TWO KINDS OF DUDE.

IN THIS CASE ONE MAN REPRESENTED THE DUAL CHARACTER.

How He Withdrew From the Dance Hall and How He Returned. He Wore a Flowered Tie, but Was Backed by an Army of Ethiopians in Soldier Uniforms.

What is the most gratifying thing in life? What spectacle is that which is most pleasing to the eye? What is it that makes the heart glad and cheery of heart?

Assuredly it is the calling of a bluff. Listen to the applause. The story is brief enough to flourish an approach of some kind, so the story of Manning and his colored [illegible]

Manning, in the steamboat days of the Upper Missouri, was an assistant paymaster in the army. It was a part of his duties to journey off across the prairies [illegible] to the wheredouts of the troops, to forts or cantonments, and to carry the money which they could spend if they could get it. They could gamble a little, and that was something. Adjacent to the trading stores were low dives between, but a blanket under the stars on the open bank was an ideal spot for the production of income, and the circulation of the gold coin from one to another was lively enough to suit the liveliest imagination.

Manning used to make Fort Pierre on foot, and Fort Pierre was a charming place to which to go discretely to bed early in the night. Its population was a period of roustabouts, bullwhackers, thieves and mixed quantities devoid of an intermingling of the attributes of all three of these. It was the [illegible] where the wagon train joined the march of undaunted civilization. Brief it was, though. There were women there, but they were ten degrees worse than the men.

Into this town one day in the early eighties Manning rode with an escort of colored troops. He was on his first pay trip, and this was a sort of resting point. Manning's negroes were picked men who colored rough. They did not get it frequently enough to make it a thing palling to the stomach, courageous, and so were ever ready for anything that promised half a chance to shoot their shining guns. As for Manning himself, he was a great, tall, muscular fellow, handsome as a leading man in a society drama, and he wore a flowered tie. Moreover (and this was an especial sin in the sight of the community into which he had injected himself and his negroes) at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when, at 9 o'clock in the evening, he appeared in one of the dance halls, chiefly given over to roisters, he wore cuffs and a clean collar. This would not have been altogether intolerable, but he walked up to the bar with the tourist who had come down from the Yellow Pine hotel with him and asked for a drink. He should have invited the whole house up.

Manning and his father friend drank, and, turning from the bar, looked upon the dancing teamsters and river men, who, with awkward step, scuffled about the hall, crippling their feminine partners and canceling the crippling by libations of strong waters. While they were thus contemplating the queer scene Big Hank rose as one who saw his duty clearly before him, and, rumbling over to the bar, he appeared in front of Manning.

"Dude," he roared, "git out! This here is the expletived dude dance, you double blanked epithet! This is a bullwhackers' dance and a rousters' dance. Git!"

That puts it somewhat more elegantly than was the manner in which he actually conveyed his sentiments, but in general it gives his idea. Manning looked at the giant, with his wavy black beard and his naked chest, and said simply, "Perhaps you are right," and withdrew.

When he got outside, he leaped up into the air and danced madly upon the sidewalk and was voluble. But he knew that had he made an asset in any other form every roustER in the bullwhackers would have set upon him, and they would have beaten him to death. He made for the river.

Sergeant Loddwell and his men were gathered in a merry campfire company when the picket hailed the chief of the treasury box which they were guarding. Manning gave the black sergeant a few words of direction, and then, leaving a small detail to guard the government's property, the escort fell in and approached the town. As the soldiers walked up the street Manning noticed that a game of faro was in progress in Ho Bong's laundry, and that half a dozen Chinese were clustering over the play. A detour was made, and the laundry was captured, with all its occupants. The prisoners were conducted to the Holy Smoke dance hall, where the evolution had occurred.

Manning, at the head, a sort of reproduction of Napoleon, marched into the room, scattering dancing couples right and left. He drew near to the bar, and, taking command, ordered the soldiers to halt, and then directed the sergeant to put them through their manual. Big Hank looked on in wonder. Then Manning spoke.

"A few minutes ago," he said, "a mistake was made in this place. That over there," indicating Big Hank, "being led astray by quiet potions, said that this was a bullwhackers' and a rousters' dance. I am compelled by circumstances to declare that this is a Chinese dance. Gentlemen," to the heavy browed roughs who had before been impatient to back up Hank in ordering the objectionable revelry, "you will please take partners and proceed to whirl. You, you big bully," to Hank, "will dance a hoopleed thing with this one eyed Chinaman. I don't know whether you can, but you will do it."

Big Hank looked sulky, but when his eyes rested on that line of black soldiers, with guns ready at hand to put down Manning's orders, he decided that the thing to do was to dance with all his heart and soul and spirit. The wildly affrighted Chinaman was rushed about the dance hall in a manner athletic and gymnastic to see. And while the women looked and laughed the lesser lights of border chivalry were compelled to take partners from among the Chinamen and circle the measure in proper form, and then—on pewning infamy!—they were all at the end of the dance obliged to escort the fellow to the bar and treat them to the best in the house.

It was a great night for the Chinamen in Fort Pierre. The soldiery of the government, serving as a persuasive force, compelled these fearless tough men to gallantly conduct the shirt macerators back to the laundry and to bid them a most polite and reverent good night. The next hall train that wound out to the westward was joined a good distance out by half a dozen "previously bad" men, who had found that a dude with a flowered tie and a dude with a standing army were two very different persons—indeed were two such persons as to make the town of Fort Pierre unpleasant.—Chicago Record.

Old Customs.

The stanch upholder of customs often loses his adherence to them upon the ground that they have sprung from some natural need of humanity, and therefore have a claim upon our continued allegiance. The first statement is undoubtedly true. But the inference drawn from it is frequently unjustifiable, for it takes no account of changing conditions and changing aims. A custom which was at one time and in a certain state of society highly beneficial may, at a later time and in different circumstances, be positively injurious, and the beneficent aim which once inspired it may presently be quite lost sight of amid other and far less worthy motives.—New York Ledger.

TRICKS OF MEMORY.

Some Amusing Freaks the Capricious Jade Has Played.

Some one has forcibly remarked that proper names escape from the memory as easily as greased pigs and illustrates the remark with an anecdote concerning Joe Jefferson, who never forgot his lines, but has an imperfect recollection of names. Jefferson had been introduced to General Grant at a time when that distinguished soldier was the lion of the social world, and the popular actor was much impressed with the personality of the hero. A few hours later, as he went up in his hotel elevator, a rugged looking man, with a military bearing, bowed pleasantly to him and made an observation regarding the speed of the elevator, when Jefferson said:

"I beg your pardon. Your face is very familiar, but I cannot recall your name."

"Grant," was the laconic but perfectly courteous reply.

"I got off at the wrong floor," said Jefferson, "for fear I would ask him point if he had ever been in the war."

A favorite trick of a capricious memory is to substitute some other name for the one wanted, a process one business man explains. A couple of ladies on a Chicago street car asked the conductor to have them at Pennsylvania avenue.

"There is no such avenue in this suburb," said the conductor.

"But there certainly is," retorted the ladies. "We have friends living there and ought to know."

"Perhaps you mean Keystone avenue," suggested a passenger, and they said that was just what they did mean, but they knew it had something to do with Pennsylvania, which was impressed upon their memories as the Keystone state.

Jefferson did worse than to forget the names of other people—he sometimes forgot his own. He called at a postoffice in a small place and asked the clerk:

"Any mail for me?"

"What name?"

"Name? Good gracious, I don't know! Let me think. Why, I am to play 'Rip Van Winkle' tonight at your hall!"

"Joe Jefferson?" suggested the clerk.

"Yes, Jefferson—certainly. Thanks!" and, receiving his mail, the actor went away happy.

A good story is told of an excellent woman who had this total faculty of misconstruing names. Her daughter was expecting a call from a gentleman, and she impressed upon her mother the fact that his name was a very simple one and easy to remember—Cowdry. The mother repeated it until she was sure she could not possibly forget it, and on the evening when he called hurried forward to meet him, saying graciously:

"How are you, Mr. Bryce?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Lesson That He Learned In the Earlier Stages of His Career.

"When I turned my light along the top of a bureau in a house that I was in one night," said the retired burglar, "it set me laughing—I swelter till you could hear jewelry and pins and brooches, and I don't know what not, and pawnbrokers and diamond. How anybody could ever have been so overlavishly careless as to leave that stuff around in that way I couldn't see. I let my lamp fall on the dressing case again and looked at the gold things again sparkling in the light, and then I set my lamp down and opened my bag and began gathering in the things. There were enough of them there, and I wasn't going to take any more risks. I just scooped in the stuff and got out.

"Next day, in the cold light, I looked it over. It was gilt, every bit of it, and the diamonds were glass. It may seem strange to you that I could have been so easily taken in, but I was new at the business, and the stuff did look genuine.

"There's an old story I read of a new burglar who carried off a bag full of silver ware. The stuff was [illegible] and it looked to him solid. The crowd was so much of it that he had to make a second trip. He hooked it, getting a good deal more than he bargained for, and when he got it home he found it all plated. Naturally, for a burglar, it was worth—[illegible]

"I never made a mistake like that. I suppose in the first year or two I was out I made all most bigoted spots and [illegible] sugar tongs that you could count, but I learned. I'm a judge. I can size up jewelry. It's [illegible] about [illegible] to get so that I can tell at sight about [illegible] others."—New York Sun.

Ad Editorial Extraordinary.

"This may be found on file at the publication office of the Ad Sentry in [illegible]

"To the Right Honorable Sir John Hell, Lord Chief Justice: My Lord, Without Leave, Permission or Prefix Your Lordship's Name to this Discourse, That I was Preacher Unto Sell Standard, [illegible] but that it was [illegible] It has not [illegible] to be Your Lordship's Opinion, which [illegible] Your Lordship's Opinion of the Law, [illegible] sullen [illegible] scatter before Your Lordship's [illegible] the Clouds fled to the Sun. Thus [illegible] Knotty Cases Your Lordship Wonderful Ease and Dexterity, as [illegible] they [illegible] themselves to pieces. It is not in Your Lordship's power to be [illegible] that [illegible] of Temper, by which Your Lordship [illegible] Your Lordship have to deal with, as that Your Lordship seem most specially to inherit [illegible] Titus Vespasian, [illegible] the Darling of Mankind. For the Very [illegible] you manage with that [illegible] and Indulgent Affection [illegible] satisfied [illegible] Lordship's Humanity [illegible] the Nation [illegible] Humble [illegible] Champion."—Notes and Queries.

Record Breaking Spiders.

In Indian and Australian waters live some of the venomous spiders of the south. An expedition [illegible] found a species of [illegible] which [illegible] to be always on the lookout for [illegible] which [illegible] to do the work for the unlucky wretch in a business. The famous hairy spider of the South American pampas is specially feared. Its bites are painful and [illegible] and the [illegible] gently and the victim [illegible] in agony.

On the same expedition [illegible] of a species of [illegible] whose villainous bite [illegible] the victim [illegible] necessary to stop him up with a stick [illegible] explosives. Looking at him over a hedge is enough. This "kicking of spiders" has been known to purchasers [illegible] for [illegible] and keep up with a running horse at that.—Chicago Record.

A Faithful Friend.

A touching little "dog story" comes to us from the Austrian Tyrol. One afternoon two farmers heard a peculiar bark, which seemed to come out of a deep abyss near a neighboring Alpine hut. After [illegible] the whine continued, the men followed the sound and climbed down to the place whence it came. Here, to their distress, they found the corpse of an innkeeper nearly [illegible] who had evidently been killed by a fall. By the side of his dead master was a little dog. For 30 hours it had kept watch, and its plaintive whines only ceased when the man's body was taken up and carried home.—Westminster Gazette.

An Interruption.

Doctor—Nature effects the cure, and we merely—

Friend—Collect the bills.—London Tit Bits.

VANDERBILT AS A WORKER.

The Manifold Duties of a New York Man of Affairs.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's capacity and fondness for work are shown by the list of positions he occupies in railroad companies, benevolent and educational institutions and the like. To the duties of each of these positions, says the New York Herald, he gives the most conscientious attention.

He is president of the Canada Southern and the New York and Harlem railroads; chairman of the board of directors of the New York Central and of the Michigan Central railroads; director of the New York Central, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Nickel Plate, Big Four, the Chicago, St Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha, West Shore, New York and Putnam, Beech Creek, Delaware and Hudson Canal company and 46 leased railway lines and subsidary companies.

He is also director in the New York Mutual Gas company.

He is trustee of the Eye and Ear infirmary, Sheltering Arms Maternity hospital, Society of St. Johnland, New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men and of St. Luke's hospital and is chairman of the executive committee of that hospital.

He is trustee of Columbia university, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, of the General Theological seminary and St. Stephen's college. He is a manager of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary society of the Protestant Episcopal church and secretary of the committee on trust funds, having been instrumental in raising $1,000,000 for the fund, to which he gave a large personal contribution.

He is a member of the standing committee of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, member of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian association and vice president of the New York branch of the Young Men's Christian association.

Mr. Vanderbilt is also trustee of the Missionary society of Methodist women, Metropolitan museum of Art and chairman of the executive committee, trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, College of Physicians and Surgeons, St. Paul's school at Concord, N. H., vestryman in St. Bartholomew's church and warden of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday association.

He also belongs to about 50 clubs.—Philadelphia Record.

HE ANSWERED IN FRENCH.

Novel Way to Get Rid of Importunate Street Beggars.

There is a gentleman in this city who is so fortunate as to be able to get rid of several language bores by a ruse. He is a linguist and has the remarkable faculty of speaking each without an accent foreign to that language—in fact, his accentuation of the language he chooses is so perfect that he is frequently mistaken for a native of the country in which the language is the mother tongue. He has adopted a novel way of ridding himself of the importunities of the professional striker. When he is stopped or approached by one of the class, he talks to the fellow in a foreign tongue, and it is not long before the importunities cease.

A few days since this gentleman was on Kearney street, when a tall specimen of the mendicant class, whose breath was strong with the fumes of liquor, stepped up to him and asked for a dime to get a meal.

"Que voulez vous?" politely asked the gentleman, turning toward the fellow.

The beggar looked amazed for a moment, but he repeated his question, and he received another retort in French from the gentleman, who moved on about his business. But the fellow followed him, and, after repeating his demand half a dozen times without producing the desired effect, he exclaimed in disgust: "What in thunder is the matter with you? I can't understand a word you say." Then in a moment he added, "Say, you old bloke, what are you doing in this country, anyhow, if you can't speak English?"

The gentleman has tried this a dozen times since of late, and as he has not been accosted by any of those beggars for more than a week, although he has passed many of them, he leans to the opinion that "the gang" is on to him and will let him alone in future.—San Francisco Call.

POWERLESS TO COMBAT SIN.

Education and Culture Have but Multiplied Man's Devices For Evil.

"Men seek to make excuses for sin," writes Dwight L. Moody in the initial discourse to "Mr. Moody's Little Class" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "They call it by other names and try to palliate it in its power or cover up its heinousness. They tell us sin is an only [illegible] which [illegible] and every man knows is good, and that with [illegible] education it will be developed. Antiquity has proved the education and culture [illegible] natural sin. They seem [illegible] multiplied the ingenious and devious ways of evil passions.

"The corrupt and decrepit days of cultured Rome, even during her proud 'golden age' of wealth, of literature, of beauty and philosophy, have left to us monuments of her depravity and vice. The wisdom of Greece and the learning of Egypt never saved their subjects from the corruption of sin. The epistles of St. Paul to the churches of Asia Minor are sufficient contemporary upon the story of their boasted refinement in the development of noble and pure lives.

"Nor have we to go into ancient history for a vindication of the awful truth of a fallen nature. In our own times [illegible] illustration of human sin? Does not the presence of sin [illegible] the more vile and dark in its crimes, recall itself in lives which from earliest infancy have been surrounded by only that which was pure and good? Are our convicts in the solitary from those who have not had advantages?"

A Famous Duel.

One day the famous duelist Pierrot d'Isaac wished to see his friend the Marquis Aricide Sainte-Marie. It should be explained that in French plays a sparrow and merle means blackbird. "Marquis," said d'Isaac, "I am a loyal patriot, and you are a royalist. Moreover I am the sparrow and you are the blackbird. Doesn't it strike you that this is one bird too many?" "It precisely does," said the marquis. "My dear fellow, pistols and sabres are my trade for birds of our species, let us fight in their [illegible]." And if it were not a sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another because his name was sparrow and the other's Blackbird, the duel was actually fought from the trees, the seconds standing on the ground below. The pistols were fired at the signal. There was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut trees. It was Pierrot d'Isaac, who wounded severely in one leg, came tumbling to the ground. At this point the marquis began to chirp triumphantly, imitating the song of a blackbird. This was a fresh insult, to be atoned for in only one way, and D'Isaac waited for his wound to recover to challenge Sainte-Marie for the chirp. This time the duel was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded—the sparrow had avenged himself on the blackbird.—San Francisco Argonaut.

African Slaves.

It is estimated by competent authorities that for every slave brought from Africa to America ten Africans were killed in their native country during the capture. The same authorities assert that of the number started from the dark continent for the new world one-fifth died during the voyage and one-third before they became hardened to slave labor.

HER POCKETBOOK.

The Difficulty a Woman Has at Times In Trying to Locate It.

"There it goes again, and it is the third time this month," wailed the man as he hung up the telephone and seated himself wearily at his desk.

"My wife just called me up to see if I had seen anything of her pocketbook around the house last night. She's lost it, of course. She is dead certain, though, that burglars or the hired girl have pinched it.

"I'll bet that the women of Chicago lose enough money every year to pay the interest on the national debt. They won't have any pockets in their clothes and go around everywhere carrying their pocketbooks in their hands. About once a month the average woman will lay it down on the bargain counter or in the grocery store and never think of it again for hours afterward.

"I tried to break my wife of the habit by making her an allowance every month liberal enough to pay all household expenses and leave her a decent margin for pin money. I informed her that she would have to stand all losses through her own carelessness, as I would not make them good.

"This worked all right for a month because my wife wanted to buy a couple of new dresses, and, as she actually seemed to believe I meant what I said, she discarded her pocketbook and carried her roll in some safe place about her person, the exact location of which I was not able to discover. This did not last long, however, as she complained that she was embarrassed by being obliged to seek the seclusion of a dressing room when she happened to be down town and wanted to draw on her funds.

"The next month she lost her pocketbook twice, and I was obliged to pay the grocery bill out of my own pocket or have our supplies cut off. Now she has lost it again and is broke.

"Well, women are mighty queer creatures," he sighed as he signed his name to a check and called the office boy to take it out to his wife. "But," he added hopefully, "the Lord only knows how we would manage to get along without 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

REMARKABLE CELERITY.

At Least It Seemed So to One Quite Versatile Young Actress.

The other day I was interviewing a rather celebrated actress of the lighter stage, who before she became, thanks principally to her superb shoulders, such a popular favorite, was, it is rumored, in a very humble position indeed. The interview was getting along very well. I had obtained from her full details as to the reason why she does her hair in the peculiar fashion she affects and had noticed, though not, of course, for publication, that the roots were a different color to the rest.

I had gained ample information as to her extraordinary fondness for her mother and had discreetly forborne to ask her whether she had got that harmless but necessary parent on the three years' hire system or merely week by week. I had praised her wonderful complexion while speculating where she bought it and had obtained her highly colored explanation of the way she had got her diamonds for my paper while keeping my own more prosaic one for myself.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door, and her maid entered it with a telegram. She tore it open. It came, she informed me, from the director of a well known French music hall, offering her fabulous terms for her shoulders in a series of living pictures.

"And look," she said, holding out the envelope for me to see, "what a wonderful invention the telegraph is and how quick. This has come all the way from Paris, but the gum on the envelope is still wet."—Pick Me Up.

Insecure Buildings.

If there is any one thing that the public has a right to expect, it is proper precaution on the part of builders to make the structures they erect secure and thus avoid danger to life and property.

The records of collapsed buildings, fallen walls, insecure foundations and death traps generally figure up into an aggregate that is simply appalling. The occupant is not supposed to know that the house he lives in is not safe. Indeed it is not his business to know. It is the business of the builder to make everything right, and failing to do this he should be held to the strictest account. The temptation to slight work and to use inferior materials is too strong to be resisted by unscrupulous builders, but the results of such a course are too disastrous to pass by without notice.

There must be something radically wrong about building inspection when such structures are passed by the officials. The suggestion that the contractor who knowingly puts inferior materials into buildings should be found guilty of murder in case the buildings collapse will meet with approval from all sensible persons.

The owner orders the work and pays the bill. He has a right to expect exactly what he pays for, and failing to get it the culprit should be punishable by severe penalties and by the full limit of the law in case his work is so faulty as to collapse either in the process of building or at any reasonable time thereafter.—New York Ledger.

Whist In America.

The impression is general that until recently the Americans have not been a whist playing nation. It is difficult to reconcile this view with the fact that early in this century, when Hoyle was the only authority, various reprints of his works were circulated in the United States—e. g., "The New Pocket Hoyle" (Philadelphia, 1805), "Hoyle's Games" (Boston, 1814), the same (Philadelphia, 1817). No doubt a diligent search would reveal the existence of other editions. American reprints of Matthews and Bohn are also to be found, dating about the middle of the present century, and the conclusion forced on us is that whist has all along held its own in American society, notwithstanding the contemporaneous popularity of another admirable four handed game—viz, euchre.—Cavendish in Scribner's.

Window Displays and Prices.

A well arranged window without price tickets is like a well dressed man who cannot talk. Give him a tongue and his thoughts speak. Give a mute window the tongue of tickets and you have a salesman who never tires of talking in your interests. All that is necessary is to give him a new theme—that is, change your windows often.—Hardware.

Heinrich III of Germany was designated the Black on account of the color of his eyes and beard and his dark complexion.

The reed, mentioned in several places in the Bible as a measure, was 6 cubits, or 10 feet 11 inches.

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