

ANOTHER MAINE NATURE TALE

In All Fairness the Writer Says He Gives the Story for What It Is Worth.

An Auburn man has a cow whose idiosyncrasies have puzzled him, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. A month ago she seemed gay and light-hearted. A week of depression followed. Another week of airy and lightsome frivolity seemed to follow, and now she would seem depressed. He has been watching her, and has just discovered that she has developed a passion for literature as a diet. In other words, she chews the old pamphlets and newspapers. He has found out another thing, viz., that her moods vary as to the amount and character of illustrations consumed—the more the articles are illustrated the more exultation for the cow, the more solid the matter the greater the area of depression. For instance, a copy of the Congressional Record will reduce the cow's spirits and temperance to sub-normal, while a copy of any of the current illustrated newspapers will make her caper like a happy child. "The other day," says he, "I had her a select dish of illustrations from Puck, Frank Leslie's, the Lewiston Saturday Journal and the annual report of the Maine agricultural department, and she was so happy that she kissed me." We give this story for what it is worth, for we have not yet had opportunity to verify it.

NOT QUITE IN SAME CLASS.

Rich and Had Been Wanderer in Early Days, But Had Not Neglected Ablutions.

Senator Norris Brown, in an address in Washington, praised an Iowa millionaire.

"His success is a lesson to us," said Senator Brown. "There are men in Maquoketa who still remember him as a tramp, a common, homeless tramp."

The speaker smiled. "One afternoon in New York," he said, "as the millionaire and I were walking in Fifth avenue a beggar stepped up to him and whined:

"Boss, I guess you ain't never wetter cold and hungry, sleepin' in wet fields and gittin' kicked from—"

"Oh, yes, I have, though," said the millionaire.

"He looked the tramp up and down, handed him a quarter, and said, as he passed on:

"But I had the decency to wash myself once or twice a year, by George! You make me kind of sick."

—Detroit Free Press.

Mosquito Coast.

The Mosquito coast is a strip of territory lying on the east coast of Nicaragua. It was discovered by Columbus in 1502, and was claimed by Spain, although it was never conquered by that country. During the seventeenth century the Mosquito coast was the headquarters of the buccanniers, and in 1650 became subject to Great Britain with non-fulfillment of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty between the United States and Great Britain, these two nations agreed not to occupy or fortify or colonize or assume or exercise any dominion over any part of Central America. In 1855 the United States charged Great Britain with non-fulfillment of the treaty, and in 1859 the English agreed with certain reservations, to cede the territory to Honduras. Nicaragua now claims the sovereignty of this territory. The Mosquitoes, who now number only about 10,000, were at one time able to muster an army of 49,000 men.

How Evans Got to Annapolis.

Admiral Evans tells the story of how he happened to be appointed as a cadet to the naval academy at Annapolis from Utah when his native state was Virginia.

"William H. Hooper, the first territorial delegate to congress from Utah, was a great friend of my family," he said. "One day he asked me if I did not want to be an officer in the navy. I told him: 'You bet I do.' He then explained that there was an appointment to be made from Utah and said that if I was only a resident of Utah I could get the appointment. As soon as I could get my hat and catch a train I was on my way to Salt Lake City, and I got the appointment. I was the first cadet to be appointed from that territory."

What Swinburne Was.

A new and untrammeled estimate of Swinburne comes from the policeman whose duty it was to look after the crowd that went down to the Isle of Wight on the occasion of the poet's burial. A stranger, who was unaware of the fact that England had just lost her greatest poet, inquired of this policeman at Ventnor station the cause for the crowd. The reply was as follows:

"A man named Swinburne. I never heard of him afore. They tell me he wrote a lot of poetry stuff. If it hadn't been for that nobody wouldn't have taken any notice of him at all. He wasn't anybody very particular."

Was Not in Her Hair.

"Now, Margaret, dear, I'm going to put some vasoline on your hair to take the dandruff out," said mamma to her small hopeful of five. "Then you may run out and play."

"What's in your hair, Margie?" asked her playmate a little later. "It looks all shaly."

"Oh, my mamma put some gasoline on it to take the dandelions out," replied little Margaret, wisely.

NO ROOM FOR THE QUITTER.

Business World Has No Place for the Man Who Is Unable to Hold On.

Many business men fall because they are quitters. It may be that more fall for this reason than any other. Whatever the proportion, the number is too large. Men can accomplish more than they ever dreamt of in most cases. It is mainly a question of holding on when a man is engaged in a pursuit into which his physical and mental qualities fit. If plans succumb to every whiff of biting air in the raw days of spring and shriveled up at every drought of summer, there would be no fruit. Nature points the way to holding on with grim tenacity and left alone the face of the earth is smothered in shrub and flower and seed.

In the fields of industry Thomas A. Edison is a splendid illustration of these truths, declares a writer in the Bookkeeper. He says: "In scientific work, as in all other work, the chief factor of success is the power of sticking to a thing. I attribute all that I have accomplished to the fact that I hold on where most persons get discouraged." Grant won his battles by holding on, not by superior military tactics. Examples are as numerous as successful men.

Not all may succeed in the same degree, since men are differently constituted and labor under varying conditions, but a doubting, shifting, yielding course leads nowhere. No sensible man would make a mistake of traveling east to reach a western town; so none should pursue an object unpreparedly and without purpose. But it is not only necessary to be sure that you are right and then go ahead, but to keep going.

STALK AND SLAY THE ENEMY

Vendetta in Montenegro an Illustration of the Eternal Unrest of the Balkans.

To listen to a Bulgarian singing is to make one's flesh creep or want to weep. The centuries of cruel oppression are only too manifest in Bulgarian music and words, but a Montenegro grows restless over his songs, and curses the powers that forbid him to emulate his forefathers' deeds en masse across the frontier. He does so whenever he can, but only in two and three.

When the Montenegro goes raiding across the border it is really a more sporting affair than the well-equipped and organized outings of the Bulgarian "Comitachis." With him it is usually a private set of revenge, or vendetta, to which he invites one or two friends. Then they steal across the border at night, find their man, do their best to kill him and then make tracks homeward with the whole district at their heels. Perhaps the method of killing is not up to the standard of western sport, for they shoot their victim "stitching," so to speak, and do not give him a chance, but as it is the recognized system on both sides little can be said.

This custom makes men very wary, and the stranger can appreciate the reason when he sees a plowman, for instance, attending to his duties with a rifle slung over his back. But in spite of this laxity of observance of the sixth commandment, as a Franciscan monk put it to me, they are the essence of honor and hospitality. As their guest no one can come to any harm, and they will do all in their power to make his stay among them pleasant and safe.—Wide World Magazine.

Men with Brazen Throats.

"It is astonishing to note how some men can imbibe the most fiery liquors as easily as the average citizen can toss down a glass of lemonade," said Capt. George F. Rainey of Del Rio, Tex., at the Hotel Kernan. "I have a neighbor who is so used to drinking whisky of extraordinary high proof—130—that when he indulges in that blistering essence of rye he follows it up with a glass of 100 proof—the standard—as a 'chaser,' quite as most men take water to mitigate the ardent stuff. In my country it is no uncommon thing for old frontiersmen to drink alcohol that has been slightly diluted, and I have seen not a few who could pour the raw article down their throats in seeming enjoyment."—Baltimore American.

Husband's Unique Tribute.

A raid was made in the "Baptist Bottoms" last night by a party of officers which succeeded in the seizure of a blind tiger. A negro by the name of John Owens was the violator of the law, who was caught with some 20 bottles of the goods of his profession. John is the husband of Carrie Owens who is familiarly known in police circles as an mkenough; hovetoinn quarters as one of the famous tigresses of these bottoms. The whisky found in this place bore the label "Old Carrie Owens," which goes to show that the woman is not young in the business.—Mobile Register.

An Old Saying.

"A penny for your thoughts," said the postman. "What do you mean?" inquired the poet. "There's a cent due on this returned manuscript."

He Needed One.

The Employer—Young man, I don't see how, with your salary, you can afford to smoke such expensive cigars. The Employee—You're right, sir; I can't. I ought to have a bigger salary.

CRITIC'S USE IN THE WORLD.

Fault-Finding Healthful if One Makes Up His Mind to Abide by It.

Did you ever stop to consider how important is the critic? If it were not for this person of opinions, then every one would jog along in the same old rut from year to year, make the same faults eternally and never get ahead. True criticism is the peach stick that makes the youngster sit up and behave, the lash that makes the older man shrug his shoulder and tug harder at his burden, and yet we all have a wholesome contempt for the gilded-edged criticism until, like the bad dose of medicine, it has telling effects and we are really recovering from a bad malady. When you get real earnest and want to know more and more, you will take the medicine and lick the spoon, but if you think you have no need of it you will be just as obstinate and mean as the ash cart mule in the alley and you will never go any way but backward. Honest criticism over the beautiful work of one's heart is not pleasant, in fact, it is pathetic in a sense, but it is so helpful that a person should be willing to abide by it. If we were never criticised about the singing, painting, writing or other talents in which we hope to succeed, then there would always be a same! ness about everything, but, once the spur is felt, it means making a change, and, what is more, usually for the better.—Houston Post.

BEGGAR FLASHED HUGE ROLL

Mandiant, Refused Alma, Took Novel Method of Getting Even with Man Who Jeered Him.

Flashing a roll of bills in the face of a haughty individual who had refused to give him alms and who had added further insults to this injury by heaping ridicule upon him, a very typical beggar at Coyocaco pulled off a stunt that brought down jeers upon the uncharitable young man, says the Mexican Herald.

This beggar would have passed muster anywhere for one of the finished type, and could safely have walked unarmed at midnight through a wilderness infested with thieves without his poverty once being questioned. There was not a whole thread in the warp and woof of his shirt that extended from seam to seam, and only an expert sartorial artist could have detected which openings were those originally made in the garment for putting it on and off. Just what portion of those rags was solid and strong enough to retain the roll of bills is a marvelous enigma.

Slight Misunderstanding.

An Italian organ-grinder recently escaped a fine by his wit. He had been playing before the house of an irascible old gentleman, who furious with him and with wild gesticulations ordered him to move on.

The Italian stolidly stood his ground, and played on, and at last was arrested for causing a disturbance.

At the court the magistrate asked him why he did not leave when he was requested to do so.

"He no understand mooch Inglesse," was the reply.

"Well, but you must have understood by his motions that he wanted you to go on."

"No na," was the rejoinder; "I tink he come to dance."—Weekly Magazine.

Bill Nye's Editorial.

Bill Barlow, the editor of Bill Nye's Budget, is one of the most unique figures in American journalism. To a few of his friends he confessed the first humorous paragraph of his former editorial associate, Bill Nye. There had been a railroad accident. The locomotive was lost in the river, two passenger cars were destroyed, the express car was smashed, but no one had been fatally hurt. This is the way Bill Nye described it:

"For upward of 20 years repairs have been repeatedly promised the old South Bridge. Hoping against hope, and waiting until distracted, the old bridge became discouraged at last, and yesterday just laid down in the gorge with a passenger train."

The Value of a Brain.

One good strategist is worth several armies. That is why Napoleon could accomplish more than all his marshals together. It was he who said: "You can never outnumber a brain."

That is why the single Robert E. Lee, south of Mason and Dixon's line, was more formidable than all the union generals together. Had Lee served with the north rather than the south, said Lincoln, the war would have ended two years sooner.

Thus, too, the greatest living military writer, Lecompte, has declared that one Melike, on the side of the French, in 1870, would have turned the scale in favor of France.—Uncle Sam's Magazine.

Men and Their Mustaches.

"In Europe," the barber said, "it is the fashion for men to wear their mustaches long and trained carefully off the ends, in which shape they must be looked after at the cost of much time and trouble. Here it is the fashion for men to wear their mustaches short, which may not be quite so pretty, but it is vastly more convenient and comfortable, and is of the country characteristics. It is doing away with surplussage and heaping the decks cleared for action.

"No man who has had his mustache trimmed short once," the barber said, "would ever let it grow long again."

HARDLY FOR IMMEDIATE USE

Boy's Purchase Not of Such a Practical Nature as Fond Father Had Hoped.

On the day the Boy was 11 years old he visited an artist friend. The artist likes boys. He entertained the Boy royally. He gave him a gun and cigarette coupons worth \$2.60. The Boy was proud of the gun, but he thought still more of the coupons.

"What are you going to get with them, son?" asked his mother. "I don't know," said the Boy.

His mother was about to offer a few suggestions, but the Boy's father interfered.

"Just let Jim alone," he said. "Let him pick out his own prize. He knows what he wants."

"But he'll get something foolish," argued the practical mother.

"No, he won't," said the father. "That boy's got the best judgment of any boy I ever saw. He won't throw his money away. He'll come home with something useful—something that he needs right on the spot. I wouldn't be afraid to bet on that."

So the mother finally gave in. On Saturday the Boy went downtown to exchange his coupons for a prize.

When he came home the family was gathered at the dinner table talking about him.

"Come, dear," said his mother, "show mother what her little man got."

They sat expectant while the Boy unwrapped his prize. After a little they spoke. The mother said: "What did I tell you?" and the father said: "Well, I'll be darned!"

NOT JUST WHAT SHE MEANT

Fair One's Loving Protestation Sound—Somewhat Odd to Passionate Wooer.

It was, indeed, a beautiful night. The gentle zephyrs played musically amid the delicate fronds of the turnip-tops, and wafted from far-distant fields the subtle perfume of the luscious onion and the fragrance of decaying cabbages.

"Betty," he whispered, as they sat together on the fence surrounding Mrs. Filligan's pigsty, "ow beautiful you be! Jes' think of it, Betty. When we are married we will have a pig of our own! Think of that, Betty!"

"Jan," she whispered, a note of resentment in her voice, "what do I care for pigs? I shan't want a pig when I've got you!"

Then all was silent once more, save for the musical frolics of the zephyrs already mentioned.—London Tit-Bits.

Couldn't Move Him.

"Yep, th' cunnel is used to cyclones. He had half a dozen of 'em at that ranch of his out in Kansas. He was tellin' me yesterday 'bout the wust one. It unroofed his house, an' crushed his barn, an' blew two miles of fence clean over inter th' next county."

"Yep, Ninety-mile-an-hour. Th' cunnel says he crawled out of the cyclone cellar after it was all over, an' what do you suppose was the first thing he saw?"

"Give it up."

"He looked across his back lot, an' by gum, there was his hired man still sittin' on th' fence!"

Red-Headed Girls and Autos.

"Automobiles and red-headed girls both flourish abundantly in this invigorating climate," says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, "giving us one more point of superiority over Charleston." But will not our contemporary admit that the Rochester red-headed girl flourishes a little too abundantly? We think that she should be five feet four or five and weigh not over 110, but our impression is that the Rochester beauty flourishes to the weight of about 140 and sometimes 160. The ideal is a lissome, willowy and slim and not an abundant flourisher.—Charleston News and Courier.

The Don's Opinion.

Fashion is an inexorable in men's as in women's dress. The undergraduate is, perhaps, the most telling example of this. It was so even a century ago, when Oxford led the way in adopting the new nankeen trousers that were to supersede light breeches and top-boots. Just about that period a dose of Trinity met an undergraduate, at a fashion. "Young man," said the don severely, "you will come to no good if you wear nankeen trousers and keep a dog." The young man afterward became Dr. Sumner and bishop of Winchester.

Qualified.

The great magazine editor sneered. "What right have you," he asked, "to think you'll ever make a poet?" "Well, sir," the youth said timidly, "I've been fasting man in a side show for the last two seasons."

No Change.

"I think it's wrong for a married man to gamble." "It's worse than wrong. It's idiotic. His wife gives him \$5 if he loses, and confiscates it if he wins."

Putting it Differently.

The Poet—I am at a loss to know whether I owe what I am to my environment or my heredity. The Friend—Don't know which is to blame, eh?

WHY HOUSE WASN'T BUILT.

Owing to Developments Unlooked for, Mrs. Jorem Decided to Sell the Lot.

There never was such a couple as the Jorems for doing unconventional things and so it was no surprise to their friends to receive an invitation to a "house building party," the address being in a section of empty lots in the outskirts of the town. The party consisted of going to a lot that the Jorems had bought, the turning up a few sods, by the men and women of the party and then repairing to the nearest roadside inn for a modest collation of cheese sandwiches and beer.

At the table it was disclosed that the Jorems were going to build a suburban cottage on the lot at once.

A few weeks later one of the women guests met Mrs. Jorem on the street and asked her how the house was coming on.

"It's all off," replied Mrs. Jorem, briskly. "We sold that lot the next week after the party."

"Got a good offer for it?" was the sympathetic inquiry.

"Oh, no, it wasn't that. But you see Jorem's mother called on us the next day and when she had satisfied her curiosity about the party and the plans for the house she said she hoped there would be a room for her in it, and Jorem, like a dutiful son, said of course, I made J. act like a dutiful husband and sell that lot right away. I prefer boarding."

WANTED ALL TO UNDERSTAND

Small Maiden's Somewhat Startling Explanation of the Omission of Grace.

A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner-party the other day, for which 12 covers were laid, and that number of small maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to it, to do everything as it should be done.

"Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?" "No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."

That meant one ceremony the less to go through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it.

So, as they gathered about the table she explained:

"Mamma says that this is such an informal dinner that we need not have grace to-day."

An Artist's Lucky Number.

"I have not in my painting career so far saturated myself in the spirit of the ancients as to embrace all their superstitions, but I do confess to a small superstition regarding the number seventeen. I have always found this a most lucky number for me. My wife was 17 when I first met her, and the number of the house to which I took her when we were married was 17. My present house did bear the same number, and the first spade was put to the work of building it on August 17. This was in 1885. I had then been in possession of the place for three years, during that time designing and making plans and sketches for the house. It was on November 17, 1888, that we took up our residence there."—Strand Magazine.

That Settled It.

The commissioners in lunacy were nonplused. The man on whose mental condition the courts had appointed them to pass seemed perfectly sane, in spite of all testimony to the contrary. His every action, his every remark was rational. They were about to give up in despair when matters took an unexpected turn. "Oh, doctor, permit me to return the umbrella I borrowed from you last week," said the patient.

And then, at the thought of earning their fees with no qualms of conscience, the learned men decided that anyone who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.

This simply proves how trifles will ever mold our destinies.

Doesn't Care for the Just Man.

Do you know it is not a compliment to be called a just man? It carries with it an intolerant spirit, a mean disposition, and a fault-finding manner. There must not be too much justice in this country. The seeds must be sown and sugar coated. The just man is the man who demands that everybody come up to his standard. Ever think how hard a job that is? We have our own standards and we keep us busy measuring up to them, but to have to measure up to some other man's standard is awful, simply awful.—Lawrence (Kan.) Journal.

Welcome Snow in April.

A snow flurry in April is still looked upon as a blessing in some parts of New England, where plates, cups and all sorts of dishes are placed to catch the flakes. Every drop of the melted snow is carefully collected and bottled and labeled "April Snow," for use as an eye water. It was once considered an infallible cure for granulated eyelids and styes.

The Busy Biographer.

"Don't you want to live in the minds of posterity?" "Yes," answered Senator Borah; "although it is a little discouraging to see how much more interest posterity seems to take in a great man's weaknesses and peculiarities than in his national achievements."

FUTURE SPHERE MAPPED OUT

Budding Genius Seemed Set Aside to Some Day Adorn the Legal Profession.

"That boy," said the second hand book dealer, nodding toward a freckled faced lad swishing a feather duster around promiscuously, "is a wonder in his way."

"Well, I don't care what he is in his way," responded a testy customer, who frequented the shop, "so long as he doesn't get in mine, which he does every time he sees me."

"I know, I know," sighed the dealer, "but what am I to do? He is my only stepson and he's got to have a job. Yesterday I gave him a copy of 'Dr. Syntax' to put where it belonged and did he do it? Oh, yes, he done it—nit. I found it to-day over there among those books marked 'Medical.'"

The testy customer grunted with a sort of satisfaction.

"But that is nothing to what he did a month ago," the dealer went on. "One day he came to me with a copy of 'The Reign of Law' and asked where he should put it. 'Don't you know where it ought to go?' said I, provoked that a boy of his size didn't know a novel by the feel of it. 'I wasn't sure,' said he, 'whether it ought to go under the head of 'Meteorological' or 'Legal.' Now, what do you think of that? He ought to know enough to go in out of the rain, oughtn't he?'"

The testy customer grunted again and chuckled.

"Let him alone, let him alone," he said. "He'll be a fine lawyer one of these days."

WHEN WISDOM IS FORGOTTEN

Extraordinary How Business Men Can Be Induced to Dabble in Silly Speculation.

In all vision there is a blind spot; every savant is a fool upon some topic. This is exemplified by the readiness with which the most astute business and professional man will dabble in speculation—such as mining and allotments similar.

What man of ordinary common sense would think of buying a house which he had never seen and his agent had never seen; or a horse, or a gun, or almost anything into which he is putting money, without privilege of examination and expectation of using that privilege? And yet the majority of men will invest "sight unseen," as the boys say, in a mine, in an oil well, in a rubber plantation, merely upon the word of a machine-made prospectus.

Somewhat ninety-nine out of a hundred men who thus invest, as a side issue, seem to anticipate that chance will overlook their utter disregard of business principles and will work a miracle in their favor. They go upon the theory "A fool for luck." This is why speculation of this nature is fallen into evil ways, and why a gold mine so often proves a gold brick.

The public has itself to blame. Mines, oil wells, rubber plantations can be made sources of profit, and are made sources of profit; but they should not be played as one plays a slot machine.—Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's.

The Popular Girl.

The popular girl is found in every city, village, and hamlet. She is a girl full of fine sympathy and wide understanding; she talks to the talkative and listens to the talkative, and leads on the bashful and flirts with the flirty. She is full of simple tact and kindness (when in company), coupled with a merry, cheerful disposition (when anyone besides her family is around), and a sufficient amount of reserve and dignity (when reserve and dignity is necessary), to be popular with men. The popular girl has many sweethearts to choose from—and nearly always chooses the wrong one. She nearly always gets married more or less, and sometimes makes a perfectly good match.

Dog Tried to Save Woman.

Following the death in Bellevue of Mrs. Mary Gaeper it was revealed she had inhaled gas with the intention of killing herself, and that for an hour Hector, a powerful St. Bernard dog, had worked tirelessly and fruitlessly to drag her to safety before she was taken to the hospital. If her head had not been jammed between the kitchen stove and a partition in her home the faithful animal would have dragged her from a tube through which the gas flowed. Many rents in Mrs. Gaeper's frock showed how desperately the dog had worked to save her life.—New York Press.

Laundry Accomplishments.

A well-known user in a suburban church overslept himself last Sunday, and had to don clothes in a hurry.

"What in the world's the matter with this?" he asked, struggling and wrestling with his shirt.

"Oh, I guess the girl boiled it a little too long, dear; that's all," replied his wife.

"Looks to me as if she had tried it!" said the man.

Embarrassed.

Your wife always says she is afraid something has happened to you when you are away from home longer than usual.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekins. "I'm getting positively ashamed to go home with the same old truthful explanation about being detained by work instead of having something interesting to talk about."