

bending over me, of cool drinks placed to my parched lips, and of soft kisses pressed upon my burning forehead. Presently the haze appeared to clear away from my sight; my head was light, but the deadly ache was gone.

"Someone was in the room with me; I could hear the rustle of skirts. I turned my head. Yes, there by the window, industriously sewing, sat good Mrs. Willis. It was she, then, who had nursed me, and whose plump person had been transformed into the angelic presence of my delirium. Heaven knows I was grateful to her; but the idea struck me as irresistibly comic, and I laughed, a weak, cackling laugh. The dear lady heard it; but instead of rising and coming to my side, she made a motion to some other person in the room, beyond the range of my vision.

"What! Was it possible, or was I still dreaming? Irma! Yes, it was not a dream this time. Pale and worn, as if with watching and anxiety, but oh! more beautiful than ever in the sublime pity of her sweet face, in the radiant smile that parted her lips, in the tears that welled into her large, innocent eyes resting upon me with an expression that thrilled my enfeebled frame in every nerve and vein. Ah! this indeed had been my angelic visitant!

"Mrs. Willis now gathered up her work, and coming to my bedside, said:

"The dear child insisted on coming here as soon as she heard you were sick. 'Nobody shall nurse him but me,' she asserted. She has a will of her own, at times, so I had to yield, and we have been here ever since."

"With that she discreetly left the room. There was no shyness in Irma's manner now. She seemed to feel herself the stronger of the two. I do not know what clumsy at-

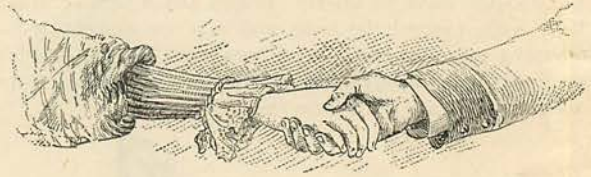
tempts I was about to make to speak to her; but she gently put down my emaciated hand, and seating herself upon the edge of the bed, lifted my head upon her bosom, where she held me embraced with one arm. Then with her free right hand, she conveyed to me this message:

"My noble, brave darling, I love you with all my heart and soul. When you were so very ill I knew I should die if you died. If you will have the poor, afflicted, deaf-and-dumb girl, so ignorant and unworthy, I will gladly, thankfully, be your wife. I will devote myself to you humbly, faithfully, all my life long. Amen."

"Were sweeter, quainter words of love ever uttered or expressed? I took the dear, gesturing hand in my own, and fervently kissed the little fingers that had made me so happy. I could not have answered her fittingly in her own language; but the face I lifted to hers told her all. The happiness of that moment, as well as the love sealed by that kiss, can come but once in a lifetime, and they suffice.

"On our return to the city in the autumn we were married. I have never heard my wife's voice, for the utmost extent of her vocal powers is the faint, murmuring sound you have just noticed; but who can say that such silence is not golden?"

C. L. HILDRETH.



## FUNNY STORIES TOLD BY FAMOUS PEOPLE.

REAL experiences related especially for DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE by Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, Marshall P. Wilder, "Buffalo Bill," Major J. B. Pond, Napoleon Sarony, and Beatrice Harraden.

### AMERICANS ALWAYS STORY-TELLERS.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

SOME people are always looking for something to turn up. Such people seldom use a spade to turn up anything for themselves, but lounge around in some country store, holding a chair hard down and talking about this man and that, in the village or out of it, who has been successful.

"That man has become a preacher."  
"That man has become a judge."  
"That man is a millionaire."  
"Well, there's nothing like luck in this world." And they sit still waiting for their "luck."

Every time I visit my native town and go round among those fellows they say to me:

"O Chauncey! Well! there's nothing like luck in this world, and you've got it."

Now I'm often asked if a man becomes a story-teller simply through luck. I believe that all Americans are story-tellers; and if there's any luck about it it's because there is nothing like the luck of being born an American.

When in Europe one summer, during the peach season, my host had upon his table magnificent peaches which had cost him fifty cents apiece. They had been grown upon the side of a wall, and mostly under glass. They had white pits, and little flavor. I said to him:

"Peaches which would make your mouth water and tears of joy run down your cheeks are to-day piled almost mountain high on barges beside the wharves in New York and selling for fifty cents a basket with two hundred peaches in each basket."

"Well," replied he, "you Americans have always been remarkable for the stories you tell."

### "OUR CHAUNCEY" AND W. S. GILBERT.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, HUMOROUS ENTERTAINER.

THE more stories a man has the more difficult it is to say which is the funniest. I know a great many story-tellers and still more stories; but just which is funniest I would not dare say offhand. Here are two stories, however, which show the difference between the way the wittiest man in America and the wittiest man in England took a joke. A friend of mine, a newspaper man, tells me that he was lately in a small town in New York State where Chauncey Depew was billed to make a speech that night, and it happened he stopped at the same hotel Depew did. Just after supper the editor of the local paper dropped in to see Mr. Depew, and the distinguished gentleman proceeded to have some fun with the country journalist. He had fun, too, and every now and then he rounded





up a sentence against the editor by saying, "Oh, you can't believe everything in the newspapers," the editor having used the newspaper matter very largely in his argument.

After the speech-making was over the editor met Mr. Depew in the hotel office again, and there was a big crowd present.

"Well, my friend," inquired the genial Chauncey, "what did you think of my speech?"

The editor hesitated a moment.

"Are you," he asked solemnly, "the genuine Chauncey M. Depew?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Are you the one that all the newspapers have been saying was the finest speaker, the greatest talker, the sharpest stumper, and the brightest wit before the public?" pursued the editor.

"I guess I'm the one," blushed the gentleman. "Why?"

"Oh, because you can't believe everything there is in the newspapers."

And Depew shook hands with the editor and called it square.

Now turn to John Bull's island. The most extraordinary thing over there is the Englishman's sense of humor. You have to use a search-light to find it. The American joke is lost upon him. One day I met W. S. Gilbert, the wittiest man in England, and the gruffest.

"How d' do, Wilder?"

"How are you, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Feeling well to-day?"

"Pretty well, Mr. Gilbert, but I'm afraid you will not see as much of me as you have."

"Indeed, how's that?"

"I lost a tooth this morning."

"Ah, that's too bad. How did you lose it?"

"And this," said Wilder, significantly, "from a man who is supposed to see a joke miles distant!"

#### A STUDY IN POLITENESS.

BUFFALO BILL (COL. CODY), "KNIGHT OF THE PLAINS,"  
"KING OF SCOUTS."

Here's a story told me one night around the camp-fire by a distinguished member of James Gordon Bennett's hunting-party when it was in my charge.

"In a restaurant in one of the side-streets of a Western city, a farmer, one of your typical 'hayseeds,' was eating his luncheon. Presently an airy, breezy youth, apparently a clerk of some sort, entered the place, chose a seat at the same table with the farmer, and ordered his meal. All went quietly for a time. Then the youth wanted some butter. It stood nearer the farmer and out of the youth's reach. He surveyed the 'hayseed' a moment critically, then exclaimed, bluntly, 'Butter, sir!'"

"The farmer continued his meal, oblivious. The youth again ejaculated 'Butter, sir!' this time impatiently. The farmer still confined his attentions to his meat and potatoes.

"Again, angrily, the youth almost shouted 'Butter, sir!' and pounded on the table with his knife.

"This time the farmer looked up, and calmly biting off a piece of bread, drawled out:

"You idiot! Do you think I take it for lard?"

This recalls a story told me by a cavalry officer in our own army. A traveling salesman in his buggy, and a farmer in his potato wagon, entered a little town at the same time. Together they drove up to the only livery stable in the place.



The salesman sprang lightly from his buggy and addressed the proprietor with a great showing of dramatic gestures, something like this:

"I say! Extricate that quadruped from the vehicle; feed him plenteously of food of a nutritious element; let him eat till internal fullness no longer admonishes continuation; when the aurora again illuminates the eastern horizon I will amply reward your labor."

Now the farmer had stood hard by. Whether he caught the humor of the situation, or merely tried to ape his fellow traveler's words, is not known; but stepping up to the proprietor he delivered this little speech, imitating the young man's dramatic gestures:

"I say! Yank that critter out of the shafts; give him half a pint o' oats on a bar'l head; let him eat till he's full; in the morning I'll give yer a shillin'."

#### IN A HOLE.

MAJOR JAMES B. POND, LECTURER AND MANAGER OF LECTURES.

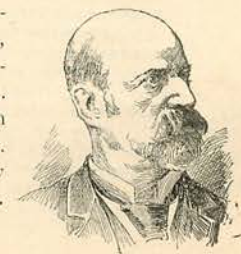
I have had men with all sorts of queer names under my management, but I have never had one with a queerer name than the Dean of Rochester, who is coming from England to lecture in this country next season. His name is Hole. Probably I would never have given a second thought to his odd name if it hadn't been for the amusing variety of puns that have poured into my office by every mail since I announced his coming. The way Colonel McCaul of comic opera fame used to hear his name punned is an insignificant matter compared to the punning of Dean Hole's name. Colonel McCaul's name was forever taken in vain something like this: McCaul would relate some humorous incident to a few friends; when he had finished some wag in the party would remark, "Now that's what you McCaul a joke." And that's all it amounted to.

The puns on Dean Hole's name have no greater depth. They are silly and seldom amusing, but many of them are written by the most famous divines. One writes: "Our Church Lecture Committee wants to get into a Hole next winter. How much will it cost?" Another says: "You'd better look out, Major. If the Dean isn't popular he'll get you in a Hole." Then still another attempts to make some sort of fun out of the "Dean" end of the name by a vague reference to his becoming a sar-dine. Now the funny part of this story is that it is contributed in symposium fashion from distinguished clergymen the country over. I don't know what I'm going to do with the Dean. He seems to have gotten me into a hole already by my lack of ability to acknowledge with becoming appreciation all the puns fastened to his name.

#### BLAINE AND THE DRUMMER.

NAPOLÉON SARONY, NEW YORK'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER.

A thoughtful, rather distinguished-looking man was sitting in the dressing-room of my studio, one morning, while my assistant was getting the studio ready to receive him. He sat in a low arm-chair, with his head upon his hand, his characteristic attitude. Presently his reflections were interrupted by a sprucely dressed young drummer. The latter bustled into the room, rammed his hands into his pockets, and proceeded to inspect the pictures on the wall. Growing tired of that he turned his attention to the silent man sitting in the low arm-chair. Now a first-class drummer will accost any stranger with the most suave lack of ceremony.





"You next, friend?" he asked, just as he would ask the question in a barber shop. "Friend" replied very gently in the affirmative.

"S'pose I'll have to wait till you get your own 'phiz' immortalized," remarked the drummer. Then he produced a cigar, bit off the end, and searched his pockets for a match.

"Got a light? Let's have it. Have a smoke?" The stranger politely declined the proffered cigar, but tendered the match.

Then the drummer bleated on, allowing the stranger time only for an occasional monosyllabic remark. It happened to be in the autumn of '84, just before the presidential election.

"I tell you, old man, Blaine won't get there this trip," said the drummer. "Do you know, that man's the biggest impostor, the most gigantic fake in our politics? Why! he hasn't a ghost of a show. Cleveland's the man, you bet! Say! I've got a tinner up against a chap's fiver. Want to go me? We'll put up the stuff right here, and Sarony'll hold the stakes."

And just then my assistant appeared in the doorway and announced,

"All ready, Mr. Blaine."

This story was afterward rehearsed for my benefit by the drummer, who was a jolly sort of fellow.

#### INTERVIEWED WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

BEATRICE HARRADEN, AUTHOR OF "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT," "IN VARYING MOODS," ETC.

I look upon all newspaper men as my enemies, and yet I have the highest respect for their cleverness. When a newspaper man sets out to get an interview, I am convinced that he will get that interview in one way or another, by dint of tact, diplomacy, and nerve. The moment I stepped upon America's shore on the pier in New York I was besieged by newspaper representatives who wanted to know my opinions on all sorts of things. Wearing with the voyage I was obliged to decline. I had a week to pass before proceeding to California, and elected to spend it with friends in Yonkers, where I could be among the green fields. The



newspaper men followed in swarms. I was deluged with telegrams and letters requesting interviews, and it was some time before I could see any of them.

This persistency of the American interviewer calls to mind a story told by a novelist friend of mine, who was once interviewed without knowing it. She came, as I did, from England. "Interviewers," she said, "called every hour of the day; but I did not care for publicity and declined to be interviewed. One young man waited about all day. Toward evening my friends informed him that I was going to the photographer's on the following day, and, of course, it would be useless for him to call. He simply asked the name of the photographer and went away. He was very intelligent, my friends said, and added that he was a Harvard man.

"The second morning after that imagine my surprise at seeing a three-column interview with me in one of the big dailies. It was a very discreet interview, nothing in it to offend me, and gave in my own words my views of my book, on religion, politics, woman suffrage, and no end of things. The interview was signed by the young man who had waited about so patiently, and whom I had declined to see.

"But how did this strange writer get this interview containing my own words? Where had I uttered them? Ah! I began to have some suspicions. The young man who had assisted the photographer in taking my picture the day before asked me some very intelligent offhand questions, and I talked with him freely. Recalling the conversation I recognized its exact reproduction in this three-column interview. Then I remembered that as the young man conversed with me, now and then suggesting a different pose for my head or hand, and so on, he glanced frequently toward a small inner room where another young man sat writing, apparently posting account-books. What! Could this be the young man! I had never seen him, remember. Well, by next mail my suspicions were confirmed. Yes, it was he. He made a sweeping confession. The assistant photographer was actually the newspaper representative who had determined to interview me; the young man in the small adjoining room, who seemed to be a bookkeeper, was really a stenographer. The one talked, the other took down all that was said."

Such is my friend's story. Now I call it extremely clever. Was she vexed? Not a bit. The interview was written so cleverly, so delicately, so gently, how could she be?

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

## THE ROAD TO FAME OR FORTUNE.

HOW TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 536.)

#### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

MISS BESSIE SINGLETON's father, overwhelmed with financial trouble, took his own life, leaving his wife and children penniless. Bessie, but just introduced into society at the time of the calamity, received news of it by telegram, while she was at a ball in the company of a gentleman who had shown her very marked attention. She is the eldest of the children, and in the time of trouble was the comfort and stay of all, planned for the future, and settled the family in a little house in the village after they left their own beautiful home. She secured a position for herself in the public school; but after a few months gave it up to a younger sister, came to New York to try her fortunes as a journalist, and sought employment in a newspaper office. After repeated rebuffs, the editor of the Daily Meteor consented to give her "space" work: that is, she is to take an assignment every day and write it up, and at the end of the week is to be paid for the space she has filled. Returning from this interview to her boarding-house she ran against a Miss Carter, an artist. In the vestibule; mutual apologies and explanations ensued, and Bessie accepted an invitation from Miss Carter to take tea in her studio on the next day. Her companion of the ball had written her one or two courteous but formal letters before she left home, and this evening she found in her room a bouquet of hot-house roses from him, and a note stating that as he was called out of town he had sent the roses to welcome her to New York.

Betty went out on her first assignment in a blinding snowstorm, wrote what she considered an excellent account that would fill a column, and then went to the tea at Miss Carter's studio. Here she met Nellie O'Conner, an actress, Jean McFarlan, a young physician, and Gretchen and Isabel Müller, one a singer, the other a musician. They elected Betty a member of their club, the Pleiades, and she started homeward, on the way meeting a wealthy young lady who had made her *début* at the same time with herself. The heiress patronized Betty, but of course was not very cordial; yet Betty felt very happy in her independence. The next morning she bought a Meteor and found her work of the previous day cut down to a single paragraph, and on demanding an