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STRENGTH OF PIE.

According to the Missoulian it might be well for the interstate commerce commission to enlist the services of a few pieces of pie. The Missoulian says:

The praises of pie have been sung by many. Pie is popular in America—the kind that mother used to make. There are as many varieties of pie as there are of flowers—and flours. The golden pumpkin, the succulent mince, the tart lemon, the apple and other kinds too numerous to mention. And there are pie bitters. Was there ever a time when there wasn't a rush to the pie counter? Many have fallen in the rush. Among the nobly fallen are Nels Jurgensen, engineer, and W. D. Johnson, fireman, on the Astoria, Topeka and Santa Fe road, who have a Topeka run. The other day, just before taking a passenger train out of Topeka, Jurgensen and Johnson rushed to the pie counter divided a coconut pie into sections, and made connection. It was good pie—for a lunch counter pie; the men admitted that. But they were unaware of the fact that it was full of ptomaines.

When Staffordville was passed the superiority of the ptomaines to the pie began to be demonstrated. The train stopped in the middle of a big corn field and when other train hands investigated, Jurgensen and Johnson were found writhing upon the floor of the cab. A brakeman had to go back to Staffordville and telegraph the news to headquarters. The whole Santa Fe system was tied up for three hours; all on account of pie. Finally, things were straightened out, except the men who remained doubled up. They are convalescent in a Topeka hospital. Just think of pie, glorious pie, tying up the Santa Fe system—something the interstate commerce commission has been unable to do.

THE TERROR IN RUSSIA

The assassination of Shuvaloff seems to bring into view one feature of "The Terror" in the French revolution. Shuvaloff had given no provocation to any one to kill him. As prefect of Moscow he had used his power mercifully and his administration was kindly. The people, with abundant grievance and grudge against other minions of the czar set over them, made an exception of Count Shuvaloff and regarded him as their friend. His assassination, under such circumstances, indicates that the revolutionary propaganda has reached a stage with features both like and unlike those of the French Terror.

The common feature is the purpose to shed blood, to kill, without any nice discrimination. Madame Roland and the queen each went to the knife to satisfy the blood thirst, but that was after the convention was organized and the revolution had crystallized into a government. France had been seized by a frenzy, and had the instruments of government to use as tools of slaughter. The Russian disturbance ferments in secret. Scattered groups in secret condemn representatives of the autocracy to death and the executioners are selected and the terror is upon Russia. In France the convention listened to public pleas of the accused and condemned them openly. The members of that body, when grist was lacking, openly threatened each other. One day when Marat entered the chamber a member cried, "Death to Marat," and Marat answered: "The day Marat dies there will be no more Paris, and the day that Paris expires there will be no longer a republic."

One day Philippeaux said, "A member has drawn his sword upon me, president, call the assassin to order." The leaders destroyed each other in rapid succession. They all voted to guillotine Louis XVI, but Robespierre lived eighteen months only; Danton fifteen months, Vergniaud nine months, Marat five months, and Saint-Farjean one day after that vote!

Hugo says, "The revolution is a form of the eternal phenomenon which we call necessity. Events dispense; men suffer. Events dictate; men sign."

The 14th of July is signed Camille Desmoulins; 10th of August is signed Danton; 2nd of September is signed Marat; 21st of September is signed Gregoire; 21st of January is signed Robespierre. But they are mere scribes. The great and mysterious writer of these pages has a name—God! and a mask—Destiny. That which ought to happen, happens."

A strange mixture of faith and fatalism. But he tells us, "In this caldron where terror bubbled, progress fermented," and that was true, for the convention decreed that "the liberty of another citizen commences." It abolished slavery and the slave trade, made the defective classes and orphans the wards of the state, established uniform weights and measures, made schooling free, and restored the public credit. A third of its decrees were political, two thirds were humanitarian. All this the convention established, and then the Terror, following the most of it, sounded the tocsin to summon the man on horseback and he answered the call. But what would have happened had the order of events been reversed and the Terror preceded the assembly and the convention? What then would have been written by the pietist and fatalist?

Russian autocracy seems more rotten than was the French monarchy. Its means of resistance seems no more. Yet there is no organization, in the open, against it. But for the prowess and address of Japan the government would have been still taken by the world at its own estimate of itself, and the nations would have stepped softly in fear of it. Yet the masses of the people are no deeper sunk in ignorance and superstition than were the common people of France.

Russia has the germs of a revolution, and the terror, but there is no public leader, no one willing to "sign" today and risk death at the hands of his own followers six months hence. Until there is such a leader and others willing to kill him and succeed him and be killed in their turn, it is doubtful if the revolution will get beyond the mob stage.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

No Objection.

An American girl was educated at a French convent and gave the sisters some trouble with her free American ideas, so the mother superior sent for her and said:

"Don't you know if you go on like that you will go to hell and burn forever and forever?"

"What! Forever and ever!"

"Yes," said the sister.

"Are you sure it will be forever, and no let up at all?"

"Certainly," said she. "The church teaches that."

"Then I don't mind," said the girl, "for I shall get used to it."—Life.

Not Always.

Teacher—Yes, Johnnie shall be one of my pupils. But tell me, my dear madam, does he always stutter or not?

Mother—Oh, dear me, no. Only when he talks.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Easy.

Little Alice had the nightmare and was telling the family about it the next morning.

"When I woke up," she said, "I was still scared and my heart was beating a tattoo—"

Here her elder sister interrupted. "How could your heart beat a tattoo?" she asked sarcastically.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Two Recipes.

"I learned today," said the young wife, "that an egg is the best thing to settle coffee. Did you know that?"

"No," her husband replied, "but I've often heard that a ripe egg judiciously placed will settle a bad actor."—Philadelphia Press.

Used Up.

"Pa," said the son of the multimillionaire, "I want an automobile."

"What? Where's the last one I bought you?" demanded his father.

"Why, good gracious, that was nearly a week ago!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Clothed in Mystery.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a scientist?"

"A scientist, my son," is a man who tells you something you always knew in such long words that you fail to recognize it."—Boston Transcript.

Making Talk.

"I want to do something that will draw out the conversational abilities of my friends," said the hostess.

"That's very easy," answered Miss Cayenne. "Give a musicale."—Baltimore News.

If taken this spring, keeps you well summer. It makes the little ones eat, sleep and grow. A tonic for the whole family. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets at Frank Hart's drug store.

EXPLAINS METHOD

Letter Disclosing Operation in Falsifying Cotton Report.

NOW IN HANDS OF WILSON

Said Writer of Epistle is Man Whose Connection with Affair is a Matter of Public Knowledge. Name Withheld for Present.

New York, July 18.—A letter is now in the hands of the secretary of agriculture, Wilson, says the Herald, the contents of which have been sworn to, that relates in detail methods said to have been pursued in the alleged falsification of the government cotton report June 2. The communication purports to expose the entire inner workings of the plan. No information is vouchsafed by the Herald as to the writer of the letter, but he is said to be one of the men whose connections with the affair is a matter of public knowledge, but whose identity is withheld for the present.

The assertions contained in the letter, continues the Herald, relate in minute detail the precise manner in which the official report was tampered with; who took part in the operation; to what extent the fraud was perpetrated, and where and how the proofs of the charges in the letter may be found.

Richard Cheatam and Harvie Jordan, respectively secretary and treasurer of the Southern Cotton Growers' Association who with the active co-operation with several New York men, have conducted a private investigation here are now in Washington where they expect to confer with Secretary Wilson over the contents of the letter.

That the letter is accurate in its information is declared beyond doubt. An outline of its contents has been given to Morgan H. Beach, district attorney of the District of Columbia, one of the officials empowered to take up the investigation, and it was this development that brought Mr. Beach to New York Monday to enter into consultation with the counsel retained by the Southern Cotton Growers' Association and take over the evidence they had discovered.

He Wanted to Be Sure Before Taking Chances

NODD—Come out with me and take a ride in my auto.

Told—How long have you had it?

"Just got it."

"Had any experience with it?"

"No."

"Going to run it yourself?"

"I am."

"Can you mend a punctured tire?"

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't know the first thing to do?"

"Not the first thing."

"Have you studied, read or been given any advice?"

"No, sir. I tell you I don't know the first thing."

"How far do you want to go?"

"Just as far as the thing will go."

"All right. I'll go with you."

"What! Why, I didn't dream you'd accept my invitation."

"Why not?"

"Why, I didn't suppose you'd care to go out in an auto with a man who doesn't know anything about it."

"Nonsense! You're just the man."

"How's that?"

"Simply because, old chap, that if we break down we'll drop the old machine and get home by trolley, train or carriage. But if you thought you knew the first thing about it you'd spend the rest of the day trying to fix it up, while I'd have to stay with you and suffer as a matter of courtesy."—Life.

Education Won the Jack Pot.

On a warm and sultry day two tramps were playing a game of poker behind a haystack. One of them dealt.

"What are you going to bet?" he asked the other.

"I've got a pretty good hand, so I'll open the jack pot for a hundred dollars."

"All right. I'll see that and raise you a thousand."

"Good! I'll just make it a billion dollars."

"I'll see your billion, and just to make it interesting I'll raise you a trillion dollars."

"When you must have a good hand! But I'll stay and go you just a quadrillion better."

"That suits me. I'll make it a quintillion better than yours."

The other tramp hesitated and looked at his cards intently. Finally he said:

"The pot is yours. You win on education."—Judge.

A Big Difference.

In his ad today Herman Wise shows plainly the difference between trading with Wise and otherwise.

The Kiss

Of course I will not kiss you, I—
Oh, you'll kiss me if you may try?
I guess you won't—you love me so?
I'm sure you've told a dozen—no!
I tell you I will not permit
You—no, sir, not a "teeny bit."
They're all the same and—stop, now—well,
You promise that you'll never tell
If I—oh, don't—you ought to be
Ashamed to be so rude to me.
You're sorry? Well, I'm glad to know
You feel ashamed for acting so.
And—no, sir, no; we shall not kiss
And be good friends again. You miss
It there. I'm sure you shall
Not say that I am prodigal
Of treasure which I had not thought
Was worth so much until you brought
Its value to my notice. Why
Were you so stupid? And when I
Might possibly—no, no, I say:
If you persist I'll run away.
And that would be too impolite
For anything. I am not quite
So rude, I hope. At least, I do
Not wish to seem so rude—to you.
Because—now stop—why can't you be
As distant and severe with me
As you have told me—is it so?
You are with other girls, you know?
Oh, I am more than—now, sit there;
I'll go and take that other chair.
It's too far off? Well, if I stay,
Will you agree—don't act that way.
It's horrid and—what? You will go
Away and leave me when you know
How much I—no, I won't. Why should
I let you kiss me if you're good?
I'd have you know that I—now, don't;
I've said I wouldn't, and I won't.
You do not love me? I don't care—
Sh—some one's coming down the stair—
Just one, remember—oh—ah.
Another? Well—no, there's mamma.
—New York Press.

She Died.

"Ah, sir," said the stranger, "it was but one short year ago that I was at this summer resort and met a beautiful brunette to whom I plighted my troth. She said she would be true until death, and she gave me this lovely ringlet of her hair as a gauge of her love. I was to seek her here at this time, yet I do not find her. Hast seen her?"

"What was the name?" asked the hotel clerk, for it was indeed he.

"Rosette Bejiggs."

"Oh, she died last fall!"

"Died?"

"Yes. That's her over there at the end of the piazza. That stunning blond."

As Rosette even then was detaching a beautiful blond ringlet for a distracted youth at her side our hero ordered his grips sent to the station and began looking up the time of trains.—Chicago Tribune.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris is that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough for fourteen years. Nothing helped me until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption coughs and colds, which gave instant relief, and effect a permanent cure." Unequalled quick cure for throat and lung troubles. At Chas. Rogers drug store; price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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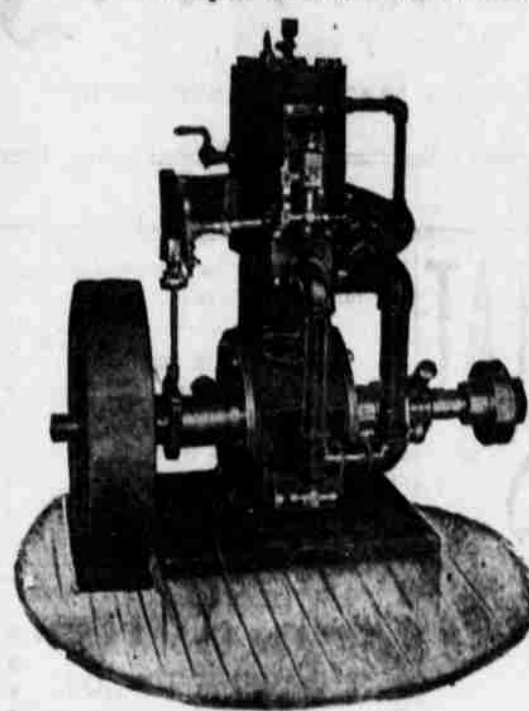
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