

LOUISA ALCOTT RAN AWAY

Characteristic Incident of the Early Childhood of That Popular Story Writer.

Louisa May Alcott, who was probably the most popular writer of young people's stories of the last generation, left in a diary the following characteristic story of her own early childhood.

HARMONY NEEDED IN HOME

Illness and Disturbed Nerves Are the Sure Result if It is Lacking There.

The imperative need of harmony in home surroundings as well as in business life is being felt by thinking more every day. It is impossible to do our best work in any atmosphere of confusion, and it is an almost invariable rule that illness and disturbed nerves are the penalty exacted if we allow ourselves to be drawn into conditions that do not spell harmony.

What is a Mule?

A queer custom ruling relates to that noble animal, the mule. An American contractor took some mules into Mexico for use upon some construction work there, and upon the completion of the contract brought the mules back to Texas.

To Prevent Draughts.

A simple and practical way to prevent draughts entering under a door that has, through shrinkage, a wide crack under it is to fold three thick pieces of paper together just the width of the door and two inches deep, and cover it with serge or cloth as near the color of the door as possible.

Irish Peers.

The number of peers who enjoy any popularity in Ireland is very small, although personally many are qualified to attract it.

Cornered.

"That chauffeur was a great disappointment." "I thought he would be."

SURE TO BREAK THIRD TIME

Man Knew What His Spectacles Would Do, So He Got Ahead of Fate.

A jeweler in Brooklyn recently showed the humorous phase of superstition as it troubles some people.

"I want you to make a good job of it," he told me, "so they won't break again."

HOW HE EVOKED THE WINDS

Captain of Becalmed Vessel Was Driven to Desperate Sacrifice, But It Succeeded.

The ship had lain becalmed in a tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred the mirror-like surface of the sea and the sails hung limp from the yards, like drapery carved from marble.

"I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every match you have."

Wonderingly, all obeyed. The captain collected every match on the ship in this manner. Then he threw them all overboard—all but one.

Then he took his pipe from his pocket and filled it with tobacco. As crew and passengers looked breathlessly on, he struck that one match—the only one aboard—and attempted to light his pipe with it.

Instantly a furious gale swept over the deck. It extinguished the match, but filled the sails and the good ship plunged merrily forward on her course again. The sacrifice had been awful, but successful.

Wanted a Chance.

One of the performers at Proctor's this week relates an incident that occurred in a western town where he was playing an engagement. There was an act on the bill in which a policeman had to chase a thief across the stage without catching him.

"Say, mister, let me catch you tonight, will you?" "Why so?" "Well, my girl is in the audience tonight."—Newark (N. J.) Star.

Inventor of Ice Cream.

"I am looking for some means of verifying a statement that is printed at the bottom of the bill of fare in a colored people's restaurant that I visit once a month," a gas collector said.

As to Giving the Bride Away.

One pastor objects to the bride's father giving her away; she should be perfectly free, he argues, like the groom who gives himself away.

Indication of Interest.

"The school mistress is interested in you, dad." "How's that?" "Why, today, after she'd told me six times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what kind of a father I had."—Judge.

LETTUCE WHILE YOU WAIT

Dinner Guests May See It Grow on the Table for Their Salad.

When at a dinner in Rome a tourist was served with strawberries, still growing on the parent vine, in a common earthen pot which was concealed by a sach of wide ribbon, she thought this was the last word with regard to serving food at the dinner table.

When asked to reveal his secret he said: "I take a handful of lettuce seeds that have been soaked overnight in alcohol and I plant them in a box containing three inches of foam and quicklime. I water this well, and in ten minutes the seeds burst."

Considering what marvels in the way of cooking are accomplished with the chafing dish and denatured alcohol stoves, and scientific marvels like this, we may reasonably expect to see the lamb driven in alive, slaughtered, and cooked before our very eyes.

STREET CLEANING LONG AGO

Franklin's Autobiography Tells How He Promoted the First Contract Job in Philadelphia.

Recently at one of the luncheons of the City Club of Philadelphia there was read an extract from the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin which was said to describe the first instance of street cleaning by contract in Philadelphia.

"One day," Franklin wrote, "I found a poor undertaker man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of sixpence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense."

"I have always felt that we of the middle west have about the best of everything in the United States," a Missouri man who is in New York said. "But I am willing to admit now that we play the part of the 'goat' in the currency deal."

Those "Iron Dollars."

"You will never know the significance of the term 'iron dollars' until you have carried the big wheels around in your pocket," he continued.

Slipped Up on the Sleuth.

A Cincinnati reporter, acting independently of the men working for other papers, resolved to have an account of the proceedings of a council meeting to which no outsiders were to be admitted.

Elixir of Life for Steel.

For mankind, as yet, the elixir of life remains undiscovered; but for steel it has been found. The element vanadium, when added in certain proportions, gives to steel the combined properties of increased tensile strength, higher elastic limit and greater ductility.

Gentle Hint.

Professional Beggar (in Hardupp's office)—"I've been out of work for over a year, mister, and ain't got the price of a night's lodgin'. Can yer do anythin' to help me out?" Hardupp (sardoniously)—"I'd like to, but I sprained my foot on a collector, yesterday."

OLD ENGLISH INNS REMAIN

These Charming Places on the Post Roads Have Changed Little in Many Years.

A history of the coach roads out of London would be a history of England, and the stories of the inns alone would make a fat volume. They are still charming inns, with the same oak rafters and oak wainscoting, the same stuffed trout and foxes in dusty glass cases.

Such names as the Angel of the Annunciation, at Staines on the last change into Windsor, which dates back to the days of the monasteries when the innkeeper of that tavern was a lay brother, and on the last stage to Box Hill, the Robin Hood Inn, which dates back to that man himself, and those other inns that celebrate the stars of the animal kingdom in specific colors: The White Hart at Henfield on the Brighton Road, the Dun Horse of Manning's Heath, the White Horse of Dorking, the Bull at Mockbridge, the Bear at Estover, the Lion at Guilford, and at Whitehead the Dog and Fox. Great men have stopped at these inns, and while we change horses the landlord will point out the windows of the rooms in which they rested—the first man of Europe on his way to Brighton, Lord Nelson on his way to join his ship at Portsmouth, and Sheridan, Pope, Mr. Peppy, Waipole, Dick Turpin, Capt. Henry Esmond, Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller and David Copperfield.—Richard Harding Davis in the Metropolitan.

LAMB QUIT TAKING SNUFF

Threw Box Away on Hampstead Heath, but Was Searching for It Next Morning.

Hampstead Heath may yet contain a precious relic of Charles Lamb. "One summer's evening," writes Hone, "I was walking on Hampstead Heath with Charles Lamb, and we talked ourselves into a philosophic contempt of our slavery to the habit of snuff taking, and with the firm resolution of never again taking a single pinch we threw our snuffboxes away from the hill on which we stood, far among the furze and brambles below, and went home in triumph."

Expensive Slip.

A well-dressed man was hurrying along the Rue de Passy, Paris, when he slipped, and falling forward dashed his elbow through the window of a wine shop. The proprietor rushed out to claim the price of his window and a large crowd gathered to see fair play.

The Paper Boat.

Bobby's Aunt Bess had been telling him about her travels in Switzerland, describing particularly her visit to Lake Luzerne. "We got aboard the little newspaper boat that sails all over the lake, Bobby," she remarked.

"Nonsense, Bobby. People couldn't sail in paper boats. Where did you get such an absurd notion?" "Aunt Bess told me that she and Uncle Bill got aboard a little paper boat and sailed all over Lake Luzerne," insisted Bobby. Then Bobby's mother explained.

Burglar Dies From Fright.

A man named Albert Blesam suddenly fell down dead yesterday on being surprised while committing a burglary.

The next morning Jack received a note from James to this effect: "Dear Jack, herewith find your stable lantern. Please return my parrot and cage."

Love at Second Sight.

"Was it a case of love at first sight?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."—Judge.

HOGS ARE SMART ANIMALS

Instance of Their Intelligence Observed by an Eastern Traveler Going Through the South.

"A hog has a lot more sense than people give the average hog credit for—or at least a razorback hog has," remarked an easterner who travels through the south. "Here's something that impressed me: At a little southern town or village I went through some time ago, a small boy boarded the train with sandwiches that he was selling, for there was no eating place and the train reached that point at about the noon hour. I bought two sandwiches."

"By the time the train was at the outskirts of the little town, I found that the sandwiches instead of being made with ham in the interior, contained only some slices of turnip. Of course I threw mine away as soon as I found that out. Other passengers raised the windows to throw theirs out at about the same time I noticed. And right at the point where most of the sandwiches were thrown out, I saw a drove of razorback hogs ready to gobble them up."

"The conductor told me that the hogs had learned just how far the train would go every morning before the passengers would find the turnips in the sandwiches and then throw the sandwiches away. And he said the hogs wouldn't miss the right place by more than a couple of yards."

SAINT FOR THE JOURNALISTS

Pope Pius IX. Fifty Years Ago, Selected St. Francis De Sales as Their Patron.

It will be news to many journalists to learn that they have an officially selected patron saint. But the Manchester Guardian points out that they have, and have had for the last fifty years. Pius IX., at the request of a number of continental journalists, issued a decree on the point. He recommended journalists to seek the help of St. Francis de Sales, whose body has just lately been transferred, with great pomp and amidst popular rejoicing, to a new church at Anney, in Savoy, his native place. The choice, our contemporary thinks, was an apt one, for St. Francis was a man of letters. His famous work, "The Devout Life," is still popular, "no doubt because of the lightness of touch with which it is written and the unerring journalistic instinct (if one may put it so) in writing of the work of a saint) with which he compels attention to serious questions by the skillful use of anecdote and illustration."—Westminster Gazette.

Cruelty to Animals.

During the discussion of the difference between the high cost of living and the cost of high living at the Carleton club the ancient carpenter vouchsafed the following: "I just seem like everything conspires to make things harder for a man when prices are high. Now, for instance, I know that all of my hens intentionally stop laying when eggs are worth their weight in gold—just when they ought to do their very best!"

"Smoke up! Your pipe's going out!" sarcastically exclaimed the real estate man.

"Part" continued the ancient carpenter. "But I fooled the criteria. I got a sign painted with words, 'Eggs 10 cents a dozen,' and hung it in the coop. Now the hens are laying two and three eggs every day, and some of them are even working nights."—Youngstown Telegraph.

Now the Machine Sermon.

The only ceremony at the funeral of a school teacher in an Austrian village was the rendition by a talking machine of the hymn "Eine Feste Burg," as sung by a chorus of male voices. The incident gave an enterprising firm an idea. They now, according to a circular which has been distributed in the rural districts, are prepared to furnish for funerals good and appropriate music, either solo, duet or chorus, as well as strictly inclusive universal as well as strictly church music." In discussing this enterprise a Vienna paper says that the "machine sermon" has already been introduced, and in conjunction with the "machine music" will make old methods useless. "The talking machine sermon," says the humorist, "has at least these good points—it must be short and the machine does not weep."

Lighted Him Home.

Two friends who lived in the country were in the habit of dining frequently with one another. One day Jack received an invitation from James to dine with him at the usual hour in the evening. As it happened it was an extremely dark night, and Jack took a stable lantern to enable him to see the way clearly. In due course he arrived quite safely at James's residence, and they dined exceedingly well, but certainly not wisely.

The next morning Jack received a note from James to this effect: "Dear Jack, herewith find your stable lantern. Please return my parrot and cage."

Her Fortune.

Miss Ivy Brayton Hodge, one of the well known women drummers of the west, at a commercial travelers' banquet in Chicago, responded to a toast with these words: "A woman's face is said to be her fortune. In the girl drummer's case, however, it's her cheek."

OVER THE SHOSHONE FALLS

Except Fish, a Red Collie Is Only Animal That Has Made Plunge and Survived.

The only living thing except the fish that has ever gone over the Shoshone Falls in Idaho and come through alive is a dog. A red collie belonging to a hotel man in Shoshone, at Shoshone the Snake River plunges into a cavern with less than a foot between the surface of the rushing waters and the roof of jagged rock. Sharp-pointed rocks bristle above the swirling currents, and cruel stones project from the slippery slides. From this subterranean passage the river emerges on the edge of a great canyon, over the brink of which it dashes in a thundering cataract of foam and spray 220 feet to the abyssal depths below. The falls of Shoshone are sixty feet higher than Niagara Falls.

A child pulled Shep's plummy tail one day and Shep bit the child. For this he was promptly condemned to death by his owner, who took him to Snake River and threw him in just outside the cavern, and when Shep, battling bravely for his life, was swept out of sight into its mysterious mouth, he was considered a dead dog.

Half an hour later a boy hurried into the hotel and informed Shep's master that his collie was sitting on a half submerged rock below the falls bowing for help. Filled with remorse, the dog's owner hastened to his rescue with ropes and a boat, and half Shoshone attended Shep's triumphant return to his home, where his patient owner gave him the best in the larder and a soft cushion behind the bar for the rest of his days. Beyond a few trifling scratches and the loss of his toe nails, the dog was none the worse for his terrible experience.

BURGLAR WAS MARRIED MAN

Little Story of the Housebreaker, the Victim and the Too Skeptical Wife.

"I woke up suddenly the other night and thought I heard a burglar in the room. I sat up in bed and that awake my wife."

"What did she do?" "She accused me, as usual, of having a burglar bug. Said I'd never heard a real burglar if I live a thousand years. I said I'd bet I would. She said she'd bet I wouldn't. And just then a shadowy form rose from behind the dresser and a hoarse voice exclaimed 'He wins, ma'am!'"

"Did you catch him?" "Catch him! I didn't try. I just lay there and laughed, and heard him slam the door and run down the street. And say, my wife was so mad she didn't speak to me for a whole day. But I'll bet one thing."

"What is it?" "I'll bet that burglar was a married man."

Conscientious.

An editor of a New York magazine recently received a story of which the scene was laid in the state of Washington. He wished to have the story illustrated, and in order to obtain the best local detail he sent the manuscript to a young artist out in Washington. Before doing so, however, he scrawled hastily across the top of the first page the address of the writer, which did not otherwise appear on the manuscript. It was "Shelton, Wash." With the story the editor sent a letter asking the artist to make a wash drawing of a certain effective scene and forward it as soon as possible. By return mail the editor received an anxious reply from the youthful artist, saying: "I note that you wish me to use Shelton, Wash. I do not know of any such wash, nor do any of the dealers out here. If you can send me a tube I shall be glad to make the drawing."

The Forest.

Reeking inspiration, I leave the city and go to the forest, journeying there by the path of memory, for chains, self-urged, prove too strong for release from city deak.

I visit in thought its oratory, whispering a prayer of love and praise, place flowers upon the altar of stones made beautiful with velvet of moss and lichen lace.

The winds teach my lips a new song, the sun grants my eyes fresh vision, earth fastens wings on my feet.

As I walk through its aisles I am shrived of weariness, weakness, fear. At the font of a spring am I baptised into new understanding.

Then, receiving the benediction of the trees, I return again to my desk, renewed in spirit, strength and, above all, in love.—From the Craftsmen.

Without Ceremony.

More or less ceremony usually attends the laying of a corner stone, but in one case at least it was laid quite simply.

Two Chicago men were talking of the fortune of a third when one said: "He made his first lucky strike in eggs. He bought 10,000 dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage and sold them at a profit of more than 300 per cent. That was the corner stone of his present fortune."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other man; "then the hens laid it!"

Harmless Fad.

"I suppose in these ragtime days you sell very little classical music?" "More than you would imagine," answered the music dealer. "Almost everybody buys a few sheets to place on the piano when company calls."