MOZART AND THE MAJOR.

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Music and liquor! The Major loved them both; was something of a connoisseur in both; and was keenly susceptible to the influence of both. So, when he actually resolved to adopt a small colored boy, his friends were outraged, but not surprised; they only felt unable to decide whether the proceeding was to be attributed to the Major's pocketflask or to the boy's banjo, while the Major cursed the whole neighborhood in good, set terms, and went after his protege.

"What's the boy's name?" he demanded when all other particulars had been settled to the mutual satisfaction of himself and the child's father.

"Well, Majah," was the somewhat astonishing response, "I don' jes 'zackly know."

The Major's temper uncertain, and his vocabulary ready.

"Then you're a durn fool," he replied with promptness and irritation.

"Well, Majah, you see, 'twuz 'is way. W'en dat chile wuz bawn, me 'n M'rier 'lowed we wuz gwine to call him fo' you; an' we wuz gwine to hab a great big crussenin', soon's it got so's he cud war a frock 'dout enny naik er sleeves, dat yo' ma gin him. But w'ile we wuz a-waitin', M'rier, she up an' jine de Baptis', an' one day, w'en I sez, 'M'rier, ain' it mos' warm 'nuff fo' de crussenin'?' M'rier, she say, sorter short-lak, dat 'dee ain' gwine be no crussenin'. Dat crussenin's infum baptizzum, 'n dee ain' no sech t'ing ez infum baptizzum.' 'Dee ain',' sez I; 'how'n the name o' Gord dat chile gwine to get named, den?' An M'rier say, 'We jess gwine call him Moses right erlong. Dat bein's how he'd bin kinder drawed out'n de water by bein' kep' fum infum babtizzum, de preacher 'lowed he mus' be call Moses.' Well, suh, I jess pintedly rah'd'n pitched. I sutney skeered M'rier. I 'lowed dat boy wuzn't gwine to be named no sech t'ing; an' he ain', mun, he ain'. M'rier, she call him Mose, jess fo' pure owdaciousness; but me an' de res' jess call him sonny. An' dat's huccome I don' jess 'zackly know his name."

At the termination of this remarkable narrative, the man stolidly awaited the usual string of expletives. But the Major stood silent, deep in meditation. A happy conceit had occurred to him and he was lost in admiration of its neatness and his cleverness.

"The boy's name shall be Mozart Mendelssohn," he said, with an unctuous relish of his own good thing; "Moz-art Mendels-sohn," he repeated, adapting the pronunciation to the slow mind of his hearer; "then Maria can keep on calling him Mose, and you can keep on calling him sonny, and by the Lord Harry! Adam himself couldn't do better than that."

So Mozart Mendelssohn it was; and if ever a small boy deserved a great name, this one did. Pitiably crippled and misshapen the little fellow was; but genius looked out of his dark, bright eyes, and spoke through his slender, ebony fingers. After a few preliminary trials, he could handle any instrument with a skill and expression rarely attained by months of practice; and, along this line, the limit of the Major's generosity was the limit of his purse.

Seated on the wide stone step of the west veranda, while the Major rocked to and fro above him, with a mint julep or a toddy at his side, Mozart would fill the air with soothing melody, until his watchful eye took note that the last drop had disappeared down the Major's capacious throat. Then, and not till then, with clasped hands around his crooked knee, and eyes fixed firmly on the distant landscape, would Mozart say, "I b'leve I cud play a fiddle."

"Well, blank my eyes!" the Major would roar, "a fiddle! and it's just like your derned impudence to think I ought to get you one. A fiddle! Get up off that rock and go to the kitchen before I break every bone in your body." And the Major would stalk in the house, raging; while Mozart would

"His name shall be Mozart Mendelssohn," he said.

walk off around the corner. "I b'leve I cud play it," he would say as he disappeared. And, in less than a month, he would be playing thereon, to the Major's intense delight and the neighborhood's intense disapproval.

There was but one drawback to the Major's enjoyment; Mozart could not play before strangers. In vain was he brought before expectant guests; flute, violin, cornet or banjo, it was all the same; his trembling fingers refused their office, and his frightened appeal, "I cyarn't play, Majah; I'se skeered," never failed to bring a speedy release.

But he could always play for the Major. And, as the years went by, the bond of protection and of loyalty, of care and fidelity, of mutual love and tenderness, cemented these hearts in a friendship that was unalterable. And when, at last, the shadow of disgraceful poverty fell across the Major's life; when, leaving home and friends, he wandered, a degraded man, from place to place; when time, and name, and life's best gifts were sacrificed to his shameful, all-absorbing appetite; he was never friendless or alone, for there was always Mozart. The Major's stalwart form was no better known in his favorite haunts than was the distorted figure of the little negro. Awaiting the end of the Major's carousals, watching over his drunken slumbers, hungry and cold unless supplied with food and warmth by bar-room charity; his love and patience were sublime. If only he could have played for the crowds who, fired by the Major's boasts, made nightly requests for an

"Out into the raging night."

exhibition of his skill, money and plenty would be his; his and the Major's. So, night after night, he tried; but night after night he failed, until, one bleak December evening, the boisterous crowd, moved by a common impulse of compassion and disappointment, called out to the Major, after one of Mozart's ineffectual attempts:

"Licker the nigger up, Major; licker him up."

It was done, and then he played. How he played as the subtle glow flew from mouth to brain, and waked his heart and fingers to a new, strange power!

It was only a second-rate violin, played by a hunch-back negro; but the scent of the harvest field blew over the hot, close room, and a stream plashed gently under bending trees. Only a second-rate violin, but its spell was mighty. Men saw afresh life's beauty and its gladness. Old dreams awakened, of fame and love; and hope began to sing of what might be. He was only a hunch-back negro, but men dropped their heads and forgot their glasses on the bar as they listened. Within their hearts there stole sweet thoughts; within their eyes there crept hot tears; and no man smiled as the Major walked unsteadily down the room, until he stood before the player.

"Le's go home, Mozart," he cried, with trembling lips; "le's go home. We'll keep our Christmas there, please God! You and I—at home."

* * *

Out into the night, through a raging blizzard; buffeted by angry gusts of wind and volleys of snowflakes that obliterated the way; but the Major knew it not, until, at his feet, his companion stumbled and fell, exhausted with cold and weariness. But he knew it well, when, with Mozart in his arms, he plodded along over the road whose stretching white miles seemed endless to his tired feet. Dissipation had weakened the Major's frame, and Mozart's inert form was heavy, but still he walked, fighting against the fate that threatened them, until his eyes discovered, through the snow-lit darkness, a well-known gate. And then he paused.

"We'll get a little rest here, Mozart," he said, with a thick and halting utterance; "we'll rest a bit, and then we'll go on in; we'll both go in—we'll both go home together."

And when the sun climbed the golden ladder of morning, and lighted up the snow-clad earth, it seemed as if the mantle of heavenly charity was cast on two recumbent, half-hidden figures that had gone home together.

Choice Lamb and Fish.

Senator Foster of Washington, and Mr. Loud of California, live under the same hotel roof. A few weks ago when one of his constituents had forwarded him a fine lamb, which was served on the Californian's table, he sent a choice cut over to the senator.

"Give him my compliments," quoth Mr. Loud to the waiter, "and tell the senator that this lamb never tasted anything but milk."

The days of the session flew by and not long ago a waiter appeared at Mr. Loud's elbow one evening, bearing a cut of magnificent salmon. It was sent by Senator Foster.

"But I want to know whether this salmon came from Washington or Oregon," asserted Mr. Loud with the bearing of a connoisseur.

Soon the waiter returned with the reply: "The senator says it is a Puget Sound salmon, and it has never tasted anything but cream."

This satisfied the legislative epicure from California.—Washington Post.

What peculiar dishes we partake of under the inspiration of good fellowship?

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

True boldness never blusters.

The worst getting is that which hinders giving.

Most men may be known by the way they use money.

Fleeing from responsibility is hiding from reward.

Comon sense is often but common sympathy with all.

Suffering fails when it does not teach us long-suffering.

To get accustomed to evil is to become assimilated to it.

Crystallized virtues are apt to be cuting rather than kind.

The frivolity of fashion is the soil in which corruption flourishes.

When a man wears his success with pride it is often made of paste.

When prosperity falls on the evil heart it but nourishes its weeds.

Time will not make the great man, but he cannot be made without it.

You may know a man's principles by the things he has an interest in.

Not pain but right pleasures is the best cure for the love of wrong ones.

Put your stumbling block where it belongs and it will become a stepping stone.

When your kindness is only intended for coals of fire it will certainly burn your own fingers.—Ram's Horn

Japanese Paint Brushes.

The Japanese artist has made a most careful study of how to convey truths in the most pleasurable way; how to make his lines most beautiful, as though a speaker would use but words of most exquisite sound. To do this he has cultivated his "touch" until it is but mockery to compare with that of his European brother. He has learned to handle his brush with a dexterity and precision which is a thing of wonder, and he has studied with a patience beyond compare the possibilities of each particular kind of brush. He knows, for instance, that one kind of brush may be used to express a bamboo stem and that another brush will be less efficacious. He knows how to fill each particular part of that brush with a certain amount of color or of water, so that a single movement of the hand over the paper will paint the stem, its light and shade, its peculiar characteristics, complete. And to the perfecting of that single movement of the hand over the paper he and his ancestors have given years of study.

Listen to a description by a Japanese. He is not an artist himself, but is explaining how artists use a certain brush:

"The brush with color is passed over a piece of paper with a heavy stroke that spreads the bristles of the brush, at the same time bending them at the tip. The brush is then turned so that the bristles curve toward the artist, and a light stroke will produce the hair-like lines. This is one of the ways of painting the hair or fur of animals."—The Independent.

Russian Methods.

Persistance may be a good quality, but judgment is a better one, and the young American in the following story, told by Frederick Palmer, evidently became convinced of it:

An American drummer, fresh from our direct methods of business, called on Monsieur de Witte, the Russian minister of finance, to get certain information necessary for the sale of his goods. The minister refused it. The young man persisted. The minister still refused. Then the young man declared:

"You are the only man that can give me what I want. I'm not going back to my folks and tell them that I couldn't do any business. I've got to know. I could get the same thing in two minutes in America, and I'm not going to leave the room until—"

The minister pressed an electric button. In walked two guards. The minister spoke to them in Russian, and directly the young man found himself walking down the Nevesky Prospect with an uncongenial escort.

As he thought the mater over in jail, he concluded that his hand was not strong enough, as he put it, to bluff the whole Russian empire. Within an hour he was led back into the presence of De Witte, who told him that a decent apology would save further trouble. After the young man made it, De Witte gave him the information, and with it a reminder that it was not wise to be rude, even to ministers of state.

Mill Whistles Useless.

The largest whistle in the state, it is said, is to be placed in an Indianapolis manufactory. It is to be so big as to be easily heard all over the city, a three-inch steam pipe furnishing the noise-making power. Why? Why should it all be so? Why should there be a whistle of this size or any size in this factory or in any other? There was a time when whistles were as necessary as a bell on the farm is today, but today it is a poor man indeed that has not some sort of timepiece. There are a dozen ways in which the supposed need of a whistle in an industrial establishment can be supplied. Simple gongs in every department, to be touched by electricity, would supply the place. Whistling by railroad locomotives is forbidden in the city. Whistling by factories ought likewise to be forbidden.—Indianapolis News.

They Must Be Fancy Free.

An Atchison business man refuses to keep an engaged girl in his employ; as soon as she begins to display engagement symptoms by doing careless, absent-minded work, he gives her a wedding present and pays her off.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

THE NAGGING HABIT.

One of the Sins That Destroy the Comfort of Home.

There is one exceedingly disagreeable habit into which some people fall without seeming to notice it. This is nagging. They cannot say what they have to say and then let it alone, but keep pecking and pecking at it on every occasion, and if occasions do not arise naturally they make them. In this nagging sarcasm or irony bears a leading part. A thing may be said once or twice as a pleasant raillery in a genial humor, but when repeated over and over it ceases to be fun. It then cuts. Sarcasm is a two edged tool; it cuts and wounds the one at whom it is aimed, and it irritates and roughens the one who uses it. It is a dangerous tool for one to use who wishes to be either kind or just. It comes easily to the lips, and the intellect takes a certain kind of delight in aptness, ingenuity or sharpness. Its use grows on one; at least the habit becomes so habitual that it is used unconsciously. However good naturedly one seems to take it, it is almost certain to leave a sting; there is a wound that hurts. Struggle against it as one will, there will often be an impression carried that some part of it is meant in earnest.

Too often do all of us wound the feelings of others by carelessness in speech. We cannot too carefully guard ourselves against the nagging habit. It rasps and wears out the best of dispositions. Let us endeavor ever to make our speech kindly even when obliged to find fault. "A blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword." We shall never err by speaking too kindly. These naggers are often kind at heart and would not willingly wound another. They have formed the habit unconsciously and are not aware of how frequently they indulge in that kind of talk. It does not occur to them that any one may take a further meaning than they have meant or that any part of it will be taken seriously. It is unavoidable, however, that this is so.

The nagging habit is the real reason why some women find it difficult to retain servants. It is for the sharpness of their tongues that some really excellent people are avoided and disliked in society. People dread the tongue lashings that slip so easily from the lips and without real malice, but they nevertheless cut deep. Let us put a guard on ourselves and see that this habit of sarcastic speech and nagging is not ours. The Chinese have a saying that "a man's conversation is the mirror of his thoughts." There is truth in it. If we habitually talk in a certain way, we grow to be that way in character.—Milwaukee Journal.

French Recruits for English Army.

Recruiting sergeants at Trafalgar square are just now being puzzled by the advent of a new class of raw material in the shape of young French candidates, hardly able to speak a word of English, but strangely anxious to volunteer for immediate service at the front. A case in point occurred on Saturday, when a smart young Frenchman accosted one of the veterans of a crack cavalry regiment on duty near the National Gallery, and with some difficulty made known his desire to serve the king in South Africa. His papers were perfectly in order, and he came direct from the cavalry school at Saumur, where he had gained one of the six medals annually awarded to the best among the competitors from all the cavalry regiments of France. The astonished veteran, when he had somewhat recovered his equanimity, politely referred the candidate to other quarters. The young Frenchman asserted that, on receipt of a wire announcing that he has been accepted, no fewer than 40 of his comrades will leave Paris in order to follow his example. They are still waiting for that wire.—London Caronicle.

Men Now Shave Themselves.

It is nearly come down to that pass where a gentleman will not be caught in a barber shop for a shave. He shaves himself. Barbers are losing trade. Many are on starvation diet. If men could only cut their own hair and trim their own whiskers Signor Tonsor would be out of employment. The adoption of such terms as "antiseptic" barber, "hygienic" barber, etc., has failed to recover lost patronage. The more fashionable shops have presented loadstones in the shape of handsome women as manicures (mere fortune tellers), but even these do not long attract. An old and philosophical self-shaver says: "Tip tell all your friends to dip the blade of the razor in hot water before drawing it over the face. The sensation is so delightful, the result so satisfactory, that, once tried, the barber shops will go out of business. Every man will shave himself."—New York Press.

At Burns' Birthplace.

Scots south of the Border will be interested to learn that Burns cottage and homestead have been restored as nearly as possible to the state they were in when Burns' father erected them and resided there, says the Westminster Gazette. With a view to preserving carefully the collection of relics a very fine hall has been built. The trustees, from the surplus income of the cottage and monument, have recently greatly augmented their collection of MS. and relics, and these will be carefully preserved for the public in all time coming. The trustees have also undertaken to maintain the Auld Kirk of Alloway in a state of order. It is rather remarkable that there are more pilgrims to Burns' cottage than to the birthplace of Shakespeare. Last year's figures were, for the latter, 31,784, and for the former, 38,760.

THE ENVY OF COLLECTORS.

Specimens of the Animal Kingdom That Are Not in Captivity.

Like individual collectors of stamps, seashells, firearms and other things of human interest, zoological societies or menageries are at all times ready to beg, borrow, purchase or exchange any animal not already in their possession. There are, however, many beasts and birds that such bodies have never yet managed to obtain. One of these is the proboscis monkey of Borneo. Although known to European science more than a century, even the enterprising zoological society of London has not been able to obtain a specimen. In appear-

THE PROBOSCIS MONKEY

ance the proboscis monkey is one of the queerest and quaintest of the monkey family. Its forehead is as low as an ape's, its hair is chestnut in color and neatly parted in the middle, and its face is adorned with bushy mutton-chop whiskers. Its eyes are far apart, its mouth is wide, and its cheeks and chin are tinged with blue, giving the face the appearance of having just been shaved. But the most remarkable feature of all is the nose. Monkeys as a rule have no noses at all, some of them having muzzles like

THE GUEREZA MONKEY OF ABYSSINIANS

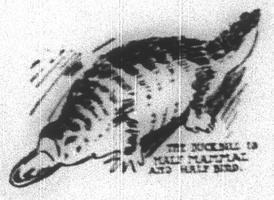
dogs, but the proboscis monkey has a nose several inches long. Besides being long, it is pointed and slightly tilted up, and oddest of all, it grows and grows all through the life of the monkey. Another strange thing in connection with this monkey is its three stomachs. When food is scarce it can carry its three meals and digest them at leisure. The age of the proboscis monkey is reckoned by the length of its nose.

Another monkey which museums and zoos would like to obtain is the guereza. This animal is a study in black and white. It has the appearance of wearing a white fur mantle over a coat of black velveteen. Its sides are fringed with thick masses of snowy hair, while its back, legs and lower body are as black as coal. The face, too, is black, while the whiskers, beard and eyebrows are white and the

THE BEAUTIFUL BEAR OF THIBET

long black tail has a thick white plume at its tip. Altogether the guereza is an odd-looking monkey. Why it is never seen in zoos or menageries is a mystery, for it is not uncommon along the mountains of interior Somaliland and in Abyssinia.

Bears are not at all uncommon, even in New England, but there is one bear which the managers of game gardens and menageries have never been able to secure. It is called the parti-colored bear, and lives in the most inaccessible parts of eastern Thibet; so that it is almost as hard to obtain as a Mahatma. We know what it is like—white with black eyes, black ears,



THE DUCKBILL IS HALF MAMMAL AND HALF BIRD.

black legs, and a black ring round its neck in the form of a horse collar. But no one has the least idea of what its habits may be, either in freedom or captivity. And no one is at all likely to know till the good people of Thibet are a little more friendly to strangers.

Nature seems to resent the introduction of the duckbill to zoos or menageries, for they die as soon as taken into captivity. This is a pity, for the duckbill is one of the most extraordinary of all living animals. It is a connecting link between the animals and the birds. On the one hand it has four legs, and is clothed with fur, and suckles its young; on the other hand, it has a beak like that of a duck, and a bird's shoulderbones, while it also lays eggs like a bird. In Australia, where it is not very uncommon, it spends half its time in the water, and the other half in holes in the bank. As its toes are webbed, they are very useful for swimming; while, as they are furnished with stout, sharp claws, they are equally good for digging. And it gets its food just as a duck does, by poking about in soft mud with its beak in search of worms and crustaceans. To add to its peculiarities, it has cheek pouches like those of a monkey, in which it can store up a supply of food for the little ones in the nursery at the end of its burrow.

KINDLY ACT APPRECIATED.

Courtesy Shown a Poor Blind Colored Man in a Street Car.

People are so busy nowadays they have often not time to be polite, and a considerate act at once attracts attention. There was such an occurrence a few days ago in a 4th avenue car.

Among the passengers was a blind negro. His clothes were the veriest rags and were held to his emaciated frame with pieces of wire and bits of string. A broom handle served as a cane. Over one shoulder was suspended a gunny sack, giving him the appearance of a cotton picker.

He continually picked at one hand with the fingers of the other, as though he were playing the banjo, humming softly to himself the while and patting his foot. As his face was wreathed in smiles—not a grin—all eyes were turned in his direction. Many of the passengers looked at him regretfully when the car reached Stanton street and he arose and made his way toward the door.

The hour was a busy one on the Bowery. People wondered whether the old man would reach the sidewalk in safety. A young man standing on the rear platform did more than wonder, however, for he alighted and guided the negro safely to the sidewalk. He then as rapidly as possible ran after the car, which was disappearing down the street.

Several of the passengers who had noticed the incident called on the conductor to stop the car, but as he did not do so one of them rang the bell violently, and the motorman reversed the lever and brought the car to a sudden stop.

As the young man climbed on the platform, says the New York Times, many smiles of approbation were cast in his direction. But he seemed to be almost ashamed of what he had done, and he pulled his hat down over his eyes and continued his ride in silence.

Didn't Know the Senator.

Some years ago Idaho sent a man to the senate whose name was McConnell. He enjoyed a brief term of about five or six weeks, and then he disappeared. Recently Mr. McConnell visited the senate chamber again. Very few of the senators knew him.

His presence, however, recalled the fact that when he was in the senate he lifted up his voice and delivered a speech. He was then an almost utter stranger. Old Senator Edmunds looked at him in astonishment.

"Who is this man talking?" asked Edmunds of a page.

"Senator McConnell of Idaho," responded the boy.

"Well," said Edmunds, "when it comes to the point that in the United States senate a man can make a speech whom I never saw before, I think it is time for me to leave."

And Mr. Edmunds, in disgust, retired to the cloakroom.

A Talented Woman.

Mme. Ceraski of the Moscow Observatory has at various times contributed valuable data to the science of astronomy. Two years ago she first discovered a variable star of the Algol type, that is having its light diminished at regular intervals by a dark companion revolving around it, and still more recently discovered a second Algol. No telescope, however, is powerful enough to show the planet which causes the alternating brightness and faintness of this star. Mme. Ceraski has won a reputation in this field, both for research and discovery of which she may well be proud.

Clean Kaffir Boys.

"The Kaffirs are the cleanest people in the world in some respects," said a lady just returned from South Africa.

"They are always scrubbing themselves in hot water and anointing themselves with oil afterward, but the habit does not extend to their clothes. They will take an elaborate bath and then put on old clothes that never saw the washtub. I had all the house boys dress in white duck, and then they had to keep their clothes clean. In the mines the boys wear only the 'moochie,' which is about a yard and a half of blue cotton, wound about their hips."

Good Type of American Boy.

Daniel Hardy, the new general superintendent of the Missouri Pacific railway, was thirty-five years ago a water boy on the old single-track road running through Fraseyville, O.

No man in the world has a dignity that is superior to having his hat blown off.