

# REWARDED.

## A Fugitive and a Romance That Started at the Mine.

By ANNA R. COVINGTON.  
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He had come up into the land of the unsalted seas with a look in his eyes as of one pursued. He sought and obtained work underground as a miner. He had but one purpose—to avoid recognition—and this place seemed so safe he did not mind the weariness and the monotony of the hard labor.

One night as the man shot up from the underworld into the shaft house, its tier upon tier of dusky faced men, with their lamp lighted hats rising weirdly out of a dark throated tunnel, he was the last to leave the car. His usual first furtive glance fell upon a young woman with the form of a goddess and the face of a Madonna. She stood near a light, with its rays fall upon her. She turned and made her way to the outer door. He opened it for her. She thanked him and passed out. It was dark, with the early darkness of winter, and the sky was moonless and starless. She stood for a moment, bewildered by the strangeness of the scene. Then she started in the direction of a light streaming from an office window. She came back to him as he stood in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon, but I am a stranger here. Will you please direct me to the main street or to the main office?"

"You should go that way, past the engine house; then cross the railroad tracks to the street beyond."

"Thank you. I shall know my way as soon as I reach the street."

"It is rough walking here. If you will permit me, I will walk with you. I have a lantern."

"I shall be very glad if you will do so," she replied gratefully.

They walked in Indian fashion until they had left the mines and had gained the beaten track of the highway. Then he walked beside her.

"It is all so wonderful to me here," she remarked.

"You do not live here, then?"

"No. I live near Boston. I am on a visit to my uncle, Captain Sloan, of the mining company. I wanted to see



A DISCREET GIP ON THE DETECTIVE'S ANKLE.

the man car come up, but I missed ankle and came alone. You weren't on that car, were you?"

"Yes, I work in the mine, getting out food for the furnaces."

"Isn't it a hard life? You haven't always been a miner?" she half queried.

He felt a little thrill of joy—his first in months. He had not, then, lost all trace of former environment.

"No," he said slowly. "Only since last September. One must live."

"Won't you come in and let my uncle thank you for your kindness to me?" she asked as she stepped in front of the captain's big white house.

"No, thank you," he replied seriously.

"But the kindness was on your part in letting me come."

"I am going back to Boston tomorrow," she replied. "But I expect to spend next summer here, and I hope I may see you then."

She extended her hand as she spoke, and he touched it reverently. When she had gone into the house he noticed something white on the ground. It proved to be an envelope which had evidently fallen from her muff. By the light of his lantern he read the address, "Miss Marie Sloan." As it was empty, he could see no harm in keeping it.

Every night thereafter, when the man came up from the depths, he felt a little thrill of remembrance of his first acquaintance that night when he had beheld her. His heart throbbled with the feeling that compels every man to strive anew to work out the best that is in him. It had seemed natural—almost ordained—that she should speak to him and that he should walk beside her. Their words had been commonplace. He scarce remembered them, except that she had known him to be above his work and that she was coming back next summer.

He began to formulate new plans. Later he left the mines and went to a distant city, where he stayed for a week. Then, beardless and dressed in correct clothes, he returned to the city of the mines. He applied for the position of bookkeeper, and was engaged to fill a vacancy.

When summer and Marie arrived he had made good in the office and had won a firm footing in the social strata of the community. By taking the tide in copper stocks at his flood he had secured a fair sized nest egg.

When he was introduced to Captain Sloan's niece she had not the slightest remembrance of him. As the summer passed their friendship grew, linked by thoughts, inspirations and interests in common. At the first tints of autumn their engagement was announced.

Long ago she had told him of the miner who had been so kind to her and of the deep impression he had made upon her. Once she had gone to see the man car come up, but she had failed to see him again.

"Some time," he thought, with a dread foreboding, "I must tell her all, but not now—not yet."

One day Sam Pack, a detective from Chicago, slipped quietly into town in search of a man who had eluded him for a year. In the afternoon he sauntered into the mine office.

"How are you, Lowden?" he said to the head bookkeeper, with a noticeable hesitation before the name.

He turned quickly and breathed quiveringly for a moment.

"Can we go somewhere for a private interview?"

"Yes," said Jack dully.

"I think I'd like to visit the mines while I am here. Couldn't you take me down?"

"Yes," replied Jack heavily. "Come this way."

They were joined by one of the men and conversation was deferred.

"Oh, this is the way you go down?" said Pack, when they came into a shaft house and he looked with some dismay at the sliding steps that came and went in regular rapidity. "I thought there was a sort of cage or car?"

"Not in this shaft. The car is for the men. It's very simple if you step as it comes. Step whenever I do and only when I do."

There were wild plans revolving in Jack's mind, and he welcomed this descent into the lower regions. The detective didn't exactly like the situation, but he was brave, sure footed and ashamed to back out. As they began the descent he stepped precisely and fearlessly just as his guide did three or four times. Then—never knew just how it happened—he hesitated, lost his head and his footing at the same time.

Jack's strong right arm, backed by the muscle of a miner, caught the unfortunate man by the ankle just as he was going down. With his little and sinewy left arm Jack clung to the beam, maintaining a desperate grip on the detective's ankle. There was an agonized spasm of time while he stood in this perilous position before the machinery stopped and the others came to his relief.

With aching, straining muscles, Jack walked back to the office and waited until the detective should revive. When he saw him coming he went outside to meet him.

"I am quite ready to go with you," he said, with a queer smile.

The detective stared.

"If you were guilty do you suppose I would take you after what you did down there in the mine? I didn't come to take you. Your father engaged me to find you a year ago. Your brother confessed and is paying the penalty. It wasn't necessary for you to hide all these months."

"Still," said Jack, with flashing eyes and leaping heart, "I am glad that I did."

Got His Money's Worth.

A lady palmitist was recently prosecuted, and an amusing incident was noted in connection with the case. One of the witnesses called by the police was an individual who did not appear to be overburdened with intelligence. During a smart cross examination defendant's counsel asked him:

"On first going into the room did you pay a shilling fee to the defendant?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What did she tell you in return for the money?"

"Oh," said the witness, "she told me lots of things, some on 'em true, some on 'em half true and some on 'em less."

"Now," continued the counsel after the laughter had died away, "this is the point I wish to get at: Was there any attempt at imposition? Did you lady impose upon you at all?"

"Oh, dear, no," was the response. "I knowed it wor all gammon, so there couldn't be no imposition. Besides, it wor a bad shillin' as I giv her, to start with!"—London Tit-Bits.

The "Sillinger" Stakes.

It only takes a few hours to get from any part of England to Doncaster, see the race for the St. Leger and return home. Yet in the coaching times a journey from London to Doncaster occupied a couple of days.

Taking its name from a famous Doncaster sportsman, Colonel St. Leger—properly pronounced "Sillinger"—the race is the second oldest horse racing event in the country. It was founded in 1776 and always arouses the greatest enthusiasm in the north of England. In fact, in the pre-railway days laborers living fifty miles away would save up their shillings for weeks, walk to Doncaster, see the race, have a bet and walk home again.

John Scott, who in his day was venerated by peers, lawyers, poets and visitors of all degrees, trained sixteen St. Leger winners. There have been many memorable finishes to the race, and on one occasion a horse named "The Duke," against whom the odds were quoted at 1,000 to 5—won hand-somely.

The largest field was thirty, in 1825, and the smallest four, in 1783 and 1785. A horse named Ninety-three won in 1793.—London Saturday Review.

A Reply to Gladstone.

"Gladstone had no great scientific knowledge," said an English writer, "and at a dinner, when Faraday described an important new scientific discovery, the premier showed indifference."

"After all," he said, hiding a yawn behind his hand, "what use will it ever be?"

"Why," said Faraday, "there's every probability, sir, that some day you'll be able to tax it!"

A Turn Down.

Snagsy—Beg pardon, mister, I'm a stranger in dese parts. Farmer Harrow—Well, I dunno of anybody that wants to get acquainted with ye. (Turns away)—Boston Transcript.

True Enough.

Irritated Citizen—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, going about with that street organ and leading such a lazy life? Street Organist—Lazy life? Why, sir, life with me is one long daily grind.—Echo.

## JEWISH FARMERS' FAIR.

Federation Holds a Convention and Gives Exhibition in New York.

Much interest has been aroused among the large Jewish population in New York city by the first annual convention and fair of the Federation of Jewish Farmers of America, held in the Educational Alliance building. For several years a well defined movement to take the Jewish immigrant from the sweatshop to the farm has been in progress, and the fair was one evidence of its success.

The Federation of Jewish Farmers of America was organized last January. The purpose of the federation is to improve the material and social conditions of Jewish farmers and, what is still more significant, to stimulate an interest in farm life among the Jews of the large cities. The membership of the federation is made up of Jewish farmers from all parts of the country as far west as North Dakota. Most of these farmers formerly lived in the congested districts of New York city. There are about 5,000 Jewish farmers in the United States.

Corn, wheat, rye, alfalfa and sunflowers from Massachusetts and Connecticut; melons, squash, pumpkins, peanuts, potatoes and cauliflower from New York; eggplant and asparagus from New Jersey and linseed and millet from North Dakota and Hercules gourds from somewhere else were some of the exhibits made by the farmers.

Homey Women.

Plain women exist and form a definite factor in our social economy. Not all of us are blessed with good features, soft eyes, a fine figure and a clear complexion. Some of us are born with dull skins, wide mouths and snub noses and not all the arts of dress and toilet can make us pretty or even presentable. But, all the same, plain women live and thrive and now and then make brilliant marriages. In fact, one has only to use one's eyes to see that some ugly women have for men quite a weird power of attraction. History teaches us this, for we are told in several instances of uncomely women who have ruled the destinies of men and nations. Catherine of Russia and Mme. de Maintenon had no looks, and Mary, queen of Scots, who has gone down to fame as a beauty, appears in her picture as thin, small eyed and hard featured. Indeed, only one portrait is said to exist in which she is shown as fair haired and lovely, and this hangs in Dalkeith palace and belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch.—London Strand Magazine.

All on Account of the Boots.

As a sergeant was hawling out his orders in a barracks in Dublin and watching the line of feet as the raw recruits endeavored to obey the word of command he found, to his astonishment, that one pair of feet, more noticeable on account of their extra large size, never turned.

Without taking his eyes off those feet the sergeant hawled out a second order:

"About face!"

He could see that all the feet except those he watched turned in obedience. Rushing up to the owner, a little fellow, he seized him by the shoulder, shouting:

"Why don't you turn with the rest?"

"I did!" replied the trembling recruit.

"You did, eh? Well, I watched your feet, and they never moved."

"It's the boots they gave me, sir," said the poor fellow. "They're so large that when I turn my feet turn inside of them!"—London Answers.

How Whitman Helped Childs.

The poet Walt Whitman was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for support. A few years before his death one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman; "no. I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me \$50 a month."

"You at work? May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street cars, I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors and find out which of them have no overcoats and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet thoughtfully.

"And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

The "Copper" Versus the Plodge.

Chicago policemen are having a hard time of it under their new chief, Colonel Le Roy T. Steward, who has an idea that patrolmen ought to stay sober at all times. The word has gone forth from the chief's office that, if Colonel Steward can make it so, the force will be a teetotalers' brigade. One day recently the chief had six men "broken" for drunkenness, and the crusade is to be carried on vigorously with the fate of the six held up as an example to the rest of the men.

"Many outrages against citizens have been committed in the past by drunken policemen," says a Chicago newspaper. "Even the most superficial observer ought to know that not alone the drunken policeman, but the policeman who drunks on duty, is a peril. Therefore, while the civil service commission is weeding out the drunken wearers of uniforms it must punish with proper severity policemen who drink while on duty."

Answered.

Village Minister to crofter's wife—Well, Kirstie, how's your husband to day? Kirstie—He's just like yersel. He has plenty to do, but he winna dae it.—London Answers.

His Affliction.

She—Your brother is a writer, isn't he? He—Yes. She—What does he write for? He—Goodness only knows. I guess it's a disease.—Judge.

Just the Same.

"What is your name?" asked the judge of the prisoner.

"Casey, yer honor," answered the prisoner.

"Your full name?" asked the judge.

"Just the same, yer honor," answered the prisoner, "full or sober."—London Home Journal.

## J. P. MORGAN'S NEAT ART DEAL.

### How He Outwitted France in Buying Famous Tapestries.

### OUTBID FRENCH GOVERNMENT

American Financier Calmly Said "Too Late" When France's Art Minister Tried to Purchase—Fabrics Bought For New York Metropolitan Museum.

How J. Pierpont Morgan, the banker, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York outbid France in the recent purchase for \$70,000 of three famous tapestries of the Charles VII. period was told the other day by Jacques Seligman, antiquarian and art connoisseur. The story of the deal illustrates not only the unique character of Mr. Morgan as a financier, but what an almost irresistible magnet American gold has become in drawing Europe's richest art treasures to America.



J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

Mr. Seligman's home is in Paris. He goes to New York city for short visits.

"Art Center of the World."

"New York today is just beginning," he said, "what promises to be an art conquest of the old world. Your collectors of art objects are increasing so rapidly and are offering so much gold that the time will come when this city will be the art center of the world. It will swallow up nearly all the finest works of Europe that are not already locked up in the great civic museums."

"Already American wealth has proved such a powerful lure that such a time honored institution as the Louvre finds it extremely difficult to add really valuable art objects to its present collection. The Metropolitan museum's acquisition of three tapestries formerly owned by Sigismund Boudac is the most striking illustration of this westward drift of art."

"It happened this way. I speak frankly, for, although this is news to Americans, most of the facts are known to the art circles of Paris. After we had purchased these tapestries some of the patriotic people of France started an agitation to prevent their exportation to America. The tapestries were of the time of Charles VII., historical documents of rare value, because they illustrated with such unobtruded accuracy the costumes and customs of that remote period."

Morgan Was Eager to Buy.

"A director of the Louvre accordingly called upon me and inquired the price. He asked if the Louvre might have an option on the tapestries until July 23, when it was to be the minister of the arts would give his sanction to the purchase. The option was granted, but meantime Mr. Morgan heard of the pending transaction. He also came to me and said:

"If France decides not to buy those tapestries at that figure, I will. The day before the expiration of the option we were asked by a Louvre director to extend it another week. He explained it was hoped that by that time the minister of the arts would give his sanction. I replied:

"Mr. Morgan has offered to buy the tapestries tomorrow if the Louvre does not take them."

"The director was so persevering that I asked Mr. Morgan if he would stand aside, so France might have another chance. His answer was:

"It is not the habit of the Metropolitan museum nor is it my habit to prevent such an institution as the Louvre from obtaining what it desires of the art works of its own country. I will most gladly consent to the extension of the Louvre's option."

"At the end of another week the minister of the arts still delayed his sanction. He contended the price was too high. Mr. Morgan bought the tapestries. Ten days later the Louvre directors made overtures to Mr. Morgan to buy back just one of the fabrics, which one Mr. Morgan himself might decide. Mr. Morgan said he was very sorry, but it was too late.

"Ninety per cent of all the works of art bought in Europe with American money comes to New York city. Americans are especially desirous of getting hold of the older things."

As the Perisian antiquarian talked he was frequently interrupted by cablegrams from representatives of his firm stationed in various art centers of Europe.

A Startling Hat.

A lady's hat which would no doubt create as great a sensation today as it did at the time of its first appearance in 1852 was that worn by Blanche de Bourbon, queen of Castile, wife of Peter the Cruel. It cost £35 and was made in Paris. The hat itself was composed of de chypre and relieved with great pearls, garnets and enamel work. Children, carved in the whitest of ivory, were depicted picking acorns of pearls from the oak, and scattering them to the swine below. Birds were singing in the trees, and at the feet were bees stealing honey from the flowers springing up from the verdure.

## SETTLERS FOR HAWAII.

Special Session of Legislature Called to Start Land Law Revision.

A proclamation calling a special session of the territorial legislature to consider amendments to the organic act of Hawaii has been issued by Governor Frear. Among the changes recommended are amendments to the land laws to encourage settlers to take up homesteads and increased pay for legislators and federal officials of the territory.

The governor desires to restrict public lands so that any single homesteader may take up to eighty acres; also to bar out aliens from homesteading, to enforce residence on lands pre-empted and to distribute land by lottery instead of by auction. The legislature is expected to pass an act on these lines which will be submitted to congress.

When congress approves it, it is expected that large numbers of good settlers will come to Hawaii.

The Intelligent Mule.

"Some people think mules haven't much intelligence, but I know they have," was the wistful comment of a traveler interrupted by a story teller. "Now, take the town I come from. While I was home on a visit last year the place was all wrought up over the systematic stealing of flowers from the graves in our leading cemetery. The thing had been going on some time, and the people were shocked, of course. Finally a guard was posted and the thief captured, and the thief was a mule."

"It didn't take long to get at all the facts. It seems that a certain woman living near the cemetery had held up the mule's owner, who was beating the animal, prosecuted him for cruelty, then bought the mule and turned it out to pasture. The mule was so grateful to the woman that every night it would jump the pasture fence, go into the cemetery, pick up the freshest bunch of flowers it could find, carry them to the woman's house and deposit them on the front stoop, where she would find them in the morning. Now, when you talk of intelligence in animals!"

"Good night," said the man whom the commercial traveler had interrupted.—New York Globe.

He Needed the Clerk.

When Tim Campbell was in the Fifteenth congress he stole a clerk from Congressman Scott. Scott was a new member and was made chairman of a committee which gave him a clerkship. He knew nothing about the clerk. Campbell did. Through some means or another he had the clerkship transferred to his own committee. Six months later Scott learned of the trick. Meeting Campbell, he said:

"That was a nice piece of petty larceny."

"Tut, tut, Mr. Scott," said Campbell; "my committee needed a clerk worse than yours." Then, with twinkling eyes, he continued, "You are a millionaire and can afford to hire half a dozen clerks, while I must go to the government for clerical assistance."

The reply amused Scott. The two men were always the best of friends thereafter.

Armed With a Saber Hilt.

When William L. Royal of Fauquier county, Va., was seventeen years old he became a Confederate soldier. In his "Reminiscences" he says that the feats performed by the Confederate cavalry in the early part of the war were remarkable, because not one company in ten had any arms that were fit to fight with.

"When I joined my company," he writes, "they gave me a saber which, I think, was used in the Revolution, and this was the only weapon I had. One day, while my regiment was standing in a road, I bantered a comrade to see which of us could cut the largest twig from a tree. I made a powerful cut, and the blade of my saber broke off at the hilt."

"In a short time we were dismounted and ordered to clear the Yankees out of a piece of woods in skirmish formation. We marched through the woods, but fortunately no Yankees were there. I have often wondered what I should have done, armed with that saber hilt, if I had met a Yankee armed with a Springfield musket."

A Viceroy's Plain Living.

In Miss Juliet Bredon's book about her uncle, Sir Robert Hart, the "grand old man of China," for many years in charge of the imperial customs service, is the following story:

"One of the most influential of Sir Robert's Chinese friends was the great Li Hung Chang. The diplomat liked Li's household because of the simplicity he found there—no wearisome courses at dinner, but fish and perhaps a dish of chicken with rice. Incidentally, as I turned out, he praised this frugality to his own Chinese servant, for the remark reached Li's ears in a distorted form. Next time Sir Robert sent there he had to face a grand ceremonial banquet."

"You shall not have the chance to go away again and say that you have been fed like a coolie in my house," said the viceroy proudly at the end of the banquet.

"Nevertheless the very simplicity of your hospitality was what I most appreciated," Sir Robert replied. "But if you believe that I could have made any such remark and if you persist in altering the style of my reception I shall not come to lunch with you again."

Unchanging Sport.

The sport of deerskining is still the most natural and most nearly allied to the hunting of primitive man that is to be found in the British Islands. The difference between the actual hunting of the hungry Plet and the stalking of the owner of a modern deer forest is little more than the weapon.—Field.

Must Love Them.

"Is he a lover of children?"

"I should say he is. He's even glad to have his wife's sister's little ones about his house."—Detroit Free Press.

Public Schools For Blind Children.

The New York city board of education has opened its first classes of schools for the blind. The blind children are received in any one of five buildings in Manhattan and Brooklyn and study the Braille system of raised letter reading and writing.

Doesn't Work.

"Cheerfulness is riches."

"Oh, no. If you can't pay a bill, being cheerful about it only makes the other man madder."—Detroit Free Press.

## CHAPEL IN EVERY HOUSE.

Philadelphian's Novel Suggestion For the Private Worship of God.

The novel suggestion that a chapel be set apart for the worship of God in every home in America has been made by a Philadelphian and has met with the hearty and even enthusiastic approval of many of the most distinguished churchmen and heads of educational institutions in the United States, Canada and England.

The suggestion is made by Joseph R. Wilson, a member of the Philadelphia bar, who resides at Overbrook.

Mr. Wilson had a chapel 6 by 5 feet in his former home at 4830 Cedar avenue, where his children said their morning and evening prayers and where he says he himself gathered inspiration for his daily work. In his present home at Overbrook he has a temporary chapel, but intends building an extension for a permanent one.

### MAXIMS FROM BEVERIDGE.

Indiana Senator Gives Some of the Rules That Guide Him.

"I never knew any other way in politics except to trust the people, go right to them with my story, and to h— with the bosses!"

"In politics be for the things you want your son to remember, take them to the people and let the consequences take care of themselves."

"The business of the men in politics is to make the lives of the vast masses of the people easier."

The Crab in the Whale's Ear.

When the whales were still frequent along the lines of passenger travel across the Atlantic nothing was more common than to see the great beasts hurling their bulk clean out of the waves and, after a flight through the air, falling back into the sea with an enormous splash, a spectacle never failing of interest to the ocean tourist, but not due to any sportive disposition on the part of the leviathan of the deep—quite the contrary. The breaching of the whale is no fun for the beast. It is a frantic effort to rid himself of the torture of earache. There is a marine crustacean which pesters whales to the verge of endurance, and there seems reason to believe that some whales have been driven insane by these tiny parasites. It is a crab of about the size of that which is found in the oyster. When it lodges on the whale it infests the inner surface of the eyelids and the ear. By swift rushes on the surface the whale is able to clear its eyes, but the crab in the inner ear cannot be dislodged by any such means.

The Alligator's Tongue.

On one occasion when traveling along the west coast of Africa with an old skipper who had known many missionaries, but "did not see the use of them," Bishop Taylor-Smith was obliged to endure a string of taunting questions, such as "What was the good of spouting at Exeter hall?" and "What did missionaries know, anyway?"

At last the bishop could stand it no longer. Turning to the skipper, he said: "know you are an expert. Can you tell me the length of an alligator's tongue?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "but it depends on the length of the alligator."

"Very well, then; given an alligator fifteen feet long, what would be the length of its tongue?"

"Three feet," was the answer.

But the bishop, who had kept alligators and watched their ways, knew better. "It is evident that you are an authority on the west coast of Africa," he said, "but it is also evident that some people see more in ten minutes than others in twenty years. Let me tell you that an alligator has no tongue."

Bjornson's Advice.

There is a story told of Bjornstjerne Bjornson that, arriving at a late hour at the town of Berge, which was en fete to receive him, he vouchsafed to the expectant people no finer words of wisdom than a general recommendation to go to bed.

In vain they appealed to him for "song or sentiment." The great Bjornmark, said he, gave the same advice under conditions all similar, and what was good enough for Berlin must suffice for Berge.

Three years later, on visiting the town for the second time, the master novelist found a deserted city. Not a light burned in the dismal railway station, no banners waved, no addresses were read by portly burgomasters. In vain Bjornson asked for a cab.

"They have all gone to bed," was the reply. And so Bergen remembered.

Girls With Boys' Names.

Girls with boys' names and boys with girls' have received them in many instances no doubt by accident. It was so in the case of George Ann Bellamy, the famous eighteenth century actress, who played Juliet in Garrick's Romeo. Born on St. George day, she was to be called Georgiana, but somebody's blunder at the time of her christening split this into George Anne. The "corn law rhymer," Ebenezer Elliott, had a daughter named Noah, whose passport is said to have given her much trouble abroad. But here, as in the case of other girl Noahs, it was only other people's Biblical ignorance that was at fault, for turn up Numbers xxv, 11, and you will find that Mahlah, Tirzah, Hoglah, Milchah and Noah were the daughters of Zelophehad.—London Graphic.

Fooled Them.

Every instructor at Chautauque is required to fill out a paper answering a number of necessary and unnecessary questions. One year there was a remarkably handsome male member of the faculty in whom all the girl students were much interested. "Is he married or unmarried?" became an absorbing question. Finally some of them had the courage to approach the college secretary and ask if the files might be looked over. And there the handsome professor, anticipating perhaps some such investigation, had recorded his matrimonial pretensions as follows: "Married or single? Yes."

## A FAMOUS SENTENCE.

Steele's "To Love Her Was a Liberal Education."

The remark which Steele made in reference to his generally supposed, to Lady Elizabeth Hastings has often been quoted and almost as often quoted incorrectly. Steele wrote, "Though her men carried much more invitation than common, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her was a liberal education." There are two curious misquotations of this bright and famous sentence, which Thackeray declared to be "the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered." One is in the essay on Pope contained in James Russell Lowell's "My Study Windows." "Was it not in this age," says Mr. Lowell, "that loose Dick Steele paid to his wife the finest compliment ever paid to woman when he said 'that to know her was a liberal education?'" Here are two distinct errors committed by so careful a writer as Mr. Lowell. Yet he is not alone in this. Arthur Helps in his romance of "Realnub" has this sentence: "Steele also did not ill describe, though briefly, the charm of being with a woman whom he greatly admired when he said 'that to be much with her was in itself a liberal education.'" We are also told that Leigh Hunt once in quoting the remark incorrectly ascribed it to Congreve. Here, then, are three distinct writers of high rank who have shown how in a moment of careless composition they were led astray by an inaccurate remembrance. They had no desire to misquote their author, and they gave the substance. But they grievously failed in the words themselves and one of them at least in their application.—Argonaut.

### LEARNING HOW TO WAIT.

Art of Tending Table Gracefully Taught at Chicago University.

There is now a school for waiters at the University of Chicago. Forty young men, who combine a deep knowledge of psychology and ethics with a gift of breaking dishes and spilling soup on professors, are being taught the gentle art of serving food in an ultra-cultured manner at Hutchinson hall, the university commons.

Wants to Be Hanging.

William Stevenson, claiming he has a thirst for blood and is dangerous to society and who is to be hanged at Lurven, Ala., Oct. 22, for murdering his young wife and daughter, is opposing efforts of friends who seek commutation of sentence.

Worked Eleven Years For \$10.

H. Buckley of Spokane and Fred Soberberg of Seattle have reached Port Townsend after prospecting eleven years for gold in the interior of Alaska without seeing civilization. A small pack of furs and a spoonful of nuggets worth \$10 are all they have for their eleven years' work.

Pastors to Select Jurymen.

To improve the class of jurymen the court at Wilkesbarre, Pa., has asked clergymen of the county to send in lists of men they recommend. The pastors will send in names picked from their congregation and expect to eliminate politics from juries.

Rough.

"I scraped an acquaintance with Jones today."

"Yes.