## THE BISHOP AND :: THE BURGLAR ::

My lord the bishop of Loemster stood in the pretty garden of Oaklands at midnight and sniffed complacently at the fresh night air. It was the second week of his visit to his old drop.

Then he smiled softly and, walking round the house, stopped at the study He struck a match and looked at the sash, where the upper and lower halves met, and from his

waistcoat produced a penknife. Inserting the broad blade between the sashes, he pushed carefully. The catch swung back with a little click, and the bishop pushed up the window.

He had barely lifted one portly leg over the sill when a strong hand gripped him from behind by the nape of his neck.

'Get along in with yer," hissed a voice in his ear, "and don't forget there's this be'ind yer." The bishop, sitting perilously on the windowsill, felt something round and cold against his neck.

'Now, then, in with yer," threatened the voice in low tones. The bishop gave a little jump to the floor, and was brought up standing by the hand on his collar. He felt, rather than saw, a heavy figure climbing after him. Twisting himself painfully, he half turned and saw-a police

"Oh," said the bishop, with a little gasp, "it's you, constable, is it? D'you know I thought you were a burglar, and I suppose you took me for one?"
"Shut it," said the policeman, in a low, curt voice.

"Really, officer, I think you forget to whom you are talking."
"Oh, chuck it," was the brutal re-A set of bony knuckles dug deep

nto his neck. The bishop wriggled impatiently.

You're making me cross, that's into his face. what you are." whispered the officer.
"Where's the rest of the family?
Gorn to bed, or ain't they at home?" The bishop tried to push the bull's-

eye away. I think you must have been drinking," he said, shortly, "and I feel very sorry Dr. Gibbs is not at home."
"Oh, Gibbs ain't at 'ome," said the policeman, slightly raising his voice; "and where's 'is man?"

"If there were any one at all in the ouse," said the indignant prelate, "I house," said the indignant prelate, "I should ring the bell and have you

Open your mouth so wide agen "Open your mouth so wide agen and in his angulsi to come and I'll shove my bull's-eye down your throat," threatened the policeman. "Did I 'ear yer say there was no one in the 'ouse at all?"

"No, one," snorted the bishop, wriggling in his chair. "Dr. Gibbs was gling in his chair. "Dr. Gibbs was and an egg."

gling in his chair. "Dr. Gibbs was and an egg. and an egg. "Well." he began hesitatingly, with n't expect to be back till morning, he took his chauffeur with him. conciliatingly, I hope, that I am not a burglar, will

"Ere, I've had enough messin' about; get up and light the gas, and if yer up to any monkey tricks I'll blow yer brains out."

This appealies that "Along o' you?"
"No, no, another bishop."
"One o' your pals, I s'pose. All right, get on with it."
"And in the "Control of the light, get on with it." you please go?"

This appalling threat from an officer of the law well-nigh asphyxiated the bishop, and he started forward indignantly, almost breaking his teeth or the muzzle of the revolver.

"Now, then, get on with it." With mingled feelings of terror and wrath the bishop groped on the mantel-piece and finally lit the gas.

The light shone on a tall, clean-shaven constable holding a lantern and a revolver.

and a revolver.

The loneliness of the country beat, the bishop reflected, had perhaps affected this poor fellow's brain, and he must be humored.

"There we are," he said cheerily;

"and now wouldn't you like to come and see the greenhouse It would be easy, he thought, to lure

the man into the conservatory, lock him in, and then lustily toil the fire in the turret, thus arousing the neighbors. "Oh, take a perch," said the police "Sit down," he explained, im-

patiently. 'Now, then," he continued, remov ing his helmet and showing a round close-cropped head," sure there ain't no one else in the 'ouse?'

"Not a soul," groaned the bishop miserably That's all right, then. 'Ere, what are them things? The bishop looked down at his gait

ers.
"Oh, I always wear them. do, you know," he stammered, won-dering if a heavy book suddenly thrown would disable the visitor. "Oh, do yer? Well, what are yer when yer at 'ome?'

'I'm a bishop.' 'A bishop, are yer? I've never me a bishop afore." A broad grin stole over the policeman's face. "Then, me lord bishop, where's the silver?" He leaned over and leered at the ly, till the horrid truth dawned upor

"Then you," he gasped, "must be burglar, not a policeman?"
"Policeman, me elbow!" was the 'E's asleep in contemptuous reply. my old coat spread the ditch, with over 'im, and no 'elmet; with a quar tern o' special Scotch inside 'im and somethin' in it to make 'im sleep."

"Then why," asked the bishop, in-stinct of law and order prevailing over terror-"why are you masque rading in his coat?" 'Why am I wot?" "I say, why are you masquerading in his coat?"

"I don't know nothin' about that but I know as I've got 'is coat on cause it suits me, see? And if you carn't see I carn't 'elp yer."
"Well, I think it's a disgraceful thing, your coming here disguised as policeman and expecting me to-

"That's jest it. Wot I'm expecting yer to do is to 'elp me find the silver then I shall tie you up nice and tidy with a bit of a 'andkerchief in yer mouth. After which I shall 'op off, and if any one sees me in the road they'll say, 'Good evenin', constable fine night, ain't it?' and there we ar Now, then, guy nor, let's get to work.
"No!" almost shouted the bishor clutching the arms of the chair; "

will not. I absolutely refuse, once again, will you please go?" Nov He folded his hands as if to finally dismiss the subject.

The simplicity of the appeal moved

He picked up the lantern and mov to the door.
"But," said the bishop, horrified "you don't think I'm going with you

help you rob"—
"I don't think—I know!" The burglar stepped up and gripped

him by the collar. "Now, then, you know the way and I don't; so 'urry up!" From underneath his coat the ma

extracted a green baize bag, which he pushed into the bishop's hands, Urged by that dreadful grip, the bishop groped his way into the hall and turned to the right.

"Dinin' room," whispered the voice his back. "Ere, why don't yer basket.

The burglar was soon secured. The burglar was soon secured.

at his back. "Ere, why don't yet look where yer goin'?"

The bishop retorted sharply that he had no wish to break his neck.
"Gettin' saucy, are yet? Try that."
The butt of a revolver descender harply or the episcopal head.

The b'shop made a frenzied dash, and almost fell into the dining room, Quickly the burglar locked the threatening his prisoner with death if he moved, shone nibull's-eye round the room with professional swiftness. "'Old the sack, mate," he said at

"I decline to be a party to your disgraceful proceedings."
"Getting nasty, are yer? I'll talk to yer in 'arf a minute. this—whisky? May as well 'ave a

the second week of his visit to his old college chum. Dr. Gibbs, a medical man with a straggling practice in a small rural district, and the absence of pomp and ceremony was grateful to his wearied nerves.

With a sigh of content the bishop walked majestically back to the house. We turned the handle of the door, and then you'll ave a look in. Not me, guy'nor. I never drink more than once between meals, so now yer leading to the house.

With a sigh of content the walked majestically back to the house, walked majestically back to the house. He turned the handle of the door, and to his astonishment he found it was locked. He then remembered that he had left the key of the patent lock he had left the key of the patent lock influence he developed a cheery vein. "An," he said, unbuttoning the unaccustomed tunic, "this is what I call comely. Now, guy nor, give us a soft time afore your pals." 'omely. Now, guv'nor, give us a song. Plenty of time afore your pals come back. I feel as if I must be

'umored.' "A song!" expostulated the bishop. "What nonsense! I haven't sung for

years."
"Then it's about time yer tried Give us somethin' soothin' and not to "Well, do you know, I don't think would be safe," said the bishop.

A Series That Moved an Observer to Turn Critic.

with a low cunning that almost shamed him; "somebody might hear. "Artful old cove, you are," at length said the burglar, smiling vacuously; "but blowed if I don't think you're

right. The bishop involuntarily groaned,

"Ain't yer enjoyin' yerself?" the suspicious inquiry.
"Oh, yes; quite so, thanks."
"Then why don't yer laugh? I never saw any one look so miserable.
You're disappointed at not singing

that song, that wot's the matter with The burglar's mood had changed a little and the bishop noted with alarm that the faster the whisky disappeared the

the faster the whisky disappeared the more saturnine and exacting became the odious visitor.

"Go on, 'urry up and laugh," demanded the burglar, "settin' there lookin' as if you 'ad the toothache: 'urry up, laugh!"

He emphasized the order by a

He emphasized the order by hump of the revolver on the table. The bishop smiled in a nervous eeting manner. "If yer makes them faces at me,

"It appears to me you're going beyond your duty, constable."
With a twist the policeman edged him on to a chair and shone a bull's-"But you asked me to laugh," pleaded the bishop, wondering whether an open

cheque would persuade the scoundrel to depart. "Told yer to laugh, did I?" said the burglar, throwing one leg over the other. "Then suppose yer make me laugh for a change. D'yer know any funny

stories?" "Not one," was the prompt and discouraging reply.

The burglar leaned over and picked up the revolver.

"A funny story, I said, and it's got to be one as'll make me laugh, see?"
The bishop's soul sank within him, and in his anguish he could only think

chauffeur with him. And good man," he added, ly, "having convinced you, I would not be added, ly, "having convinced you, I would not be a curate"— "Where?" asked the burglar, densely. "-and he went to stay with a bish-

And in the morning he had an "Why, for breakfast, of course," continued the bishop, crossly, wondering what on earth came next.

"Well, why didn't yer say so? And wot I want to know is w'en I'm goin' to laugh! "Yes, yes, I'm comin" to that. Now

the egg was not a good one, but the curate was too polite to say so"— "E must 'aye been a cuckoo—beg parding, go on. Suddenly the bishop looked over, and "'Arf a minute—'oo's egg was it?"

"The ourse. and said, 'I'm afraid your egg is not a The reconteur paused and groped inardly for the curate's repartee.

The burglar looked up with a start and gazed ferociously at the unhappy who' continued, hurriedly: hop, who continued, nurriedly:
"Well, no, my lord," replied the cur; 'I'm afraid it's rathed bad in ate:

The burglar looked at him with a blank face, then he drew the whisky over, helped himself liberally and addressed the bishop in tones more errow than anger. "That's wot I call takin' a great lib-ty," he said, solemnly. "I arsk you

erty," he said, solemnly. "I arsk you in a friendly way to tell me a funny story"—he lurched slightly forward and ted of no trifling: covered himself-"and that's wot 'ap Take off yer boots." The bishop moved nervously in his

chair and tried to avoid the focus of the unsteady revolver. "Boots!" came the command, "Take Yer've got to dance ter me Dance, d'yer 'ear?'

"Take 'em off!" With tears of vexation in his eyes the Ishop stooped and unlaced his boots,
"An' now, inter the middle of the
com and dance to me like—like a

ootiful fairy," he added, as an encouraging simile. "I absolutely refuse."

"Absolu"— The burglar tried to t went on: "Like a bootiful fairy, and f yer say another word yer'll 'ave to ake off yer leggin's, too."
With sick despair in his heart the

bishop moved into the middle of the room and stood timorously in his stockinged feet. "Life a bootiful fairy," was the re ceated order, emphasized by the wav-

ng revolver. Then the bishop gave two little hops feeling that he was degraded foreve "Not a bit—like a fairy." said the urglar, shaking his head solemnly Music, that's wot ver want, music He tried to whistle, but, failing ignoniniously, endeavored to renew owers with whisky.

"Not a bit o' good. You whistle mrself. bishop huskily whistled the first bars of a voluntary and phrouetted

"That's better," said the burglar, ap-"Now we'll have it just rovingly. ittle bit 'igner." Only the thought of a distant family revented the bishop throwing himself waving revolver and risking udden death.

"Try agen and don't stop, and keep n whistlin'." Setting his teeth, and feeling that suicide were preferable, the bishop bounded into the air and curved his egs into unseemly attitudes.

"Oncore! Oncore!" The dancer, in desperation, throwing himself backward through the window, when, out of the corner of one eye, he saw a motorcar glidin. to the drive.

With a wild joy in this heart he pl-

roughted to the table. Then almost with one movement he seized the water bottle, sent it crashing through the cindow, and with a wild shrick for help lung himself on the burghar.

When, a few seconds later, Dr. Gibbs and his chauffeur, bursting open the window, dashed into the room, they saw ay lord the bishop of Loemster sitting

astride a man in policeman's uniform and belaboring him with the bread It is a quaint volume and one that "Now," said the bishop, grimly, would cause the average modern child put this gentleman into the car and drive him to the police station if you ave one anywhere near this benighte

The burglar, who was firmly tied to chair, looked up and grinned. "Lemme go, guy'nor, and Fil sa thin' about the dancin' nothin' about the dancin'.
"Don't let him speak to me, Gibbs,"
commanded the bishop, "or I shall
strike him, bound as he is."
He nevertheless held a hurried consultation with Dr. Gibbs, and the

with the village policeman, looking very much ashamed of himself and wearing an old black jacket. wearing an old black jacket.
"I didn't know nothin' till I woke up,
sir," he explained to Gibbs.
An exchange of garments was soon
made, and then Gibbs turned to the chauffeur. "Now, Ellis, put this man in the car"

pered instructions, left the room.

In a few moments the man returned

-he pointed to the burglar-"drive him out thirty miles as hard as you can, and then put him down—there'll be no traffic at this time in the morning." "So long," said the burglar, as he was being led away. "If you was a bit slimmer, guy'ner, you'd dance bet-

ter. Now, then, 'Oratio, lead on!'
The bishop looked earnestly at the breadknife and then turned away with clenched fists. When the policeman had sidled out of the room, Gibbs turned to his friend: "Now, then, old man, tell us all about

Next Sunday the little village church was crowded to hear the bishop of Leomster read the lessons. To this day the congregation cannot understand why Dr. Gibbs suddenly understand why Dr. Gibbs suddenly took up his hat and left, while the prelate flushed and coughed over a verse which stated that there was much dancing.-Frank Howel Evans in the Strand Magazine.

QUESTIONS IN COURT.

A man who spent several days in court room listening to the examination of veniremen was struck with the reflection that some shining legal minds would not be unduly dimmed astily correcting himself with a by the infusion of a few of the principles of logic. The time taken up by attorneys in drawing the conclusion that a juror who lives at a given address makes his home there and then referring the conclusion to the juror for confirmation has not been computed, but any one mathematically inclined may figure it out by multiplying the following examples by any andy large round number:

"What is your occupation?" "I am a switchman." "On a railroad?"

The obvious answer which the ju awe of his surroundings prevents him from making would be, of "No, in an ice cream parlor. "Judge." said a juror, "I would like be excused from service. summoned I was making arrangements for my brother-in-law's funeral. "Is your brother-in-law dead?" in-

It developed that he was.
"Now, Mr. Juror," came another another what is your age?" quired the court. question. "Forty-four."

"Forty-four years old?" That is exactly what the juror eant. The lawyer guessed right the very first time.

Here is another flash that came to ne of the attorneys. "Where do you he asked.

"At 4416 Blank street. "You reside there, do you?"
Once in awhile there is a funny an swer which isn't to be wondered at considering the power of suggestion. "Are you married!"

'Yes. "Any family?" "Two But the balance is well on the law yers' side. Witness this: The ques-tioner had asked if a juror was related in any way to any of the princi pals or witnesses in the case.
"I am a brother-in-law of Mr.
Blank, one of the witnesses," was the

eply.
"You married his sister, then?" He had. "Let me ask you now, Mr. Juror, have you formed any opinion about the guilt or innocence of this defend-

ant' "I have." that could be changed evidence? "It could be changed if the evidence vere strong enough "Then you would not call it a definite opinion?

"It is a vague opinion, then?"

"Yes. "Now, Mr. Juror follow me closely, if you please. You say your opinion is a vague one and not definitely fixed. Now, then, if that is the case and you went into that jury box and listened to the evidence adduced from that wit-ness stand and heard the law expound bishop's—no, the curate's, of would it not be possible for you to lay aside that opinion and concur in verdict warranted by the evidence and the instructions of the court?"

The attorney having received the same answer to his long question as to his short one, is perfectly satisfied and throws a triumphant look at his colleague, which says, "I knew I could get it out of him if I kept at him long enough.

Here is another astonishing deduc-A juror took the stand dressed tion: in a blue uniform with brass buttons round his belt was strapped a money changer. The examining attorney looked at him long and searchingly and then said in a tone which admit

"You are a street car conductor?" It was the same attorney who forced this confession from another juror: What is your occupation?

"I'm a bookkeeper for Blank "You keep books in the office?" Unmasked, the bookkeeper

down and made a clean breast of it "Now, Mr. Juror, be good enough state how old you are." "Fifty-six years." "How long have you resided in this state?

"Fifteen years." "Then you were not born here?" The trapped man admitted the truth Here is another: 'Were you born in Missouri?" "No. sir.

"Oh, I see. Then you moved here om some other state." And then a "come-come-don't-delay-the tone of voice," where did you court" ome from?"

"Chicago, Ill.?"-Kansas City Times FIRST PICTURE BOOK.

The Daring Idea That Was Carried Out by Johann Comenius.

Some 300 years ago a German savan had a wonderful vision. At that time

children were taught to read by force of arms, so to speak, through hardships and with bitter toil on the part of teacher and of child. It seems curious that the first real step toward lightening the labor of children as they elimbed the ladder of learning was the product of the imagination not of some fond mother or gentlewoman teacher, but of a bewigged and betitled university doctor.

It was Johann Comenius, however, who first conceived the daring idea in threatening and denunciatory words, agent?" A very dangerous outbreak was posthat children could be taught by the sible at any place and at any moment. aid of the memory and the imagination working together, "by means," as he quaintly expressed it, "of sensuous impressions conveyed to the eye, so with a degree of safety, it was necesthat visual objects may be made the sary that his own mission should be agreed to find this man, and, if he was medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind and of impressing pains to make himself known and that a person whom Pinchbeck neither those lessons upon the memory." In other words, the good herr doctor had which was supporting Tilden-in short, the bright idea that picture books could be useful to children. Comenius made his first picture book and called it the "Orbis Pictus." It contains rude woodcuts representing objects in the natural world, as trees and animals, with little lessons about the pictures

not a little astonishment were it placed before him. As truly, however, as that term may be applied to any other book that has since been written, the "Orbic Pictus" was an epoch making boook. It is the precursor of all children's picture cause to bless the name of Comenius.



Montana, will soon formally open his It has been called a rich man's folly

000,000 more was spent infurnishing in the social world.

Pages have been devoted in magazines ers and the general appearance of the \$20,000!"

THE FRAUD OF 1876.

Swindling Samuel J. Tilden Out of

the Presidency.

During the month of November, 1877

eturning board, as the state canvass

ng board was called there, to reverse

the result of the voting on election day.

rushed to Louisiana to watch the at

It did not take him long to discover

the field of his activity must be that

city. This was so because, though the

figures of three parishes in the north-

ern part of the state were to be chang-

Orleans. In Louisiana the civil divis-

The figures of the count on election

day had given Tilden over 5,000 major-

ity. Question as to the accuracy of

that count had been raised and allega-

tions of fraud made in the three par-

ishes. The parish canvassing officers

were not to be found at their homes

and it was said that they were in New

Orleans under cover. In the meantime,

n some mysterious way, the official re-

tween the parishes and the capital of

At that time the state of Louisiana

was under the control of as rascally a

The city was in a state of wild ex-

citement. The Democrats were nearly

prive them of a well earned victory-

influence the voting.

bing right and left.

States troops stationed at the polls to

To them the seating of Tilden in the

erew of carpet-baggers, who were rob-

point and all were more angered be-

cause they could not learn what was

erats thronged the streets, the bar-

The reporter felt that in order to

venting the theft of a state.

presence of United States troops.

sults were being held up somewhat be

the state.

counties, are termed parishes.

tempt for his paper.

became apparent that an effort was

with the course of events and that

there were no developments of moment while the public excitement was ris-By his superiors this reporter was ing higher and higher. Late one afternoon, after a fruitless day's labor, the wearied reporter slipped into his hotel, and finding an empafter his arrival in New Orleans that ty chair in a remote corner of the office sat himself down for a rest. He had been resting but a short time when a man whose acquaintance he had made at the Republican convention in than an ascending motion to this maed, the work was being done in New Cincinnati that summer dropped into

ions, which in our state are called important remarks, the man suddenly

people here?" The reporter hastened to assure the questioner that he represented nothing but his paper-that he was merely a news gatherer. The man said no more on that score and shortly after went away. He joined a man leaning against the office counter. After a brief exchange he left the second person, and, after sauntering about a little, finally resumed the vacant chair beside the reporter. By and by came the question whether the reporter knew if there was a Tilden representative in town gang of carpet-baggers from the north To this the reporter replied that he as ever encumbered the earth, aided knew of none who was openly such alby a conscienceless group of colored though there was one man in town men, who controlled the negro vote. Who, he had reason to suspect, bore This control was supported by the some such relation. Again the stranger went away. An hour clapsed and he reappeared, asking the reporter if he would accompany him to a room on frantic over what they believed was a the next floor. The affair was becombarefaced, fraudulent attempt to de- ing mysterious. The reporter followed with some eagerness, for he thought won over great odds—won over United that in a situation barren of real incidents of moment something of value might be the outcome. He was rushed into a room in which was seated a presidential chair meant relief from person, at once recognized by the reburdens and oppressions of the United perter as he was prominent in the States troops and the dissipation of the senator-elect. So soon as the reporter

guide disappeared. Without preliminary remark being done. Crowds of militant Demo- magnate of the carpet-bag asked. "Will you give me the name of the

> To this the reporter replied: "I do not know that he is one. certainly would not give his name

without his permission." move about in these excited crowds, thoroughly understood. So he was at willing to bring about a meeting with he represented a northern paper named nor indicated.

that he was there to do his part in premade that there were in town strangwas firmly convinced, were agents of the Republican national committee had been their relations to that com- esting figure, though no one knew his bune.

pensive private residence in the Unit- gone ahead pouring his millions into the home until now his task has reach-The fact that a man has built a home ed an end. Mrs. Clark has been spendand is going to invite a number of ing the majority of her time in Paris, very startling, as a rule, but when the not miscarry, she will arrive in New house cost a total of \$7,000,000 and \$6,- York soon, ready to take an active part

it, then it comes under the head of But here a stumbling block may architect full power to turn out a pal- as saying they could take no part in would be in mortal terror. Think to finding flaws in the "lines," the tow- of knocking over a vase that cost

mittee in the campaign. The fact that these men were plainly dissatisfied they did not hold the men who were supposed to be manipulating the returns in the most implicit trust, gave being made in Louisiana to induce the the reporter much food for thoughtthis and the other fact that day by day

a chair beside him. After a few un-

"Are you representing the Tilden

They were angered to the fighting had been presented to Pinchbeck the

rooms, the hotel spaces, talking wildly man you suspect to be a Tilden

The upshot was that the reporter It was a singular mission, concern-

ing which he had many doubts. He had but little more than a speaking ac-Perhaps that is the reason why he quaintance with the person in quesschieved a conspicuity at which he had tion. He did not know just what he not aimed and why he was, to a slight was. He was by no means certain extent, involved in an incident that that he was an agent of the Tilden inpromised at the time to be of great im- | terests, or that he was a man to be having a degree of relationship to the of those men not infrequently met, incident of which mention has been invariably present at conspicuous political events, moving about with much ers from the north who, the reporter reserve, having no visible duty, engaged in no apparent work, knowing gaged in no apparent work, knowing and as observation stations during everybody, in confidence with no one, war. The first use of a balloon for the Republican national committee.
In the case of two of them there was no concealment to the reporter, for they were aware that he knew what cretive and cynical, he was an intertion and movements.—Chicago Tribooks, and modern childhood has great they were aware that he knew what cretive and cynical, he was an inter-

neans of support or his purposes in life. Such was Rhodes. The reporter had heard that in the Tweed affair he had been in confidential relations with Tilden, and knew that in the canal ring fight he had sat around the Albany hotels, referring contemptuously to Tilden as an old fox, who was not true to went, telling him, without reserve, of

the meeting of Pinchbeck. "I do not admit that I am a Tilden agent," said the mysterious man, "instand that I am not-that I have no whoever wants to meet me.'

A meeting took place the next day with a man whose identity I never learned. In the late afternoon of that day the reporter met Rhodes carrying his grip.

"Going away?" asked the reporter. "To Washington, as quick as I can Come with me to the station.

He was silent on the way thither but as he put out his hand to the reporter and bade him good-bye he said: "Louisiana is for sale; \$250,000 is the price. I am not an agent for Tilden or for that interest, but I carry the terms of the bargain. In your own interest you will keep this to yourself." The reporter did not keep it to himself, but he never heard more of the matter during that excited period.

In November, 1891, in a public speech at Chickering Hall in Manhattan, Abram S. Hewitt, who had been chairman of the Democratic national committee, and in the 1876 campaign, Tilden's campaign manager, and, as well, member of congress, used these words: "The state of Louisiana has determined a presidential election. The vote

money.' And since the reporter read that part of Mr. Hewitt's speech he has often wondered if Mr. Hewitt related the end of the incident of the beginning of which, in New Orleans, the reporter had personal knowledge. — Hartford Daily Times.

FLYING MACHINES ANCIENT.

Attempts at Flight 500 Years Before Balloon Was Invented. So ancient is the idea of the flying machine that the first attempts at

before the invention of the balloon. by clothing himself in garments made similar story, the "flight" taking place from the battlements at Stirling

castle. In 1817 the European journals gave accounts of a "flying machine" said to have been invented by a country clergyman of Lower Saxony. It was stated that "the machine is built of light wood; it is made to float in the air, chiefly by means of the constant action of a pair of large bellows of a peculiar construction, which occupies in the front the position of the lungs and the neck of a bird on the wing. The wings on both sides are directed by thin cords. The height to which a farmer's boy (10 or 12 years of age) whom the inventer has instructed in the management of it, has hith-

chine." The clergy seem at all times to history of Britain, speaking of one rial is here, and painter and draughts-Elmer, a monk, who foretold the invasion of William of Normandy, who, in his youth, made and fitted to his hands and feet some form of wings, all possible modes of conveyance are

from the top of a tower. forts, as he actually did "fly" a furlong, will urge, is fraught with beauty and but the wind being strong, he event- romance, and yet is entirely practicaually fell to the ground, breaking both ble. To travel by carriage is a quaint his legs. "So conceited was he of his and charming way; but he would no art," the historian remarks, "that he more try it than he would express his attributed the cause of his fall to the feelings in "Zounds!" and "Good want of a tail, as birds have, which he lack!" It is out of date. Motoring, forgot to make and fix behind him." on the other hand, is a costly pleasa flying machine to operate in a man- train is there; the train is cheap; the ner analogous to the wings of birds, train is various. It gives him soliwhile the effect partly resembled the tude for a price, and company for a closing of a parachute, stationary on plain ticket. It gives, into the bargain, its descent. The frame consisted of as much human nature as a philanrods, on which the navigator stood thropist could digest, or a tramp. It erect. A flat wing, nine feet long, fits the body with wheels, but the soul eight feet long at the base, and ter- with wings, and sends that airily voyminating in a point, projecting from aging through strange seas of thought each side of the frame at the "shoulder," and a fan-shaped tail projecting alone. ehind. Each wing, by means of cords, could be made concave or flattened, and the tail was similarly controlled. gliding machine simply. Reference has been made to the in-

s certainly known, was on November noon. The balloon ascended to a height of about 3,000 feet, sailed over

In the World. A railway train, the most familiar thing in the world, is the most romantic. It is the profound and inexhaushis work and who could not be trusted. tible source of joy to the uncounted It was to this man the reporter generations of children that step into a call and a promise to all the restlesshearted, that want to get away from deed, I want you distinctly to under- their neighbors, their drudgery or their own thoughts. It is a lure and a authority to act as such. Now, with mystery and an embodiment of the inthis understanding, I am willing that visible and unspeakable to the poet my name should be known and to meet He will pause on a windy hilltop, call down his gaze from the unplumbed traverse the bit of clear skyline on the off, like the surf on sand; comes fast into view; crosses its allotted spaceand is gone. It passes slowly enough and long, over there, like a running greyhound or a racing horse, it convevs the impression of matchless ve locity. It goes like a hunted thing in

dream, that makes desperate haste and

can barely creep by the lagging land-

marks. It was not, it was there, i

was gone. It came out of the unknown

infinite, and passed again into the in-

finite unknown. It is a daily recurrent

symbol.

TRAINS.

Life is a moment between two eternities, a wild swallow's slight through lighted hall, a train that goes by along a hill-crest. At night the lonely nooting of the engine in the darkness draws a poet to his balcony to watch the regular lights flash by far above on the high horizon, and see the sudden flare, ruddy against the level trail of smoke, vibrating dimly outward, through the thick black air, even to of this state was offered to me for the rim of things. Under all the sky, money, and I declined to buy it. But in thick weathers, in certain aspects the vote of that state was sold for the glow seems to mingle with the gray of night and change the colors of it-to suffuse it all with impalpable golddust; the tawny plume of smoke the golden patches of the windows, the hurrying silhouette of dull black solutions and bewildering progressions of modern music. They have the same air of suggesting what experience has not known, of stirring memories which must reach to the other side of birthantenatal dreams, intangible expecta

The stablest and fastest-rooted fee the spell of this swift power that passes. At the whistle of the down navigation of the sky are lost in the express, farmers lean on their hoes clouds of time and fable, but there straighten their backs, push back their are authentic accounts of inventions hats; the wives come to doors, dishand attempts made at least 500 years towels or white sewing in hand; the brown-faced, pale-haired children Knolles, in his history of the Turks, draw up in line, like soldiers at salute. home in New York city, the most ex- a thousand times, but Mr. Clark has gives an account of an attempt at They are rooted as fast as their solid flight made in the year 1147 at Con- cabbages and cedar fence posts; but stantinople, during the visit to Clisas- their interest vaguely reaches out, folthian, the Turkish Sultan to Emanuel, lows the thundering cars a little way. the Greek emperor. An active and though it comes back before the birds friends to inspect its beauties is not and if the plans of the mining man do daring Turk conceived the idea that have settled down again in their hunwith great fullness, so that they would Deep in the country the daily trains catch the wind, he would be able to come to be mere phenomena of nature, hover in the air after springing from like dawn and twilight, noon and dewsome house. Ten years ago Mr. Clark await the men of millions and his wife, the top of a tall tower, coming easily fall, white frosts, new moons and the planned a New York home, giving the for the inner circles have been quoted and gradually to the earth. In the change of the leaf. They are acknowlpresence of the two rulers and a edged rather than attended to; but betokens appreciative listeners. And ace among palaces. There has never launching a woman in social circles great crowd of people he made the atbeen a private residence in this coun- with \$6,000,000 worth of furniture. tempt, and promptly broke his neck. pulse, the rhythm of the days. Indeed, ders his fish stories, beginning with try subjected to so much discussion. "My word," Harry Lehr said one day, Scottish history relates a somewhat the dullest use, and won't cannot quite idest edge, where a hundred trains, it must be, pass before dark, and again a hundred before day, women at the dirty windows lift their heads; children or the burning pavements stand and stare.

The purblindest man who most religiously follows his nose must stop and catch his breath a moment in a great train-yard at nightfall, with its eddying stream and volleying smoke, with its looming and drifting bulks and glimmering lines of rail; its winking lights, red, green and blue, its flaring gas torches, its great silvery moons of the arc-light hanging over all; the roaring and thunder and shriek of power in action, of earth-shaken masses in motion, of metal grinding metal, erto ascended with it, is not consider- and vapor rending vapor; its vistas of able, because his attention has been shadows and vaster distances of more directed to give a progressive lights; its pitchy cuttings and effulgent subway; its great viaducts stretched black across the luminous blue of the untroubled night. For a have been foremost in the attempts at moment he must see the splendor of it navigation of the air, Milton, in his all. Incomparable decorative mate-

man nowadays love the rail. Poet and artist are at one with wayfarer. The born traveler, to whom and with these he undertook to fly allurement and dalliance, will choose this if he can. He is never weary of A certain success attended his ef- reading time tables. The railway, he In the year 1809 a Mr. Degan, a ure, and his purse is always light. watchmaker, of Vienna, constructed Motorcars are out of reach. But the

To lie awake and feel oneself plunging and thundering through the un-Mr. Degan is said to have made successful flights with his machine. As no known; to hear the locomotive warn "carpet-bag" control of Louisiana. It mention is made of motive power, it mention is made of motive power, it must be assumed that the device was is to be, for a moment, bigger than one's body. It is to spread wider terest taken by the clergy in air navi-gation—another of this class was Joseph Gailen, a Dominican friar and on the sea. Just as the power of love professor of philosophy and theology at Avignon. His proposition, made public in 1755, was to collect the fine, liffuse air of the higher regions where youd space. An immense freight train, hail is formed and to inclose it in a panting across the continent with hall is formed and to inclose it in a bag of cubical shape, composed of the thickest sailcloth and extending a mile in each direction! With this machine, he contended, it would be possible to the contended of t transport an entire army with all its strength sufficient to the task. The The theory of the balloon had been little express that dashes from New The theory of the balloon had been a long mown to men of science for a long thile, but the first known application is small and neat as a runner, light of the theory in Europe, at any rate, and clean-made. The big locomotives was in 1783, when two brothers. Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, of that serve the heavy traffic convey, as that serve the heavy traffic convey, as that serve the heavy traffic convey, as Annonay, constructed and sent up a balloon of fair size. The first aerial voyage ever made by man, so far as solutely. Reanty, philosophers, say is is certainly known, was on November 31, 1783, when Pilatre de Rozier, a simply adaptation. Certainly perfect young naturalist, and the Marquess l'Arlandes ascended from the chateau beauty. These have the same might of Muette about 2 o'clock in the after-and majesty as brawny porters, great ships, the contours of cliffs and oak portance. First, it is to be told as having a degree of relationship to the of those men not infrequently met, five minutes descended in the sub-urbs in perfect safety.

The only practical uses to which balloons have so far been put have consisted in scientific observations spring freshets. Where such force part the sense of life, but of a life that spring freshets. Where such force consists of such mastery it is hard

A locomotive standing with steam

not to postulate a will.

vast yard where such great creatures are stabled at night and who hears all their arrivals and departures, their Most Familiar Yet Romantic Things puffings and signals and waitings, says the sound of them all night in the darkness is like huge dogs coming in heavily, lying down and panting for hours, with watchful eyes, patient, sleepless, mighty. The notion fits with man's anthropomorphic imagination. one another's little shoes and keep the Any one who will listen at night, in the faculty of rapture alive on earth. It is right place, may hear their heavy breathing and feel the throb of life in them. Ask the engineers. Ask the wise folk who have also seen the fairies. Ask, above all, the poet, who can recognize everywhere in what others count dead matter the essence and the eternity of life, the fragrance of soul. "Sure," he will reply, with a blue overhead to watch the noon mail twinkle, "they have not the affections of the furry kind, but they have not opposite ridge. The train roars afar the blind passions of man. They are below the whole creation, and yet they cannot sin. Having made them, are we not responsible for them? What as the watch ticks, yet urgent and low shall we do with them? At least, let

BIG FISH YARNS.

us love!"-Harper's Weekly.

Natives Made Smart Drummer Feel Ashamed of Himself.

There is a certain traveling salesman who for years has made a territory composed of part of central Missouri some of the Osage river country and some of the Ozark region. He loves to go fishing, and his territory has given abundant opportunity. With such inclination and experience it follows, in the course of nature, that from the facts of experience and the workings of an active and vivid imagination he came to construct and evolve a repertory of fish stories that he took every opportunity to tell, and all who heard them wondered and gave out they couldn't be beat, much to the drum-

mer-fisherman's satisfaction. But he has for some time past quit telling fish stories, though he still goes fishing. He has quit from much the same feeling as comes over the crack billiard player of a small town when he sees an expert like Hoppe perform with the cue.

One time not very long ago this drummer's firm added Camden county. Missouri, to his territory and he went there loaded as he was with his fish yarns. Now everybody in Camden county fishes. There is much good fishing matter there, the Osage, the Little and Big Niangua, the Wet Glaize, the Dry Glaize and innumerable minor streams, lakes, ponds and water-filled sink holes. Years of constant fishing and plenty of time otherwise to serenely conjure the matter in mind, together with long experience in relating, has given the average Camden county man a gift of telling fish yarns with detail and Gulliver-like reality that is the very highest and most artistic performance yet reached in fish narration. Camden county is rather isolated: few outsiders know anything about it and the people of it. The drummer did not know, so he went to Linn Creek, the county seat of Camden, "drummed" the town, ate his supper and, in the gloaming, sat out on the hotel gallery side and side with sundry elderly Linn Creekers of the ruminative cast that that drummer began telling those elhis mildest and gradually getting into last made him run down and pause to think up another. At the pause a little old man with white beard and serious demeanor, who had been listening attentively, spoke up and, in a low, even, flute-toned voice that never

quavered, let loose this one: "I'm at my place," said he, "a short spell ago, the boys and me cut down a big tree. After it fell we set down a mit on the trunk to rest and I heard something make a queer sort of fluttering, sputtering noise down inside

what we was settin' on. "'Boys, sez I, 'ain't this here tree holler? "'No,' sez them, 'it's solid and sound.'

"Then I hear the sound inside again. grabbed an ax and, sez I, while I set in to choppin,' There's something inside this here, and I'm going to know what it is.' "I notched a big notch and cut into

a holler place inside with punk water

in it. In there was a nine-pound cat-

fish, which was what I'd been hearin' floppin'." "How did that fish get into such a place?" asked the drummer. "I ain't no idee, less'n the tree had

growed 'round him, which I reckon it had done some time or other." Before the drummer could catch his breath a grave senior of Linn Creek,

sitting on the other side of him, let this one loose: "There was a terrible big fish used to come up the Osage before the war, and we got to hearin' so much about it a passel of us fellers set in to catch him. We got 200 feet of inch rope, had the blacksmith weld up a big hook and we put on a yaller dog for bait. We set our line, and sure enough it wasn't long; that fish took dog, hook and all and we had him hung fast. We couldn't nigh land him, thoughthere was more'n a dozen of us-and he'd pulled us all in the river only we hitched on two ox teams-six yoke each-and then steers, and we all drug that fish out after a tough, hard pull. He measured nine feet between the eyes, and his eyes set a heap closer together than they'd order set in a fish

of that size." Another elder took right up following and began this way: "Once up on the Glaize"-but our

drummer arose, remarked that he had to get away very early next morning wings than the morning's, and to broad and had better go to bed. He did go upstairs and to bed right then and there, and from that time to this very day nobody has heard him tell a fish yarn.-Kansas City Star.

WHEN THE SKIES CLEAR OFF.

The prospects will be brighter,

The burdens will be lighter,

An' the souls of us be whiter

When the skies clear off. With sweeter roses springin', An' sweeter birds a singin', An' all the bells a ringin' When the skies clear off. The silver-it'll fingle. Till your fingers tingle, tingle; Old friends'll meet and mingle When the skies clear off. An' trouble like a feather,

Will go sailin' out the weather; We'll sing an' dance together When the skies clear off. There's a sign o' light a comin', An' you hear the wagon hummin'; You'll be marchin' to the drummin' When the skies clear off. No matter what's the trouble-It'll break just like a bubble

In birds, the normal temperature is one hundred and ten to one hun-

An' you'll drive in harness double When the skies clear off. -Atlanta Constitution.

up seems as gentle as terrible. Some dred and twelve degrees Fahrenheitone, who lives a close neighbor to the a temperature fatal for human beings.