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The Story Teller.

A QUIET GIRL

By EMMA A. OPPER

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"SUCH a nice, quiet girl," said Ralph's mother.

It was Ralph's distant cousin, Hortense De Witt, of whom she spoke. Until her arrival the evening before Ralph had never seen her. The main facts about her were that she was an orphan and an heiress and that when her guardian, with whom she lived, had gone with his family for a trip to Colorado, Hortense had declared her preference for coming out to Blakesburg to Ralph's mother and had had her way.

"A regular little lady," said Ralph's father, whose judgment was, as a rule, rather sternly critical.

Ralph said nothing. He recalled a certain singular twinkle in Hortense's bright eyes. He reflected on the peculiar circumstance of her joggling his elbow at the breakfast table so that he had spilled some water and then giggling behind her napkin. But he said nothing.

When he went out to the barn presently to curry Betsey, he thought for an instant that Betsey's colt had got out of the stall. Halting in the door, he perceived that it was Hortense De Witt chasing several squawking hens round and round.

She sat down on a keg, red cheeked and disheveled. "I love to be where I can do as I've a mind to," she declared.

"I guess you always do, don't you?" said Ralph astutely, and Hortense laughed. She felt at her neck.

"I've lost my diamond stickpin," she announced. "Never mind, I'll find it. I've lost two or three. Come on! Let's have some more fun." She cast a look around. "Have you ever walked that beam up there?" she demanded. Ralph had not. It was a very high beam and narrow.

"Well, I'm going to walk it," said Hortense.

"You're not," said Ralph.

"Ain't I?" Hortense gave a light spring and climbed into the hayloft, lifting herself by dextrous clutches. She mounted to the high beam and stepped out upon it.

"Don't," Ralph begged.

"Why not?" She was half way across it.

"If you should fall, you'd be killed," said Ralph. Hortense increased her pace and arrived safe at the beam's end. "Come on up. What are you afraid of?" Something in her voice turned Ralph's cheeks redder, but he answered steadily:

"I fell off a roof and broke my arm once, and I've never liked getting up on high places since. I get dizzy."

"Oh!" said Hortense, with no little scorn. "I don't. I'm the best performer in the gymnasium at my boarding school. Look here." She went back across the beam, pirouetting as she went, her arms spread. Ralph ceased to look at her; it made him feel sick.

"I guess," Hortense De Witt called down at him, "you're a—er—a 'fraid cat!"

"Maybe," said Ralph, hotly flushed.

Hortense descended agilely. "Yes," she repeated, "I believe you are a—you know what." She snatched Ralph's cap off and tossed it to a remote corner and ran into the house.

At dinner Hortense was demure. To be sure, she caught Ralph's eye and screwed her countenance to look like the hired man, who was cross eyed, but nobody saw it but Ralph.

"She is very much like her Aunt Martha Gale," said Ralph's mother admiringly. "She was so quiet and dignified always."

Ralph smiled grimly. "I shan't squeal on her," he thought.

"Your father and I," said his mother, "are going down to John Warren's a little while. He is sick. See how well you can entertain Hortense, Ralph."

Hortense, Ralph reflected, would be more likely to entertain him. She was in the parlor, inspecting with apparent gravity the pictures and the albums, but Ralph's discerning eyes saw the mischief in hers, suppressed and waiting.

"What's in this closet, I wonder?" she inquired, her impulsive hand on the latch.

"Some old books and mother's grape wine and father's best clothes." Ralph responded rather stiffly. He had not forgotten that Hortense had called him a 'fraid cat.

Hortense opened the door a crack. She studied the contents of the closet, and, softly giggling, she took from its hook a black broadcloth coat. She put it on and buttoned it and went waltzing around the room; the long tails swung giddily as she whirled.

"Father only wears that coat to funerals and weddings," Ralph warned her, faintly grinning. Something jingled in the pocket and Hortense pulled forth a bunch of keys.

"What do they unlock?" she queried.

"Father's desk, here, for one thing," said Ralph, and was instantly sorry for answering, for Hortense went immediately to the desk.

Ralph followed. "Look here," he said, "don't unlock that. Father keeps his papers there and money sometimes. Nobody ever goes to it but him; I'm forbidden. Don't touch it."

"I'm not forbidden," Hortense retorted, and unlocked it before Ralph's eyes.

"See here," he protested, aghast and beginning to be indignant with his madcap cousin. Hortense, with a gay titter, took a bunch of papers out of a pigeonhole.

"I'm going to read 'em," said she but she did not. Her quick ear had caught a sound. She dropped the papers, she tore off the coat and fled with it to the closet. And when the steps which she had heard came closer and Ralph's father opened the door, she was sitting by a window with a history of the civil war opened on her lap. And Ralph was left standing by the open desk, the papers scattered at his feet.

"Ralph!" said his father. Behind him was Ralph's mother, looking in with a startled face.

Red in the face, his heart beating painfully, Ralph stooped and gathered up the papers. "Ralph," said his father, "what are you doing in my desk?"

Ralph had heard him speak with that voice once before. It was when a hired man had, through hard driving and carelessness, foundered a horse. He did not answer. "Well?" said his father.

"I—don't know, sir," Ralph murmured.

"You don't know? Give me that key," said his father warmly, "and go up to your room and stay there till you find out."

Ralph glanced at Hortense De Witt. She was looking at him with frightened eyes.

He was in the habit of obeying his father, and he marched up to his room,

Her quick ear had caught a sound.

but he smarted keenly. He was too old to be treated in that fashion and for a fault that he had not committed.

His mother came into the room. "Ralph," she said, with a tremble in her voice, "whatever made you do it? Your father's private papers! We came back after a bottle of my grape wine that I wanted to carry to John Warren, and there you—why, I can't understand it, Ralph," said his mother. Ralph looked out of the window.

"Your father keeps money there, you know, and I—well, I don't know what he thought," said his mother unhappily. Ralph grew a little pale. That was almost too much.

"He is angry with you, and I don't know what your cousin Hortense will think of you," said his mother. Ralph made a choking sound.

He saw his father and mother making a fresh start for John Warren's presently. Then he heard his name called from out of doors. Opening his window, he saw Hortense.

"What," she demanded indignantly, "do they want to make such a fuss about it for? I'd like to know!"

"I told you it was father's private desk," Ralph responded, "and when father is angry he's angry." He went back to his chair.

"Come back!" Hortense called. "Why don't you tell them it was me, then?" she asked.

"Because I ain't a sneak," Ralph answered, "even if I am a 'fraid cat," he added and shut the window, and he heard Hortense retreating, whistling in a high pitched tune.

When Ralph's father came home, he called to Ralph that he might, if he wanted to, go and help the hired man. Ralph worked the rest of the afternoon in peace of mind. The hired man, at least, had no knowledge of Hortense De Witt's latest prank and its result.

Nobody, indeed, but the hired man brought a cheerful face to the supper table. Hortense De Witt was quiet. She watched Ralph furtively, and when they rose she nudged him.

"You're a great goose," she whispered, frowning; "being blamed and scolded for something you didn't do! Why don't you tell 'em?"

Ralph frowned back at her, his chin high. "Maybe you think I'd squeal on a girl?" said he.

He played checkers with the hired man and beat him, but he kept a solemn face. His father believed that he had done a foolishly mischievous and dishonorable thing. He had lost a good part of his confidence, and it might not be easy to get it back. His father was reading something aloud to Ralph's mother and Hortense.

"I'm not in it," Ralph thought, and he said good night soberly.

But when a boy is fourteen and has a good appetite and habitually a light heart it is hard to remember unpleasant things even over night. When Ralph went down to breakfast next morning, he was thinking chiefly of something agreeable and something that lay near his heart.

"Father," he said, "if you don't need me to help Hiram, I want to go and see the horse trainer."

His father stirred his coffee.

"He's had a big tent put up, and he's going to give an exhibition. He's got some horses to sell, too—beauties, they say. I want to see the whole thing."

"Well," his father responded dryly, "there's the pumpkins over in the west lot waiting to be hauled to the barn. I don't know as a boy that opens other folks' desks when they are out of the house ought to be trusted to go off out of sight anywhere. Maybe home is the best place for him."

"Oh!" said Ralph. He did not look at Hortense De Witt.

But Hortense looked at him. Her cheeks grew red, and the redness spread to her hair and to her very ears, and suddenly she threw herself back in her chair.

"Pumpkins!" said she. "Pumpkins! He needn't either. He can go to the horse training if he wants to. I say so, and—and you'll say so in a minute."

She pushed back a stray lock from her flushed face vigorously. Ralph had not stopped to think whether Hortense was pretty or not, but he decided now that she was.

"He hasn't done anything," said Hortense. "It was me. He didn't open your desk at all. I did. He told me not to, but I felt like doing something I hadn't ought to. I generally do feel like doing things I oughtn't to do," said Hortense candidly.

"You did it?" said Ralph's father, and he fairly stared in his astonishment and unbelief at Hortense De Witt. He swallowed half his cup of coffee. "You!"

"I—I had on your coat, and the key was in the pocket—your best coat, the one you wear to funerals and weddings," said Hortense, slurring no part of the appalling truth. "I got it out of the closet and put it on."

Ralph's father gazed for a further moment, and then, against his will, he burst out with an irrepressible great laugh.

"Upon—my—word," said Ralph's mother. "Hortense De Witt!"

"Yes. I was afraid you'd be—surprised," said Hortense, "and I let you blame him all this time because I hated awfully—oh, well, I've been an awful sneak, that's what!"

"Pumpkins," said Hortense. "If anybody's got to haul pumpkins it ought to be me, hadn't it?" She looked at them all with a smile of apology and appeal, a sunny smile which marked her cheeks with two deep dimples, and which seemed somehow to lend a brighter and more hopeful aspect to the whole dubious affair.

"Well, well!" said Ralph's father, his eyes still glued to Hortense, incredulously. And his mother rested her chin on her hand, thoughtfully.

"There was your uncle Frank Gale," she said. "He was a terribly mischievous boy always. He got himself expelled from two schools. I shouldn't wonder, after all, if it's your uncle Frank you take after instead of your aunt Martha." And she began, considerately, to talk about the frost of the night before.

But she looked now and again at Ralph with something more than the warmth of a mother's affection; she looked at him with pride. And Ralph's father, when he rose from the table, held out his hand to his son.

"I was unjust to you, Ralph. I'm glad to know it, my boy, glad enough that I made such a mistake. You'll forget it, won't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Ralph. "Yes, sir. And—can I go"—

"To the horse training? Of course," said his father heartily. "Go and enjoy it and learn how to break Betsey's colt. If you break that colt, we'll call him yours, Ralph." And that, Ralph knew, was to make up to him for having misjudged him, and a great thing it was.

"I'll break him!" he said rejoicingly.

Hortense was waiting for him in the entry. She flung an impulsive arm over his shoulder, and her saucy face was serious for once.

"You see," she said, "I was the 'fraid cat. I was afraid to tell. I was too quick about calling you that. You're not a bit of a one!"

"Nor you either," said Ralph; "not now."

"Your father and mother will want me to go home," said Hortense dismally.

"No, they won't. We'll have a first rate time. I like a girl that's got some snap anyhow," said Ralph. "Won't you go with me to the horse training? Lots of ladies went last year. Come along."

Hortense did go along. The atmosphere was cleared, and everything was straightened. They were better friends, they realized, than they would have been if Hortense had never opened the door of the parlor closet.

"I found your diamond stickpin," said Ralph, "yesterday in the barn." And he produced it.

Hortense took it, eyed it, considered for a moment and then adjusted it, with much pains, in Ralph's cravat.

"It's yours," said she; "yours to keep. Just to show you, you know, that I know you're not a 'fraid"—

"Pshaw!" said Ralph. But Hortense De Witt had her way.

A PLEASANT JAIL.—Elizabethtown, the county seat of Essex, in the Adirondacks, possesses a comedy jail. It is small, having windows secured by wooden bars and a jail yard enclosed by a solid fence of three-quarter-inch boards, which a healthy male could push over with his shoulder. But the prisoners rarely, if ever, attempt to escape. Some good stories are told by Judge Kellogg, Judge Hand and other residents. It is a custom to allow the prisoners out on parole, so that they may cut the grass on neighboring lawns, do garden work, or run errands for the village or county. Recently one prisoner, who should have returned at 6 o'clock, did not apply for admission until nearly an hour later. The warden angrily demanded to know the reason and added: "Don't let this occur again or I will not allow you to come in. I lock the door at 6 o'clock, and won't open it in the future for you." Another, accused of and waiting trial for manslaughter, overstayed his parole and pleaded as an excuse that, as it was Saturday, he thought he would go and spend Sunday with his wife, returning to the jail on Monday morning.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ODD NEW ZEALAND.

Customs at the Antipodes Different From Ours.

New Zealand can boast of other things as remarkable as its labor laws that compel shopkeepers to close on every legal holiday and either Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, and fix the lowest wages that can be paid to any one at $1.25 per week. For example, everybody is polite, extremely, almost painfully polite.

A train steams into the station at Wellington, the island's capital.

"Wellington, please," the conductor gently announces to his passengers.

After thanking the conductor for getting them safely to their destination, the travelers disembark.

"This way to dinner, please," the station attendants politely sing.

The train makes ready to start.

"Seats, please; but don't hurry," is the trainmen's admonition.

And the conductor waits five minutes after the gates are closed for everybody to get comfortably seated before whistling to the driver to start.

Even law-breakers are treated with unctuous consideration. The policeman carries neither club nor firearms with which to hurt any one's feelings. Whenever he finds himself compelled to make an arrest he almost begs the prisoner's pardon and invariably takes him to jail in a cab. There is no rough handling, even the prisoner is courteous.

The time lost in being ceremonious is made up by the New Zealander by word trimming. No one says "I'll make a memorandum of it;" it's always "I'll memo." "One pound sterling" is universally boiled down to "quid," and even Premier Seddon calls a shilling a "bob."

This cutting of words is carried to such an extreme that a stranger really needs the service of an interpreter the first week or two he is on the island. The right man for the traveler in trouble over the language or anything else to seek out is the postmaster.

New Zealand's postmasters come pretty near being the whole thing. They are registrars of births and deaths. They collect all taxes, municipal and governmental, and all customs and internal revenues.

They insure their fellow citizens in the government's life insurance company, and receive their deposits in the Postoffice Savings Bank of New Zealand, also a government institution. This bank has 212,4[illegible] depositors, and the money deposited by them aggregates $32,000,000. Over one-fourth of the island's population keeps its money in this institution.

But it is as a performer of wedding ceremonies that the New Zealand postmaster is most fondly regarded and most famous. There is neither fuss nor flurry in the ceremony that the postmaster performs; neither does it cost a penny.

A month beforehand the swain fills out a declaration of intention in the presence of a postmaster. At the expiration of 30 days he and his blushing bride seek out the official, and in the presence of two witnesses, sign their names in a court register and to their own marriage certificate.

And that's all there is to it. Custom doesn't even demand that the bride shall let the postmaster kiss her.

The postmaster who holds the record for marriages is a maiden lady in an interior town. The lads and lasses of her district will have none of preachers, because it is a tradition that every marriage at which she officiates is a happy one.

New Zealand postmasters hold their jobs long enough for tradition and countryside saws to grow up around and about them. Once a New Zealand postmaster, always a postmaster, for only misconduct on his part can separate him from his life's job.

New Zealand's leading utility man is easily the postmaster; his closest competitor is the railroad station agent. As the government owns the railroads, it demands of its agents that they attend to all the wants of the people that the postmaster can't conveniently look after.

Hence, when a farmer decides to sell poultry, he carts a few hundred fowls to town and turns them over to the station agent. The agents kills them and dresses them, freezes them, packs them in refrigerator cars, and sees them started on their way to Auckland, Wellington, Australia or London. The government acts as the farmer's commission man, free, all the way through.

The government tries in every way to encourage the farmer. It will lend him money at low interest, and sell him rich land for a few dollars an acre. It even forbids the railroads to whistle at country road crossings, so that John Dobbin's easy-going mare won't get frightened and try to run away.

One governmental undertaking is the sanitarium and hospital at Rotorua, the island's chief health resort. It is for the benefit of all indigent persons throughout New Zealand.

If a man has broken down under the strain of too much work, or has contracted a bad case of gout or rheumatism, and has not money to pay for treatment, the government gives him three months of free treatment in the sanitarium, with free access to all the mineral baths. If, at the end of three months the patient is still in bad shape, he gets another three months' treatment.

The sanitarium has the island's foremost physicians at its head, a corps of graduated nurses and splendid clinical and surgical facilities.

The most famed of the baths of Rotorua is the Postmaster's Bath. Its reputation is that of reforming for all time the most confirmed toper who bathes in its all but scalding waters.

Every New Zealand community has its citizen who has been made a teetotaler by this spring. The fact is, there are not many drunkards seen in the islands and the patriotic New Zealander always declares and hauls out statistics to prove it, that less spirituous and malt liquors are consumed there than in any other part of the world.

Perhaps the Postmaster's Bath is to blame. Perhaps the government's edict against bringing snakes into this snakeless land exerts an influence. If the government arrests a circus owner who tries to slip in the creeping things for commercial profit, wouldn't it also nab a citizen bent on securing wrigglers and coilers for mere amusement's sake?

New Zealand's chief vice is horse-race betting. A dyed-in-the-wool New Zealander would rather bet on a horse-race than make love to the prettiest girl in sight; and the women with peach-blow complexions are plentiful.

Like the men, they are enthusiasts over fast horses and spend their holidays and all their spare time at the race courses, betting and shouting themselves into a state of hysteria. Everybody bets, for everybody, from babes in arms to tottering grandparents thinks it's all right.

Another queer thing about New Zealanders is their honesty. Nobody tries to steal from you.

Hotel room doors are never locked; many have no locks. Hats, coats and valises are left around indiscriminately, and the owners always find their property where they put it.

Neither does the waiter, nor the bellboy, nor the chambermaid hold up the traveler. They do everything asked of them, and do it cheerfully, without expecting tips. Tipping is a lost art there.

As there are no indoor robbers, neither are there many highway robbers, and the percentage of murders is very small.

A man with daughters in New Zealand is a political power, a big man in the district in which he resides. All women over 21 can vote, so the man with many daughters often decides a closely contested election.

Then again, women are much more sought after matrimonially, for they are outnumbered by the men two to one. There is no need for a woman's becoming an old maid in New Zealand except from choice.

This butt end of the earth has many natural wonders, among which is a geyser that started business only a few months ago, but, nevertheless, is said to be the largest in the world. Its name, Waimangu (the black water,) is appropriate, for its water is certainly black. The geyser's steaming surface is about 200 by 350 feet. When it is in eruption the entire surface is lifted 1.000 feet into the air, and hot, black, seething mud and rocks are thrown about and great clouds of steam envelop everything. The periods of eruption usually last five hours and are very frequent.

This great geyser is near the heart of Maori land. Soon it will be the land of the Maoris no longer, for they are rapidly dying off.

They are now a peaceable people and are proud of the fact that one of their number, James Carroll, is a member of New Zealand's cabinet. The island's premier, Richard John Seddon, has called this fullblooded Maori "the most gifted and eloquent orator in New Zealand." Mr. Carroll's tribesmen have generally adopted European dress, but the costumes of their forefathers still obtain.

If you're at work on a building and fall off from any cause whatsoever and are picked up a corpse, your widow can surely collect $500 from the building's owner, and often three times this amount. Her claim becomes a lien against real estate, and title even ahead of bond and mortgage.

If you're an American, publish the fact; you will be royally received and entertained, while a Londoner is left cooling his heels in an ante-room.

With all this, it is to be noted that the national debt of New Zealand amounts to $320 per capita, more than four times as great as that of the United States, and is constantly increasing.—New York Sun.

THE JEWISH RACE.

Its Dispersion and Alleged Statistics as to Its Christianization.

Recent statistics show that there are scattered throughout the world about ten million Jews. Five million in the Russian empire, one million and a half in Austria and a like number in America, 600,000 in Germany, in the Balkan states, 300,000; in Great Britain, 200,000; in Belgium, 150,000; and in Turkey, 125,000; in France, 85,000; in Asia, 300,000; in Southern Africa, 80,000.

According to an article in the Semaine Religieuse, of Geneva, by M. Le Roi, a well-known authority on the subject, the following are the figures relating to the conversion of the Jews to Christianity during the last century. 1800-1899 inclusive is, he reckons, about 224,000. The Greek church has received out of this number 74,500; the Protestant churches in Great Britain and America, 72,000, and the Roman Catholic church 53,500. The figures for the year 1898 give these results: In the Protestant churches were admitted 1,450 Jews, in the Roman Catholic church 1,250, and in the Greek Orthodox, 1,100. Out of the children born from mixed marriages 1,450,000 have received holy baptism.

Nowhere have the conversions been so numerous as in England, where, according to the same authority, 30,000 Jews were received into the Church of England during the nineteenth century. In France, where the Jewish population numbers about 82,000, the conversions during the century were 600 only. In Germany there are at present 125 converted Jews who actually preach the gospel.

If the statistics of the whole number of Jews are taken as a basis it will be found that the ratio of conversions is exceedingly large in England. While Russia is credited with a Jewish population of 5,000,000, Great Britian has only a twenty-fifth of that population credited to it, viz., 200,000. The proportion of conversions, therefore, is one in seven in England to the Church of England, which certainly strikes us as very large, to one in sixty-seven in Russia, to the Orthodox Church.

If these proportions are anywhere accurate they certainly form a singular commentary on the methods adopted. In Russia coercion and persecution has marked the policy adopted toward the Jews, in England there has been perfect liberty, and, in fact, the Jews have been rather petted than otherwise. Apparently the Jew had much to gain in Russia by becoming a Christian and nothing to gain by becoming one in England.

Warsaw, of which the entire population is three-quarters Israelite, has been generally reckoned to contain more Jews than any other city, but the palm must be awarded in this respect to the city of New York, whose Jewish population exceeds 400,000. Budapest comes next, with 170,000; then Vienna, and Odessa each with about 140,000; London, with 120,000; Berlin with 110,000; Philadelphia with 100,000. Paris, Amsterdam, Lemberg, Salonica and eight other cities have a Jewish population equaling that of modern Jerusalem, namely, 50,000.—Church Electic.

PENNY IN SANDWICH ISLES.

American Copper Much Circulated in Honolulu.

The insidious penny, says the Philadelphia North American, has made a landing in Honolulu. At present its actions are pretty well confined to the postoffice and its circulation limited to the different departments of that edifice, but pocketbooks that a year ago were never shamed by carrying any meaner metal than gold and silver often contain nowadays a stray penny, the "copper cent of commerce," little known and less valued west of the Rockies, but dear to the heart of every New England housewife.

"Penny wise and pound foolish" has never been an Hawaiian motto. It has been "look out for the nickel," not the cents. Copper coinage is not unknown. There have been several editions of pennies of various sizes used for trade and advertising purposes, and sailors have brought the bulkier copper coinage of Europe into port. They have all been regarded as more or less of a curiosity, however, and never seriously entertained as money.

When the Kalakaua coinage was adopted, the "nimble dime," the "collection box coin," as some wit had dubbed it, was the lowest value considered. As in the days of Leadville and Deadwood, when nothing less than a quarter was passed in currency or so recognized, nickels were introduced there from the outside world. In the western half of the United States the nickel has been usually recognized by the traveler as the equivalent in purchasing power of the English penny or the French 10-centime piece. Street toys, cheap drinks and slot machines were operated or purchased with the nickel in one country, the penny in the other.

The thrifty Englishman split his penny into four farthings and marked his goods at 1 shilling and 11 pence 3 farthings a yard or pound, as the case might be, knowing well that it sounded and looked far less than 2 shillings, and soon the equally thrifty merchant and citizen of the eastern states took up the same procedure. Two dollars and 99 cents attracted two customers to one at $3. "Marked down" to $11.49 seemed much cheaper than $11.50.

The superfluous pennies were first given to the children for their banks, then saved for the family purse. Cheap car fares helped along the circulation with 3-cent fares. The west stolidly refused to lose its reputation for openhanded liberality and general breadth, and the only compromise effected was to sell certain minor articles at two or three for a nickel. Even today San Francisco is but little affected by the penny except in the postoffice.

In the earlier days before Uncle Sam played letter carrier for the Hawaiian Islands, two 2-cent stamps accompanied by a nickel, would bring back a 1-cent stamp from the window in change. Now the law demands that monetary change be given and the scantiness of the local supply caused a requisition to be issued to Washington. This has gradually scattered and another requisition is now on the way in the shape of a sack of pennies.

DEATH TO THE PHILOSOPHER.—A certain philosopher was in the habit of saying whenever he heard that an old friend had passed away: "Ah, well, death comes to us all. It is no new thing. It is what we must expect. Pass me the butter, my dear. Yes, death comes to us all, and my friend's time had come."

Now, Death overheard these philosophic remarks at different times and one day he showed himself to the philosopher.

"I am Death," said he simply.

"Go away!" said the man in a panic. "I am not ready for you."

"Yes; but it is one of your favorite truisms that Death comes to all and I am but proving your words."

"Go away! You are dreadful!"

"No more dreadful than I always am. But why have you changed so? You have never feared the Death that has come to your friends. I never heard you sigh when I carried off your old companions. You have always said: 'It is the way of all flesh.' Shall I make an exception in favor of your flesh?"

"Yes; for I am not ready."

"But I am. Your time has come. Do not repine. Your friends will go on buttering their toast. They will take it as philosophically as you have taken every other death."

And the Philosopher and Death departed on a long journey together.—Charles Battell Loomis, in Branden Magazine.

HOW CANAL ROUTES COMPARE.

Prof. Johnson Sums Up For Panama and Nicaragua.

Emory R. Johnson, professor of transportation and commerce at the University of Pennsylvania, and a member of the isthmian canal commission, lectured yesterday morning at the Packard school, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, on the "Commercial Engineering and Political Aspects of the Isthmian Canal." The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon views. Among other things, Prof. Johnson said:

"The commission appointed by President McKinley was directed to examine and recommend a route for a canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. We proceeded to Central America, examined both the Nicaragua and Panama routes, and reported in favor of the Nicaragua route, because the property of the Panama Canal company could not be bought at what we considered a reasonable figure. That company originally asked for what it possessed, $109,000,000. That price we considered absurd. When the stockholders decided to take $40,000,000 we made another report recommending the Panama route.

"Briefly, this is what has been done, and the president has been empowered to arrange for the building of the canal. Let us now consider the two routes. From a commercial standpoint the Panama route is the better, because, generally speaking, it is the shorter. From New York to San Francisco, the Nicaragua route is 378 miles shorter than the Panama route, and 500 miles shorter from New Orleans to San Francisco. From either of these cities, to the west coast of South America, however, the Panama route is shorter. But the navigation of the Nicaragua route at night would be difficult, on account of its tortuous course, and it might be impossible. Therefore, when we take into consideration the time the ships would lose by having the right to go by night, the Panama route must be regarded as considerably shorter. It has been determined that it will take 12 hours to pass through the Panama canal and 33 to pass through the Nicaragua.

"From the engineering standpoint, the Panama route offers great difficulty on account of the dam that will have to be built in the San Juan river. This is the most serious engineering problem of the whole work, but it can be and will be surmounted.

"It will cost $5,600,000 less to build the Panama canal than it would to build the Nicaragua canal. This is not, to be sure, a large difference, not enough to influence any one in selecting one route over the other, but it had to be taken into account and when the cost of maintenance had to be considered. It will cost about [illegible] year to maintain the Panama canal. It would cost $3,500,000 to maintain the Nicaragua canal.

"The advocates of the Nicaragua route raised the question of the title which the Panama Canal company could give to its property. There is nothing in that question. The Panama canal was begun in 1880. The company failed in 1894, and a receiver was appointed. Then a new Panama Canal company was formed and bought of the receiver the assets of the old company. The receiver had the power to sell. The new company had the right to acquire. The receiver of the old company could and did give to the new company a good title to the property of the old, and for that we have agreed to give $40,000,000 when we are satisfied with the title.

"But beside the property of the Panama Canal company we must acquire a strip of land six miles wide, and this must be granted by concession from the Colombian government. We do not want this strip of land to enable us to build the canal, but we do want it for the purpose of keeping the canal territory healthy. We want this land so that we may police it and see to it that unsanitary conditions do not prevail along the canal. It would be better if the strip were ten miles wide, but a six-mile strip will do. It is to acquire this title that we must have the new concession from the Colombian government about which we have lately heard so much.

"As to the healthiness of the two routes, it is about a standoff. There has been much discussion about earthquakes and volcanoes in Panama and Nicaragua. The two words have been confused. No shakings of the earth have been recently felt in either country. There are no volcanoes in Panama. There are two in Nicaragua, one of which has recently shown signs of activity. Therefore, so far as volcanoes go, the Panama route has considerably the best of it."—New York Sun.

"STANDING PAT."—It will be remembered that when Senator Hanna recently made a speech at the opening of the Republican campaign in Ohio he told his audience that the keynote of his address was "Stand Pat." Tom Johnson, who is something of a bluffer himself, has made a speech in which he has something to say about standing pat. "When a man stands pat," he says, "there is always the suspicion of a bluff." But the most interesting part of Johnson's reply to Hanna is a rhyme he learned down in Kentucky, as follows:

"Did you ebber stand pat on a bobtail flush?
Did you ebber make a straight short bluff?
Ef you nebber done it, honey,
It's de way to loze yo' money,
For it jest goes up—like swift."

Mr. Johnson is making his campaign upon state issues. He has criticised the Republican managers for allowing the orators at the Akron meeting "to have a lot to say about a canal across the isthmus about shooting religion into the little brown men across the ocean, and about the trusts which do not exist, but not a word about home rule, equal taxation and perpetual franchises."—Washington Post.