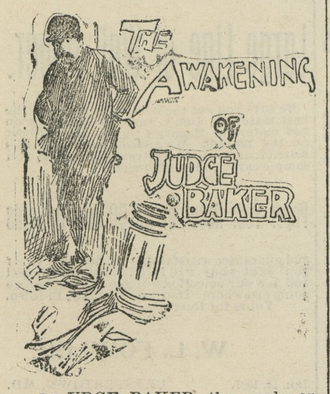
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

No matter how much you endeavor
To study the moods of the throng,
You will find that your efforts, forever,
With many are sure to go wrong.
You can't expect plaudits to thunder
From all of the people at once;
For some will declare you're a wonder
And others will say you're a dunce

When the carpers at last have you worried
And lead you to alter your gait,
You presently find you have hurried
Into a quite similar fate.
And the world will as usual rate you—
Part hero and likewise part fraud;
The men who applauded will hate you
And the men who once kicked will applaud.



JUDGE BAKER, the newly appointed Judge of the United States Court of a Western judicial district, was on his way to Chicago to attend a banquet given in his honor by the Legal Light Club, and his whole appearance radiated satisfaction with himself and all the world. He had attained the height of his political ambition, was recently married to the woman of his choice, and enjoyed life in the beautiful home he had planned and built. His health and temper were uniformly good, and what more of fortune's favors could he reasonably expect? The Judge was both contented and grateful.

Yet that very morning he had received an anonymous letter threatening his life. He knew it was from the "pal" of a criminal he had sent to the penitentiary, and it did not cause him a moment of anxiety, but he had left his wife in tears. She had bought him a silver-mounted revolver, and begged him to go armed. And he had laughed at her fears and refused to carry the weapon.

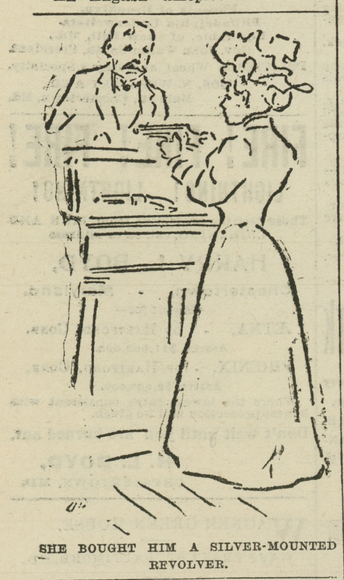
"You would make me a lawbreaker, Myrtle," he had said, by causing me to carry concealed weapons. I am used to threats and am not afraid of them. Those fellows know that they are guilty and deserve all that they get, and they know, too, that I am too old a bird to be caught napping, and not one of them dares to look me in the eye. They can only bluster and threaten at a safe distance by mail. Besides, if I am to be marked for sacrifice I will fall in the track of duty."

So Judge Baker carried with him on his trip neither weapons nor worries. He threw off every care and was as genial at heart as he was in appearance. As he was speeding along on the Omaha express he gave himself up to the prospect of freedom and of enjoyment of the next few days. So absorbed was he in his own pleasing thoughts that the man who was sharing his seat between sections had asked him for the correct time twice before he knew that he was addressed. Then the Judge pulled out the massive gold watch, which was a present from admiring political friends and had the miniature of a beautiful woman—his wife—painted on the inside of the cover.

"Ten minutes slow, am I? That accounts for my being late at the station. Are you sure"—he compared his watch with the other man's—"do we lose time going east or gain it?"

"That depends on how far west you live or have traveled. Omaha? There is no difference in the time between Omaha and Chicago. My watch is eccentric and I cannot depend upon it, but I can guess within three minutes either way of the right time."

"An English timepiece?" said the



SHE BOUGHT HIM A SILVER-MOUNTED REVOLVER.

Judge, looking at the watch curiously. "Where have I seen that watch before. It resembles one that belonged to my grandfather. The old gentleman left it to me. Permit me?"

The Judge held out his hand, intending to take the watch for inspection, but his request was evidently not heard, as the owner of the timepiece returned it to his pocket in a peremptory fashion.

"I wonder if he takes me for a 'con' man?" thought the Judge humorously; then, as his seat mate was not talkative, he leaned his head against the cushions and cogitated on the speech he would make in answer to the toast to which he would be asked to respond. He had reached the point where he would fervidly address the brilliant assemblage as "My honored colleagues of the bar," when he felt a touch on his arm and was suddenly addressed by his companion.

"Observe those two men across the aisle! Shameful! Shameful! That boy in a cadet's uniform is being confidenced by that man who has his back turned to us. I have been watching the fellow and am satisfied that he is playing some kind of a skin game on the boy. Hear that?"

The cadet was pleading in a youthful, passionate voice for the return of some object which the man talking to him held in his hand, and which was effectually concealed from observation by his position.

"Give it back, I tell you," whimpered the cadet; "I don't mind losing the money, but give back my mother's watch; you card sharp, you thief!"

"Where is the conductor? Will no one save that poor boy's watch?" demanded the man sitting with the Judge,



"TEN MINUTES SLOW."

who had no wish to get into any injudicial scrimmage, and was annoyed to find himself in a too familiar criminal element out of business hours.

Another cry from the boy determined the Judge's fellow passenger to take part in the affair. The express was slowing up for a station, and the man who had the cadet's watch in his hand, the chain dangling from his fingers, made a rush for the door, pursued by the cadet bawling "Stop thief!" and close in pursuit, flourishing a revolver, followed the interested passenger who had drawn the Judge's attention to the outrage.

"Stop, thief! Stop, thief!" he shouted, as he ran; "stop, or I'll fill you with lead! You shall not rob that boy of his mother's watch. Give it back to him or I'll fire."

Through the pandemonium which followed the Judge never moved from his seat. Indeed, the whole transaction was over in a flash light, and the passengers who had ducked their heads had not lifted them when the train was moving away from the station. No report of a revolver had sounded, and the indignant passenger had not returned when the conductor walked through the car. He was besieged by questions.

"Did the boy get his watch?"

"Is there any danger of being murdered?"

"Why do you allow such a thing to happen?"

"Did the man with the revolver shoot?"

This last question the conductor answered. "No, he didn't shoot. He didn't intend to shoot. It was all a game of bluff."

"What do you mean?" asked the Judge, sitting upright and beginning to look interested. "You don't suspect that he was one of the gang?"

"That's just what, Judge Baker," answered the conductor, who was a fellow townsman of the Judge. "I would have given you the wink, but I was sure that you knew the fellow who was sitting with you. Why, Judge, you gave him ten years for robbery and he stole a watch from your own pocket. Remember that? He'd be doing time yet, but he got free through some political hocus-pocus. He knew you all right. And the cadet was a stool-pigeon."

"Why didn't you put them off the train?" asked the Judge, severely.

"Couldn't until we stopped at a station. I was hunting for a policeman in the depot when they bolted. Guess they didn't get any swag that time—but wasn't the trick carried out cleverly? The nerve of that rascal to sit down 'longside of you!"

Judge Baker laughed. Then he mechanically put his hand into his pocket. His presentation watch was gone. So was the big roll of bills that was intended for his Chicago expense money. For once the Judge had been caught napping.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Right Way to Treat Newspapers.

The late Duke of Portland subscribed for all the ordinary newspapers and magazines of the day, and had them whole-bound in beautiful crushed morocco coats of many colors. Each of these volumes he put in a perfectly fitting oak box lined with white velvet and fitted with a patent Bramah lock and duplicate keys. The cost of each volume worked out at about $200.—London Speaker.

French experts declare that the American sardine would be equal to the French if it were packed in olive oil.

THE ART OF ORATORY

Success Depends Chiefly on Constant and Determined Practice.

The mere effort to express one's self in lucid and convincing language before an audience is, perhaps, the greatest self-developer a man can use. It brings into play almost all his mental and moral qualities. The power of combination, of analysis, of synthesis, of magnetism, of personality, of mentality; all these are put to the test, and are called upon to contribute their best.

To an earnest student, training for oratory, which, in its broadest sense, should include a close study of language, literature, old and new, history, ancient and modern, men, women, and conditions of the past and present, must, of necessity, prove a moral, spiritual, and intellectual awakener, says J. Lincoln Book in Success.

The function of the orator has been thus described: "To give to the noblest thoughts the noblest expression; to penetrate the souls of men, and make them feel as if they were new creatures conscious of new powers and loftier purposes; to cause truth and justice, wisdom and virtue, patriotism and religion to appear holier and more majestic things than men ever dreamed of before; to delight as well as convince; to charm, to win, to arouse, to calm, to enlighten, to persuade—this is the function of the orator."

Surely, this is a noble mission. A youth who undertakes to develop his powers with a view to fulfilling its requirements, even if he never attains eminence as a public speaker, cannot fail to have a broader mentality, wider culture, higher ideals, a more vigorous, well rounded character than if he had never aspired to be an orator.

Like everything that is worth having, the power of effective speaking can only be developed by continual effort, by reading with a purpose, with constant study, by independent thought, and by frequent practice in debate or speaking to audiences.

Association with the great thinkers of the past and present through their writing, and with the eloquent orators of to-day through their spoken words, whether on public platform or in the pulpit, are powerful aids to the youth who is ambitious to become a ready and eloquent speaker.

"Through thick and thin" is from the "Faery Queene."

There Was a Distinction.

Both Soldiers of High Rank, but in Different Armies.

Dr. Edward King, the venerated and saintly Bishop of Lincoln, in England, is now much advanced in years and somewhat infirm. Recently he has been visiting Bournemouth for his health, and T. P. O'Connor, in his "M. A. P.," tells the following story of the venerable prelate's visit to that seaside health resort: After resting for some time one afternoon on a seat on the "Parade" the Bishop desired to move, but, owing to his age and infirmity, found some difficulty in rising. A kind hearted little girl of the town noticed his trouble and ran up, saying: "Oh, let me help you."

The good bishop beamed upon the child with one of his sweetest smiles, and the smile of the bishop is very sweet, indeed. "You are a dear little maiden," he said, "but I do not think you are strong enough."

"Why, bless you, sir," was the reply. "I've often helped up daddy when he was a sight worse drunk than you are."

O'Connor says the truth of this story is vouched for by a Canon of Ely, so it must be true.

A story of Gen. Sir Charles Tucker is not quite so good, but is as well authenticated. The general was on his way out to India, when he found that there was another Gen. Tucker on board the ship—Gen. Booth Tucker of the Salvation Army. As the P. & O. boat came alongside to land passengers at Port Said and the gangway was crowded a woman was overheard to say to her companion: "My dear, there are two General Tuckers aboard, I hear. Can you point out to me which is which?" This was said in the hearing of the bluff general, who was standing right in front of them.

Turning sharply around and pointing to the other Tucker he said: "Madam, that is the Salvation Tucker; I, in contradistinction, am known as the Damnation Tucker."—New York Press.

"It beggars description" is found in "Antony and Cleopatra."

EXCUSED FROM THE JURY.

After Having Naively Turned a Good Laugh on the Judge.

A young man whose features and flashing eyes betokened great earnestness was summoned before Judge McCarthy of the city court the other day for jury duty. He immediately asked to be excused. When the judge asked him what excuse he had for not serving, he replied:

"I believe it is a rule of the court that the jury is the sole judge of the facts and the court of the law; that the juror should only weigh the facts as presented by the evidence, not taking into consideration any of the rules of law governing the case; wherefore all lawyers are exempt from jury duty."

"But are you a lawyer?" asked Judge McCarthy.

"No, but I have been a close student of the law for many years."

"I am afraid that I cannot excuse you if you are not a lawyer," said the court, smiling.

"But," continued the young man with great earnestness, the color mounting to his temples. "I am sure, if your honor knew as much law as I do, your conscience would not allow you to serve on a jury."

After the bench and bar had recovered from this naive outburst the judge told the young man that if it was a matter which affected his conscience so deeply he would excuse him, and a very much abashed youth left the courtroom.—New York Times.

Speaking of ships, a receivership belongs to the submarine class because of its relation to something that has gone under.

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LEMNOS will make the season in Kent county beginning March 20th. Those wishing to breed to this horse would do well to make application early as he will only be allowed to serve a limited number of mares. $10 for the season ; $15 to insure. Address,



Bay Stallion, whorl in center between the eyes, white at bottom of right hind heel, foaled April 6th, 1897 ; 15½ hands high, weighs 1000 pounds Bred by Wm. Russell Allen, Pittsfield, Mass. I have owned this horse since he was two years old. He is stylish, has good disposition, is a fine driver and shows speed though never having been trained. His breeding should recommend him to any one wishing to raise first-class drivers. Sire Lancelot 6860, record (5) 2.23; Champion, sire at 5 and 6 years old.

FIRST DAM :—Mintaka, half sister to Refina, 2.08¼ ; by Chichester 6247 (2.25¼), sire of Luxon 2.11½ ; Stornaway 2.19, and eight others.

SECOND DAM :— Mina Wilkes, dam of Refina 2.08¼, and sister to Kentucky Wilkes 2.21¼ ; by George Wilkes 519 (1.22), sire of '83.

THIRD DAM :—Minna, dam of Kentucky Wilkes 2.21¼ ; Madison Wilkes 2.24¼, grandam of Refina 2.08¼, etc., by Red Jacket (inbred Morgan.)

FOURTH DAM :—Undine by Grey Eagle ; Lancelot 6860, (2.23) is young at the stud and is the sire of seven, including Lyric 2.14¼, Maivolis 2.17½, and Unhamen 2.22¼ ; by Messenger Duroc 106 ; dam Green Mountain Maid, dam of nine; by Harry Clay 45

Lancelot colts from mares by Chichester have been his best. The Austrian winners at two and three years old, Darling Boy and Trolley Girl being bred this way. He is the fastest and youngest son of Green Mountain Maid, dam of Electioneer. the king of trotting sires.

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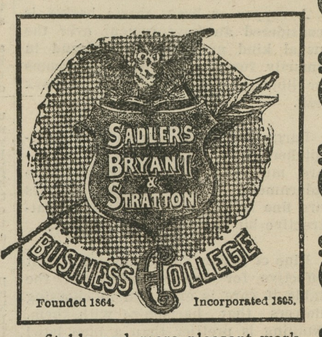
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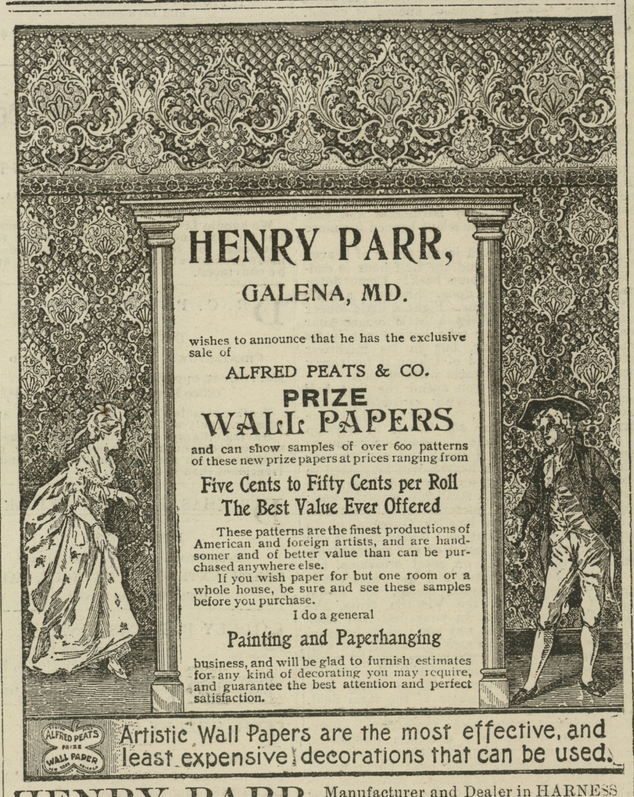
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