

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## A MAN AND A MOB.

**The Way Lyon Playfair Handled the Lancashire Strikers.**  
During the great labor riots in Lancashire about the middle of the last century the ready resources of Lyon Playfair saved one of the only two mills which remained open at the time. The government was anxious that these two should continue in action, and supplied the workmen engaged with muskets. But a great force of strikers advanced upon one of the two, and it was obvious that the day was lost. The mob meant to wreck the place. Playfair, who was a friend of the owner, appeared in haste among them, keeping the proprietor out of sight. He put the case frankly to the strikers. The gates of the mill were closed, but the numbers of the strikers made them irresistible; hence it was of no use their all going in and wrecking the place. Let a few of them enter the premises, remove the plugs from the boilers, and then without damage to the works, secure their stoppage. Even a disorderly mob, bravely met by a man of courage and tact, will listen. So did this one. Playfair's proposition seemed fair, but might not treachery be behind it?  
He immediately put their doubts at rest by offering himself as hostage. He would accompany the deputation while the others kept guard over the works. The men agreed, and Playfair strove with the men chosen. Together they went to the boilers and withdrew the plugs. This stopped the works, but did no other damage. While thus engaged Playfair was able to listen to the story of the leaders, and found many of their demands most reasonable and such that he favored it. It was possible readily to concede them. The little party returned from their innocent wrecking and found the mob honorably preserving order. The strikers gave them a couple of sovereigns with which the buy food, and they returned him three times three in cheers. They remained only one other mill to close, that at Clitheroe, and upon this the strikers now marched. Again they were thwarted, but this time not by pacific means, but by the might of the military.

## SUPERSTITIOUS.

General Grant believed in dreams. Nelson, the English naval hero, always carried a horseshoe with him into battle.  
Von Moltke, the hardy old German general, would never begin a battle on a Friday.  
Prince Bismarck of Germany would never sit down to a dinner with this feat at the table.  
President Davis of the Confederacy believed that the presence of children brought him luck.  
James G. Blaine would never turn back to re-enter his home even if he had forgotten something.  
The father of Nicholas II. of Russia guided his actions by the advice of an American spirit medium.  
Admiral Farragut says he used to be guided by a still, small voice which told him what to do in battles.  
A certain colored gentleman recently saluted a large colored lady of the Amazonian type in the following language: "Yuh lookin' mighty fascinatin' this evenin', Sal."  
Sal hauled off and knocked him down. Then, looking him out of an inclination to get up, she said, "Now, yuh jest lay that 'til I got an' find out what dat word 'fascinatin'' means."  
Next day the aforesaid colored gentleman presented the said Sal with a copy of Webster's Dictionary, saying, "I might want ter salute yuh ag'in, so jes please look up the meaning of some of these heah complimentation terms."  
Sal promptly refused to accept the present upon the ground that one would have to know the word in order to look it up.  
Gowns From the Undertaker's.  
"You'll be astonished when I tell you," said a man who knows, "but it's a fact that dressmakers sometimes send to a fashionable undertaker for a gown when they have a hurry order. There was a time when undertakers carried only shrouds in stock, but in this age of luxury the big concern have a line of what are known in the trade as 'ladies' fine burial dresses.' Such materials as silk, tulle, pongee, faille and chiffon taffeta are used for these dresses, and they are made in the prevailing style. The dressmakers know this, and if they can't find what they want in one of the regular shops, they don't hesitate to call on the undertaker."  
As He Viewed It.  
Stranger (in small town)—I saw by the papers that a boy lives here who was born with no legs and no arms. I am a dime museum manager, and I should like to find him.  
Citizen—No use hunting him up. His parents won't exhibit him.  
"They won't? Well, it beats all what blessings fall to folks as can't appreciate 'em."  
Never Touched Him.  
Nodd—Would you mind returning the book you borrowed of me last year?  
Todd—Some oop borrowed it of me and hasn't returned it yet. Did you ever see anything like the way some people act about a thing like that? They have no sense of honor.—Life.

## ABOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

**Life Largely Made Up of Scrubbings, Regulations and Inspections.**  
The day's programme aboard a man-of-war is calculated to make the boy who wants to run away to sea sit up and think twice. It varies somewhat according as the ship is in port or at sea and under different circumstances, but in any case, from 5 o'clock in the morning till 7:30 at night, it is a rather strenuous round of scrubbings and drills. The recruit realizes very soon that the expression "shipshape" means a good deal.  
Starting the morning is a tremendous cleaning time, called "field day," which is followed by a half holiday in the afternoon, and on Sunday morning the captain himself inspects his ship from keel to truck. The marine band is stationed just below on the hurricane deck, and the bluejackets stand on the port side of the quarter deck and the marines on the starboard, all ready for inspection.  
But they don't get scrubbings, regulations and inspections. On the larger ships the government furnishes athletic supplies, and each man-of-war has her champion boxer and baseball and football teams. These teams are managed or supervised, at least, by officers, and many an ensign or lieutenant who has won his "xy" at the Naval academy plays shoulder to shoulder with his bluejackets. Such familiarity would have scandalized old Commodore Peter beyond words.—St. Nicholas.

## A PARASITE CREEPER.

**New Zealand's Vegetable Caterpillar is a Most Peculiar Plant.**  
The most extraordinary object I have ever seen is the New Zealand vegetable caterpillar. The caterpillar is a parasite creeper which first destroys its forest host and then craves it to death and, usurping its skeleton, becomes a tree itself. If the caterpillar is dug up it is found to be springing not from a seed, but from the head of a perfectly formed caterpillar.  
It is supposed by some that the caterpillar, which on dissection proves to be internally the exact counterpart of its living insect relative, swallows the tiny rata seed while living and, burrowing into the ground, becomes, instead of a caterpillar, the germinating form of the seed, which by some agency turns its unfortunate foster mother into wood.  
Others, however, contend the caterpillar itself is produced by the rata, urging in support of their theory that to be internally the exact counterpart of its living insect relative, swallows the tiny rata seed while living and, burrowing into the ground, becomes, instead of a caterpillar, the germinating form of the seed, which by some agency turns its unfortunate foster mother into wood.

The Elevator Eyes.  
One of the greatest hardships suffered by men who run elevators in the tall office buildings downtown is the bad eyes that come from their eyes. The cars are run at a high rate of speed, and as the men have to look straight ahead of them most of the time, their eyes soon feel the strain of the constant motion.  
"I've worked in the subway," remarked one of these elevator men, "and I thought that was pretty bad, but it isn't a patch to the way my eyes feel after a day's work in these cars. If you ever run across an elevator man who seems unusually bad tempered toward the close of the business day, just look at his eyes and you will be apt to forgive him. They generally show the strain that has been put on them for eight or ten hours."

As Exemplified.  
A learned professor was dining with the Dilz and the table was set with the best wine that Mrs. Dilz's china closet afforded. The guest was particularly interested in the display and admired it greatly. Picking up the plate in front of him and noting the stamp of the manufacturer on the bottom of it, he remarked:  
"I presume you know that china, or the art of making it, was discovered by accident?"  
Just then there was heard in the kitchen, where the maid was busily at work, a loud crash.  
"Yes," answered Mrs. Dilz, with a pained smile, "and most of it is broken in the same way."

Wigs and Fans.  
"There is one thing I want to warn you about," said the wisemaker to the man who was buying his first wig, "and that is the electric fan. Whenever you see an electric fan in motion give it a wide berth. If you don't it is apt to embarrass you. Electric fans and wigs are deadly enemies. Nothing outside of an Indian and a tomahawk will hit a wig from the wearer's head quicker than an electric fan in motion."  
A Fair Tale.  
Dear little Maude awoke about 2 o'clock the other morning and asked mamma to tell her a fairy tale.  
"It's too late, darling," mamma replied. "Daddy will be in shortly, and he'll tell us both one."

Our Language.  
"He's the coming man."  
"Yes; he's one of the best fellows going."  
The great republic shall live as long as the poorest citizen freely expresses his personal and political opinion, and no longer.—Baltimore American.

## Behind the Choir Curtain

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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There had been an immense amount of irreverence in the choir before the new soprano came. The tenor and the contralto and the bass and the old soprano had flirted from the opening anthem to the benediction, and as they were hidden from the congregation by a green baize curtain had been no scandal, although certain members of the session had complained of weird sounds that had seemed to echo from the organ loft and die in the steeple.

With the advent of the new soprano, however, came a different state of affairs. Both the tenor and the old soprano had flirted from the opening anthem to the benediction, and as they were hidden from the congregation by a green baize curtain had been no scandal, although certain members of the session had complained of weird sounds that had seemed to echo from the organ loft and die in the steeple.

"Oh, she's too good to be true," the bass told the tenor as they went home together one Sunday in May.  
"She is perfect," the tenor declared fervently. "We are a lot of sinners, and she has come among us like a life-saint to make us ashamed of ourselves."  
It was discovered after three weeks that the bass had given up smoking.

"I have helped me to find it out," said the bass and squeezed her hand under the hymn book.  
"And under the hymn book of the soprano the hands of the two young lovers met."  
"The beautiful part is that you told me in church," said the soprano, with her blue eyes lighted with divine fire.  
"Yes, that is the beautiful part," said the tenor, with a radiant smile, "and the contralto and the bass, he kissed her beneath the green baize curtain."

A Plea For Enlisting.  
No man will look carefully into the work of the army or of the navy who fails to realize that a career in either branch of our military service is one to which any man may give himself with the fullest devotion and the highest ideals. Americans, whether as officer or enlisted man, he enters a great school, at the end of three years in possession of the fundaments of a practical education, and the elements of an education. An enlisted man who enters a regiment of the army, barely able to read and write, comes out, if he be a man of ambition and industry, at the end of three years in possession of the fundaments of a practical education, and the elements of an education.

The Size of the Sea Horse.  
The popular mistaken idea as to the size of the sea horse is a constant source of amusement to the guards at the aquarium. According to them, visitors, after looking at the big sea cow and peering into the tank where the turtles lead a placid life, next begin to hunt around among the inhabitants of the big floor tanks to find the sea horse. They revert to the placards and carefully reinspect all the occupants of the big tanks; then, falling to discover any immense fish which closely resembles a horse, they turn to a guard as a last resort. When they are directed to one of the smaller tanks upstairs and when they learn that this supposed monster of the deep never attains a size of more than ten inches they are amazed enough. The specimens of the sea horse at the aquarium are much below the maximum size, and when seen clinging by their curious prehensile tails to the different objects in the tank look more like little chameleons than anything else.—New York Sun.

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The soprano invited them in, and her father and mother sitting in a big chair, and they had tea and muffins served by the angelic hands of the soprano, who seemed more desirable than ever in this setting of domesticity.  
"We might as well meet it like men," the bass told the tenor as they went home afterward. "We both love her, and if we are ever going to get a chance to ask her one of us will have to stay away next Sunday night, and the other one can take her home."  
"Well," the tenor agreed, "but how shall we decide who will take her?"  
"I'll toss a nickel," said the bass. "Heads I win." And he forthwith flipped one, and it turned up tails.  
"Just my luck," said the bass gloomily, "but if you have the good looks I have the brains, and I shall know how to plead my case when the time comes."  
The tenor was jubilant.  
"I shall have first chance," he said.  
When he talked to the contralto on Sunday morning the bass was not satisfied. The tenor is young and handsome, and I won't be in it."  
The contralto comforted him.  
"If I had the choosing I should pick you," she said, and she looked at her. She had on her new summer hat, and her hair was prettily brown where it had grown out, and there was about her an effect of youth and jauntyness that belied her forty years.  
"But your hair was prettily brown where it had grown out, and there was about her an effect of youth and jauntyness that belied her forty years."  
"You are always my good friend," he said and squeezed her hand over the hymn book to rise to a duet with the tenor.  
In the solo part the tenor's voice rang out with such a note of triumph that the soprano caught her breath as she heard it. It was as if he sang, "I love, love, love" and yet the words were sacred. Within the breast of the little soprano something new stirred, something that was touched with the breath of divinity, so that it seemed no sacrifice for her to think of it in church.  
"How beautifully he sings!" she said to the contralto, and the contralto agreed, "Yes, dear," but her eyes were fixed on the tenor, who now took up the bass.  
When the tenor sat down, the soprano whispered in the shelter of the curtain, "How beautiful he sings!"  
"And the tenor said, 'I sang to you,' and between them flashed a glance that made the bass groan, and he murmured to the contralto, "The game is up. I have lost. They are talking love in church."  
"It's a good place as any," said the contralto. "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." She wiped her eyes as she said it, and the bass, who had been waiting for her to say that, said, "Do you really think that young love is as steadfast as the love of old friends?"  
"I have just found that out," said the bass and squeezed her hand under the hymn book.  
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"It's a good place as any," said the contralto. "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." She wiped her eyes as she said it, and the bass, who had been waiting for her to say that, said, "Do you really think that young love is as steadfast as the love of old friends?"  
"I have just found that out," said the bass and squeezed her hand under the hymn book.  
"And under the hymn book of the soprano the hands of the two young lovers met."  
"The beautiful part is that you told me in church," said the soprano, with her blue eyes lighted with divine fire.  
"Yes, that is the beautiful part," said the tenor, with a radiant smile, "and the contralto and the bass, he kissed her beneath the green baize curtain."

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The soprano invited them in, and her father and mother sitting in a big chair, and they had tea and muffins served by the angelic hands of the soprano, who seemed more desirable than ever in this setting of domesticity.  
"We might as well meet it like men," the bass told the tenor as they went home afterward. "We both love her, and if we are ever going to get a chance to ask her one of us will have to stay away next Sunday night, and the other one can take her home."  
"Well," the tenor agreed, "but how shall we decide who will take her?"  
"I'll toss a nickel," said the bass. "Heads I win." And he forthwith flipped one, and it turned up tails.  
"Just my luck," said the bass gloomily, "but if you have the good looks I have the brains, and I shall know how to plead my case when the time comes."  
The tenor was jubilant.  
"I shall have first chance," he said.  
When he talked to the contralto on Sunday morning the bass was not satisfied. The tenor is young and handsome, and I won't be in it."  
The contralto comforted him.  
"If I had the choosing I should pick you," she said, and she looked at her. She had on her new summer hat, and her hair was prettily brown where it had grown out, and there was about her an effect of youth and jauntyness that belied her forty years.  
"But your hair was prettily brown where it had grown out, and there was about her an effect of youth and jauntyness that belied her forty years."  
"You are always my good friend," he said and squeezed her hand over the hymn book to rise to a duet with the tenor.  
In the solo part the tenor's voice rang out with such a note of triumph that the soprano caught her breath as she heard it. It was as if he sang, "I love, love, love" and yet the words were sacred. Within the breast of the little soprano something new stirred, something that was touched with the breath of divinity, so that it seemed no sacrifice for her to think of it in church.  
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