

HIS \$100,000 BANK ACCOUNT.

What happened when a Capitalist suddenly met his Bank's Paying Teller. A paying teller of a down town bank tells an interesting story of a Cuban experience of his. "I shall never forget," he said, "how I nearly sent a man into fits one day last winter, all because I met him unexpectedly."

"I had been planning a little jaunt down to Cuba for some time. As it was doubtful when I should be able to get away from the bank I said nothing about it to my friends or the bank's customers. I had been instrumental in getting a good sized account for the bank—one of those \$100,000 ones that are hard to pick up nowadays and worth quite a good deal of money to us. I knew the head of this concern, and, in fact, had got the account through him. He told me when he gave it to me that he was in a hurry to get it fixed satisfactorily because he was about to go to Cuba."

"As soon as I was able to get away I sailed for Havana. I staid in the island nearly a month, having a most delightful time and keeping one eye open for my friend or our new account. I was just about ready to start for home when I met him, quite by chance, in one of the Havana shops. When he saw me he jumped back about five feet, as if he had been shot from out of a gun."

"God bless my soul—you here?" he said. "Why, what?" He seemed struck all in a heap. "You here? Good heavens! I had to laugh, and laugh hard at that. For I know what was troubling him. He was thinking of that \$100,000 balance, and worrying about it—a little. You see, as I was the paying teller of the bank, the thought naturally flashed through his mind that I had skipped through the bank's funds and a large slice of his hundred thousand."

"Of course, as soon as he saw me laugh and his excitement had cooled down a little he began to see the fun of the thing and that he and the bank were safe, after all. We found out we were going home on the same steamer and ten minutes later we walked over to the American consul's office together and got our passports fixed. And we had a jolly time of it back on the boat."

New York World.

Great Men and the Presidency.

There is nothing more pathetic in our history than the successive disappointments of great men in the matter of the presidency. They have dedicated their lives to the service of the country with the belief that their labors would surely bring them what they earned, but after all their endeavors, they have been disappointed and the prize has gone to men of inferior merits, as if in contempt of the rules of justice and propriety. There is no way to explain this curious irony of destiny. We only know that it is a part of the established order of things, and no man is great enough to be exempt from it.

In a sense, men of superior ability are always at a disadvantage, by reason of the envy that they provoke and the hostility that they excite, but this should not be sufficient to deprive them of what rightfully belongs to them, as the presidency certainly has rightfully belonged to a number of men who have not been able to obtain it.

The tendency of such a form of government as ours should be to reward public men according to their true deserts and to keep the highest office filled with the best examples of current greatness, but the truth is that it does not thus justify itself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Duchess and Fairies.

An old fishwife, one of the order thus was more frequently seen a dozen years ago than today, and who ran about bareheaded in a very brief tartan petticoat, with a creel of fish upon her shoulders, had been often promised by an ally in the servants' hall that she should some time see the young duchess in her own home. She was therefore posted out for a tall, willow form, clad in simple homespun, with a sailor hat poised lightly on a dainty head, such as she saw when she trudged to the rear of the castle with her creel, and that she would not have the tiara and satin train at any cost.—Madame.

"The duchess!" she repeated in the shrill tones of supreme disdain. "Dinna ye try for to make me believe my ain jolly was there. I saw a muckle braw wive tricked out in shining stones and feathers, each with her mon by her side, but my bonnie duchess wana' wi' them. Na, na, dinna ye try for to mak me believe that."

It then transpired that she was looking out for a tall, willow form, clad in simple homespun, with a sailor hat poised lightly on a dainty head, such as she saw when she trudged to the rear of the castle with her creel, and that she would not have the tiara and satin train at any cost.—Madame.

Trick in Making Change.

A curious incident occurred in a Paris restaurant the other day. A high official, happening to be in the Montmartre district about dinner time, walked into a restaurant frequented much by foreigners, and took his dinner there, his bill amounting to 8 francs. When calling the waiter to pay for his meal, he handed him a 20 franc goldpiece, which the waiter put into his mouth, as is the custom of the Paris waiters. Making change, he only gave him 2 francs. The gentleman looked up and said: "Beg your pardon, I want 12 francs and not 2 francs." "I excuse me, sir," said the waiter. "You gave me a 10 franc piece, didn't you?" And therewith he took from between his lips a smaller gold coin, showing it to the gentleman. The official, considerably wrought up for being taken for a fool, without any warning gave the waiter such a slap in the face that the 20 franc piece given him fell out of his mouth and rolled across the room. The gentleman got his change, and purposely forgot to tip the waiter, who had received quite a setback by the "striking" argument of the guest.—Paris Letter.

The Man Who Hunts Freaks.

"Fair, I've got a dwarf cow. It only weighs 245 pounds and is no bigger than a large dog. It came from the west in a load of common cattle, and though it ain't much of an abnormality, yet it serves in the summer season. Dwarf animals with a bit of fixing and a romance stuck on them of some sort make fair attractions. They are easier to handle than giants and require less keep."

"Do you get many human freaks?" "A good human freak is worth a great deal now. It can be anything abnormal, no matter how disgusting it is. That's the way the public runs. Take a woman with a horse's mane last week down in Pennsylvania, and she is booked for a number of places. But there are others like her, so that detracts from her value. Something must be unique before high money is paid. I've got an attraction that will make the public's eyes bulge if I can only book it. It's a young boy with a long, hairy tail, just like a dog's. Boys want to come, you know, but the old man, who is a pious old farmer, won't let him. He'll come round, though, before long."

"How do you keep track of all these things?" "I have friends all over, and keep a good eye on the newspapers. I'm going from here to Texas. There's a girl down there that's a wonder. Electric two headed girl. That's square. One head is white and the other black, and she's full of sparks. She could run a whole trolley system, they tell me. Say, don't go away. That's on the level. Just watch the papers. You'll hear of her. She's the greatest thing I've struck in a dog's age."—Buffalo Express.

Railroad Car Wheels.

It perhaps is not generally known to the traveling public that most of the wheels used on railroad coaches on the Central railroad are made in Germany. Some English and American wheels are in use, but for the heavy coaches and sleepers the German wheels are generally used. These wheels are manufactured at Essen by Krupp, the great ironmaster and maker of big guns. The standard size is 36 inches in diameter, although many 33 inches in diameter are in use. The German wheel differs from the English wheel in that the body of the wheel is of solid iron, while the English wheel has short spokes. There are fewer bolts in the German wheel than in others, and therefore less chance for anything to shake loose.

Case of Red Nose.

It is stated by The Popular Health Magazine of this city that "redness of the nose" is caused by indigestion, not interperance. The remedy, it is stated, is to "abstain from overindulgences in fat and sweets." This dictum will be appreciated by many worthy people whose noses are unduly rosy. For years they have been misjudged by irrelevant doctors who did not scruple to ascribe the nasal tint to excessive imbibitions. Now science comes to their relief. It is "fats and sweets" that make the trouble, causing indigestion, which produces a rise of blood to the nose. Some persons given to alcoholic stimulants do indeed have red noses, but the redness is stomatic, not alcoholic. The "frewater" may "burn out one's coppers," and thus indirectly produce the luminous proboscis, but its owner is now in a position to assert that it is an error to say "drinking did it."—Baltimore Sun.

IT WILL COME BACK.

The Return of the Bustle on Edict of Fashion. Announcement has been made that the bustle is to be revived. In its incipient stages it has already appeared. The obnoxious little accessory of woman's toilet, which for the past five years has been in disuse, is no longer to be ignored. A premonition of the renewed interest in the formidable little pads which supplied nature's deficiencies was given when padded hips came in.

Up to Date Advertising.

Two recent new things in window displays have been seen in New York—one, a man wearing the costume that is the trademark of a brand of cigarettes sitting in the window and smoking cigarettes; the other, a man wearing a fancy coat with lace at the sleeves, and a paper crown, and a false nose, sitting in the window of a Broadway tailor shop sewing on a coat.

Millionaires at Golf.

Members of the Dobbs Ferry (N. Y.) Millionaire club are about to organize a new golf club to be known as the Ardley Golf club. They will also build a \$25,000 clubhouse on the grounds now being laid out for a golf course, five miles long, costing about \$350,000. It will be the finest course in the world. Among those interested in the club are George Livermore, John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Edwin Gould and other millionaires.

TO MAN AND HELPER.

THE MEANING OF A FAMILIAR ITEM WELL KNOWN TO WOMEN.

How Sam Patched the Wall Paper and Fan Acted as Helper—Adam and His Agricultural Pursuits in the Garden of Eden Painted by a Modern Eve.

That too familiar item on our plumb-line bills, "To man and helper," is expressive of so much in our daily domestic relations that one almost forgives the plumber the gift of the phrase.

"I'll patch up that paper on the wall; you leave it," says Sam. And then Sam appears on a day when you are in the thick of some particularly absorbing household task and he says: "I've come up early to mend that paper, and if you'll just make some paste for me, please, I'll get it done." You sigh, but do please, I'll get it done. If it is early in your married life, that that will be all. Presently, however, there is a demand for rags, stepladder, pail and wheel-broom. These also you get out and return to your work.

"Fan," calls Sam, "where have you hid the broom? It was in the toolbox right in the left hand corner, and it is gone. Some one must have taken it." Again you leave your task and go up stairs or down stairs to the place whence cometh the plaint and behold the brush quite in the visible neighborhood of the broom, but it is not the broom, and you return to your own work. You have barely begun again, when Sam appears at the door: "Where can I find a box, so that I can put some boards across on which to stand the stepladder?" You think a minute, and you know that the only box available is one filled with odds and ends of needless kitchen things, but you resignedly lay them all out on the floor and give Sam the box, catching at the same moment a look which reveals that he is about to ask you for the broom. There are only two you for the broom on the premises, and those form a walk in the backyard. Still they can be taken up, and they are—but it entails vigorous brushing and cleansing. Then for a time Sam vanishes, and all is serene, but not for long. There are a clatter of boards and a lot of odds and ends, which you ignore, until, finding that it is not a day for taking hints, Sam calls again, "Fan, will you please come and steady this thing, or I'll break my neck." Of course you go, and of course you find that he has not already broken it. You get odds and ends of things together to steady it up and strengthen his rickety scaffolding, and then you sit on a step with your head up between the boards to steady the ladder, except when you vary it by handling a pasty rag, or a brush, or a match for his pipe. Then is the time you say, "To man and helper, three hours seem to be a long time."

New Labor Proposition.

Count Herbert Bismarck has lately been stamping Prussian Saxony in the interests of the agrarians. In one of his speeches he defended the grain bill drafted by Count Kunitz and in another speech he came out in favor of the protective tariff and the introduction of an eight hour day upon all of the imperial docks and wharves, to go into effect April 1, 1896.

A Candidate for Statehood.

Oklahoma is the latest candidate for admission into the Union, a statehood convention having been called to meet early in December. As Oklahoma's population is 250,000 or more and she now has an assessed valuation of \$30,000,000, she would make a much more creditable state than either Arizona or New Mexico. If the Creek, Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations should join in the movement, as it is intimated they may, thus throwing state lines around the Indian Territory, her claim would be irresistible.—Chicago Tribune.

His Strange Mission.

Henry Shull, an old and wealthy farmer living near Auburn, Ind., has just left for Montana on a strange mission. Several days ago he had a vivid dream, in which was pictured the exact spot where some miners, pursued by Indians, had buried a large amount of gold. At first the old gentleman paid no attention to the dream, but the memory of it clung to him so tenaciously that he at last made up his mind to investigate the matter and set his mind at rest.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Novelty Agency.

For president, Senator William Eastman Chandler, Platform, Down with the Prince of Wales.—Chicago Record.

people, and the commerce of the world. For it was every man's business whose name has engraved the history. It was ratified and great a secure effect, as no other went into effect in a free country, against the desires and the judgment, and the crossing of the people, by the power and influence of George Washington.

From the year of its ratification began American commerce. New ship yards were constructed, and a fleet of American merchantmen was sent upon the seas. In the harbors of Great Britain and all the continental nations of Europe and in the ports of the orient appeared this strange flag, under which the merchants and the traders of the world began to discover that there sailed a new, most enterprising and most adventurous recruit to the ranks of the trade and the commerce of the world. Through the gateway but partly opened by the Jay treaty came a volume of trade which liberalized the laws and broke down the time honored restrictions of the centuries. While Europe felt the influence in a hundred ways, and most beneficially, of the American addition to her maritime sea, on the other hand, started upon that career of commerce with the world and internal trade with ourselves which, in a century, has outstripped the achievements of the ages. The figures of American commerce from 1793 to 1893 are remarkable mathematics. They make mathematicians shudder, and they make poetry mathematicians.

Such a brief outline of the story to be commemorated on the 10th of December. It should appeal to every American body in the United States. At the time the seed was planted which each of them has the growth. It should be recognized as the origin of American commerce and the creation of the conditions under which every honest trader and chamber of commerce exists in the United States today. Chancellor M. De Pree in New York Sun.

OLD UNCLE TOM.

The Original of Mrs. Stowe's Novel Almost Reduced to Starvation. George Harris, the old negro who is the original Uncle Tom in Mrs. Stowe's "Cabin," is living in Lexington, Ky., at 57 Race street, in a destitute condition. He is very feeble. His condition is pitiable, but not proud to beg, and some of his days without food. In an interview he said that he had been living on 3 cents a day. The negroes, for whose freedom he worked for years, do not appreciate his labors in their behalf. They have made no effort to save him from starvation, and were it not for a few white friends he would starve to death.—New York Recorder.

TO THE NORTH POLE.

Professor Dyche Proposes to Follow the West Coast of Greenland. Professor L. L. Dyche of the Kansas University who recently returned from a trip to the far north with the Peary expedition, says that he has received an offer and has practically decided to go again in quest of the north pole. Professor Dyche does not say who has offered to assist him, but it is supposed that the American museum, under whose auspices he did the expedition, has something to do with it. He asserts that nearly every previous expedition has failed solely through lack of a proper food supply. He hopes to have supplies in unlimited quantities and does not fear the cold.

SCHLATTER'S MAGIC ROD.

Discovery by His Host That Has Set the Country Talking. Francis Schlatter, the healer, deviated from his course and stopped the night at a house at Los Tijeros, a small Colorado village, and while he was asleep his host made a discovery that has set the whole country talking. The healer carries a case about 3 feet long, and it has been reported that in it is a rifle. The host, prompted by curiosity, examined it and found that it contained a copper rod 3 feet long and weighing 39 pounds. It was bright and shining, and as he could not imagine what possible use it could be for the host asked Schlatter in the morning. The healer appeared much disturbed at the question, and finally stated that an extraordinary looking man, evidently an angel of God, met him on the road-way, handed him the rod and cautioned him to preserve and carry it until the Father told him to discard it, at the same time requesting him to say nothing about it, because it would displeas the Father. But the host had already told a neighbor.

Country Talking.

It is supposed by the people of Los Tijeros that the rod is magic, and that with it wonderful cures are effected, or a life is saved. Schlatter treated 200 persons there before he departed on his way south.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Country Talking.

Pursuant to a decree of the court of Prince William county, Va., over 350 acres of Yorkshire tract belonging to the McLean estate and lying on both sides of Bull Run and adjoining Blackburn's farm, have been sold at public auction. The sale attracted a large number of the owners of Bull Run battlefield. One of the purchasers is the son of Major Wilcox McLean, who resided upon the property at the beginning of the war, and in whose house at Appomattox the terms of surrender between Lee and Grant were drawn, and thus it was said by Major McLean that the war began and ended in his house.

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"One of the most beautiful and at the same time one of the most terrifying sights I ever saw," said another member of the group, a veteran of the war, "was down in Arkansas in 1862. I was drilling my regiment one summer afternoon, when a sudden thunder shower came up. The men had bayonets fixed, and as we started for camp were carrying our muskets at a right shoulder shift. Suddenly there began at the tips of those bayonets the most marvellous electrical display I had ever seen. The lightning played about them, dancing, rolling, leaping from one to another, as if it hugely enjoyed the frolic. For an instant I thought the whole company would be struck down, and the men themselves were badly frightened. No one was hurt or even shocked by the brilliant display.—New York Sun.

THE BORE WAS SHOCKED.

A Blunt Letter That Reached Him From the Interior Department.

The following anecdote is related of Judge Cox, who was once secretary of the interior: There is a class of people, and a large one, who find pleasure in corresponding with the departments on trivial subjects and prolong the correspondence indefinitely. A gentleman, these persistent specimens who wrote to the interior department. Although replies were made to his inquiries, he always returned to the front with another unimportant question. His case became a subject of conversation among the clerks, and at luncheon one day some one referred to Mr. Jones' ability as a letter writer.

"If I had my way," said a clerk, "I'd soon put an end to his nonsense."

"How would you do it?" "Why, I'd write him a letter like this," and he wrote as follows:

Dear Mr. Jones—Your letter of the 9th inst. received. In reply I would say that your intellectual capacities are rather inferior to those of a low-class colt. I am tired of your letters, and will not write again. I remain, yours respectfully.

THE ANXIETIES OF BERGARY.

"If you want a real sensation," suggested an old convict, "just break into a house and wait until you hear a door open or the stairs creaking as some one steals down and leans. Who's there? Perhaps accompanying the question with the click of a revolver being cocked. If you can keep your head then and your knees don't give way under you, you're a hero. Funny thing it is, too, how sometimes nothing duries you and other times the slightest sound knocks you all to pieces. Once I was disturbed when at work in the dark and heard two or three people starting down stairs into the hall. Quickly I pulled a curtain around me, and as they stood peering about them with a light I was looking straight at 'em. Do you know all that time I never turned a hair, and was as calm and collected as I am now. I never saw 'em for at that moment there was a scratching at the front door and they cried out: 'Why, it's poor little Billie! He's been shut out, and is trying to get in.'—London News.

On the Trump in Spain.

This day was a hard one. I said goodbye to Sabina and took another look at Girona, big leaved old Paracuellos. I trampet along green gullies and bare hillsides. I discovered and ransacked two or three nameless pueblos. I scaled and elbowed my way round mountain ledges which would have struck terror into the marrow of any one but a Swiss guide. I crossed ten skeleton bridges spring high in air over the Janon and found my way through the semidarkness of seven long tunnels.

LIGHTNING.

A Frolic That Was Resented if It Whipped and Hurt No One. "Speaking of lightning rods," said an army officer, "when I was at West Point, old Hank Kennick, our professor of chemistry, electricity and so forth, used to give us an expert lesson with lightning rods, which is the only thing I recollect in connection with them. He had a battery rigged up to furnish the lightning. Then he had a house of black, a nice two story house painted white, with green shutters. On this house was a lightning rod, a miniature affair, made like the ordinary lightning rod of commerce. He would make a few remarks in the necessity of having the rod properly connected with the ground, explaining that wet earth or water connecting directly with the earth was the very best. Then he would make a ground connection of this kind as a rifle. The host, prompted by curiosity, examined it and found that it contained a copper rod 3 feet long and weighing 39 pounds. It was bright and shining, and as he could not imagine what possible use it could be for the host asked Schlatter in the morning. The healer appeared much disturbed at the question, and finally stated that an extraordinary looking man, evidently an angel of God, met him on the road-way, handed him the rod and cautioned him to preserve and carry it until the Father told him to discard it, at the same time requesting him to say nothing about it, because it would displeas the Father. But the host had already told a neighbor.

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