

THE ONE-STORY MAN.

There are holes in great profusion in this world we inhabit. And we're pretty sure to strike 'em wherever we navigate. There's the man who knew your brother in the days of long ago; There's the man whose mouth profane is forever on the bow; But they're blessings in comparison—I stand them very well— If you'll keep away the man with just one story he can tell!

For he always wants to tell it—that's the saddest part of all. And his story knows no season—Winter, Summer, Spring, or Fall. He can tell it just as poorly to a crowd as late-a-late; He will wake to tell it early and stay up to tell it late. He is callous to the chivings of the busy chestnut bell— He must tell it, for, alas! it's all the story he can tell!

Some sweet day some outraged human will relax his self-control. Then a horny-handed sexton must get out and dig a hole. In the soil amid the granite shafts that rear their heads on high. While we stifle wicked wishes that concern the by and by. Won't there be a mighty scramble for a chance to ring the knell Of this poor, deluded man with just one story he can tell? —S. W. Gillman, in Los Angeles Herald.

THE PLOT THAT FAILED AND WHY.

By RALPH ENDERBY.

"Mercy, Michael!—the last man I'd have thought of seeing in Liverpool. Where have you been all these years?" "Where have you been, Dick? I haven't roamed very far from Tat's Corner, but you!—why, nobody's heard a breath of you for the last six years or more."

One thing he did not know; that his friend was, behind his back, scheming to supplant him in Kitty's affections; using as his principal tool the girl's own father, Joshua Hazell; the drunkenest fisherman in all the fleet that sailed out of the little harbor of Tat's Corner.

Dick Corbett laughed recklessly, and looked at his one-time chum, Michael Fenwick, in—as the latter thought—a peculiarly defiant way. "No; they haven't; but, as that is my business, and not anybody's, I've been content, my son, to know that I've been 'sailing' in nearly every sea, and that now I'm chief mate of the fastest little fruit steam 'tramp' that trades between Liverpool and the Spanish ports."

Kitty's would-be lover played upon the old fisherman's weakness to such an extent that in a short time things seemed ripe for a declaration on his—Corbett's part.

"Who for—for you—Why!—what's pretty little Kitty about that she's letting you go to sea?" "Never mind Kitty, Dick!—I'm going to sea again, because things have been a bit rough round about Tat's Corner lately."

Fortunately, however, for Michael and his sweetheart, though disastrously for old Joshua, a storm that swept the whole of the west coast, was the means of defeating, for the time being, at any rate, Dick Corbett's mean and dastardly betrayal of his friend.

"Have you a vacancy for a 'forrad hand'?" "Who for—for you—Why!—what's pretty little Kitty about that she's letting you go to sea?"

Old Hazell, with many another deep sea fisherman, was drowned, almost within sight of land.

"Look here, old chap!" he said, with a show of good-natured frankness that quite deceived the other. "I don't want to poke my nose into your love affairs; I've lived out my soft side, and don't care a 'rope-yarn-end' for the trimmest petticoat that walks the earth. If you want a berth on the Erl King you can have it—I'm going aboard now; come along, and you can sign on, and finish the business."

By and by the fishing industry declined so, owing to the overwhelming increase in steam trawling, that Michael found it impossible to make a living even, while his prospects of marrying Kitty seemed more remote than ever.

"When do you sail?" asked Michael, as he went up the Erl King's gangway. "Day after tomorrow," returned the mate over his shoulder.

Then it was that he determined to go to sea for a year or two, leaving Tat's Corner with that object, without saying a word to Kitty, or, indeed, to Kitty's only mistake was, that she had not told Michael that she had guessed that Dick Corbett loved her; her excuse to herself being that no word had actually been spoken.

"You can write your letter here," he continued, "before you sign on. After that, for the sake of discipline, I can't say anything to you much in the daytime—but at night, middle watch sometimes, we'll have a chance for a 'palaver.'"

There were thus faults on both sides, the consequences of which might, with a little mutual confidence, have been averted.

"Yes, dear, I forgive you, for you have suffered most." "One more question, Kit." "Well, Michael?" "Dick Corbett—what of him?"

It was from the house surgeon of a large Liverpool hospital. "Michael Fenwick brought here on landing from Braga, Portugal. Is seriously ill. Wishes to see you."

"You shouldn't have come," he said, first looking round to see that there were no immediate listeners. "We shall cast off in less than 10 minutes." "I couldn't let you go without saying goodby, Michael."

At Tat's Corner Kitty Hazell sits, under the lee of some rocks on the beach, wearily mending her nets.

"What is it?" "Promise me you'll do what I've asked you in this!" As she spoke the last word she threw on board a piece of paper wrapped round something hard. It fell at his feet, and he picked it up on the instant, and put it in his pocket.

At that moment Corbett called him to do something, and when he looked round again the steamer was a hundred yards from the quay; all he could see being a little figure waving a white handkerchief.

but that he had also to fear his present enmity and perhaps violence.

At six bells, first watch, Michael was relieved, and before descending to the fo'-castle stood leaning on the rail, looking at the seething, rushing water.

SELL SOCIAL PRESTIGE.

A MARKETABLE COMMODITY NOT PECULIAR TO THE PRESENT.

The Intrinsic Value of Assured Position—People Ever Ready to Buy and Sell It—A Candid Offer from the West—Has It Already Been Taken Up?

Social ambition as a marketable commodity is not a stock in trade peculiar to the culture of the present day in New York. Mr. Declmus Junius Juvenalis used to poke satire at his fellow Romans for a falling they had of giving each advance in the "smart set" of Rome in days of Emperor Hadrian an intrinsic value, and the satirist has left the information for future generations to work on that the patricians took good care to draw on the persons they helped to social advancement in good stead of the realm.

England has furnished some spectacular instances of the intrinsic value of social position and the price of advancement in the fashionable ranks during the past few months. Just before the coronation of King Edward an advertisement appeared in a London newspaper in which a peer offered to sell his rights to whatever privileges his inheritance gave him in Westminster Abbey.

A collection of 800 elk's teeth was found not long ago by a trapper. He dug them out of the grave of a long-forgotten Indian chief in Idaho. The teeth are said to be valuable for mounting.

A strange advertising war has been in progress in New York City. One firm put up an elaborate sign, nearly a city block long, building for the purpose a fence estimated to contain over 2500 feet of lumber.

Among peasants of southern Italy, Sicily and Sardinia a curious malady has been noticed by physicians, which is caused by eating beans. One of the most remarkable effects of the malady is a species of intoxication resembling that produced by alcoholic drink.

There is in the Royal Museum in The Hague, Holland, a curious old document describing the adventures of Henry Hudson, a navigator in the service of the Dutch East India company. He it was who discovered the river to which he gave his name.

Perhaps the most remarkable bridges in the world are the kettle bridges in Russia and Siberia, of which Cossack soldiers are expert builders. They are built up of the soldiers' lances and cooking kettles.

A lady of undoubted refinement and good presence, also a good dresser, will pay \$5000 for a bona fide introduction into New York's Four Hundred. Only responsible persons need reply, as this is done in good faith.

It is not known whether or not the lady with a social bee in her bonnet got her expensive introduction. A carefully worded answer elicited no reply and no forged numbers were seen in the ranks of the Four Hundred during that season.

There is at first sight something pathetic in the advertisement which says that "a reduced gentleman" of the highest culture would act as chaperon or companion for young girls, or widows going abroad; but the reduced gentleman is legion and does not hesitate to dilate on her social advancement.

A refined woman, dignified presence, agreeable disposition, wishes position as chaperon, companion to society woman, leading actress or invalid; accustomed to society here and in Europe; has had court presentation; is good linguist, reader and amanuensis; capable household manager; highest credentials. A. C.

In view of the frequent deaths following the eating of some kinds of raw smoked fish, the Academy of St. Petersburg offers 7500 rubles in prizes for the best treatises on fish poison.

ciety such as the following one out of the wet, breezy, and candid:

A Colorado banker, highest standing, wishes motherless daughter, 18 charming, educated abroad, introduced into best New York society; confidential arrangement desired with lady undoubted position; willing to launch her.

Now this appears to be the honest expression of some one who yearns for the "smara set" and cannot master, or has not the patience, more likely, to master the long initiation that prefaces advancement to the fashionable front in the conventional way.

All of which goes to prove once again that assured social position has an intrinsic value and that there are plenty of people who are ready to buy this sort of goods when it comes guaranteed.—New York Post.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

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They could get more people to drink coffee. They said that there had been so much talk about coffee hurting the nerves that the business, unlike almost every other business in these prosperous times, had been on the decrease.

The Story of Spooks. Spooks is a very black kitten belonging to a little girl who has to stay in the house all the time, or at least, for a good many months, until the hip that hurts so much gets well.

One cold morning when papa went to the door to get the bread the baker leaves every day, there, cuddled up to the warm loaf as closely as possible, was a tiny black kitten, too weak and cold even to say "mew."

Papa brought it in and showed it to Alice—that was the little girl's name—and said, "Here is both bread and meat. Do you want it?"

It just looked at Alice with two solemn eyes, as much as to say, "You know you need something to play with when the days are so long; I know you are a gentle little girl and will not be rough with me." Mamma said a black cat brings good luck. So the kitten was taken into the kitchen and given some warm milk.

But the poor kitten was quite sick. Alice felt very sorry and said, "Oh, mamma, won't you give it some chloroform or something like that? I think it would be better for it to die than to suffer so. But mamma gave it a big dose of olive oil and in a day or two it was much better and began to wash itself; then it played a little, and Alice didn't feel a bit lonely any more."

After the kitten was there a few weeks, papa said: "I wonder if it wouldn't sit up when it is fed." Papa used to give her just a little meat every evening. Spooks was very fond of papa, because he was very gentle and played with her; and then, as I said before, he fed her. He just propped Spooks up against the wall a time or two, then she knew what was wanted of her. After that she sat up whenever she wanted anything or thought she wanted it, for she found out it had great effect.

Then one time papa took a sheet of newspaper and tore out the center. He held a small bit of meat in front of it, and Spooks jumped through the paper after it. Papa did that two or three times; then Spooks would jump through without the meat.

But I must tell you another funny thing Spooks did. Alice used to practice an hour nearly every day. At first when Spooks heard the piano she was very much frightened. After a while she got used to it and would go to sleep in Alice's lap while she played.

One night Alice and her papa and mamma were entertaining some friends and were taking tea in the dining room which is off the parlor. When there is any company at the house, Spooks likes to employ everybody's attention. When they were at tea the kitten was forgotten. Do you know what she did? She jumped on the piano and walked up and down the keys three or four times. When mamma rushed into the parlor to see what was the matter, there was Spooks sitting on the keys, crouched to make a spring as she always did when she wanted a romp.

I forgot to tell you that she was growing into a very beautiful, glossy, sleek-looking cat. When she sat before the open fireplace, she looked like one of the cats on those sofa cushions that were in the shop windows just before Christmas. Then Alice would grab her and squeeze her rapturously. Miss Kitty would get vexed at that, and the stately way she used to walk out of the room would have done credit to a tragedy actress.

Alice had a little girl friend who was a great admirer of Spooks. She used to watch the kitten with envy in her heart and wish so much that she owned her.

Well, one day she did something very naughty. She went to see Alice. Alice was feeling quite ill and was in bed. Alice's mamma let the little girl in, but did not pay much attention to her, as she came in very often. She let her in, then went to look after Alice.