

EXCHANGED THE OVERCOATS

Changed Fixtures of Their Respective Owners.

The Mistake of a Garçon in a Cafe But an Honest Man Within Power of a Shyster Who Oppressed Him.

An accidental exchange of overcoats at a local restaurant one evening recently recalled a queer story to the old lawyer who was dining at the other side of the room. "One evening in the early seventies," he said, "a garçon hurrying through a crowded cafe not very far from here knocked down two hats that had been hanging above a couple of overcoats on a wall rack. He picked them up and restored them to the pegs and by that simple act condemned a very estimable gentleman to four years of acute mental torment and started another individual, considerably less estimable, on a road that led eventually to a suicide's grave. The funny part about it was that the garçon didn't know either man from Adam's house cat. If he had been told later on of the trouble he caused, he would probably have had a stroke of apoplexy. I remember being told that he was rather fat.

"I am something of a student of causation," continued the old lawyer, "and I have frequently amused myself by tracing out the extraordinary consequences of some apparently trivial incident. It is nearly always the shifting of a pebble that brings down the avalanches of social life, and in this case—but I will briefly sketch the facts, and you may draw your own conclusions.

"The fat garçon, as a matter of course, hung the hats over the wrong garments, and a few minutes afterwards a young fellow who had just finished his dinner got up and walked off with another man's overcoat. By an odd coincidence it was so much like his own that he wore it for a week without discovering the change. Then one day he felt in the inside pocket and pulled out several letters that were strange to him. I think I could repeat their contents even now from memory, but there are professional reasons why I cannot be very explicit. Suffice it to say that they put him in possession of certain facts, partly of a commercial and partly of a personal nature, that spelled absolutely ruin for the man whom they concerned.

"As I have already hinted, the young person who stumbled into this information was not a very estimable character, but he had plenty of nerve and shrewdness, and he began at once to plan how he could turn his discovery into cash. Meanwhile the other fellow, who was a quiet, middle aged business man, had failed to observe that he was wearing somebody else's coat. I may say right here that he never found it out and died in ignorance of a fact that might have saved him an infinite deal of worry.

"The young man with the incriminating letter was afraid to act personally, because he was in rather a ticklish position himself, owing to numerous shady transactions in the past, and his victim might easily have turned the tables upon him. So he made a tool of a miserable old drunkard, who had once been a lawyer, and they proceeded to put on the screws. The business man had missed the letters, of course, but he hadn't the faintest idea of how he had lost them and imagined that they had been stolen out of his coat at his office, and that theory, by the way, resulted in the abrupt discharge of several entirely innocent and unsuspecting employes.

"When the ex-shyster approached him, he promptly flew into a panic and paid the first installment of blackmail almost without a protest. What followed was somewhat commonplace," said the old lawyer musingly, "and I will merely skeletonize it. In a year or so the ex-shyster succumbed to prosperity, complicated with jimjams, and the man with the letters had to get a new catspaw. He picked up a queer looking character who had been a sort of house doctor and all around fakir. This fellow knew nothing of the facts, but merely acted as a go between and used to appear at intervals with a card on which a certain amount would be scribbled in pencil.

"It seems incredible, but this went on for three solid years. Then one day the victim got desperate and did what he should have done at first. He came over to my office and made a clean breast of the whole affair. I took the bull by the horns. To begin with, I quietly got out a warrant for the fake veterinary, and when he appeared I gave him 30 seconds to furnish the name of his principal. That secured, I swore out a second warrant and went after the young man myself.

"I want those documents," I said, "and also your signature to this confession." He blustered a good deal, but my bluff was the stronger, and inside of 15 minutes I had what I came after. He told me he had found the letters on the floor of the postoffice, and I let it go at that. But I warned him that any

The Old Home Paper.

Noting the fact that many country bred men in the large cities take the local paper in their old home, the Philadelphia Record says: "The head of a large Market street wholesale business house, a man now advanced in years, has been a regular subscriber to one of the Bucks county papers for 50 years. 'He wouldn't give it up for anything,' said this man's son. 'He gets more real enjoyment from it than from anything he reads. A daily edition has been started within the last ten years, but he doesn't want that. He only gets the weekly edition, which prints gossip of a personal nature from the various towns throughout the country. He will pore over this by the hour, and his comments on the various items of news are often amusing. Scarcely a name is mentioned that he doesn't say, 'Why, I need to go to school with his father,' or 'I once licked his Uncle Jim for tying my clothes up when we used to go swimming in the Neshaunty.'"

The Car of Juggernaut.

Probably the grim story of the car of Juggernaut was brought home by the first European traveler who went to India. It has, at any rate, set the fashion for many later travelers, and no myth ever had a more successful career. Until recently the best informed writers of all countries have used Juggernaut and his victims as a stock figure, while every book about India has helped the tale along more or less. As a matter of fact it is nothing but a traveler's tale.

Juggernaut Puri is a town in the Indian province of Orissa and contains a temple which is visited by thousands of pilgrims yearly—the temple of Juggernaut or Juggernaut. The god's name is a corruption of the Sanskrit Jagannatha, meaning 'lord of the world.' According to an old Hindu legend, a certain rajah sent a learned Brahman out into the world to find a place suitable for building a city. When the wise man reached the present site of Juggernaut Puri, he saw a crowd dive into the ocean, wash its body and make obeisance to the water god. Luckily enough, the Brahman knew the crowd language, so when the bird had finished his worship he approached him and struck up a conversation. The crowd told the Brahman that if he would stay at this part of the coast the wonders of the place, whatever they were, would be taught him. Full of his news, the Brahman rushed to the rajah, and the latter built a city and a temple upon the spot. Eleven hundred and ninety-eight A. D. is the date of its building.

One night the rajah had a dream in which he heard a voice saying: "On a certain day cast thine eyes upon the ocean, and thou wilt see arise out of the waters a piece of wood 52 inches long and 1 1/2 cubits broad. Take it up, keep it hidden in thy house seven days and then, whatever shape it shall assume, place it in the temple and worship it." Another legend says that Viswakarma, who was a sort of carpenter in chief to the Hindu gods, fashioned it into the present idol of Juggernaut.

Every year this god is placed upon a large car and dragged to his summer quarters. This ceremony is called the car festival and doubtless gave rise to the stories of brown folk throwing themselves beneath the vehicle's wheels. In 1881 Dr. W. W. Hunter investigated the myth while compiling a gazetteer of India, and upon going over records dating from 1580 to 1870 he found nothing to indicate that any human beings had ever sacrificed themselves. Such worship is opposed by Juggernaut's teachings, so it is likely that the whole story arose from a few instances of persons being accidentally crushed in the crowds of pilgrims who come to the car festival.—Chicago Record.

Ready to Compromise.

A very small pile of coal lay on the sidewalk in front of a house on A street southeast. A correspondingly small son of Ham was sauntering along and, seeing it, scented a job. He rang the doorbell.

"Am dat yo' all's coal?" he asked the lady at the door.

"Yes."

"Want it toted in?"

"Yes."

"Kain't I git de job?"

"Why, you're pretty small, and then you might charge too much. You might ask more than I could pay."

"How much is yo' got?" asked the small man of business. "Kin yo' raise a dollar?"

"Oh, my goodness, no!"

"Seventy-five cents?"

"No; run along and don't bother me." And she started to close the door.

"Mebbe so yo'll gib so cents."

"No, no; run along."

"I reckons yo' all ain't got er quah'ah?"

"No."

"Ner a dime?"

"No, not even a dime," replied the woman, beginning to laugh.

"Well, how much is yo' got?" questioned Ham, showing his fangs. "I sut'nly does want er git de job."

"I've got just a nickel."

"Well, I'm jus' a-lookin fer nickel jobs." And he straightway began.—Ex.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel. Ladies and gents' shoulder braces. Cribbs & Rogers.

A Dangerous Square.

There is said to be no equal in the world to the grand and imposing square of Paris, the Place de la Concorde. On one side of it is the Tuilleries, on the opposite side the Champs Elysees and on a third the river Seine. In the center stands the obelisk of Luxor, a magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite, 74 feet high and weighing 500,000 pounds. This obelisk was one of two of the same shape and size, erected in 1350 B. C., by Rameses the Great at the entrance of the temple of Thebes. Mohammed Ali, pasha of Egypt, presented it to the French government, and in 1836 it was removed to its present position in the Place de la Concorde. The removal and erection on the new site required an outlay of \$80,000 and the employment of 800 men, the obelisk being transported to France in a vessel built especially for the purpose. The Place de la Concorde is rich in historic interest. It was there that the guillotine was erected in the "reign of terror," after the death of Louis XVI, and it was there that the signal was given for the attack on the Bastille in 1789. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were beheaded there in 1793, and it was the scene of great rejoicing in 1848, when France was proclaimed a republic. The Place de la Concorde has also been termed the Place-Louis XV and Place de la Revolution.

Rattlesnake Poison.

"Years ago, when I was a boy at home," said a southern man, "an uncle of mine, who lived near Montgomery, was out on his plantation one day when he saw an enormous rattlesnake stretched in a furrow of a cotton field. He seized a hoe lying near by and made a pass at the monster. At the same time it struck out at him and broke off one of its fangs on the edge of the hoe blade. My uncle disengaged the snake and then picked up the fang and brought it to the house as a curiosity. It was sharp as a needle, and a faint yellow stain at the tip showed where some of the virus had exuded.

"The bit of bone lay for at least three or four years in an ebony box on my uncle's writing table in his study, when one day a stupid negro servant girl, not knowing what it was, used it to extract a splinter from her thumb. In less than an hour her whole lower arm was swollen, and she exhibited all the characteristic symptoms of snake poison.

"My uncle had studied medicine and by prompt measures saved the girl's life, but for some mysterious reason gangrene subsequently appeared in her arm, and amputation was necessary. My uncle lost no time in burning his murderous relic."

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