

UNADULTERATED MARK TWAIN

And the Adventures of the Long Man and the Short Man.

Twain? Mark Twain? Never heard of him. Guess he don't live nowhere 'round here," says James Montague in New York Evening Journal.

The Riverdale butcher boy spoke as one having authority.

"Clemens, then," suggested Davenport. "Can you tell us where Samuel L. Clemens lives, boy?"

"Nop. Never heard of him, either. These fellows belong in Riverdale?"

"Well, one of them does. Has a house here some place."

"Oh, I guess not. I know everybody in the neighborhood. But hold up—this is new boarders up on the hill. Not? Well, I can't help you any, gentlemen. And the butcher cart rattled away, carrying a nine days' wonder—a boy who had never heard of Mark Twain."

But we had come to Riverdale, and early in the morning at that, to see the humorist, and butcher boy or no butcher boy, we were going to do it. There was no public conveyance at the Riverdale station. There is one there sometimes, but as near as we could learn its sailing days are Mondays and Fridays. On other days the populace of the sleepy suburb on the Hudson, slides down the hill on smooth sled feet. We met some of them coming down as we toiled upward, but lacking brakes they could not stop to point out the way to the Twain residence.

Davenport was discouraged at the words of the butcher boy.

"Maybe there isn't any Mark Twain after all," he said, thoughtfully. "Maybe he's just a syndicate or something. I don't believe just a man could have written those books of his, anyway."

There seemed to be a gleam of reason in that, but I had seen pictures of the humorist, and knew a cousin of an old Nevada acquaintance of his. Beside, Maj. Pond had given Davenport a letter to him. He surely wouldn't have done that, I pointed out, if there wasn't any Mark Twain.

While we were debating a young woman came down the road, and Davenport appealed to her.

"Can you tell us, madam," he said, "if you know a man named Mark Twain or Clemens or—"

"Oh, yes," replied the young woman, without pausing in her flight. "He lives right in here." So mounted a stile as she spoke and sped away down a snow-covered path, sliding whenever she came to an incline in the manner of all the denizens of the place.

So here, right in front of us was the house of Twain, and Twain really lived in it—a bearded man who had never read of Tom Sawyer to the contrary notwithstanding.

We followed the young woman down the path, and the butler who answered her ring confronted us and demanded our business.

"Don't you think we'd better ask him if Twain is just a man," whispered Davenport. "I'd hate to have to make pictures of a whole syndicate."

I thought the lady's assurance that Twain lived in the house sufficient for our purpose, so Davenport told the butler that we had come to draw Mr. Twain and hear him talk.

"I'll see if you can," said the butler, looking us over suspiciously. He departed into another room, taking several silver candelabra from the mantel as he went.

We stood in the hall a minute and took note of some pictures on the wall,

which Davenport said were either by Carot or Hogarth, he wasn't quite sure which.

"There used to be an artist in Riverdale," he began—but at that moment the hall was filled with the perfume of a pipe compared with which those of Pan would have been feeble, and it was Mark Twain himself, in slippers and very comfortable morning attire, who stood before us, looking better than the best pictures of him either of us had ever seen.

"We came to draw your picture, Mr. Twain," said Davenport. "That is, I did. It"—here the cartoonist indicated me—"came to bear you talk."

"Ah," said the humorist, in a voice that took several minutes to pass a given point, "come in here."

He piloted us into a little room in one corner of the house, a room filled with books, magazines, papers, boxes of cigars, corn-cob pipes, cans of tobacco and matches in about equal proportions.

Through one of the windows we could see the Hudson, with a steamboat passing now and then, to tempt the master of the house to go down there and grasp the spokes of a wheel. The others look out on grass and trees, abundance of both, for the Twain place is a little smaller than Central park.

There is no describing Mark Twain. Davenport's pictures of him are better than descriptions, better than photographs. The sketch of him is not quite so heavy as it used to be, but the eyebrows are just as long, and the mustache just as drooping as of old. This has written a great many wrinkles on his brow, but it has taken pains with the job, and the wrinkles are like the picture writing on a totem pole.

You can read in them the story of that time when Twain and Higbee struck a blind lead, and were millionaires for a week. You can decipher the tale of the little boy who wandered up and down the big Mississippi steamboat and filled himself with joy. You can see the mark of the mining camp, the imprint of the Hannibal newspaper, the lines worn by the intrusions of lightning rod agents, the stupidity of European guides, the heartlessness of city editors, the vandalism of French translators of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

It is a kindly, gentle face; one would never suspect that grim irony and savage satire lie beneath it, ready to raise at some fresh contact with the shame and affections of a shamming and affected world.

We sat for a while and said nothing. The humorist puffed steadily on his smoking pipe, now and then stroking the papers on the arm of his chair lovingly, as if longed to begin work upon them again.

"This hour," he said finally, "between a quarter past 10 and 11—let's say an hour; only three-quarters of an hour, you know—is the only time I have for visitors. Then people can come and see me. After my breakfast is settled and I am ready to get to work."

There was more silence, which Davenport suddenly broke.

"Do you know, Mr. Twain," he said from behind his Bristol board, "that you kept me from seeing Prince Henry?"

"Well, no; I can't say that that fact is in my recollection."

"That's right," you were at the banquet they gave him at the Waldorf, and the minute you came into the room I followed you around and forgot that the prince was there."

"I could tell you no more Should I preach a whole year"—Longfellow

By preaching a whole year it is true that much might be told of the merits of

Gorham Silver

Yet it would but amount to this, that, though Gorham silverware costs no more than that of unknown makers, it has no equal in appropriateness of design, worthiness of workmanship or sterling quality of material.



All responsible jewelers keep it

"Ah, that was very thoughtful of you. The smoke rose in an opaque cloud, and the artist stayed his pencil until it should be dissipated. The silence again became heavy.

At length I found it oppressive, and by way of lightening it asked him if he remembered that story about the Golden Arm, with which he used to terrorize people, who came to hear him lecture."

"Now, I am glad you mentioned that," he said deliberately. "You know I delight to tell that story. I've retired from all public speaking entirely. I never go any place or appear in public unless I have to, but now and then I do love to tell that story."

And his eyes lighted reminiscently.

"Sometimes I go to the houses of friends of mine in New York to get a chance to tell a story or two—I can't help doing it just once in a while. I go on condition that nothing shall be said about it before or afterward in the newspapers, for if mention was made of it it would wound that dad-blamed old liar said he was never going on the platform again, and here he is just the same as ever. But I do love to tell that story. I am going to talk to some friends before long—I have half an hour to fill—and that will fill up three or six minutes I was short. Now, if I can just get another story for the other three minutes I'll be fixed."

Whoever will have the privilege of listening to that story may esteem themselves among the favored ones of the earth. I heard him tell it in a western town when he made his trip around the world to get money to pay off his debts.

When he came to the climax, the audience jumped back as one person, starting loose every seat in the house, so the janitor had to come around the next morning and screw them down again.

"But I'm out of public life now," continued the author, lighting his pipe and puffing until his white head showed as in a far dorky. "I have a very happy time here, all to myself. I shall never go far away again."

"I should not have gone to Missouri last June if I had not gone to get a decoration. I think when an institution, especially in a man's native state,

offers to confer a decoration on him, it is equivalent to a royal invitation; it's a command. He ought to go if he has to go in a hearse."

"But when I see some of these old, these very old fellows, going from one side of the earth to the other to get degrees it does seem hard. Some allowance should be made for their years. The universities ought to mail them the decorations."

Davenport, who had up to this time been shifting from one chair to another trying to get a firm grip on the elusive features of the speaker, here gave tongue.

"Mr. Twain," he said, "I'll bet you'd have given a good deal to be where I was, a few years ago, down in Jackson's Canyon, where you heard them tell that Jumping Frog story."

"Yes," said the humorist, extracting a match from a box on the table and lighting it and his pipe with a single motion known only to the long-agoed pipe smoker; "yes, I would. How did you happen to go down there?"

"I went down for the Examiner. They would have been full of bones down there. Nothing but bones in it—Indian bones, to skulls and ribs and legs and arms. They'd been there so long they'd go to pieces like a played-out horse on the home stretch if you touched one of them."

"And I suppose the scientists out in that country never paid any attention to them?"

"Not so much that they were ever caught at it. The ranchers take them away in sacks full and make fertilizers out of them."

"I suppose not. I wonder what these scientists are for? I know, near Montevideo, where there are two caves filled with skeletons in a row, two rooms to the cave, and two rows of skeletons in each room. Not one of those skeletons is less than seven feet tall, and one of them is more than that. It would seem the easiest thing in the world for a few scientists to lift over from France and make them into a museum, but they don't. Tourists come along, ignorant, wooden-headed tourists, and carry three away bone by bone, and not a scientist to stop them."

"I don't know what these scientists can be thinking about, anyway. Here's John Fiske, who wrote delightfully about all sorts of things, anything prehistoric or antediluvian seeming to interest him, but I cannot find that he wrote a word about the evidences of our ancestry, reposing in caves around the country."

The denouncer of scientists was still thinking of the neglected skeletons in the south of France.

"Those caves were right near that gambling place—I can't recall the name of it."

"Monte Carlo?"

"Yes, Monte Carlo. There, that reminds me of something I can make use of. Monte Carlo, provided over by that Prince of Hell, otherwise known as the Prince of—of—"

"Monaco?"

"Yes, the Prince of Monaco, for three hundred years able to marry into any royal family in Europe, simply because he rules a ten-acre lot of royal ground. I can use that, some time."

"Mr. Twain," asked Davenport, who had now finished his sketches, "there are two pictures and pipes and other ornaments by Phil May, mighty fine ones, too. Great, ain't they?"

"Yes, I am going to make use of those two as soon as I can think of some way to do it in a book or story of mine, perhaps. He did them for me so quickly that I did not realize for a long time how really great they were. He's a wonderful man."

One of the sketches was a picture of a Chinaman, no art calendar Mongolian, but a real impressive self-satisfied native of the land of flowers. The other was a girl, a street girl, but so natural you could almost see her winking at you.

"May is a great artist," continued the author. "But here," he had seen Davenport carefully rolling up his sheets of Bristol board. "I must have

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A few drops in a clean shaving mug, stirred with a moist brush produce shaving lather immediately. Invaluable to actors and actresses for cleaning up after the performance. Cleanses the skin as you never saw it done by a soap.

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Miss Marie Schultz, the Celebrated Contralto, Says:

"My hair has been coming out so rapidly that I was greatly worried. Nothing I could find that was recommended for the hair did any good. After three shampoos with Latoila it stopped coming out, the irritation and itching were gone and my hair was in fine condition. I recommend it to everyone, man or woman, for the hair and scalp."

Latoila is used and recommended by physicians everywhere. Every test proves its merits. It is unequalled. Delightful—Fragrant—Antiseptic—Cleansing.

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is the value H. A. Tiedale, Symmerton, S. C., places on Deitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He says: "I had the piles for 20 years. I tried many doctors and medicines, but all failed except Deitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cured me." It is a combination of the healing properties of Witch Hazel with antiseptics and emollients; relieves and permanently cures blind, bleeding itching and protruding piles, sores, cuts, bruises, eczema, salt rheum, and all skin diseases. Z. C. M. I. Drug Store, 112-114 Main St.

The Spirit of Winter.

The Spirit of Winter is with us, making its presence known in many different ways—sometimes by heavy sunshine and gleaming snow, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms. To many people it seems to take a delight in making bad things worse, for rheumatism twists harder, twinges sharper, catarrh becomes more annoying, and the many symptoms of scrofula are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this, but there is truth, and it is a wonder that more people don't get rid of these ailments. The medicine that cures them, Hood's Sarsaparilla—is easily obtained and there is abundant proof that its cures are radical and permanent.

We had started to go, observing that he was looking wistfully at the door, as if he yearned to know how one or both of us would look framed in it. A photograph of Mr. Twain tossed among some other pictures on the mantel caught Davenport's eye.

"I don't think that does you justice, Mr. Twain," he said.

"Well, possibly not. Here is one I drew of myself."

He fished from a drawer in the table a copper plate with an astounding sketch engraved upon it.

A line in his own chirography underneath explained what was the matter with it.

"I never could draw a mouth," it said, "so in making this picture I have let the mouth out—Mark Twain."

We shook hands and journeyed forth in the direction indicated by the "yes" of our host.

He had been pleasant, agreeable, hospitable, but he had taken the wheel from the moment we came into the room, and piloted the conversation in smooth but profitless channels, never floundering once on a pay ledge. He had made us feel that it would be useless to extract any "copy" from him. He is not giving away his humor or his views on men and things.

And neither would you, readers, if after long years spent in acquiring cheerfulness you had learned to communicate it to others so gracefully that every time you framed a word a silver quarter jingled into your treasury. If words said everybody as well as that, general conversation would soon become a lost art, and only the scratching of millions of pens would break the silence that hung over the world.

As we slid down the hill to the Riverdale station, following the fashion of the place, the butcher boy came rattling past us in his wagon and leaning far out over space shouted:

"Find him!"

SUPPRESSING A GRUMBLER.

Butchers, as a rule, can stand a good deal of grumbling from their customers, but there's a limit to everything—even a butcher's patience.

"John," said a certain member of the trade to his youngest apprentice, "I'm getting tired of that Mrs. X. and her eternal grumbling. I wish to goodness she'd take her custom elsewhere. When next she comes in I'll turn her over to you."

"Very well, sir," said John, calmly. "You may depend on me."

The shop was full of customers when Mrs. X. bounced in and began as usual:

"I want two pounds of beef, Mr. X.; beef, you understand, not bone! The last I had from you was all bone; and—"

"Beef, is it, ma'am?" said John, stepping forward. "Yes, ma'am, I understand. You want the boneless variety from the Bungeo Island. We've ordered you two pounds by pigeon post, and we understand it was dispatched by special balloon this morning. No doubt you will find it waiting for you when you get back. A special stipulation in the contract was that the boneless beef should be absolutely clear of fat and suet, should weigh 27 ounces to the pound, and—"

But Mrs. X. had vanished.—London Tit-Bits.

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WEIGHT ON HER HEAD

MRS. EGGLESTON FEARED HER HEAD WOULD GIVE WAY.

Solitude of Her Neighbors Resulted in the Relief of the Unfortunate Woman—Mrs. Eggleston Interviewed.

"There seemed to be a heavy weight crushing down on the top of my head," said Mrs. Kate Eggleston, of No. 10 Ohio street, Indianapolis, Ind., "and I was days and days at a time I was obliged to stay in bed. Every attack of this trouble would leave me weak and worn out. So many excellent doctors treated me without success that I resigned myself to my fate—I just kept my reason would give way."

"A nervous affliction, developed which affected my muscles and at times I could not control them. I could not sleep soundly, I lost flesh and appetite, my reason would give way."

"A neighbor called one day and told me of some of the cures that had been made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I promised her to try them. Relief came with the first box, and I improved steadily until, by the time four boxes were taken, I was perfectly cured and I have had no return of the trouble since."

Mrs. Eggleston took a medicine which attacked her trouble at the roots of the blood and nerves. Poor blood and nerves are the elements at the seat of many of the ailments which afflict the human kind, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have been proven to be a certain remedy for all diseases arising from this cause. They have cured motor ataxia, partial paralysis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion and all forms of weakness either in man or woman. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers in price, fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and a half, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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