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What It Is to be Forty.

To discover a sprinkle of gray in your beard,
And a thinness of crop where the upland is cleared;
To note how you take to your slippers and gown,
And hug to the fire when you get home from town—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

To find that your shadow has portlier grown;
That your voice has a practical, business-like tone;
That your vision is tricky, which once was so bright,
And a hint of a wrinkle is coming to light—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A sleigh-ride, a party, a dance or a dine:
Why, of course, you'll be present, you never decline;
But, alas, there's no invite; you're not "young folks," you see;
You're no longer a peach, but a crab-apple tree—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A daughter that grows like a lily, a queen,
And that blooms like a rose in a garden of green,
A dapper young clerk in an ice cream saloon,
Both a dude and a dunce is to carry off soon,
And a boy that is ten, and the pride of your eye,
Is caught smoking vile cigarettes on the sly—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

At twenty a man dreams of power and fame;
At thirty his fire has a soberer flame;
At forty his dreams and his visions are o'er,
And he knows and he feels as he ne'er did before
That a man is a fool till he's forty.

MISS WRIGHT'S APPEAL.

When Judge Roberts entered Katherine Wright's little parlor he found her contemplating three bonnets laid on the table in front of her. They were of velvet and trimmed with feathers, but one was blue, one violet, and the third a dark poppy red. The sunlight shone in; it was quite early in the morning and Katherine looked pretty and gentle. The Judge liked to stop in for odd moments. He had known Katherine ever since she was a little girl, and he felt she needed some supervision.

"Why have you gone into a new business," he said. "Did you make all these bonnets?"

"Not one of them. I had them sent from Madame Fontaine's, and I am trying to decide which one I shall take."

"The blue one is pretty," he said.

"Yes," and she took it up and turned it around. "Men always like blue; I suppose I ought to think of that."

At this remark the Judge smiled.

"I did not suppose women ever did forget that point."

"You don't suppose women dress for men's eyes? If we did we would care more for money and less for fashion We dress for each other, sir."

Then she took up the red bonnet and looked at it.

"This is lovely," she said; "just look at the shadows in it."

"Take it then. Isn't it becoming?"

"Now," she brightly answered, "you have hit the very point. It is becoming. I have tried them all on and I know I look best in this one."

"Take it," he repeated.

"But my hair?"

"What is the matter with your hair?"

"It is red also."

"But not the same shade."

"No, it isn't, and this shade subdues, kills it a little, but you know there isn't a woman in the city who wouldn't say I look horrid in it. Girls who have red hair wear blue or purple, you know."

"Well, you are an absurd creature!" said the Judge. "Do you know why I came here? It was to give you a point for your speech. I expected to find you buried in notes, in ink, in ideas, and behold! you are worrying over bonnets! Is your speech ready?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, pushing the red feathers with a lead pencil, "or it will be. I know pretty much what I shall say."

"Don't you want to give me a judicial opinion concerning these colors?" and she jumped up and went to the glass, carrying the bonnets. She put on the blue one and turned to him.

"That is very nice," he said. "I think it will do first rate."

She put on the purple one.

"That does make your hair look red, I confess," was his comment; "still it is pretty."

She tossed it aside.

"Oh, I shall not take that!" she exclaimed, as she smoothed back her hair, pulled out the little curls on her temples, and with care and deliberation tried on the red bonnet.

She was quite right in thinking it was becoming, and her radiant satisfaction did not diminish the effect.

The Judge nodded.

"Take it," he said; "prepare to conquer all womankind."

"Oh, but this time I have the legislators to consider! There is not a woman on that committee who has said a word to me about my speech, but each one in turn has told me to dress well. Do I usually dress so badly?"

"You always look very well," he replied. "I do not suppose any one would expect you to look like a woman of fashion."

"Still," she said, glancing mischievously at him, "that is my present ambition. I intend to make an effort. The only trouble is I never thought of it before Tuesday, and so I've had to hurry."

"I hope," he replied, "that you have also thought of your speech? Of course, I suppose you want women appointed on a board of street inspectors or you would not have consented to talk to our eminent legislators on the subject?"

"Certainly I do. Oh, when I begin to speak I shall be intensely interesting. It will seem the most important thing in the world to me. But as I am to meet them at Mrs. Elliott's house I must look all right."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "What possible difference can your clothes make if only you are neat and appropriate? Did you know that in 1847 a bill very similar to the one you are interested in was before the Legislature?"

"I wish it had passed," she said. "Do you know I would dearly love a reform in operation. Was there ever one?"

He smiled very slightly.

"Well," he said, looking a little annoyed, "You know I never approved of any of this. Mrs. Elliott shows little wisdom in inviting those men to her house to be talked to, and I don't think you need have consented to talk to them. I said nothing because it was none of my business, and I also thought you were deeply interested in the question. Now I find you are interested in bonnets."

"Yes," she answered, "I have a fever for bonnets! And it has come late in life. Consider, I am 24 years old and I have never had a complete 'costume!' I have been a creature of shreds and tatters, and I have worn last year's coat with next year's hat. Now I am to have a 'toilet!' A velvet dress, sir, and—a train and gloves with ten buttons!"

"And for what? To meet a lot of lubberly men! What will they care for your ten buttons?"

Katherine laughed.

"The men are the excuse. Why a wedding party would do as well. But perhaps my attack on vanity will be as short as it is violent."

"I hope so," he said, standing up and holding out his hand. "I thought you were superior to all this."

"I am not," she replied gravely. "I am a victim to it."

"You have my best wishes for looking well. May I also hope for the success of your appeal?"

Katherine now looked at him with real gravity. She feared her frivolity had carried her too far, but he turned and walked out of the room.

He looked perplexed as he hurried to his office. He did not like this. He had considered Miss Wright a very sensible girl and he had not objected to her liking for politics, nor had he cared because she made speeches at ladies' meetings and semi-jubilee affairs. He would not have liked all this in his wife or sister, but Katherine was neither. He was nearly forty; he was a bachelor, distinguished and not poor, but he was not a marrying man.

Suddenly he stood still. "A fever for bonnets!" he repeated. "A fever for bonnets. The next thing she will be getting married! What a fool I was! Of course that is it."

Then he laughed. And then he wondered who it was. It couldn't be one of the legislators!

That evening he wrote her a letter:

MY DEAR MISS WRIGHT: I saw the very bonnet for you this afternoon. It was gray and it was tied down, and might be described as fuzzy or woolly. I think it very superior in style and color to the ones you were worrying over. A very pretty girl had it on. Of course I couldn't ask her where she bought it. Truly yours,

GEORGE L. ROBERTS.

When Katherine read this note she was confounded. Her "fever" was of such very late date that she had had short time for preparation. Even now she had to go to her dressmakers, and she had to buy lace and natural flowers. The reception was at three o'clock; it was now after nine, and from half-past nine to half-past ten she had a music lesson to give, and it was pouring rain.

She had more than half a mind to wear her old cashmere.

A gray beaver! That was what the Judge meant, and he was right. A gray beaver! How stupid not to have known it was the very thing.

But she had no time to spare. She put on her hat, her waterproof, she took her umbrella and she sped away to give her music lesson. What an hour it was! The selections from the Prophete were longer than the opera itself But even this came to an end and she ran home. It was now after eleven, and with the help of her landlady she made a hasty and provisional toilet. The velvet, with its train, was to be put on at the dressmakers, and the bonnet changed for a beaver at Madame Fontaine's. It was after twelve before she left the house. She bought the lace, but she went from florist to florist before she found just her ideal white rose. It rained in torrents. The streets ran in water and mud was everywhere. She was hungry, she was nervous. She went to a restaurant to get a cup of tea, but the waiter was so long coming to her she jumped up and rushed to Madame Fontaine's.

"What, change that hat!" cried the milliner, "that superb hat! It is the most charming one I had in the room. Beavers are commonplace and to you not becoming." She could not trim a hat on so short notice. She talked, she said it was absurd to think of change. The time flew on. Katherine had no time or strength to discuss it, and she hastily threw off her old hat and the milliner put the new one on her. And without a glance at the glass she was off again. Ice cream is not stimulating, but it is readily served, and on it Katherine lunched. It gave her a pain in her forehead, and she laughed to herself at the idea of anyone so drenched with rain eating such cold, frozen stuff. But at the dressmaker's all was ready. It took but a moment to sew in the lace, and the skillful fingers of the dressmaker fastened up the dress, pinned up the train, and then the clock struck three.

How far away Mrs. Elliott lived; how slowly the car splashed along! If the horses had only kept time with Katherine's watch how they would have flown.

But when she entered Mrs. Elliott's door how still, how apart from hurry it was. There was a murmur of voices in the parlor. The was the perfume of flowers, the hushed step on soft carpets, the gentle voice of a lady's maid. And up in Mrs. Elliott's room Katherine at length viewed her costume. She was pleased. Her figure was tall and slender, her dress fell in heavy, lustrous folds; her gloves, her handkerchief, her flowers! Well, it was the possible Katherine Wright made real. She did not regret the gray beaver and she had one moment of perfect, unalloyed satisfaction in her own appearance. It seemed to her that her train gave her a new movement. If she had been but seventeen she could not have been more content.

She noticed, however, that there were but few legislative hats on the hall table. But she was not sorry. She was not displeased because she was not the last to arrive.

In the long and brilliant parlor a group of ladies stood talking to some gentlemen, and among them she at once recognized the tall figure of Judge Roberts. When she entered, Mrs. Elliott looked up in surprise. She did not recognize this elegant girl, and then she came forward and, as she greeted her, whispered, "You are just lovely!"

Katherine looked down the room, and her hostess laughed.

"Oh, they have not come yet. They are not punctual, but we can wait."

But they never did come. Not a single member of the Legislature came that afternoon to talk about the legal status of women in regard to the "Board of Street Inspectors." Every one else was there. The committee of ladies, the gentlemen invited to meet them; the graceful and persuasive speaker who was to convince them, but not a legislator.

Some of the ladies said they must be bashful, and some said they feared the weather, and the gentlemen declared the proper refreshments had not been promised, and when half-past four came Judge Roberts said in a low tone to Katherine that she was right in her estimate of the relative importance of hats and arguments, and so took his leave.

In the evening the Judge went back to his office, and on the way he stopped to see Katherine and to condole with her. He found her sitting in front of the fire. Her bonnet lay on the table. She still wore her velvet dress and she looked tired.

"You have not been long in?" he said, glancing at one gloved hand.

"No. I staid to dinner with Mrs. Elhott."

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" she replied.

"Were you disappointed?"

"Because the legislators did not come? No, I was not."

"Your dress was all right?"

"I was over-dressed. There wasn't a rich woman there who was dressed as I was, and they were all rich."

"There was not a woman there who was as beautiful."

"And I ought not to have worn a bonnet."

"You looked well in it. You were right about it."

She gently sighed and began to unbutton her glove.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you were disappointed."

"I was not," she answered, looking up, quickly. "You don't suppose I really care so much for dress? It was a whim. Of course I am sorry it was such a fiasco."

"You are tired," he said, in an anxious tone.

"No—yes, I am."

"What is the matter with you, Katherine?"

She looked into the fire. Then she glanced at him with a mixture of shyness and defiance in her eyes.

"To-night," she said, "Mr. Elliott was very cross. He was annoyed because his wife put herself in such a position."

"Mrs. Elliott is a very lovely woman," replied the Judge. "I have a great liking for her."

"Yes," said Katherine.

"He did not scold you?" said the Judge, after a moment's silence.

"No." And Katherine colored and smiled. "That is the very trouble. I envied her. I was more to blame. She trusted to the good faith of others, I was silly, vain, ridiculous, and there is no one who cares enough for me to scold me for it."

"Do you want me to scold you?"

"No," she cried. "I want you to forget all my foolishness. To-morrow I will be wiser. I am tired now."

The Judge looked at her in great surprise. What a very woman she was. He had thought her superior to the little foibles of her sex. And how very nice she was.

He walked about the room a moment, and then he went to his office.

Katherine cried a little. She was certainly very tired. She had never before been so lonely. She hated her rooms. She hated the legal status of women. She hated inspectors, and hated music lessons, and she felt that she was very cross, and quite right in being so.

The Judge was not cross, but he did not like his room nor his office, and he began to stop still more frequently to see Katherine, tut he gave her no more "points." Neither did he scold her, and yet Katherine seemed satisfied.

He wanted her to be married in the poppy red hat, but she declared it was horrid and all out of taste, and she much preferred her gray beaver. But the Judge did not. He liked the red bonnet.

An Odd Birthday Gift.

A queer birthday present it was, indeed. But at first Ralph was in a quandary. "I haven't a thing to give Bertie," he said. "What shall I do, mamma? It is so far to the stores here in these Florida woods."

"I don't know, dear; but perhaps we shall think of something in the morning."

At early dawn Ralph was up and off to his traps, fishing-lines and turtle-pits. Soon he came in and whispered: "Mamma, I have found the nicest present, after all! I can scarcely wait for Bertie to 'blossom'—mayn't I wake him?"

Just then Bertie moved, and Ralph, bending over his brother, pressed four kisses on his forehead, saying: "I'll give you one to grow on to-night; but now hurry to dress."

Later, mamma heard a shout of delight outside, Bertie called: "Mamma, please come and see my horse."

She found her boys bending over a queer object. Ralph said: "He travels like an elephant with those short, clumsy legs. But when I found him in the pit I dug at his door, he was making the sand fly like fun with those flippers of forelegs. He had nearly dug himself out."

It was a land turtle, fifteen inches long. This kind live on grass and berries, preferring garden stuff to wild vegetation. They feed mostly at night, lying in their burrows all day. It is only found in the South.

"Take care, darling, he may bite you."

"Oh, no, mamma; uncle says he is gentle, and will never hurt any one. See me carry him round, and then see him carry Bertie." He did prove gentle and became a great pet. He was picked up, harnessed up and ridden bare back. He was at times elephant, camel, donkey, horse or turtle; but nothing could tempt them to sell, or hire him out, lest he might be harmed.

Before the children went North "Bertie" was painted on his back and with sorrow was turned loose. Do you suppose he will come to his stable this winter and look for his little master?

Dress of the Earlier Germans.

Tacitus, in his "Germany," thus describes the dress of the natives: "The universal dress is a plaid (sagum), fastened with a brooch, or, failing that, a thorn. The rich are distinguished by a dress that is not flowing, like that of the Sarmatians and Parthians, but tight, and showing the outline of every limb. Nor does the dress of women differ from that of men, except that they more frequently wrap themselves in linen cloaks, which they enliven with purple, and they do not prolong the upper part into sleeves, but leave the arms and shoulders bare."

EUROPEAN DRINKS.

A Bicyclist Writes Concerning Continental Concoctions.

Whilst beer and ale might perhaps truthfully be called the national beverage of England even these days, it is far less so than it was some years ago. Englishmen are taking very kindly of late to mixed drinks, and drink almost as much whisky in proportion to malt beverages as we do. The mixed drinks of England differ very materially, however, from those of this country. Shandygaff, a mixture of ale and ginger, is a favorite drink among English athletes and frequenters of race courses and summer resorts. Another odd mixture is known as dognose. Dognose consists of two-thirds ale and one-third gin. The consumption of dognose is confined chiefly to the lower classes. It is drunk mostly by old topers, whose stomachs have swilled beer and porter and 'alf-and-'alf until these comparatively mild beverages no longer suffice to satisfy their cravinz. The addition of the fiery and penetrative Old Tom makes a combination that goes home every time in spite of their well seasoned condition.

The custom of drinking ale at meal times in English families has made an unfavorable impression among many American lady visitors. But there is as much to be said in favor of it as against it. Mrs. John Bull recipocates with even more horror at our pitchers of ice water on the table. Mrs. John Bull would seem to have on her side the best of all arguments, too, a robuster constitution and fewer fleshly ills than her ice water drinking sister.

What says Monsieur le Frenchman across the English channel? Beer? Take it away; the barbarous stuff, fit only for the gross palates of Germans and Albions. Whisky? A little better; still altogether too gross and solid for the mercurial Frenchman. His favorite tipple is absinthe. This spiritueile beverage floats around in Pierre Macelotte's nervous system, tingles the nerves and causes him to feel patriotic and sans souci. It causes him to shout out in his imagination, "Vive la France!" and "On to Berlin." This is what honest Pierre likes, and since absinthe brings it about, he drinks a good deal of it. Another beverage is tea and rum. "The et rum" is a favorite beverage with the French ladies, who drop into cafes and sip it during the afternoon promenade or when out shopping. The French table d'hote is familiar enough to many of us here, with its inevitable bouteille de vin ordinaire. This vin ordinaire, or common claret, may rightfully be considered the national beverage of La Belle France, for everybody drinks it. In the common country hotels it flows almost as free as water.

Passing into Germany, it seems hardly worth while to remind the reader of German lager. Everybody knows what is the national beverage of the Fatherland. The good people of some German cities well nigh live on beer. The women drink almost as freely of it as their husbands and brothers. The shopgirl or milliner's assistant in Munich will trip into the neighboring beer hall at noon, and take for luncheon a quarter mug of beer and a piece of bread and a radish. In the evening she wanders with her sweetheart into an al fresco beer garden and passes hour after hour listening to the band and drinking beer. For dinner she has probably consumed the second or third quart of beer since morning and a Frankfurter sausage sandwich. The natural result of so much beer drinking in proportion to solid food taken is to give the people of Munich a kind of flabby appearance, and to make them drowsy. The whole city seems to be in a semi-comatose condition. The cabmen fall asleep so often on their boxes that the municipal authorities have found it necessary to impose fines upon hackdrivers found asleep at their posts. Notwithstanding the universal consumption of beer, however, the Germans of the wealthier class drink a good deal of schnapps

Beer holds its own all through Austria to beyond Vienna, but wine and liquors usurp the throne again in Hungary. All down the valley of the Danube below Budapest the red loam bluffs fairly ooze the rich wine of Hungary. Every town and village has its adjacent vineyards, and every village gasthaus or city hotel has an al fresco vine garden. Here the good people congregate of an evening and pass the hours away drinking wine, gossiping and listening to the weird music of a Hungarian Gypsy band. As in France, the Hungarian peasant makes merry on red wine that only the well to do of most countries can afford to drink ad libitum.

Beer, wine and schnapps are common enough all down through Slavonia and the lower Danubian provinces, but a change takes place when one gets fairly into the Balkan peninsula. One now gets among the unspeakable Orientals whose ways are not as our ways. Sherbet, mastic and coffee are the beverages of Bulgaria, Roumelia and Turkey. The former may be merely a glass of water in which a lump of sugar has been dissolved, or may be a concoction of fruit, sugar and rose water, or of various mixtures between these two extremes. The drink called mastic is said to be a preparation of imported Boston rum and gum mastic. It is a vile liquor, and about as deadly as the "bug juice" of the Rocky mountain saloons, but makes an agreeable tasting beverage when mixed with several times its bulk of water.

Kahvay (coffee), however, is the national beverage of Turkey. It is served in tiny cups, holding no more than a couple of tablespoonfuls each. The coffee is ground into fine flour and used with such liberality that the beverage is quite thick. It is served scalding hot, and is imbibed by touching the lips cautiously to the edge of the cup and sipping it out with the weariness of a person who has known all too often what it is to burn the mouth.

A Soldier's Love; or, Back From the Grave.

"I will tell you a little love story," said the kind, old Pastor Neuville, as I sat at his hospitable board.

"I had a favorite pupil once, named Pierre Lavelle, the betrothed of one of the loveliest girls in the parish. I had looked forward to making them man and wife some day, when the news reached us that Pierre had been drafted into the army for a term of five years.

"Ah, it was a sad day when he marched away, leaving his poor old mother and beloved Marguerite sobbing in each other's arms. She saw him again after two years' time, but it was only for a few days. She was proud of him in his uniform. He was true as steel, and they renewed their vows of constancy in each other's arms.

After that news reached us often of Pierre. He had won his epaulettes—he was now an officer. How proud we all were! One day came the terrible news. He had been killed." The good pastor paused to wipe a tear out of his eye "He had died with his face to the foe, I had learned from a soldier who had returned. Died with the iron cross on his breast. As time passed I could not help but notice that the pathetic grief on Marguerite's face, instead of injuring her beauty, only made it the more striking. And so thought one Jules Dermot—a rich farmer, and a good friend of mine, but a man twice Marguerite's age.

"A year went slowly by, and then one day Marguerite came to me for advice. Her father was old and poor, and growing each day more feeble, and now he asked of her a sacrifice. That she should insure the comfort of his declining years, and her own welfare when he should be gone, by accepting and marrying the wealthy, respected farmer, Jules Dermot. I thought long and earnestly, then I said:

"'My child, how do you yourself feel about it?"

"A resolute light filled her pretty eyes

"'I have thought,' she said sadly, 'that it might be wrong for me to refuse to obey my father's wishes. I have been taught by you that a child's first duty is to her parents, and my father has not long to live. A girl's passionate love I can never give to Jules Dermot, and so I have told him; but as his wife I can serve and obey him faithfully and truly, and he says he will be more than content to have me even thus.'

"What could I say but what I did—to follow the impulses of her own pure heart; they could not lead her wrong. So they were married; and the old father left his humble cottage, and lived the following year (which proved his last) in his daughter's new home. Then came a little Marguerite to Jules Dermot and his wife; a tiny copy of her mother, as like as pure white daisy she lay, just beginning her young life, while alas! the mother—the beloved of all—was dying. The truth could not be long disguised. There was no hope.

"A tremulous sigh—a long upward look—and then a beautiful, inanimate form was all that was left to us. Jules Dermot sorrowed faithfully and sincerely; then after a time an irresistible craving for change came to him. He had money, and he would travel. So he brought the little Marguerite to me and left her in my care.

"One Summer evening my pet and I were in the garden, when I saw a man's figure coming up the road with slow and weary steps. He paused at the gate and looked in at us.

"'Come in, sir, and rest yourself,' I said; and lifting the latch he came toward me.

"As my gaze fell on the tall, attenuated form and the wan face, which looked blanched and worn under the moon's clear beams, I started, and a thrill passed through me.

"'Have you forgotten Pierre?' he said.

"Then I knew him—that it was indeed Pierre Lavelle! With trembling hands I drew him into the house.

"'Oh!' he exclaimed, sinking into a chair, 'how good it is to be at home! I doubted if my strength would keep me till I saw its blessed scenes again. But God is kind—I am here at last. I came first to you, dear old friend, to wear off this intense fatigue; but in a little while I must go to my mother and my betrothed. How are they—are they well?'

"I evaded an answer as I pressed him to partake of bread and wine.

"Suddenly the little one, whose very existence I had for the time forgotten, came into the room and to Pierre's side, looking up at him with her mother's tender blue eyes. He drew her to him—Pierre was ever fond of children.

"'What is your name?' he asked.

"'Marguerite,' she answered; and then won to confidence by his friendly manner, she added: 'I live here, but my papa is away, and my mamma is dead.'

"Pierre's gaze fell upon my face, which was working convulsively in spite of all my efforts at control, and a vague fear seemed to spring into his mind. Rising hurriedly, he put her from him.

"'I must go now—I feel stronger,' he said—though his looks belied his words—'I must not stay longer from the side of my loved ones.'

"'Oh, Pierre, stay—do not go!' I cried.

"His eyes dilated with an expression of terror.

"'Tell me truly,' he exclaimed, 'how is it with my Marguerite?'

"I could not answer. He read the truth in my face. With a cry he sank back and covered his eyes with his hand. Then quickly as I could I told him everything that had happened—withholding nothing—for it was best.

"As I spoke the little one, awed by the strange scene, had again drawn near. With a convulsive motion he caught her to him and bowed his face upon her shining hair. 'And this is her child, Marguerite's child!'

"It was a piteous sight and I will not dilate upon it longer. Pierre stayed at the parsonage, and after a while—I let him take his own time—he told me how he had been left for dead upon the field and had recovered consciousness to find himself a prisoner in the enemy's hands; how he had been confined ever since, until at last escaping, he had journeyed on foot over mountains and through forests, buoyed up by the hope of reaching his native village, and there, amid the ministrations of his dear ones, regaining his strength and passing in happiness the rest of his life.

"As you may have surmised, the poor fellow did not live long to bear his great disappointment. In the village cemetery—not far from the resting-place of her he loved—is a grave conspicuous from any other by the stately granite pillar which his townspeople have erected to the memory of Pierre the Hero, their countryman, who by his courage twice saved the day for France.

"Those are his medals which he managed to conceal and preserve through all his wanderings. He left them in my charge, for the child of Marguerite."

—Switzerland has recently adopted a law placing the manufacture of wines and liquors in the hands of the government.

A MEAN MILLIONAIRE.

A Man Who Squeezes a Penny Till the Indian on It Yells.

A financial man of the Listener's acquaintance tells some interesting stories of a veneral Boston capitalist, whose name, if published, would "be well known and widely recognized"—as the interviewers of anonymous persons always say—and which, for that very reason, will not be given here. The capitalist originated in a Massachusetts country district, where ideas of thrift are instilled into people's minds in their ultimate New England minuteness, and in this man's case the seeds of instruction in economy fell upon friendly ground. To what extent he improved upon his education in that direction one story will illustrate. He once visited a dentist, who filed down a tooth that had given him trouble. Not long afterward another tooth began to give him pain in somewhat the same way; whereupon the capitalist went to a hardware store, bought a cheap file, took it home and had his son-in-law file long and patiently upon the tooth.

But there is another story that illustrates perhaps even more strongly the old gentleman's thrift. He used to drive his own carriage, a two-horse top-buggy. One day, just before Thanksgiving, he drove down to Faneuil Hall Market to bargain for and get his turkey for the frugal but traditional feast at his house. As he drove up a boy started out as if to offer to hold his team. At the same moment he saw his cashier, arriving on foot.

"Well, Smith," said the capitalist to the cashier, "where are you going?"

"Going to market to get a turkey for Thanksgiving," said the cashier.

"Yes. Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. I know 'em in her, and if you'll hold my horses, I think I can go in and buy two turkeys so that they'll come cheaper to us than if we bought separately."

"All right," said the cashier. He took up his station at the horses' heads while the old man went into the market. As he stood there, kicking his feet against the curbstone to keep them warm, a horrible suspicion came over him that his employer had no idea of buying two turkeys, but had simply adopted the plan as a ruse to get him to hold the horses and save the five cents that would be expected by a small boy as the minimum compensation for holding the horses! The old man was gone a long time, looking for a bargain, no doubt. After awhile he move in sight through the door and with but a single turkey, done up in brown paper, under his arm.

"No use, Smith," said he, "I colldn't make it go. We can do just as well to buy on our own account. Seein' that that was the case, I thought probably you'd want to buy your turkey yourself."

He got into the carriage and drove away, leaving the cashier the happy consciousness that he had, at the sacrifice of his time and comfort, saved a millionaire five cents.

Newfoundland.

Attorney General Winters, of Newfoundland, told our correspondent that the lonely little island might possibly join the Dominion if sufficient inducements were offered, but that she is happy as she is and is willing to remain so.

Well, Newfoundland is the picket guard of the Atlantic Coast, and a very picturesque province. The population is about 200,000, of which number more than 60,000, mostly heads of families, are directly or indirectly engaged in the fishing business.

It is easy to see the relative value of the fisheries when we say that last year one million two hundred and fifty thousand quintals of cod were exported, while only three hundred thousand bushels of potatoes were raised; and, though the area of the island is forty thousand square miles, only forty-seven thousand acres are under tillage. The people are the hardiest of the hardy, but they live, for obvious reasons, almost exclusively on the seacoast, the inland territory being so much of a *terre incognita* that there is scarcely a correct map of the island extant.

These sailor folk are tremendous tea drinkers, and their consumption of tobacco is prodigious. It requires nearly eight hundred thousand pounds of the decoction that cheers but not inebriates to satisfy the demand, and something like nine hundred thousand pounds of tobacco to satisfy their luxurious tastes.

Yes, Newfoundland, with its copper mines, its coal, its two hundred mills and manufactories, and its great fisheries, is a very interesting bit of real estate.

Value of an Eyelash.

A Washington financier, who is well acquainted with Colonel Lew Washington, the teller of Lewis, Johnson and Co's. bank, said that it was at the close of business hours, and Colonel Washington was poring and perspiring over a long column of figures on the balance sheet. The sum total of the column should have read $6900. Instead of that amount, however, it showed a total of $6900, or $900 more he could account for. The vexatious mistake caused the Colonel to scratch his head vigorously and wonder where the excess was in the column of agonizing figures.

While going carefully over the columns for the twentieth time he discovered the error, and it was one that would hardly occur once in 1000 years. One of the Colonel's eyelashes had fallen on the balance sheet and adhered to the first 0 in the line of figures, $1000, making a perfect figure 9 of the nought, increasing the whole amount to $6900 instead of $6000. Going down the column the twentieth time he brushed the eyelash away with his finger. Hereafter, Colonel Washington says, he will go over his balance sheets with a street scraper before he begins to add the columns.

Punning Early in Life.

For a very little girl's joke this isn't bad, particularly when she did it with the utmost seriousness. She was digging away at half of a pecan with a hairpin, when she suddenly stopped and inquired: "What kind of a nut is this?" "Pecan," some one answered. "Oh, yes; pick on! you pick on till you get it all out."

—Sir John Lubbock says that among a certain hill tribe of India it is a mark of respect and gratitude to put the thumb to the nose.

KICKING A JACKASS.

How the Biped Brute Triumphed Over His Quadruped Antagonist.

In the early days of Dutch Flat a large-boned and gigantic Indianian was known to his rough but kindly associates as "Kicking Tom." He had won the nickname by reason of the terrific force with which he could launch his great sinewy foot against an opposing object. He was, besides, as lithe and springy as a panther. In those days men were not very particular about the character of their amusement, although nothing mean or underhanded ever took place among them. Their rough courtesy was genuine and hearty, and they were as brave as Norman barons or Paladins of France. They at times had little regard for human life, but in their deadly affrays they took the lion and not the hyena for their model. They admired courage and strength because these were qualities which came every day into requisition, and without them there was neither peace nor safety in the then lawless realm of the gold-seekers.

Among these pioneers of the wilderness Kicking Tom had grown into universal popularity. He was generous, brave and kindly, and what perhaps endeared him to his associates more than anything else he was always foremost in the rough sports of the camp. He was ever ready for fun and frolic, and it was a matter of supreme indifference to him whether this took the form of pleasant episodes or rough fighting. He exemplified the old adage that "it is just as good to fight as to eat."

One day a miner brought into camp a Mexican burro which soon obtained a wide celebrity as a vicious animal, who, when excited, would attack man or beast with desperate fury. Several mountain ponies had been kicked to death by him and more than one man had nearly lost his life by the savage heels of the brute. So exciting had become the record of the jack's achievements that they became the subject of universal conversation and inquiry among the miners. Sitting in their cabins they spun wonderful tales of what he had done and was capable of doing.

"He is the liveliest kicker in the world," said one.

"You are right, old man. That beast can kick the hair off a man's head without touching the skin," replied one of his companions.

This was touching Tom in a tender place, and after a moment's reflection he spoke up with the remark:

"He can't outkick me." The observation was received by the group in amazed silence.

"Lord, Tom! Why, he'd make mince meat of you in a minute."

"Would he!" replied the athletic Indianian. "Then he can have the chance. I'm ready to kick for $100, and may the best man win."

"Or the best jack," laughingly interposed a companion.

"I mean what I say, old man, so don't be too spry with your tongue." And Tom's brows lowered in gathering anger. His friend apologized for the jest and the crowd dispersed for the night.

The next day the rumor went wild through the camp that Tom was willing to kick the burro for a wager. In the dusk of the evening the miners gathered in from their work and discussed the subject in all its bearings. Opinion as to the match was about evenly divided. If anything, Tom was the favorite. Under these circumstances a mill for $100 a side was easily arranged between the beast and the man, and it was decided that the conflict should come off on the next Sunday afternoon.

Promptly at the appointed hour every inhabitant of Dutch Flat was assembled in a little level spot just outside the limits of the camp. The preliminaries were quickly arranged and the fight began. The beast seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and laying back his ears he watched his wary opponent with angry eyes. Suddenly Tom leaped forward and landed a terrific kick squarely on the junction of the neck and head. The brute reeled before the force of the blow, but recovering on the instant he wheeled and launched both heels at his antagonist. The man leaped aside and as quick as lightning responded with another fearful kick on the burro's neck. And so the conflict raged. Sometimes the jack would get in a savage blow on his opponent, but oftener the man had the best of it; and at last, putting forth all of his wonderful strength, he landed a kick with the fury and irresistible force of a pile-driver on the jack's neck, which had been his objective point from the beginning. The beast reeled back and with a convulsive quiver fell over dead. Tom was terribly bruised, but no bones were broken and in a few days he was as spry as ever.

The miners next day gave the jack a regular funeral. Amid all the pomp and circumstance of the camp he was laid to rest underneath the sod of the valley and a local poet thus canonized his memory:

Lay his waxen hoofs together,
Fold back his long and spreading ears,
For he has gone to blend his geehaw
With the music of the spheres.

Floating Gardens of the Aztecs.

During all their wanderings, wherever they stopped, the Aztecs cultivated the earth and lived upon what nature gave them. Surrounded by enemies, in the midst of a lake where there were but few fish, necessity and industry compelled them to form floating gardens on the bosom of the waters. They wound together the roots of aquatic plants, intertwined with twigs and branches until they formed a foundation sufficiently strong to support a soil they drew from the bottom of the lake, and on it they sowed their needed maize and chilo. These floating gardens were about a foot above the water and of various forms, the most effective being long and narrow, called cintas, or ribbons. With their natural taste for flowers, they added the ornamental to the useful, and these small gardens multiplying, were covered with flowers and aromatic herbs, which were used in the worship of their gods, or sent to decorate the palace of the emperor.

What a picture of delightful independence! The peaceful Indian could anchor his flowery home where he willed, float beyond social cares or political burdens, and from prying neighbors and poll parrot gossip, he could quickly paddle away! In these secure retreats the spendthrift could elude his creditors, the bank defaulter hide from the minions of the law.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—At a sale of autographs in Paris a letter written by Charles IX brought $80, one by Louis XIV $85 and a Mozart manuscript $90.

—Another walking phenomenon is reported from Pierson county, S. C. A despatch credits him with being perfectly sane, and says he would like to stop walking, but cannot.

—At Oxford, Pa., the other day, a sparrow hopped upon a pile of clams and was suddenly imprisoned by one of the bivalves, which closed it's shell together over the bird's feet.

—The first translation into English of a Hebrew novel will shortly appear. France first discovered that there were Hebrew novels worth translating, and has had them for some years.

—The Japanese have a legend that fish are the embodiment of the souls of naval officers, and the African negroes believe that magicians assume the shape of fish and come to their nets to work evil.

—A lady interfered with an impatient driver in Lynn and started a stubborn, balky horse attached to a heavily loaded coal wagon by giving the animal four apples and then simply saying, "Come along."

—A 3,000 foot well is being sunk at San Diego, Cal. It is hoped that a supply of water equivalent to 2,000,000 gallons in every twenty-four hours will be obtained from that and another deep well now being sunk.

—There is a cotton plant at Narcoossee, Fla., which is over five feet across the branches and has from 350 to 400 blooms, buds, and bolls. It contains cotton in all its stages, from the swelling bud to the mature article itself.

—A flock of seagulls were seen recently on the Schuylkill river, near Hamburg, Pa. One of the birds was shot. It is supposed that the dense fogs and storms on the Atlantic coast, 100 miles from Hamburg, drove them inland.

—Monkeys in Eastern countries are said to acquire such a fondness for opium that they will habitually smoke any that may be left in the pipe when the master lays it down, and when deprived of it will suffer from nervousness and depression.

—A Kansas City confectioner drew crowds of curious people to his store and sold quantities of candy by suspending five dead mice from miniature scaffolds and labeling them with the names of the condemned Anarchists.

—The toughest resident of Silver City, Ari., is a little Indian boy who was captured during Geronimo's raid two years ago. He is only 4 years old, but he has already nearly killed a boy by cutting him with a bowie knife.

—Pennsylvania has two of the thirty-eight widows of Revolutionary soldiers who draw pensions from the Government. Susan Curtis, of Maine, and Nancy Rains, of Tennessee, are probably the oldest widows.

—A merchant of Merrillton, Wis., adopted a novel and successful method of advertising. He took three feet of a temporary track cow, plastered her over the big piece heels with advertisements and put a bell and at large in the streets of the town.

—"Diamond," a sporting papers discovery winner for which, is an extra issue is said to have been issued, announcing the Hartford recently. Jackson's victory at tiger variety, and victory was won was unable to stand. This bulletin was chair. "O, It took chair.

—A party of sporting men each Portsmouth, N. Y., recently witnessed about the strangest contest on record. It was a fight between a ferret and a cat, and a lively and exciting battle resulted. The animals fought ten minutes, and the referee decided the battle a draw.

—A sea turtle, weighing about 1,000 pounds, eight feet in length from nose to tail, two feet through and eight feet from flipper to flipper, was caught by James Buero, a Soquel fisherman, while out with nets fishing near Capitola, Cal., a few days ago. It is the largest sea turtle ever caught on the Pacific coast.

—A woman of Jersey City recently brought home a strange egg as the souvenir of a trip and placed it on the parlor table. One week after she was surprised to see a little turtle break the shell of the egg and slowly crawl out. The heat of the room had hatched it.

—The coldest known spot on earth is Werchojansk, in Siberia. The mean temperature for the year 1885 was 2.9° F., below zero for January and December it was 62.9° below, and for July it rose to 60.0° above zero. The lowest temperature in July was 33.2° above, while in January a fall to 88.6° below zero was experienced. Werchojansk is in latitude 67°34', longitude 133°51'.

—The continuous decrease of crime in England is very remarkable. So recently as 1869 the prisons contained no less than 11,000 convicts. In July last there were only 7,441. What is also very interesting the education act marked the turning point in the history of crime. Since the passage of that act the decrease of crime has been steady.

—A remarkable accident recently occurred at Chapultepec. A youthful student named Contreras was about to cast in bronze a small stat