An Old Trick in a New Dress.

Street fakirs have been reaping a big harvest from the sale of little glass vials like those used to hold homosopathic pellets. The vials cost at wholesale a fraction of a cent apiece, and the fakirs have been retailing them for five cents each. Their value as a street hawker's novelty consists in the fact that a remarkably funny practical joke can be played with them. Each of the little bottles now being sold in the streets has a small hole drilled or blown in the bottom. When filled with water and corked tightly the vial will apparently be perfectly sound. The water will not escape from the little hole in the bottom of the vial until the cork is withdrawn from the other end. As soon as the cork is pulled out, however, the water will run out of the little

The joke consists in offering a filled and corked bottle to the chosen victim with the question, "Can you tell me what that perfume is in that bottle?" At first the victim attempts to smell it through the cork. Failing to perceive any odor in this way he naturally withdraws the cork, and the chances are about twenty to one that the contents of the bottle trickle down his coat sleeve and wet his arm to the elbow. Then the perpetrator of the joke laughs fiendishly and the victim says: "By Jove, that is the best thing I've seen yet! Where can I get one?" The trick is an old one, but it has probably never been sold before. -New York Sun.

Turned Up Trousers.

great deal nowadays. All the young encountered a full dozen of these cranks, and swells, and some who are old enough to know better, go about in Cambridge and Brookline, and even in Boston, with tennis trousers turned away up around the bottom; and this whether the weather is wet or dry, or whether they are walking upon the grass or upon the driest of sidewalks. The trousers are simply to be turned up at the bottom, and that is all there is of it. Even the tailors and the furnishers, when they expose the goods and crew and divers by the week for so many for sale, exhibit them with the bottoms turned up.

The turning up is done in an artfully careless way, and one begins to suspect that there is a secret about it that only the born swell knows, so that the improperly turned up trousers betray the spurious article of swell. The trousers are actually made long enough to lie upon the ground, so that when they are turned up the edge will descend to the ankle. This merely moderately amusing fashion has no particular interest, but it has occurred to me that it will be an interesting item in the twenty-fourth or fifth century to the sociological student Mrs. Stebbins was to go along, and we had a of the curious customs of the present stateroom fitted up for her. period. - Boston Transcript.

## The Lightning Rod Season.

Now is the time for inhabitants of the rural districts to conjure up the annual thunder storm scare and invoke the shade of Ben Franklin by converting houses and barns into the semblance of rod agent. Something is to be said on both sides of the question. It is quite certain that a well grounded network of conductors will avert to a very great extent danger from lightning, but it is extremely likely that the same result is not attainable by the average rod that thrusts its point a few inches above the chimney efficient and artistic system that is always well grounded and never needs everhauling.-Electrical World.

Treed by Wild Geese.

Irwin W. Bossler, of Blandon, while fishing in the Maiden creek, was attacked by two wild geese. He was standing in the middle of the stream, when one of the geese suddenly flopped upon him, knocked off his hat and sent his rod and line flying into the water. As Bossler grabbed for his hat he received a blow which almost broke his arm and sent him sprawling upon his back. He waded out, but had no sooner reached the bank when another goose attacked him and dealt him such severe blows that he was compelled to retreat. He finally crawled up a tree, where he was rescued completely exhausted.—Philadelphia Tele-

Sleeping Passengers Saved by a Dream. J. J. Tilford, an employe of the Louisville, St. Louis and Texas railroad at Hawesville, dreamed Friday night that the west end of the switch at that place had been left open for the side track, and that the fast freight train was nearly due. At this point he woke up, and was so impressed by his dream that he got up and went to investigate. To his surprise he found the switch set for the side track. He set it right, thus saving many lives. There were sixty men sleeping in the cars that were then lying on the side tracks. He also saved the company thousands of dollars' worth of property. -Louisville Courier Journal.

A little 3-year-old daughter of James McNamara was the victim of a peculiar accident at Butte, Mon., recently. The child was walking on the sidewalk oppocite the old Lexington foundry, when a severe gust of wind blew her bodily into the street, about ten feet below. The shock broke her arm, and she also received other injuries. A suit for damages will probably be brought agains? the city by the parents of the little one.

A 150 pound turtle was delivered at Thomas Cable's Broadway cafe, New York city, and the chef sharpened his carver and cut it open. A huge nest of golden eggs was brought to view. It took Thomas Jordan, brother of Conrad N., twenty minutes to count the eggs. There were 1,620 eggs.

## A HIDDEN TREASURE.

One dismal, rainy evening in the fall of 1857 a wayfarer entered a country inn in Indiana and secured lodgings for the night. He was a sailor, he said, and was on his way to a town twenty miles distant, where he had relatives. He was a stout built, rugged looking fellow, but next morning he was found dead in his bed. The above facts were clearly established, but a certain other fact could only be surmised. Word was sent to the dead man's relatives, the coroner took charge of the remains, and all personal effects were turned over with the remains. The deceased had a few dollars in money and a few trinkets, but the relatives at once claimed that he had been robbed of valuable papers.

The proprietor of the inn was a veritable Yankee, including a hawk bill nose and the legendary twang, and his wife was his counterpart. He was known to be sharper than steel in a horse trade, and he never put out a dollar that he did not get a big interest; but no one believed he had rifled the dead man's baggage. When the relatives were asked about the nature of the alleged valuable papers they refused to answer, and this evasion threw doubts on their allegation. In a few weeks the affair blew over, and in about three months the landlord and wife began to feel lonesome for the hills of old New Hampshire. This was an excuse for offering all their property for sale, and six months after the death of the stranger in the hotel the place passed into other hands.

The next scene opened in New Orleans. I was then employed by Blank & Blank, wreckers, as general manager of the business. We had three vessels, steam pumps, divers, and all other necessary apparatus. was called into the private office one day, and there found Jonas Stebbins, the hook nosed Yankee who had sold out his hotel in Indiana. He had something to say, but he hesitated to say it. It was half an hour before we could bring him to the point, and then only after the three of us had placed our hands on a small Bible, which Stebbins had thoughtfully provided for, and sworn never to reveal his secret. Then he brought forth two letters and a map, and we saw that another buried treasure crank had struck the city. Such incidents were not uncommon. It seems to be raining in London a In the five years I had been manager we had on two occasions the firm had lost heavily by entering into partnerships which failed to pan out. As soon as Mr. Stebbins unfolded himself he got the cold shoulder, but he

would not take it that way.
"Look here," he said, as he tilted his chair back, "do you take me for a foolf"

"Well, partly." "Do you think I want a partnership in it?"

"Don't you!" "Not by a jugful! I want to hire a schooner weeks. All are to be under my orders, and I am to have all that's found. Partnership!

No, sir-e-el What's your lowest figures;" He had shown us a roughly drawn map of the Bahama Islands, one executed with pen and ink by some sailor. He wanted a schooner to proceed to one of the islands. All the apparatus he wanted was grapnels and divers. He might want us three weeks, but probably not over two. It was finally agreed that he should hire by the day. He beat us down \$5 on the figure named, and an iron clad agreement was drawn up and signed, and he counted out \$1,000 in gold. A sum sufficient to pay us for three weeks was deposited with a banker, and we at once began preparations for the trip. It had been stipulated that

This was the first time any treasure huste had put down his own money for an ex tion, and we could not doubt that Mr wibbins had what seemed to him a straight clew. It was not our business to throw cold water on his plans, even though we were firmly convinced that he would return empty handed. The firm decided that I should go out in charge of operations, and a couple of colossal metallic porcupines. Scoffing days after the contract was signed we were neighbors console them with jeers, but off for the Gulf. I expected the Stebbinses perhaps erect wooden rods to scare away to be nervous and flustrated, but there was that "hardy perennial," the lightning not a sign of it. They were as cool as if going on a visit to a relative. As we were going down the river, I said to him: "Now that the contract is signed and we are under way, I suppose you had as soon tell me about

"Wall, neo," he drawled; "you might leave the schooner somewhere and try to cut in ahead of me, or we may be wrecked before we get there. I think you are honest and top. It is well to remember that a few straight, but I can't give you the exact loca-tall trees around a house form a very tion." "No, indeed, we can't," added Mrs. Steb-

"You see, it has taken every dollar wa

could rake and scrape, and if we don't get that treasure we'll be busted." "But you seem to be certain of getting it."

"Oh, yes!" they replied in chorus, "Is the amount largef" They looked at each other a moment, and then Mrs. Stebbins replied:

"Jonas, I think we can safely tell him ome few things, for he seems to wish us "Yes, I guess so."

"Well, then, we expect to get about \$150,-000, more or less, in gold and silver.

"Yes, that's about the figger," added Stebbins, "and as we are both getting along in years it will come in handy. If you had that much money, Mr. Marvin, would you buy a farm or move into a city!" They seemed so firmly convinced of the existence of the treasure that I felt it my

duty to warn them of possible disappoint-"Yes, we might possibly fail, but 'tain't at all likely," he replied. "We ain't the sort of

people to put up our last dollar on an uncer "No. Jonas, we ain't," added the wife.

"Was this treasure deposited years ago?" I

"Yes, a good many years ago."

They looked from me to each other, and miled in a knowing way. "Because," I cor titued, "there can't be a rod of any of the Bahamas, nor a bay, nor cove on the shores, but what has been explored over and over. "Exactly," replied Stebbins, as he arose to

it over the rail. "If anybody has found e treasure then we shan't get it."

"Of course we shan't," replied the wife, and that closed the conversation

Neither one of them had been to sea before and while we were running down the Florida coast both were terribly seasick. They were around again as we came up with the cape, however, and when the captain asked Steb-bins which one of the Bahamas he should steer for the man consulted his sketch afresh, compared it with the captain's chart of thos waters, and finally replied, as he put his finger down, "This is Turk's island."

"That's were they get a beap of salt."

"Well, here's an island to the northeast of

it, fifteen or twenty miles away. "Yes: that's called the Little Caveos." "Well, neow, you might bring up there." During the remainder of the voyage, or until we sighted the island, the coolness of Stobbins and his wife was remarkable. The only game they knew how to play was fox and goese, and they played from morning

till night and far into the evening. We threaded our way among the various islands to get to the east, and sails were in sight every hour in the day, but this queer couple could hardly be induced to raise their eyes from the game. Stebbins was always on hand when the captain pricked off the day's run on the chart, and it was evident that he was keeping a sharp lookout to see that we

were headed in the right direction. In due time we raised Turk's island, coming down from the north, and then we kept off a couple of points until Little Caycos was sighted. It is an island lying much lower than Turk's, almost surrounded with dangerous sheals and reefs, and at the time of which I write the only settlers were traders, wreckers and fishermen. There are barbors on the east and west shores, but by order of Stebbins we ran around to the south side and dropped anchor about a mile from the beach. It was just at sundown when we came to anchor, and that evening the captain gave them the use of the cabin for a couple of hours to look over their papers. The island, with all the indentations, as well as the shoals, reefs and depth of water, was pictured on our chart, and they compared their pen and ink sketch with this, and consulted another paper which none of us had before seen, until they came to a decision. I was looking down upon them through the open skylight from the corner of my eye, and I saw Stebbins strike the table with his fist, and heard him whisper:

"We've got it, sure as shooting!"
"Hush!" she admonished. "O we've got it. We hain't nobody's fools, Jonas Stebbins. Do you suppose I'd have consented to put all our money into this venture if there was a chance to lose itf"

"By gum! but we'll be rich!" "Of course we will,"

"Richest folks in the hull county!" "Yes, but don't get excited."

They sat on deck for an hour or two, Stebbins smoking and his wife knitting, and as they were about to retire for the night I felt bound to observe:
"Well, Mr. Stebbins, here we are in good

shape, and now, as I was sent to manage your business, you'd better explain matters pretty clearly. I may want to make some preparations for to-morrow,

"How long will it take you to get a diver ready to go down?" he asked, "Not over half an hour."

"Well, that's all the preparations needed." "What is the diver to go down after?"

"Sunthin' that won't run away before morning," answered Mrs. Stebbins, and with

that both went below. It was only natural that all of us should be curious about the expedition, but every attempt to find out anything had thus far been eleverly frustrated. The captain and I talked it over again for the twentieth time, and we came to the same old conclusion-that Stebbins had come on a wild goose chase after some old wreck. In our pique at his refusal to furnish particulars we almost hoped he wouldn't find it. Stebbins was on deck at daylight next morning, and his wife half an hour later, and after breakfast, when the captain asked for orders, the Yankee waited

to fill his pipe before replying: "I guess we'll jog westward about five The schooner was got under way, and when she had accomplished the distance named she was about a mile off shore, in fifty feet of water, and midway between her and the beach was a reef covered with not more than ten or twelve feet of water at low tide. As the anchor went down the schooner's head pointed directly toward the land, and Stebbins and his wife appeared to make out some landmarks, the sight of which brought smiles to their faces. It was a beautiful morning, with only a slight breeze ing, and as the anchor bins came to me and said:

"We shall have to go into the reef in a small boat, I suppose. Can a diver work from her!

I assured him that it could be done, and we got down the boat, put in the pump and dress, and were shortly ready to pull off. Stebbins and his wife were both to go, making a party of six of us. We pulled almost straight for the reef, ported a little after crossing it, and then, as we anchored in three fathoms of water I looked about and discovered that we were in what might be called a basin, although it was open to the east.

"Yes, this is the spot," said Stebbins as he stood up and looked around. "I'd almost know it at midnight," added

his wife.

"What am I to look for?" asked the diver as he donned his dress,

"Some boxes about the size of them that axes come in," replied the Yankee. "There orter be ten of 'em down there. They are iron bound and purty hefty, but you hook on and we'll do the hauling."

The diver winked at me to express his incredulity, and then his belpers screwed on his helmet and got him over the side on the rope ladder. The water was wonderfully clear, and we could follow him to the very bottom and see him move about. He headed north and crossed the basin; thence east to its mouth; then around to the north, and after being down twenty-five minutes he came up with a shell, and said, as soon as clear of his headpiece: "Nothing but shells down there, sir. The

bottom is hard sand, and I could have seen a dime down there."

"Didn't see no boxes!" gasped Stebbins. "No, sir.

"Now, Jonas, don't get excited," cau-tioned his wife. "Them boxes is lying along-

side o' that wall (reef) to the west. The waves coming in from the east would shunt em over there.' "That's so," replied Stabbins, and when the liver had rested he was directed to search in that direction, and the anchor was lifted

that we might hover over him as near as possible. He had not been down three minu es when he signaled us to haul away on the line attached to the tongs, and up came one of the boxes the Yankee and his wife were searching after. In five minutes we had another, and inside of an hour we had ten. We were an excited lot-all but Stebbins and his better half. They seemed to take it as a matter of course, and after the diver had sent up the tenth box and came up to rest the Yankee said;

"There might have been an eleventh box. My bill calls for ten, but there may be an extra one. And say, when you are down there kinder look around for any loose coin

or other stuff." Nothing further was found, however, and that afterneen we stood away for New Orleans. When aboard the schooner Stebbins informed us that there was \$15,000 in Spanish coin in each box, and that every box was in good order. I could not help but express my amazement over the find, and he calmly

replied:
"Well, you see, me'n the woman are great hands to dream, and we dreamed it all out. There wasn't much chance for a slip after we had both dreamed." But the pen and ink chart was no doubt

taken from the wallet of the sailor who died in the country tavern.-New York Sun.

Drew the Audience, Anyway. A western clergyman drew a large congreution to hear him preach on linckward" by announcing his subject in advance, and then delivered a discourse or Lot's wife. - Waterbury American.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH A BRIDE.

His Game Didn't Work, but There Is

Time Coming. A bridal couple took our train from Buffalo for Philadelphia, and it was generally remarked that they conducted themselves as well as could be expected under the circumstances. After about four hours' ride the groom got off at a station where a short stop was made, saying to the bride that he wanted to speak to a man, but saying to one of the boys on the quiet:

"When the train starts I'll get into the car behind, and she'll think I was left. Then look out to see her go into fits. I'll appear on the scene in time to prevent consequences.'

The programme was carried out. As the train started a drummer rushed into the car and plumped himself down beside the bride without a question, and in five minutes be was talking about the weather, Buffalo, Philadelphia and a dozen other things. She grew interested at once, and did not even appear to think of her newly made husband. latter waited a quarter of an hour, and then sneaked into the car. He expected to find her half dead with anxiety, but she wasn't. She was talking in a very animated way, and when he came forward she looked up and

"That you, James? I thought you were left. Sit down back there somewhere, And for two hours he "sot," while that

drummer held the fort, and everybody was tickled to death. Later on one of the boys said to him: "Your experiment didn't work as you

"Not exactly," was the reply, "but you You ought to be around to-night when wait! I lick her with a wet towel!"-New York Sun.

thought it would, did it?"

Ouite Different.

Justice (to student)-You are accused by Mr. Meyer, who lives across the street from your room, of insulting him. Student (surprised)-In what way have I

insulted him! Justice-He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer. Student-May I be permitted to ask Mr.

Meyer a question? Mr. Meyer-Vat is it you vant to know!

Mr. Meyer-I spells my name M-e-y-e-r.

Student-I thought so. Your honor will perceive at once how groundless Mr. Meyer's charges are when I inform your honor that my dog spells his name M-a-y-e-r.-Texas Siftings.

Revenge Is Sweet.

First Bootblack-You had er quarrel wid Nidsey, Billy? Second Bootblack-Yes, I had, yer bet,

and I'm agoin' to have my revenge, too. F. B.-Goin' ter fight him!

S. B.-No, siree. I'm agoin' to stand aside of him when he's a shinin' a gent, and when that called to see Aunt Eilie last night and he gets through I'm agoin' ter say, "Shine, sir!"-Boston Conrier.

Had a Carload of His Own.

Scene-Interior of a sleeping car. Time-Midnight, Place-The Horshoe bend. Enthusiastic Traveler (thrusting hand into berth and rudely shaking sleeping manager) -Wake up, quick, and look out at the beau-

tiful scenery! Manager (yawning)-Hang the beautiful scenery! I've got a carload of my own aboard this train. - Dramatic Mirror.

What Worried Him.

"You look worried." "Yes," replied Charlie Cashgo.

"Do you find that you can't get out of

"Well, that isn't the trouble, exactly. My tailor has assured me that I can't get in any further."-Washington Post.

A Wise Conclusion.

"Did you ever think of going on the stage? "Yes, at one time I thought seriously of

"How seriously?" "So seriously that I decided not to."-Lowell Citizen.

Yes and No. "Do you get credit for all your articles that

are copied?" Humorist-Oh yes, I get credit for everything but my groceries. - Yankee Blade.

Leila-A present from Charlie, papa! Ah, he's a man after my own heart! Father-Nonsense! He's a man after your own money !- Judy.

A Man with Some Feeling. "Here, let that dog be-I'll teach you to be kind to animals!" said the kind hearted father as he knocked his 10-year-old boy down.-West Shore.

Not a New Kind. Hawkins-What kind of jokes does young Tompkins write!

Jawkins-Alleged, I believe,-Puck "Who is that fellow who has been talking

"That's Withers."-Puck. An Interesting Interview.

about Withers all the evening?"



Clerk-If you please, sir, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for the rest of the day. I have just heard of-er-an addition to my family.

Employer-Is that so, Penfold! What is

Clerk-Well, sir, the fact is-er-(somewhat embarrassed), it's two boys. Employer—Twins, eh! Young man, Pm afraid you are putting on too many heirs .-Munsey's Weekly.

A Repetition.

My bondage of the past is broken, I breathe the warm, free air again, I've seen thy face and thou hast spoken, Snapped are the links that made the chain. The chain of years that held me fast And bound me to that long ago; That sad time when we parted last, You answered me, "I do not know."

Bix weary years since we had parted-Again I sought thee yesterday; I was not ever fickle hearted. Yet I distiked the long delay.

"Lovest thou me?" I saked once more
And waited for the answer low;

You spake the same words as before,
For you replied: "I do not—No."

Flavel Boott Mines in Venuwine's News. He Didn't Do It.

They are still telling a political story of the last campaign, and of the experience of a Chicago orator who went out into the country to help a friend, and who spoke in a town where his friend wasn't popular. The orator failed to charm the playful audience, and was rotten egged off the platform. Upon his return, the friend, after hearing of the egg adventure asked him commiseratingly:

"Did you succumb, Bill!" "Suck 'em! Bet your sweet life I didn't suck 'em! I clum out of the back window!" -Merchant Traveler

A Beluke.



Boston Girl (who has never seen a turkey before)-You naughty chicken, put down your clothes!-Life.

Couldn't Agree.

Tom Dabbs and Mort Spillers, two colored gentlemen, formed a copartnership to do a general plastering business. One morning, he second day after articles of agreement had been drawn up. Dabbs seized an ax bandle and knocked Spillers down and beat him unmercifully. Spillers got up, rubbed his head, and turning to a white man that stood "Dis proves one thing, sho'. Ef it keeps on

dis way me an' dis man kain't agree,"-Arkansaw Traveler.

Warned.

Mammy Jule - Looky heah, Linkum, doan't ye nebbah ag'in lem me see yo' shinnin' up one ob dem telegram poles-mind datt

Linkum taged 10;-Why, mammy, whar's de ha'm?

Mammy Jule-Ha'm, boyt Yo' climb up dar en tech one ob dem wiahs when hits full Student-Mr. Meyer, how do you spell your ob 'lectrisitism en yo'll come walkin' home daid-dars whar de ha'm is, my son, -Detroit Free Press.

The Engaged Ones.

She-When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to

He (a widower, of course)-No, my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that-She suffused with blushes -Oh! sparrow mine!-Yenowine's News,

He Knew.

"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name nobody told me, either."

"Well, then, what is it, Bobbie?" "Why, George Don't. I heard her say George don't in the parlor four or five times hand running. That's what his name is,"— Philadelphia Times.

Didn't Try To.

He-And you was in the car as it sped down that steep decline! She-Yes, indeed!

He-I don't see how you could have caught your breath. She-I didn't under the circumstances: you

She Was a Woman,

Shore.

"Wait a minute, dear," she called coaxingly, as she was leisurely putting on her gloves, Time and tide wait for no man," he responded impatiently at the foot of the stairs. "And I am no man," she said with a mocking little laugh that he felt like throwing a

hundred dollar vase at .- Washington Star.

Good Training. Landlady (to actor)-And you are going to leave me? "Yes; I only meant to stay until I perfect-

ed myself in the part I am going to play this evening."

"What part is that, pray!"

"The 'lean and hungry Cassius.' "-Life.

Taking His Measure. Amy-I would like to buy young Mr. Gos lin a cane for a birthday present if I could only get his measure.

Mabel-Why, how can a man be measured for a cane? Amy-By taking the circumference of his mouth when open.-Judge.

The Case Restated.

"As a life long day laborer, have you no grievances?"

"What are they?"

"Morning comes too quick and the after-noons are too long."—Chicago Times. What Our Artist Has to Put Up With-

and How He Retaliates. -Oh, he may be a genius. But I confess I don't care for the society of geniuses! He-How very personal of you! It's as if I were to confess I didn't care for the society of handsome women!-Punch.

Self Important Stranger (to hotel clerk)-Do you, aw, know who I am! I am Lord Flubdub, sir. Clerk-Indeed! Well, I'll warn the guests, and don't you try to steal anything.-Lawrence American.

Just Turn a New Leaf. Johnny-Papa, I'll have to have a ne Papa-Isn't the old one good enough!

"Yes, but the teacher says I'll have to turn over a new leaf to-morrow or leave school."-Epoch. He Needn't, but-

Son-Mr. Jones said you needn't pay him that bill you owe him, but-Father-Mr. Jones is very kind, Son-But that if you didn't he'd come and

black both your eyes. - Yankee Blade.

An Exception. "I tell you 'finis' is always at the end of the book; never in the middle or first part." "I'll bet you a fiver you'll find it under 'F'

All for Love.

heir."-Yenowine's News.

in the dictionary."-Harper's Bazar.

"Does she love him?" "I should say so! Why, she gave up a \$60 per month position to marry him, and he's only earning \$40."-Chicago Times.

So There Was. "O, James, come quickly! Freddy has swallowed his mouth organ. "Is that sof Then there's music in th

At the Bull Fight. First American-Which winst Second American-Looks like a toss up, but I guess I'll bet on the buil. - Yenowine's Nows. MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

After supper the other night Mr. Bowser went to his overcoat pocket and got out a small book and began reading it, and after waiting long enough to let him understand that I had no curiosity on the subject

"Something new on poultry?"

"No." "It isn't Hoyle!"

"No. "Well, what is it?"

"I can tell you the title of it, but you can't understand. It is a very, very deep work." "Oh, it is! You can understand a very,

very deep work and I can't." "Naturally. Man has the stronger, deeper mind, of course. The title of this work is:
'Nature's Diseases and Remedies—Control of the Body by the Mind."

"Bosh!" "What! What's that?" "You are too old to waste time on such

nonsense, Mr. Bowser," "Norsense! Why, it's the plainest principle of philosophy in the world. The human body is but clay, the soul is immortal. The soul is the mind. The mind ought to be able to control the body."

Yes, in some cases." "Yes, in some cases."
"In all cases, Mrs. Bowser. For instance," you stub your toe. It hurts. You let your mind turn to something elser and the pain "Humph!"

"That's it! That's the usu way of the ignorant—ridicule what they can't argue and discuss in a sensible manner. I have often wondered if you really had a soul." "Don't worry yourself, Mr. Bowser. If I

haven't got any soul I've got some common "Very well. It's no use to talk to a person brought up in a log house on the edge of a huckleberry marsh. I know that the mind can control the body. You deny it. I hope to furnish you with proofs within the week.

He was to furnish them that night. were about ready to go up stairs and he had been out bareheaded and in his slippers to see if the barn door was locked, when he suddenly gave a great start and cried out: "Gee-mi-my to Johnson!" "What's the matterf"

"That tooth tried to jump clean out of my

He sat down to hold his jaw and heave to and fro, and I said: "Your tooth jumps. It hurts you. You let your mind turn to something else and the pain ceases." He looked up at me with the glint of pound-

head. Whew! Yi! Hang it!"

ed glass in his eyes, and was about to reply in kind, when the jumper jumped in on him again and he seized his jaw and yelled; 'Great Scots to scatteration, but I can't

stand this! Get me some camphor!" I got him some, and after a time the pain eased up and he went to bed. He expected me to say something about "Control of the Body by the Mind," but I was waiting. I knew that he wouldn't get off so easily, and could afford to give him a little time. just falling asieep when Mr. Bowser suddenly lifted his feet high in air and uttered a whoop

"Thunder and lightning!" "Mr. Bowser, are you asleep?" I asked. "Asleep! No! I'm dead! Say, this confounded thing has come back on me! Where's

which set a neighbor's dog to barking, fol-

lowed by the remark:

that camphorf" "On the bureau, dear, but it won't do you no good." see I was so frightened I just held it.-West

> for me or I won't live ten minutes!" "Pshaw, Mr. Bowser-have some spunk about you! What is a little toothache?" "Grit! grit!" he shouted, as he danced

> but this is awful-awful! Are you going to lie there and see me drop dead?" "You can stop it if you will. Just lie down and put your mind at work. Think of something else. Think of being out in the woods

> at a May day festival-beautiful flowershappy children—green"—
> "Green—whoop—1!!—shut up!" he
> yelled. "Haven't we got any paregoric in the house?"

I had to get up and go down and stir up the fire, and make a warm poultice for his jaw. and fuss around for an hour, and he finally grew easier. Then I said to him:

"Never." "You brought home a book about the control of the body by the mind."

soul was the mind, and that the mind had control of the body." "Get into bed and keepstill."

You let your mind turn to some"-"I never said it!" "Mr. Bowser, what cured your toothache

Bowser, you get into bed and go to sleep, and in the morning I'll have a long talk with you. We don't seem to be mated to each other, and the matter can probably be arranged to our mutual satisfaction and with-

out publicity." some of the leaves scattered in the back yard. - Detroit Free Press.

"Who with!" was the next query, in a tone of deep suspicion.-New York Herald. Injured Innocence. Police Magistrate (to tough looking customer)-If you did not steal this watch, as

he replied, sheepishly.

you claim, how does it happen you were found with it hidden in your bootleg? Prisoner (haughtily)-That's where I always carry my watch, your honor!-Chicago

He Was Sorry.

Minister (to small boy)-Sonny, do you chew tobaccol Small Boy-Sorry, mister; I just put the last in me mouth. -- Jester.

The Starring Tour.

am! Just think of the rest of the company footing it home over the ties, weary and foot-sore, and without shelter!-Life.

"Oh-h-h-h! Jewhittaker! My stars and soul, but she's jumping my jaw right out of its socket! I've got to have something done

around on one leg. "I've got more grit than any seven families like yours rolled together;

"Mr. Bowser, you brought home a book last night."

"No, I didn't!" "In your argument you declared that the

"No, sir! You stub your toe. It hurts.

-faith, imagination or liquids?" "I-I-who's talking about toothache? Mrs.

Next morning he got down stairs and got hold of the book first, and I afterwards found

"What did hubby do while his wifey was away?" asked the dear creature on her re-

"I played solitaire nearly every evening."