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DESTRET IVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, DICEMBER 2, 1905.

SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES.

BY SMICH D. CRY.

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ASHINGTON, Nov. 21.-"I have always claimed that Darby Doyle was the greatest swim-

mer that ever lived," says Capt. Wil-

mer that ever lived," says Capt. Wil-liam Shelley of the treasury depart-ment. "Darby was the only man that ever swam the English Channel before sun-up, and dived back in time for break-fast. No other man ever even tried to swim from Liverpool to New York; and he modestly said to me when he clumbed up the and a star at New York; "'I promised to bring my brother an American anvil when I came back to climbed up the pier at New York:

"Don't be praisin' me too much, Bill. I'd never been able to swim the 3,000 miles if it hadn't been for my manager, who kept all of the sharks out of the way." That scared the Norwegian almost to death, and he ran away and forfeited his bet, rather than swim against such Ireland, and I'm only keepin' my prom-ise like an Irish gentleman.' "That scared the Norwegian almost

Darby's heart was almost broken when his manager refused to take the bet of \$100,000 that Darby couldn't swim down Wall street in New York, on the day they watered the stocks. Darby cried and begged his manager to take the bet, but he answered

bet, but he answered: Darby, me boy, there'll be an awful flood the day they water the stocks in vertain convention; so he wrote to an-Wall street; but I'm not afraid of other hotel-keeper a few miles away

named Taylor, and asked him for the hanned Taylor, and asked nin for the lean of as many cots as he could spare. He also said: "If you haven't enough, ask some one else to send me cots, for I will need about a thousand."

Now landlord Towne, although a fine, hotel-keeper, was not a Spencerian pennan, not by any means. Conse-

uently, the word "cots," looked more like "cats," When the people gathered at the ho-When the people gathered at the ho-tel, they were surprised and amazed at the number of cats which surround-ed them. The hotel men all along the line of railroad sent cats. They came by the dozen, by the score, and by the crate full. They were all brought to the hotel, and let loose. Immediately they began fighting and yelling, and howling. Night particularly was hid-eous. that. I'm willin' to bet that you could swim down Wall street in spite of the flood when they water the stocks. But, Darby, me boy, here's where we'd lose. I could never keep all of the sharks out

The hotel keeper, Taylor, who started the fun, attended the convention and had a room at Towne's hotel. For his first dinner a broiled black cat was served to him, with the halr and claws remaining on all four feet and legs. Otherwise, the cat was well cooked. Ever since that day, Hotel Keeper Towne has dictated his letters instead of trying to write them.

Not long ago a colored washwoman was taken before the police court for brutally beating a little five-year-old Capt. Bob. Whittleton, of the agribox. The neighbors were used to bru-talities, but the cruel treatment of that little boy was more than they could endure, so they had her arrest-ed, and they freely gave in their evi-dence against her. cultural department says that in his home town of Harvard, Illinois, there was a landlord who found that he did

told her that he would not imprison her, because her work was needed for the family, but he assured her that she would be locked up, if complaint was ever made to him again, on that She listened intentiv, and, when score. the judge concluded she said: "Judge, yo' 'onnah, I 'spects yo' hain't nevah been de faddah of no low-

down, worthless, yowiin' yellah baby, has you'?" In a town in Connecticut there lived In a town in Connecticut there lived a useless man, good-natured, but use-less. He never supported himself well, and he gave his family scant support. Everybody in town knew him. He was not bad, but useless. So, when it be-came known that he had become the father of triplets, everybody took it. for granted that they would have to go to the noorhouse or that colidless to the poorhouse, or that childless couples would adopt them. The mat-ter was discussed in many homes; prac-tically in all of the homes of the town. One little five-year-old girl listened to

the story at the supper table, and she finally said; Papa, I wish you'd adopt the little boy baby. I want a little brother. Please ask them for the little boy; I mean, of course, if they'll break the

set.

ination, but, in reply to the question, the old soldier said: "When I was in the junior class at West Point, we went out on a camp-ing expedition. It fell to my lot to cook for our company, until some one should complain and then the com-plainant would have to do the cooking. After two or three days I got tired of the job, but nobody complained. We had a young fellow from Massachusetts and he liked ple. He wanted ple at ev-ery meal. So I made a fine apple ple, and the way I salted it was actually wicked. It was salted good and plen-ty. At the breakfast table I cut him a nice large slice, and he poked half of it

ty. At the breakfast table I cut him a nice large slice, and he poked half of it into his face, and in a second he was jumping about, spluttering and cursing the pie and the cook. I took off my cooking clothes and got into my uniform as quickly as possible. He became our cook, and cook he remained during the entire out-ing of a month." ing of a month.

"But, general," I said, "how about that nomination?" "Til not be the first to complain," blarm said the veteran, with a quiet chuckle. cried:

Gen. William W. Belknap, secretary of war during the second Grant ad-ministration, went to the war between the states as the major of the Fifteenth lowa infantry. He often told this story on himself. In one of the com-panies of that regiment was a young fellow named Darby Greely; but they pronounced it Graly. When the regi-ment was marching over the gangwas taken before the police court for brutally beating a little five-year-old boy. The neighbors were used to bru-tallities, but the cruel treatment of that little boy was more than they could endure, so they had her arrest-ed, and they freely gave in their evi-dence against her. The judge reproved her severely and The judge reproved her severely and



Scrofula the Cause.

his mother grabbed him and pulled him to her bosom. With intense Irlsh emotion she cried and crooned over bim, and then, seeing the major, the blarney in her bubbled forth and she

"Darby, me b'y, stick close to the major, an' ye'll niver git hurted." Very doubtful compliment, that.

Scrofula the Gause. Eczema, catarrh, hip disease, white swelling and even consumption have their origin in scrofulous conditions. With the slightest taint of scrofula in the blood, there is no safety. The reme-dy for this disease in all its forms is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which goes to the root of the trouble and expels all im-purities and disease germs from the blood. When the bishop of Pennsylvania was blood. The best family cathartic is Hood's

