

ALL SORTS OF STORIES.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY, FROM LIVELY TO SEVERE.

Some of Them Are Probable, Others Sound as Though Munchausen Wrote Them, but All Are Worth Reading and Most Have a Moral.

A Boston cigar drummer, whose residence is in Taunton, tells a story on himself with glee. He was in Hartford, Conn., one evening, and after lounging about the hotel in disconsolate loneliness for an hour or two he asked the clerk if there was anything going on in town. The clerk suggested taking in a masquerade ball that was in progress. The drummer thought the idea was a good one, but he hadn't any costume. The clerk suggested that he should borrow the colored porter's overalls and jumper, black his face and hands and go. The suggestion was promptly acted upon, and for an hour the bogus colored man talked African-English and had a high old time among the masked belles. Finally the signal to unmask was given, and when the masks came off a great wave of darkness swept over the hall. Every blessed man, woman and child in the place was a full-blooded negro!

The drummer cast one panic-stricken look at the crowd and then made for the door. When he reached the hotel he resumed his old-time personality and set up the wine.

Jacob Sneider applied to Judge White of Chicago, the other day, for a warrant for the arrest of Barber Mike Ryan, who, when Sneider offered him five cents for a hair cut, placed him in a chair and with his clippers cut a channel from the back to the front of the head without touching the rest of the hair. The court gave Sneider two cents to have the cut completed, and refused to issue the warrant.

Oarsman Wallace Ross tells two on the famous ex-light-weight champion, Arthur Chambers. Chambers was a tough customer when he first landed in America, some 20 years ago. His first move was to get shaved. He had been in the habit at home of being scraped and then going to a basin to wash his face. When the Boston barber who gave Arthur his first New World shave threw a towel over his face after carefully taking off the growth of stiff beard, the little Englishman made a spring for the handkerchief-covered bundle which contained all his earthly possessions, and which lay on a neighboring chair. "Oh, no," he cried, "you don't do me that easy." He thought that throwing the towel over his face was a trick to rob him.

Just after a benefit which Chambers took soon afterward he strolled into Jem Mace's saloon on West Twenty-third street. Calling for drinks for everybody present, he threw down a half-sovereign, not knowing that bar refreshments in America cost more than at home. Not receiving change, he followed Mace around for some little time, then said, "I say, Jem, I gave you 'alt a quid." "Never mind," replied the middle weight conqueror of the world, "that's near enough." Two friends had to help Chambers out of the place.

Senator Reagan, the massive Senator from Texas, is regarded by his associates as a "hoodoo," says the Baltimore American. He has a remarkable habit of wandering around the floor in a ponderous, undecided sort of way, and then invariably sitting down in any man's chair save his own. And the strangest part of it is that ill luck invariably lights on the man whose chair Reagan selects, so that the Senators are in constant terror lest, during their absence, he should pick out their seat. He is called the Jonah of the Senate.

Thus, while Senator Eustis was making his long fight for reelection, Senator Reagan was constantly in his chair. Eustis was defeated. Senator Saulsbury found he had to go down to Delaware. Reagan appropriated his seat. Saulsbury was defeated. Just before the last election Senator Voorhees was called out to help the battle in Indiana. Senator Gorman was absent, too, for a time. Mr. Reagan divided his attention between the seats of the two great Democrats, for their seats adjoin. Everybody knows what happened in Indiana and in Maryland. About a week ago Senator Harris started down for Tennessee, where he has a big fight on hand for reelection. Just before he left he laid down the law to Reagan. "Now, look here, Reagan," he said, "I've got a big fight on hand, but I stand a good chance for reelection. For God's sake don't hoodoo me. Keep out of my chair." Senator Matt Ransom, the handsome member from Tar Heel, is wrestling with the North Carolina Legislature just now. A day or two ago he wrote to one of his friends: "Everything looks very bright, but for heaven's sake keep Reagan away from my chair."

Senator Reagan felt a little hurt yesterday when he came to the Senate and found that Mr. Ransom's chair had been taken out of the Senate chamber.

If ever a person could lay claim to having been born under an unlucky planet, certainly Alexander Love, a French-Canadian, was that one. Love, with his wife and two small children, came to Manchester, N. H., last spring from Canada. Soon after arriving there he was taken sick, and for a long time lay at death's door. He had hardly recovered when his wife met with an accident that left her a cripple for life. Then Love was thrown out of employment. He moved to Alexandria, where he built a cabin in the woods. He had got out a few cords of wood, when his axe slipped and nearly cut his foot off. He was laid up for two months. After getting out again he had cut some five cords when he was caught by a falling tree and killed, not instantly—that was not his luck—but he was so severely injured that he died in a few hours, after suffering terribly. His crippled wife and children were in the cabin near by, but a mile from any other building, and were compelled to witness, without power to alleviate, the death struggles of the unfortunate husband and father. The next morning, with crutches and pushing a child in a chair, the wife of Love went nearly three miles before she could make herself understood and secure help to care for her dead husband. Charitable neighbors contributed enough money to send the family back to their Canadian friends.

Go to 'The National,' No. 52 Charlotte Street, for Oyster Suppers.

SLANG IN NEW YORK.

Notable Specimens Heard Here and There About the Town.

Slang has reached its highest development in New York. Without it the gossip of the town would be barren, arid, lethargic and inert.

It lends an airy grace to the most prosaic and commonplace events. "A collar, duchess," remarked a Sixth avenue swell to the lady who stood behind the counter of a small shop where I had sought shelter from a sudden shower. "Paper or tin?" asked the duchess, with a gleam of sudden admiration in her downy brown eyes. "Tut-tut," said the swell reprovingly, as he admired his cheap finery in a convenient

savagely, "an Oi have a schwate timper, but when Oi'm lyin' down under a tree in the Park takin' a nap, an' a man comes along an' wipes his feet on me phwiskers, begob Oi draw the line."

This reference to whiskers started the ball. Any variety man who speaks the word "whiskers" is sure of a roar. One of the funniest things I think I ever heard is a song of Evans, the comedian of the Parlor Match, detailing the woes of a poor woman who went forth into the world to seek her husband. Evans has a magnificent baritone voice, and he sang this particular song with a depth of feeling and intensity that would have been deeply moving except for the words. I heard it last night. If it had not been for the lack of time I would be able to give the verse here. It detailed

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But then slung is based a good deal on



WINTER'S GIFT TO EARTH.

mirror, "I'm not buying a dog collar, sweet-tart."

"It's not for yourself, then?" "Tush. Go to. Thou art a larking jade," was the dignified rejoinder. "Get me a four-ply, bevel-edged, standing collar of the vintage of '88, and without any whiskers on the seams."

She passed it over the counter, and the swell examined it critically for a moment, and then he remarked sententiously:

"It's a lol-lah."

"Sixteen cents," said the duchess, with an air of sudden listlessness, as she meditatively scratched her head with a pencil.

"Beg parding?"

"Sixteen cents."

"Well," said the blood, thoughtfully, "I'll just take it around to my apartment and see if it fits my polka dot shirt. If it does I'll drop in, make good and get more."

"Nix," said the duchess.

"Nix?"

"Nix."

"Why?"

"Because," said her grace calmly, "I'm just about half way onto your curves."

"In which case," remarked the swell with unruffled suavity, "I had better produce the seeds."

"Sixteen cents," said the duchess.

The money was paid, there was a knowing interchange of smiles, and then the swell sauntered out.

"She was onto my curves fer a fac," he said amiably to me as he passed out, "wasn't she?"

"Rather."

"And, son," he added with an air of great sincerity, "I'm pretty near onto yours. It's no place fer a mash."

So we left the shop together, and I had no further chance of enjoying the conversation of the duchess.

The phrase they bandied so easily struck me as being the latest thing in slang. It comes from the ball field, of course. To "get onto a pitcher's curves" indicates great skill, prescience and knowledge on the part of the man at the bat. I have heard the phrase often of late as indicating sharpness and intuition.

There are one or two words which set the people laughing as soon as they are mentioned. For some reason or other the great North American public has made up its mind that there is nothing more exquisitely funny than an allusion to "whiskers."

A long while ago Pat Rooney used to tell a story in his inimitable dialect about the manner in which he had been used by mankind.

"Oi'm a law-abidin' man," he would say

the awful misery of the unhappy wife who went out to search for her husband. "with her shoes," sobbed Mr. Evans in his song, "filled up with feet." He tells how she goes from door to door and finally finds her husband sitting on a horse block with a cordial smile on his handsome face, while the wind sighs through his whiskers. The effect of the song on the multitude of theatergoers is inconceivable to people who have no idea of the real hold that slang has upon the majority of New Yorkers. It pervades every section of the town.

It is in the Fourth ward, however, that slang reaches its highest point. Some time ago I was coming out of Harper's building, when the voice of a boy, who seemed scarcely 5 years old, arrested my attention. He was a ragged little urchin, and he was pulling his mother's dress with one hand, while he pointed at the driver of a passing hearse with the other. The driver had a rich burgundy color, and it was concentrated at the end of his nose. It was this that attracted the child's attention.

"Hey, mudder," he said, excitedly, "pipe his jags wid de rosy beak on the Morgue wagon!"

It was akin in accent and intonation to another man, whom I heard as I walked up the Bowery. He was a barker in front of a cheap museum, and I stopped for a moment to listen to him. He wore a huge cigar in the corner of his mouth, and displayed an ever-varying smile. Just as I was passing his place, he raised his voice and cried:

"My Gawd! can these things be?"

Everybody stopped.

"Here I yam," continued the barker, in a state of excitement, "shootin' off me mouth like a wild man, an' for what purpose?"

Here he turned and addressed the crowd: "Gents," he said, solemnly; "yer looin' th' chance of a lifetime—g'way from that winder, boy, or I'll kick yer lung—an' whose to blame? Am I? No! Walk in! Walk in an' look at th' unrivalled collection of U-ro-pee-an' an' native novelties from the courts of Tokio, Moko, Bokio, and WHANG GOO!"

The barker then lowered his voice to a whisper, and added, confidentially: "All ter th' small an' giddy sum of one dime or ten cents, includin' a troop of Wild Eyed Children of Borneo, a living skeleton minus of flies, a Cork girl who writes wid her nose, th' Dog Faced mudder uv four Be-out-ti-tul Triplets—"

and at this point he lost all control of himself, and yelled wildly:

"Not for-ge-t-ting Munseer Ping-gull-hinkie France's fav-or-ite son, who can put

locality. In the far West a man speaks of something satisfactory in the horse and wagon way as "a dandy turnout, stranger," while in Newport it goes as "a devilish swagger trap, ol' chap"—and there isn't a bit of difference.—New York Sun.

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AN ANTIPODEAN BEAUTY.

I wonder what home folks would say who saw you sitting there. In that delightful maze of pink of a French costume, Toying a slender foot, size two, in brodered silk canvas. Half out, half in, the last court shoe that took Parisian taste.

The moment they shot eyes at you they'd note the union rare, Complexion of the warmer hue with the crown of pale gold hair. 'Twas this the Italian masters loved on canvas to portray, And some such witchery which moved the King Cophetua.

While the refinement of your face and the unconscious knack, The careless, captivating grace with which you're leaning back, Could not be truer if you were the daughter of a peer, Or long-descended commoner in the same social sphere.

There's not a fairer in Mayfair, or better bred and dress, In all the garland gathered there from England's loveliest; You look so dainty, so complete, so far from common folk, As if you'd never crossed the street without a Raleigh's click.

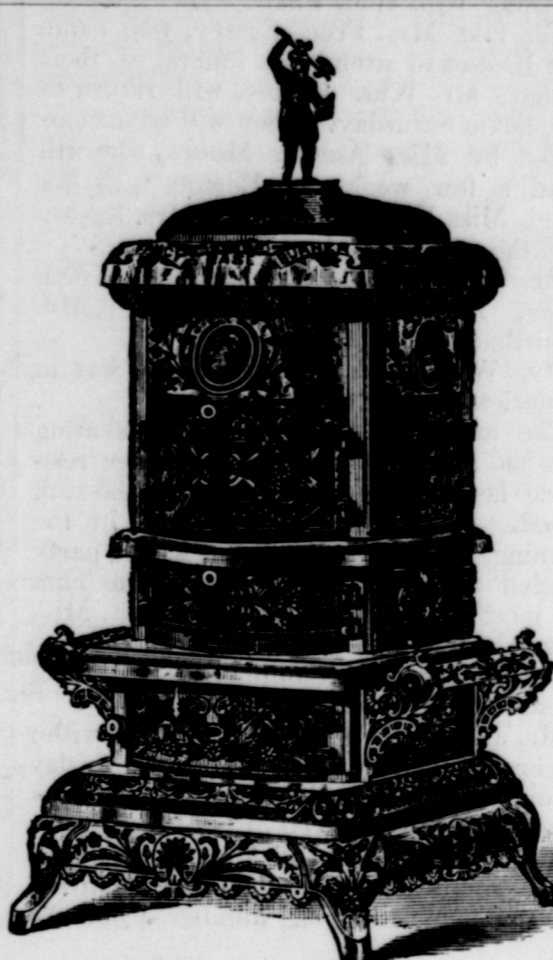
And yet I've seen you, often, too, on a half-broken horse, Press hard an' old-man kangaroo o'er fence and water-course; Gallop wildfire 'twixt low-branched trees, mid burrow and ant heap, And pull the coil up from his knees when stumbling from a leap.

And if they knew the simple things with which you're satisfied, And saw your hearty welcomes and freedom from false pride, They'd never dream that you command all money can acquire, And occupy a block of land as large as Lincolnshire.

I wish I'd Millais' art to trace you as you're sitting there, With your bright summer-tinted face and golden crown of hair, To catch the sweet simplicity and gallant innocence, That mingle in your frank blue eye, and sugar innocence.

Innocence need not be uncouth and Nature's not ill dressed, Nor is it any crime for youth to try and look her best, And all delight when wealth and grace, accomplished and ornate, Seek not with coldness to efface the pleasure they create.

—Douglas Sladen, in Australian Lyrics.



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