

London Bridge, looking gloomily into the black water, when the editor of a newspaper who knew him passed with a hasty nod. He hesitated, looked at him, and came back.

"Oh, Murray," he cried, "you are just the man I want! Can you spare me a couple of hours?"

"I want an article on—on Columbus for to-morrow. Birthday articles. Nothing labor'd—no dead dates. Something light, fanciful—you understand! Go to the office. You'll find paper and pens ready. Send it to my desk. And, oh, by the way, I may not be there in time. We'll settle in advance," thrusting a couple of sovereigns into his hand.

"I wrote the article," said Murray, "and found out long afterward that the birthday of Christopher Columbus did not come for months. From that day success came to me. That man saved my life."

The Unkindest Cut.

George Inness, the landscape painter, was the hero of many an interesting tale, but of none more interesting than this:

Mr. Inness one day dropped into the studio of his son, who was also named George, and himself a painter of distinction. The younger man had just finished a sheep picture on which he somewhat plumed himself. "Ah," said the father, "that's a clever thing, George; it's a good thing! Why, that's a picture to be proud of. You've done yourself credit."

"I'm glad you like it, father."

"Of course I like it. But—er—don't you think the sky is a little too low in tone? Here, let me take your palette a minute." And, seizing the paints and brushes, he went vigorously to work, painting out the sky and putting in light. He stood off and looked at it again. "No, that will hardly do. You haven't light enough on the ground, either. Just dab on some snow. There, that's better. Oh, but you have made those trees too hard. You should have painted them more broadly. That way. And that road; it isn't gray enough. And, really, that sheep doesn't add anything to it. In fact, it rather interferes with the rest of the canvas. Suppose we paint it out? Eh? There!" he exclaimed, after half an hour of rapid work. "How do you like it?"

By this time the picture had been absolutely changed. Young Inness looked at it ruefully. "I confess," said he, "that I don't like it at all."

"Then what in the name of common sense did you paint it for?" demanded the father.

Reminiscences of Dr. Guthrie.

Dr. Guthrie, the eminent Scottish divine, who preached so long and so effectively in Edinburgh, was a man of rare gifts. The following incident which is narrated of him shows that he knew not only how to gain the attention of a large audience, but of the single individual as well. Although his parish was carefully visited by the parochial workers, he was also himself diligent in visiting; and in no field of labor was his tact more apparent than in this work of visitation. He was quite equal to any emergency. For example, one day, when visiting, he came to the door of an Irish papist, who was determined that the doctor should not enter his house. "You cannot come in here," said he; "you're not needed nor wanted." "My friend," said the doctor, "I'm only visiting round my parish to become acquainted with any people and have called on you—only as a parishoner." "It don't matter," said Paddy, "you shan't come in here; and with that, lifting the poker, he said, 'If you come in here I'll knock yer down.' Most men would have retired, or tried to reason; the doctor did

neither; but drawing himself up to his full height, and looking the Irishman fair in the face, he said, "Come now, that's too bad! would you strike a man unarmed? Hand me the tongs, and then we shall be on equal terms." The man looked at him for a little in great amazement, and then said, "Och, sure, yer a quare man for a minister! come inside;" and feeling rather ashamed of his conduct, he laid down the poker. The doctor entered and talked, as he could so well do, in a way both so entertaining and so instructive as to win the admiration of the man; so that when he arose to go Paddy shook his hand warmly, and said, "Be sure, sir, don't pass my door without giving me a call."

A Story of President Lincoln.

Nearly everybody knows that Abraham Lincoln was something of an honest "doubting Thomas." He was a man who, early in life, had severe mental contests regarding the genuineness of the revealed Word. Here is an interesting incident in his life as told by Alice D. Shipman, in the *New York Sun*. The Mr. Speed—Joshua F. Speed—here alluded to was one of Lincoln's most intimate friends, the friendship between them beginning early in life and lasting until the great president's death.

A few months before he died the president asked Mr. Speed to spend the night with him at the soldier's home. The guest arrived just after sunset, and as was his wont, ran up to the president's rooms. There was the president reading a book. As he came nearer in the twilight the visitor was surprised to see his old friend reading the Bible. With the freedom that only a long intimacy could give, Mr. Speed said: "I am glad to see you so profitably engaged."

"Yes," answered Lincoln, looking up seriously, "I am profitably engaged."

"Well," said Speed, somewhat sadly, "if you have recovered from your scepticism, I am sorry to say that I have not."

The president for a moment looked him earnestly in the face; then, placing his hand gently on the doubter's shoulder, said, with unusual solemnity, as if for the moment the premonition flitted across his mind that these might be the last important words he should speak to his friend:

"You are wrong, Speed; take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the rest on faith, and you will, I am sure, live and die a happier and a better man."

Presence of Mind.

Dr. Siddals, a well-known London physician, during his vacation a few years ago was fishing one evening in a Scotch loch when a man approached, caught him by the shoulders, and shook him violently. A glance told the doctor that the man was insane. He was a huge fellow; the doctor was small and possessed of little physical strength. No one was in sight.

"What are you going to do?" asked the doctor, calmly.

"Throw you into that water!" shouted the man.

"Certainly," said the doctor; but I'll have to go home and put on a dress suit. Dead men always wear evening dress."

The madman stopped, looked at him doubtfully, and said: "So they do. Make haste, I'll wait."

Doctor Siddals walked slowly up the bank, and then ran for his life. It requires calmness and courage of a rare quality to cope with the vagaries of a disordered brain. Molière, the great French dramatist, was ill, and had retired to his villa at Auteuil for rest and quiet. One day Boileau, Lulli, and another friend came to visit him. Monsieur La Chapelle died the honors for Molière. By the time supper was over, the guests were in so exalted a state that they resolved to set an example to France by dying philo-

sophically together, to prove their contempt of the world. They determined to drown themselves in the Seine, but first went to bid their host an eternal farewell.

Molière cast a hasty glance at the flushed faces around his bed. "But you have forgotten me!" he cried. "I, too, must share in this glorious act!"

"True, true!" they shouted. "He is our brother! He shall die with us. Come on!"

"Not to-night," said Molière, calmly, "or France will say we were ashamed of the deed. Wait until morning, and then if we die, nobody can doubt our motives."

They consented, and crept away to bed. When they rose sober in the morning not one of them spoke of suicide.

A Gratified Court.

In the *New York Times* a physician relates an incident showing the innate kindness and good feeling of the Japanese. It happened while a United States transport, returning from Manila, was lying in a Japanese port.

"Some of the soldiers, got leave, hired bicycles, and went riding," said the doctor. "One of them, while coasting down hill, ran over a man. They promptly arrested him, and he was taken before a magistrate."

"We all went up from the transport to see how things went with him. The magistrate heard the case and fined him five dollars for running over a blind man."

"What!" said the soldier, "was the man blind? Here, give him twenty dollars, and he pulled out a twenty-dollar gold-piece, and handed it to the magistrate."

"And what do you think they did? They were so pleased that they remitted the fine, or would have done so, only the soldier would not take it back, but insisted on its being given to the blind man, and they gave him a diploma setting forth what he had done."

One of Lawton's Stories.

General Lawton never wearied of telling the following story, illustrative of the irreplaceable good nature of the negro soldier:

The night of the El Cieney affair, when my division was marching back to El Poso to take up a new position the next morning, I was sitting with Major G. Creighton Webb, inspector-general of my staff, and one of the pluckiest men I knew, at the side of the road. My men were filing past and we watched them. They were tired out, but full of ginger. The day was just beginning to dawn when we heard some one coming down the road, talking at the top of his lungs. He talked and laughed and laughed and talked, and the men with him were chattering and joking.

"Here come the colored troops," said Webb, and sure enough the Twenty-fifth Infantry came along. The man who was doing the talking was a six-foot corporal. He carried two guns and two cartridge belts loaded full, and the man to whom the extra gun and belt belonged was limping alongside him. The tall corporal was weighted down with his blankets and haversack, but in his arms he carried a dog, the mascot of his company.

"Here, corporal," said Webb, "didn't you march all last night?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, trying to salute.

"And didn't you fight all day?"

"Sure, sir."

"And haven't you been marching ever since ten o'clock to-night?"

"Well, sir," said the corporal.

"Well, then," shouted Webb, "what in the mischief are you carrying the dog for?"

"Why, boss, the dog's tired," was the reply.

Webb just rolled over in the dirt and laughed and cried like a boy.