

STORY OF BURR IN LONDON

Having Little Money, He Invested It All in Food Lest He Should Lose It.

When Aaron Burr was an exile in England he was in extreme poverty. An extract from his diary indicates how "close to the cushion" he was in the matter of finances and also throws light on the cost of living in those days. Here is the extract: "I find my appetite," he says, "in the inverse ratio to my purse, and I now conceive why the poor eat so much when they can get it. Considering the state of my finances, resolved today to lay out the whole instantly in necessities, lest some folly or some beggar should rob me of a shilling. Bought, viz., half a pound of beef, eightpence; a quarter of a pound of hagg, sixpence; one pound of brown sugar, eightpence; 10 pounds of potatoes, fivepence; having left elevenpence, treated myself to a pot of ale, eightpence; and now, with threepence in my purse, have read the second volume of Ida."

Upon this supply of food he lived for eight days, cooking his own meals. After months of this life he finally succeeded, by selling the balance of his books and borrowing from friends, in securing passage to America.

DOES NOT LIKE BIG CAFES

Parisian Disapproves of Dining With a Crowd While Music Interrupts His Table Talk.

Paris possesses no six-story restaurants with walls of marble and alabaster where the masses may eat and watch their fellows eating in time to a powerful orchestra. But then the Parisian is not gregarious in his habits. He believes in the gaiety that comes from within, and not the variety supplied by the management. The prospect of being able to have his petite marmite, his sole de poisson, and his poulet cocotte in company with 3999 other diners would not attract him in the least. He would distinctly resent a band of sixty-five performers, drowning with Wagner or Lehar his witty table talk. Staggering statistics of the numbers of lunches or dinners served daily at his restaurant instead of swelling his manly bosom with national pride, would probably incite a feeling of distrust as to the precise amount of care bestowed in the kitchen on his own particular dinner. The gaiety of the crowded eating palace he would not understand.

Student Not Greatly to Blame.

Plato, a handsome parrot, remarkably for his ability as a linguist, was the principal character in a recent tragedy in Paris. His owner, a student named M. Carvalho, was exceedingly proud of his pet whom he had taught to make charming little speeches in English and also to talk French, Spanish and German with uncanny fluency. Mme. Machuel, his landlady, disliked the parrot, however, and the other morning, while at breakfast, the student noticed a murderous look in her eye when Plato amicably invited her to come out and pick violets with him. M. Carvalho left to attend a lecture, but became uneasy, and returned just in time to find his landlady wringing the parrot's neck. Maddened with grief, the student threw his landlady downstairs. She was taken to the hospital, and he was taken to prison.

Bjornson and the Birds.

Bjornson, the Norwegian poet, loved animals. In a lecture delivered by him when abroad he said: "At home in Norway we do not murder any of our song birds. Our children have for years banded themselves together in clubs to protect the birds' nests. But what we gain by this for our fields, gardens and woods is as nothing in comparison with what we gain for the education of our children in weaning them from cruelty and making them the protectors of the little birds. It teaches them to control their feelings and awakens enthusiasm for worthy causes. Their love of destruction we change to magnanimity. In Norway it is the school that teaches children their duty to song birds and in the schools they form their societies for bird protection."—From the Animal's Friend.

An Early Diet for Milton.

Thomas Hughes, when a boy, was given a guinea. This coin his grandmother took away, without his consent, and purchased for him a fine copy of Milton's poetry, saying that he would value it when he grew up, whereas, had he spent the money, he would have wasted it on transitory joys of marbles, tops and candy. Needless to say, the unfortunate boy did not see the matter in this light; and in after years Thomas Hughes wrote in his "Early Memories": "I owe to my grandmother a dislike to Milton's poetry, which I doubt if I have ever quite got over."—Youth's Companion.

North Carolina's Wild Horses.

The wild horses living on the sand-banks of the North Carolina lagoons are the descendants of horses left behind by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists, when they abandoned Roanoke island. On these banks sea oats with luxuriant heads grow quite profusely, and these are an article of food green or ripe. No one knows exactly the number of these ponies, but there are said to be more than 3,000 of them now on the banks.

PEASE'S NAME WAS ENOUGH

Dutchman With Whom the Dealer Had Traded Knew He Had Lost His Horse.

Some years ago Lemuel Pease, a silk-hat, kid-gloved, ministerial-looking horse dealer, of Chelsea, Mass., was driving a handsome bay horse hitched to a nice buggy, quietly along one of Boston's numerous suburbs, when he saw coming toward him a man with a peddler's outfit. Mr. Pease, always having an eye to business, thought he would try and trade horses with the peddler, as the peddler's horse, although blind and tired out, looked to be a good one. When they met both stopped and passed the time of day. The peddler, who was a Dutchman, said he wished he could afford to have as fine a horse as that, pointing to Mr. Pease's horse.

"Well," said Mr. Pease, "you can if you like. I will trade with you, for I have little work for a horse, and yours would soon be as fat and slick as mine, and I like to have a new horse occasionally."

They exchanged even, and the Dutchman thinking he had made a big thing by the trade, desired to know who the man was that was so green as to make such a bargain. So he asked Mr. Pease what his name might be.

"My name is Pease," was the answer.

"Pease?" said the Dutchman. "Not Lem Pease?"

"Yes," said Mr. Pease.

"Mein Gott! mein Gott!" said the Dutchman. "I've lost mein horse."

WHY THE BLUEBIRD IS BLUE

Pretty Legend of Her Sympathy for Christ as He Hung Upon the Cross.

The friendship between the robin and the bluebird is accounted for in an old legend, says the Ave Maria. "When the robin, filled with pity for his suffering Lord, bore him drops of water as he hung upon the cross a little brown bird thought: 'Oh, I too love him! Why can I not do something to ease his pain?'"

"So she made a cup out of a leaf and, filling it with water, met the robin and gave it to him so that he would not have to fly so far as he returned for more of the cooling liquid. And when at last he came with news that his Lord was dead she bathed his bleeding breast that was wounded by the cruel thorns."

"Then the master of birds said to the little brown bird: 'Because you loved the Lord and would have helped him you shall henceforth wear a coat the color of the one his mother wears.' And that is why this little brown bird has ever since then been a little blue bird and is never far away from the robin when he comes in the spring. This will be something to think of when a bit of blue flies between you and the sun and you know our lady's bird has come."

Overwhelmed by Fumes of Spirits.

Exciting scenes were witnessed recently at a fire in London which broke out in premises owned by wine merchants. The fire had obtained a firm grip when the firemen arrived. Located helmets were donned and a powerful hydrant was soon at work. Then followed a series of remarkable incidents. Officers and men of both fire brigade and salvage corps were overwhelmed by the fumes of spirits and wines arising from a mass of shattered bottles. One by one the men fell, and comrades who went to their rescue suffered the same experience. It was only after almost superhuman efforts that the men were rescued, sixteen officers and men being dragged from the basement. A number remained unconscious for a considerable time.

Would Have Had Little Value.

We take the liberty of doubting the accuracy of the statement that Mr. Farrar Fenton, the author of a translation of the Bible into modern English, could have made a great deal of money if he had been willing to trim his version in accordance with the tenets of some particular denomination. One English congregation, it is reported, offered £200 for an adaptation of the Old Testament to their own peculiar needs. From the United States came an offer of \$25,000 for a similar tailor-made version of the New Testament. Attempts of this sort at re-translating the Bible have been not altogether uncommon, but no one is inclined to attach any particular importance to any single man's translation. After all it only represents one man's opinion of what the old book means.

The Explanation.

Mrs. Jones (reading):—"It says here that a nautical mile is 6,080 feet and a statute mile is only 5,280 feet. Why is that? I thought a mile was a mile." Mr. Jones (without looking up from his paper):—"Well, a mile is a mile, but a statute mile is measured on dry land while a nautical mile is measured on the water, and you know most things swell when in water." Mrs. Jones (resuming her reading):—"Why, of course! How stupid."—Ladies Home Journal.

The Smallest Targets.

Willie Tenderfoot:—"How did you become so proficient at shooting?" Had Bill:—"Oh, by shooting pinheads and such like."

GWINE TO JINE LAWD'S ARMY

Sally Wouldn't Let a Trifle Like a Duck Disturb Her Happiness in Religion.

"Speaking of trifles reminds me of an occurrence down near my home some years ago," said a Virginia visitor.

"In Hanover county lived a Mrs. Newman, who having occasion to go up to Richmond left her place in charge of two colored girls, Sally and Betsy, after having carefully locked up everything she thought the girls might be tempted to use or eat during her absence.

"Now Sally and Betsy were two frisky young things and they decided they must have company, so they sent word for two male friends of theirs to come to supper. But when they looked about for the wherewithal for the meal there was nothing to be had except that a flock of ducks looked tempting. So one was caught and killed and its head and feathers burned in the stove.

"After the feast the party decided to go to the church, a mile or two away, where a revival was going on, and there Sally fell under the preacher's spell and got religion.

"As she neared Betsy the latter reached forth and plucked at her skirt. 'Sally,' she said in a hoarse whisper, 'what yo' gwine to do about ol' miss's duck?'"

"'Gwan niggah, lemme alone,' rejoined Sally, jerking herself away and continuing her refrain, 'I's gwine to jine de army of de Lawd.'"

"The next time Sally passed Betsy caught her skirt in a firmer grasp. 'Sally,' she said in a louder tone, 'now yo' done got 'ligion, what yo' gwine to do about ol' miss's duck?'"

"'Gwan, niggah,' returned Sally, 'lemme be; does you think I's gwine to let a H' thing like a duck stan' between me an' my Gawd?' And she went on singing 'I's gwine to jine de army of de Lawd.'"

COURT PRACTICE DOWN SOUTH

Virginia Jurist Not Charged—Georgia Divorce Cases Tried Twice if Plaintiff Wins.

"It's queer the way the laws in some of the southern states differ from our laws up here," said Col. Allan T. Brinsmade, just back from a long trip through the south.

"In Norfolk, Va., I sat one day recently beside a federal judge when a criminal case was being tried. The charge was, I think, robbing the United States mails. At 5 p. m. the judge turned aside and speaking very quietly said: 'The jury will now retire.'"

"'A recess, I suppose,' I observed.

"'No,' he said, 'the jury is about to retire to consider the evidence and give its verdict.'"

"'But you did not charge the jury,' I remarked in a puzzled way.

"'We do not charge the juries in this jurisdiction,' he replied.

"In Savannah a day or two later I was in a court room where a divorce case was being tried before a jury. The wife, who was the plaintiff, was given the verdict.

"So she gets her decree," I remarked to a lawyer friend.

"'No, not now,' he replied. 'In this state when in a divorce case the verdict goes to the plaintiff the case must be tried again at the next term of court. If the plaintiff wins again the decree is granted.'"

"If, however, at the first trial the defendant wins, the case is all over. Queer law that, but the judge said it was working well—that after the first verdict in favor of the plaintiff a reconciliation was often brought about."—Cleveland Leader.

Walked to Cure Injured Leg.

Over six years ago M. E. Crookum, now employed as night watchman at the local plant of the Diamond Match company, injured one of his legs. Physicians told him that a complete cure could be effected only by much walking. Six years four months and twenty-four days ago Crookum was given his present job by the match company. Since then he has walked 27,000 miles in carrying out his official duties and in addition to this has walked two miles a day going to and from work. He says his leg is almost well. Crookum has a regular beat which he must traverse each hour. It is one mile in length. He makes the rounds twelve times a night. He works seven days a week and has missed only two days since taking this employment.—Chicago correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

New Artificial Furs Are Made.

The raw pieces are frozen and the skin carefully shaved off, thawed and sent to the tanneries to be made into leather. The frozen fur which remains is allowed to thaw slightly at the bottom, so that a small part of the hair is freed from ice. This thawed portion is then covered with a solution of rubber, which is allowed to set. The result is that large seamless pieces of fur are obtained much cheaper than those which come with the natural skin. These same artificial furs are said to be more lasting than the real, because they are immune from the attacks of moths.

Superlative.

Smith (to member of vested choir):—"I hear you've got a new tenor in the choir. What kind of a voice has he?" "Good!" Jones:—"Good? I should say so! It's so good none of the other tenors will speak to him."—Life.

YIELDED TO WHIM OF WOMAN

How General Sir O'Moore Creagh Gave His Wife an Elephant Ride in Calcutta.

General Sir O'Moore Creagh, commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, stationed at Calcutta, is an indulgent husband as well as a brave fighter. Lady Creagh, becoming weary of driving out behind her horses, asked the general to arrange for her to take an afternoon constitutional on elephant back.

"But, my dear," explained the general, "there isn't an elephant in Calcutta, and besides one must have a special permit to drive an elephant through the streets. The ordinance requires all traffic to be stopped on occasions of the sort."

"The Indian commander-in-chief ought to be able to arrange it—the things you mention are mere details."

Sir O'Moore found that the only trained passenger-carrying elephant suitably provided with observation seats in the near neighborhood belonged to the Maharajah of Burdwan. Would the Maharajah loan the elephant to the Indian commander-in-chief? Would he? Certainly.

The huge animal was jogged thirty-six miles from Tarkeswar to Calcutta, accompanied by two Indian grooms. At the appointed hour on the following day the elephant was in waiting gorgeously decorated. Lady Creagh mounted to the animal's back by means of a ladder. Then, with police escort, she rode at a stately pace through the town from Howrah Bridge to the fort. Along the entire distance she had the right of way. All traffic was suspended.

SCALING A FISH ISN'T EASY

Task That Requires Courage of High Degree, Together With Machinery and Patience.

In some places when you buy a fish it is cleaned for you. But sometimes you have to clean a fish yourself. For the benefit of those who may have to clean fish it may be said that you need a road scraper and an ax. If there is anything that clings closer than a fish's scales it is not generally known and flint and granite and a miser's heart are jelly as compared to the backbone of a fish for hardness.

After you have scaled a fish people are always kind enough to come forward and tell you how it should have been done. But if you plunge in yourself without advice or counsel you are apt to emerge with the scales of the fish transferred from him to you. Scales stick to your eyebrows, to your eyelashes; they are entangled in your hair. Your arms are a mass of scales. Your clothes are covered with them. If you happen to clean the fish on the back porch of a seaside cottage on a summer day when mosquitoes are thick your misery beggars description.

If you can't get your fish cleaned for you it is best to frown upon a taste for fish in the family. If this doesn't work and you must get fish and you must clean them choose kinds that haven't any scales. Some fish are considerable enough to grow without scales. They are just as good to eat or good enough, anyway, and why transform yourself into the likeness of a mermaid without any of the fun of being one, simply to induce a fish to part with its scales.

Tough Elbows.

At a time of the day when nobody was at home in a New York tenement, except women and babies search was made through the building for a girl who had never worn elbow sleeves.

"There was a time when I would have been eligible myself, but the styles of the last few years have disqualified me," said a settlement worker. "I found on this visit a baby who needed a bath right on the spot. I had no thermometer to test the temperature of the water, and there was none in the building. The hand and face are no guide, because they have become toughened through exposure. There was a time when the elbow was an infallible guide for a baby's bath. What felt comfortable to the elbow felt comfortable to baby. But alas, elbow sleeves have impaired the usefulness of that natural thermometer. That elbow test can be relied on no days only when you find an elbow that never shed its long sleeves."

Worst Form of Ignorance.

Ignorance is in its most acute form when allied with vulgarity and rudeness. But there are so many branches spreading from this large tree that it would be quite a difficult task to divide them into specific sections. The advantages arising from its growth are so insignificant as compared with those of the tree of knowledge that no man dare without impunity offer many words of praise in its favor. There is a sort of ignorance that can be excused; it is that which exalts itself in silence. Like every other condition and quality that takes its place in natural order, it will receive its share of toleration when kept within the narrow bounds of the zone peculiarly its own.—Exchange.

Drama of Real Life.

"Look here," the angry manager exclaimed, "what do you mean by turning in such a play as this to me? You let the villain marry the heroine and permit the hero to get the worst of it all around, although he is an exemplary young man who has always led a blameless life." "Well, you said you wanted a play that was true to life, didn't you?"

SPARKING ON SUNDAY NIGHT

Institution That Helps to Make Life Worth Living for the Young People.

The Sunday night sparking is a sacred institution. But for it, life would be at a certain age not worth living, and race suicide would become indeed a matter of serious apprehension. The man who has not tender memories of taking his girl home from Sunday evening service and going in for "a little while" is apt to be a crusty bachelor, hating women because he never knew one in her most charming attitude. The man whose youth was never melted by a Sunday night kiss stolen from not too unwilling lips has missed half his life. Half? Yes, nine-tenths!

The Sunday nights when the fire burned low—and the lamp, too—hold a hallowed place in the memories of every normal life. The low fire and the low light have cast a glow that reaches all the way to the grave. They who are not grown old and heart-hardened may sneer at it now and think that young hearts should be caloused as old ones are; but time was with all of us when we looked forward through the seven days of the week to Sunday night as the golden time of the week. And our fathers did it. And our grandfathers. And our great-grandfathers. It is an ancient human custom that did not originate with our youth or fade with it. Our children do it in spite of our frowns. And our grandchildren will. And our great-grandchildren. Generations come and go, but Sunday night sparking remains.—Wichita Beacon.

END OF OLD MUSSENTOUCHIT

Baby Smashed the Gold Fish Globe, but Killed the Mysterious and Mafeluf Creature.

There was one word the little girl heard many times a day and could not imagine what it was. The word was Musementouchit. Baby wondered who Musementouchit could be. The strange thing lived in the bureau drawers; it lived in the sewing machine; it lived in the tall jar that stood on the little round table; it certainly lived in the glass globe where the gold fishes swam.

This went on till baby was two years old. Musementouchit was everywhere—in the shining books on the parlor table; in the flower beds; among the roses; even in mamma's work-basket the strange thing lived; and if baby took up a reel of silk or cotton, there was Musementouchit.

One day baby found herself by the glass globe all alone. The family were very busy, and for a few minutes forgot the little, prying, restless darling.

This was her chance. Up went the chubby legs into the chair that stood near the gold fish globe. Poised on the rounding cushion, baby reached far over to touch the gold fish. In reaching she lost her balance and fell, dragging the globe to the floor. There was a crash, a scream, a rush, and mamma was on the spot. Baby was picked up, kissed and scolded.

"I dese I tilled old Musementouchit 'is time!" she said, shaking herself and walking off.

Cherished Bell.

The oldest bell in the United States, possibly in the Americas, is in the small village of East Haddam, Conn. It bears the date "A. D. 893." Presumably it came from an old monastery in Spain, and was probably brought to this country as ballast or old iron in some sailing ship. Later it was bought in a junk shop, and now it hangs in a belfry in the rectory at East Haddam. The vicar-studies through which this old bell passed doubtless were varied. Before the discovery of the new world, before the Norman conquest of England, before Charlemagne, it called men to prayers, at a time when the light of learning in western Europe was but a spark in the ashes of dead civilization. It was cast in an age when men were fearful, when those who were not strong were furtive—and today it rests in a peaceful New England hamlet.

Origin of Common Phrase.

We owe the word "catchpenny" to a publisher of the name of Catchpin. After a celebrated murder trial in 1824, when the assassin had been executed for the murder of Ware, this man hit upon the bright idea of issuing a penny ballad entitled "We Are Alive Again." People jumped to the conclusion that the title was "Ware Alive Again," and as it sold like wild-fire to the extent of two and a half million copies; hence a "Catchpin" or "catchpenny" affair came to signify a hoax of that kind. Incidentally it may be remarked that the ingenious Catchpin succeeded in catching two and a half million pennies!

Thought He Was Dreaming.

"John," said the foreman, unexpectedly, "we have decided to raise you five dollars a week." John made no answer, but appeared to be looking for something on his desk. "Why don't you say something—aren't you satisfied?" demanded the foreman. "I'm trying to see if there's an alarm clock here," said John.

Deep Strategy.

"How did the girls' anti-smoking crusade turn out?" "It collapsed. The young men of the town organized an anti-chocolate crusade."—Stray Stories.

ROAD TO WEALTH IS PLAIN

But the Man of Millions Quotes One Vital Point From His Directions.

The Man of Millions smiled benignly upon the earnest faced youth who stood before him, hat in hand.

"You wish to know," he said to the young man, "the rules to be followed to attain fortune. It is a simple matter and it is no secret. Yet so many men fail."

"The Man of Millions sighed. After a momentary pause, he resumed in his most gracious manner:

"First, I wish to say that every boy has today the same opportunities—may, better opportunities—that I had. You have a better knowledge of men and books than I had at your age. Furthermore, you have glorious examples of men like—well, I might mention myself, but modestly forbids. Anyway, the magazines and newspapers are filled with stories of the successes of our great men of industry from which you may profit.

"Work and save, by boy, and opportunity will come. For instance, you might buy a few good standard stocks when they are down at rock-bottom and sell when they get high; or you might buy some good lots in a locality where some great city is to be built and hold them until the city springs into being, and gold will flow in upon you in a steady stream."

The Man of Millions swung back to his desk to contemplate the plans for the new hospital he was building for sufferers from gout.

"But," suggested the youth timidly, "how am I to know when stocks are at rock-bottom?"

"I have already given you too much of my valuable time," said the Man of Millions shortly, as he pushed an electric button on his desk which released the section of the floor on which the youth was standing, and lowered him gently to the reception room below.—Roy R. Atkinson in Puck.

LEAVING IT TO THE GUIDE

Bishop Didn't Have Language Equal to the Occasion When the Trout Escaped.

The bishop was an angler and was keen on trout fishing. Early in the season, if not the opening day, he responded to the lure of the rippling brook. As he crept softly through the elder thicket that bordered the stream he had the good fortune to hook a trout that put up a stormy fight. Evidently the fish had no mind to grace the creel of even an apostolic expert.

The guide held his breath. It was not possible for him to get near enough through the brush to help the bishop and the enemy. He could only watch the fight and hope for the best. The struggle culminated in a swift jerk that landed the dripping old warrior up in the branches of a maple which towered above the alders—not an unusual experience for an angler, but the first of the kind that had fallen to the lot of the bishop. Well—he was always seeking experience and now he had it. This, however, was different from casting and the result was dire. The line snapped, the brilliant and dashing Fontinalis dropped back into the brook and with an insolent wave of his tail said as plainly as words, "By, by, old boy."

The bishop and guide looked at each other. Then the bishop said to the guide in the earnest and appealing tone with which he was wont to stir the emotions of his congregation, "John, you say it."

How Spirits Spell.

"Judging by spiritistic communications I have received lately simple spelling must be more popular in the world beyond than it is in this," said a man who patronizes mediums. "Half a man's messages received from the spirit land nowadays are spelled in a way to bring joy to the hearts of the simple spellers. Not one medium, but many, transmit them thus. Mediums who know the old-fashioned spelling book well enough to spell down a whole room full of folks have gone over to the revised edition.

"Whatever force it is that guides their hands when transmitting messages must be impressed with the utility of the new system. At the last séance I attended I received a communication from a man who fought new-fangled spelling with his dying breath, but since he passed over he must have learned something to make him change his mind, for he now writes like a disciple of Artemus Ward."

Cecil Rhodes' Good Sense.

Although Cecil Rhodes was a busy man he found time for a certain amount of reading. He made it a rule, although very fond of good pictures, never to buy any for fear of developing a craze for collecting works of art, for with all his wealth he felt that he could not afford to spend so much money on a fad. The only famous painting that he owned was one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, supposed to represent a young married woman, which hung in the dining room over the fireplace. As a boy he had taken a great fancy to the picture and when he grew up and became rich he bought it.

No Deception.

"You deceived me," protested the woman at the washub. "When you married me you said you had a job on the road." "And so I did, my dear," rejoined her husband, who was hitting the pipe in an easy chair. "But it hasn't arrived yet."