

MISJUDGED HIS COMPANION.

Owner Experiences of a Traveler on a Lake Steamer.

"Speaking of misjudging people," remarked the young man who has money and can take pleasure trips whenever he feels like it, "I had a peculiar experience when I took the steamer on a trip up the lake. I was little late in applying for a berth, and the clerk informed me that every stateroom was occupied, and he would have to give me a berth in the same stateroom with another person. I didn't particularly like this idea, but it was the best I could do, and, being very tired, I turned in. I saw nothing of my roommate, and, having first choice of berths, and presuming that he would choose the lower one, I climbed up above.

"I wondered what sort of a man he would prove to be, and to be on the safe side I took my gold watch and pocket-book and placed them carefully under my pillow. I tried to stay awake until he came in, but the motion of the boat lulled me to sleep in spite of myself, and I didn't wake up until morning. The other person had turned in without disturbing me. I heard him stirring around in the lower berth. Cautiously I slipped my hand under the pillow. Both my pocketbook and watch were gone. There was no denying it. I searched the berth carefully and quietly. There could be no mistake. My handsome timepiece and several hundred dollars in bills were gone. I lay still for a long time, wondering what I would do. Perhaps he had hurried the plunder into the hands of a confederate. I felt pretty blue. Anyway, I would report the matter to the captain. I sat up in my berth with sudden resolve. A pleasant faced young man was sitting, fully dressed, on the lower berth.

"I've been waiting for you to wake up," he said. "Do these things belong to you?" He was holding up my purse and watch.

"Yes, sir, they do," I answered slowly.

"Well, the blame things plumped down on me this morning about an hour before I wanted to wake up. The wallet struck me in the end of the nose and the watch nearly knocked my front teeth out. I was never so startled in my life."

"I looked skeptical, I suppose; I certainly felt so, turning the pillow down. I found that the springs were of woven wire and lacked several inches of filling in the space at the head of the berth. My property had simply slid through and dropped upon the face of my startled stateroom companion. His face manifested very good nature, and we got to be good friends before we got to Duluth. He was a wealthy young Englishman taking his first trip through our western country, looking for investments, and I found him a very congenial and reliable fellow."—New York Tribune.

A BEAR IN A CAVE.

Two Indians Went in by the Light of a Torch and Killed the Game.

Robert E. Davis tells in Gameland how two back Indians of the Northwest almost twice overtook into a bear, and by the light of a torch, killed a big grizzly bear.

A young law student got sight of the bear one day while he was still hunting. While trying to approach it the hunter alarmed the bear, and it ran to a 1,000 foot cliff and took refuge in a hole. The student climbed up 100 yards on the face of the cliff and started rocks down about the hole, thinking to drive the bear out, but the bear would not start. Then he went to a nearby Indian camp and got Trinity Dick and a Pitt river Indian, who said they would go with the hunter after the bear if he would let them take the rifle. The student let Trinity Dick take the rifle and handed another for the Pitt river Indian.

"I waited outside," the student told Davis, "while the Indians went into the cave with a torch. I listened for a long time, but I heard the dull boom of two guns away back in the cave somewhere. Then all was still again for some time. After a bit Trinity Dick came out and waved his hand to me, then went back in. I followed and quickly came to the bear, which was already losing its hide at the knife point of the Pitt river Indian.

"The cave was deep, with many arms. The Indians had followed the main one descending with each other as to who should go first. Trinity Dick, being the oldest, got the place of honor, while the other followed, holding the torch high aloft. The bear was not in the main cave, and they went to the end without coming upon it. On their way out, however, the most was confronted by the bear at a distance of 20 feet. Trinity Dick told his companion to hold the torch steady so that the night could be seen plainly. When the shot was fired, the bear pitched forward, and a second bullet was fired into it. The Indians then turned and ran, leading their guns to their feet. But the bear never moved again."

Steen's Father—What were those peculiar noises I heard down here last night? Did you and young Comstock watch any thing being hidden?

Comstock's Daughter—No, papa. We were just going through some label exercises.

Steen's Father—Oh, I suppose those new educational films must have been there.—Detroit Free Press.

Can any system of modern fortification be devised after the invention of any ally—was that of the London or Holland system, a bastion being a military work consisting of two faces and two flanks.

Philadelphia has just organized a Society for the relief of Mrs. Helen M. Jones in a provident. A gift reaching to the total sum has been adopted.

The distance between Washington and Liverpool is 5,398 miles.

How the Court Was "Conjured."

Among the prisoners to be tried one morning was a negro youth who had been caught in the act of making 7 and 11 come at 5 cents each. His old mother was in a dreadful state of perturbation at the predicament in which her boy found himself and dreams of chain gangs and shackles made her desperate. She called on a "conjurer doctor" and begged for a charm that would conjure the judge and make him let the boy go free. She was given a bag filled with a fine red powder and told to sprinkle it where the judge walked when on his way to the courtroom.

A few minutes before the hour for the convening of the police court the old woman sprinkled the powder in the entrance to the police station, on the stair steps leading up stairs and on the floor of the courtroom. Just as the court was called to order the recorder began to sneeze, the policemen sneezed, the witness, the prisoners and the spectators sneezed. In a little while every eye in the room was in a paroxysm of sneezing. Court was hastily adjourned, and everybody made a rush for the open air. Every one down stairs in the station house office was sneezing, and even passers-by in the street joined in the spasmodic exhalation of conjured atmosphere.

It was not an epidemic of grip, as at first supposed, but the old woman's conjure powder was ground cayenne pepper. It only had the effect of saving her erring son for one day, for the next morning he got the full limit of the law.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Goods of Commerce.

Back, far back, in the twentieth age, the commercial traveler began his arduous work. In his small, rude boat he braved the wild waves beating up trade. No money had he, for none had been coined, but he had coarse fabric and trinkets to barter for crude stuff, for peltries, for gums and for ivory and then bits of suggestive metals and once in awhile for attractive slaves. At the risk of his life he ventured afar and sought trade. He was the avant courier of the present day's vast commerce. After him in the process of time came greater ships and larger and more frequent caravans. Great houses and firms sprang into life, concerns that sent out traveling men, sent out their agents to seek for commodities with which to load the ships and caravans. In like interest, they wandered more or less from point to point, from hut to hut, from port to port, trafficking and preparing for trade and shipment, slowly but surely advancing the wild world into the modern age of international trade. The products of the times, laying the foundation stones of the commerce which now is ours.—Hardware.

British a quaint and very beautiful custom of Christmas giving is still preserved from very remote times.

When the century bell goes to the midnight, the young men of Christmas day, they all carry lanterns to light them on their way. Upon their arrival at the church they give their lanterns over to the poor old women of the parish, who are gathered in a crowd outside the church awaiting them.

Dean Stanley and His Sister Beatrice.

Mr. Lang, in The Illustrated London News, gives an anecdote of Dean Stanley's amiable simplicity. The dean was dining out and was very late. When he came, his collar was unstuffed, and the ends vibrated like little white wings about the head of a cherub. People could not but look at him with curiosity during dinner, not at length, with the conversation, his hostess ventured to ask him if he knew that his collar had broken adrift. "Oh, yes," said the dean. "Do you mind?" "Not at all," said the lady. "Then I don't mind either," answered the dean. "The button dropped off while I was dressing." And he continued his conversation. "It was not," says Mr. Lang, "absence of mind," but unruffled presence of mind, that deanly displayed on this occasion. Any other human being would have been at the point of changing his shirt.

How to Dispose of Bad Cents.

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SPANISH GRANDEES.

They Constitute the Real Aristocracy of the Haughty Nation.

The real aristocracy of Spain is limited to the 143 grandees, many of them entitled, who enjoy inalienable privileges, including those of remaining seated and covered in the presence of royalty and of access to the sovereign at all times. Admission to the grandees is exceedingly difficult to obtain, for it is necessary to prove a long line of blue-blooded ancestry, unaltered either on the paternal or on the maternal side by any plebeian strain. The ancient ceremony of conferring the grandees—this and the ceremony of inducting a peer to his seat in the house of lords constitute the only forms of investiture of nobles that survive in the old world—was termed an almohada and is exceedingly rare. Queen Christina has held but two since her husband's death; these were three during the reign of King Alfonso XIII. One of the latter was witnessed by a writer in the New York Tribune, who thus describes it:

"It took place in the small throne-room of the royal palace at Madrid. The men of grandee rank were at the right of the chair and the women at the left. On the king exclaiming, 'Be seated!' they all took their places upon tabourets, or stools of carved wood, topped with large purple velvet cushions. Everybody else, such as the members of the diplomatic corps and of the royal household, remained standing. Then the doors of the farther end of the room opened, and, preceded by a herald and two chamberlains and accompanied by the two grandees acting as sponsors, the postulant for admission to the grandees appeared and approached the throne with three low obeisances. A taboret, with purple cushion, having been brought and pinned on the lowest of the steps leading up to the throne, the king commanded the candidate to be seated and thereupon addressed a few complimentary words to him, recalling the services of his family to the dynasty in bygone ages. Alfonso concluded his little speech by extending his hand to be kissed, at the same time directing him to take his place among the peers to be seated."

"Retiring backward from the royal presence, the newly fiefed grandee was conducted by his sponsors to the side of the hall occupied by the ladies of the grandee rank, to whom he made a low bow, and then to that of the men, whom he saluted in the same manner. He thereupon put his hat upon his head, his example being instantly followed by the other grandees, who all remained covered until, his stool and cushion having been removed from the steps of the throne and placed beside those of his peers, he had seated himself thereon. This brought to a close the actual ceremony of almohada, which was rendered extraordinarily picturesque by the approach of the royal household in the brilliant uniforms of the general, the court officials, the ministers of state, and, last, but not least, by those of the diplomatists."

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His Trouble.

Mr. Spoonamore had some time had had a sore feeling in his upper part of his throat.

He went to an eminent specialist and stated his case.

The eminent specialist examined his throat by means of a costly electric apparatus and said Mr. Spoonamore had had organic throat trouble complicated by symptoms of tonsillitis.

He wrote a prescription and handed it to him.

The bill was \$25.

Mr. Spoonamore paid it and went to a drug store to have the prescription filled.

On his way home he passed a dentist's office.

Obedient to a hasty impulse, he went in.

The dentist made an examination.

"You have a bad wisdom tooth," he said.

"Pull it out."

It was pulled out.

The expense was 50 cents.

When Mr. Spoonamore got home, he found that his throat trouble was entirely gone.

But he still has his \$20 bottle of medicine which may come handy if he ever really has organic throat trouble complicated by symptoms of tonsillitis.—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Telling a Horse's Age.

A well known Portland man, who is the owner of a fine young horse, has a pet hobby, and that is telling a horse's age from the color of his tail.

His idea is to take the ring, place it in the center of the hair, and holding both ends, put the ring in a glass. He claims that the ring thus suspended will strike against the glass, giving the correct age of the horse. To prove this he invited a veterinary surgeon and several friends one day the past week to see the trick done. The doctor was to examine the horse and tell if the test was correct.

She Knew Her Name.

But It Wasn't the Pope Calling Out the Trainmen of the Railroad Cars.

She occurred to the mind directly in front of me on the arrival of the New Jersey train from New York the other night. She was a plump girl, with abundant hair and hazel eyes. She was evidently a girl employed in New York—perhaps a typewriter. Her name is Elizabeth. How do I know? Well, I didn't ask her. I never saw her before, no one called her by name and she had nothing about her that served to tell me that her name is Elizabeth. Yet her name is Elizabeth.

I am not the seventh son of a seventh son, neither do I possess the power of second sight. But I found out that the name of the plump, rosy checked young girl in the seat in front of me is Elizabeth. Before we had gone many miles out of Jersey City the "sand man" began to play havoc with Elizabeth. Her eyes became heavy, and every few seconds her head would drop. Before we had crossed Newark bay Elizabeth was sound asleep. The train sped on, and when the speed was slackened the brakeman opened the door and shouted: "Elizabeth! Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" With the first word the girl began to move. When the brakeman shouted "Elizabeth!" the eyes were half opened, and when he finally called "Elizabeth!" she rubbed her eyes and said, "Yes, papa, I'll get up."

Through the cars the sound of suppressed laughter. But the girl had fallen asleep again, and when the train stopped and the brakeman again called out "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" the plump girl jumped up and said, "All right; I'm coming."

This was too much for the hairbrained dude across the aisle, and he began to "Ho, ho!" while the giggling madman several seats in front began to giggle more furiously. Even the sedate looking old gentleman seated near by could not suppress a smile. By this time the girl was wide awake, and that she was conscious of what she had done was evident by the fact that her naturally red cheeks became redder still, and I even imagined that I saw tears in her eyes.

That is how I found out that her name is Elizabeth.—Gould Gray in Allstown Call.

IN HOLLAND.

Some Curiousities of Marriage in the Netherlands.

An unmarried girl in Holland always takes the right arm of her escort, while the married one selects the left side of her husband. So deeply has this custom entered into the life of Hollanders that at a wedding the bride enters the church on the right side of the groom, the young wife returning on the left side of her husband when the ceremony has been performed. No unmarried lady in this country can dream of going to church, a concert or any other place of public assemblage without the escort of parents or male members of the family.

The Dutch young lady does not go to the theater with the gentleman who has been introduced to her a week before, neither does she vary her hair to suit her dress or complexion. Unmarried daughters are chaperoned to all places of amusement. Even dancing parties are attended with great restrictions, on the assumption of elders of the family who sit around tables socially sipping their coffee, wine or other favorite beverage, while the young members glide over the waxed floors to the stilt strains of music. Here the young must make the best of their opportunities, for when it pleases the parents to lock the quiet silence of the house the daughters also quit the privacy of the ballroom.—Philadelphia Times.

The Red Rocks.

In sight of the Erie tracks, between Susquehanna and Great Bend, are the Red Rocks, a red cliff standing above the Susquehanna river. Near them can be seen traces of the grave of a beautiful Indian maiden, the daughter of a famous chief. She was betrothed to a young brave, a member of her father's tribe, then encamped near here. Her father desired her to marry the son of the chief of the neighboring tribe, and the wish of the paternal ancestor usually counted for something in the quiet solitude of the house the daughters also quit the privacy of the ballroom.—Philadelphia Times.

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Why We Are Right Handed.

Primitive man, being naturally an aggressive animal, defended himself against wild beasts with his fists and nails. He fought for his food and his womanhood, which his enemies were always trying to take from him. The first movement on being attacked is to endeavor to protect the most exposed and vulnerable part of the body. For the bear and the fighter the heart is undoubtedly the most vulnerable place. A hard blow in that region may easily kill a man, and consequently primitive man used the right hand to fight with and the left to protect the heart had to ward off the blows directed to that region. When, therefore, arms of defense and offense were introduced and replaced teeth and fists, it was the right hand that wielded the sword and lance, while the left held the shield and buckler before the region of the heart.

The enormous difference between the use of the right and the left hand in our present civilization has its very simple origin. In the first place, the superiority of the right over the left was only brought into evidence during a combat, but it soon spread as a universal. Since the introduction of lethal weapons the right hand became naturally accustomed to the manipulation of the lance, the sword and the knife, and the nerve of the right side soon became more flexible and more under the control of the will than the muscles of the left side.—New York Ledger.

An Interrupted Journey.

He entered a Myrtle street car—an agreeable fellow whose face is a perpetual indication of good nature stored within—and sat down beside a little girl whose mother was on the other side of her. Possibly he might not have fallen into trouble had he but the child alone, but his congeniality got the better of him, and he said:

"So you are going down town, are you?"

"The child moved closer to her mother and made no reply.

"I wish I had such a nice little girl as you are," was his next smiling remark.

"Mamma," whispered the child, "is this a bad man over here?"

"Flush, Nellie!" replied the mother in an undertone.

"But I'm afraid he's a bad man, mamma."

"No. Keep quiet."

"But you said he had called to change ladies on the car, and I thought he was one I wish you'd move that way."

But it wasn't necessary. The good natured man put his smile, and suddenly remembering that he had an errand in the vicinity of the car was then reverting he bounded up and out like a flash, a victim to his own desire to be friendly.—Detroit Free Press.

Doctors and Doctors.

Dr. E. J. Senti of Chicago is thus quoted in the Chicago Times-Herald: "I do not believe that physicians should wear bushy beards. In fact, I think we will all have to come to the sacrifice and go cleanly shaved hereafter. I believe that the conventional doctor of the future will have a smooth face instead of a beard. My father is bitterly opposed to beards for physicians and does not allow his interns to wear them. I think it is possible to be too radical in the matter, and perhaps he is. I wear a closely cropped beard, and I do not see how it can aid at all in spreading contagion. With a long beard, and especially in smugly cases, it is difficult for patients who have been treated by them with gauze guards, of course, and do not allow them to come in contact with or distribute disease germs in a wound. It is better, perhaps, for all physicians to be clean shaved, and I earnestly believe we will all have to come to it."

High Standard.

"I don't like a friend to dominate over me," said the young man with the patient disposition.

High Standard.

"Who has been doing that?"

"My roommate. He borrowed my cleaning clothes."

"That's a good deal of a liberty."

"I didn't mind it. But when he asked for my umbrella, I told him I might want to use it myself. But he got it just the same."

"How?"

"He simply stood on his dignity and said: 'All right. Have your own way about it. They're your clothes, but I'm trying to keep from getting spotted, not maimed.'"

Washington Star.

John Middleton, an English giant, born in 1878, was 8 feet 3 inches in height. His palm was 8-1/3 inches broad, and from the crown to the end of his middle finger was 17 inches.

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