

FINALLY IDENTIFIED.

Men saw the pageantry go by
They sought the real hero there.
The big bass drummer caught their
eye,
Who stepped with such martial air,
They raised their shouts in wel-
coming glee,
But found, alas, it wasn't he.

"He's further forward!" then they
cried.
The grand drum major there they
found
With great fur hat and haughty stride
And baton weighing many a pound.
They cheered him straight in ac-
cents free,
But found, alas, it wasn't he.

And when the mighty train had
passed,
They looked about in blank dismay,
And murmured, as their hearts beat
fast,
"Perhaps he isn't here to-day!
"Though many a figure proud we
see,
We always find it isn't he!"

and then the wise policeman spake:
"Did you not note the gentle men
Of one whose modest manners make
The touch of contrast in the scene?
The man who didn't seem to be
Filled with importance? That was
he."

—Washington Star.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

Many years ago a party of five
young men had been out practicing in
our new shell. At that time they were
considered to be one of the finest am-
ateur boat clubs of New Jersey. They
finished their regular three-mile pull
and brought up safely alongside the
stage. As we did so a small water
spaniel came running down to meet
us.

There, I have let out that I was one
of the party, but no matter now.
Fido, or Fid, as we called the dog
for short, was a most intelligent ani-
mal. Charles White, who owned him,
had taken great pains to give him a
good education. It really did seem as
if the dog understood plainly every
word that we said.

On the particular day alluded to Fid
seemed more than usually glad to greet
the return of his master; he acted, too,
in a somewhat strange manner, al-
though in the confusion and bustle of
getting the shell safely housed we paid
little heed to it.

After we had locked up the boat-
house and donned our thick peajackets
to prevent catching cold, Charley sug-
gested that we go home through the
woods.

It was early in the fall, and the trees
were already beginning to assume
their gorgeously tinted leaves. The
suggestion met with general approval
from the party. Two of our oars had
been badly sprung in our afternoon
pull, and taking those with us for re-
pairs, we started on.

"Blamed if Fid doesn't act mighty
queer," remarked Charley, when we
had proceeded but a short distance.
"He's run across some game in the
woods, you may depend upon it."

Let me say here that the dog had
been left behind when we started from
the village. It was Charley's belief
that he had sought us out by way of
the woods, as he had often done be-
fore. The open road was considerably
the longest way, and Fid often resorted
to the short cut through the woods.
"Give him his way, Charley," sug-
gested Frank Fields.

"I was just thinking of doing so,"
was the reply.

"Now, Fid," he added, addressing
the dog, "let us see what you have
been making such a fuss about."

As I have said, we were well ac-
quainted with the dog's sagacity,
therefore we were not greatly sur-
prised when the dog, with a sharp
bark, started off on a run. Good run-
ners as we considered ourselves, we
were soon left behind.

The sharp, quick barks at intervals
served to guide us. At length this
changed to a long, prolonged howl, so
sad and mournful that we involuntarily
paused and gazed at each other in
dread.

"Something unusual has happened,
boys," exclaimed Charley, quickly.
"Forward!"

In a few minutes more we had
reached an open space in the woods.
The sight there revealed was enough
to shake the nerves of the strongest.

Stretched upon the ground, with a
ghastly wound in the top of his head,
lay old Dr. Garland—a man dearly
loved by nearly every one around.

Fid sat by his head, eyeing him sad-
ly, and at intervals uttering that
mournful howl.

For a moment we stood paralyzed
with horror at the sight. Charley
White was noted for his extraordinary
coolness in exciting moments.

It was his voice that suddenly aroused
us to action.

"This has been a cowardly murder,
boys," said he, in a hard, metallic
voice. "The murderer, whoever he is,
cannot be far away."

Turning to the dog, with an earnest-
ness we had never before seen in him,
he said, pointing toward the ghastly
sight:

"Fid, go find the man!"
The dog sniffed around impatiently
for a few moments, then uttering a
fiery growl, started off with his nose
to the ground.

"I'll follow the dog!" exclaimed

Charley, hurriedly. "The rest of you
make a litter and carry the body to
the village with all speed. It may be
there is still a spark of life remain-
ing."

With these words he disappeared,
and the rest of us proceeded to fulfill
our sad duty.
With slow and cautious steps we
proceeded with our burden. We had
just arrived at the edge of the woods
when Frank Fields suddenly exclaim-
ed:

"There goes a chap sneaking off, and
I'll bet he's the man. I'm going to
catch him, boys." The man, it was ev-
ident, had not seen us, for Frank was
upon him before he could realize his
danger. A short struggle followed,
but the man was forced to yield.

Frank's suspicions seemed to be well
founded. The man was evidently a
tramp, with a surly looking counte-
nance.

There was blood, too, upon his hands
and clothing.
He eyed our burden with a shudder,
but resolutely maintained his inno-
cence.

Fortunately, our village had just re-
ceived an acquisition in the shape of a
new doctor. The latter, although a
young man, was said to be a wonder-
fully skilled person. Thus far, how-
ever, he had met with but little en-
couragement, for old Dr. Garland had
attended closely to his duties.

To Dr. Peters' house we carried our
inanimate burden. The young doctor
looked grave, but still said there was a
chance. The victim's skull had been
crushed by some heavy instrument,
and a portion of it was pressing upon
the brain. Delicate as the ensuing op-
eration was, it proved successful, for
the old doctor at last awoke to con-
sciousness.

It was two hours before Charley
White returned, and when he did, he
had in custody a wild-looking individ-
ual. Fid kept close to the individual's
heels, growling fiercely.

We learned afterward that Charley
had been engaged in a most desperate
struggle before he conquered his man.
The prisoner, although slenderly built,
had sinews like iron.

It was probable that Charley would
have made a second victim had it not
been for Fid's aid in worrying the
man, and distracting his attention.

Matters now began to appear some-
what complicated. Which of the two
men in custody was the murderer?
Charley clung firmly to the belief that
the dog's instinct was the true one.
There seemed to be no ground, how-
ever, to support his theory. The man
bore no evidence to convict him. Not
a spot of blood could be found upon
him, and all our questioning failed to
elicit a word of explanation.

On the other hand, Frank's prisoner
seemed to be in an agony of fear. He
repeatedly affirmed his innocence, and
yet was unable to account for the
blood stains upon his clothing. Public
opinion was about equally divided
between the two men. The young doc-
tor's skill, however, was the means of
cutting the Gordian knot. Three days
of the utmost quiet in his house, and
then the news went forth that old
Dr. Garland was free from danger and
would recover.

As soon as he was able to bear the
excitement he expressed a wish to
have the prisoners brought before him,
for he had been able to recognize his
assailant.

Frank Field's prisoner was the first
one brought in, but the old doctor
shook his head.

"That is not the man," he said,
promptly.

Then the other prisoner was brought
forward.

"That is the fellow," said the old
doctor, quickly. "Have him closely
watched; he is an escaped lunatic."

The prisoner made a rush to escape,
but we were too quick for him. The
next day he was sent back to the asy-
lum.

He had formerly been treated by the
old doctor, and, it was supposed, had
entertained some grudge which led to
the attack.

As to the other prisoner, he confessed
to finding the doctor's mangled
form, and attempting to restore him.
Finding it useless, and fearful he
might be suspected as the murderer,
he had resolved to go on his way.

After this affair Dr. Garland was
so won over to the young doctor that
he relinquished his practice in his
favor and retired.

The affair created an intense excite-
ment in the little village.

Fid, who acted such a prominent
part in the affair, had always been a
great favorite with the doctor. On
one occasion the dog had been badly
hurt by a passing carriage and ten-
derly treated at the doctor's hands.
He had well returned the kindness,
however, in the manner shown.

It is altogether likely that had it not
been for the dog, and the victim had
died, an innocent man would have
answered with his life for the murder.

Fid was ever a favorite with all af-
ter this exploit. It was always a puz-
zling question, though, how he had
been able to pick out the scent of the
right man. And that question none of
us could ever answer satisfactorily.

Rarely Found in Europe.

The papyrus plant grows nowhere in
Europe with the exception of the
banks of the river Cyane in Syracuse,
Sicily. It is generally believed that it
was introduced from Egypt by the Sy-
racusan rulers in the day of their in-
timate relations with the Ptolemies,
but it has also been suggested that the
Syracusans introduced it from Syria.

The only eagle nickel cents on which
there is a premium is that of 1855.
The price varies, according to condi-
tion, from fifty-five cents to one dollar
and ten cents.

SIMPLY HAVE TO STEAL.

A CIVIL ENGINEER'S EXPERIENCES IN INDIA.

Robbed by Servants and Villagers—One
Gang Stole a Bridge, Another a Train—
Useless Plunder Hidden Away—Ex-
perts Tackle a Strong Room.

"After living in India for fifteen
years," said the civil engineer, "I am
firm in my belief that in no other coun-
try on the face of the globe has thiev-
ing been brought to such a point of
perfection. As a civil engineer I was
poured into direct contact with the
masses, and passed weeks and months
in their villages. For several years I
was on the land survey and had my
gang of assistants and servants. The
thieving began with my body servant.
He would steal my clothing, my mon-
ey and my toilet articles. No matter
whether we were in a village or away
out in the jungle, he would steal. At
first I used to reason with him, but
found that he was a liar and a hypo-
crite. Then I resorted to personal vio-
lence. I had one man with me for five
years, and never a week passed that
he did not steal something. After siz-
ing him up I used to have a regular
programme. When I found anything
missing I called him up and stated the
fact and gave him five minutes in
which to return the article. He would
weep and protest and I would take
him by the neck and slam him around.
When he had been half killed he would
agree to restore the property. The
cook and the boy came next. They
would steal and sell the provisions, the
cooking utensils or whatever else they
could pick up. I had three or four
rooms sent to jail and I discharged
three or four others, but the last one
was as big a thief as the first. The
only way to deal with them was to
use a whip. Then came my gang.
There was nothing for them to steal
except the field outfit, but they stole
that about twenty times a year. No
matter if we were out in the jungle,
and no matter that no native fence
in India dared to buy the loot, they would
steal just the same and bury the in-
struments under the ground. A hun-
dred different mornings I got up to
find the gang sitting around and every-
thing gone. The foreman always ex-
plained that thieves had entered the
camp and he slept, and had weep and
lament and excuse himself in a
way to convince you that he was tel-
ling the solemn truth. He wasn't,
though. He was lying straight from
the shoulder. My plan was to catch
him by the neck and boot him. After
about twenty kicks he would agree to
turn up the stuff. Perhaps it would
be dug up within fifty feet of my tent,
and it was laughable to witness the
pretended astonishment of every man
in the gang.

"One of the queerest jobs put up by
the thieves was the stealing of a
bridge over the Kista river. It was a
wooden bridge 250 feet long for a
quarry railroad. Iron bolts were used
in the frame work and the structure
was a solid one. The rainy season
came on just as the bridge was fin-
ished and before the approaches were
completed, and all work was stopped.
The thieves had a week to work in,
and there were a hundred of them.
They brought flatboats down to the
bridge and the first thing taken was
the iron rails. Then they removed all
the bolts, and as fast as the frame-
work fell apart it was loaded up.
When they got through nothing was
left but a skeleton on supports. The
man who bossed that job had not asked
himself where he could sell the
stuff. As a matter of fact, it couldn't
be sold. It was taken just the same,
and if the boats hadn't been wrecked
on a sandbar the plunder would have
been dumped into a jungle. Of course,
the railroad company got after the
fellows, and in a few days about 80
of them were arrested. When the
boss was asked what put the idea of
stealing a bridge into his head, he re-
plied that he had noticed it was un-
guarded. He would have been satis-
fied, he said, could he have gotten
half price for ten of the iron bolts.
All the fellows were sent to prison for
long terms, but none of them com-
plained of the law. What they com-
plained of was the carelessness of the
railroad people in leaving a big bridge
unguarded as a temptation. After
hearing of the bridge affair you will
not be surprised at the stealing of a
freight train. Such a thing actually
happened in the province of Nagpur.
Six freight cars loaded with merchan-
dise were run in on a siding at a small
station one evening. When the station
agent had gone home a band of thieves
pushed the cars down to the end of
the siding and then used some old rails
to extend the track about twenty rods
into the jungle. They got two cars in
all right, but the third tipped over and
blocked the way. During the night
nearly all the contents of the five cars
were carried off, and next day one of
the thieves gave the whole snip away
to the police for a sum amounting to
about 30 cents.

"As for slick thieves, India has 'em
by the thousands. No white man can
approach a Hindoo in pocket-picking,
and all the bolts and bars won't keep
a burglar out. For a time I had quar-
ters at Jypur with a government agent.
The bungalow had just been erected,
and special precautions had been taken
against thieves. There were times
when the agent had goodly sums in
his possession, and on a dozen differ-
ent occasions attempts had been made
to rob him. In the new bungalows
every door and window could be
locked. The strong room was in the
middle of the house. The walls were
bricked up on the inside and the door
was of iron. Chained to the floor was
an iron chest, and of course the chest

had a lock. With this room between
the sitting room and dining room it
appeared to be perfectly safe, espe-
cially as our servants were Europeans.
The house was never alone by day,
and at night there were four of us in
it. One morning it was discovered
that an attempt had been made to en-
ter the strong room by cutting a hole
through the floor. The bungalow was
clear of the ground, and but for the
brick and cement floor the fellow
would have got at the box. What puzzled
me was how he hit on the spot so
exactly. He couldn't have done better
with a tapeline and full liberty to
use it.

"The hole he made was repaired and
little said about the matter. Just a
week later he returned. By climbing
a tree he got up on the roof of the
house, and working his way along he
struck the exact spot from above. It
was a thatched roof, and with his
knife he cut out a square hole. The
interior of the bungalow was celled,
or, at least, the rafters were. He cut
a hole through this wooden ceiling
without noise, and was then able to
drop down into the strong room. He
first tried to pick the lock of the chest,
but failing in that he determined to
take the chest out. He had to file
through a link of big chain, and then
ascend and go for a rope. The chest
weighed 175 pounds. By means of this
rope, after enlarging the holes, he got
it up and out on the roof. He had to
descend by way of the tree, but he
did it with that safe on his back. He
also got over an iron fence nine feet
high and had carried the safe a full
mile when he was arrested by a patrol.

"After the fellow had been disposed
of a new strong room was built in one
corner of the parlor. It was a closet
just large enough to hold the safe and
made entirely of boiler plate. There
were two locks on the door, and a bell
was arranged to give an alarm in case
a stranger meddled. There was a bed-
room off this parlor, with door always
open, and my friend and I slept there
on cots. One night, two months after
the other robbery, two thieves came
after the chest. They entered the
room over the top sash of a window,
and working in the dark and within
fifteen feet of two sleeping men, pick-
ed both locks with a stout piece of
wire. Before attempting to open the
door they disabled the bell. The chain
on the safe ran through both handles
and was secured to a big eye bolt
screwed to the iron wall. They un-
screwed this bolt and were then ready
to take out the safe. Fearing to open
a door, they cut out the panels of one,
and safe, chain and eye bolt all to-
gether were passed through. The
dead weight was over 200 pounds. It
was in getting the safe over the fence
that they made noise enough to arouse
us, and one of them was shot and
killed as he fled. They had worked in
the parlor for four long hours without
disturbing us. It would seem as if
they must have made some little noise
with the safe and chain, especially in
passing them outdoors, but we hadn't
been awakened, though both were light
sleepers. It was probably better so. I
asked the captured robber if he knew
we were there, and he smiled blandly
as he replied:

"We were bending over you before
we began at the door. Oh, yes, sahib,
we knew that you were there."
"And did you drug us with any-
thing?"
"Not at all, sahib. There was no
need."
"But suppose we had waked?" I
asked.
"We had our knives—you would
have slept again!" he said, as a mur-
derous gleam came to his eyes for a
moment."

HOLES THAT LIGHTNING MAKES

How the Diameter of an Electric Bolt Is
Measured.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a
lightning flash measured?" asked a
geologist of a writer in "Pearson's
Weekly." "Well, here is the case which
once inclosed a flash of lightning, sit-
ting it exactly, so that you can see
just how big it was. This is called a
'fulgurite' or 'lightning hole,' and the
material it is made of is glass. I will
tell you how it was manufactured,
though it only took a fraction of a
second to turn it out.

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a
bed of sand it plunges downward into
the sand for a distance less or greater,
transforming simultaneously into glass
the silica in the material through
which it passes. Thus, by its great
heat it forms a glass tube of precisely
its own size. Now and then such a
tube, known as 'fulgurites,' is found
and dug up. Fulgurites have been fol-
lowed into the sand by excavation for
nearly thirty feet. They vary in in-
terior diameter from the size of a quill
to three inches or more, according to
the 'bore' of the flash.

"But fulgurites are not alone pro-
duced in sand. They are found also in
solid rock, though very naturally of
slight depth, and frequently existing
merely as a thin, glassy coating on
the surface. Such fulgurites occur in
astonishing abundance on the summit
of Little Ararat, in Armenia. The rock
is soft and so porous that blocks a foot
long can be obtained and perforated
in all directions by little tubes filled
with bottle-green glass formed from
the fused rock. There is a small speci-
men in the National Museum which
has the appearance of having been
bored by the teredo, and the holes
made by the worm subsequently filled
with glass.

"Some wonderful fulgurites were
found by Humboldt on the high Ne-
vada de Toluca, in Mexico. Masses of
the rock were covered with a thin lay-
er of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer
in the sun led Humboldt to ascend
the precipitous peak at the risk of his
life."

SANTA TERESA'S BANISHMENT.

Yaquis Compromised Her Family Because
of Their Gratitude for Her.

"I notice," said S. H. Newman, "that
some enterprising reporter has tried to
make Santa Teresa responsible for the
Yaqui rebellion. Santa Teresa is at
her home in Clifton, Ariz., and has not
been on Mexican soil since she was
banished some years ago.

"I have heard the story of Santa
Teresa's life from her own lips and
from her father, and I know that she
never did have anything to do with
Indian uprisings in Mexico.

"Santa Teresa was born on her
father's farm in the State of Sonora.
Her father was then a wealthy farmer,
residing more than 100 miles from
the Yaqui reservation. The Yaqui In-
dians have heard of the wonderful
healing powers of Santa Teresa, and a
number of sick Yaquis had been cured
by her. She won their everlasting
gratitude, and their simple, superstitious
minds endowed the kind-hearted
farmer's daughter with divine power.

"One day there came to the Yaqui
settlement a priest. The settlement
had a little cathedral, but no priest ex-
cept such as occasionally visited the
village as this one did. The priest
went in the little cathedral a very
fine old painting which had been left
there by the Spaniards. The priest
wanted the painting and said he would
take it and replace it with another
painting. The Indians objected and
finally told the persistent priest that
he should not touch the painting. On
returning to his regular station the
priest reported that the Indians had
rebelled against the Mexican Govern-
ment. As a result of that report troops
were ordered to the Indian village to
subjugate the rebels.

"The Indians heard that the troops
were coming and supposed that they
were being sent to support the priest
and take their painting. War signals
flashed from every hill, and the Yaquis
gathered in force to protect their
painting of the Virgin. They went out
to meet the soldiers, after having tak-
en a vow that if they won they would
all go to see Santa Teresa and take
their wounded for her to heal.

"Well, the battle resulted in the
slaughter of all the troops. To remem-
ber their vow the Indians went into
the battle shouting 'Remember Santa
Teresa!' Mexicans hearing the battle
cry, concluded that Santa Teresa was
responsible for the uprising when, as
a matter of fact, she did not know
anything about it.

"After winning the battle the In-
dians banded for Santa Teresa's home.
It was a long march, but they were
going to keep their vow. Runners
notified Santa Teresa's father of what
had happened and told him the In-
dians were coming. He knew their
visit would cause the Government to
suspect him, so he took his family
and hurried to the nearest military
fort and notified the officers of the ad-
vance of the Indians. He returned to
his home with the troops. The In-
dians had been there, and finding Santa
Teresa gone had left several of their
wounded and returned to the Yaqui
country.

"The presence of the wounded
Yaquis in Santa Teresa's home was
accepted by the army officers as proof
positive that Santa Teresa had been
aiding the rebels, so she was ordered
to leave the country. She did so, and
has never returned or had any com-
munication with Yaqui Indians. So
you can see her banishment was a
mistake, as was the Indian uprising."
—El Paso (Tex.) Times.

Kaiser's Sermon Puts a Sailor to Sleep

A good story about the Kaiser comes
from Berlin. It is well known that his
majesty, during his annual trip on
board the Hohenzollern to the Norwe-
gian fjords, is in the habit of conduct-
ing divine service every Sunday morn-
ing. He usually reads a short liturgy
and follows the prayers with a sermon,
not of his own composition, but from
the collection of some well-known
German divine. During his recent trip
the officers of the Hohenzollern noticed
that a sailor, during divine service,
either overcome by the heat or from
some other cause, had fallen fast
asleep. Their consternation was great,
and they were relieved when the im-
perial sermon came to an end and the
sailor awakened with a start. After the
service the captain called the sailor be-
fore him, gave him a sound rating, and
sentenced him to two days' arrest.

Now, it happens that on Sunday after-
noons on board the Hohenzollern it is
the Kaiser's custom to hear the cap-
tain's report of the events of the pre-
ceding week. If any sailor has distin-
guished himself the Kaiser shakes
hands with him or says a few kindly
words; if a sailor has been punished
the Kaiser hears the details. The cap-
tain reported the incident of the sleep-
ing sailor and the punishment inflicted
on him.

"Was he on the watch the night be-
fore?" asked the Kaiser.
"He was, your majesty."

"Then let the poor fellow off. Be-
sides, it wasn't much of a sermon,
anyhow."—Christian World.

Mistaken for a Coachman.

The late Cornelius Vanderbilt usual-
ly dressed in black even when not in
mourning. He was clean shaven or
wore only small side whiskers, and it
was to these peculiarities of his ap-
pearance that was attributed a mis-
take once made by the sexton of the
Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.
Mr. Vanderbilt is said to have enjoyed
the joke more than anybody else who
heard it. Mrs. William D. Sloane, his
sister, was on the point of having
some garments sent to the church,
when he came into her house on his
way to town. He sent word that
he wanted to see her immediately.
"Can't you wait a moment?" she

asked. "I am anxious to send this
bundle down to Dr. Hall's church."

"Oh," replied Mr. Vanderbilt, "I am
going right by the church on my way
down. Give me the bundle and I will
let the sexton have it."

His offer was accepted and he start-
ed with the bundle in arm. When he
reached the church he found the sext-
on there. The latter received the
bundle thankfully, with many words of
appreciation of the kindness of the
lady who had remembered the needs of
the church. Not so many days after
this, Mrs. Sloane herself, on coming
out of church, amid a fashionable con-
course, happened to spy the sexton.
"John," said she, "did you get that
bundle I sent you the other day?"
"Yes'm," was the cheerful reply,
"Your coachman brought it Tuesday,
mum."—New York Sun.

WILLIAM WIRT'S ROMANCE.

Col. Dick Thompson Tells How the Lawyer
Reformed and Won a Bride.

When former Secretary of the Navy
Richard W. Thompson saw the story
which is being widely printed about
the reformation of William Wirt, At-
torney-General of the United States,
he recalled that it was far different
from the truthful one he used to hear
at Culpepper Court House, Va., where
he was born ninety years ago last
June, and where Wirt, a young man,
began the practice of law. The pub-
lished story is to the effect that a
young lady, while out riding near
Richmond, saw a young man lying
drunk at the side of the road. She
left her carriage and placed a hand-
kerchief over his face and then con-
tinued her ride. Some days later the
young man called on her, having found
her name on the handkerchief. He told
her that he had signed the pledge.
He kept the pledge and rose to be a
famous man.

Colonel Thompson says that Wirt
undoubtedly was an excessive drinker
when he was a young man. On one
occasion while on his way to attend
court at Charlottesville he saw a con-
gregation assembled in a church and
stopped to hear the preaching. The
preacher was a blind man named Wad-
dell, whom Wirt described in his book
"The British Spy," in eloquent lan-
guage. A Dr. Gilmer, who lived near
by, saw that Mr. Wirt was a stranger
and asked him to have dinner. Mr.
Wirt became infatuated with the doc-
tor's daughter, Miss Mildred, who was
a woman of rare conversational abil-
ity. He called frequently and finally
asked Miss Gilmer to marry him. She
replied:

"Mr. Wirt, I am unwilling to conceal
the fact that I entertain for you a
strong attachment. You are a man of
brilliant parts and have it in your
power to reach high distinction, but I
can never consent to become the wife
of a drunkard. If you will promise me
that you will not drink a drop of spir-
ituous liquor for two years, and keep
your promise, I will consent to marry
you at the end of that time." He made
and kept the promise, and Miss Gil-
mer fulfilled her part of the bargain,
too.

"About the time of the inauguration
of General Jackson, which event I wit-
nessed," says Colonel Thompson, "I
heard Mr. Wirt make an argument be-
fore the United States Supreme Court.
I was too young to appreciate the force
of his legal contention, but I remem-
ber well his polished manner and his
eloquence. I am inclined to give the
story of his reformation preference
over the recently published one for the
reason that the latter is located in
Richmond, where he did not live at the
time of his first marriage. The lady
he married in Richmond after the
death of his first wife was Elizabeth
Washington."

Water Inside a Pebble.

A remarkable pebble, says the Phil-
adelphia Record, which was picked up
somewhere in Egypt, that land of dark
mysteries, is in the possession of a
well-known lapidist on Twelfth street,
near Walnut. The stone is translucent,
and at a casual glance looks like an
ordinary seashore pebble. It is about
half the size of a walnut and oval
in shape. When the stone is held to
the light its remarkable peculiarity is
revealed. Inside is a drop of water that
circles about the interior. How it ever
got there is a mystery that nature
alone could solve. The surface of the
stone is perfect, but there is no doubt
of the hollow interior. The pebble is
only interesting as a curiosity, but
many wealthy institutions have offer-
ed good round sums of money for it.
The owner, however, will never let it
get out of his possession, as it was
given to him by an old sailor friend,
who was drowned several years ago.

Rothschild Among Kings.

Among the anecdotes related by the
Hon. John Bigelow in the Century, in
a series of extracts from his conversa-
tions with Von Bunsen, is this about
the famous banker Rothschild:

During the famous Congress of Vien-
na, each of the several monarchs pres-
ent was the guest of some nobleman.
On one occasion Baron Rothschild was
invited par excellence. He modestly
went to take his place, not among the
more exalted guests. When they dis-
covered Rothschild, however, they all
rose, one after the other, and saluted
him, except the King of Prussia. Some
one asked the king why he did not sa-
lute the great European Banker. "Did
I not?" he replied. "Well, I suppose it
was because I was the only one who
did not owe him anything."

Current Pl.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" said
the lineman, as he looked at the twist-
ed mass of wires after the big fire.
"Well," replied the intelligent com-
positor, "I should regard it more as a
current pl."—Baltimore American.