

A PRODIGAL FATHER.



MISS KENDALL, sitting in her pleasant room awaiting the call to breakfast, heard a strong, resonant voice say at the door below her window:

"Good - morning, Mrs. Carr; I've come over as formerly to see if I could get some fresh milk."

"Certainly, Mr. Thorp. Come in. And so you are home again?"

"Yes, for a time. I drift this way once in a while."

"Things look about the same here, I suppose?"

"Just the same, Mrs. Carr. I never knew a place to stagnate so effectually as Melford does. People grow old and die, but otherwise there is no change."

"Oh, we have had several new buildings erected since you went away. By the way, where have you been these last four years?"

"Mostly in China. Not a bad country to live in if you don't have to work. Things are very cheap there."

Miss Kendall peeped through the blinds and saw a retreating figure carrying a pitcher. It was a strong-framed man with a resolute, handsome, dark-complexioned face; he was about fifty years of age.

"Who was that gentleman who came here this morning for milk?" she inquired, when seated at the table.

Mr. Carr began to laugh.

"That is our prodigal father; you must have heard us speak of him."

"I think not," returned the summer boarder.

"He is of a restless nature," put in Mrs. Carr. "After a time, like Robinson Crusoe or Sinbad the Sailor, he gets weary of home life and starts off for the antipodes. Hardly a word is heard from him for a year or years, when suddenly he reappears."

"Has he any means?"

"Well, yes, some, but his main dependence is upon his son, who carries on the business he started, and really, I think, supports him in his extravagances."

"And so you call him 'the prodigal'?"

"It's a good name. He certainly is as much one as the hero of the new-testament story."

"I should like to know him," said the lady, thoughtfully, and when her landlady said, "No doubt he will drop in soon to chat with Henry," she added: "I do not mean actually to know him, but his experiences must be entertaining."

Miss Kendall had come to Melford for a month, and, finding the town attractive, the accommodations pleasing, had prolonged her visit into fall—almost to winter. She was 27, intelligent, with an independence of character which had in a certain way prevented her from



I GIVE YOU MY BEST WISHES. finding a congenial mate. She had some means, but not enough to enable her to become a leader of society, even if she had desired to play that role, and as for literature, art or music, neither of these walks had aroused in her the necessary enthusiasm to enable her to reach real mastery, and therefore had never been to her the solace they often became to others. She needed social environments. Her nature sought companionship, sympathy. A friend was more to her than any abstraction, whether ethical or artistic, and the society of the Carrs had gradually become a solace and refreshment after her isolated city life.

That evening she was introduced to the wanderer, who had "called over to learn the news," though in reality it was about his own way of life that the conversation took its course.

"The trouble with a town like this," said Mr. Thorp, in answer to a suggestion from the visitor, "is that there is no intellectual movement. It neither rises above nor falls below a certain line. At the best, however, the average human being is not more intelligent than a dog—and ought not to be if he earns his living."

Miss Kendall looked interested.

"Is not intellect the highest gift of God to man?" she asked.

"Oh, perhaps. It's just as you look at it. You can carry water in a log—for a little way. Generally a man learns just enough to enable him to get a living and keep his body in shape. Most men are only body or bodily organs. Their idea of luxury is a little better food, a little better house, a little finer clothes. Civilization means to carry their body over a few hundred miles. The first day I came home I was told that Frank Brown had built a \$2,000 summer cottage on McBride's point and that another rich man had bought a farm near by and laid it out in house lots. I should have bought a library or pictures if I had been in their place."

"You care for art, then?"

"Not at all. I love landscape, because it seems to me the one thing permanent. Men, civilization, intellect—they are like the transient light of a fluttering candle. Nature is, in comparison, immortal. It seems to me God despises men but loves nature. I

travel, not to see new people, but to be taught how much alike is nature everywhere."

"That is a selfish creed."

"Oh, I think not. In general men struggle against each other, seeking by competition to prolong their own lives at the expense of others. My rule is 'Live and let live'—and as easily as possible."

"And you are never lonely?"

"What can one do if one is? There is my son—an honest, prudent, generous man, but he has no sympathy with my ideas. He thinks ever of what things will cost and whether he will gain money by the business he is engaged in. If I wrote my ideas out and put them in a book and it sold he would have a tremendous respect for me. He and those like him respect only what sells, no matter what it is, good or bad. If it doesn't sell, in their eyes it has no value. Therefore, if I am alone I must put up with it and not complain I never do complain, in fact."

The conversation prolonged itself and was renewed almost daily. Miss Kendall had her own theories of life and Mr. Thorp's agreed with them.

"It's no use," he said. "This life of strained civilization stultifies me. If I had a small fixed income I'd stay abroad always."

"You can live cheaper there?"

"Infinitely. In the first place you care less how you live, or whether your clothes belong to this month's fashion or the last. At home you must do pretty nearly as others do. Away from it you are a law to yourself."

"Oh, how I should like that!" exclaimed Miss Kendall.

"Should you? Well, why not burst your bonds? Your money—you told me you had some—would be a fortune abroad."

"I am a woman. Wherever I am I must do as others do," said Miss Kendall, with some bitterness.

Thorp looked at her thoughtfully.

"Even that obstacle could be got over under certain circumstances," he answered, and said no more.

"Really," said Mrs. Carr one day, "it must be that Thorp thinks you care for his extravagances, for he has never been so companionable at other times when at home. After the first day or two he would rather avoid meeting his old friends. They bored him, he said. But with you he seems to have found his tongue again. His wife, who has been dead these eight years, used to say that he thought it more of an effort to talk commonplace than to do a hard day's work. I don't think he is lazy, but he certainly is one who would never do what he disliked for any motive. I believe he has no sense of duty at all."

"What do you mean by duty?"

"Why, sticking to one thing and working at it to make money. He is smart enough. Why doesn't he buckle down and use his smartness in getting rich? If he didn't want the money himself he could give it away. There are plenty of poor people he could help."

"He says the world is full of worthless human beings asking for alms whom it would be a mercy to shoot or drown. He doesn't believe in charity."

"Yes, I know he says that, unbeliever that he is!"

"It seems to me there is much truth in what he says."

"Indeed! Well, you had better marry him, and see how you get along together."

"He asked me to, but I hesitated till I had obtained your advice. So you think I had better accept him?"

Mrs. Carr sank back in her chair, staring. Then she laughed.

"You will never tame him. He will be a wanderer to the end of his life."

"Why should not I wander with him?"

"Why, indeed? Come, let me confess it, he is a nice man except for his prodigal ways. He has a prudent son, and you have money." Then, after a moment's reflection, "I believe it would not be such a bad match. It is the unexpected that happens, and happiness is a matter of hazard. I give you my best wishes."

A Lucky Catch.

A workman in a mine who had played cricket in his time once saved his life by making a good catch. He was standing at the bottom of a shaft waiting for a bucketful of dynamite sticks that were being lowered to him. The bucket was well on its way down when he saw it strike against some obstacle and turn partly over. Out fell one of the sticks. He watched it falling in a zig-zag course—a messenger of instant death. When it struck the hard bottom there would be a tremendous explosion and a dead miner. But it did not strike the hard bottom. Like a player on the field the workman put up his hands and caught the stick with that easy swing of the arms that cricketers acquire.

Death Taking the Centenarians.

During the year just closed a newspaper tried to keep a record of all people reported to have died in the United States at the age of 100. Two-thirds of these were women, all but four being white women. Of the colored centenarians there were thirteen men. The oldest person to die was a colored man, who was 125. A white man died at St. Louis who had claimed to be 140, but there was no proof that he was over 121. Even at that age, however, he was the oldest white man to die during 1895. The oldest white woman was 120. There were fourteen people whose ages ranged from 110 to 125.

African Ant Hills.

The largest structure on earth, when compared with the size of the builders, is the ant-hill of Africa. Some of these mounds have been observed fifteen feet high and nine feet in diameter. If a human habitation were constructed on the same scale it would be more than seven miles high.

LORD PALMERSTON.

THE JINGO IDEAL THAT HE FASTENED ON ENGLAND.

He Made What He Called Patriotism a Fetish—A Blind, Despotie, Tyrannous Thing—His Popularity with the Masses of the English People.



It will generally be conceded that no English prime minister of this century has enjoyed a more enthusiastic popularity than Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston. In saying this I am not unmindful of the unique prestige of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone's power, however, is built upon a foundation very different from that which bolstered up the fame of the greatest of jingoes. There is a moral austerity in his character, a lofty idealism in his eloquence, a certain philosophy of statesmanship to which, in spite of chance and change, he has been true, that compel a popular esteem and respect which seem scarcely diminished by the general recognition of his marvelous intellectual subtlety. It requires no prophet to foretell the lasting quality of Mr. Gladstone's fame, writes Edward M. Chapman in the Century.

Palmerston's hold upon the people, on the other hand, was due in no small measure to the absence of the very qualities by which Mr. Gladstone is characterized. His moral ideals, so far from being exalted, were common to the last degree. His talents commanded consideration by their quantity rather than their quality. He could lay little claim to eloquence, though his

clothes, it may be pleaded in extenuation that the bathing whigs had no vested right in the garments, while Peel and Palmerston had grown to their size and did hard work in them.

Palmerston's worst enemy never questioned his administrative powers or his devotion to work. In his long terms at the war and foreign offices, as well as during the years when he was prime minister, the amount of efficient labor which he bestowed upon the public service puts him in the front rank of working ministers; while his three years as home secretary served to illustrate both his industry and his versatility. Nor need there be any question that his sympathies, other things being equal, were always on the side of the oppressed, and that he rejoiced to strengthen the guarantees of freedom. But then, other things never were equal. Here lies the great indictment that is to be brought against Lord Palmerston as a foreign minister. He made what he called patriotism a fetish—a blind, despotie, tyrannous thing whose ignorant and imperious demands must be satisfied at once, regardless of all large rules of right and wrong. National aggrandizement, national self-assertion, without account of consequence or the higher demands of justice, were the ends which Palmerston sought to obtain, and national prejudice was the charm with which he conjured.

Voltaire and the Regent.

Voltaire was put in durance vile in his young days and it was not his fault that he did not go to the Bastille directly after he came out. The regent, who rightly judged that it would be better to have young Voltaire for a friend than for an enemy, sent the Marquis de Noce to the Bastille with orders to release the young satirist and bring him safe to the Palais Royal. The order was duly obeyed and, late in the evening, Voltaire and the marquis ar-

WHERE MONEY IS NO OBJECT.

A Paris Restaurant Where Waiters Pay for the Privilege of Working.

A few nights ago in the quaint German cafe of the Waldorf, according to the New York World, Thomas M. Hilliard, Mr. Boldt's manager, who has but recently returned from a trip abroad, said:

"While in Paris I visited the most unique cafe in the world. It is known as the Cafe Cubat, and it is located on the Champs Elysees. The building itself is one of the sweetest little houses in all Paris. It was built, I believe for the favorite of Napoleon II. The lower floor is devoted to the restaurant proper, the upper part being divided into supper rooms.

"The staircase and wainscoting are of onyx and the bathtubs are of solid silver. The proprietor of the place was formerly chef to the emperor of Germany. Instead of confining his attention to the kitchen, as he should, he spends his time in the cafe, helping the waiters.

"I called for a bill of fare when I had seated myself at a table and on examining it I found that while the list of dishes was an extensive one there was no price affixed. My waiter informed me that as the restaurant was patronized exclusively by people to whom money was no object it was deemed unnecessary by the proprietor to have the cost of the wines or viands entered on the menu.

"Laying the card aside, I told the waiter that I wanted him to bring me a soup, a fish, an entree, a roast and a salad, which, in his opinion best represented the cuisine of the establishment. He did as I requested, and the result was the most delightful dinner I ever ate. The soup was a dream of culinary art, the fish was perfection and the entree was fit for the gods.

"When my bill was brought it nearly took my breath away, but I paid

HIS FINGER FULL OF SNAKES.

A Georgia Negro Who Has Queer Attacks of Lunacy.

Will Gates was locked up at police headquarters on a charge of lunacy. He is a frequenter of the prison on that charge, always being released after a short incarceration. Several times he has been tried for lunacy, but always escapes being sent to the asylum.

Will has snakes in his finger ends, according to his imagination. He devoted several hours' time yesterday in pulling the reptiles from the middle finger of his left hand and he declared that plenty more of them were inside.

The result of his work is a swollen hand, necessitating the attention of a doctor last night. He picked a hole in his finger and irritated it so that the member is swollen to double its ordinary size. The negro is in excruciating pain on account of his spell and he spent the most of last night in praying for mercy and cold water.

Gates is a genuine negro of the old type. He hails from near Grantville, and is a celebrity in local lunacy circles. He has probably run the gauntlet of the lunatic cells more than any man of his age in the city, and he is proud of the record, he says. He maintains that some "niggers" accuse him of being crazy "kase de'y don't like me," he says. His greatest trouble is in extracting imaginary snakes from his hand, and it is his work of that kind that usually causes his arrest for lunacy.—Atlanta Constitution.

SHAVED HYPNOTISE THE SHAVERS.

Barbers Require Strong Nerves and Will to Resist Magnetic Influence.

"Did you ever know," said a Ninth street barber yesterday, "that certain men who come into this shop to be shaved exert a queer hypnotic influence over one or more of the barbers? It's a fact. Now, there's a man over there at the next chair but one. He doesn't look like a nervous fellow, does he? No! Well, he isn't nervous as a rule, but there's a certain man-about-town whose very appearance at the door wry sets that man shivering like a man in a fit. He could no more shave that particular customer than fly. Another man who used to work in this shop a couple of years ago was similarly affected, but to a greater degree, by a prominent business man, a Mr. B.—Whenever Mr. B. came into the shop the barber would grow deathly pale and quiver spasmodically. It frequently compelled him to knock off work for an entire day, and finally the boss had to discharge him. Fact! Here's another funny thing. Do you know that the average barber hates nothing so much as to have to shave a man's upper lip? I don't know why it is, but I feel that way myself. I'd rather lose a day's pay than shave off a man's mustache, and when a smooth-faced man comes into this shop you ought to see the way each of us 'soldiers' and 'monkeys' around so as to keep him from getting into our chairs."—Philadelphia Record.

PROBLEMS FOR PROF. RONTGEN

Uses to Which His Photographic Discovery May Well Be Put.

The discovery by Prof. Rontgen that certain rays of the solar spectrum invisible to the eye will penetrate solids, has been made public recently. We are also told that the learned scientist has applied his discoveries to photography, and has succeeded in making satisfactory negatives of the bones of a living man's hand.

An apparatus which will perform this feat fills a long-felt want. It will now be possible to settle definitely whether the heads of certain persons are absolutely void, as might be maintained by inductive argument, or possess a cerebral nucleus or rudimentary brain pith. Among other practical problems within the scope of the new photography is the chronological status of the breakfast egg, the true condition of the early watermelon and the determination of that world-wide uncertainty: Did the baby really swallow the safety-pin?

Pocket cameras may enable enterprising reporters to discover the true inside of a deal, and there would be no help for legislators with boodle in their clothes.

Actresses who pad will have to leave the stage and there is hope that by this beneficent invention even an Englishman will be able to get at the inner mysteries of a joke.—Buffalo Times.

How She Did It.

It was the busy season at a great bank. Long rows of women, some anxious and depressed looking, all of them with an unmistakable air of weariness, were waiting their turn with books to be presented for the semi-annual interest. A pompous and many-buttoned official paced back and forth with a look of determination to keep order or die, on his grim visage.

The woman at the window was a new depositor and there was a longer wait than usual, while she answered all the questions relative to her genealogy and that of her sisters and her cousins and her aunts—information which one must always give to a great bank before it will condescend to receive, and sometimes lose, your money. At last came the fateful question, "What is your age?"

A faint blush stole over the faded cheeks, the antiquated and corkscrew curls quivered with agitation, as she murmured, "I'd rather not tell, please."

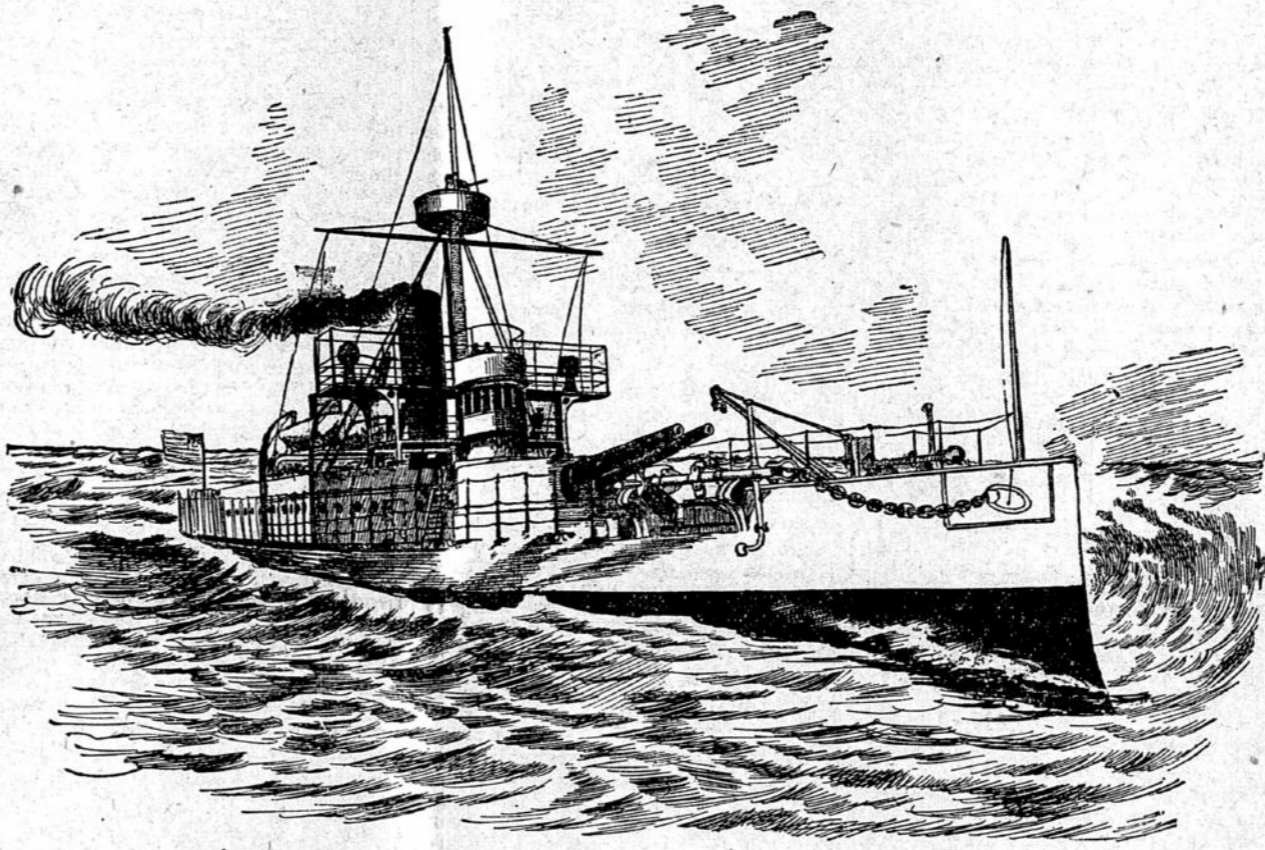
The bank clerk meant business. He had no sympathy with the maiden modesty of the trembling aspirant for financial dignity. "Oh, but you must tell," he replied, somewhat brusquely.

The blushes grew painful, but there was still a loophole of escape. At least all the world should not know her age, and, raising herself on tiptoe so as to bring her face close to the window—for she was short of stature—she said: "May I whisper it, please?" And the woman behind will never know how old she was.—Chicago Tribune.

A Youthful Engineer.

The little town of Spann, in Johnson county, Ga., can probably boast of the youngest engineer in the state. He is Alvin Hanebury, who is only fourteen years of age, and who has been a locomotive engineer for five years. He runs an engine on a train road operated by Garbutt Bros., in connection with their large saw mills. At the age of six Alvin became a fireman and ran on several roads, and at nine took charge of an engine on the road by which he is now employed.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

UNITED STATES NAVY—IRON COAST DEFENSE MONITOR AMPHITRITE.



Speed, 12 knots. Dimensions—Length on water line, 259 feet 6 inches; beam, 55 feet 10 inches; draft, 14 feet 7½ inches; displacement, 3,990 tons; two propellers driven by inclined compound engines—horse power, 1,600; coal capacity, 250 tons. Armor—Sides, 5 to 9 inches; turrets (steel), 7½ inches; barbettes (steel), 11½ inches; flat protective deck, 1¾ inches. Armament—Main battery, four 10-inch breech-loading rifles; two 4-inch rapid fire guns; secondary battery, two 6-pound rapid fire guns, two 3-pound rapid fire

guns, two 37 mm. Hotchkiss revolving cannons, two 1-pound rapid fire guns. Crew—26 officers, 145 men. Built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, Wilmington, Del. Keel laid in 1874. Launched June 7, 1883. Went into commission April 23, 1895.

plain, ungraceful speech had the effectiveness of eloquence at times, and was always pitched upon a popular key. When his official life was in danger it rose upon one or two occasions—notably in the famous parliamentary conflict of 1850—very nearly to the height of greatness. But even the blunt, half-humorous, decided manner had a certain speciousness about it that was characteristic of the man. In his mouth a cant phrase—his famous *Civis Romanus sum* is a case in point—stimulated life so well as to deceive the very elect. He managed to galvanize it into wearing its grave-clothes as jauntily as though they laid been holiday attire.

Mr. Gladstone is credited with saying that the secret of eloquence consists in giving back to one's hearers in drops what one has received from them as spray. If this be Mr. Gladstone's analysis of his own power, we venture to suggest that he does himself injustice. But it serves admirably as a figurative expression of the essence of Lord Palmerston's popularity. He knew his public to perfection. Their national prejudices appealed to him as a man, and upon these prejudices he built his supremacy as a foreign minister. Of course there were not lacking those who saw through all this. Indeed, they represented a very considerable and highly respectable opposition. But Palmerston knew so well what the galleries liked, and played to them with such astuteness and success, that he could almost afford to ignore his critics.

To say this is in no sense to assert that he was without positive convictions, very unusual administrative abilities, or a smattering of disinterested sentiment. A man may possess all these and yet be a little of a demagogue and very much of a bully. Lord Palmerston admirably exemplifies the statement. The fact that he was successively a tory, a disciple of Canning, a Peelite, and a liberal is simply to say that he was a man of generous instincts who made an honest effort to keep pace with the inevitable progress of events. If it be laid to his charge that he aided and abetted Sir Robert Peel on that famous day when the latter "found the whigs bathing and stole their

rived at the regent's court. While they were waiting in the ante-chamber a heavy thunder-storm occurred.

There came a flash of lightning, followed by a peal of thunder so deafening that an awed silence reigned among the courtiers for a few moments. It was broken by Voltaire crying out in a loud voice: "Things could not be worse up there if the heavens were governed by a regent." The Marquis de Noce repeated this remark to the Duc d'Orleans and suggested that Voltaire should be sent back to the Bastille, but the regent only laughed and promised the young wit a pension.

"I am much obliged to your highness," said Voltaire, "for giving me the means to procure food, but I beg of you not to trouble yourself in future about my lodgings."—All the Year Round.

Figure It Out.

Here is an example in arithmetic: with which the schoolboys may keep their wheel turning during the evening: A young man went to a preacher to get married and the preacher asked: How old are you, John? He replied, I am half as old as my father. How old is your father? He is two years older than my mother. My oldest sister is two years older than my youngest sister. My youngest sister is four years older than her brother and my brother is five years older than my young brother. How old are they all together? asked the preacher. The young man replied that five of the children are seventeen years older than his father and mother together. How old is John and each of the children and his father and mother?—Democratic Advocate.

War and Peace.

The militant armaments of modern nations excel those of any previous period in human history; and the very power and effectiveness of the modern engine of war is a powerful factor in assuring peace.—Rev. L. G. Jones.

The Sea's Treasures.

It is computed that there is 800,000,000 pounds sterling worth in gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on the route between England and India.

it cheerfully, as the dinner was worth all it cost. For the same amount, however a party of four could dine sumptuously at the Waldorf. A bottle of wine for which \$15 is charged here cost \$25 there. The hallboy at the door told me that he paid 6 francs a day for the privilege of working in the place, and the waiters 10 francs. The tips received by these worthies from the gilded youth of the capital are said to be the highest paid for any restaurant in the world."

Electric Light on Battlefields.

Special attention is being given by the French military authorities to the questions of succoring the wounded on battlefields when night comes on after a great battle. Experiments have been made with powerful electric arc lights but the apparatus has conditions. At length it has been practically determined that the ambulance corps men shall wear little incandescent glow-lamps in their hats, just like ladies of the ballet in a spectacular extravaganza. Each man is to carry a little primary battery in his pocket for the production of the current. The wounded in need of succor will look out for the little moving lights and if possible drag themselves toward them.—Exchange.

A Smoking Queen.

The queen regent of Spain is a confirmed smoker of cigarettes, and when at work is seldom without one between her lips or in a box near at hand. It is the especial pleasure of "Bubi" (his Catholic majesty King Alfonso XIII.) to light the cigarettes for his mamma. "Carmen Sylva," the queen of Roumania, is also an ardent cigarette smoker. Her royal highness might set the baby king a better example, but he may have a mind of his own and not adopt the vices of his elders. It is quite likely that when little Fonso becomes old enough to reign over a nation he will have no Havana in his.

There Is No Selling Them.

Cumso—Mrs. Darley has presented her husband with twins.

Cawker—Those are duplicate presents which he will have to keep.