A CONJURER'S TALE OF WOE.

Confederate Produced a Handful of Change Instead of a Marked Dollar.

Carl Hertz, the illusionist, was talking of some of the accidents that sometimes spoil the art of the conjurer.

"It was in Nashville," he said, "that I experienced a real knock down blow. I was performing the well known trick of passing a marked coin into the center of an uncut orange; at least that's what a good many people thought I was doing. I used a silver dollar, and emphasized the trick by passing the coin into the pocket of some boy whom I had enticed on to the stage.

"I will openly confess that the boy had to be a confederate, and that the marked dollar had its fellow in one previously prepared by me. One night, as I was entering the theater, I looked around for a likely youth to aid me in my double dealing. I picked a bdy and promised to pass him in if he would follow my instructions.

"'I am a conjurer,' I said. 'I want you to put this dollar in your right hand trousers pocket. I'll get you a seat in the front row. When I ask for somebody to come on the stage, you must come. Then I will ask you to produce the dollar.'

"The boy promised everything, and, after making arrangements for him at the door, I left him. When I was ready for the dollar trick, I saw my young confederate sitting open mouthed in the front row. I had prevailed upon another member of the audience to lend me a dollar marked exactly as was that I had given to the boy.

"I passed that borrowed dollar into the orange, cut the fruit open, and out dropped the coin. Then I went on:

"'And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will perform a still more difficult feat. I have passed that dollar into an orange. Now I will ask some member of the audience to step on the stage, and, without going anywhere near him, I will pass the same dollar, marked, as you have seen, into his right hand trousers pocket.'

"True to his bargain, the boy stepped to the stage. I stepped opposite him and asked:

"'Now, sir, have you ever seen me before?'

"'No, sir,' was the answer.

"'I have here a dollar,' I continued. 'I am going to pass it into your right hand trousers pocket. One—two—three—go!'

"I made the proper magician's pass and smiled confidently upon my audience.

"'Now,' I said to my assistant, 'put your hand into your right hand trousers pocket and give me the dollar.'

"The boy looked a bit sheepish, but he dived his fist down. Then, to my unutterable horror, he produced a handful of silver and said:

"'I've only got 90 cents of it left, sir.'

"I went out in a hurry and took a drink."—New York Times.

A MAN FOR AN EMERGENCY.

Surprising Experience In a Car of a Boy Who Was Headstrong.

A poorly dressed woman with a boy about 9 years old boarded one of the Union Trolley company's cars in White Plains avenue recently. There was no vacant seat, and she grubbed a strap in front of a young man and prepared to hang on. The young man got up and tipped his hat to her. Quick as a flash the boy dropped her hand and leaped into the seat on his knees, taking care to wipe his muddy feet on the clothing of the passengers on either side. The young man looked first at the woman, for whom he intended the seat, and then at the boy. The woman shook her head and said:

"Poor boy! I guess he's tired. He can have it, sir."

The young man looked from one to the other again. He shifted about uneasily for a moment. The other passengers in the car giggled. That decided him. Holding to a strap with one hand, he reached for the boy with the other and got him by the nape of the neck. He lifted him clear of the seat and held him dangling and kicking in the air. The woman was about to protest. Then she thought better of it and sat down in the vacant seat.

"Madam," said the young man, throwing the boy at her, "here is your boy."

"Thank you, sir," she said. "He is a bit headstrong, it's true, sir."

The boy looked astonished. He whimpered a little. The woman patted him on the head, and there wasn't a peep heard from him from that time until the Harlem bridge was reached and the crowd got out.—New York Sun.

The Mullein Plant.

We stopped to look at the downy content of that sober plant, the mullein. Many plants had the central leaves folded continuously one about another until a sort of large, gray green bud was formed, and in one of these buds a bee was taking an afternoon nap, snugly sheltered from the air, which was growing somewhat chilly. We thought that any prudent insect might find a comfortable winter home by asking the mullein to open its velvet leaves just a little and then to fold them tightly around the wanderer! And while we were speaking a bluebottle fly went humming past us, as if to say he had no mind yet to be asking shelter of anyone!—Edith M. Thomas in St. Nicholas.

Artificial Eggs Barred.

"I wish to say," shouted that eminent tragedian, Mr. Barnes Tormer, "that the fiend who threw that china egg and knocked me breathless is nothing but a brute, with the instincts of an assassin. I am inured to ordinary expressions of disapproval, but this is more than flesh and blood can bear!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Has Doubts About It.

The Bachelor—It's easier to break things than to make them.

The Engaged Young Man (dubiously)—I don't know about that.—Philadelphia Record.

Huxley's Wife.

When the Rattlesnake was in Sydney harbor, the officers were invited to a ball, and young Huxley among the number. There for the first time he met his future wife, whose parents resided at Sydney. A few days after they were engaged, and the ship sailed for the Tower straits to complete the survey of the north coast of Australia, all communication being cut off for months at a time, and then she returned direct to England. After that brief acquaintance (not, I believe, longer than a fortnight) it was seven years before the lovers saw one another. At the end of this time, on Huxley's appointment to the School of Mines, he was in a position to claim his bride and welcome her to their first home in St. John's Wood. He often used to say that to engage the affections of a young girl under these circumstances, knowing that he would have to leave her for an indefinite time, and with only the remotest prospect of ever marrying, was an act most strongly to be reprobated, and he often held it out as a warning to his children never to do anything of the kind, and yet they all married young and all happily.

Huxley's love at first sight and constancy during those seven long years of separation were richly rewarded, for it is impossible to imagine a pair more thoroughly suited.—North American Review.

The Fighting Swiss.

The year 1512 saw the Swiss mercenaries at the zenith of their power, when waving Austria and France alike away from Milan, they installed therein the ruler of their own choice. In the same year they met the Landsknechts at the passage of the Oglio and Ticino, and, fording the rivers stark naked, beat them back without waiting even to dress themselves. A few months later they showed even more magnificent insolence when besieged by the French in Novara; throwing the gates open, they begged the enemy not to be at the pains of making a breach, but to walk straight in, "Donnez-vous donc la peine d'entrer." The French made no reply, except to hammer away with their artillery, whereupon the Swiss mockingly hung the breeches with sheets as sufficient protection against so feeble a foe. Shortly after arrived re-enforcements from Switzerland, which, without pausing to rest more than an hour after a long and hurried march, dashed out in disorder against the encompassing troops and dispersed them with terrible loss. "If we could only reckon upon obedience in our men," said the Swiss leaders, "we should march through the whole of France."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Hitchcock—Wilmot.

The Anglo-Saxon suffixes "kin" and "cock" were used as diminutive or endearing forms of personal names, just as the Normans used the suffixes "et," "ot," "en" and "on." Thus from Hitch, itself a diminutive of Richard, we get the surnames Hitchkin, Hitchcock, Hitchens and Hitchison. Any common baptismal name affords a number of such variants, which became fixed as patronymics or surnames. There are, for example, at least 15 different forms of William available for that purpose.

English forms: William, giving Williams, Williamson, MacWilliam, Fitzwilliam; Will, giving Wills, Wilson; Bill, giving Bilson; Willy, giving Willison.

Anglo-Saxon forms: Wilkin, giving Wilkie, Wilkins, Wilkinson; Gilkin, giving Gilkinson; Wilcock, giving Wilcox.

Norman forms: Guillaume, giving the surname Gillom; Guillamot, giving Gillamot; Guillon, giving Gillon; Guillot, giving Gillot, Gillotson; Gill, giving Gilson, McGill; Willett, giving Willet; Williamot, giving Wilmot; Willen, giving Willan, Willing.—New York Times.

Vegetarians Use Fleshly Names.

Vegetarian restaurants are by degrees giving up the use of such titles for their dishes as convey the idea of a meat diet, but they still find the word "steak" indispensable. Otherwise their bill of fare is much improved and of a more inviting character than it used to be. "Indian broth" reads well on a cold December day, and "braised onion with tomatoes" appeals to many. But what is "vegetable turkey?"

It seems to be rather a confession of weakness to be dependent on the animal world for names wherewith to invest the various preparations of vegetables, cereals and fruits. To America they owe many forms of succulent and tempting food, such as fried corn, maize with plums and pineapple pudding made from the tinned fruit. The use of cheese, forbidden by some of the strictest followers of vegetarianism, enables the caterers to offer such savory dishes as welsh rabbit, cheese fritters and custards, and the odors that are emitted are of the most savory and appetizing description.—London News.

An Error About Cats.

An error about cats, and a truly vulgar one, is that they lie on young children's breasts and suck their breath or suffocate them. Cats like to lie on the breast of a person they love, and are apt to show their happiness by now and then lifting their heads for a kiss or gently touching the face or neck above them with their paw; this sort of patting or stroking a beloved cheek or throat is one of the more human habits which dogs have not. Seeing one of our cats lying on her master's chest when he was asleep on the sofa, I understood how the notion had taken root; then, too, cats are luxurious and fond of warmth, and may sometimes share a baby's crib or cradle for that reason, as dogs certainly do.—Temple Bar.

Little Worth.

Harry—I cannot offer you wealth, Marie; my brains are all the fortune I possess.

Marie—Oh, Harry, if you are as badly off as that I'm afraid papa will never give his consent.—Strand Magazine.

MAGIC OF THE WOODS

What Hunters Say About the Spell of an Otter's Eyes.

By the Adirondack woodsmen about the banks of the West Canada creek the otter is regarded as quite as difficult to trap in any kind of contrivance. There are fewer stories about the creature's intelligence, as the animals are seldom have not been so much observed as have the foxes.

There has been, and perhaps is, an otter that for six years anyhow, and perhaps longer, has traveled down the creek winter and summer about every two weeks. In the winter it left a running, sliding trail in the snow on the ice, seldom leaving the creek bed to go into a cove or overland for a dozen or 15 rods. In summer weather it fished and caught frogs in the coves of the flats. A good many shots have been fired at it and a lot of traps set for it, but none was ever successful. It is believed by woodsmen that the otters, like the bell divers, loons, mink and others, dodge shot or ball. I saw this otter once some years ago in the summer time, and while only one feature of the animal is distinct in my mind. I do not recollect any other wild animal so well. The body was a glimmer of black in waving swaying grass. Even the head is a hurly, rusty gray shadow, a sort of background for the two eyes.

I have seen deers when they were standing still looking at me, have looked at squirrels, rabbits, partridges, foxes and other wild animals alarmed by my presence, but their forms, rather than their eyes, are more or less distinct. In fact, the eyes seem secondary in the mind pictures, except in the case of the otter. It seems to me that the otter did not merely look at me; it was more as if it looked into me, the same as the sensation one has when some one—a man or woman—"reads your innermost thoughts." These eyes were large and full rounded, dark brown with a shimmer of light gray skating across and around the center, and with a lively beauty as different from the dead beauty of a deer's full eye. It sent precisely such chills up and down my back as dark human eyes have done. It was a tense, particular look, and not the general gaze of a bird or other animal. The otter, I think, hypnotized me, for I did not shoot, although my impression is that we looked at one another for a minute or two.—Forest and Stream.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN IN CHINA.

He Would Have Been Likely to Get Himself Into Trouble.

One dark evening I was returning home from a call on one of our English neighbors in Taiyuenfu. When not far from our compound, the road crossed an open space of several acres in extent. As I was finding my way along by the rather dim light of a Chinese lantern I nearly stumbled over the body of a man who had fallen by the way. My first impulse was to take hold of the person and ascertain if help was needed, but for some reason I did not, but hurried home to get aid. Mr. X. was still with us and on hearing my statement said:

"Yes, I know. The man is dead, and it is fortunate that you did not attempt to touch the body. Should we now try to remove it or even to go to it we should no doubt be seen and at once suspicion would attach itself to us, and none could tell the consequences. We might cause a riot before morning."

It should be said that this suspicion would not have been because we were foreigners, for a native under similar circumstances would likewise have run the risk of being charged with the murder. The good Samaritan would have fared hardly in China, or most likely would have been suspected of doing the kind deed for some ultimate gain, while the priest and the Levite would have been accounted not hard hearted, but prudent.—Professor C. M. Cady in Century.

Parrots I Have Known.

It is very curious to observe the peculiar way in which these birds learn their lessons. When a fresh word is being acquired, at first (though not always) the word is enunciated, and the parrot will constantly repeat it just like a child practicing a lesson, becoming perfect by degrees. Then, when quite mastered, the word is put away, as it were, at the back of its memory, to be brought forward when required, two or three years sometimes elapsing before the occasion arises. Some easy words it is found quite useless to endeavor to teach the bird; for instance, for years the words "Thank you" have been said to her when giving her food, but she never has once uttered them on receiving it. On one occasion though, on seeing some delicacy being given to the cat, she remarked in a reproving voice, "Thank you." "Good morning" and "Good night" are constantly said at the proper times, but a heavy London fog perplexes her; she hesitates which to say sometimes, ending the matter on a dark morning by remarking, "Good night."—Chambers' Journal.

The Minister's Furnace Fire.

Plumbers tell some laughable stories about people who don't know how to run furnaces and steam heating plants. "We put in a furnace for a minister once," says an Auburn plumber, "and the next day he came down and kicked about it. He said that it wouldn't burn, and he either wanted it taken out or put in working order right away. I went up and after examining the chimney carefully I looked into the furnace. What do you suppose the trouble was? Well, sir, the minister had been trying to heat the house by building a fire in the ash box."—Lewiston Journal.

Alarmed For His Safety.

The Professor's Wife—The professor is in the laboratory conducting some chemical experiments. The professor expects to go down to posterity—

(From the laboratory) Br-r-r-r- bang!

The Visitor—I hope the professor hasn't gone.—Harlem Life.

Manuscripts by Dickens.

What have become of the manuscripts of Dickens' earlier works? Some light is thrown on the question in Mr. Shooling's paper in The Strand. The manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend" was given, as is well known, by the author to his friend Mr. Dallas, and subsequently bought by Mr. Childs, the publisher, of Philadelphia. The manuscript of "Pickwick" was, Miss Georgina Hogarth states, never preserved in its entirety, though stray fragments have turned up, and are dispersed about the world, but it was not given by its author to any one. "I don't think," adds Miss Hogarth, "he attached much importance to his manuscripts in those early days." Portions of the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist" figure among the numerous interesting facsimiles which accompany the article. They are taken from a fragment of the manuscript still remaining, which begins with the twelfth chapter and ends with what is now called the forty-third chapter, "where it is shown how the Artful Dodger got into trouble." "Oliver Twist" was written in a much larger hand than were most of the later works. The manuscript shows some notable variations. The manuscript of "Nicholas Nickleby" is one of those which have vanished, but a facsimile is given of a part of the revised proof of the preface, which shows a long passage struck out by Charles Dickens.—London News.

The Druggist's Dilemma.

"I was born under an unlucky star," said C. E. Jarrison, a Baltimore knight of the gripesack, to a reporter. "Over in Maryland there are two men named Curtis doing business in adjoining towns. One of them has been a customer of mine, while I could never sell much to the other one. I was told that the one whose trade I wanted and could not get had been presented by his wife with twins. A bright idea came to me. I could seal his trade forever. I sent him the best baby carriage I could buy. Then a few days I went over there. He was the maddest man I ever saw. I guess that he is a bachelor and everybody in town had goaded him.

"Then I went to the other town to my customer and he was mad. He, who was father of twins and a wife, had given him a carriage, with the information that he had seen me buy it for another customer who had a baby. I haven't straightened it out yet, and I'm doubtful if I ever can."—Washington Star.

A Keen Eyed Engineer.

An old engineer was getting his sight tested by a doctor who lived in a house facing a large park. The doctor used to say to his patients, "Look over there and tell me what you can see." When the engineer learned that his sight was to be tested, he had arranged with his son to take his bicycle half a mile into the park and be oiling it. In due time the old man was led to the window, the doctor saying, as usual:

"What do you see?"

The old man, peering out, said, "I see a young man stooping beside his bicycle."

"Do you?" said the doctor. "I don't see anything at all."

"Someone," said the engineer. "Why, he is oiling it."

The doctor took up a pair of field-glasses and plainly saw the same.

"Magnificent sight!" he said.

The engineer is still drawing his wages.—London Telegram.

The Voice of a Child.

Professor Drummond tells the story of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it way up in heaven, but you have a great big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms and told her that, even though God were at that moment surrounded by all his holy angels, sounding on their golden harps and singing to him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever was heard in heaven, he was sure that he would say to them: "Hush! Stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear."—Ram's Horn.

Wagner and Schumann.

Wagner, writing in 1846, said of Schumann: "He is a highly gifted musician, but an impossible man. When I came from Paris, I went to see him. I told him of my Parisian experiences, spoke of the state of music in France, then of that in Germany, spoke of literature and politics, but he remained as good as dumb for nearly an hour. One cannot go on talking quite alone. An impossible man!" Schumann gave an account of this interview which practically agrees with that of Wagner. "I have seldom met Wagner," he said, "but he is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, incessingly, and that one cannot endure for long together."

Slavery in Great Britain.

Slavery survived in England much later than is generally supposed. The word "bondage" in Northumberland still means a female farm servant. The coolies and salters—i. e., salt miners—of East Lothian were actually slaves till 1775. If they deserted their service, any one harboring them was liable to a penalty of £5 if he did not restore them in 24 hours. The last slave in England was not freed until 1799, and in 1842 there was a coaly living who, as well as his father and grandfather, had worked as a slave in a pit at Musselburg.

Paradoxical.

"It seemed sort of strange at first," said a stroller, "to see a one legged man looking at the display in a shoe store window, for it didn't seem as though he would take more than ha-an interest in shoes, but as a matter of fact he appeared to be as much interested as anybody."—New York Sun.

A Cautious Jurist.

In an action for the value of hounds killed by a train the opinion of the court says: "The plaintiff's version is that the train was going west, toward Chattanooga, and the dogs were going east, toward Knoxville. They were all on the same track and going in opposite directions, and under these facts a head end collision was unavoidable." And again: "It is insisted by the plaintiff that while the whistle was sounded it was intended for the whole pack and not for the three dogs that were run over. This, however, seems to be a mere opinion of the witness, as he was a quarter of a mile away from the place when the whistle was sounded. In addition it would, we think, be requiring too great diligence for the engineer to whistle for each particular dog, and more especially as he had no means of informing each dog that any special whistle was sounded for him. Upon these facts it appears that the receivers were running their train upon their own track, on regular schedule time, and had no other track at that place upon which they could run. On the other hand, the plaintiff's dogs were running on the railroad's track instead of the fox's track, which simply crossed the railroad." On these facts it is held that "the dogs were guilty of the gravest contributory negligence and were only entitled to such consideration as trespassers have under the law."—Case and Comment.

London In 1765.

M. Grosley, who visited London in 1765, notes that the old plan of salutation of any one who sneezed, which still prevailed in his own country, had been abolished in England by the use of snuff. He was given to understand that to salute a snuff taker in these circumstances was like complimenting him on the color of the hair of his wig. This color, by the way, he announces in another place, is usually brown, being chosen as least affected by the mud and dirt of the streets. This ingenious explanation, like his statement that Pope was not buried in Westminster abbey because he was a Catholic, and that Queen Anne in St. Paul's churchyard wears a hoop, seems to suggest that some of his obliging informants most occasionally, in eighteenth century parlance, have treated M. Grosley to a "bite." But, in saying that his chapter of clubs is disappointing, it must not be forgotten that he visited one very remarkable specimen of this all popular Georgian institution—the society of "Robin Hoodians," at whose freethinking discussions Fielding pokes rather cumbrous fun in the Covent Garden Journal.—Longman's Magazine.

That Troublesome K.

There have been many estimable people whose stumbling block has been orthography, and it has sometimes proved an almost insurmountable obstacle.

There was once in eastern Tennessee a judge well versed in the law, but entirely self educated, who had this same obstacle of orthography to contend with all his days. In early life he had lived in Knoxville, and for a long time insisted on spelling the name Noxville.

His friends at last educated him up to the point of adding the K; so thoroughly, in fact, did he learn this lesson that when, a few years afterward, he removed to Nashville, nothing could prevent him from spelling the name Knashville.

After a few years' residence there the judge removed again, this time to Murfreesboro. One day he sat down to write his first letter from this place. He scratched his head in perplexity for a moment, and finally exclaimed:

"Well, I'll give it up! How in the world can they spell the name of this place with a K?"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Tried the Doctor.

The Lancet tells this story to show the trials of a country doctor in France. A young physician settled in a commune, whose paupers he attended for $10 per annum. One night, soon after his arrival at this El Dorado, he received an urgent summons to visit a patient who lived at a distance of six kilometers from the village. On reaching the cottage—it was then 11 p. m.—he found the doors closed and lights extinguished. In reply to his knocks the door was opened by a sturdy peasant, who laughingly informed him that there was no illness in the house, but that his wife had wished to see if, when any one was ill, he would come if sent for! The unfortunate medico—since dead from overwork and probably underfeeding—remarked, "I could have felled him to the ground."

What Put It Out.

"Accidents!" said the old sea captain. "No, we never have any to speak of on this line. Why, one trip about a year ago the ship caught fire down in the hold, and we never discovered it till we got into port and began to discharge."

"That's strange. What put the fire out?"

"Why, it burned down through to the sea and the water put it out. Couldn't burn the water, you know."

And the captain walked away smiling, while the interlocutor was so astonished that he never thought of asking why the ship did not sink.—London Speaker.

Mustard Poultice.

Mix a large tablespoonful of mustard with a half pint of cornmeal, pour on this hot (not boiling) water and stir on a good fire until it is thick. A little molasses added to this detracts from the danger of the poultice sticking. When the mixture is cooked thick enough, spread between two pieces of thin muslin, and lay smoothly upon the aching spot. The amount given above will make two or three ordinary poultices.

Where we cannot invent we may at least improve. We may give somewhat of novelty to that which was old, condensation to that which was diffuse, perspicuity to that which was obscure and currency to that which was recondite.—Colton.

Marsh Gas Under Ice.

An interesting chemical experiment, quite new to me, was performed by a party of skaters in the neighborhood of Baltimore. It is possible that it has been performed before, but I have not yet found any one who has seen or heard of it. The skaters were on a large artificial lake upon which remarkably clear ice had formed. In various places white spots were noticed in the ice, suggesting, as one of the skaters said to me, "air bubbles." Some one bored a hole through one of these white places and applied a flame to the gas, which took fire. This led to further experiments, and it was found that by boring a small hole a long thin jet of flame could be obtained, and this continued for some time.

The gas was of course marsh gas, formed by the decomposition of the vegetable matter at the bottom of the lake. The above method of demonstrating the formation of this gas in nature is, from the aesthetic point of view, a great improvement on the usual method described in the textbooks, which consists in stirring a pool of stagnant water with a stick and collecting the gas that rises to the surface. Skating ponds illuminated by natural gas are among the possibilities of the future.—Letter in Science.

Watched Himself Die.

"Our village doctor, good man that he was," says a woman visiting in the city from an interior town, "has just died. He was very much absorbed in his profession and studied every case, from a run of typhoid fever down to an attack of measles, as if it were his first patient. When his own mortal illness prostrated him, he diagnosed it clearly, watched his symptoms and the effect of the remedies used, and warned the attending physician several days before his death of the hopelessness of his condition, as evidenced by certain feelings no one but a professional patient, with every sense alert, could have discovered. He was conscious up to the last, and as the end approached had himself bolstered among his pillows into a half sitting position. He kept the fingers of one hand on the pulse of the other, and though he said nothing, the expression of his face showed that he was interested professionally in watching himself die. As he drew his last breath the fluttering at his wrist must have indicated it, for he let his fingers drop, looked around the group gathered about him with as clear and intelligent expression as any that ever shone on his face, said aloud and distinctly, 'Dead now,' and was."—New York Times.

The Court Smiled.

Some years ago, in a suit which turned on the state of mind of a lady who had been a member of a sisterhood, the late chief justice, then Mr. Coleridge, was cross examining a witness, who gave evidence as to the plaintiff's behavior while an inmate of the sisters' home. Among other things it had been deposed that plaintiff had been guilty of a breach of discipline in eating a certain plate of strawberries.

Mr. Coleridge—Eating strawberries, really?

Witness—Yes, sir. She was eating strawberries.

Mr. Coleridge—How shocking!

Witness—It was forbidden, sir.

Mr. Coleridge—And did you, madam, really consider there was any harm in that?

Witness—No, sir, not in itself, any more than there was in eating an apple, but you know, sir, the mischief that came from that.

The court smiled, and Mr. Coleridge seemed to lose the thread of his ideas for the moment.—Household Words.

One of His Tricks.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, Hannibal Hamlin's father, was a man who put considerable faith in human nature. He also owned sheep when he lived on Paris Hill, and he took considerable pride in them. One day when a neighbor brought in a particularly fine wether and offered to sell it at a reasonable figure the doctor took the neighbor's word that he had raised it and purchased. He was later informed by his observant son that he had bought one of his own sheep that the speculative neighbor had purloined. So the doctor hunted up the scamp, made him disgorge and then asked him what he meant by such actions. The neighbor was wholly unabashed, and looking the doctor shrewdly in the eye he stuttered, for he was afflicted in that way, "Dud-dud-dod-doctor, y-y-you know I'm tricky as the dud-dud-devil, n-that's one of my tut-tut-tricks."—Lewiston Journal.

Widener's Advice.

According to a contemporary, P. A. Widener of this city was holding on to a strap as a Broadway cable car in New York swung around the Fourteenth street curve. The car was crowded to suffocation. "Never invest your money in a cable car company, my boy. It won't do you a bit of good," said Mr. Widener to the young man who was with him. "Why not?" was the reply. "I should think this line must be a gold mine. Do you mean to say they don't pay up their dividends?" "Oh, yes, I get my dividends all right, but I never get a seat."—Philadelphia Record.

No More Managers.

There are no more managers in the theatrical business—at least, if there are, they are back numbers. Nowadays we have only directors. It is Modjeska, direction of Frank L. Perley; John Hare, direction of Clarence Fleming; James O'Neil, direction of William F. Conner; Stuart Robson, direction of William Hayden. It is only the man with a diamond globe in his shirt front and a howitzer sized cigar between his fingers that "manages."—Theatrical Tidings.

A List That Might Be Extended.

Shakespeare was never laureate, nor Milton, nor Pope, nor Crabbe, nor Burns, nor Byron, nor Shelley, nor Coleridge, nor Keats.—Edinburgh Scotsman.