

DEWEY PORTRAIT PAINTER.

He Turned Out Four Hundred of Them with Dear Consequences to Himself.

This is a story told in an uptown studio, by a young man at a canvas: "I suppose you believe that story about Pygmalion falling in love with a statue he had made, and how his request to Aphrodite that it might breathe was granted?" "As much as I believe some other stories," replied the brother at another canvas. "I've got one that beats it, and mine is true. I can show you the man. Just after Dewey turned his slip this way from Gibraltar, a signwriter down-town made me a proposition. He wanted me to paint 250, 300, or as many portraits of Dewey as I could. Offered to pay me extra for overtime. He wanted Dewey to sell by the hundred. Although it was a complimentary offer for aspiring genius, I declined. I sent him a young fellow, poor boy, who thinks he has inspiration. He can't paint a lamp-post, but I vouched for his work. I knew he would stick to it. He began painting Deweys, and after he had turned out about a gross the celestial limner came to his rescue, and he got so that he could put a face on a canvas without writing the name under it. Well, he painted on and on until he had turned out 400, life size, bust portraits of Dewey. Then the rush was over, and he was out of a job for two days. He accepted an offer to do some portraits in the family of a high roller in the upper end of town. The boss sat first, and the second day his face was finished. It's a fact. The boss looked at it and complimented it. Said it was the best Dewey he had seen, and asked the artist when he was going to begin work on his (the boss). The next day the mistress sat for my genius, and he finished her portrait in six hours, life size. And when she looked at it she said the hands, arms, dress and jewels were here, but the face was that of Dewey. "The man and his wife had a consultation, the result of which was that my inspired genius was asked to get out a canvas of the family horse, and he made a beautiful four-legged Dewey. Then he quit the place, and I heard he was in a sanitarium. Of course I went to see him. I didn't know him. He had changed completely. Looked just like Dewey." "The work in the studio went on the remainder of the day in silence.—N. Y. Sun.

GASOLINE HAD NO TERRORS.

Boy with a Can and Cigarette Gives Passengers on 'L' Train a Scare.

That "familiarity breeds contempt" is an axiom too well proved to admit of contradiction. The workers in powder mills, the men who handle dynamite and nitroglycerin and men engaged in other extra-hazardous pursuits all become in time so used to the perils that environ them every minute as to forget them, and only by the enforcement of a rigid discipline can they be made to take the necessary precautions. A painter's boy gave a good illustration of this tendency of human nature on the elevated road the other day, and incidentally gave a severe shock to a car full of people. The boy got on the train at Western avenue in company with a ten-gallon can marked conspicuously "Gasoline." He entered the smoking car, and lighting a cigarette, was soon deeply interested in "Old Auldoudipus; or, The Terror of the Apaches." As the train neared Green street everybody in the car peered out of the windows to see the ruins of the Bitchie paper box factory. The boy, who was on the other side of the car, dropped his dime novel, took an extra puff on his cigarette and then carefully laid it on the cork of the gasoline can while he passed over to the other side of the car to see the fire ruins. Just then a gentleman happened to turn around and saw the smoking cigarette on the can. He gave a yell that startled everybody in the car, and as all eyes followed the direction his shaking finger pointed there was a general blanketing of faces. "Who owns it?" was the cry. The boy by this time had seen all that was visible of the ruins, and returning to his seat, calmly took up his cigarette and regarded himself with a few puffs. One or two excited gentlemen remonstrated with him on his carelessness. "Why, you might have blown the car up!" they said. "Blow up yours!" said the boy, disgustedly. "You guys make me tired. What do you know about gasoline, anyhow? Why, I handle the stuff every day, and I've never been blown up yet, have I?" and with that he returned to his novel. Several of the passengers hurried into the next car as quickly as they could, but the boy, undismayed, smoked on until he reached a loop station, and then, with a glance of contempt around the car, toddled out with his heady burden.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Apple and Ginger Preserves.

Choose apples that do not cook to pieces easily. Pare, core, cut in pieces, not slices. For every pound thus prepared allow three-fourths pound sugar and one ounce sliced ginger. Prepare the sirup by adding a little water to the sugar. Simmer the ginger in this; then add the apples, heated and tender. Let it come to a boil and simmer awhile. Then seal in cans.—Housewife.

Graham Ginger Bread.

One cupful thick cream, one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger sifted with the flour, a pinch of salt; add Graham and white flour, about equal parts, enough to make a rather stiff batter, and bake in a moderately hot oven.—Home Magazine.

AS TOLD BY A LYCHNOBITE.

Sleepy Passenger on an 'L' Train Forgets His Overcoat and a Comedy of Errors Follows.

A trip home at 2:30 a. m. on the South side elevated road often affords much amusement. Sometimes, too, one falls asleep and dozes until suddenly awakened by the cry of the guard: "Far's we go! All out!" at the end of the line. One such incident, as described by a night toiler, follows: "An amusing thing happened during a festive week, when a great many more fortunate people than lychmobites like myself were traveling at 2:30 a. m. and were making vain efforts to keep awake. There were 30 people in the rear car of the train as it turned the bend at Fortleth street. Half of them were sleeping and the other half amusing themselves at the expense of a man who was snoring audibly above the rumbling of the train. "The train slowed up for Forty-third street and the guard called the station. Just as the gates were clanging shut a young man in one of the double seats gave a bound and landed on the feet of an obese individual who was sitting half way to the door. There were a few unpleasant remarks as the young man gathered himself and shot out. "As the train started with a jerk the young man raised an outcry from the platform. The guard, thinking that an accident had happened, frantically jerked the bell cord. At the same time he caught the words the young man was shouting after the train: 'You've got my coat, my overcoat!' "He had seen the young man gathering himself up at the feet of the obese individual and concluded he had been sitting there. He rushed to get the overcoat, seized one that lay on the next seat, tossed it through an open window to the young man and gave a second signal to go ahead. "The train had left the station 50 feet. The obese individual seemed to be choking. He was slow of speech, and in trying to say something which was spluttering away like a man who has just taken in the crest of a wave when swimming against the wind. " 'S'ir-r-r,' he at last remarked, exploding slowly yet effectually, as a smoke balloon, 'th-that was my c-coat. I must have it.' "By this time the guard was rattled. He rang another signal and the motor-car came running back to see what was the matter. Some one picked up the young man's coat where he had left it. The train was reversed, the exchange of coats was made, and even the obese individual joined in the general laugh so heartily that the nasal vocalism was wakened and got off without difficulty at Forty-seventh street.—Chicago Tribune.

WINTER MILLINERY.

Ornaments and Trimmings That Are Now Coming Into Favor.

Among the novelties in straw, jet, etc., are long, narrow ornaments—symmetrical arrangements of olive leaves and the like—intended for trimming director hats. They are placed upright against the back of the crown, and the strings are fastened underneath their lower extremity. An ornament of this sort in simili is applied to the back of a black velvet director, tied with broad moire strings. The hat is, of course, covered flat with the velvet; the brim is turned up in front, and is lined with pale pink crush roses, and two long black feathers, fixed to the sides of the crown, curl forward over the edges. Another director, covered with orchid mauve velvet outside and folds of cream colored satin underneath the brim has a jet ornament at the back, a plume of cream feathers and white satin strings. Both these hats have a square notch cut out of the brim at the back. Other hats of this shape have tabbed or fluted curtains; the simili or jet ornament is best suited to the former. When this is absent a couple of handsome pins stuck through the back of the hat is a pretty addition. Fresh varieties of pins for these and other purposes are in the market. The latest novelties are those with large, pearl-shaped heads in clear white or colored glass.—Millinery Trade Review.

Puff Omelet.

Have two small stone bowls, put the yolks of three eggs in one and the three whites in the second bowl, add three tablespoonfuls cold water to the yolks and one-quarter teaspoonful salt, stir two minutes, beat the whites to a stiff froth, then add slowly the yolk mixture to the whites while beating constantly; place a medium-sized frying pan with one tablespoonful butter over the fire; when melted pour in the egg mixture; do not stir, but when the eggs begin to set slip a broad-bladed knife under the omelet to keep it from burning and shake the pan to and fro. When light brown on the under side place the pan for a few minutes into a hot oven, touch it lightly with the fingers; if nothing adheres to it it is ready to remove. Hold the pan in the left hand and a palette knife in the right; slip the omelet onto a warm dish and at the same time fold it double. Care should be taken not to leave the omelet too long in the oven, as too much cooking is apt to make it tough.—Ledger Monthly.

A New Fancy in Hatts.

The velvet hat is by all odds the most fashionable for this season, but is so beautifully and fancifully made that it loses the clumsy look we associate with anything of velvet. Folds an inch in width, but overlapping each other so as to look only half their width, are made of bias velvet and form the entire hat. These folds are applied the same as straw braid, except each row is put on in one piece instead of making the rows run from one continuous piece.—Woman's Home Companion.

HUMOROUS.

"You can't keep a secret, Marie." "Yes, I can, but I always happen to tell things to other girls who can't."—St. Louis Courier.

First Collegian—"Did your dad reward you when you struck him for some money?" Second Collegian—"Respond! You should have heard him!"—Sault Ste. Marie News.

Why She Sings—"I like to hear a servant girl sing at her work. It shows a good disposition." "Not always. I think our girl sings because she has a grudge against us."—Philadelphia Record.

"I really believe Miss Blumer would be willing to run for president, she's so ambitious." "Land, yes; but she ain't so particular. She'd run for a smaller man that that if she thought she could catch him."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"That tramp just going away was telling me a most heart-breaking story." "How much did you give him?" "Nothing. It was a story to break one's heart, all right, but breaking a five-dollar bill is different."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Anybody who knows enough," said Mr. Spiffins, "can learn something from anybody else, however ignorant the latter may be." "That is true," assented Mrs. Spiffins, cheerfully. "Now, I can occasionally learn something from you."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Podsnip (meeting elderly person)—"By Jove! Is it possible! My old school teacher. By the way, do you remember that you said when I was in your class that I'd die on the gallows?" Elderly Person—"Well, you're not dead yet."—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Grimes—"Does your husband go to church, Mrs. Brown?" Mrs. Brown—"Certainly. Sometimes he goes to the Unitarian, sometimes to the Orthodox and sometimes to the Catholic." Mrs. Grimes—"Ah, I see! An agnostic." Mrs. Brown—"No! He's a plumber. When there is nothing for him to do at one church there is pretty sure to be something for him at one of the others."—Boston Transcript.

PAWNED TEETH TO GAMBLE.

How a Sport in Hard Luck Got \$20 on Them and Recouped His Losses.

"This advertisement," remarked an old gambler, pointing to a notice published by a man who had lost a set of false teeth, "reminds me of the experience of a gambler in Denver some years ago who had to pawn his grinders for a stake. It was a cold winter night and I was bucking the games myself in a big Denver establishment, when I happened to notice this pawning event. A stranger from the east was playing faro, but lost so heavily that he changed to roulette. At this game the last of his bunch had disappeared before he knew it. He felt in his clothes, but found nothing, not even a watch. He had loaned his fine overcoat to a friend earlier in the night with the promise that it was to be returned by midnight, but the time had passed and the coat was not there. All at once the gambler threw his hands in his face. A thought struck him. " 'Gents,' he said 'is there a pawnshop for gamblers near here?' "The faro dealer told him where to find one half way down the block, and the information was added that the owner had a soft spot in his heart for gamblers in hard luck. "The eastern sport walked into the pawnshop a moment later and asked the owner how much he could advance on a fine set of teeth. The shopkeeper hesitated for a moment, but finally consented to loan \$20 on them. The articles were carefully put away, and the gambler walked back with a \$20 bill. He bought a stack of chips, and during the night played with remarkable luck. By five o'clock he was \$500 ahead, after getting back the \$1,000 lost before the deal with the pawnbroker. After he quit playing he had to sit about for three hours until the pawnshop was opened. "That same winter in Denver," continued the old man, "I saw other pawning experiences which taught me that the gambler's best friend was the man with the three balls sign. It was in this same house that I saw a sport pawn a \$100 overcoat ten times in as many hours. The sport was playing craps and he seemed crazy about that kind of play. The first time he went broke he stepped out to the same pawnbroker and 'hooked' the overcoat for \$20. He came back with \$22 and the ticket to redeem it. He played for awhile and was broke again. A second trip was made to the shop, with the same result. And then a little later he was stripped. This juggling between the table and the pawnshop was continued for hours, though the sport finally quit when he had the coat and \$450 in the pockets.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Cross-Education."

This term is used to describe a phenomenon which has recently been under investigation at the Yale psychological laboratory. Experiments carried on during the past year have shown that the effects of practice on one side of the body are transferred to the other side, where there has been no practice. For instance, a fencer, practicing lunges with a foil, and using only his right hand, gained in two weeks 50 per cent. of accuracy in aim. At the same time it was found that his left hand had also gained 36 per cent. of accuracy in the same exercise, although it had no actual practice. So the exertion of the muscles of the right arm likewise increased the strength of the left arm.—Youth's Companion.

Harmless.

"So you consider Jones an honest man?" "Honest? He gives himself short change at his own store and cheats like the deuce at solitaire."—Detroit Free Press.

IN BED WITH RATTLES.

A Belgian Naturalist's Awful Night in the Toilet Ruins of Quemada.

"When I was collecting specimens of plants and animals in Zacatecas," said the noted Dr. Maximilian Schumann, "I had an experience with rattlesnakes which came near being the death of me." "The doctor is the Belgian explorer and naturalist who went through Africa, and in telling of his adventures he said: "I had gone a day's journey on horseback from the city of Zacatecas to the southeast to examine some old Toltec ruins there. These are known as the Quemada ruins. They are very extensive. I got there late at night. I had shot a couple of doe on the way and had thrown them across my pack animal. "On my arrival within the ruins I lit a fire to get my supper, after which I spread my blanket and lay down. In the morning when I woke up I threw my hand outside of the blanket and it almost touched a big, poisonous rattlesnake. Looking toward my feet, what was my astonishment to see rattlesnakes all over the blanket. There were no less than six of them, besides the one that missed my hand. "The reptiles were not the crotalus horridus, or diamond crotalus, known in California, but the crotalus mularius, found in the hot regions. They are very poisonous. When I had lit my fire in the evening I could not see the snakes, which, I presume, had crept along the walls. "The attitude of Zacatecas and the old ruins is between 7,000 and 8,000 feet, and it gets quite cold at night. My fire was what undoubtedly attracted them. When they got out toward it they found my bed, and discerning the warm blankets, crawled up on them and went to sleep. I have always thought it was almost miraculous that I escaped being bitten. As I did not want the snakes, having already all I wanted, I killed them and nailed them all to the adobe wall, with my card on each. "The lizards and other reptiles which I got there I salted away in casks and forwarded to Europe. It is a general belief among the Indians, notably among the Creeks, Choerokees and Choctaws in Indian Territory, where I was for a time, that if one is bitten by a rattlesnake all he has to do to prevent fatality is to eat the snakes. But I never discovered its virtue in this. The best remedy is to immediately bind a thumb above the wound, so that the poison cannot circulate higher. Then cut an incision below the wound and squeeze out as much blood as possible. Then, if to the wound is made an application of potash or any alkali, there is almost no danger. "I got the best collection of reptiles from Mexico and forwarded them to Europe that has ever been seen here. The rattlesnakes were so plentiful that they could be seen by thousands and thousands."—San Francisco Call.

A CRISIS IN GUATEMALA.

How a Civilian Was Enabled to Assist in Saving the Government's Credit.

"A quiet experience I once had in the interior of Guatemala," said a former resident of that republic, "furnishes a tip-top illustration of the way they run government in Central America. I had occasion to visit a small Garisun town in the coffee belt on some business and found the commandant in a state bordering on distraction. We took dinner together, and he told me his tale of woe between courses. His soldiers, it seemed, had been without pay for over three months, and as the government made no effort to provide them with rations, they had subsisted on beans, tortillas and coffee furnished on credit by the old women of the village. Naturally this credit had worn itself out, and two days before I arrived the old women went on a strike, since which time the garrison had been practically without food. Needless to say, the soldiers were desperate, and they had determined to desert en bloc and go back to their farms. I advised the commandant to telegraph the facts immediately to the president, and at last he screwed up enough courage to send the message. As soon as it was received the president sent word to a wealthy planter requesting him to dispatch some cash instantly to the commandant. The planter gave a messenger a \$100 bill and rushed him off on horseback for the village, which he reached at day-break next morning. When the poor commandant saw the remittance he nearly swooned away, for under the circumstances \$100 was about as much use to him as 100 brass plants. Nobody in the whole department could change it, and he was in the depths of despair until I suddenly appeared in the role of good fairy. I happened to have 100 one-dollar notes in my saddle bags, and I handed over the bundle in return for the bill brought by the courier. The commandant grabbed the package and kissed me violently on both cheeks (Glory hallelujah! The country was saved. Each soldier got a dollar, which he paid on account, and the credit of the government was restored. The garrison howled with joy and the old women shed happy tears in the coffee, which they at once proceeded to boil. It was a touching scene. If I ever go back to that place again I will be treated like a prince."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

American Dentists Annoyed Abroad.

American dentists are acknowledged to be the most skillful in the world. Many of them are practicing with great success in Europe. In Germany they are subject to considerable annoyance. Their American diplomas are not respected. They cannot buy anything at a drug store except on a prescription signed by a German physician.—Chicago Chronicle.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The membership of the Madras (India) Y. M. C. A. has reached 549, counting none whose subscription is in arrears more than a month.

The Presbyterial synod of Minnesota asks 20 cents from each Presbyterian in the state to relieve Macalester and Albert Lea colleges from debt.

The steamer Empress of Japan which recently arrived at Yokohama, landed the largest number of Christian missionaries ever crossing the Pacific together. There were 49 in the number.

The United Presbyterian church in Scotland and America maintains seven missions, supports 62 ordained missionaries, 21 ordained natives, 10 medical missionaries and 43 zenana missionaries.

Rev. Jee Gawe states that the students in the medical college at Tientsin, China, have organized a missionary society, to which each member gives one dollar per month for the support of native preachers. The Christian Chinese are liberal givers to missionary work.

Dr. John Archibald Fairlie, who has been appointed lecturer on municipal administration at Columbia college, was born in Glasgow in 1872. In 1895 he graduated from Harvard, where he spent the two subsequent years in post-graduate study and as an assistant in the department of history.

The absence of a child from school in Switzerland, unless in case of illness, is punishable by fine, the amount of which is daily increased. If it is suspected that the child's illness is shammed, a doctor is sent by the school authorities, and, when he is convinced that the suspicion is correct, the parents have to pay his fee.

HORSE HOTELS.

Stables in Which Transients Are Received as Well as Regular Boarders.

Scattered in various parts of the city there are stables that might be called horse hotels, in which transients are taken, as well as regular boarders; of boarding stables there are many, and there are some stables in which stalls are rented.

A truckman who rented a stall in a stable would feed and care for his horse himself, simply hiring quarters for the animal. Much oftener horses are boarded. A truckman having, say ten horses or more, would most likely keep a stable of his own, as would any business concern running an equal number of horses. An owner keeping less than ten would be likely to board them.

At the boarding stables entire care is taken of the whole outfit. The food is provided and the horses are fed and cleaned, and the harness is cleaned also. The driver has nothing to do with any of this work. When he drives into the stable and steps down from the truck the stableman takes charge. They unhook the horse and care for it and the harness, and they hook the horse up in the morning. When the truckman comes for his truck he finds it ready, and he simply drives out and goes off about his day's work. There are thousands of horses employed in the city that are regular boarders by the week or month. The transients, horses that are put up for a day, more or less, may be city horses or horses from out of town. A horse disabled from any cause would very probably be taken temporarily to the nearest stable receiving transients. In case of the breakdown of a vehicle the horse might be taken to one of these stables pending repairs to the vehicle. There are always more or less people driving into New York from neighboring cities or the surrounding country on one errand or another, of business or pleasure, who put up their horses here for a day, two or less. There are drivers coming in from considerable distances with heavy loads who do not want to wear their horses out by driving back the same day; they put them up here for the night. And so, from one cause and another, there might at any time be found, including horses from the city and horses from out of town, a considerable number of transient guests at the various horse hotels.—N. Y. Sun.

THINK HANGING PAINLESS.

A Number of Curious Cases of Involuntary Suicide at Public Exhibitions.

Dr. Roger S. Tracy, chief of Philadelphia's bureau of vital statistics, who believes that hanging is a painless death by reason of a cerebral congestion causing complete insensibility before the agony of suffocation begins, cites the following instances: The London Case for April 17, 1847, tells of the case of John Hartsdow, who was hanged daily for several years as an exhibition. On three occasions he did not fix the rope right, and in each case he was cut down in an unconscious condition and had gone through all the sensations of being choked to death. He afterward said that he could not recollect anything that happened to him. The moment he got the rope in the wrong place, he said, he could not move his arms, legs or hands or even think lucidly. He felt that he wanted to loosen the rope, but never thought of using his hands for the purpose. An American diver named Scott was formerly an attraction at museums, where he hanged himself before the audience. He adjusted the rope around his neck, and then stepped on the platform on which he had been standing. When he had hanged as long as he pleased he lifted his feet and stepped back on the platform. He hanged himself as a show once too often, and finally died before a large and delighted audience. On this fatal occasion he hung for 13 minutes and no one in the audience imagined that he was dying, as he did not struggle and made no effort to lift his feet back to the platform.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Making Sheet Lead.

The method of making sheet lead for tea packing in Formosa is most interesting. The lead is brought from Australia in pigs, and after being melted is poured between two large files, the sheet being obtained by pressure by the feet. The sheet is afterward trimmed to suitable sizes and shapes for soldering.—Scientific American.

Optimism.

"I shall never marry," said the bachelor. "You always were optimistic," returned the benedict.—Chicago Post.

His Misfortune.

Teacher—"Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?" Bobby Smart—"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?" "He was a poet."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

His Opinion.

Gracie—"Is Latin a dead language?" Her Brother—"Yes; and it ought to be buried!"—Puck.