Daniel Webster's Winning Ways.

The following story of Daniel Webster, illustrative of his winning personal traits, told by a leading local lawyer, is believed never to have been made public. Years ago the late Erastus Corning, of this city, as a comparatively young man, made Mr. Webster's acquaintance somewhat intimately. As a result of the friendship it turned out the former indorsed Mr. Webster's note for a considerable sum. When the note fell due protests came to the firm and they paid the note. Knowing Mr. Webster's impecuniosity and not wishing to crowd him, they did not call upon him for security. After some years, and when it was supposed that Mr. Webster's financial condition was improved, Mr. Corning, at the instance of his firm, wrote asking Mr. Webster if he could make it convenient to liquidate the claim. The answer was a courteous note from Mr. Webster making excuses that just at present he was unable to meet the demand, and ending up by a pressing invitation for Mr. Corning to visit him later, when he would probably be able to pay him, or at least to secure the claim satisfactorily.

The firm advised Mr. Corning to accept the invitation, which he did. On his return Mr. Corning came home delighted with the pleasures of his visit, and entertained his partners with glowing accounts of the great statesman's hospitalities and descriptions of the charming incidents of the sojourn, in which he ignored mention of the business object which partly impelled the visit. Finally, after he had exhausted description of the visit, one of Mr. Corning's friends said: "Well, I suppose Mr. Webster was pleased because he was able to pay the note?" "Pleased to pay the note," said Mr. Corning, "he not only didn't pay the note, but he so charmed me that he got me to assign another note for $5,000, and I am thankful he didn't ask me to make it $10,000, for I don't think I could have resisted his request." Mr. Corning is said to have had a subsequent invitation to visit Marshfield and to have declined on the ground that he could not afford such expensive a pleasure.—Albany Journal.

Whale with Green Peas.

There are obvious difficulties in the way of selling a whale over the counter in a fishmonger's shop. Nevertheless, we may yet see bits of whales being thus purchased and carried away. There was a time in merrie England when whale with green peas was considered a dainty. History, it is said, repeats itself, and some of us may live to see the stage of life may, yes we die, indulge in the same food.

In Iceland, where blubber, the flesh of the humpbacked whale (Megaptera Americana) is eaten by all classes, being preferred to beef, which is there tough. A South Sea harpooner will tell you that, excepting the delicacy of a draught of the yolkey, creamy milk taken from a freshly spouted she whale, whale fins properly cooked are the greatest of conceivable delicies.

A single cetaceum, it is estimated, will supply 300 pounds of extract, and a pound of extract makes 100 pints of nourishing soup. Thus it can easily be seen that one whale is capable of satisfying the hunger of 30,000 persons, if they were content to have a meal of whale soup alone. An average whale converted into extract would suffice for the daily dinner of a man all through his life, even if he lived to the age of 140. As he would not be likely to accomplish that feat, there would be plenty of whale ever for breakfast and supper, when—as he might be expected to tire of soup—the cetacean might appear on his table in the form of cutlets, or entree, or even rookes.—Medical Classics.

In a New State.

Driving over the prairie yesterday I came across an old man sowing his wheat. It is no offense to introduce yourself out here—the people are sociable. I stopped him when he got to the end of his row, and asked him how long he'd been in Dakota.

"I lem in Dakoty," he said, "goin' on eight year."

"Where did you come from?"

"I was born in Vermont, but I kim here from Wisconsin."

"How much land do you own?"

"Jest one square mile."

"How much did you own in Wisconsin?"

"Two lots in a buryin' patch."

"How much wheat did you raise last year?"

"Air you buyin' wheat?"

"No, but I'd like to know, if you don't mind telling."

"Didn't no secret. I raised a crop of 2,020 bushels."

"What'll you sell your farm for?"

"Air you buyin' property?"

"No, but"——

"O, I got my price. Anybody who pays me $15,000 down kin jest my farm."

"How much money did you have when you came here?"

"I had my things to set up housekeepin' with and $50 in money which I borried. I didn't sell my lots in the buryin' groun'."—Cor. New York Tribune.

John Keely's Power.

Mme Blavatsky makes a startling statement in the second volume of her theosophical book, the "Secret Doctrine," upon which she is now working. John Keely, she says, is in possession of the wonderful occult force which the adepts have, and his motor is that and nothing more. The force is in Keely and they wrestle from him. It grill file with him. If Keely was allowed to use this awful power, as the adepts use it, he could blow Philadelphia to pieces by lifting his hand, but the guardians of the force watch him closely and see that he does not use it for harm. Wayne MacVeagh, who is Keely's counsel in his suits with the motor stockholders, was sent advance sheets of this part of Mme Blavatsky's book by a St. Louis theosophist. In concluding his letter thereto he said: "You and I, my dear sir, have know that Hamlet was right, and that there are stranger things in this world today than you or I will ever know."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Buenos Ayres.

On entering Buenos Ayres from the pier one can hardly realize that it is the chief city of South America and one of the most flourishing places in the world. The streets are narrow and badly paved, holes several feet deep being not uncommon, and the houses are mostly only ground floor; some have one upper story, but very few have two. However, it improves on nearer acquaintance. The streets, though not wide, are straight and uniform, and far better than those of Seville, Cadiz and a great many other important European cities, and between the shanties which still exist in many of the principal streets are edifices which would not disgrace the best parts of London or Paris. Indeed, several well known English and French firms have branch establishments here quite equal in style to their head offices. Buenos Ayres is the most European looking city of South America, yet it is far from being English in appearance. I should rather describe it as "Mediterranean," though it would be difficult to say whether it is more Spanish, Provencal or Italian.

The great majority of the working classes are Italians, and the inscriptions on all the shops near the water are in that language. But on advancing into the town, one hears quite as much English, German and French spoken as Spanish or Italian; and English booksellers, German Bierhallen and French hotels abound. The restaurants are almost all French, from establishments equal to the best on the Paris boulevards down to estaminets, whose chief delicacies are sauerkraut and snails. Every nation's tastes are consulted. The Marseillaise can get bouillabaisse, the Neapolitan ravioli and macaroni, made and cooked by his fellow countrymen, and an Englishman has a better chance of a good cut of roast beef than he would have in many European towns.—London Globe.

Plenty of Coal.

In reply to the assertion that the world in the future may be dependent upon America for its supply of coal, a foreign exchange cites the numerous undrained coal fields of the Netherlands, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Bohemia, Saxony and Hanover, which are estimated at 20,000 square miles, and Russia with 22,000 square miles. The island of Formosa can show 10,000 square miles. Near Peking coal veins of ninety-five feet thickness are to be found. Large coal fields are also found in Asiatic Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Turkey and Persia, with 10,000 square miles, to which India's 35,000 and China, with about 170,000 square miles, are still to be added. Japan can furnish 5,000 square miles. There still remain the Falkland Islands, Patagonia and Peru, which contain rich coal deposits. The largest portion of southern Chili is an immense coal bed. Brazil contains coal beds of seventeen to twenty-five feet thickness. In the United States of Colombia a soft chalky coal of good quality is found. Mexico, Vancouver's Island and New South Wales all have coal; the latter country has 25,000 square miles. In addition thereto, Queensland, Victoria and West Australia add upward of 14,000 square miles of coal. New Zealand furnishes 70,000, besides Tasmania, New Caledonia, Natal, Alaska and other partially developed portions of the world, which should represent at least 190,000 square miles, in addition to former figures. The coal fields are in the main but partially explored, and known only to the geologists. The coal fields of North America (excepting Alaska and Mexico) are as little considered in the foregoing statement as are those of Africa.—Oil City Derrick.

A Human Fly.

One of the prominent figures in Westerly, R. I., is "Steeple Jack," by which name William Wallace, the chimney repairer, is known. "Steeple Jack's" method of working on a chimney is novel and interesting and he always has large audiences. He is never out of work. He sets up his own peculiar device for a staging, which is a feature of his profession and which enables him to complete a job in about the time that it takes to erect an ordinary staging. "Steeple Jack" first places a long, light ladder against the chimney that is to be operated on. Then, mounting it, he drives a peculiarly shaped iron pin into the brick work and binds the top of the ladder fast to this pin. Standing on the top round of this ladder, he drives another pin into the chimney as high above his head as he can reach. A rope is then passed over this pin and made fast to a round in a second ladder about three feet from its bottom round. This ladder is then hoisted up until it rests on the top of the first ladder. It is then made fast to the lower pin, and then "Steeple Jack" mounts to the top of it and, driving in another pin, secures the top round to that. From this ladder a third is hoisted, as before, and Jack and the ladders, as many of them as he necessary, continue to rise as far as may be desired. It is estimated that he has climbed about fifteen miles up into the air in this way.—Philadelphia Times.

A Change of Weapons.

Last winter I climbed Lookout Mountain in company with a veteran of the late war. It was his first visit since the day of the memorable month, and as we climbed he fought the battle over again for my benefit. As the conflict waxed hotter he grew excited, and on our arrival at the head near the summit was a fever heat. We then passed on through the narrow defile which leads to the pinnacle, where we were confronted by a diminutive specimen of the genus "cracker" with these words: "If you gentlemen wish to go to the top you must pay twenty-five cents." This was too much for the pent up feelings of my warlike companion who, tragically waving his strong right arm, shouted: "I won't pay it. Twenty-five years ago I came up here with a sword in my hand." But the modern Leonidas, moving not otherwise than to display a deputy sheriff's badge, quietly remarked: "Well, sah, you must come up with a quarter today." The money was paid.—C. C. Teale in Harper's Magazine.

Intemperate Use of Coffee and Tea.

Intoxication may ensue from drinking either tea or coffee. There has existed for several years in London a club of newspaper reporters, which meets every Saturday night for the purpose of indulging in tea drinking; its members not infrequently become intoxicated. Cases of delirium tremens from the use of tea have been reported. The poisoning qualities of tea are most apparent when it is eaten. When first introduced into England, about the year 1665, it was served in a bowl like spinach, as an article of food, and the effects of eating it were such that, for a long time afterward, it was considered to be a deadly drug, and its sale was regarded as disreputable.

Those who chew dry tea leaves extract from them the alkaloid, which is a very powerful poison. It first produces a pleasant exhilaration, but its subsequent effects are sleeplessness, delirium, an unnatural state of mind and abnormal desires. The habit seems to be most indulged in by servants, who, having the tea caddy at their disposal, sometimes help themselves from it, a pinch at a time. The smell alone of coffee, when it is stored in great bulk—as in the hold of ships—produces deadly nausea, dizziness and faintness. When cargoes of coffee thus stowed become shifted in a storm, one of the most dreaded duties of the sailor is to go down into the hold and restore them to their places; the boys and weak stomachs find it impossible to keep at work above half an hour.

The habitual coffee drunkard has thin features, a drawn and wrinkled face, and grayish yellow complexion. His sleep is troubled with anxious dreams. His pulse is weak, frequent and compressible. It is asserted that coffee more frequently injures people's eyes and ears than does either tobacco or alcohol. It does not produce absolute blindness or deafness, but very annoying disturbances. That coffee is the cause is seen from the fact that when it is left off the trouble ceases. The symptoms of chronic caffeism, or coffee drunkenness, are loss of appetite, insomnia, trembling of the lips and tongue, dyspepsia, neuralgia, pain in the stomach, giddiness, convulsions and obstinate constipation.—Boston Herald.

Why He Was Not There.

Sheridan Knowles had many acquaintances, and his memory did not always serve him in recalling their names, but, as the following incident shows, he was never at a loss in such circumstances:

It is said that Knowles was talking to a friend in the street, when a gentleman came up to him and exclaimed, in rather an abrupt, and even angry manner:

"Why did you not keep your promise to dine with us last Thursday, Mr. Knowles? It was a distinct engagement made between you and me. You kept the rest of the company waiting for nearly an hour. It is really too"——

"Me boy," said Knowles, "ye don't know how vexed I am. No, I did not forget ye. Ask Mrs. Knowles if ye don't believe me. I was ill, me boy; but it's thankful I am to say I am better now. Give me another chance. Name your own time. Any day next week."

"You really wish. Well, say Thursday again; and you will not fail us? Same hour—6. Will that suit you?"

"Perfectly. Oh, you may depend upon me, never fear! I'll be to the fore that day."

With a hand shake to Knowles and a bow to his friend, the would be lost walked away. Knowles looked after him, lost in thought, till he disappeared.

"That man's face is familiar to me! Do you know who he is?" said the author to his friend.

"No, I don't," said the friend.

"Devil take me if I do, either," said Knowles.—Frith's Reminiscences.

Traveling Electric Light.

A traveling electric light has been used in Germany with much success. The arrangement is a very simple one. A dynamo, with an engine to drive it, is mounted on a wagon, something like that of a steam fire engine, containing boiler, fuel box and water tank, complete for a night's service. A supply of wire and a number of poles corresponding to the number of arc lights required, are added to the equipment, which is then drawn by a pair of horses to any desired place. On arriving there, the poles are set up where required and stayed with wires fastened with stakes driven into the ground; the lamps are then hung to them and properly connected, and the engine is set in motion. The lights immediately kindle, and from one to fifty lamps can be operated, according to the power of the machine. As the lamps can be suspended anywhere, and are not affected by wind or rain, the advantage of the apparatus to contractors and others who have to carry on night work is apparent.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Sand Showers and Drifts.

Dry, loose sand, wherever it occurs, is constantly being shifted by the wind, and often buries cultivated lands, buildings and forests. On the shores of Lake Michigan are drifts 100 feet deep, and those of Cornwall reach 200 feet in depth, while the drifts of the Gobi desert are 40 miles long and 200 feet high in places. On the shores of the Bay of Biscay the drifting sand travels inland 30 feet a year, in parts of Denmark 24 feet, and in southern India 17 yards. In some places walls and barriers of vegetation have been created to stop the destroying drifts. Fine sand is taken up to a great height in the air, and deposited many miles away. In 1882 Iceland was visited by a remarkable sand storm, lasting two weeks, which hid the sun and objects a few yards off like a dense fog, and caused the death of thousands of sheep and horses.—New York Telegram.

The Nation's Great Men.

"Pa, where was Capt. Anson bor

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Where was John L. Sullivan

"I don't know that either."

"Pa, I wish you would buy me tory of the United States."—C Herald.

TRICKS AMONG TELEGRAPHERS.

The Tenderfoot Is Usually Put Through a Vigorous Course of Sprouts.

"Speaking of country town telegraphers," said a veteran operator, "reminds me of a story on myself. I was the student of the railway station in a small New Jersey town when an old timer came down there to work a wire in the division superintendent's office, which was just across the track in another building.

"One day I answered a call on my instrument and got a message from Master Mechanic McMartin, who lived down the track sixty miles, asking me as a personal favor to take the handcar and go down the road about three miles to the farm of J. Bird, where I would get 500 strawberry plants. He wanted me to bring them to the station and send them down by the evening express. Now McMartin was in especial favor with me. I had two brothers working under him, and I naturally thought he was a great man. So I said I would do it.

"I went home, got a big clothes basket, rolled out the handcar, and with one of the boys that always hang around a country depot started out to find the farm of J. Bird. I had never heard of any such person, but thought I might have overlooked him. So I pumped away up a long grade until I reckoned I had gone at least three miles. Then I hailed a man in a field and asked him where J. Bird lived. He said there wasn't any such man around there—might live farther west; so I went on a couple of miles until I found another man, and he was at least half a mile away in a plowed field. So I floundered over that stretch of broken ground and asked him where to find the farm of J. Bird. He said he had lived in that county thirty years and that no such person had ever been in it so far as he knew—there was no such man in that immediate section anyway.

"I went back to the handcar in a quandary. I would have gone farther west, though I was already between eight and nine miles from town, and my hands from pumping the handcar were blistered fearfully, if it hadn't been for the old farmer's positive statement that no such man lived anywhere around. Finally I concluded that there had been some mistake and started back. It was mighty hard work and my hands were awful sore, but I pumped away, and at last I rolled up to the depot. There was a great crowd of young fellows there, and when I picked up the big clothes basket and stepped on to the platform everybody gave me a great laugh. Then the old time operator put his head out of the window and sang out:

"'Got them strawberry plants?'

"It didn't take me more'n a second to realize the whole measly trick. The operator from the other building had switched on his ground wire, called me up and sent me the message and signed it McMartin. On the strength of that I had gone out on a hunt for a jaybird and come back with two dozen blisters. While I was gone he had circulated the story and the gang had gathered. I didn't hear the last of that sell for months, and I was so suspicious afterward that I wouldn't answer my own call half the time. That's what I call a low down trick; but I've hoaxed young operators just as badly since. It teaches 'em the business."—New York Star.

"Hats Off."

Two characteristics mark the Russian people: an intense reverence for the czar, and an idolizing adoration for the mere picture of any royal or sacred personage. While visiting Kieff, Mr. Morrison, an English lawyer, entered a telegraph office.

As he passed through the door, he gave the usual continental salute by raising his hat; but he had advanced only a few steps within the room, when a loud shout bade him take off his hat. The Englishman went up to the shouting official, and apologized for his unintentional rudeness.

"It is not for me, sir," replied the clerk. "It is for the emperor," and he pointed over his shoulder to an unflattering colored picture of his majesty Alexander III.

The most sacred entrance to the Kremlin, at Moscow, is the Redeemer gate, so called because there is hung in its picture of the Saviour—a picture of great sanctity. Even the emperor has to uncover his head as he passes through this gate. The passage under the gate is a long one, but even in a terrific snow storm every one uncovers his head.

The traveler is told that when Napoleon refused to take his hat off, while passing before the sacred picture, a sudden gust of wind took it off for him.—Youth's Companion.

The Gum to Chew.

It is a good plan for those who wish to improve their throats to chew pure spruce gum, pine gum or that of the compass wood of the western prairies for the exercise of the jaws develops the throat, and the resinous qualities of the gum strengthen digestion. I don't mean to recommend the habit of chewing gum as practiced by its devotees, but there never was an unsightly habit which had so much to be said for it. Rank dyspeptics, with the coating eaten off their stomachs, as the doctors say, find relief to their cravings by chewing pure spruce gum, and all agree that the lungs are better for it. The compound of paraffine and sweet stuff sold for gum has nothing to recommend it.—St. Louis Republic.

Why Didn't They Pull Them Off?

Two youngsters who found the business of selling papers and shining shoes a trifle dull the other night, agreed to polish each other's shoes. But each was evidently [illegible] of the other's honesty. [illegible] to begin the shining [illegible] feed always [illegible] settled by [illegible] should con- [illegible] when Joe had [illegible] the look unto [illegible] by the brushes [illegible] shine the [illegible] one or mine [illegible] Billy's pro- [illegible] to shine [illegible] matter would [illegible] Dispatch.