

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

The Original of Squeers Died of a Broken Heart. The grossest injury which Dickens ever inflicted on a fellow being was his too accurate portrait of an innocent man in his Squeers. That York shire schoolmasters were, as a rule, cruel and wicked enough it is true, but the particular schoolmaster who was recognized and who recognized himself as the original Squeers seems to have been an exception to the rule. It will be remembered that Dickens and his illustrator traveled together to the north of England for the purpose of collecting material for "Nickleby" and especially for the Dotheboys episode. At Great Bridge they visited a boarding school known as Bowes academy. The master, William Shaw, received the strangers with some hauteur and did not act as much as withdrawal his eyes from the operation of penmaking during the interview. Phiz sketched him in the act; Dickens described the act. The personal peculiarities of William Shaw were recognized in Squeers. Shaw became a butt of popular ridicule, lost his pupils and finally died of a broken heart. Yet there is abundant evidence to prove that he was a really excellent and kind hearted man, who was made to suffer for the misdeeds of his neighbors.—Exchange.

BOTH WANTED TO KNOW.

But the Beautiful Daughter Got the Better of the Contest. "Maria," said the choleric father of a beautiful daughter, "who was that young fool who called on you last night and stayed until midnight? I want to know at once." "You shall know in due time," said Maria, "but first I want to know something. Was he a young fool simply because he called on me?" "What?" "Or was he a young fool because he thought me attractive enough to talk to until midnight?" "Why?" "I suppose you think that any young man who comes to this house at all is a young fool, but why?" "Now, see here!" "Is it because there are so many girls who have sensible fathers that any young man who calls on the daughter of an ill natured old curmudgeon is a young fool?" "For goodness sake!" "But I suppose—(sob)—I ought to—(gurgles)—be grateful—(sob)—because you didn't call him a fool to his face for coming to see me. I know you despise me (boo-hoo-hoo), but—" But Maria was talking to space. The choleric father had fled to the cyclone cellar.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Thirteen.

A nervous little man stepped briskly into a Euclid avenue jewelry store the other morning with a medium sized clock under his wing, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He placed the chronometer on the counter, turned the hands around to about one minute of 12 o'clock and told the expert behind the counter to listen. "It keeps perfect time," the customer said, "but I want to find out if you notice anything wrong with the way it strikes." The jeweler listened. "There's nothing wrong," he replied, with a grin, after the clock had struck, "except that she strikes thirteen instead of twelve. That can easily be remedied." The customer looked as relieved as if he'd just awakened from a bad dream. "That's just what I've always thought ever since we've had the clock," he burst forth. "I've always felt sure it struck thirteen. But no one else in the family ever spoke of it, and I was afraid to say anything about it for fear there was something wrong with my own works. Well, it's worth the price of having the thing repaired just to find out I was right."

The Tears In Books.

It is not hard to understand why, when a book makes you laugh, you want to read it, and to read it over and over again. But it is rather puzzling to find that one also enjoys reading and rereading books that make one want to cry. What can there be in us that likes to be made to feel unhappy? In real life we don't try to do things that will make us suffer—not at all! But there are books that you cannot think of once you have read them without tears coming to your eyes, and yet you will find that you love those books perhaps more than any others. To feel deeply is one of the best things in life, and there maybe lies the explanation of why we do love sad stories. They make us unhappy in a way, but they do not leave behind any bitterness or sense of personal loss. And they usually have a special beauty of their own.—St. Nicholas.

Trials of a Host.

"I suppose you will give some elaborate entertainments this season?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "I think we'll improve on those of last season." "Weren't they all successful?" "Nope. It was my fault. I tried to make everybody have a good time, and the first thing I knew mother and the girls were complaining because they weren't sufficiently high class and formal."—Washington Star.

Why He Stopped.

"You used to be an awful spend-thrift." "Yep. But I ain't any longer." "Ah! Reformed?" "No; spent it all."—Cleveland Leader.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.—Bolste.

SPARED THE CHIEF.

Jackson Admired the Bravery of the Famous Indian. Andrew Jackson was magnanimous in his treatment of Weathersford, the famous Creek chieftain, when that warrior surrendered. Weathersford had done all in his power to prevent the horrible massacre at Fort Mims, but most of the frontiersmen were bitter against him, and Jackson himself had sworn to put him to death if he were taken. One day after the power of his people had been utterly broken Weathersford came riding into Jackson's camp on his famous gray horse and stopped in front of the general's tent. "How dare you ride up to my tent after having murdered the women and children at Fort Mims?" demanded Jackson in astonishment. The chief denied the truth of the charge, but said he: "You may kill me if you will. I come to get aid for the women and little children who are starving in the woods. If I could fight you any longer I would do so, but my warriors are all dead. Send for the women and little children. They never did you any harm. But kill me if the white people want it done." The troops, crowding about, began to cry menacingly: "Kill him! Kill him!" "Silence!" ordered Old Hickory sternly. "Any one who would kill as brave a man as this would rob the dead."

The general treated the chief kindly and even gave him permission if he desired to depart and continue the war. The chief afterward settled on a plantation, where he resided for many years, honored alike by white men and red.—Chicago Tribune.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

The Green Country Brakeman Who Introduced the "Saw By." Many years ago a green country boy applied to the superintendent of a western railway for work and, somewhat against the superintendent's wish, on account of the danger to life and limb attendant upon such occupation, was given a place as brakeman of a freight train. On one of his first trips it happened that his train met another freight train at a station where the sidetrack was not long enough to accommodate either of them. The conductors were debating which train should back up to a point where they could pass when the new hand ventured to suggest that neither should back; that they could pass each other by means of the short sidetrack if the thing was managed right. The idea excited a good deal of laughter on the part of the old trainmen, but the boy stood his ground. "Well, how would you go about it?" asked one of the conductors, confident that the lad would soon find himself against a stump. The boy took up a stick and traced in the sand a diagram to illustrate his plan. "Good gracious!" said the conductor. "I believe that will do it!" And it did do it. Today every trainman in America probably knows how to "saw by" two long trains on a short sidetrack, but it is not so generally known that the thing was never done until an inexperienced country boy who became the manager of a great railway line worked out the problem for himself.

The White Shark.

The shark of sharks, the real "man eater" and the one most dreaded, is the white shark. This variety reaches a length of thirty-five feet and a weight of 2,000 pounds. Its head is long and flat, and the snout far overhangs the mouth. Its six rows of teeth are sharp as lancets and notched like saws. Its mouth is very large, so that one has been known to cut a man's body completely in two at a single snap of its cruel jaws and another to swallow one at a gulp. Near Calcutta one of these sharks was seen to swallow a bullock's head, horns and all. From the stomach of another bull's hide was taken entire, and the sailor who made the discovery insisted that the bull had been swallowed whole and all except the hide had been digested. From the stomach of another was taken a lady's workbox filled with the usual contents, scissors and all. It is commonly the white shark which follows the vessel at sea day after day and week after week.

The Retort Courteous.

"Camp Meeting" John Allen was a famous Methodist preacher and revivalist of the old days down in Maine, and, like most successful pulpit orators, his sense of humor was equal to his gift of speech. It is recalled by the Boston Journal that on one occasion the old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her. "You are not as gallant, John, as when you were a boy!" she exclaimed in gentle rebuke. "No," was his ready response, "and you are not as buoyant as when you were a girl!"

In His Father's Footsteps.

Binks—Did Smith's father leave him anything? Jinks—Only his debts. Binks—How is Smith getting along? Jinks—Well, he has greatly increased his inheritance.—Baltimore American.

The One Way Out.

She—Why did he marry her at all if he intended getting a divorce so speedily? He—Because he didn't think it would be honorable to break their engagement.—Kansas City Journal.

Let no man presume to give advice to others who has not first given good counsel to himself.—Seneca.

Getting Away From Land.

The question has been asked, is it possible to sail 1,000 miles from land? This can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco and sailing northwestward into the north Pacific a spot is reached where there is no land, not even an islet, for 1,000 miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of Kamchatka southeastward ships reach a point equally distant from land of any kind, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian islands and to the south the outlying members of the Sandwich group. In the southern Indian ocean it is possible to sail 1,000 miles out from the southern points of Australia and New Zealand and still be as far from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn. Indeed, from this point a much longer distance might be reached, for the southern Pacific between the Horn and New Zealand covers a space of 80 degrees of longitude and 40 of latitude of absolutely unbroken sea, making its central point over 1,200 miles from anywhere.

How Every Man Should Vote.

"Anybody who doesn't vote my way is a darned fool!" exclaimed a little man on an outbound trolley car. "What's that?" asked a big man, turning around in his seat and looking back. "Anybody who doesn't vote my way is a darned fool!" repeated the little man. "Did I understand you aright?" asked the big man, rising from his seat and coming back to the rear of the car where the little man was seated. The little man looked the big man over, but he was game and said once more, "Anybody who doesn't vote my way is a darned fool!" "Hold on a minute said the big man, who seemed on the point of starting something. "First tell me which way you are going to vote." A foxy gleam shot into the eyes of the little man, and he piped as dauntlessly as ever, "I'm going to vote any way I darned please!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Trapping Baboons.

Hagenbeck in his book says that baboons are caught in traps made much like the huts of savages. Food is put into the huts, and once the baboons go inside a trapdoor closes behind them. Outside baboons make a great to do and urge the prisoners to escape. When the trappers come the captured baboons are terror stricken and try to force their heads through the walls of the huts. One baboon was caught three times in the same trap, and several when turned loose got back into the same trap a second time. When the baboons are carried away all their comrades thereabout climb into trees and scream out to the prisoners, who answer in sad, mournful voices. On one occasion some big Arabian baboons were trapped, when 2,000 or 3,000 baboons hurled themselves upon the trappers, who had hard work to save themselves with firearms and clubs. As the trappers were forced back the victorious baboons tore up the trap and turned loose the captured baboons.

Ink at \$100 a Pound.

"The best India ink—it should really be called China ink—never leaves China," said a missionary. "It costs \$100 a pound, and the scribes use it in writing the correspondence of the royal family and the mandarins. India ink is made of the oil of poisonous seeds of the sesamum or colza tree. Varnish and pork fat are added to the oil, and then, by means of combustion, all is changed to lampblack. The lampblack paste mixed with glue is beaten for days on an anvil, and musk is gradually mixed in to give perfume and the purest gold leaf to give a rich luster. Finally the ink is dried in molds for about a month. What makes the best India ink so costly is its purity and, above all, the long time given to its combustion and subsequent beating. If you saw its beauty you wouldn't think it dear at \$100 a pound."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Salesman.

Young man, I had decided upon your immediate discharge. One big redeeming trait of your character as just now revealed restrains me. Your loyalty is all that saves you. Stick up for your house every time. A salesman's five cardinal points are loyalty, enthusiasm, hard work, persistence and tact. You have much of the first four and none of the last. Smooth yourself down. You talked to the lumber company man at the wrong time. When he said he was too busy you should have smiled and got out. You can only sell to a man when he is in the right mood.—Book-keeper.

The Alternative.

A tramp went into a farmhouse recently, and, seeing no one but an old woman, he said in very fierce tones. "Give me a drink of milk or else—" But a man came behind him suddenly and, catching him by the neck, said, "Else what?" "Else water," said the tramp abruptly.—London Tatler.

Govern Yourself.

He who is his own monarch contentedly sways the scepter over himself; not envying the glory to the crowned heads of the earth.—Sir Thomas Browne.

How to Do It.

If you value your friendships, don't borrow money, don't lend money, don't advise others how to invest their money.—Albany Journal.

The darker the cloud the brighter the sun when he breaks through the rift.

Four Useful Senses. The naturalist of Wobrook-in-the-Hills had pointed out a rabbit squatting close under a bush, and the ladies had declared in chorus that they could not see the little animal. "How do you manage to see everything?" asked one of the party, with flattering indignation. "Well," began the naturalist confidently, "'tain't altogether seeing. Sometimes I see, but when I can't see with my eyes I smell things with my nose, and when I can't smell things with my nose I hear 'em with my ears, and when I can't hear with my ears I prickle all over."—Youth's Companion.

Curacao's Good Schools. In all Curacao schools, from the most exclusive to the humblest government school, in which the little black or parchment Dutch twigs are bent, Dutch, French, Spanish, English and Papiamentu are used and taught. By the neighboring islands and even on the mainland and as far away as Central America these schools are highly regarded, and a large number of foreign children are sent to Curacao to get their education.—Charles Johnson Post in Century.

Definition of Tact. Mrs. Pyne—Mrs. Blank certainly possesses a lot of tact. Mrs. Hyne—What is your definition of "tact"? Mrs. Pyne—Tact is a woman's ability to make her husband believe he is having his own way.—Lippincott's.

Hated's Dividends. Hated takes time and energy and health. And the dividends on the investment are pitifully small and unsatisfactory.—Acheson Globe.

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