

A TALE OF FOOLISH PRIDE.

The day was most uncommon warm, And Chanticleer and wife Had had a small domestic storm To mar their married life. She held her head in scornful pride, And shook her little head, But he maintained his voice was strong, And he could sing, he said.

And so he stopped, his voice to try, Upon the dusty road, And she, with hypocritical eye, Blood watching while he crowed, And such a frightful noise he made It shook the earth and sky, And woke a hawk of somber shade Who'd been asleep near by.

The hawk, who had been doing, heard The rooster proud and trim, And pointing on the foolish bird He put an end to him.

MORAL.
A moral fair this tale doth bear That may be read by all— Let men who think they "chide" beware, "Pride goes before a fall."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BLUFFER

As Recorded by F. E. Elwell

I WAS born under an unlucky star, so I had been informed by the horoscope writer, and there may have been some truth in this statement. However, I must have realized this fact in my youth for no opportunity was lost to set things right with myself and the world.

There was no one who could tell me anything or teach me anything that I had not heard or known before. As I look back on my youthful years I am bound to deliver myself of entire blame because there was no one to instruct me in the way of truth.

My lot was cast with those who, by their wit, earned whatever was necessary for their existence. The main idea hustled into my mind was to bluff it out on all occasions. This was considered among those I found around me as the highest form of education.

Many of our present-day politicians have learned this lesson in the same school, and have been able to bluff the public out of a good deal.

I was in the country one day with a party of other kids, who had been given an outing by some charity. A gentleman said to "Tommy, do you know anything about flying kites?"

I replied, "Yep! all about it." It crossed my mind later in the day that I would meet this same gentleman at the Newboys' Retreat, where I used to go and enjoy a few hours in the evening. I had learned to read in this place, and had found the accomplishment of great use to me.

For this foolish remark, which was at once a lie, a boast, and a straight bluff, I was obliged to delve in the books of the little library half the night, and until my head fairly split.

He asked me the questions all right the next day, planned me down to an answer, and thought that he had caught me so that he could moralize about it, but I came up all right, looked him square in the eye, and was ready with many answers that pleased him. He took to me and was the means of my first lift in the world.

Strange to say, I have never forgotten this information and have used it a thousand times since.

Many bluffs of this nature were handled in the same way, causing an amount of mental labor entirely unnecessary, but filling my mind with mental knowledge.

As I grew older, I learned a little by experience, but very little, for there seemed always the foolish desire to pose as somebody and never admit that I did not know.

Among my associates of my own age there was an easy matter to bluff, but this did not satisfy the egotism in my nature; I still fancied that it was evidence of intellectual supremacy to pretend to know more than I really did. This pretense naturally brought me, in consequence, to many humiliations, but very little, for there seemed always the foolish desire to pose as somebody and never admit that I did not know.

By this time I was an expert on bluff, and had risen steadily in my position, solely as I see it now on bluff, pure and simple.

During the period of my employment, before I had become one of the firm, many interesting things occurred. I had many narrow escapes.

It was frequently said of me, "He knows a lot." This flattered me greatly, and I actually came to believe it myself. There was a remarkable lack of humiliating circumstances in my early life. I succeeded in bluffing through most trying conditions. It was my game and I learned to play it well.

In my early business career, whenever my bluff was found out, I simply sought another place and generally won on bluff, pretending to know much, when I knew nothing. I would bluff some simple chap to tell me as much as he could about the work, and then I would add my bluff, so little by little, by sticking to the same business, I swung into a fine position of trust in a big concern.

er, stalwart and strong, a man of knowledge and refinement. Only I knew the truth; I held the secret in my shallow soul. I knew I had won on bluff, nothing else. As Governor I awoke into silence those who were onto my bluff, and those who believed in me were equally awed by my assumed greatness. This pleased and flattered me. There were, however, nights of hard labor, when the oil burned until daylight in my apartment. No one knew what efforts were required to keep pace with my advancement. Was any one ever so fortunate as I? I only skimmed over the surface, acquired a few of the main facts and in a clever manner wove them into any conversation that was needed. As I was considered an astute politician few attempted to differ with me.

The strange fact is that through all this life of pretence and humbug no true realization of my own depravity dawned upon me until late in life, and then it came with such suddenness and overwhelming power, almost too much for a human mind.

As all my ambitions of a selfish nature had been satisfied by gentle fate, I had grown to feel that there was little danger for the rest of my days. She had lifted me from many foolish pitfalls, and it seemed to me that I should slip out of life with my secret, which I had come to dread.

But this same gentle fate materialized in the shape of an accomplished woman of social position. She came into my life so suddenly that I felt a victim to the shafts of that youthful one with the tiny wings.

Here again I used my monstrous bluff and we were married. The honeymoon was a happy one. I had bluffed the public, pulled wool over the eyes of hundreds of my fellow politicians, had played the charity and philanthropic bluff.

But woman was a quantity I had not reckoned with. As our married life lengthened out I was daily conscious that there was a coldness growing between us. This worried me. Could it be possible that she had seen through my shallow nature? Day by day I grew more wretched, more suspicious of the real truth; day by day we drifted apart, until her coldness froze my very soul.

Never a word of reproach, never a complaint—just a calm, stately dignity; a living in her own pure, honest atmosphere. No criminal condemned to die in the chair could have suffered more anguish and torture of mind than I did at that time. My experience in life had taught me something. I realized that here I had found my master. Her radiant, honest soul shone only for her children. As for me I paid the bills, was kind and even gentle in my family life, but all to no purpose; bluff would not work with her. Yet as I know it now, she patiently waited the turn of the tide. It came one day sooner than even I had suspected.

An acquaintance of mine, during my stay at the State House, called to learn something about a matter of which he was sure I had some knowledge. I knew nothing whatsoever of the matter, and on ordinary occasions would have bluffed it out.

My wife was sitting in the room, calm, dignified, silent as the sphinx. A chill ran through me followed by my head would burst with the intense internal raging. There were those two human beings sitting before me, one a bluffer, the other an honest woman. They were waiting for a reply. It seemed as though I lived a whole lifetime in those few seconds. Finally I blurted out:

"I do not know anything about this matter—or any other." My friend looked at me in disgust, seized his hat and left the room.

I was stunned; my life secret was out; I was a ruined man; my vanity had destroyed me; I was alone.

Suddenly I felt two soft arms about my neck. I saw two lovely deep eyes looking into mine. I felt the world and its foolish, childlike folly melt away. I was in the confidence of my wife!

I have never bluffed since.—New York News.

A Lesson From the Bees.
"Don't stir up a beehive unless you know it is a rich one," said an apiarist to a visitor at his bee farm.

"I think that I would leave them alone altogether," was the reply. "They have too angry a buzz about them to win my confidence."

Pluck and Adventure.

Towed by a shark. Among the "Queer Steeds" of which C. F. Holder tells in St. Nicholas perhaps the queerest is a "nurse" shark, captured at sea and imprisoned in a tide-water aquarium in Florida.

With no little difficulty, says Mr. Holder, we caught the nurse, towed it to the aquarium, which was an inclosed moat half a mile long, fifty feet wide and from six to eight feet deep. It required a dozen or more men to haul the fish, which was eleven feet in length, over the little tide gate. Just before it was released a rope bridle was passed over it—a loop that fitted over the head and was tightened just behind the fins, so that it remained in place, a perfect saddle girth. To this a rope about ten feet long was attached, and in turn made fast to a float. All this was prepared in advance, and it did not require much time to attach it, though the plunges of the shark knocked several men from their feet. Finally all was ready, and the shark was rolled over into the moat, where it went dashing away, the telltale float following at the surface. For some time we had been building a boat which was to be the carriage of this steed. The masons had given to us the frame of a great brick arch upon which they were working. This resembled a scow with square ends. It was a perfect skiff, except that the planks were an inch apart, but we filled these crevices and caulked it with oakum. The day before the shark was caught the boat was launched and tested, and it was found that it would hold three boys, two on a lower seat and one on the box seat of the coach. The "shark ride" was looked forward to with the greatest interest.

Finally the day arrived, and very early, while the great tropical sun was high in the sky, the windmill clouds, we made our way around the wall and to our marine carriage. Being the originator of the scheme, the privilege of the box seat was awarded to me. Literally, this seat was a box—a discarded cracker box. My two companions sat upon a board in the stern to balance the skiff. We were soon in place, and, sitting on the box, I carefully paddled the little craft out from the tide gate and began the search for our steed. I paddled down one side of the great wall, keeping perfectly quiet as every quick movement threatened us with a capsize.

Presently we saw the float lying motionless on the water near the wall. The shark was undoubtedly asleep, little suspecting the rude awakening that was in store for him. I now handed the paddles to one of the boys behind me and took to hand our painter, the rope fastened to the boat, and it was now my business to secure this to the float and to arouse the shark.

One of my companions paddled gently and the boat-bottomed boat slowly drifted on. Leaning forward I picked up the float and quickly ran the painter through a hole that had been left in the float for the purpose, and fastened it with a bowline knot. When this was done I hauled in the slack and gently pulled the rein, while one of the boys "clucked" at the shark, and the other said "Gedup!" No response. Then I gave another jerk at the line, and the shark woke up.

I have often read of boys who awake at sunrise and bound out of bed with a single leap, and have always thought that such sudden awakening could be true only in books. But that was exactly how this shark woke. It fairly leaped out of the water, and jerked the skiff ahead so violently that my box seat upset and I fell backward upon my companions. This upset was certainly not a dignified beginning, and I heard a roar of laughter from some fun-loving lookers-on.

The shark, now feeling the rope, dashed along at a rapid pace, making it extremely difficult for us to retain our places, but my companions aided me. Carefully raising me they righted the box. I secured the painter and held the single rein in triumph. It was a signal success. We had harnessed the shark, and were moving at a rate that was wildly exciting. The speed was so great that the boat was pulled almost by the under, and a wave of foam preceded us. The boys held on tightly, but occasionally raised one hand and cheered when a head appeared at a porthole of the fort.

A Boy Hero. At Sellwood, near Portland, Ore., there was recently unveiled a monument to Arthur Venille, a lad who lies in an unknown grave in the Philippine Islands. Venille was born in England, but was brought to this country at the age of ten months.

When he was only seven years old his father died, charging the child with his last breath, almost, "to take care of the mother and sisters." The little fellow promised.

He was a quiet boy, of studious habits. He liked to go to school, and he wanted to go to college, but he had to take a place in a shop to help support the family. In 1887, he was called as an apprentice in the navy, still giving his people wages. The other fellows called him a "girl sailor," he told his mother when he came home on a furlough a year later.

Venille was on the gunboat Yorktown in 1890. She went to the Philippines, and in April was sent to Balzer Bay to rescue some Spanish prisoners. The young apprentice was one of the party of seventeen which under command of Lieutenant Gillmore was sent ashore to reconnoitre.

As the crowded launch approached the silent shore there suddenly burst upon it a storm of bullets. Several men were killed, others were desperately wounded, and all were drenched with the blood of their comrades. Lieutenant Gillmore has told in McClure's Magazine of the behavior of Venille, the eighteen-year-old apprentice, who had never before been under fire.

"Having no other weapon than a revolver, useless at the range," wrote the officer, "I reached for the rifle dropped by one of the dead. It had been hit in the lock and the clip was jammed in. Venille, one of the apprentice boys, attempted to fix it. A bullet went through the flesh of his neck."

"Mr. Gillmore, I'm hit," he said. But he continued working at the rifle. "A second shot plowed through the boy's breast and came out in his armpit. "I'm hit again, Mr. Gillmore." "It was still trying to pull out the jammed clip when a ball cut a furrow in the left side of his head. "Mr. Gillmore, they've hit me again!" "He wiped the blood from his brown eyes with his coat sleeve and then returned to his task as calmly as if it were only a mosquito that had stung him. It was not three minutes until a ball crashed into his ankle, inflicting a painful hurt. There was just a slight quiver in the lad's voice as he looked up to me and said: "Mr. Gillmore, I'm hit once more, but I've fixed the gun, sir."

One wishes this true tale might have ended, as stories do, with the hero's recovery and return, but when the other survivors of Lieutenant Gillmore's party were taken into the interior, Venille, being unable to travel, was left behind, and some time later he was killed by the order of an insurgent general. Yet his eighteen years, few though they were, had been spent to some purpose. The monument stands a fair and stately symbol of the boy's life.

The One Time He Fell Fear. "Fear is an awful thing," said a young man who figured in several of the Philippine raids, "and while I have been frightened on many occasions, I really never had a genuine feeling of fear but once, and that was while I was in the war with the fellows in the Philippines. I never knew what fear was before that experience. At the time of my first and last experience of fear we were about fifteen miles from Manila. During the day we had a rather rough row with the natives. The men were worn out. They had been beating down bushes, wading through marshes, cutting and shooting and slashing from sunrise to sunset, and these experiences left the men in a badly worn condition. Their minds were feverish. I know that my mind was feverish, and under more happy circumstances I would have felt some uneasiness. It fell my lot to stand guard as an outpost, and I was fifty or a hundred yards from any other soldier, up to my neck in the bushes, engulfed in the fog of Philippine marshes on one of the blackest nights I ever saw. It had been raining and the leaves and undergrowth were waterlogged. On nearly a direct line with me were a number of comrades on outpost duty, but they could not be reached by my voice. Behind me were the squads, platoons and then the companies of the regiment, spaced according to the regulations, and in front of me, driven back into the thicket undergrowth into places of concealment, were the fellows we had fought all during the day. They knew the country. I did not. They knew exactly where to find me. I knew they were hiding somewhere near my post. I never had such a miserable feeling in all my life. It was dark, thickly, heavily dark. I could see nothing. I could only tell the earth was beneath me by feeling with my feet, and sometimes when I would hear a popping sound as if made by the fall of a foot, or a crack as if some brittle piece of undergrowth had snapped under the enemy's tread, or the swish of a bush as if brushed aside by some fellow who was slipping upon me—when I heard these things I would almost fall to the ground in a fit of wild delirium. I could not shoot, for if I did 5000 men would be immediately called to my rescue. So there I stood, right in the home of the enemy, dreading and fearing until the very blood in my arteries seemed to stop. And the awful sounds! The popping, the crashing, the swishing, the breaking of brittle twigs and the swish as a Philippine's foot sunk in the soggy leaves. These things nearly drove me mad. I know now that I never heard all these sounds. It was partly the work of a feverish brain, partly the work of fear. What sound I heard were caused by water falling from the leaves of trees, and by bushes swinging back to their normal places when relieved of the heavy weight covering.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Walked With a Tiger. It is related of Sir Edward Bradford, the Chief of Police Commissioner of London, that he once walked arm in arm so to speak, with a tiger. He was out shooting, and always a fearless sportsman, had come to close quarters with his quarry. He fired, and either the ball failed to take effect or he slightly wounded the animal. She sprang at him and seized his left arm above the elbow. The pain must have been terrible, but Sir Edward kept cool, and realizing that it would be death to drag his mangled arm away and allow her to spring at him, he deliberately walked a few agonizing paces until his comrade was able to take aim and kill the brute. Thus his courage saved his life, though the amputation of his arm at the shoulder proved necessary.

Fifty per cent. of the felt boots marketed in the United States and Canada are made in Grand Rapids, Mich.



The Usual Thing. I shot an arrow into the air; It fell to earth—I knew not where— Until a neighbor set up a howl Because I'd killed a favorite fowl.

Over the Coffee Cups. Mrs. Henpeck—"Well, anyhow, your brother Tom isn't as big a fool as you are."

Henpeck—"You bet he isn't. He's a bachelor."—Detroit Free Press.

Well Guarded. "That's a handsome office clock of yours. Aren't you afraid it'll be stolen?"

"Never. Why, every clerk in my employ has one eye on it all day."—New York World.

Decentful. "So 'tis with men! Before marriage my husband was ready to die for me, and now he dies not even want to eat what I cook!"—Fitzgibbon Blaceter.



Well Argued. "What's the use of hitting him, Johnnie? You'll only have to go to him afterward and say you're sorry."

"Well, I'd rather be sorry for hitting him than for not hitting him. So what's the difference?"—New York World.

Two Points of View. It was in the world of business. "Who is he? What has he done?" they asked.

Then again it was in the world of society. "Who's his father?" they asked.—Chicago Post.

The Proposal. Dorothy—"Do confide to me, Isabel, the method of Mr. Tillington's proposal to you."

Isabel—"Dorothy, I dare not. It is so thrillingly interesting that you could not resist telling it to somebody else."—Brooklyn Life.

Utterly Heartless. "So you never talk about people behind their backs."

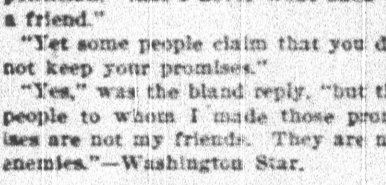
"No," answered the woman with a grim expression. "If I know anything which would annoy a friend, I always tell it in her presence. I wouldn't miss seeing her embarrassment for anything."—Washington Star.

A Quibbler. "I can truthfully say," remarked the politician, "that I never went back on a friend."

"Yet some people claim that you did not keep your promises."

"Yes," was the bland reply, "but the people to whom I made those promises are not my friends. They are my enemies."—Washington Star.

The Astounded Professor. 1. Attendant—"If you wish to get the correct weight you must take your overcoat off."



2. Professor—"You are right, boy, but really, I see no difference in the result."—Der Dorfbarthler.

Sherlock Holmes in New York City. "Will you marry me?" he said, suddenly looking up from the paper which he had been studying.

"Wh—why," she replied, "how you startled me. What has caused you to ask me such an important question so suddenly?"

"I've been looking over the tax list."

"I can't see what the tax list has to do with our love."

"Your father's name isn't on it. He must be very rich."—Chicago Record-Herald.



Two farmers in Ohio have raised a \$15,000 crop of ginseng on one-third of an acre of ground. The plant is grown in beds three feet in width, which are covered with lattice-work to give shade. They intend shipping their product to China.

The London Colliery Guardian describes a new explosive patented in Germany. It consists of a mixture of calcium carbide and a barium superoxide. The cartridges are divided into two compartments by a thin tin partition, on one side of which are the mixed salts and on the other a dilute acid. As soon as the acid eats through the tin and gains access to the mixture a violent explosion is said to result.

The wonderful new telegraph system invented by the two Hengstenberg, Anton Pollak and Joseph Vinea, will be put in operation this fall by the Imperial German Postal Administration, on the line between Berlin and Cologne, England and the United States will be likely to adopt it next, as it has been successfully tested by experts in both countries. The system sends and receives messages in ordinary handwriting, and at the rate of 100,000 words an hour. It is safer, cheaper and better in every way, it is claimed, than any other system in the world.

The replanting of grass on the wasted cattle ranges in Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Montana, Idaho and the Dakotas is to be attempted by the railways penetrating those States. The first problem to be solved is the finding of a grass suitable for stock purposes. Nearly 4000 acres will be fenced and divided into thirty plots for experiments in planting. These Western cattle ranges have been ruined by too much crowding and by sheep. It is expected that once the feasibility of replanting is proven the Federal and State governments will lend their aid to the movement.

Petroleum drinking as a habit is spreading so rapidly in France that the Medical Society of Paris advises immediate steps to check it. The opinion formerly expressed by many persons that the habit was due to the Government's increased tax on alcohol has been found to be an error. An investigation has proven that it is prevalent long before the alcohol tax was imposed, and that it has been growing all the time. Physicians do not agree as to all the effects produced by it, but they do agree as to its general harmfulness. The victim of the habit does not become brutal, as is so often the case with alcohol drinkers, but despondent and morose.

For many years the supply of gutta percha, used chiefly for electrical insulation, particularly of submarine cables, for which purpose it is indispensable. Until very recently no new field of exploration had been discovered. It appears, however, according to recent reports, that Para and the Amazon River, the home of India rubber, are central to large forests of the balata tree, from which gutta percha is derived. A report made by an expert who recently visited this district asserts that the gutta percha industry can be made to rival that of the rubber trade. Vast areas of virgin forests are to be found growing on the Purus and Acre rivers and other tributaries of the Upper Amazon. The method of bleeding the balata tree is entirely different from that used in extracting the milk of the rubber tree, but the supply is greater per tree. It takes an expert to properly bleed the balata so that it will yield the desired gum, but a competent man can prepare from forty to fifty pounds per day.

The Lizard in Literature. In his great narrative poem, "Enoch Arden," Tennyson describes the shipwrecked mariner on his lonely island sitting so still in his long wait for a sail that "the golden lizard on him paused."

I have often wondered how Tennyson got that idea and whether he was justified in it. Do lizards ever run up onto human beings and wait there for their insect prey? Emily Brontë represents the sinister hero of "Wuthering Heights" as standing still so long in his agony, and coming to look so unlike a human being that a building thrush, if I remember rightly, is seen to perch upon him. But a lizard seems even less likely in this connection than a bird. However, as we sat lunching on a sunny bank the other day my companion suddenly gave a little scream and cried: "Oh, what curious thing is on your arm?" I looked down, and there was a common lizard, with its head oddly twisted on one side. The movement disturbed my little visitor, which darted over my shoulder and in an instant or two had disappeared in the tangle of the white-throated hawthorn, but not before I had seen and admired its bright eye and its green coat.—London Express.

Worldly Wisdom. Promptness is often a mistake. If you do not believe it, recall the fate of the early worm. Many men have succeeded because they hesitated at the right time.—New York News.

Wealth's Only Salvation. In these days of social enlightenment wealth's only salvation is sacrifice; if wealth tries to save too much it will lose all.—New York News.