## LOUISA ALCOTT RAN AWAY

Characteristic Incident of the Early Childheed of That Popular Story Viriter.

Logisa May Alcott, who was probaby the most popular writer of young De the s stories of the last generation, lett in a diary the following characteristic story of her own early child-.herod.

'Running away was one of the de-Lizhts of u.y early days," she wrote. TOR one of these obcasions I passed a varied day with some Irish children, wile hospitably shared their cold postatees, salt fish and crusts with me we reveiled in the ash heaps which then adorned the waste lands where The Albany depot now stands. A trip to the Common cheered the afternoon, but as dusk set in and my friends deserred me I felt that home was a nice place after all, and tried to find it. I dimly remember watching a lamp Algebras I sat to rest on some doorsteps in Bedford street, where a big dog welcomed me so kindly that I fell asleep with my head pillowed on his curly back, and was found there by the town crier, whom my distracted parents had sent in search of me. His bell and proclamation of the loss of a "little girl, 6 years old, in a pink trock, waite hat, and new green shoes, woke me up, and a small voice answered out of the darkness: 'Why, dat's me!' The story adds that the fun ended next day when the little runaway was nied to the arm of the sofa to repent at leisure.

#### HARMONY NEEDED IN HOME

Iliness 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. Our home is our castle, and nothing should be allowed to enter therein that makes us unhappy.

If one is obliged to take strangers into the home on account of financial consideration it is wise to make sure that they are not antagonistic in any way that will affect the family relations, otherwise it is better to give up the extra profit and do with less if it means peace of mind. There is no price too great to pay for harmony, for it means health, happiness, financial success to you and yours, the aldility to help others, and all through the gaining and holding the mental poise which is the peace of underen with many stripes before we realize the need of and grasp the knowledge of harmony, but those who have aiready felt a longing for it and pause to listen will get the revelation and receive its gospel like benediction.

What is a Mule? A queer customs 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 The curlome officials incluted upon his paying duty, but the contractor claimed free entry for the mules as "articles of American growth returned without being advanced in value." The officials declared, however, that the board of appraisers has sustained them. that mules are not "articles." What then, are they? If they are persons, they are certainly entitled to come back home. Since the decision that a hen is not a bird, the customs service has got its natural history fearfully and wonderfully mixed.

To Prevent Draughts. A simple and practical way to prewent draughts entering under a door that has, through shrinkage, a wide carack under it is to fold three thickmesses of paper together just the width of the door and two inches deep, and cover it with serge or cloth as sear the color of the door as possii Bio.

Sew to this three small brass rings. wne a quarter of an inch from each send and one in the middle. Fasten Into the bottom of the door three amali screw hooks and hang the rings them. You will have a perfect proection from cold air coming under the door and one that is easily reshoved and kept dusted.

Irish Peers. The number of peers who enjoy any popularity in Ireland is very small, although personally many are qualimed to attract it. But the Irish masses know the bistory of their own country phetter than the classes know it. They have long memories and know by tradition what Locky states with aumority, that "the majority of Irish 神社les are historically connected with memories not of honor, but of shame." 'A. 'Union' peer stands very much in the same category as a "Cromwelhan landholder in the eyes of those 影响ho hold so tenaciously to the "old

Cornered. "That chauffour was a great disaymeintment"

wock."-London Truth

"I thought he would be." But you gave him a letter of recom-

mendation. "Of course. And I advise you to do

the same. It's the only way to get him E en peaceably." The second second

#### 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.

"A man came into my store with a pair of spectacles he had dropped on the floor and broken," he said. "I have an optician with me. A prace was given for the repairs and the work was dene. When the glasses were deliv ered the customer said he'd been pret ty bicky with them; this was the first time in three years they had been broken. But the next day he came around again. He had dropped them and they had broken within ten hours after they had been fixed

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

again. "He said he would call for them. V'hen he did and when they were given to him he asked if I had a glass paperweight or something the least bit heavy. My medium-sized hammer was handy and I asked him if that would do, wondering what he wanted them for. He took the hammer from me and laid the spectacles on the floor. Then he took the hammer and hit the offending lens a hard blow "There." he said, as he straightened up, with the pieces in his hand. T've fixed that. Now will you kindly repair them again?

"Naturally, I wanted to know why he had done this.

"'Superstition,' he replied. 'I've already broken them twice and there was sure to be a third time. I've brought that third time about so I wouldn't have to lose more time than necessary. Now, if you will have them fixed I guess they'll never break

## 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.

The captain resolved to wait no longer for wind. He piped all hands on deck and requested all passengers to come forward.

"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 breaththe 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. The cop's part was so simple that it was always given to some employe of the house. There was a "prop" man in that town to whom this little tack was assigned and he felt like a real actor. In the middle of the week's stand, just before the act was to go on, the "prop" man said to the player who had the fugitive business:

"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. "In a red-letter footnote the proprietor calls attention to the excellence of his own home-made ice cream; then he adds that all members of the race ought to est ice cream because it was invented by a colored man named Jackson. So sure does he seem of his facts that he relates circumstances attending the evolution of ice cream from plain custard. The narrative sounds convincing, but colored people are so ready to vaunt the real and reputed achievements of the race that the ice cream legend may require verification."

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. "Is the bride," he continues, "a bag of potatoes, that she should be given away?" No, sir, she is not; nobody's giving bags of potatoes away these days. As between potatoes and daugh ters a father would hesitate but little before deciding to give away the daughter.-Detroit News.

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.

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 pet which was concealed by a sash of wide ribbon, she thought this was the last word with regard to serving food at the dinner table. It remains, however, for a New York florist to work what seems like a miracle. He claims to be able to grow lettuce while you wait-crisp lettuce for dinner to eat with your brolled spring chicken.

When asked to reveal his secret he said: 'I take a handful of lettuce seeds that have been soaked over night in alcohol and I plant them in a box containing three inches of loam and quicklime. I water this well, and in ten minutes the seeds burst. In twenty minutes two tiny leaves push through the earth. The leaves grow and multiply. In an hour they are as big as dollars. Then you may pluck and eat them. They are delicious-a fairy salad. Sometimes when I give a dinner party I have one of these little prepared lettuce beds in the center of the table. The guests see the lettuce grow, and when the time comes for the salad course there is their salad blooming before them all ready for them to pluck."

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 autoblography of Benjamin Franklin which was said to describe the first instance of street cleaning by contract in Philadelphia. The incident is interesting also, however, as illustrating citizen co-operation in its original simplicity.

"One day," Frankiin wrote, "I found a poor industrious 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 six-pence 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 sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went around to see who would subscribe an agreement; to pay these sixpences; it was unanimously signed. and for a time well executed. This raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to subscribe to a tax for that purpose."—The Survey.

Those "Iron Dollars." "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

"You will never know the significance of the term 'iron dollars' until you have carried the big wheels around in your pocket," he continued. "And you will doubtless never carry the cumbersome coin as long as the good-natured western brother consents to deal with that part of the currency. In the two months that I have been in the east I haven't had my hands on an 'iron dollar,' and I'm not homesick for the sight of one. When I return I am going to try to carry enough paper to last me until I come back again."

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. By collusion with the janitor he climbed to a spot that was not without its dangers and was dusty beyond description. There he took out a notebook for a shorthand report.

The meeting came to order and the first thing the chairman did was to move a reconsideration and admit the reporters. This was carried and they all (minus one) filed in to take their places in comfortable positions.

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 predetermined and small proportions, gives to steel the combined properties of increased tensile strength, higher "lastic limit" and greater ductility. Strength, toughness, elasticity, united with freedom from crystalizationthese are the life-giving properties which vanadium imparts to steel, properties which raise "Ita-endurance "to meet the burdens which are daily in-

Gentle Hint.

creasing upon it.

Professional Beggar (in Hardupp's office)-I've been out o' work for over a year, mister, and ain't got the price of a night's lodgin'. Can yer do anything to help me out?

Hardupp (sardonically)-I'd like to, but I sprained my foot on a collector

## LETTUCE WHILE YOU WAIT | 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 withscoting the same stuffed trout and foxes in dusty glass cases. They are as they were when they sold brandy in casks that had been thrown shorewards off Brighton and washed into the hands of waiting smugglers; as they were when as day broke, a masked gentleman on a gray mare would rap gently with his winp on their green shutters. And, then the inns themselves, what could be more charming than their names?

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 colebrate 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 Hull at Mockbridge, the Bear at Esther, the Lion at Guilford, and at Wimbledon 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. Pepys, Walpole, Dick Turpin, Capt. Henry Esmond, Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller and David Copperfield.—Richard Harding Davis in the Metropoli-

## LAMB QUIT TAKING SNUFF

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

Hamstead Heath may yet contain a precious relic of Charles Lamb. "One summer's evening," writes Hone, "J was walking on Hampstead Heath with Charles Lamb, and we had 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 stugle 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; I began to be very miserable, was wretched all night; in the morning I was walking on the Bame hill; I saw Charles Lamb below, searching among the bushes; he looked up laughing, and saying, "What, you are come to look for your snuffbox too!"

"'Oh, no,' said I, taking a pinch out of a paper in my waistcoat pocket, 'I went for a halfpenny worth to the first shop that was open."-London Chronicle.

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 man who had broken the window protested that he had no money. "Search him!" shouted some one in the crowd. There were no policemen about, so the wineshop keeper and a few friends took the law into their own hands, searched the man's

pockets and found a £20 note. The crowd advised the wineshop keeper to pay himself well for his broken window. He took £2 to pay for his broken glass, and the unpopular man who had broken it went away with a torn coat and £18 change. The £20 note was a forgery.

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. Bobby listened to this statement in round-eyed wonder, but made no comment. Later he said to his mother: "Mamma, do you know people go sailing in paper boats on Lake

Luzerne? Isn't it awful queer?" "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 Bisam suddenly fell down dead yesterday on being surprised while committing a burg-

The concierge of a house in Vienna when returning to her dwelling found a young man engaged in searching a cupboard with his back toward the door. She shrieked: "What are you doing there?" whereupon the man threw up his hands and fell backward on the floor. A post morten established the fact that death was due to heart failure from fright.-Vienna correspondence London Standard.

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.

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# HOGS ARE SMART ANIMALS

Instance of Their Intelligence Observed by an Easterner Traveling 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, 8e. lected 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 fitty years. Plus IX., at the request of a number of continental journalists, issued a decree on the point. He resommended 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 Annecy, 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 fournalistic 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 Curbstone club the ancient carpenter vouchsafed the following: "It just seems 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 es-

"Fact," continued the ancient carpenter "But I fooled the critters. 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. Our large list includes 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 be 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 Animai That Has Made Plunge and Survived.

The only living thing except the fish that has ever gone over the Shoshone Falls in Idaho and dame through alive is Shep, a red collie belonging to a hotel man in Shoshone. At Shoshone the Snake River plunger into a cavern with less than a foot between the surface of the rushing waters and the roof of jagged rock. Sharp-toothed rocks bristle above the swirling currents, and cruel stones project fromthe slippery sides. 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 22" feet to the abysmal depths below The falls of Shoshone are sixty feet higher than Niagara Falls.

A child pulled Shep's plumy tall 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 cavers, 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 howling for help. Filled with remorse, the dog's owner hastened to his rescue with ropes and a boat, and haif Shoshone attended Shep's triumphal return to his home, where his peritent. 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 awoke my wife."

"What did she do?"

"She accused me, as usual, of having a burglar bug. Said I'd never hear a real burgiar 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 "

"I'll bet that burgiar was a married

Conscientious.

"What is it?"

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 has fly 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 saving: "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.

Seeking 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 desk.

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

vision, earth fastens wings on my As I walk through its aisles I am shrived of weariness, weakness, fear. At the font of a spring am I baptized

song, the sun grants my eyes fresh

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 Craftsman.

Without Ceremony.

More or less ceremony usually attends the laying of a corner stone, but in one case at least it was laid guite 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!"

Harmies 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 plane when company calls."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS 1. Granden len Louisians at dans tour lost Einis du Fuit (Mo mahiloité jaften domaines des avantages expertisantelle Prix de Nanonnoment inc Portalité Catalité Cantilité ne Portalité de Catalité de