

FATE.

"The sky is cloudy, the rocks are bare; The spray of the tempest is white in air; The winds are out with the waves in play, And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

NYE'S COSTLY DINNER.

While Nye was not a mountain man to such an extent, there were frequent occasions when he got into the same horizon with "Sam" Davis, and when they associated there were hot times in the old towns.

After Nye had become famous and had taken to lecturing, he had an odd adventure with Davis, who often before he had met joyously and parted from sadly.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "you come along with me to dinner this evening, and I'll take you to a restaurant—one of those French restaurants, you know, where you can get something for twenty-five cents. Of if you prefer a fifteen-cent meal."

"I guess not," cried Nye, who was spending fifteen dollars a day for being allowed to breathe in the Palace Hotel. "A quarter meal's cheap enough."

After they parted Davis hurried to one of the finest eating-houses in all the Coast country, and had a brief but convincing conversation with the proprietor. He also called in to his aid a man with whom he knew Nye had some pleasant correspondence, and whom the securing knight desired to meet.

"Do you mean to say," he gasped, "that the price of such a meal as you are ordering is a quarter?"

"Well," said Davis, in confusion, "of course fifteen cents would be about the right price, but something seems to be wrong with the chef to-day. Try to make out a little, and we will go somewhere else tomorrow. I am really filled with shame at bringing you here to such a poor, dismal excuse for a dinner, but I hadn't been in here for a month, and didn't know it had run down so."

The two connoisseurs objected to everything. The wine was not more than twenty years old, whereas they were paying money enough to get good stuff. The lobsters were wrong in some way, the salads were faulty, they insisted; the bird, the fish, the sirloin—everything clear through to the fruit and ice cream and pastry and coffee and cognac was criticized. It might be considered passable at a twenty-cent place, but at a shop where the price was twenty-five cents it was inexcusable. The worst of it was that they had a guest with them, and he would carry away a poor opinion of San Francisco hospitality. They again called the proprietor over, and forced him to apologize to the visitor for the wretched food he had served. Then Davis paid the checks, which were for twenty-five cents apiece, and Nye nearly fainted when the cashier humbly thanked him.

The next day Nye slipped away from all friendly hands and secretly went around to that restaurant. He wanted to have just one more of those stupendous twenty-five-cent dinners. So he ordered about one-third what he had taken on the previous day. "There's no use wasting food just because it is provided so generously and at such a price," he reasoned. And so called for his check.

"Somewhat to his surprise, the check was for twenty-two dollars and seventy cents.

The Davis dinner had been a nice, pleasant little rearranged swindle put up by "Sam" and his friend and the restaurant.

It was the same "Sam" Davis who, previous to this, had been for one day Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of North Carolina, though he had never been in North Carolina.

Going East one winter, the man from the Coast stopped off at Laramie to renew his troubles with Nye, who was then Justice of the Peace. The doctor was busy with a legal hearing, and when Davis appeared in the doorway Nye immediately called him forward.

"Gentlemen of the bar," he said, addressing the two attorneys. "It affords me pleasure to introduce Chief Justice Witherspoon of the North Carolina Supreme Court. Judge, your arrival is most opportune, and I want you to sit here with me and advise me on this case. Join me on the bench." Then, in a whisper, "Back me up, you outlaw, or I'll commit you for ten days as a vagrant."

Never was a case argued with more vigor. This was the first time these Wyoming lawyers had ever confronted a real Chief Justice, and they made the most of it. At intervals of about thirty minutes the eminent forensic light from the South would request

"that the court be cleared so that he might confer with his distinguished colleague, Judge Nye, upon some abstract point. Then, while the lawyers and others went down stairs by the front hallway, these two false pretenders would retire by the back stairway to the market of wet merchandise. When the last attorney had finished his oration another conference was held, after which Nye calmly looked down upon the litigants, and said:

"A serious doubt has arisen. This is an unusual case such as I have frequently dealt with for months past. I have fined some defendants and released some. But I find I am in the wrong. Judge Witherspoon tells me that by the common law of England the defendant is subject to capital punishment, banishment, fine, imprisonment, or liberty. But he very properly says that there is no doubt as to whether or not under Territorial government we are working in the purview of this law. Maybe we are; maybe not. He promises to look it up on his return home. In the meantime, if I have erred in previous decisions, the county is liable to heavy damages as indemnity. I may have let some men go whom I ought to have hanged. I hope, therefore, that as taxpayers, upon whom such money loss would fall, you will agree with me that it is best to say nothing about it until we hear from Judge Witherspoon. I think, and the Judge concurs with me, that we would best dismiss the present action without prejudice. In the meantime the eminent Judge requests that we all go down and take a drink on him."

In Laramie they are still waiting for that decision of Judge Witherspoon's.

Amber.

Amber, in the process of hardening, imprisoned the flies and other creatures in its gummy embrace, and there are to-day, perfectly preserved and looking very much alive, although imprisoned. I once saw and tried to purchase a beautiful specimen which contained a lizard with five legs, looking as much alive as a living lizard could look in a teaspoonful of syrup, but it had been dead for thousands of years. That specimen is in a private collection, and no amount of money will buy it.

Amber was at one time more valuable than gold, because it was scarcer. In the fourteenth century and previous to that time amber was made into knives and forks with one prong for the use of princes and dignitaries of the church. In those days nobody knew the real amber fields, and a great deal of it was found by the seashore. It has been discovered however that the extinct cone-bearing trees flourished in immense forests on the plains of north Germany, and amber is there discovered in large quantities by miners. Large quantities of it are also found in the yellow sandstone along the Baltic shores. There are regularly operated amber mines in east Prussia at Palmicken, and it is also picked from the cliffs, such as placer miners find gold in California peckers. Consequently amber is no longer more valuable than gold, but on the contrary, it is on the market at from \$2 to \$50 per pound, according to its quality. It is no longer one of the mysteries of the world, but one of the commodities. And the specimens found in various localities in peculiar conditions still find their way into the cabinets of the collectors of curios.—Smith D. Fry, in Linnæan.

Queer Letters to Officials.

The queer letters that are received by all public men in Washington, from the president down, have frequently been referred to, and, if compiled, would make a curious and interesting volume. There are people in the United States who do not hesitate to make the most ridiculous requests, and public officials receive letters asking for anything from a postage stamp to a row of brick houses.

Postmaster-General Gary is no exception among public officials, and he has quite a collection of odd and curious communications which he has retained since taking office. One which he received the other day is a fair sample of these letters. A lady living in Jersey City gives her full name and address and writes in all sincerity for the postmaster-general to find her husband, who deserted her some years ago. She states in her letter that she has reason to believe that her husband resides in New York city or out West, either in Michigan, Indiana or Illinois. She encloses a specimen of her husband's handwriting and suggests that the department can locate him from that and she will attend to him here when found.—Washington Corr., New York Mail and Express.

The Strongest Stones.

It appears that from the town of Lee in western Massachusetts come some of the strongest marbles in the world. They are found equal to bearing a weight of 13,400 pounds to the cubic inch, but the strongest American limestone comes from Kingston, N. Y., showing a capacity to stand 13,900 pounds pressure to the cubic inch. Fackahoe marble will bear 12,950 pounds to the cubic inch, this being more than the well known red granite of the Bay of Fundy region, the limit of this latter material being 11,812. The rap rocks of New Jersey and the dolomites of Staten Island are rated the strongest stones in the United States, their crushing resistance being 24,000 pounds to the cubic inch. Rhode Island granite crushes at 17,750 pounds to the cubic inch, that of Virginia will bear 21,500 pounds, and that from the quarries of Maryland 19,750 pounds. New England granites in general vary somewhat from these standards.—New York Sun.

Fabrics for Winter.

The popular fabrics for winter costumes will be satin cloth, serges, chevrons, Scotch homespuns and tweeds. Velvet and velveteen will be more worn than ever before.

A Fly Creature.

No bird can fly backward without turning; the dragon-fly, however, can do this, and can outstrip the swallow in speed.

SELFISH ALL.

How Abraham Lincoln Secured Peace of Mind on a Trip.

Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow-passenger on the old-time mud-wagon coach, on the corduroy road which ante-dated railroads, that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing good or evil. His fellow-passenger was antagonizing his position, when they were passing over a corduroy bridge that spanned a slough. As they crossed this bridge and the mud-wagon was shaking like a Sucker with chills, they espied an old razor-backed sow on the bank of the slough, making a terrible noise because her pigs had got into the slough and were unable to get out; and in danger of drowning. As the old coach began to climb the hillside Mr. Lincoln called out "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?" The driver replied, "if the other fellow don't object." The "other fellow"—who was no less a personage than at that time "Colonel" E. D. Baker, the gallant general who gave his life in defense of Old Glory at Ball's Bluff—did not "object," when Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough and began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water, and place them on the bank. When he returned Colonel Baker remarked: "Now, Ab, where does a selfishness come in on this little episode?" "Why, bless your soul, Ed, that was the very essence of selfishness. I would have had no peace of mind all day had I got out 't that suffering old sow worrying over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"—Springfield (Ill.) Monitor.

Wasted Indignation.

The man with the florid face and the bald head grew more and more uneasy as he sat at the restaurant table. He tried to read a newspaper, but every now and then would drop it, adjust his glasses and glare up and down the room to find the waiter to whom he had given his order. At last he managed to detain him, at the risk of being scalded by the soup he carried, and inquired:

"How about that dinner I ordered?" "It will be here immediately, sir," was the answer.

The guest tried to find his newspaper once more, but as the time passed his uneasiness increased until he was glaring up and down the room as fiercely as ever. He found his waiter again, and the same conversation was repeated. After two or three more similar attempts he arose and went over to another waiter, who was gracefully leaning against a pillar.

"Look here," said the guest. "I want to know something." "Yes," responded the waiter. "What I want to know is this, Am I ever going to get my dinner, and if I do get it when will it be?" The languid young man looked at him and replied:

"Excuse me, I'm afraid you have made a mistake. I am only a waiter; not a prophet."

Blanketed the Cow.

A well known citizen of the East End recently purchased a high-bred horse. He did not object to his son using the animal until a few nights ago. The son went to the stable, ordered the horse hitched up, and went out for a drive.

Returning home in the early morning, he put the horse in the stable and called to the hostler not to get up as he would attend to matters. At the usual time in the morning the father arose and strolled out to the stable, before the hired man had made his appearance. To his surprise he saw a cow that he owned heavily blanketed, and in the stall the horse he prized so highly was in a terrible condition. The son had been racing and had brought the horse home, white with perspiration. In the excitement he had blanketed the cow and left the horse stand unprotected. He will never be permitted to use the horse again, as the animal was almost ruined.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

That Nye.

A Minneapolis man once invited a friend to dine with him and neglected to telephone his wife to that effect. To make matters worse, both host and visitor stopped in at the club on the way home, and consequently were late for dinner—very late. The dilatory husband undertook to explain his tardiness while dinner was being served, and put up a rather overplausible defense in the line of business complications coming up at the very last moment before he should have left the office. The hostess heard him with ominous politeness, and then calmly said: "Perhaps; but you really can't look me in the eye and tell that story."

"No—no," stammered the culprit; and then, as a brilliant idea struck him, "but I'll tell you what I will do; if John will kindly look you in the eye while I repeat what I have said, probably we can make it go."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Joking on the Klondyke.

The Klondyke gold miner held up a nugget which he had just found. It was as big as his fist. "Isn't that a beauty?" he asked. The consensus of opinion was that the nugget was a beauty indeed. "Yes, indeed," said one of the old hands, after the others had expressed their admiration, "that nugget is easily worth its weight in corned beef."—Harper's Bazar.

Value of Intuition.

Sherlock Holmes (at burlesque show) That little man over there in the box is a professor of mathematics. Dr. Cabbage—He is an acquaintance of yours? Sherlock Holmes—No; I never saw him before in my life. Dr. Cabbage—Then how do you know he is a professional mathematician? Sherlock Holmes—By the interest he takes in the figures on the stage.—Chicago News.

Elements of Success.

Crimsonbeak—The two most successful business men I know live in my town, one is a shoemaker and the other is a photographer. Yeast—To what do you attribute their success? "Why, one bolls ladies' shoes two sizes too small for the wearer, and the other takes pictures which never look like the original."

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meat nor vegetables. I dared not allow my bare feet to touch the cold carpet or floor, to say nothing of taking a cold bath. If I did I was immediately seized with cramps. In this condition I commenced to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I took one box and felt no better—in fact worse. I said I would take no more, but my wife urged the matter, feeling my life depended upon the result, as every thing else had failed, and I was "used up." I therefore continued to take them. Since then, and it has been several months, I have had but one slight attack and have enjoyed life. Have preached all summer and held revival meetings for fifteen weeks. During that time my wife was sick seven weeks, so that my rest was much broken. Some nights I did not sleep at all. I have had no muscular exercise for years until recently, when I have done some work in my garden, and my muscles stand the test remarkably well. I can eat anything I desire, and can now enjoy a cold bath daily. Every Sabbath I preach three times, and now think I am good for another twenty years if the Lord wills. I am surprised at myself and sometimes think it cannot be possible that I have accomplished what I have. (Signed) "REV. J. N. MCCREADY, Elkton, Mich."

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