

AN ENGLISH CASUAL.

WHERE TRAMPS GET FOOD AND LODGING FOR WORK.

Joshua Flynn and a Companion Wind Up a Study of Tramp Life in England by a Visit to a "Spice"—Meeting With a Great Friend of Mark Twain.

Joshua Flynn, who has given interesting studies on tramp life in Germany and in this country, has extended his investigations to England. He writes a paper entitled, "Two Tramps in England" in Century. He and his companion, a German student, completed a tour through the provinces with an experience in a "casual" at Notting Hill, London. Mr. Flynn writes:

We appeared at the door of the ward about half past 7 in the evening. A little window was raised, and I stepped forward to state my business. Unconsciously I leaned against the sill of the window, which offended the inspector in charge considerably.

"What's your name?" he thundered. Still leaning on the sill, I gave him my name honestly enough. He then remarked to some person inside that we were not accustomed to such places evidently, and called out, "Stand back, will you!" Back I stood. He cried out again, "Take off your hat!" My hat came off instantly. Still again: "You come in here as if you was a meecleonyary. You're not. You're a casual." I was as meek as could well be. Ryborg was itching to grab the inspector with his long arms. The next question was as to where we had slept the night before.

"Straw stack," I replied. "None of your impudence! You slept out. Why don't you say so? Have you got any money?"

"A hap'enny, sir." "Hand it in." In it went. Then I had to tell my trade, which was that of a sailor, and naturally the next question was as to where I was bound.

"To Ameriky, sir, if I can ever get there."

"You're goin' to tramp it, aren't you?" "Yes, sir; that's my intention." But for the life of me I could not see how I was to reach America that way. I was so frightened that I would have told him anything he wanted.

When he was through with us, a kind hearted attendant took us in hand, gave us some gruel and bread, a bath, clean night shirts, and then a cell apiece, in which we slept very well.

As there were only four inmates that morning we were needed for the cleaning up, and so escaped stone breaking, which I dreaded exceedingly, and were put at various light occupations—or rather I was. Ryborg was the victim of his strength. Our breakfast consisted of the same dish as our supper of the night before. I was soon busy as general fireman, scrubber, knife cleaner, coal carrier, dish washer and helper of my sister sufferer, Mrs. Murphy, as she washed her task of towels and shirts. At noon we had pea soup and bread. I enjoyed it, but Ryborg did not. The poor fellow was feeling badly. He had had to scrub nearly 20 cells, and the bending over incident to such a feat had nearly broken his back. At dinner he said plaintively, "Flynt, I want to go home." "So do I," I replied, "but I fancy we're wanted here till tomorrow morning." This proved to be the case, but he felt better in the afternoon and got through comfortably, wheeling nearly a ton of stone from some of the cells to the general pile. He earned his "keep," if ever any poor prisoner did.

I fear I was more shiftless, for about the middle of the afternoon the attendant who was with me at the furnace said: "You might as well rest. Just keep your eye on the fires, that's all." It was kind of him, and as I had at least earned my pea soup and gruel I took his advice. He was kinder to me, I think, because I gave him a corncob pipe which he had had to take away from me the night before. During the day he had asked me several questions about it, and I said, "It's a very decent sort of pipe—coolin' like, you know."

"Doesn't Mark Twain always smoke one of them pipes?" said he. "Blest if I know," said I, "but I can well think it." "I'm a great friend of Mark Twain," he pursued, "an I'm a-thinkin' o' gettin one o' them pipes, jest out of respect for him."

"Well," said I, "permit me in the name of your respect to present you with my pipe. Besides you've got it anyhow." He thanked me profusely, and promised to keep it forever. Later in the day he reported it to be just as I had said, "sort o' coolin' like." And he was a good friend to me all the rest of my stay in the Notting Hill station.

On Wednesday morning we were turned loose with our two hap'ennies. We were both so happy that we decided to get off the road that very day.

We had been tramps for three weeks, and had walked most of this time fully 15 miles a day. So we looked up my friend at the Temple, and in a few hours were respectable again. That same day I took my tramp clothes out to the casual ward and presented them to my friend the attendant. I had told him the day before that I expected to get new "togs" soon, and he had put in a plea for my old ones. Good luck to him and them.

The Reason Why.
New Parson—Which do you like best, Willie, your day school or your Sunday school?

Willie—My Sunday school.
New Parson—I am glad to hear that. Why do you like your Sunday school the best?

Willie—Because it is only once a week.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Particular.
Conductor—That's a French coin, sir. I can't take it.

Passenger—You can't? You gave it to me in change this morning.

Conductor—Well, you see, I'm more particular than you are.—London Quiver.

IRISH MUD CABINS.

How the Dirty Dwelling Places Are Constructed and Furnished.

The mud cabin in Ireland consists of two rooms and possibly a small semi-detached out-house which is used as a store-room for perishable articles. There is not a chink in the walls or thatch save a narrow chimney, which seldom if ever answers its purpose. The doorway faces the east and emits the smoke. What little light penetrates inside through the tiny window discloses the deep chocolate stain from the eternal turf reek which pervades the atmosphere of the interior, and literally paints walls, roof and furniture a uniform color. The furniture is rough and also scanty, a few stools atoning for the occasional complete absence of chairs.

The mud floor is always more or less wet from the pattering of the children's bare feet or from the animals which have free access to the house. At night there is a goodly company within the walls of this spacious mansion. In the inside room there are two or three box beds or berths, where the children sleep, according to their age and sex. From 9 to 12 is not an uncommon number in a family. In the state berth in the calloigh, or recess at the side of the hearth, the father and mother repose unscreened from the live stock of the farm and breathe the same atmosphere as some eight quadrupeds besides the poultry. Pigs, cattle, dogs, cats, and probably a horse or donkey, have their bed space respectively, and jealously resent any encroachment by a bedfellow.

Astonishing as it may appear, there are hardly any disagreeable odors. The overpowering smell of the peat smoke evidently acts as a complete disinfectant, and fortunately it is innocuous to the inhabitants of the hovel. Equally astonishing is the fact that the whole community is in comparative harmony, and even the babies rarely cry. There is plenty of occupation for all the family who are able and willing to work, the mother doing little else but nurse the youngest infant.—Cornhill Magazine.

Met by Chance.

An amusing story is told of Robert Franz, the famous German song writer, and another equally celebrated composer. The incident occurred soon after the publication of Franz's famous "Open Letter to Edward Hanslick," in which he made severe criticism upon some musical work of the composer Johannes Brahms.

Franz had occasion at that time to take a five or six hours' trip by rail. In the compartment with him was a little man with whom he fell into conversation. The fellow travelers found each other delightful and whiled the hours away in agreeable talk, which did not turn upon music.

When the train reached Franz's destination, he took out his card case, saying to his companion:

"You have made me pass a most delightful afternoon. Allow me to give you my card."

The stranger seemed highly gratified and offered Franz his card in return. Each looked at the bit of pasteboard he had received in amazement. The stranger's eyes opened wide at reading the name of his merciless critic, "Dr. Robert Franz," while Franz himself was equally astounded at reading on the card in his hand, "Johannes Brahms."

There was no time for mutual explanations, but each of the musicians had discovered that, however their ideas might differ from a musical standpoint, they were at least admirable traveling companions and had found much to enjoy in each other.—Youth's Companion.

Max O'Rell as a "Sligger."

Max O'Rell tells many stories about other people. Here is one that in Montreal he told about himself. When lecturing in an Australian bush town, he waxed eloquent on the athletic feats of Britons. "After each assertion came a deep toned 'It's a lie' from a drunken auditor. The interruptions became unbearable. 'Give me a stop of five minutes,' said Max to his audience. Off went his coat, down jumped the lecturer, and in a moment he had collared the interrupter and bundled him out. 'If I had known you meant to do that,' said the manager, 'I'd have charged double prices.'" And he could easily have got them.

Pope's Favorite.

Pope deemed the "Essay on Man" his most polished production, but was so fond of revising his poetry that the printed copy contained almost one marginal note for every line. If his wishes had been fully carried out, the second edition would have had so many changes as to be practically a new work.

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Frankford, Del., July 20, 1894.
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POSING AT THE PIANO.

Paderewski Thinks Performers Should Look Effective While Playing.

When Paderewski was in New York, he was calling at a prominent Wall street man's home in Fifth avenue when the broker told him he would like to have his opinion of his daughter's playing. The great pianist courteously replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure.

After the young lady had dashed off several selections Paderewski said:

"To get the greatest enjoyment from the piano the music must not only be heard, but the performer should be seen. The performer should therefore be careful of his or her position at the instrument."

"I will be frank with you and say that I preferred to see rather than hear your daughter play. I might better say that I looked more than I listened. She held herself correctly. There is nothing I hate more than a listless, careless posture of the body while playing."

"Then there was life in her touch. Her fingers fairly sparkled as they ran over the board and touched the keys, rebounding from them with a snap that was exhilarating to behold. Her manner of using her hands and her elbowing, if I may so call it, showed proper training also."

"I will therefore add that my sense of hearing would have been equally delighted doubtless if my sense of sight had not been so completely monopolized. I compliment the young lady on her accomplishment."

"There is wisdom in that," said the broker in repeating the conversation. "Teachers of the piano should give far more attention to this matter than they now do."—New York Advertiser.

An Independent Lawyer.

A lawyer, with his client, called one day at the office of a gentleman who is considered to be one of the leading men of the Philadelphia bar. The lawyer had an important case, and he wanted to take the legal big gun in as adviser. He explained his business and said he and the client would be back in the afternoon. "I won't be here then," said the legal giant. "I have an engagement at 3 o'clock, and I won't be here after that hour." "But there is a \$5,000 fee in this for you," explained the younger lawyer. "Can't help it. I won't be here. You will have to come tomorrow."

"But my client can't come tomorrow."

"Well, I can't break my engagement," said the senior. After some further talk it was agreed that a meeting be held that night. That afternoon, having nothing else to do, the young lawyer and his client went to a ball game. The first man they saw inside the grounds was the great lawyer, who was hurrying for the "Phillies" with all the vigor of his lungs. That was his important engagement. Needless to say the lawyer's practice nets him enough money each year to make him independent.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Old Time Football.

Football has never been a very gentle game, to judge from what Master Stubbs says about it in his "Anatomic of Abuses," published in 1583:

For, as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight than a play of recreation, a bloody and murdering practice than a sport or pastime, for dooth not every one lye in waight for his adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this meanes sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes, sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood; sometimes their eyes start out.

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British "Red Coats."

We never think of her majesty's soldiery as being attired in other than red coats and brass buttons, but there was a time when the regulation uniform of British soldiers was entirely different from what it is today. In the time of Henry VIII the colors worn by the army were green and white; later on, white, with a red cross on the breast. The first mention of the "red coats," which were so detested by the American patriots of Revolutionary times, is found in a circular letter by Edward, earl of Derby. It bears date of 1547, and is to the effect that "hereafter all foot and light horse soldiers will appear in a red coat made in casock fashion."—St. Louis Republic.

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West Reynoldsville, June 17, 1895.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration on the estate of Michael Coffee, late of Reynoldsville, Jefferson county, Pa., have been granted to C. J. Kerr, of Reynoldsville, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the administrator, and those having claims against it will present them, properly probated, to him for settlement.
C. J. KERR, Administrator C. T. A. of M. Coffee Estate, Reynoldsville, Pa.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF Winslow School District for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT OF MONEY RECEIVED:
Rec'd from McCalhoun Td. \$ 5.01
State Appropriations 3,821.95
From John White, Co. Treas. 824.74
From Collector 4,003.49

Total Receipts \$8,655.19

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT MONEY PAID OUT:

To W. Reynoldsville Borough \$ 200.00
Build'g and Furnish'g Houses 936.34
Rents and Repairs 125.53
Teachers' Wages 4,734.25
School Text Books 200.00
Supplies and Stationery 33.35
Fuel and Contingencies 254.06
Salary of Secretary 50.00
Debt and Interest Paid 2,376.33
Other Expenses 115.45
Supplies 12.80
Auditor's Fees 6.00
Treasurer's Fees 186.69

Total Expenses \$8,529.71

Amount Due Treasurer \$125.48
Total Debt \$125.48

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