustrated Bits.

The Owner and the Visitor.

His house, the first he had ever owned, being nearly finished, the Flat-bush man went forth one fine afternoon to inspect it. As he entered the front door he observed a well dressed man standing within, apparently admiring the beauties of construction and decoration. In an instant the pride of the owner swelled within him. Here was where he would make the visitor verdant with envy and, incidentally, intercept a few bouquets for himself. Stepping up to the stranger, he remarked:

"It's a beautiful house, isn't it? It's worth every cent of the investment and a great deal more."

"You are right," replied the stranger. "You are, I suppose?"

"Yes, I'm the owner," interrupted the other, "and just let me tell you that there are not many men round here who own as fine a house as this."

"I quite believe you," serenely answered the visitor. "I'm the man, you see, who holds the first mortgage on it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The First Woman Whip.

Who was the first "femme cochere"? To the Princess de Metternich, a lady of quality in the fullest meaning of the word, who flourished under the second empire, this honor must be accorded, says the London Chronicle. For in the days when the woman whip was a very rare spectacle indeed this dauntless dame was frequently to be seen driving her phaeton through Paris. One day two facetious youths took it into their heads to signal to her. "Pat, cochere!" The princess entered into the spirit of the joke. She drew up. "By the hour," said the two, seating themselves. "Where?" "Bois de Boulogne." She whipped up without another word and drove off to the Bois. After a silent tour of something over an hour the merry twain began to tire and asked to be put down. "Very good, citizens," said the "cochere," depositing them and holding out her hand. "My fare is 300 francs per hour for my poor." In the event the laugh proved to be on her side.

Rickshaws and Dandies.

In the mountain districts of India the principal vehicles of passenger conveyance are the rickshaw and the dandy, with which Rudyard Kipling has made us familiar. The rickshaw is pushed and pulled through the streets and on the roads leading out into the country by four coolies, and the dandy is carried on the shoulders of four and sometimes six coolies. Saddle ponies are also used to some extent, but most of the inhabitants and quite all visitors use the rickshaw and dandy. The latter is constructed on the plan of a sleigh box, but longer. A pole is attached fore and aft, which is long enough to give a springy motion when the coolies are walking and trotting. A crosspiece rests on the shoulders of the coolies and is shifted now and then from one shoulder to the other for rest. By the command of the coolie in charge this shift is made simultaneously.

Castle Garden.

Castle Garden was built by the United States in 1807 from the plans of Lieutenant Colonel Jonathan Williams, C. E., and was called Fort Clinton. In 1822 it was ceded to New York city. In 1824 it became a place of amusement and about 1826 got the name of Castle Garden. In 1845 there were Ethiopian minstrels there, in 1847-49 theatrical companies played there, and in 1850 Jenny Lind sang there. In 1855 it was closed as a place of amusement, and the commissioners of immigration took it as an immigrant depot. In 1870 it suffered from fire, and on July 9, 1876, it was burned to the ground. It was rebuilt at once. In 1892 the depot was moved to Ellis Island, and Castle Garden reverted to the city, which in 1896 opened an aquarium there.

A Well Meant Suggestion.

At an "at home" given by a Yorkshire gentleman's wife an outside manservant had to do duty for a butler. The man was astonished at the thin slices of bread and butter with which he served his mistress's guests. As he was serving an ancient dowager for the fourth time he said to her in a voice that was meant for a whisper, but which was audible to the whole room, "If yer slaps three or four slices together, mum, maybe yer can get a bite."—London Telegraph.

A Lesson in Ornithology.

A gentleman who rather overvalued himself, looking at a case of birds, said to an ornithologist who was with him, "What is that bird?" "That," said the other, "is a magpie." "It's not my idea of a magpie," was the rejoinder. "Perhaps not," replied his friend, "but it's God's idea of a magpie."—House Beautiful.

Quickly Supplied.

There have been many strange things in English history. One of the most curious was recently mentioned by a little schoolgirl.

"The hydra," said this much informed young person, "was married to Henry the Eighth. When he cut her head off, another one sprang right up."

She Could See For Herself.

Mrs. Citty—Bridget, who was that at the door just now? Bridget—A leddy wantin' t' know if we had furnished rooms. Mrs. Citty—What did you tell her? Bridget—Sure, an' I towd her that all our rooms were furnished. She's lookin' at the lib'ry now.—Puck.

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Costly Keys.

One thousand seven hundred pounds was the sum given by Count Adolphe de Rothschild for what may be said to be the most valuable key in the world. It is marked with the arms of the Strozzi family and is believed to be the work of the great Italian artist Benvenuto Cellini, who flourished in the sixteenth century. The key is chiseled out of a block of steel, presenting two grotesque female figures and ornamented with various masks and scrolls. Another costly key, which formerly belonged to the Medici family, is in the South Kensington museum, London. The upper part of the bow rests upon a square temple, inclosing a standing figure, exquisitely chiseled, holding a shield. The pipe consists of a column with a Corinthian capital.

The Sphinx.

The word sphinx is from the Greek and means the stranger and was applied to a fabled creature of the Egyptians which had the body of a lion, the head of a man or an animal and two wings attached to its sides. In the Egyptian hieroglyphs the sphinx symbolized wisdom and power united. It has been supposed that the fact that the overflow of the Nile occurred when the sun was in the constellations Leo and Virgo gave the idea of the combinations of form in the sphinx, but this idea seems quite unfounded. In Egypt the reigning monarch was usually represented in the form of a sphinx.

Trapped by a Picture.

A Hungarian burglar, who was once a painter of considerable repute, was ransacking a house when he came across the portrait of a very beautiful young woman which had been left unfinished by the artist. He began to add the finishing touches to the picture and was discovered hard at work by the owner of the house, who promptly sent for the police.

Too Easy.

Miss Cicero—Here is an example for you, Willie: A boy skates two miles the first day, three miles the second day, four miles the third day—Willie—Shucks! I could beat that example without half trying.—Smith's Magazine.

Reckless.

Mamma—If you had two pennies, Willie, and I was to give you three more, how much would you have? Willie—Make it dollars, mamma. What's the use of being stingy with make believe money?

Never depend upon your genius. If you have none, industry will supply the deficiency.—Ruskin.

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How a Stone Varies.

A stone is usually considered to be fourteen pounds, but a butcher's stone of dead meat is only eight pounds, a stone of cheese is sixteen pounds, a stone of glass five pounds, while a stone of hemp runs to thirty-two pounds.—London Standard.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.—Plutarch.

Yes, Indeed.

"A woman makes a great change in a man's life."
"Yes, and she takes a great deal of change out of it too."—Houston Post.

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