

The "bummer" butler... I wonder if you know what a "bummer" butler is? If you were skilled in the ways of the catby, you would know that it is the small, trim, man who turns cabman during the season, returning to his legitimate occupation in autumn sets in. "Butterflies" are being gradually weeded out by the police, and a man is allowed to take a cab driver's license only when he can prove that he is carrying the goods greatly desired. I may say, on luck. According to the weekly way may range from an average of 10 shillings to as high as £2 at certain seasons. The hours, as you know, are exceedingly long. Supposing a man turns out at 10 a. m. He drives the same horse for seven hours, and then, changing horses, goes on till 5 o'clock in the morning.

There is not so much difference between hansom cabs and the other sort, such as the public sort to imagine. Not infrequently drivers change and change about. Thus a four wheeler who feels that the moving of heavy boxes is past his strength will take a hansom, or, again, the hansom cabby who finds that his exposed position brings on rheumatism and kindred ills will change in favor of the more comfortable vehicle. There is scarcely a well known cab driver in London but has his own special appellation, generally given to him in view of some physical peculiarity. Some ideas in the literary statements and wide knowledge of cabby can be given by the fact that among the nicknames may be found "Filly," "Lord Randolph," "Chancellor," "Flop the Beadle," "Uster Jack," "Street Apple Joe," "Buz Bee," "Garibaldi," "Necromancer," and "Four-in-hand." Not infrequently the men are known to one another only by their pseudonyms.—London Sketch.

Great's Opinion of Butler. General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, says: As a commander General Butler had not been General Grant's choice. The general in chief, when he assumed command of the army, found Butler in charge of the department of Virginia and North Carolina and utilized him to the best advantage possible. He had a good administrative character, prompt to obey orders, possessed of great mental activity and clear in his conception of the instructions given him. He was a good administrative officer, though often given to severe and unusual methods in enforcing discipline and in dealing with the dissatisfied element of the population living within his department, yet he had the elements necessary to make an efficient officer in the field. As he was inexperienced in fighting battles, Grant felt reluctant to give him the command of an important military movement. One embarrassment was that he was the senior officer in rank in Virginia, and if General Grant should be called away from Petersburg, Butler would be in supreme command of the operations against Petersburg. The general struggled along under this embarrassment by keeping matters under his own direction when Butler's forces were employed in actual battle and by sending an experienced corps commander to handle the troops in the immediate presence of the enemy.

Electric and Light Waves. The chain between electric waves and light waves seems to be growing narrower as investigation proceeds. Professor Bose, before a meeting of the British association, showed that he had succeeded in obtaining an electric wave length as small as the wavelengths of light. He was able to study with electric waves all the phenomena of light. This paper has been supplemented by a lecture at the Royal Institute, in which Professor Bose showed that light, radio waves and other crystals are polarizers of electric waves. So also are jute and human hair. He believes that the conductivity of crystals is different in different directions.

How They Would Be Treated. Professor Harkness, in a recent lecture, indulged in some amusing speculations as to how the old masters would be treated in England today. Michael Angelo would be regarded as a madman and sent to an asylum. Leonardo da Vinci would be the inventor of the electric light and would write to the Times about himself and his inventions. Rubens would be an M. P. and intimate with members of the aristocracy, and Holbein would be kept out of the Royal academy on account of his habits.

Marlborough's Fortune. Marlborough was, according to his contemporaries, the handsomest man of his day in Europe, as well as the most fortunate general who ever led an army. Cray's says of him, "He never fought a battle which he did not win and never besieged a city which he did not take."

One Use For It. "I see there has been a machine patented which records every time a man moves," said Juniper. "Well, it would put the machine to a pretty good test if it was tried on some of my tenants," said Eliza, the landlady.—Yonkers Statesman.

Ambiguity. Wilks—Jones said his books have been read for 20 years. Blks—Yes, I have noticed he always had them bound in that color.—Princeton Tiger.

In England no physician may legally give a certificate of death, unless he has prescribed for the person at least 48 hours before death. Without such certificate no undertaker is permitted to bury the body.

There are about 200 wealthy gentlemen and ladies in England who keep wild animals, such as lions and panthers, as pets.

Before Aging. He—At what age do you think a girl should marry? She—When asked.—Town Topics.

LIFE IN THE POLAR SEAS. Plenty of Bears, Birds and Narwhals. Millions of Bears and Fishes. It is evident, according to Nansen, that the waters of the polar seas are far from being deserted by living creatures. Wherever the sea is open or partially so, seals, walrus and birds abound, and in the bays of ice more than 100 species of the water bears are numerous. Under the ice marine animals are not wanting. The explorers found in abundance little crustaceans, whose discovery was the result of an accident.

One day the cook sank a piece of meat in a hole which he had cut in the ice with a view of thawing it out. This is a method often resorted to for the purpose of starting the fat. Forty-eight hours afterward, while taking out the meat, the cook was astonished to find an immense number of small animals that dropped upon the surface of the ice and commenced to jump about like fleas. Nansen, who is a professor of zoology, had no doubt in recognizing those little crustaceans, which may be seen jumping in the sand, and which are called sand fleas. He was delighted at the discovery, because the creatures are good to eat, although they contain but little nourishment.

A few months later on, when in 78 or 80 degrees north latitude, in October—that is to say, at the beginning of the long winter night—he found a quantity of little red insects, which he called little red crabs. This proves that life is by no means suspended under the ice, on the contrary, it is very active, in the mud of the bottom, where the water is shallow, there are numerous species of crustacea, worms, sponges and other animals.—Journal of Debats.

Mattie's Wheel. The newspaper man and his wife were out for a ride. They had been hidden to leave the Cedar avenue motor in the woods beyond Blue Rock Springs and wait there for the through car, which would carry them on to Lake View. There were two other waiters, a comely young woman and a slender man, past middle age, with a quick and nervous manner, who walked up and down the road as if the delay was very irksome. The comely young woman kept aloof from the others and entertained herself by drawing figures in the roadway with the ferule of her umbrella. It was a clear, bracing day, with the odor of awakening spring in the atmosphere and half a dozen or more whelmen and two wheelwomen came briskly up from the direction of the avenue and crossing the road bravely mounted the rather steep slope and passed from right to the southward.

The nervous man came closer. "Ninety as goats," said he in a quick, jerky way, "great thing, wheel." The newspaper man assented to the proposition. "Yes," said the nervous man, "they are revolutionizing things generally. I bought one last night."

The newspaper man's look plainly expressed astonishment that the new wheel was not in its owner's company. "Oh, it wasn't for me," said the nervous man, "bless you, I never rode on one in my life. It was for my daughter, Mattie." He laughed in a way that was pleasing to see. "Yes, it's a great day for Mattie. She's been counting on that wheel for a long time. Why, we've talked it over hundreds of times. I don't suppose there's many people in the city that know more about wheels than Mattie and I. There isn't a make that we ain't posted on, and I guess I could go ahead and name the different parts that make up a bike without skipping a solitary bolt." He laughed again. "You see, the hard times have kept me back a little as well as most other people, and I didn't just make up my mind to get Mattie's wheel until last week. And then I didn't get round to it until yesterday. You see, Mattie's a good rider already. I wasn't as though I was getting a wheel for the poor fellow. She didn't want a cheap one just to learn. The other girls have been good to Mattie. There isn't one in her school, nor in our neighborhood, either, that wouldn't let Mattie borrow her wheel as long as she wanted it. She's a good girl, and I guess everybody that knows her—and she's got as many friends, teachers and all, as any girl in town—were just as anxious as I was about that new wheel. Mattie had kind of set her mind on a certain make for \$40, perhaps a good wheel for the money as the market affords, but I hadn't quite decided on that point myself. So I looked around. I looked at good wheels and at cheap wheels, and I was just about to give up when I saw one wheel that I liked more. You see, Mattie's all I've got since her mother died. The nervous man paused a moment and looked off across the shining landscape. Then he went on: "So back I go and buy the wheel. The recollection seemed to please him greatly and he laughed again. "I had the salesman draw a little and he threw in all the contrivances, and the whole thing cost me just \$85. I didn't want my girl to feel ashamed of the wheel her father bought her, and—"

"I'm glad to hear of it," said the newspaper man. "I didn't want to be ashamed of myself. And now she's got as good a wheel as any girl in town." The newspaper man murmured something about the delightful surprise. "Surprise," cried the nervous man, "you never saw such a surprised and happy girl in your life. She said—but never mind what she said. There comes the car." He looked away from the newspaper man as he pointed down to the roadway. Then he added with a quick laugh: "Do you know what I'm up to now? Mattie has gone on a ride to the Lake shore front with her new wheel. I'm going out to Collinwood on the car just to see her ride by on her wheel."

Just why he did so the newspaper man didn't know, but he gravely shook hands with the nervous man. And then the car came up and they separated.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

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Difference in Durability. "It isn't at all safe to judge by appearances," said the restless boy's father. "And so are inanimate objects. You'd never think, merely judging from external indications, that the heavy pair of shoes I bought that boy last night would wear for six weeks, while his fragile-looking Latin gentleman will last him a lifetime."—Washington Star.

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In Drowsy Debate. "A man has to keep his eyes open to be a politician nowadays," remarked one statesman. "Possibly that is correct as a general principle," replied the other. "But if you had looked around at your colleagues while you were making that last speech of yours you would have had your doubts."—Washington Star.

Easily Explained. "Davie," said Edith, "what makes grandpa talk so much?" "Can't you see," replied the boy, "he's got a double chin."—Tit-Bits.

Would Have Been Terrible. The looker-on came into the office the next morning, his usually placid face pale and worn. As he took off his coat he remarked, with a sidelong glance at the pretty stenographer: "I had a close shave last night."

"Oh, you shave, do you?" asked the cashier. "Oh, you think yourself smart, don't you?" retorted the looker-on, flushed angrily, by his extreme youth in a very tender point with him. "What I meant was that I came near passing in my tracks."

"When?" queried the shipping clerk maliciously. "Well, you'll never have a chance in hell, Peter knows you too well," snarled the looker-on, as he thrust his arm into his office coat. "That's so; he knows my health would not stand too warm a climate," murmured the shipping clerk, but the looker-on did not notice him and continued:

"No, on the square, now, I did come near being tapped on my brain. Several fellows chased me for more than a block."

"You don't say?" cried the pretty stenographer, letting her hands fall into her lap and gazing at the looker-on with sympathy and perhaps offering a little warmer shining out of her bright eyes.

"Sure. It was a close squeeze. Once I thought I'd have to squeak, but a copper came along and they turned their tribbles."

"Oh, how dreadful," sighed the pretty stenographer, a tear shining on her long lashes. "You're a shipping clerk, say those trousers and he breathed hard. It was against his principles to allow anyone to distance him, and he resolved to take the looker-on down a peg or two. Looking about to make sure that the "old man" was not lurking about the door, he stroled over to the pretty stenographer's desk and leaning upon it remarked coolly:

"It was dreadful," "Indeed it was," the pretty stenographer answered, turning the battery of her eyes upon him. "Yes, horrible; but it might have been worse," continued the shipping clerk, studying the points of his shoes. "How that!" asked the cashier, who was hovering in the background, hoping for an opportunity to get in his or.

"Suppose they had succeeded in holding him up."

"Yes," the pretty stenographer replied breathlessly. "That would have been very mortifying to the poor fellow. It is not so much as you think, 'I didn't want to get too smart,'" came in chest tones from the looker-on, who smelled a rat. "Well, it would have been a little awkward to have even a slinger discuss with his pockets were empty, wouldn't it now?" the shipping clerk asked innocently, dodging the ink-well the looker-on sent at his head.—Chicago News.

A Girl Writes to the Queen. Queen Victoria receives many old letters. Not long ago a missive reached her from a little girl. The child addressed her letter to "The Dear Lady Queen," and told her how her doll had fallen into a hole in the hill. The child wrote that she supposed the doll had been returned, and as she had longed for it, she had written to the queen, she hoped her majesty would find it very much trouble to give orders to have her doll safely returned to her. It has been a long time since the queen enjoyed anything more than she did this letter. The quiet confidence of the child had been returned. The queen looked into the case and found the letter was written in the best of good faith. So she had a doll sent to the little one, whose strange ideas regarding the length of the whole in the hill were permitted to reign unchecked.

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