

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 Germain street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 20.

POLITICAL BACK NUMBERS.

Politicians have poor memories. When Mr. ELLIS was the honored representative of the city of St. John in the house of assembly he gave the BLAIR government his support, though at that time it included such good conservatives as JAMES MITCHELL, of Charlotte County, P. S. RYAN, of Gloucester, and G. S. TURNER, of Albert. The editor of the Globe in his representative capacity found no fault with these gentlemen. One of them is still in the government and holds the important portfolio of provincial secretary. Mr. TURNER has passed to the silent majority but the county is represented in the Government by that good liberal HENRY R. EMMERSON, who also has an important office in the administration. The conservative, Mr. RYAN, has given place to the conservative Mr. TWEDDIE a St. John member, a liberal, is also in the Government. And yet the esteemed but variable editor of the Globe finds fault because the government is not liberal or all conservatives. Fault finding is his forte. Perhaps, if Mr. BLAIR was not so prominent as a liberal, not so much in the minds of the rank and file as the only man who can extricate the party from its perilous condition, he would not be subject to such virulent criticism. The time has passed when the liberals of this county will consent to be represented solely by Messrs. Weldon and Ellis. Politically they are back numbers and the sooner they and their friends realize that fact the better for the prospects of the liberals in this city and county.

LORD ABERDEEN'S MISTAKE.

"Lord ABERDEEN," says the Toronto Mail, "is promoting education along new lines. The offer he made at Brandon to give a medal to the boy or girl whose politeness, open-heartedness and consideration for others are most marked is unique." And then the Mail proceeds to pat the governor-general on the back for his work in "the cultivation of such qualities."

Lord ABERDEEN is a popular man. An explanation of his popularity is that it is because he is "a close student of human nature." That this supposition is nothing more than a supposition is evident from his Brandon offer, which shows that he is not a close student of human nature, and so leads us to believe what we before suspected—that his popularity is due to his genuine "politeness, open-heartedness and consideration for others."

It is evident that Lord ABERDEEN made his offer to the Brandon children without consulting his estimable wife, for such a close student of boy-nature and girl-nature—that is, of human nature—as the associate editor of Wee Willie Winkle has proved herself to be, would never sanction a scheme so likely to graduate prigs and hypocrites.

A correct corollary to the proposition "Honesty is the best policy," is "The man who practises honesty simply because it is the best policy is not an honest man." As with honesty, so with politeness.

Who is to judge which student is the most polite, or the most open-hearted, or the most considerate? It would surely be a hard task for any mortal. Many of us who have gone to school, know that in even such branches of study as geography and history, a teacher is not an infallible judge of a scholar's superiority. He is not even as good a judge as any of his scholars who knows the judged pupil better than the teacher does. A superficial student—a mere mouth—often gets more credit than a more modest but more understanding youth. There are some students who push their small knowledge to the front with the success that often comes to the shallow in a school that is taught by one who knows the real character of his students but little. There are often many pupils in a class who realize just how little the mouthing students know, and who respect their own self-respect too highly to emulate

them, or who despising the avidity with which the shallow ones answer some simple question that is asked of the whole class, allow these to do all the answering. It would seem to many that teachers should be good enough judges of human nature to see through such things, but it is a fact that many teachers are not—a fact that will be more freely corroborated by students than by teachers.

In that Brandon school, unless Brandon children are different from other children, there will be a straining for effect by some competitors for the prize. Some children will strive to be what they consider polite, and open-hearted, and considerate. Others—the best children in the school—will see through this straining and striving, and will despise the doing of good deeds that the doers may be seen of their teacher. How is the teacher to judge? There is no greater truth than the maxim of BURNS:

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us; He knows each chord, its various tone, Each spring, its various bias.

What does the teacher of many children know of the mechanism of the mind of one of those children? And how is he going to "shadow" all the children, wherever they go—for surely he will have to do so, if he is to make even an approximate judgment?

It is a very different thing, the giving of prizes for geography and history, from the giving of prizes for politeness and similar qualities. The student of geography and history is not only striving for a prize—he is learning more geography or history than he would learn if there were no prize. A student's attainments in these branches, as has already been shown, is not always accurately gaged by teacher, but examinations in history and geography are certainly apt to be more fairly conducted than ones in politeness, open-heartedness and consideration for others. The competitor for a prize for these qualities is not learning more genuine politeness and consideration than if he were not striving for a prize. The scheme of Canada's worthy and beloved governor-general is far more likely to be productive of jealousy, sycophancy, hypocrisy and griggishness, than of any of the virtues which only one greater than Lord ABERDEEN can rightly judge or reward.

A GOOD MAN'S ERRORS.

Dr. PARKHURST, at the first of his crusade against vice, thoughtlessly did some very unwise and cruel things in his wrath and zeal. Since that time, however, that energetic clergyman has more than compensated for his early mistakes. His recent attacks upon immorality have shown prevision, whereas his first ones showed an utter lack of plan—something, in such a crusade as he was leading, deserving of severe censure. Dr. PARKHURST has done much of late to bring about splendid reforms. He has received praise from the world's best men, and not only from the papers whose political ideas are different from those which prevail at Tammany Hall.

It is, then, a great pity that Dr. PARKHURST seems to have again strayed down another by-way in the maze of thoughtless zeal. It is reported on good authority that he promises the payment of a large fee to any young lawyer in New York who will impeach a police justice. It seems as though the good clergyman, by so doing, is placing himself in the unenviable position of being a criminal and abettor of crime.

There is an offence on the United States penal code known as champerty—and this seems dangerously like what Dr. PARKHURST is doing.

Says the yachting critic of the Chatham World:

PROGRESS does not agree with The World's estimate of the relative importance of Dr. HOLMES' "Autocrat" papers and other works. This is all right. We shall not quarrel with it for not accepting our opinion. It need not, however, in expressing its dissent, have intimated that The World had not read the papers referred to. That was a gratuitous impertinence, wholly uncalled for. We do not change our opinion because it is not shared by Progress, but we are not so "stuck on our shape," in a literary sense, as to suppose that those who decline to accept our views have not read the works in question.

PROGRESS said nothing which would justify the supposition either that it did or did not "agree with the World's estimate of the relative importance of Dr. HOLMES' 'Autocrat' papers and other works." It did not "express its dissent" at any thing that the World had to say. The World said that Dr. HOLMES' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" papers "were minor productions in comparison with his poetry and other writings." Such a remark would certainly justify the intimation that PROGRESS made, viz., that the World man, at the time of writing his editorial, "was not aware" that the "Autocrat" papers contain poetry, whereas it contains "much of the most famous"—PROGRESS was non-committal as to whether or not it was the best—poetry Dr. HOLMES ever wrote. It is certainly evident that at the time of writing the former editorial paragraph the World had either not read the "Autocrat" papers, or had forgotten them to such an extent as to make its opinions upon their merits in comparison with other works of very little value.

Lady SOMERSET recently delivered a lecture on "Causes that hinder Temperance." The chief cause that hinders temperance is the desire some people have to

drink. As long as people have this desire, it will be difficult to obtain total abstinence or absolute prohibition.

The ostracism which MADELINE POLLARD is suffering from managers of opera companies in which she is endeavoring to secure a situation is as cheering to the friends of what is good and clean as was the defeat of this shameless woman's shameless paramour.

An American tourist residing in Boston tells the editor of the Book of Nations that more and better books are read in St. John than in cultured Boston.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Rose Song.

Your voice is in the rose, my love, As sweet as love can be; And that's the reason why, my love, The roses sing to me. And ever when their leaves unfold, The music is the same; They sing the sweetest song in life, A song of your sweet name. And when the crimson morning comes Blushing down the sky; Then your low voice comes to me, Where the roses sigh— From the waking dream of night, Comes Love's message true, Whispered from the tender theme Roses sing for you.

Your voice is in the rose, my love, No ear can learn its tone; And in my longing soul I know That music is your own. Love's minstrel fingers strike the chord, And wake in sweetest strain; The dreaming language of your love, 'Tis silence gives us pain.

Now singing from the rose, my love, What'er it fall we will say; The magic of a note forth, Over the light of day. Falling on my life to bring Close the heaven of thine; Sing, O summer roses still; She I love is mine. Rose Vale, Oct. 1894. CYRUS GOLDBE.

The Farmer's Will.

Like tech vines clost' when the sun goes down, Or lodder crispin' at the harvest moon, My plant of life droops low; its leaves are brown; The season's o'p, the end is nose too soon.

'T've ploughed the field both ways an' kept it clean 'Till the crop's laid by; 'T've prospered fair, And I s'ill the stretch of good an' green I s'ill the cool an' creepin' evenin' air.

I don't fear death; the future life I'll greet As only springtime come ag'in to stay, Without the winter's cold or summer's heat, But just an everlastin' growin' day.

The farm an' its belongings, stock an' store, I leave to write the next horse of the team; An' after she jines me, to them she bore, The precious bloom affoat on our life stream.

An' now, some few recollections I wish obeyed, Relatin' to my funeral obsequies, For which I want to be without parade, But just an everlastin' hearse or boxed-up carriages.

The wagon bed, on springs to break the jar, I'll do to write the churchyard's rest. The country way has served me well so far; So mote it be; the simplest is the best.

A coffin cheap as can be bought or made 'Tis good enough to lay a mortal in, As long as it's made of wood, the other side, An' 'at's that's earthly go to earth ag'in.

Lay out my body in my common clo', As though I were a friend of shilly coot an' vest, As though I were a friend an' neighbor knows, So that I won't look strange or seem undressed.

For all it's homespun an' home-made an' plain, My God has walked with me in it down here, An' I should wish to see my friends an' kin, To put on airs to walk with Him up there.

I'd like to have my neighbors dig the grave, As I have helped to do without expense; It ain't the cost I mind, all that I'd waive, But I don't want hired hands to bear me hence.

At last, a sweet madeira or a rose, A simple prayer, perhaps a song, and then A hush and thronging recollections steal, The preacher's benediction an' amen. —Clarence Ousley, in the N. Y. Sun.

Returned.

The old cathedral bells sound sweet and clear, And as I listen to their well-known peal, A hush and thronging recollections steal, Across the gulf of many a vanished year. At last I stand a way-worn wanderer, Within thy temple, God! and almost feel Sweet angel voices mingle with my prayer. The bells are hushed. The mighty organ rolls Majestic music through the gloomy nave, A happy chorus of triumphant souls With hallo-lujahs swell the sacred strain; A Jacob's ladder reaching to the skies, —Louis A. Robertson, in Boston Transcript.

A CLERIC SAW THE SIGHTS.

He was Guided by the Drummers and Fell Into a Snare.

A gentleman who carries the title of professor in front of his name and who has had a record as a preacher though he was never ordained, had a strange experience at the hands of a number of commercial travellers a few days ago.

He has been travelling through the province and was in St. John for a time. But it was in Fredericton that the event happened. There he became acquainted with a number of commercial men and he proved to be a pleasant and agreeable gentleman. It is needless to say that the commercial men proved also to be pleasant and agreeable. They always are. They reached the place sought and it was not until then that the erstwhile preacher knew where they were going and that a joke had been played upon him. He, however, took it in good part, and sat with the waggish drummers for a while. He, however, did not accept of any hospitalities in the way of drinks, and shortly after arose and departed.

One night they invited him out for a stroll. He accepted the invitation and supposed that they were going to some club, though the destination was not explicitly mentioned. They proceeded up Queen street and turned off the street.

He is a man who appreciates a joke and his pleasant relations with the travellers were not jarred. Afterward, when he spoke of it to others, he did so with a smile. All he was afraid was that people would place a wrong construction on the affair. The best part of the whole joke was that

the worthy professor and preacher was invited to preach in one of the Fredericton churches the same week.

A MORAL BARBER SHOP.

Where the "Police Gazette" and the Nudie in Art are Never Found.

The reporter saw a barber's pole by the side of a building the other day, and as he was in need of a shave, entered the building. His first question was, "Is this a barber shop?"

"Is this a barber shop?" repeated the surprised proprietor. "Are you blind?" "No, I'm not," said the reporter, "and that's why I thought it couldn't be a barber shop. Its true that there are razors flying through the air, and all that sort of thing, but where's your Police Gazette?"

"Oh!" said the barber. "Well, I guess this is a little different from the majority of the barber shops in St. John in that particular. And I'm proud of it, sir; I'm proud of it."

Some time before, the reporter had read in the Young Men's Era a scheme of concocted by some of the women of Chicago, whom the over-zealous Mr. Stead had criticized so freely. These good women proposed to present all the barber shops of that wicked city with copies of such papers as the Young Men's Era, the Christian Guardian, tracts and such. These women thought that the barbers would relish the idea of getting their literature for nothing, where formerly they had to pay hard cash for it, and they also seemed to think that they would be very much pleased to have the selection of this literature done by people who had better literary taste than could be expected from the average barber. They were, therefore, not only doing an immense service to the men who visited the shops, but also to the barbers themselves. The above are not the exact words used by Young Men's Era, but the idea seemed to be the same. The reporter remembered that he had thought that the article, which was written in all seriousness, was one of the humorous pieces that he had ever read. So it was with considerable surprise that he discovered that, right here in St. John, was a barber who was evidently a man after these ladies' own hearts. Wishing to find out whether he took the Young Men's Era for the benefit of his customers, he sounded him on the subject.

"No," was the artist's answer. "I don't care for such papers, any more than I do for the Police News or Gazette. As you see, he continued, abstractedly filling the reporter's eye with lather, "I take the best magazines, and all the St. John newspapers. They are just as interesting, after a young or an old man gets educated up to them, as the Police Gazette. Yes, sir, I'm proud that I haven't got a pink-colored paper in the shop.

"And that's not the only things I'm proud of, either. I'm happy to say that I don't have any pictures of living pictures. Now just look at what takes their place. Do you see that picture up there? Now isn't that as sweet a specimen of maidenly purity as ever you saw? That's an emulating sir, absolutely emulating. And look at that picture on the other side of the glass there. Just such a girl as any young man would like to marry. I consider, sir, that I am a public benefactor. Yes, sir, a public benefactor. Do you care for a shampoo, sir, with soap that's ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths pure? Thank you. Good day, sir."

The reporter, as he went up the street, "wid a bran' new shave upon him and the whiskers all his face," was, for a time, lost in admiration for this singular barber. But then, a feeling of doubt came over the spirit of his dream. Might not the barber be in the purity business because there was money in it? Might he not have in view the patronage of all the Y. M. C. A. members, as well as that of any of the baser element who might wander in? After much thought on the subject he concluded that he would give the barber the benefit of the doubt. His decision was hastened by the good character men in various walks of life credited the barber with. The only thing the reporter did not like about the barber and his reform was that the former talked too much with his mouth about the latter. But then he was a barber; and the reporter remembered that he had drawn him out.

Encourage This Enterprise.

Messrs. Skillings & Knowles have an undertaking in hand—the publication of Illustrated St. John and New Brunswick—that should be encouraged by every citizen. The book is not a guide book, not an advertising venture, but proposes to represent the best of what is around us—the best streets, the handsomest public buildings and residences, the squares and gardens and the proposed park, scenes on the noble river St. John and such views as will give a stranger a good and adequate idea of our city. There will be some 40 or 50 pages of illustration for which special photographs have been taken by a competent artist and which will be engraved by the best workmen in the country. These with letter press from the facile pen of Mr. W. K. Reynolds, will make a volume of nearly 100 pages handsomely bound. To sell enough of these at one dollar to guarantee such an expensive undertaking is the present aim of Messrs. Skillings & Knowles. They are meeting with generous success but, really, instead of having to hunt up people to subscribe the people should send their names to them, for St. John needs such a book badly.

Our Heavy Sarges

Made into double-breasted sack suits may be worn well into the winter for street wear, and make a fine skating suit. We haven't said much about them lately but they have been selling just the same. GILMOUR, Tailor, 72 Germain St.

THIS MAN HAS NERVE.

The Courage of a Western Detective Who Never Killed a Man.

Until the discovery of the Sayres murder monopolized the attention of Portland's detective force recently, the members thereof were interested in the plucky capture of an assassin at Seattle by Detective Cudihoe of that city. Cudihoe is very well and favorably known in Portland police circles, having visited there several times on professional business, and there are also in Portland several non-official persons who are qualified by long acquaintance with him to give intelligent testimony as to his value as a man hunter. It was one of the latter who talked about him in this way:

"Cudihoe's police training was received in a school from which no coward or blockhead could graduate with honor. It was in Leadville, Col., that he first donned a star, and he wore it through the most troublous period of that great and wicked mining camp's history. When silver was first discovered there, in 1878, nearly all the thugs and thieves in the West, and many of the worst characters of the East, started for the new Eldorado, and when the town was a year old its rulers were desperadoes. There was a reign of terror, and it naturally resulted in the organization of a law-and-order party by the respectable element. The new party got control of the municipal government, and at once began purging the camp of its rowdies. A large force of picked men was enlisted and Ed Cudihoe was one of the first volunteers accepted. Then began the cleaning-out process. Hardly a day passed without a policeman shooting a thug or being shot by one. The chief was assassinated by a bully who rode away and escaped, and the dead man's official shoes were immediately filled by the next in command, and Cudihoe was raised from the ranks to a captaincy. The war was continued until decency triumphed, and Cudihoe was finally elevated to the city marshship. He literally fought his way to the place, for in every dangerous duty he was at the front.

"He has told me that he never killed a man, and I know that he has frequently refrained from taking human life when a less courageous or cool-headed man in his place would have shot to kill, and his reputation for daring doubtless made many a desperado surrender quietly to him who would not have voluntarily succumbed to any other member of the force. Cudihoe's conduct in that Seattle affair reminded me of an almost similar incident in which he figured, and of which I was an eye-witness. It happened in 1883, when Cudihoe was a captain. A big and burly Irishman, while frenzied by drink, shot a man in a saloon, and was the sole living occupant of the place when Cudihoe and one of his officers arrived. He was standing over his victim and brandishing his revolver when Cudihoe entered the door, and when the murderer looked up and saw the police uniform, he pointed the pistol directly at that part of it which covered the wearer's heart, and shouted: 'If you come near me, I'll kill you!' Cudihoe did not stop, did not even falter, but holding out his empty hands, continued advancing, gazing steadfastly at the eyes of the desperate man as he did so. There was something in that gaze that seemed to fascinate or perhaps the murderer was overwhelmed with astonishment at the fearlessness of the advancing officer. At any rate, the trigger was not pulled, and Cudihoe, quietly saying 'I want that,' wrenched the weapon from the still extended hand, and in an instant had the big man manacled.

"That was the greatest exhibition of cool courage I ever saw in my life. When Cudihoe entered the door of the saloon the murderer was standing about a dozen yards away from him, and fully twelve seconds were consumed in his slow and deliberate advance to the muzzle of the pistol aimed at his breast."

A Handy Pocket Companion.

Waterman's fountain pen is considered the best pen of that kind upon the market. It gives satisfaction to all who use it and this is saying a good deal for it. The flow of ink is steady and regular and the customer can be suited with any kind of a pen that he wishes—fine or broad pointed. The convenience of such a pen that is always ready for use and with which one can write all day and not stop for the regular dip, dip, with an ink bottle, can hardly be over estimated. Merchants and commercial men, professional gentlemen—in fact anyone who has use for a pen at any and all times will find the Waterman a desirable pocket companion. Messrs. C. Flood & Sons are the agents here and from their variety one could not fail to select a pen that will satisfy him.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year"—the time when it behooves women to look their brightest. This is what the Delineator for November shows them how to do. It has just been received from Macaulay Bros. & Co., and is an epitome of the latest fall fashions.

A Place Worth Visiting.

Such a place as described in the above heading is the store of Hardsess Clarke, on Princess street. As will be seen by his advertisement, he has, like the party at the famous Irish christening, "all sorts of tays."

Change of Hour.

Attention is called to the change of time of the "May Queen," which leaves her wharf, Indiantown, every Wednesday and Saturday at 7 o'clock local time, instead of 8 30 as formerly.

A Mean Rival.

A belle of Manhattan beach wore a fancy bathing dress well padded at the shoulders. A rival had secretly removed the padding from the right shoulder, and substituted salt. When she was five minutes in the water she was a fright. One of her graceful shoulders had melted.

If the Japs advance on Pekin Mr. Chang will probably be deprived of his boots and socks by an Imperial edict. Chibblains and a broken heart will do the rest.

THE GUN KICKED.

And the African Thought it was a Little too Strong for Him.

When Mr. Montague, the English traveler, was in Africa, he gave to a native an old single-barreled gun, and the fellow was delighted. He put in a small handful of powder, and about a quarter of a newspaper on the top of it, and finally a ball, and then rammed the whole charge down. Then he departed. In the evening he returned, with his face battered and swollen almost beyond recognition.

"What have you been doing?" asked the Englishman, in amazement.

The native sat down on the ground and said sorrowfully: "A little after noon I found the track of the eland, and I followed it until I found them feeding. I crept up to one of them. He was twenty yards away. I rested the barrel of the gun on a stone, placed the butt against my nose, directed the muzzle toward the eland and pulled the trigger. I do not know what happened, for I was blind and deaf for some time, but when I came to I found myself lying at the bottom of the gully. The gun was beside me, my face was as you now see it, and the eland had gone away. Son of a white man, it was very kind of you to give me a gun, but it is too good a gun for me—too strong, too powerful. It needs the wisdom of a white man to rule it. Take it back. Farewell!"

The State of Her Mind.

There were little red streaks in her face and a blaze in her eye, as she came into a country telegraph office not a thousand miles from Detroit.

"I want to telegraph to my husband," she said with a snap of her large and shapely jaw.

"Yes, madam," responded the operator, handing her some blanks.

"How much will it be?" she inquired.

"I don't know, madam," replied the operator with keen politeness and a faint smile.

"Don't know?" she exclaimed. "What are you here for?"

"To tell people what I know, madam, and to send and receive messages."

"Well, why don't you know how much a telegram will cost?"

"Because, madam, I don't know where it is to be sent."

"Well, you needn't be so smart," she snapped. "It is to go to Detroit."

"Thank you, madam; it will be twenty-five cents."

She made no further remarks, but took the blanks, and in the course of time returned with about ten pages of closely-written matter.

"There!" she said, laying a quarter down with the message; "send that."

"But, madam," explained the operator, "it is twenty-five cents for ten words."

"What?" she ejaculated.

"You can only send ten words for twenty-five cents."

She looked him square in the face as she tried to suppress her feelings.

"Are you a married man?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"Well you must be an idiot if you don't know that a woman can't give her husband a piece of her mind in ten words," and, without waiting to hear anything more from him, she flouted herself out of the office, taking her message with her.

Amusement for Two.

A good story is told of William Swisher, one of the veterans who is present at the Grand Army encampment in Pittsburgh. He was in a Colorado town not long ago without money, but with a great thirst. He was sitting up a saloon outfit from a corner seat, when a Westerner invited him to take a drink.

"No," replied Bill deliberately, "I will not drink to day."

"Won't you, Mr. Biled Shirt?" replied the cowboy. "We shall see." Then he turned to the bartender. "Put ten whiskey glasses along the bar in a row. Now fill 'em up."

When they were filled he drew a pistol and cocked.

"Drink now the line," he commanded.

Bill slowly drained each glass. When the last was down, he placed it on the counter, set the ten glasses in line, and turned to the cowboy.

"Now, mister," said he, "if you have 'em filled again I'll drink my way back."

King Milan at a Bazaar.

King Milan of Serbia once went to the hotel of a distinguished lady who was giving a bazaar for the benefit of the poor children of Paris. As soon as the king appeared upon the scene she advanced toward him with a splendid silver salver in her hand on which was beautifully emblazoned the family arms. On it lay a pretty little bunch of violets. "How much, madame?" asked the king. "Twenty-four loirs, sire," was her soft response. Milan paid her the sum she had asked, with a courteous bow, took the salver from her hands, placed the bouquet in his buttonhole and walked off with the tray under his arm.

Hiding a Yawn.

Why does a well-bred person put his hand over his mouth when he yawns? Not one in a thousand knows the reason.

The Cleveland Leader says the origin of the custom was as follows: Four or five hundred years ago there was a superstition common in Europe that the devil was always lying in wait to enter a man's body and take possession of him—Satan generally went in by the mouth, but when he had waited a reasonable time and the man did not open his mouth the devil made him yawn, and when his mouth was open jumped down his throat. So many cases of this kind occurred that the people learned to make the sign of the cross over their mouths whenever they yawned in order to scare away the devil. The peasantry in Italy and Spain still adhere to this method, but most other people have dispensed with the cross sign, and kept out the devil by simply placing the hand before the lips. It is a most remarkable survival of a practice after the significance has perished."

The Missing Word Man.

Thomas Foster, who originated the missing word contests that were a craze in England, has just been—two years in a London—for a number of petty frauds.

Patient—Doctor, why does whiskey make my nose red?

Doctor—It's because you drink it, sir.