

FULTON COUNTY NEWS.

IS START IN LIFE.

FOR THAT A DISCUSSION ON RELIGION BROUGHT OUT

olved a Christian and an In-

question of religion came up the day in the Busy Men's Lunch

and old Parson, who is senior of St. Cecilia's church and fore constitutes himself a de-

of the faith, remarked, "You say what you like, gentlemen, but religious man is more apt to help who need it than an infidel."

am a firm believer in Christian-

marked Blison, who has made a in or so in the Swamp during the few years, "but I take exception

statement. When it comes to a fellow who is down, it's an even toss between a Chris-

and an infidel. "You doubt it?" he said as he saw old Parson's

his head. "Well, to prove what I will give you an episode in my life. I came to New York in 1873

no capital but a country made of clothes and a common school

tion. I was a lank looking young out, like many another raw over-

and, I was irresistibly attracted to try, where I soon expected to

the coal station that would lead time and fame. But before long

ain thought was to keep from ng. I could get no work, and no-

would listen to me when I asked I tried to keep up my courage,

my heart I would have given ing to be back on the old farm

ill, one day I grew especially des-

the papers were full of the phant success of 'Billy, the Con-

PEACHES AND BLUBBER.

A Story of Arthur Stringer and an Oxford Professor.

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling

discovered when he somewhat thought- lessly dubbed the Dominion "Our Lady

of the Snows." When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author,

first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Professor Goldwin

Smith of Toronto to Professor York Powell, the distinguished historian of

Christchurch.

The old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague

ideas about Canada and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring

if he got along nicely on English roast mutton after living so long on frozen

seal meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his

whole blubber a little, but the next day called home, and in less than a week

the finest basket of autumn peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed

in sawdust, was on its way to Oxford. A short time afterward the

young author was again dining with the regius professor at Oxford, and

that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit dish loaded with tremendous

peaches.

"Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were

sent to me today, and I'm blessed if I know who sent them. From the south

UP HEAD ON A BLUNDER.

Erroneous Answer Wins Commenda-

"The class in Latin will now recite," said the Latin teacher, at one of the

city high schools the other day. The members of the class in Latin,

consisting of 30 or more bright looking girls, with three or four boys, came

forward and took their places. All moved along smoothly until the decli-

nation of the noun "domum" was in order, and there was trouble. It was

the ablative that caused the trouble. For the benefit of those not acquainted

with the mysteries of Latin it may be mentioned right here that the ablative

is "domo," and the pronunciation is the same as if one should say "don't

know," slurring the two words, as is so frequently done, to "don't know."

"Miss Jones," said the teacher to the head of the class, "what is the

ablative of domum?"

Miss Jones gave her version and was told to sit down. The question in

turn went down the entire length of the class, all falling, until it reached

the last, a boy who had a reputation for baseball and football, but none for

scholarship.

"Well, Percy, the ablative of 'domum'?" asked the teacher.

Percy scratched his head and despairingly looked at his grinning class-

mates. "Don't know," he finally blurted out. "Right," said the teacher; "go up

THE MAN WITH THE DOUGH.

O the man with the hoe That they talk about so

is all right in his way, I concede; But the man with the dough

is the man here below Who has power to supply all his need.

It's the man with the dough Who can make a thing go.

And we, all of us, give him a smile: Tho' it be all in vain.

Yet the reason is plain— We all hope to get part of his pile.

You may talk as you will, But the fact remains still,

That the man with the dough is the thing: You may slave with the hoe,

But you reign with the dough, And to half of mankind you are king.

All the mountains of earth they could shake.

To the man with the hoe And the man with the dough,

Here is wishing you both may be blest: May you each reach the goal

Of the Christ-mastered soul And in Heaven forever find rest.

CONGRESSMAN THROPP, OF EVERETT,

secured as a Christmas gift for his son, Earlston, the carved

oak and leather chair that was used by admiral Dewey when he

was awaiting the approach of the procession on Pennsylvania ave-

nue the night of October 2, and also by him on the platform in

front of the Capitol during the magnificent demonstration in his

favor when presented with the \$10,000 sword voted by Congress.

"Ann, you have broken the nose of this beautiful Venus,"

"Yessum—but you needn't think I'm goin' t' pay for her;

her arms wuz chipped off when I come."

"How she must love him!" "Why do you say that?"

"She wears the most becoming hat you ever saw simply because

he likes it."

An elephant in winter quarters at Columbus, Ohio, killed his

trainer, M. J. Meagher, better known as "Patsy" Forepaugh,

a few days ago. The trainer had led the animal out for exercise,

when he suddenly turned on him, as the trainer undertook to jab

him with his hook. The animal hurled the keeper to the ground

and fell on his prostrate body.

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SALARIES OF OUR PLAYERS.

The Pay of Actors Varies From \$10 to as Much as \$500 Per Week.

Franklin Fyles, writing of "The Theater and Its People" in "The Ladies' Home Journal," touches interestingly

upon the earnings of actors and corrects the oft repeated reports of the enormous earnings of players.

"Salaries vary with circumstances," he says. "The manager may find at \$25 a week

a player whose moderate talent exactly fits a part of considerable impor-

tance. He may have to pay \$150 if the role is singular and fit candidates

scarce. If he wants celebrity in addition to ability, he may be willing to

make the salary \$500 a week. In that case he takes into account the public

value of the name and makes a feature of it in his advertisements.

"Not more than ten actors in America, aside from the stars, receive as

much as \$250 a week, and not more than five actresses are paid this

amount. In fact, \$150 a week is exceptional, and \$100 will engage an excel-

lent hero or heroine, a fine comedian or a delineator of eccentric character.

LIGHTS FOR BIRDS' NESTS.

Some Curious Habits Practiced in the World of Songbirds.

Many birds suspend their nests from the branches of trees, one of the most

curious nests of that kind being that of the bayu bird of India. It is hung

from the branch, with its opening at the bottom, and hangs like an inverted

tree, secure from the approach of treacherous snakes and other reptiles.

The most curious thing about the bayu bird is that it is said to light up

its nest by sticking tapers on its sides with clay or soft mud. There seems to

be little doubt of the fact.

Dr. Buchanan says: "At night each of the habitations is lighted up by a

firely stick in the top with a piece of fly. The nest consists of two rooms.

Sometimes there are three or four holes, and their blaze in the little cells

dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often destroy the young of these birds."

Perhaps other animals are scared off by the bayu bird's electric light, since

Broken Commandments.

The brilliant young preacher, when he makes his barochial calls, endeavors to cultivate an acquaintance with

the development of the younger minds, thus after a fashion keeping tab upon

his Sunday school teachers.

The other afternoon, while he was waiting in the drawing room of a beau-

tiful Cass avenue residence for the delayed appearance of Elsie's mamma,

he was entertained by the little daughter herself. Talking her upon his lap,

he began a review of the church lessons that had been given to the little

maid of 5.

"Can you tell me, Elsie, how many commandments there are?"

"Yes, sir; seven or eight."

"Oh, no, dear; there are ten."

"Yes, I know there are ten, but I heard papa tell mamma yesterday that you had broken two or three of them

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