

THE MAN WHO WON.

A Little Comedy of the Summer Hotel.—
Perhaps You Saw It There. :: :: ::

The young men summering at the Westminister-on-the-Sound, a hotel which required references and was noted for its distinct air of aristocracy, were causing a great deal of quiet amusement to the older guests, amusements which, as time went on, became more general, affecting even the waiters and other servants, who discussed it among themselves and awaited developments with the same amount of interest as the person whom they served.

Miss Kennedy was a coquette. Every one but a few of her intimate friends would tell you this without hesitation. This fact, however, should not have interested the guests to any great extent. Coquettes of all ages and degrees of beauty were not uncommon at the Westminister. But the trouble was that Miss Kennedy was different from the ordinary run of coquettes; so decidedly different, in fact, that the amusement furnished by the young men, of which amusement Miss Kennedy was the indirect cause, grew into speculation as the guests tried to explain her peculiar actions and the strange influence which she wielded over young men. Influence she certainly had. Never in the history of the Westminister had so many young men fallen so desperately and uncompromisingly in love with one girl. It seemed impossible for them to know her simply as a friend. In fact, platonic friendship seemed quite out of the question so far as Miss Kennedy was concerned.

It was quite inexplicable. She was good-looking, of course, but then there were numerous girls in the neighborhood, and, indeed, some at the Westminister no less fair, who never in their careers had caused such general fervor among a gathering of young men.

Her enemies said that her heart, if she had one, was as cold and as impervious as steel. If this were not so how could she lead man after man along, keeping his hopes at fever heat? Her enemies thought this cruel. Her dear friends, however, thought otherwise. They said that if she really was as cold as steel then her sweet smiles and her sincere and winning manners certainly belied her. If men insisted on becoming so enamored with her, was it her fault? And if her sweet and sympathetic disposition and smiles—which she bestowed on all alike, were misconstrued by some ardent though deluded admirers, would she be censured when, as time went on, it became her painful duty to dispel the hallucination? No; they thought she was rather to be pitied. One of her philosophical friends, a young law student, hit the nail on the head when he said that beauty was not the essential. The real thing, he said, that appealed to men was the knack of appearing congenial and sympathetic; in short, to understand a man and have an adaptability to various natures; to give weight to one's opinions and to exhibit other flattering marks of attention and respect which could not fail to impress the average man. Some girls feign this, according to the law student, but Miss Kennedy was innocence itself, and her interest and sympathy for her friends came not from duplicity but from pure goodness of heart. The law student might just as well have kept silent, however, as he had already been voted a great bore, and no one ever paid any attention to what he said. At all events so many of the young men at the Westminister had fallen prey to Miss Kennedy's charms, only to rise sadder and wiser, that it finally got so that whenever a fellow began to avoid the usual evening gathering on the veranda, the boarders merely nodded wisely and said nothing, while the young men hugged one another in ecstasy, and when, after a week or two, perhaps longer, perhaps not so long, he began to mingle in with the crowd, and with a saddened face to take up once more the old order of life, the boarders smiled again, while the young men, most of whom had been through the same course, welcomed him effusively, and he, though sour and sour, joined them while they waited for another unfortunate. The prospective unfortunate was generally designated as "next."

And so when the depot hack rolled up the winding driveway one August afternoon and a rather good-looking young man alighted and walked up the steps, a general smile flashed over the faces of the older guests, while the young men chuckled joyously.

"Gad, another victim," chuckled a stout young man of the name of Judson. "All we've got to do is to get the introduced and then watch for the fun, Eh, boys?"

"That's just the idea," assented Gilbert Chauncy of Amherst. "Every fellow must make it his business to see that they meet as soon as possible and—"

"Oh, yes, get them together," interrupted Goldthwaite. "You will get hold of the wrong man or rather the right man some day, and you won't have half the fun you expect. He will win her."

"Ho, ho, Goldy's getting nervous," jeered several. "He is afraid of his chances. Never mind, Goldy; a man with your figure need never fear a rival."

Stout, good-natured Goldthwaite only smiled. He was, in fact, an enigma to most of the boys. He had early fallen prey to Miss Kennedy's charms and, strange to say, he still remained in her good graces. Some one from another hotel said he had known her in New York. Goldthwaite was very close mouthed and would not talk of his affairs. He still clung tenaciously to Miss Kennedy, and although he had witnessed the downfall of many he had never been in a position where he could experience their sensations. His friends unkindly said that this was because Goldthwaite did not know when he was rebuffed or snubbed. However that may have been, he seemed perfectly happy and said nothing.

Some time after the arrival of the newcomer a number of the boys were lying in hammocks enjoying the cooling breezes from the Sound and discussing plans for bringing the "next" to his fate, when the sound of merry laughter in the direction of the hotel caused them to look up. What they saw caused involuntary ejaculations of astonishment to escape the lips of the young men in the hammocks, for there coming down the steps together, were the prospective victim and the very young woman they wanted him to meet. They appeared to be on excellent terms for so short an acquaintance, and this fact struck Chauncy so forcibly that he rose in his hammock and gazed at them with curiosity.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Some one seems to have got ahead of us. However, it's just as well. And now," he added, slapping a companion on the back, "all we've got to do is to push things along gently and watch."

That evening at dinner the boys all met him, and found, among other things, that he was a lawyer, and that he lived in New York City, Miss Kennedy lived in that city; so did Goldthwaite. He was a very interesting, self-reliant sort of a man, and he was pronounced a very promising victim. His name was Lawrence.

By the end of the week things were progressing splendidly. Lawrence had paid attentions to Miss Kennedy in a way that exceeded the wildest dreams of the hopeful, and he had surely become entangled in the meshes that had captured so many youthful hearts. In the morning he accompanied her to the beach or sat under some shady tree while she read, and in the afternoon they went driving. Of evenings they took long walks in the moonlight or sat together on the porch. Goldthwaite managed to get in an occasional tete-a-tete or a moonlight stroll. In short, he played a very excellent second violin with a complaisance that dumfounded his comrades.

"The best part of it is," said Curtis one night, "we did not have to do a stroke of work in getting them together. He seemed to take to her as soon as he saw her and now they are as thick as thieves."

"Who introduced them?" asked Goldthwaite. "I have been trying to find how it occurred and the circumstances for a good while, but no one seems to know anything about it."

"That's so," said another. "Come to think of it, does seem a trifle strange that they should be seen hobnobbing so thickly an hour after he arrived."

"Well," said young Dwight, "however they may have become acquainted or whoever introduced them, one thing is certain, they know each other now. So let's not worry about such a trifling matter, but look forward to that glorious day when the Hon. John Lawrence will go around with a face as dark as a November landscape and vainly wavering between the pistol, arsenic or a foreign clime."

"Just as Charley Dwight did," interrupted Chauncy, with a grin.

"Oh, there were others," retorted Dwight. "At any rate, I give him another week before he lands on his back on the cold, cold world with a hideous realization that life is not what it seems."

"Hear, hear!" cried several, and then, as the strains of dance music reached their ears, they adjourned to the music room so fully assured that the end was near that even the most sceptical could not but smile gleefully as Lawrence and Miss Kennedy glided by to the tune of the latest popular waltz.

But as the time went on, things became serious. The week allotted for the downfall of Lawrence passed, and still another week elapsed. The young men began to get worried.

"Say, Jack," growled Dwight to Chauncy one Sunday night, "this thing does not seem to go off as smoothly as some of us have been pleased to think it would. Here's two weeks passed and no change. Moreover, from all appearances there does not seem to be any likelihood of any change except for the worse—worse for us," he added.

That young Dwight voiced the sentiments of the entire crowd was very evident. His sentiments were accepted as disagreeable facts by every one. The guests smiled significantly.

"We have got to smash things somehow," said Grey one evening, as Lawrence and Miss Kennedy strolled down the driveway. "This game is too one-sided. I fail to see where our fun comes in at all. It is time to make some on our hook. We've got to make him ridiculous, make a fool of him by some practical joke. I tell you, fellows, we've got to do something. We can't let one man beat a dozen of us, can we?"

"All right," grinned Goldthwaite. "You bright boys get together and do your prettiest and I'll look on and applaud. As for me, I am done with the whole business."

The boys got their heads together and from that time forth Mr. Lawrence's life became unbearable. One night, when he came in late, he found his doors and windows nailed shut and was compelled to sleep in Goldthwaite's room. He was subjected to many other annoyances. One evening when he attended a dance at a hotel at North West Hampton he found that his dancing pumps had been stolen from his satchel and replaced by a pair of dusty goloshes. Lawrence, however, bore these indignities with the stoicism of an Indian chief.

The end of the three weeks brought with it the time of Lawrence's departure, but strange to say there was little happiness among the young men over that fact. They had come to the conclusion that Lawrence had won out.

"We accomplished absolutely nothing," said Chauncy.

"Nothing," said Grey. "Yes, we have; we have succeeded in bringing them closer together. If we had kept on much longer we would have had them engaged. That is, if they are not engaged already."

"Oh, don't let that worry you," said Dwight, who became angry when any one spoke of Miss Kennedy being engaged.

The boys were all seated in the summer-house near the winding pathway. Lawrence was to leave on the 10 o'clock train, and it was already 9 o'clock. Miss Kennedy and Lawrence had not been seen for some time and Goldthwaite was also missing. There was no moon and it was quite dark. Chauncy and his companions sat silently in the summer-house, every man puffing gloomily upon a pipe. There came a sound of laughter from the porch and a second later three persons came strolling down the driveway. One was Miss Kennedy, the other two were Goldthwaite and Lawrence. One was walking very near Miss Kennedy. He was Goldthwaite. Lawrence seemed content to fall into the background. He carried a dress-suit case in either hand. As they reached the summer-house, Goldthwaite looked back at Lawrence and said:

"Say, Jack, it was blamed fine of you to turn in and help Edith and me out the way you did. The boys would have killed me had they known that I was engaged to her before she came here, but we were not quite ready to announce it at first and did not dare to afterward. You're a good actor, Lawrence, and I see no harm in your flirting with a girl even if she is your sister-in-law. You came at the right time; I could not have kept the secret much longer. We will follow you to the day after tomorrow."

Then they passed on to the depot. The summer-house remained as dark and as quiet as the abode of the dead. Far into the night shone the glow of the embers in a dozen bull-dog pipes, and when the dawn mid-night breeze began to set in from the Sound a line of ghostlike figures stole silently and sullenly from the summer-house and went to bed.—New York Evening Sun.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

A Gallant Gentleman Who Always Challenges Before He Fights.

The rattlesnake, probably the most deadly American snake, is really a gentleman, as snakes go. He never eats his own friends, as most other snakes do, and he always plays fair and gives warning before he strikes. In the early pioneer days, west of the Rockies, rattlers were frequently eaten by hard-pressed travelers, and their flesh is said to be as good as chicken. Great skill must be exercised in catching this snake, if he is to be eaten, as he has a trick of biting himself when cornered and so committing suicide, and in this case his flesh is as deadly as his bite.

The maligned pig, who is known by those who properly understand him to be a really brave and intelligent little beast, regards rattlesnakes as the greatest luxury and attacks and kills them with absolute fearlessness. On a California ranch a certain field was so overrun with rattlers that it was practically useless. It was fenced in and a pair of young pigs turned into it. The pigs grew fat and sleek, and in a short time they had gobled up every last rattler. Pigzwig has been known to attack the largest and most deadly snakes and come off victor in the fight.

Apropos of the well known fact that a rattler will bite himself and commit suicide rather than fall into the hands of his enemies, the tale is told by hundreds in the far west that a little bird, a native of the Rockies, is extremely interested in the extermination of the rattler. So far as is known, this bird does not feed upon the snake, but is actuated solely by motives of benevolence in ridding the world of these dangerous reptiles. Seeing a rattler asleep or sunning himself on a stone, this thoughtful and energetic little body flies off and returns with bits of very prickly cactus, which the bird places in a little circle around him. When the circle is quite complete the enterprising bird, eager to see the results of its toil, swoops down and runs his bill into the sleeping snake, which starts to move away, only to encounter the cactus, over which he cannot crawl. He turns about and strikes the cactus again. Finding himself unable to escape, he bites himself and dies by his own deadly weapon.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Quack Horn.

The Italian peasantry have a horn called the serpentine, which is made of wood and leather and has six finger holes.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

What the Chicken Thought.

Before the chicken burst his shell,
He could not see things very well.

It seemed to him like one white wall;
He could not look outside, at all.

But, when once free, he viewed on high
The beauty of the bright blue sky!

"Some day, when I am grown," thought he,
"I'll break that blue shell that I see!"

—Boston Budget.

How Long Do Animals Live?

How many of you know how long the birds and animals live? None of our common pets, the cats or dogs, live very long. I once heard of a cat that lived 29 years, and of a dog that was 22 when he died. But this does not often happen.

A horse cannot do much work after he is 12 or 14 years old; but I heard of one horse that lived 64 years. There was once a parrot who lived over 100 years, and ravens often live much longer.

A cocotop in a far-off country was a cheerful old pet when he was 85 years old. He would have lived to be older if he had not grown so cross that he would fight and hurt himself.

A dove once lived 25 years in a cage. Fish are such selfish creatures that they ought to live long. They never get hot.

Carp are said to live hundreds of years, and pike are also hardy old fellows.

There are some insects that live but a few hours. Some live but a day, and all of them are short-lived.

The wild beasts do not live long, but elephants are sometimes old, and then they grow helpless, just like old people, and cannot do anything for themselves.—Washington Star.

A Tame Quack.

Mr. C. Napier Bell gives, in "Zangweera," a pleasant account of a tame quack, a little animal of Central America belonging to the raccoon family. It is about twice the size of a cat, is covered with thick brown fur, and has a long, bushy tail.

While in camp, Mr. Bell's party brought up a young one.

"I never in my life saw such an inquisitive, active, pertinacious, fearless, impudent, amiable and quarrelsome little beast as he was," says Mr. Bell. "If you treated Quack well, he would be most loving, playing with your hand, poking his long nose up your sleeve or into your pockets, and running all over you as if you belonged to him; but, if you attempted to put him away before he chose to go, he would quarrel at once, snarl and bite, and twist his nose from side to side with impudent defiance.

"If the workmen set their food down, Quack would take possession at once, and a fearful row would take place before he could be dispossessed.

"He was everywhere and into everything, singed his little toes by walking through the wood ashes, when, instead of running away, he shrieked with rage, and began to dig and scatter the ashes in unmanageable anger. Then he rushed up a man's back to sit on his shoulder and lick his sore toes. He would often jump on your face when you were sound asleep, and insist on lying down there.

"At night nothing would satisfy him but to crawl under the men's coverings, and up against their naked skins, where he was by no means careful with his sharp little claws; but to get rid of him meant nothing less than a stand-up fight.

"Every one was fond of Quack, and at the same time every one voted him an unmitigated nuisance. Finally, I gave him to an Indian girl, with whom he became a great pet and grew tamer than ever."

Postal Clerk's Famous Dog.

Stuffed and handsomely mounted in a square glass case to the right as one enters the Washington postal museum is Owey, the tramp dog.

Strung around his neck and around him in the case are hundreds of medals received by Owey from officials in all parts of the world. In life Owey was one of the most famous dogs that ever lived, says the Washington Post. He was the postal clerk's dog, without pedigree or beauty, and in his latter days minus one eye, the result of a hot dinner while on one of his numerous trips. He was known from St. Petersburg to Kalamazoo. When in Japan Owey is said to have behaved very badly in the presence of the Mikado, and when the court ladies sought to caress him, to have bristled up in an unfriendly and un-American fashion, decidedly unfavorable to the propagation of good relations between Japan and this country.

Owey was a cross between an Irish and Scotch terrier, and of the dull gray in color secured by the combination of the seven prismatic rays of the sun. When a pup he crept into the Albany postoffice for warmth, and from that time forth was a favorite with the postoffice officials in the cities from one end of the land to the other.

Following the mail wagon to the train one day Owey jumped aboard. No one saw or missed him. He and the mail bags were old friends. Being taken care of, and having learned the secrets of the bags and liking the rattle of the train, he became a globe-trotter. In Mexico he became a dog-baiter. In Mexico a Mexican dollar was hung to his collar. Reaching Washington, Postmaster General Wanamaker supplied a harness for Owey and badges were fastened to

it. Returning from Japan, where the Mikado presented him with a passport bearing the seal of the emperor, and where, at Tokyo, he is said to have whipped every dog he ran across, just to show what an American dog could do, Owey reached this country, and in 1897 found himself in Toledo, Ohio.

While there one of the clerks, desiring to have him photographed, chained him. This was too much for Owey's American spirit, and he bit the clerk. It was reported to the postmaster, and he had a policeman shoot him. An inglorious end for a dog of his distinction.

A Little and a Big Fellow.

There were 36 plump muskmelon seeds, and Bobbie planted them very carefully, tucking nine in each one of the four mounds of earth his fat hands had heaped, smoothed, and patted down.

My garden's to be all melons this year. I'll have enough to eat, and lots to sell," he called out proudly to Harry Wood.

Now Bobbie and Harry were great friends, though the former was only five years old and recently out of kilts, while the latter wore a stand-up collar, a butterfly necktie, and was even thinking about "putting on long trousers."

Harry's tone, though patronizing, was kind, as he inquired, "So you really think, sonny, that you'll have a big crop of melons?"

"Of course!" And Bobbie's voice was full of pride. "I mean to take awfully good care of my plants."

And, indeed, as the weeks went by Bobbie did tend his melons faithfully, and in spite of many discouragements. For in two of the brown mounds the seeds failed to appear; whether they had been planted too deep, or whether they had been nibbled by some wandering worm, nobody could tell.

However, the other two mounds soon bristled with luxuriant green plants. These, under Uncle Jed's advice, Bobbie thinned out carefully, weeded, and watered. Then, alas! one night when the little boy was sound asleep (dreaming of luscious melons), an evil-minded cutworm sawed away in the moonlight, and, when morning came, half the plants lay withering and dying.

Bobbie would have cried over them, but then, salt water wasn't good for plants (only asparagus, Uncle Jed said); and so, instead, he did his best to save the rest of his plants. Soot from the kitchen stovepipe, tobacco from another pipe (the fired man's), routed the wicked cutworms. Then a warm rain, followed by sunny days, made the melons grow as fast as "Mr. Finney's turnip behind the barn."

They got ahead of weeds, bugs, and worms, and began to put forth pert little runners dotted with yellow blossoms.

Then, one woful day, Mrs. O'Brien's cow got out of the pasture, and wandered about until she reached the Barker garden; and, on her way to reach the dozen rows of young corn, what must she do but place her feet right on his last hill of melons, smashing every trailing vine but one!

And this time Bobbie cried. And Harry Wood, who came over to see the extent of the damage, tried to whistle cheerily, as he said, "Well, the old bossie didn't tread on your very best vine. See, you have one left, and—my stars, if there isn't a melon on it as large as my biggest agate marble!"

Now Bobbie hadn't noticed this, and he was so delighted that he quite forgot his tears.

The one lonely melon grew rapidly until it began to look very well. Then one day—it was when Bobbie and the rest of the Barkers went to the county fair—the young Plymouth Rock rooster squeezed himself through the chicken-yard palings; and what else must he do but stomp boldly up to that melon, and begin to peck at it! Tap, tap, tap! went his yellow beak, until he broke right into the juicy, salmon-pink heart.

It was Harry Wood who saw him, and drove him back into the hen-yard. But most of the melon rode away in the stomach of the Plymouth Rock.

Harry looked down mournfully at the bits of rind, scattered seeds, and pulp remaining on the melon hill. Then he gathered up the mess, and threw it among the burdocks on the other side of the garden fence. After which his long legs carried him down to the Italian's fruit store; and, when he came out again, he bore a bulging paper bag. Hurrying up street, he reached the Barker yard,—reached Bobbie's ill-fated melon patch, and then—

The Barkers came home from the county fair, and Bobbie went out to his "garden." There had been melons at the fair, and the sight of them had filled him with fresh affection for his own solitary treasure. He bent over the brown mound, parted the green leaves, and—oh, wonder of wonders!

"Ma! ma!" Bobbie shouted. "Do come here. Why, my melon has grown lots just while I've been gone! And it's so ripe that it's loosened itself from the stem. Oh—oh! it's perfectly lovely!"

The Plymouth Rock stuck his red comb through the chicken-yard fence, and crowed derisively; but Bobbie didn't notice him.

And Harry Wood was chuckling to himself across the street, as he said: "That quarter I was saving toward my new air-gun is gone, but I don't care. The joke was worth 25 cents. And, anyhow, a big fellow kind of ought to look out for a little fellow."

—Sunday School Times.

Most spiders have eight eyes, although some species have only six.

THE MAN WITH A \$1,000 BILL.

He Secured Smaller Money by an Ingenious Scheme.

Of a man with a \$1,000 bill in his pocket and no smaller amount of money, a story has been written that traced him through many experiences and took him to the verge of starvation. But, as a matter of fact, one man who had nothing smaller than a \$1,000 bill got through his difficulty very easily in this city a few nights ago.

Ten of these coveted promissory notes of the United States had been paid to him in the afternoon. In the pursuit of business and a modicum of pleasure he had, after the receipt of his \$10,000, spent the last dime he possessed other than the big bills. He was with some friends, any one of whom could and would have accommodated him with sufficient money for his needs, but a discussion arose about what he would do if he were a stranger in the city and had no money other than that which was in his pocket.

"I wouldn't care if I were dressed as a beggar," he said. "I can get all I want so long as I have a \$1,000 bill in my pocket."

"You would be arrested or turned down if you tried to use it," said one. "There are not many places where \$1,000 in change is kept handy. Besides, most people would be shy of taking such a bill from any of us. We don't look as though we carried \$1,000 bills around in our pockets."

"Well," said the man with the \$1,000, "I'll bet a basket of champagne with the bunch that I can spend my money as freely as though these were \$5 bills instead of what they are, and I won't have any trouble about it, either. I'll get change the first time I try, too, or lose the bet. And I won't go to any man who knows me."

The wager was accepted, and the man with \$10,000, taking one friend with him, walked out to a pawn shop. He said to the clerk only this:

"I have received \$10,000 in 10 bills. They are mine and were come by honestly. It is difficult for me, a stranger, to get a \$1,000 bill changed. Here are the 10 bills. Look at them. I need some money, and I want to pawn one of these bills for \$25. If you are afraid of me, call up police headquarters and I will satisfy the people there by papers that I can show that I am honest. Or, if you like, call Mr. —, who paid the money to me, and he will tell you if I am all right."

The pawnbroker looked at him keenly for a second and then said:

"I never took money as a pledge, but you are sober and seem all right, and you can have the \$25. Give me the \$1,000 bill."

The pawnbroker examined the bill carefully and then, to the astonishment of the others, took another \$1,000 bill out of his safe and compared them. Then, just as he would make out a ticket for a ring or a watch, he issued a ticket for a \$1,000 bill, turned over the \$25 and closed the transaction.—New York Tribune.

Athletic Training for Soldiers.

The advantage of athletic exercise as a means of fitting a soldier for the better discharge of his duties was signally demonstrated on the occasion of recent trials of certain heavy ordnance. When the officers in charge reached the point where they wanted the speediest possible handling of the big pieces they called for the men who had achieved a reputation as baseball and football players, and the rapidity with which they used their muscles contributed not a little to the success of the test. This, it is true, was merely a special case, but it warrants its application for the purpose of a general deduction, which is that just in proportion to the athletic training of a soldier will be his value in any field of active duty to which he may be assigned.

In this particular, as in others relating to the training of soldiers, the German army, the best military establishment in the world, may be pointed to as setting a good example. From the moment when the recruit makes his appearance and to the very end of his service he is drilled in every kind of gymnastics.

In some degree, it is true, the German soldier is prepared while at school, for here, too, gymnastic exercises are compulsory. It is evident, then, that in our own army, even though it may not be thought advisable to compel the soldiers to undergo gymnastic training regularly, athletics ought to be encouraged in every way consistent with discipline.

Widower Was Consoled.

A lawyer who has won some distinction through his success in compromising suits for damages by accident says his most interesting client was a Swedish farmer from Delaware county, whose wife had been killed here in Philadelphia by a train crossing the street at grade.

The widower was simply inconsolable, and, having been told that he could get \$10,000 if he insisted on pushing the case, refused for months to talk compromise. The lawyer, of course, did all possible to keep the hearing back, in the hope of discouraging the Swede; and at last he was rewarded by an offer to settle at a reasonable figure.

The Swede called, the lawyer said \$500, and the bereaved one quickly accepted. As he folded the check and pocketed it he observed:

"Well, I need not do so padre! I've got fifty hundred dollar and a good deal better wife than I had before. She and me was married yesterday."—Philadelphia Times.

The average woman writes a large hand just for the pleasure of turning over a new leaf.