TWO WOMEN IN A STREET CAR.

One Who Wanted Sympathy got it From One Who was Seeking a Subject.

'I had a singular experience in a Madison avenue car during the busy hou yesterday,' said a woman who lives in the Seventies. 'The car was packed.

'Soon after I had secured a strap noticed one of my sex looking at me intently. We were so close to each other that our skirts became entangled.

'Finally she asked me if I would let her hold my hand. The woman's appearance voice and manner indicated refinement There was nothing, however, in her face to suggest that she was ill.

'I am a believer in the apostolic injunction about entertainin; strangers, although my experience in that respect has never developed an angel. I readily assented to the woman's request. She rested her hand in mine iu a gentle way.

'As soon as I recovered from my surprise I asked her if she was ill, or apprehensive of any danger. She said no. At the same time she looked at me in a pleading manner. The more I noticed her the more I was impressed with her beauty and bearing.

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'Just before the car reached the point where I was to transfer I told her I should have to leave and asked it I could be of service by requesting the conductor to look out for her. She thanked me and declined. As I turned to go she said to me in a very sweet way.

'You must think this very odd, but I have felt so depressed all the afternoon without knowing why. It seemed as if I must have some one to rely upon or I should give up. I do dot know why. I searched the faces of many whom I met, but saw nothing in any which was satisfying until I saw yours. The moment you came in the car it seemed as if you were the one for whom I had been longing. I cannot explain it, but since you have permitted me to take your hand I became stronger and the feeling I have had is gone. How can I ever thank you? After I had eft her I remembered that while I was out in the afternoon the wish came to me to do some good for somebody before I went home. You will allow me to say that the desire was not unusual. But somehow on this particular afternoon I had not met the object which appealed to me, and when I boarded the car it was with a feel ing of disappointment. Then I met this woman of whom I have told you. That is the 'ncident. Can you explain it ?'

PING PONG.

The Latest Craze In Indoor Games.

There is a brand new game in town. In England, where it has been in vogue some time, it is known as ping pong; over here it is called table tennis. Table tennis is not particularly new, but this table tennis is so new here that is is just being taken up in this city and is scarcely known outside of New York, which gets all good things first. In England ping pong is a craze. Old people play it, their sons and daughters play it and their sons and daugh. ters sons and daughters play it. From old age to childhood hundreds have sucbumbed to its fascinations. It is a winter game-an indoor game-but may be played in any season and the utensils for playing it require but a small outlay of money. The Harvard Club has just put in two sets. It has been prophesied that the game will sweep the country here as it has in England, and that interest in it will become as widespread as in golf. Whether it has the wearing qualities of golf remaids to be seen. So far the game here has been confined largely to the fashionable set, that set which when it takes up a thing has many followers. A big sporting goods concern here sold about \$150,000 worth of table tennis paraphernalia between Thanksgiving and Christmas, and the game was not introduced here till this fell.

The game is simplicity itself. It is playable on an ordinary dining room table. It is lawn tennis in miniature with a few modifications. A net supported by mov able posts is stretched across the table and the ball is batted back and forth across the net. The playing surface is not subdivided into courts as in lawn tennis. All you have to do is to knock the ball back and forth over the net. The implement of propulsion is much the same as a tennis racquet. It is smaller, and instead of gut strings a single piece of vellum is used, tightly stretched, as a drumhead. When the ball strikes this there is a musical ring a clear bell like ping pong sound which gave the game its English name. You hit the ball with a ping, it comes flying back with a pong and between the music of the contract and the spryness required to return the ball, your cars, eyes and muscles are kept busy.

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The ball is an important factor in the

game. The nature of its construction has had much to do with making the game possible and popular. The ball is hollow and made of celluloid. It is a very lively ball, as full of bouncing qualities as a rubber ball, and moreover is so light that it will not break glass. Being comparatively harmless when it hits any thing its lightness it its chief recommendation The rules of the new table tennis say that a dinning room table about nine to seven feet long and half the width is the best to play on; also that' warming the battledores or racquets slightly before the fire will im prove their elasticity.' The warming course cannot be recommended for the balls since the latter are made of celluloid and heat might result in their speedy van-

Two persons play the game. One is the server, the other the striker out. After the first game the server becomes the striker out and vice versa. Only underhand service is permitted and there is no second service as in lawn tennis. On the whole the rules are much the same as lawn tennis. One important exception, however, is that no volleying is allowed. There are 'deuce' and 'love' an1 sets' and all that sort of thing. The London Field in an exhaustive article on ping-pong says :

More than one excellent game has failed to make any headway because its , toption would entail the abandonment of some other already firmly established favorite, but in the case of ping pong no such sacrifice is called for. The public yearning for billiards is by no means to be gauged by the number of people playing. Given the facilities and billiards would be a widespread family game, but a billiard room in every semi-detached villa is as impossible as a private theatre. Without suggesting that ping-pong, as a game, is in the remotest manner comparable to billiards, it is, nevertheless, the fact that billiards being impossible to the ordinary household, the new game steps in to satisfy a long-felt craving for an evening amusement entailing physical exercise of an inexacting nature.

the ping and the pong of the vellum racket is heard; and no place is now deemed inap propriate for a ping-pong table. No longer is the question asked, 'Do you play pingpong? for, not being lame, halt, or blind, you do as a matter of course-perhaps merely as a self-protective measure in many cases. E rnest bridge players are delighted with the ping pong craze, we believe, for it has relieved them of the butterfly element that affected bridge merely because it was the fashionable thing to do. These play ping-pong with much greater zest, and certainly with not less skill, because that would be impossible.

There is talk of an association to formulate universal rules for the game; also of allowing the volley. On this point the

Perhaps it is thought that by this means protracted rests will cease to be. Rest of 100 and even 200 strokes occur with cautious players, who somehow triumph over the brilliant ones, and these are decidedly monotonous to spectators; but this only goes to prove our case as to the limits of the game. The volley might be effectual, but it is certain to be tatal to the balls, unless some very different material to that employed is introduced. What the covered ball did for lawn-tennis the celluloid ball has done for ping pong.

The Grips Got Mixed.

He is a travelling man and he got home from a long trip the day before Christmas. He came in over the Burlington and check ed his handsome satchel, marked with his initials. J. M., at the station check-room. Then he went directly to his office and worked until dinner time. He lives at a suburb on the Rock Island and on his way to the train he stopped and got his satchel. After dinner he went across the street for a few minutes to a little local club.

During his absence his wife started to unpack his satchel. When he returned she | ed the wicket. led him up to the room and showed him a handsome, lace trimmed black silk waist, which was the first thing she had fou when she opened it,

· Did you bring me that for Christmas! she asked with a trace of suspicion in her voice, as she pointed to the silk waist.

· Where did you find that ? asked the astonished man.

' In your satchel. '

He seized the satchel and looked at it be ?' carefully. It certainly looked exactly like his. He turned it around to find the initials. They were there-J M in silver

Well, he said. I don't know a thing about it, my dear.

About 9 o'clock that evening J M was | me P' called to the telephone.

Is this Mr. John Mason? came the question. I'm Mrs. Jennie Morgan and I've got your satchel. I got it at the Union

Station, where I checked mine this morning. The satchel is just like mine and never found it out until I started to unpack this evening. It's a blessing there were

some of your business cards in the grip. Mr. Mason answered, with a great sigh of relief, that he had the other satchel and would be glad to exchange it for his own A boy was sent out from the hotel to his suburban home, bearing at once his miss ing gripsack and his wife's forgiveness.

But you will admit, John, was all she said after the boy had gone, that it was an extremely queer coincidence.

Bt Hafed's Lost Opportunity.

Dr. Russel Cornwell tells a suggestive story of the discovery of some famous diamond mines in India. He obtained it from an Arab guide, and it is said to be historically true. Whether that is the case or not, the tale carries a lesson which makes it well worth retelling.

There lived on the banks of the Indus, long ago, a Persian named El Hafed, a man of wealth. His orchards and fields yielded plentifully, and he had money at interest. His roof sheltered a beautiful wife and happy and well-beloved children. One day there came a Persian priest to E Hafed's house, who, sitting by his fire, teld him of the wonderful diamonds that were found in other parts of the world.

'If you had one as big as your thumb you could purchase many farms such as this,' he said, 'and if you had a bushel of them you could own the whole neighbor

Then El Hafed felt that he was poor. He longed for diamonds, and asked the priest to tell him where he could find

' Search for high mountains,' said the priest, ' with a deep river running between them, over white sand. In this sand you will find diamonds."

El Hafed sold his farm and went away to search for diamonds. He passed through Egypt and Palestine, and years later went over to Europe. The diamonds were never found, and one day, a broken-Wherever hum in beings assemble there hearted, hnngry stranger, he stood by the shore of the Bay of Barcelona. Crushed with disappointment, he looked at the big waves that came rol ing in, and longed for peace. Then, in de pair, he threw him self into the waters and sank.

> The man who purchased El Hafed's farm led his camel one day to the stream in the garden to drink. While the came buried his nose in the water the man noticed something sparkling at his feet. He reached down and picked up a black stone with an eye of light in it that seemed to re. flect all the colors of the rainbow. He took the curiosity to his house, and laid it upon a shelf and forgot it.

One day the same old priest came to visit El Hafed's successor. He saw the flash of light from the shelf, 'Here is a diamond! Has El Hafed returned ? asked.

'Oh no,' was the answer. That is no diamond. It is a stone that I found out in the garden.

But the priest went out, and together the two men stirred up the white sand, and there came up in their hands other beauti ful diamonds more valuable than the first.

This was the discovery of mines which enriched El Hafed's successor and led to the founding of a great line. The Arab guide who told the story swung his cap and said, 'Had El Hafed remained at home and dug in his own garden, he would have been the wealthiest man of his time and the most honored.'

His Own Executioner.

Many instances have been cited in proof of the argument that it pays to be polite, but few are more striking than the experience of an Italian telegrapher at the hands of Calimberti, the minister of posts and telegraphs, as reported in a letter from

The minister was at Genas, and desiring to send a despatch of great importance, he went to the telegraph office and approach-

No one was there. He knocked-profound silence. He repeated his efforts, and only after a third trial a clerk appeared, who addressed him in language that was anything but complimentary. He had evidently been awakened from his afternoon nap.

The minister listened to his grumbling and then said, pleasantly :

'Excuse me, but what may your name,

'X. X.

'Are you a clerk or telegrapher ?' 'Telegrapher.'

Calimberti wrote out a telegraphic message and said : 'Will you be so kind as to send this for

The telegram read : 'Ministry of Posts Rome : The telegrapher, X. X, is transferred to Sicily. Calimberti.

otives and the Mules as Well. The first few months of the new year

may decide the fate of the 16,000 mine mules used in the anthracite mines of this State. For some time the operators have been seeking a substitute for the not always patient animals and they believe they have found one in the compressed air lo-

functionaries who are in disgrace or in the

way, and as one seldom escapes from it

the clerk's feelings may be easily im ug ined

AIR BNGINES FOR MINES.

Maybe They'll Replace the Electric Locom-

The Phildelphia and Reading Company is now preparing to install air engines in its mines in place of the 3,000 mules now used. If the experiment proves a success the other companies will take it up and the mine mule will retire forever to the happy land of green grass, fresh air and blue sky which he now sees once in several years, if he is lucky, or perhaps oftener if he is ill or injured.

The electric motors in use at some of the mines have not shown the success expected, owing to the expense, and to the danger from the overhead trolley used. While they are still in operation at some collieries they are not in general use.

The compressed air locomotive promises to do the work in a satisfactory manner and at less expense than the mules now used. These mules are kept in stables in the mines and need constan care from the driver boys and the stable bosses, both of whom would be displaced by the engine driver. The stables take up

A hospital has to be maintained on the surface and as the mules, in the impure air of the mines, are very liable to illness, and to injuries by the many accidents, their treatment is a source of constant expense. The engines are expected to do of the woods, with his nose close to the ice as much work as half a dozen mules and do | and snow. He ran along the ice with his it faster.

Making Money Too Fast to Quit.

Here is one that a young man who knows a good story when he hears it heard one rai!road man tell another in a depot up the line the other day.

'We picked up a new Irishman somewhere up-country and set him to work brakin' on a construction train at three cents a mile for wages. One day when him an' me was on the train she got away on one o'them mountain grades, and the first thing we knowed she was flyin' down the track at about ninety miles an hour, with nothin' n sight but the ditch and the happy huntin grounds when we come to the end. It wisted 'em down as hard as I could all along the tops, and then of a sudden I see Mike carw-, lin' along towards the end of one of the cars on all four, with his face the color of milk. I thought he was gettin' ready to jump, an' I see his finish if he did.

'Mike,' I says, 'for God's sake don't jump.

'He clamps his fingers on the runnin board to give him a chance to turn round, and, lookin' at me contemptuous, answers.

'Jump, is it? Do yez think I'd be afther jumpin' an me makin' money as fast as am P'

Not Quite What She Meant.

The pitfalls which the English language offers to the foreigner are many. A French woman who had undertaken housekeeping in New York thought she had a good working knowledge of the language, says Short Stories, but she soon discovered her mis-

One day this summer she called a carpenter and planned with him to have some work done about the house in the way of putting up shelves, casing out some doors, and improving the place in other small ways. She went over the ground with him as carefully as possible to get from him an estimate of what the work would cost.

After it was done the bill submitted was considerably in excess of the sum first named. The woman endeavored to re monstrate, but succeeded only in putting her French thought into the following English: 'But you are more dear to me than when we were first engaged.'

As he Ordered.

Net long ago an anxious mother brought her daughter to see a famous London physician. The girl was suffering from what some people call 'general lowness.' There was nothing much the matter with her, but she was pale and listless, and did not care about doing anything, even eating.

The doctor, after due consultation, prescribed for her a glass of claret three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but apparently heard all he said, and bore off her daughter, determined to carry out the prescription to the

In two weeks she was back with the girl, who was rosy cheeked, smiling and the pic- should never have thought you were s As Sicily is the hospital for all public ture of health.

The doctor naturally congratulated himself on his sk ll, and said cordially: 'I am glad to see your daughter in so much better health.

'Thanks to you, doctor,' exclaimed the grateful mother. 'She has had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day, and sometimes oftener-and once or twice she had them uncooked; and now look at her !'

Caught a Parrot Fish.

There is a curiosity in the piscatorial line at the Commercial Hotel. It is a parrot fish frozen in a cake of ice. The parrot fish is a rare species of the denizens of the deep and, perhaps, it is the first specimen brought to New Orleans in several years. The fish was caught off the coast of Honduras, and the old fisherman who brought it to the surface said that it was the first one of the kind ever seen in these waters. The parrot fish is well named. While it has not the plumage it has the coloring of the topical bird. Its mouth is blue and its fins and tail are of yellow and greenish tints. It is, indeed, a spectecular specimen of the finny tribe inhabiting the waters beating on Central America.

How He Fooled The Dog.

A gentlemen who is fond of studying wild animals in their natural surroundings once had an opportunity of seeing for him: self an example of the cunning for which the fox has become proverbial.

As he was standing near the bank of a river one winter day, he saw a fox run out upon the ice and make straight for a hole-At the edge of the opening he stopped, turned, followed his tracks back to the bank, ran down the stream and paused to wait developments.

In a little while a dog came tearing out head down, following the scent until he reached the opening. It was then too late to check his speed; he plunged into the water and was lost under the ice.

The fox, meanwhile, had waited in plain sight to watch the effect of his little trick. After the dog came into view the fox remained perfectly motionless until he saw his old enemy disappear. Then, with a look on his face which seemed to combine a good natured grin with a mild contempt, he went nonchatantly off about his business.

Too Patriotic.

Patrick bad worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him and when he was too old for active work, he was offered the position of the crossing tender at a small railroad-station.

He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him, and the various flags was clearly stated.

'In case of danger, with a train coming of course you wave the red flag, said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm.

'Man dear, it, ll never do, said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. 'I could never trust meeilf to remimber to wave a red flag whin there was a green wan handy."

An Awful Moment.

It happened in a little church on the east side of New York City, where the motive power for the organ comes from the strong arms of an industrious Irishman.

At a recent service the choir got into trouble, and while confusion reigned the organ suddenly stopped.

The situation was not relieved when & hoarse whisper came from behind the ergan and floated out into the auditorium.

'Sing like t'under! De bellers is busted.

A Reason Worth Thinking About.

A little girl from a crowded tenement house was delightedly telling a friend in the College Settlement about her teacher: 'She's just a perfect lady, that's what she is,' said the child.

'Huh! How do you know she's a perfect lady?' questioned her friend. You've known her only two days.

'It's easy enough telling,' was the indignant answer. 'I know she's a perfect lady because she makes me feel polite all the time.

Older Than He Thought.

The story is told of Ambassador Choate that returning from a college boat-race, he was once approached by a fresh young undergraduate, who introduced himself a. the son of one of Mr. Choate's old friends-

The youth was smoking a pipe, and constantly blew great clouds of smoke into-Mr. Choate's face. Observing that the ambassador was looking rather steadily at his pipe, the student said, proudly:

'A birthday present.' 'Ah,' replied the lawyer, without taking his eyes from the loud-smelling bowl, I