

SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES.

BY SMITH D. FRY.

Special Correspondence. WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—"When I read or hear of the so-called 'Knock-out drops,' I recall the time when chloral was prescribed for and used by my family," says former Congressman William D. Bynum of Indiana.

"Our baby girl would not sleep of nights. She kept me walking the floor night after night, until she inceptated me for business. She would sleep a bit in the mornings, and, occasionally in the afternoon. But, her fits of sleep were so irregular that she kept me guessing all the time, until she also was completely worn out. Both of us were on the point of discussing the question, 'Is marriage a failure?' when our physician prescribed chloral for me and baby."

"I could sleep well enough, if only given the opportunity. The drug put my small family to sleep and when I came in late, he was very careful not to arouse the slumbers; particularly the wee one, for she was the holy terror."

"You know from observation that I am a heavyweight. Since I was 20 years old I've not weighed less than 150 pounds. Usually I weigh 200. Well, one night when I crept up stairs and found wife and baby sound asleep, they were separated by the width of the bed. They had rolled together and, like Bob Burdette, I had to take my half in the middle."

"Not for all the wealth in the state of Indiana would I have awakened either one of the sleepers. I unexpressed, turned down the oil lamp, and stepped over the footboard of the bed. I stepped lightly, but I couldn't lessen my weight. The whole bed creaked and groaned; but the chloral was getting in its work. When I put my whole weight on the bed, one slat then another gave away, and I tumbled out of bed, but lost my balance, fell against the little table, upset the lamp, which fortunately did not explode, and then I fell full length on the floor. The whole house shook and the panes rattled."

"As rapidly as a tall, lanky fellow could do it, I got on my feet, picked up the lamp, righted the table, and began to look after my frightened family. Neither one of them had whimpered. They had rolled together in the middle of the bed, baby on top. They were snoring away for dear life, and I let them sleep. They may have been dreaming things; but I made no psychological inquiries. I covered them over, put on my clothes, and went down stairs, where I slept on a lounge."

"And what do you think my wife said to me? She found me sleeping down stairs, with all of my clothes on; and she was disposed to doubt my story about having come home in proper condition, until I showed her the broken slats, and the dented table, as well as the battered side of the lamp. Neither she nor the baby had heard or even dreamed that a cyclone had struck the house. Chloral must be a pretty strong medicine."

"The people of the northern section of our republic have the mistaken belief that southern ladies know nothing about housework," says Senator Daniel of Virginia.

"As a matter of fact, even in slavery days, our young ladies were taught housework and management. Without such teachings, our young ladies could not have been such models of comfort and neatness. Southern hospitality has long been famous throughout the length and breadth of the land. Did any one ever hear of any southern gentleman apologizing to a friend concerning the condition of his home? Did any one ever hear of a southern lady expressing regret that a guest had come to her home unexpectedly, and found her house not in order? On the contrary, our southern ladies have always been most hospitable; and they have been so, because they have done housework with their own hands, learning all about it practically."

"Moreover, in slavery days, although we had black hands to do our work, southern gentlemen were never unwilling to put their shoulder to the wheel when occasion demanded. Dullness was not fostered. Consequently, it is an erroneous idea that our young men of the present generation sacrifice pride when working or attending to business."

"There is a story long current in Virginia, to the effect that a young man made a very small purchase at a store in Richmond, and asked to have it sent to his home. The storekeeper told him he had no wagon going that way, and the young man, who was exceptionally dithful for that section, uttered some

sheering remark at a man in trade who couldn't deliver goods. Thereupon a slender man gave the careless fellow a

"Give me the package. I am going that way, and will deliver it this afternoon."

"The young man handed it over, and walked out of the store. In the afternoon the tall, slender man drove up in a buggy and delivered the small package to the small man, and the latter said:

"Well, my good fellow, you have been very clever about this. How much do I owe you for your trouble?"

"Nothing at all, sir," good day," replied the tall man as he lightened the reins and started his horse.

"But, my good fellow, you must give me your name and address, so that I may do something for you some time," exclaimed the duke.

"You are welcome to my name and address, if you please. I am John Randolph of Roanoke."

Col. John A. Joyce, the poet, is one of the most genial of companions, a lovable man in fact. But, there was a time when he was shunned by his best friends. That was previous to Jan. 1, 1867, however; for, on that date, the gray-haired veteran took a temperance pledge and has kept it ever since. When he was addicted to the habit of habitual convulsivity, he was an angry, disagreeable, quarrelsome, querulous fellow; the exact opposite of Col. Joyce normal and sober. However, whether sober or otherwise, he is always a genius, epigrammatic, sententious. One evening in Chamberlin's once famous club room, reference was made to the bar-keeper, and Joyce interrupted with:

"You are no dialectician, or you would not refer to that young man as bar-keeper. He is a bar-tender, not a bar-keeper."

"I cannot see the difference," was the reply.

"Well, this is the difference said Joyce. 'He who maintains and sustains is the keeper. We drunken loafers here are the fellows who sustain and maintain this bar. This young man who waits on us and attends to our alleged wants, is a bar-tender. We boozey fools are the bar-keepers.'"

The father of Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, was a Methodist preacher of great power. He lived to a good old age, spending the last 15 years of his life with his distinguished and affectionate son. He was a good story teller, nearly all of his narrations, however, being concerning churches and Sunday school episodes. One of them was concerning the obnoxious fellows who have themselves invited to address the children, after the little ones are all tired out, and anxious to go home. One of these peripatetics talked to the children for 15 minutes about the missionaries in India. Then he talked for almost a half an hour about the missionaries in China, and, stooping for a little breathing spell, he said:

"And now, children, I have told you all about the poor dear little heathen, what more can I say?"

"Please, please, Mister," exclaimed a little girl in the front row, "please, sir, please say, 'Amen.'"

Mr. Dolliver also tells a story illustrating the lack of diplomacy of the average schoolboy. When it comes to fighting, or lying, or playing marbles 'for keeps' the school boy is an artist, but never a diplomat. Two boys were fighting during recess, and both were taken before the lady teacher, who asked first for the cause of the difficulty.

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HODGE-PODGE. They say: Jealousy causes cancer. A kangaroo can leap 70 feet. The brightest opals come from Mexico. Dufosse, a French savant, says fish can talk. Camels are the only animals that cannot swim. Bachelors commit more crimes than married men. Over 5,000,000 copies of the Bible are sold annually. No one can recognize his own voice in a phonograph. Mahomet's tomb is covered with jewels worth \$12,500,000.

Two or three young women in New York wear anklets of gold. In Germany it is the newswoman's duty to make the first social call. The manuscript of Swinburne's "First Book of Ballads" has been sold for \$1,000.

Avert a sneeze, press the upper lip against the teeth, with the forefinger. Prisoners, in Morocco must pay the policeman for his work in taking them to jail.

The government runs the pawnshops of Italy, and no interest is required on loans. The Germans give worn-out horses a tonic of roasted coffee beans mixed with honey.

Queen Christina of Spain is the only sovereign who has ever made a balloon ascension. A year on the planet Neptune is a little longer than 166 earth years—it is 56,000 days' long. At Fulbourn, England, the poor are paid sixpence apiece for regular church attendance. Actors are never stranded in Russia, because, when a manager takes a company touring, he must deposit with the government enough money to bring all safely home. On the opening of the first French railway, in 1827, a French reporter wrote excitedly: "He snorts! His prodigious tail of vapor floats in the firmament. Noble and intrepid horse, which nothing can stop! Job's horse."

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