THE BRIDGE FIGHT.

A Quarrel Between Two Ends of a Town.

By WILLIAM ALFRED COREY.

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"I tell ye Dick's not been bought off. It's a baseless slander that had better not be repeated in my hearin'!" William Shapiro, representative farmer of the "north side," was proud of his son Richard and religiously jealous of his honor.

"Well, neighbor," said Hanson, putting his foot on the hub of Shapiro's wagon, "I'm only tellin' ye what's bein' whispered around. I don't want ye to think, neighbor, that I suspect Dick. Fer from it. But it's unfortunate jest at this time, with the bond election only a week off an' us a-tryin' to git up a debate with them sidesteppin' south siders, to have our best speaker disappear without a clear explanation. Ye really can't blame people fer talkin'. An' then he's with

"I AM THE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN."

them lawyers an' politicians over there in Emporium, ye know, an' it's like one good tater in with a sack o' rotten ones. What did Dick say anyway?"

"He simply said he was goin' down to St. Louis on business fer the firm he's studyin' law with."

"Well," concluded Hanson, "sorry he can't be here to rip 'em up the back in that debate. Ye'll have to take Dick's place, won't ye, neighbor?"

"Reckon I will," assented Shapiro, with a complacent air—"that is, if we can git 'em in a corner an' make 'em debate at all. I'm goin' over to the south side today, an' I'm goin' to make 'em show their hand 'fore I git back. Can't ye go 'long, Hanson, an' back me up?"

"Can't today, Neighbor Shapiro, but hope ye'll land 'em fer a debate, an' I'll be on hand to yell fer our side," promised Hanson, looking after his neighbor as the latter touched his lead mare with the whip and started on.

"We'll give 'em the best we've got in stock!" Shapiro shouted back.

In a half hour he arrived at the Walkarusa river, the stream which flowed from west to east, dividing Walkarusa county into two warring sections, a small but aggressive community on the north side, but with the bulk of the wealth and population on the south side.

Farmer Shapiro stopped at the approach to the ferry and pulled the cord depending from the big bell suspended from an overhanging treetop. But the clangor of the bell, speeding across the turgid stream, attracted no attention on the other side. No ferryman showed himself.

"Sleepin' off last night's drunk, like's not," the north side farmer muttered to himself disgustedly.

Farmer Shapiro stood his tall form up in his wagon and tugged nervously at his gray brown beard as he gazed across the river and then suddenly gave the signal bell cord another savage pull. This finally brought into view the slouching figure of a man, who leisurely shipped the anchor line, started the little gasoline engine and headed the ferryboat across the river.

Passing the south side creamery two hours later, Shapiro met County Supervisors Wilkins and McHenry.

"How about that debate, gents?" he queried. "Suppose ye got our challenge. We're loaded fer bear an' south side politicians, an' we're anxious fer a go."

"Yes, we got the challenge," admitted Wilkins, "but we're shy of good speakers. Can't seem to find anybody to take our side."

"Look here, Wilkins," said Shapiro warmly, "if you fellers have got legitimate argyments agin that bridge the voters are entitled to hear 'em. An' if ye ain't they're entitled to know that. Now, if the gum shoe method's yer game we're goin' to smoke ye out. It's either debate or publicity of another kind. Either ye'll debate with us in the open or we'll post the fact that ye didn't dare to meet us all over the county. This is Monday. The election's a week from tomorrer. Plenty o' time to make all arrangements an' pull the debate off Saturday night. It's up to you."

"Keep cool, Shapiro," said Supervisor Wilkins. "We've got nothin' up our sleeves. If the voters o' the south side want to build a bridge fer the special benefit o' the north side nobody's going to prevent 'em sayin' so next Tuesday week, an' "—

"Fer the benefit o' the north side!" broke in Shapiro, getting red in the face. "We north siders have been a-helpin'."

"Oh, well," in turn interrupted Wilkins, "no use o' any argyment now, Mr. Shapiro, an' if we can find a good speaker to"—

"That puts me in mind," interposed Supervisor McHenry, "that there's a travelin' man over to Mrs. Williams' boardin' house that told me this mornin' that he'd present our side if we wanted him to. He's a-travelin' fer some trust company, examinin' applications fer loans, I believe. And they say he hails from Cherokee county an' has been in the legislature from that county, so he ought to be a good speller."

"Good!" exclaimed Wilkins. "We'll see him, Mr. Shapiro, an' let ye know if arrangements can be made. Suppose yer son Dick 'll talk fer your side."

Shapiro told them of the impossibility of Dick's appearance, for which he was very sorry, and that he himself would have to represent the north siders.

The north side farmer drove home much elated. "The debate's a-comin' off," he told Hanson. "They're a-goin' to git some travelin' feller to the legislater from Cherokee to speak fer 'em. But I ain't afraid o' him. He may be a glib talker an' all that, but he hain't got the argyments, an' them's what counts in a debate."

"Say, ain't it a pity Dick ain't here?" regretted Hanson. "He'd make a meal off that legislater feller."

"I ain't sure but Dick 'll turn up yet in time fer the exercises," said the elder Shapiro hopefully, "but I'll be loaded to the muzzle in case he don't."

The news of the proposed debate spread quickly, and appearances pointed to an enormous attendance. A canvas covered grand stand lighted by electricity was erected, benches provided and all details arranged. It was plain from the public interest in the event that the fate of the bridge bonds would be largely influenced thereby.

Saturday night came, but Dick, like one of Napoleon's generals on a certain occasion, did not come. Something had detained him, and the responsibility of the coming debate was upon his father. The ferryman was kept busy that afternoon carrying north siders across the river. They were taking no chances. They, the whole population of them, went early to occupy front seats and shout for their side.

Farmer Shapiro, not to appear unfriendly, met his opponent to be, a smooth, professional looking man with gray hair and beard, at his hotel, and arm in arm they walked down to the mass meeting when the hour arrived.

The resolution to be debated was, "Resolved, That bonds in the amount of $100,000 should be voted by Walkarusa county for the building of a bridge across the Walkarusa river at the point known as Banning's crossing."

William Shapiro as the affirmative speaker made the opening address, his allotted time being forty-five minutes. He spoke with directness and force if not with rhetorical polish, reciting the facts that every north sider knew by heart. The "south" had the railroad, the county seat, the high school and nearly everything else desirable, toward all of which the "north" had contributed in various ways, while the "north" had nothing. In asking for the bridge they were merely asking for what was their own by right.

The speech was frequently interrupted by applause, and at the close the whole north side contingent arose and yelled in chorus for five minutes.

"The distinguished gentleman from Cherokee will now address you," pompously announced the chairman, and amid deep silence the smooth, gray bearded stranger arose.

He spoke in a low voice and with ease, but without enthusiasm. He consumed twenty minutes of his time in generalities before coming to the matter at issue at all. He praised the county, its soil, its people, its schools. He talked—merely talked—until an impatient south sider called out, "Waal, how about the bridge bonds?"

But the interruption only made the matters worse for the south side, for the first "point" the "gentleman from Cherokee" made was that to build the bridge would deprive "a worthy poor man"—the ferryman—of his means of livelihood.

This raised a howl of laughter from the north siders and disgusted the south side politicians, for every resident of the county knew Hiram Banning for a worthless drunkard.

In vain the chairman called for order and admonished the meeting to give respectful attention to "the gentleman from Cherokee." But the crowd from both north and south had taken the measure of "the gentleman from Cherokee," and, though the north siders were delighted, the whole mass meeting voted him a zero quantity as a speaker. He tried to flounder on for a few minutes, but soon sat down after occupying but thirty of his forty-five minutes.

Shapiro then spoke during his closing twenty minutes, and the occasion became a north side demonstration and a very biting south side frost. The distinguished statesman from Cherokee did not come to the bat at all for his closing speech, and the meeting adjourned, the north siders going home triumphant.

The following Tuesday, true to his promise, Dick Shapiro returned in time to vote for the bonds, which carried by a safe majority. And the next morning, calling his father into his room and opening a suit case, Dick showed him a theatrical "makeup" and said: "Father, I am 'the distinguished gentleman from Cherokee.' I did not make much of a speech for the south side, but I let down the bars for you and the north side."

The Origin of Grocer.

Grocer appears in Holinshed's Chronicle, 1580, as "grosser," and in other mediæval records it is sometimes written "engrosser" and was applied to the spicers and pepperers who were wholesale dealers in various spices—that is, who dealt en gros—in large quantities, as distinguished from "regrators," who were retail dealers. The Grocers' company first adopted the word grocer in 1373, when the spicers and pepperers allied themselves into a single corporation.—London Express.

Agreed With Her.

Tramp (at the door)—If you please, lady— Mrs. Muggs (sternly)—There, that will do. I am tired of this everlasting whine of "Lady, lady." I am just a plain woman, and— Tramp—You are, madam, one of the plainest women I've ever seen an' one of the honestest to own up to it.

Needs Prodding.

"It is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you by encouraging some one else."

"Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

MR. WEBSTER.

He Turned Out Not to Be a Myth After All.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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The revolution of 1848 had collapsed. At one time it had looked as if all Europe would become republican, but the democratic cause was not destined at least then to succeed. Those who had been prominent in the endeavor to shake off royal authority were flying from the scene of their operations with a view to saving their lives or themselves from an infinitely long term of imprisonment.

One evening at that hour when the day is not quite done and the night not yet begun a woman, unattended, entered a cafe on the Boulevard de Capucin in Paris and took a seat at one of the tables. That was at a time when a lady could not with propriety walk alone on the streets of the French capital, much less enter a cafe in the evening unattended.

At a table near by the one at which the lady sat a man of a distinctly Ger-

"GIVE ME YOUR ORDER FOR HIS RELEASE."

man type was dining. He, too, gave evidence of being of the higher class—one who was used to giving orders rather than receiving them. In his buttonhole he wore the rosette of an order of the kingdom of Prussia to which none who could not at least write "von" before his name might be admitted. He had finished his repast, rinsed his fingers in a glass bowl, carefully wiped them and his lips with a napkin and lighted a cigar. Then he leaned back in his chair and began to look about him.

There was something in the unattended lady that was familiar to him. For some moments he scrutinized her features. "I have seen her somewhere," he said to himself, "but where or when for my life I cannot tell."

While the gentleman was thus trying to place the lady and musing upon her social position, his eyes constantly fixed upon her, she was nerving herself for a coup of which he was the especial object. Suddenly she arose and with flashing eyes and raised voice said in French, but with a foreign accent:

"Is there no one here who will protect a woman from insult? I have always heard of the chivalry of the French. And yet here am I, stared at by that man (pointing) as a common outcast, and no man present comes to my defense."

A gentleman sitting at the next table to the lady arose.

"Parbleu, madame! But where is your escort?"

"Monsieur, I am an American. In America a woman may go anywhere safe from insult."

"In that case, madame, permit me to offer you my services."

"Thank you, monsieur. I accept them, but only as a matter of form. Will you kindly arrange a meeting with the man who has insulted me and my husband to take place tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock in the Bois de Boulogne."

Meanwhile the object of this attack had half risen from his table and at this moment began to stammer an apology.

"Pardon, madame," he said in German. "I had no intention"—

"Your intentions are your own affair," interrupted the lady. "Your insult is my husband's to avenge." Then, turning to her partisan, "Will you exchange cards with the gentleman and with me?"

The man last addressed drew two cards from his case, handing one to the lady, the other to the German, who reluctantly produced one of his own. The Frenchman's bore the name of Gaston de Curier, the German that of Count Herman von Hollub.

"I may be found," said the lady to her champion, "at the Hotel Maurice, in the Rue de Rivali. Call for Mrs. Webster. I bid you good evening."

"May I not act as your escort?" asked De Curier.

"I will thank you to call a carriage," replied the lady, "and if you will ride with me to my hotel you may meet the man whose challenge you have consented to bear."

Having secured Von Hollub's address, De Curier rode with Mrs. Webster to her hotel. Leaving him in a waiting room, she told him she would go upstairs to find her husband. Presently she returned and said:

"Mr. Webster is away. He has left a note saying that he will be detained on a matter of importance till near morning. But I will engage that he shall be on hand. I shall not go to bed, but await your coming after you have seen the other party to this affair."

De Curier went away in a bad humor. "This is a very strange affair," he said to himself, "in which I have become entangled. I am the bearer of a challenge from a man I have never seen to a man he has never seen and who has never seen him, the whole matter being started by a woman I have never seen before tonight and because she enters a public dining room alone and is stared at for doing so. I wonder if she really has a husband or if she is going to get me killed in her behalf. Foufl I don't like this condition at all."

Nevertheless he visited Von Hollub and arranged the meeting, as the lady had desired the weapons to be foils. Then he returned and reported the matter to the lady.

"And now, madame," he added, "having arranged matters for you, I presume I may be excused from further participation in this affair."

"If you so desire it, but my husband and myself are strangers in Paris, and when he goes on to the field he must go unattended."

"In that case, madame, I shall serve him. I will call at 5:30 o'clock."

De Curier left her more than ever dissatisfied with his position. Everything indicated that Mrs. Webster was what she pretended to be—she was stopping at a first class hotel, a favorite hostelry for Americans, and this partly explained her presence unattended in the restaurant, but not satisfactorily. Though American women had great privileges in their own country, they did not usually avail themselves of them in foreign lands. Well, the morning would bring developments. He would go home and snatch a few hours' sleep before going on to the ground.

At half past 5 in the morning he called at the Hotel Maurice and gave the sleepy concierge his card for Mr. and Mrs. Webster. The man brought him a note signed by the lady saying that Mr. Webster had gone to the rendezvous and that she was so overcome by the painful episode that she was unable to leave her bed.

De Curier was astonished. "Ma foi!" he exclaimed. "What a marvelous condition! This man, my principal, whom I have never seen and whom his opponent has never seen, is so eager to avenge the insult to his wife that he has no patience to wait for his second. Mon Dieu! I must see the end of this affair or I shall die of curiosity."

Jumping into his carriage, he told the driver to take him as quickly as possible to the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the place of meeting, he saw Von Hollub standing with a foil in his hand, while a figure, also armed, wearing a long, flowing cloak, was approaching him. De Curier sprang from his carriage and advanced toward them. As he reached them the cloaked figure threw off the outer garment and appeared in a costume usual to women who practice fencing. Astonished as De Curier was, he was still more so when he recognized Mrs. Webster.

"Ah, monsieur," she said, glancing at the newcomer, "you are late. My husband not returning in time, I am obliged to take his place."

Without waiting for preliminaries, she attacked Von Hollub.

Now, Count Herman von Hollub, who was a trusted servant of the king of Prussia, had spent his life in diplomatic work, ignoring those martial practices that have always pertained to the nobility of that kingdom. He knew very little about the art of self defense in any form. Astonished and chagrined at seeing the woman who had the grievance against him come to fight him instead of her husband, he lost his head. All he could do, all he tried to do, was to avoid the thrusts of his opponent.

In a few seconds his weapon had been wrenched from his grasp and, flying in an arc above his head, landed a dozen yards away from him. The woman then put the point of her foil against his breast.

"Count," she said, "you do not know me. I am the wife of Carl D., one of the leaders of the late revolution in Prussia. He married me in New York shortly before the revolution, and I have lived in your country. You have come here to secure the consent of the French government to take my husband back to Prussia to be tried for treason. You have him in prison and were to start today with him for Berlin. Give me your order for his release and your written word that you will not proceed further against him or I will kill you."

The count looked into the woman's eyes and saw a determination to act upon her words.

"Will he return to Prussia?" he asked.

"No. He will find a home in America."

"Then I consent."

The contract having been signed, De Curier rode with Frau D. to the prison where her husband was confined, and the revolutionist stepped forth a free man.

"Having borne a challenge on your behalf," said De Curier, "never having seen you, to a man I had never seen, I am happy to make your acquaintance."

Herr D. went with his wife to America. He became a German American citizen and a dozen years later took part in the great American struggle for government by the people.

The One to Pay.

When she was Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West consented to electioneer for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett in his first parliamentary campaign. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was married to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a very rich woman, who was nearly forty years his senior. Lady Randolph, with her beauty and charms, did splendid work for the candidate.

To a group of farmers she said one day:

"Won't you promise me to vote for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett?"

"My lady," said a red faced farmer, with a chuckle, "we'll all vote for him if every vote 'll be paid for with a kiss."

"Thank you very much," said Lady Randolph. "Your offer is accepted. I'll send for the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at once."

Barbados Densely Populated.

One of the most densely populated places on earth is the British island Barbados. Though its area comprises only 166 square miles, it has a population of 200,000 inhabitants, or over 1,200 to the square mile.

CASTAWAYS.

A Canoe Accident and What Came of It.

By PORT BRIDGE.

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Clifton clung to the overturned canoe, his dripping countenance in close proximity to another one on the other side, staring him out of countenance with its blue eyes, dancing and mischievous.

"Did you save the luncheon basket?" asked Rose anxiously.

"It saved itself," replied Clifton.

"There goes the paddle," announced Rose sweetly. "Can you paddle with your hands? Jim Wright can, but he's a regular fish in the water anyway."

"I have noticed he was something of a lobster," remarked Clifton, staring after the vanishing paddle. "As I can't swim I suppose you'll have the glory of saving my worthless life. You see, I was born and brought up on the prairie, and, except for rock bottomed streams, there are not many temptations to learn."

Rose balanced herself gracefully in the water, her heavy serge skirt weighing her downward. "Let's walk ashore," she suggested.

Clifton thrust his feet down and felt bottom. "Oh, I say, you knew it was shoal water all the time," he protested hotly.

"Of course I did," retorted Rose impishly. "That is why I upset the canoe."

"You did?"

She nodded.

"Why? Just to make a silly ass of me?" His young face burned resentfully. He had been a source of amusement for Rose Burton this past month. He was glad his four weeks' leave of absence was drawing to a close. He looked at the disappearing paddle in an agony of shame that he could not swim that little distance and recover it. Because he could not they must wait on the shore on the lonely island until fate sent some hulking, brown limbed athlete from the hotel, combing through the waves with the long overhand strokes that Clifton yearned to duplicate, and the paddle would be brought back or another would be fetched from the mainland or the amphibious athlete would paddle with his

MOST DOMESTIC IT WAS, INDEED.

hands or his feet—anyway to get Rose Burton to the hotel in time for the hop that evening.

At this point in his meditations Clifton found himself on the beach tugging the canoe high on the sands. An instant later Rose dripped ashore, wringing the water from her skirt and tossing the wind s[illegible] curls from her pretty brow.

For a brief instant she stared at the green canoe, and then, with a little contemptuous toss of the head, she bent down, seized the gunwale and pushed the light craft back into the water, where it bobbed to and fro tantalizingly out of reach.

"Why did you do that?" demanded Clifton impatiently.

"It is of no use without the paddle," remarked Rose carelessly. Then, peering into the stranded luncheon basket, she exclaimed: "I declare if there is a drop of water or anything! That was a splendid idea of Maggie's, putting enameled cloth under and around everything, almost as if she knew we might be upset!"

"Of course she knew I was going out and took every precaution," muttered Clifton, pulling off his sodden shoes and socks. "But I thought I heard you telling Maggie to wrap the whole business in enameled cloth before you put it in the basket."

"Perhaps you did," soothed Rose as she gathered dry sticks for a fire and piled a heap of driftwood about it.

"Where did you get matches?" demanded Clifton, peering into the water soaked compartment of his match safe.

"In the basket. Between this fire and the hot sun we ought to dry off quickly. Yes, bring up all the wood you can find, and there are two blocks that will serve for seats and that huge flat stone for a table. Why, we shall be quite Robinson Crusoes or Swiss Family Robinsons, whichever you choose," she cried gayly.

"I choose to be the Swiss Family," said Clifton, with rising spirits. "What could be better than to find oneself on a lone island with Rose Burton for a companion?"

"Why?" asked the girl, pausing in her task.

"Oh—er—they led a most domestic life, you know," said Clifton.

"I choose to be old Robinson Crusoe, and you may be my Man Friday," said Rose graciously.

"That suits me."

"Well, stop loafing then—it's not Sunday, you know, and Friday should be busy."

Fetching wood for the crackling fire, searching for water in the thicket, finding none and coming back to discover the great bottleful contained in the basket, Clifton waited upon his companion with all the devotion that the real Friday might have offered his master.

Boiling coffee over the blaze, cooking eggs, and toasting bacon were delightful tasks to Clifton, the engineer, whose clever head was filled with details of great bridges and other structures he loved to build. It was pleasant indeed to watch Rose Burton flitting about the beach barefooted like the humblest fishermaiden, while her little white shoes toasted before the fire, and he was privileged to turn them occasionally that they might dry evenly.

Most domestic it was, indeed, to sit opposite to Rose with the table of rock between them spread with the dainty lunch he had ordered and she had attended to preparing at the hotel. She poured the coffee, and as she passed him a tin cup filled to the brim his hand trembled until the hot liquid spilled on the sands.

"I'm a clumsy brute," he growled impatiently.

"We are really on a desert island," said Rose after a little silence.

"You don't mind?" asked Clifton rather shyly.

"Oh, no; it will be only for a little while—somebody will see the boat—will miss us and come over," she said carelessly.

"Some heroic soul will swim across from the mainland, I suppose," he said a little sullenly. "Do you know—I wonder why you've chosen to spoil your pleasant day by coming with me."

Rose blushed hotly. "Perhaps because I want to give you a good time before you go home."

"How do you know I haven't had a good time?"

"Perhaps you have—I was jesting," she said with a wistfulness he did not comprehend.

The meal cleared away they sat on the beach, Rose striving gaily to add picturesque horrors to their situation. She made a flagpole from a piece of spar and flung her handkerchief to the breeze to attract some passing vessel. As there were motorboat races on the other side of the point every available craft was in attendance there.

"I'm very sorry it has happened, Miss Burton, " said Clifton remorsefully. "I suppose there's no use my waiting till the tide runs out and then attempting to walk across the shoals to the mainland. I heard some of the chaps talking about it the other day."

"Don't you try, please," she protested. "It's really dangerous—there are quicksands."

"I seem to be quite helpless," he said, resuming his gloomy inspection of the empty waters.

"You are," said Rose sharply.

"Eh?"

"And stupid!" she added tearfully.

"Any more?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"It is. I'll get you off this island if I break my neck in the attempt," said Clifton loftily, arising and walking away with as much dignity as the pricking sands under his bare feet would permit.

He disappeared in the thicket and was gone such a long time that Rose became alarmed. She heard the sounds of distant hammering and searched in vain for him along the shore or nearby in the woods. In the depths she dared not venture.

Alone she sat on the sands and wept bitter, angry tears, until Clifton's voice close at hand startled her to dashing them away and confronting him with impatient eyes.

"You needn't cry any more," said Clifton joyously. "I've made a raft. Look there! I'll get you to the mainland in a jiffy. And, say, I forgot to ask you for some dances tonight."

"I'm not going to the hop," announced Rose coldly.

"I suppose you're all tired out. Well, I don't believe I'll go either. Hops are stupid things," said Clifton somewhat dispiritedly. He had been screwing up courage all day to ask Rose for those dances.

"Not as stupid as some people," retorted Rose pointedly.

"You mean me?" he asked quietly.

She made no reply. Her pretty head with its ruffled hair was turned toward the sea, and there was a pathetic droop to her lips.

"I shall keep away from the hop, Miss Burton—Rose. I didn't know you disliked me quite so much. I'm afraid I've forced myself upon you many times when you'd rather be alone," he said steadily, his kind eyes fixed on her dejected profile.

"If you'll just look at my raft—it's quite safe—you'll see I can easily put you ashore. I'm going home tomorrow, you know. I really won't be at the hop if it annoys you."

"I don't wish to go to the mainland," said Rose in a muffled tone. "I want to stay here."

"Why?" He was bewildered with her moods.

"Stupid again! Oh, Jack Clifton, you'll never have another chance. I knew you wanted—and I upset the canoe and everything!" She flamed defiantly at him as he drew near and took his chance.

"Stupid!" she whispered again, so softly that, although Clifton heard, it seemed to him the sweetest word in the world.

SILK SOCKS DOWN MARRIAGE.

Irish Clergyman Says Finery Prevents Marriage.

That the desire of young men to decorate themselves in sartorial finery is the prime cause why many fail to place their necks under the yoke of matrimony is the assertion of the Rev. Samuel Hemphill, a distinguished Irish clergyman.

"It seems that the young men of today," said Dr. Hemphill, "prefer patent leather shoes and spats and a fortnight's 'swelling' about a watering place or a game of billiards at a club every night to the delights of family life. Their wages in most cases will not permit both the sartorial adornment and some sort of club and a wife, so they go in for flashy clothes and let a lot of sweet girls pine out their lives in maidenhood. Better the love of a sweet wife than all the silk socks and gaudy waistcoats in the world."

Greatest Consumption Sanitarium.

It is proposed to convert Blackwell's island, New York, now used for penal institutions, into the greatest tuberculosis sanitarium in the world.

CYCLONE FORMATION.

The Mechanical Laws Are the Same as in a Whirlpool.

Any one can make the exact counterpart of a cyclone if he so desires. Of course a cyclone is caused by the air over a big area getting warm and light with small pressure. This air consequently tries to rise almost in a body and leaves a partial vacuum behind, but the outside cold air rushes in from all sides. Now, it is a scientific and mechanical truth that when a fluid runs in from all sides toward a central point it causes a whirlpool or rotation of the fluid. The exact analogy of a cyclone, then, although with the fluid water instead of air, is seen when the stopper is pulled out of the bottom of a basin full of water. An almost perfect vacuum, as far as the water is concerned, is caused by the water immediately over the stopper running out. The rest of the water rushes in from all directions, and a whirlpool is the result. There is one difference here from the air cyclone. In the air the force with which it rushes toward the center greatly compresses the air whirling at that point and makes it very dense—so dense, in fact, that a straw carried in the central whirl can be driven into a big block of wood without bending. Of course in a whirlpool the water is not compressed, remaining practically the same in density all the time. That is one highly important property of water; it is practically incompressible. Nevertheless it is very interesting to see the whirl form in a basin and know that the mechanical laws are the same as in the formation of a cyclone many miles wide.—Harper's Weekly.

A MASTER OF METAPHOR.

It Must Have Relieved Him to Get This Out of His System.

A water consumer in a certain city, whose supply had been turned off because he wouldn't pay, wrote to the department as follows:

"In the matter of shutting off the water on unpaid bills your company is fast becoming a regular crystallized Russian bureaucracy, running in a groove and deaf to the appeals of reform. There is no use of your trying to impugn the verity of this indictment by shaking your official heads in the teeth of your own deeds.

"If you will persist in this kind of thing a widespread conflagration of the populace will be so imminent that it will require only a spark to let loose the dogs of war in our midst. Will you persist in hurling the cornerstone of our personal liberty to your wolfish hounds of collectors thirsting for its blood? If you persist the first thing you know you will have the chariot of a justly indignant revolution rolling along in our midst and gnashing its teeth as it rolls.

"If your rascally collectors are permitted to continue coming to our doors with unblushing footsteps, with cloaks of hypocritical compunction in their mouths, and compel payment from your patrons this policy will result in cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg until you have pumped it dry, and then farewell, a long farewell, to our vaunted prosperity."—Everybody's.

Helped the Thief.

"A simple, honest Scotch farmer had taken a sack of meal to dispose of in Aberdeen castle market," says Mrs. Mayo in her "Recollections of Fifty Years." "It was in the days when people were hanged for any petty theft, and an execution was in progress, the culprit being a sheep stealer. The worthy countryman stood aghast when a stranger bustled up with the question:

"'What's a-do?'

"'A hanging,' said the other, sweet, 'for stealing a sheep.'

"'Eh, what won't folks risk for gear!' cried the stranger. 'Will ye just give me a hand up with this sack?'

"The farmer promptly complied. It was only afterward that he discovered he had helped a thief to make off with the sack of meal he had brought to sell!"

We, the People.

The phrase "We, the people of the United States," in the preamble of the constitution read in the first draft of the constitution as follows: "We, the people of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, do ordain, declare and establish," etc. Though unanimously adopted by the convention, the wording had to be changed to "We, the people," simply because the constitution, which had not as yet been ratified, was to go into effect when ratified by nine states, and, not knowing which states were to ratify, the naming of the states was, of course, out of the question.—New York American.

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