

BANDON RECORDER.

Six Frightened Lions. An incident at the Porte St. Martin theater in Paris has become part of the annals of the show business.

The woman who had the part of the victim was taken ill, and a substitute was found in the wife of one of the trainers, herself a trainer of some experience, but without any acquaintance with these particular six lions.

Amid the breathless silence of the spectators the ringmaster explained the ferocious nature of the lions and the terrible risk of the woman, and she was thrust in at the cage door. In the excitement of the occasion the door was not securely fastened.

No sooner was she fairly inside than the six monarchs of the jungle, seeing that a strange person had been forced upon them, raised a chorus of shuddering terror, bolted for the cage door, clawed it open and with dragging tails and cringing thanks fled out through a rear entrance and found refuge in a cellar, whence they were dislodged only after great difficulty.

It was a week before the "ferocious man enters" were sufficiently recovered from their terrors to reappear in public.—McClure's Magazine.

A Splendid Bluff.

Sir Walter Besant is said to have once settled a disputed cab fare in a novel manner. He drove from Piccadilly to some place in the suburbs outside the radius.

"The very thing," said Besant, who had never in his life put on a boxing glove and was almost as ignorant as Pickwick even of the fighting attitude.

"The very thing, Capital! We'll have the fight in the back garden. My brother will look on, hold the stakes and see fair!"

"The cabman got down slowly, as if he did not quite care about it after all. He followed into the garden, where there was a lovely bit of green turf.

"No, no," he said at last. "Gimme the three and six. I know your tricks, both of you. I've been done this way before."

Broken at the Wheel.

In the diary of that remarkable man, General Patrick Gordon, who left Scotland in 1651 a poor, unfriended wanderer and when he died in 1690 had his eyes closed by the affectionate hands of his sorrowing waster, the earl Peter of the Great, the following entry is to be found, under date of Hamburg, March 22, 1686:

"This day, a man and a woman, a burger of the town being the wondrous master, for murdering, were carted from the prison to the house where the murder was committed; and there before this house, with bottles, pinners, the flesh was torn out of their arms, and from thence were carried to the place of justice without the town, and there broken and layed on wheels."

An instance 50 years later than those quoted at the last reference is recorded in the "Correspondence of Mr. Joseph Jekyll" (Murray, 1894). In April, 1775, from the balcony of his lodgings at Orleans, Jekyll saw a criminal broken on the wheel. In a letter to his father (p. 13) he enters minutely into the sickening details, adding that "the crime of the unfortunate creature was burglary, as we learnt from his sentence, which is posted up at every corner of the streets."—Notes and Queries.

Englishmen in America.

Among Englishmen who came to America a British author, Mr. Vachell, enumerates "the parson's son, the fortune hunter, the moral idiot, the resistance man and the sportsman."

It is a clever and comprehensive catalogue, but it omits one of the types most interesting to Americans—the irresponsible "younger son" sent to "the States" to seek a fortune he has never been able to find at home or to avoid a maturing crop of wild oats.—New York Herald.

Cards.

Harry—Uncle George, at the end of this marriage notice of Cousin Tom's it says "No cards." What does that mean?

Uncle George—It doesn't mean anything, Harry. That is to say, it is only a blind. It is a promise that Tom will give up cards, but, bless you, he won't be a month married before he'll be back to the poker table again.—Exchange.

The Point of His Warning.

"You ain't acquainted around here much, be you?" asked the mountaineer of the man on horseback.

"No."

"'Reckoned not. I don't believe I'd go down the trail that runs past Abe Gore's shack if I was you. Abe had his hoss stole last week."

"But this isn't his horse."

"You don't seem to understand. I ain't accusin you of stealin his hoss. I'm simply informin you that at present Abe happens to be in need of a boss purty bad. I wouldn't go down that road if I was you."—Indianapolis Sun.

About a mile south of the Michigan state line and near Cedar Lake, Indiana, is a small spot of land upon which vegetation absolutely refuses to grow. The surrounding soil, though apparently the same, is very productive. The spot is less than 20 feet in diameter and is located in a grove which tradition declares to have been the torture ground of the Hawthorne Indians.

Polly Larkin.

You frequently hear it said in regard to the army of unemployed men that congregate in every large city, "Why, those men would not work if employment were given them; their plea for work is only a pretense." Yet scores of men stand around the employment offices every day, wondering what the prospects are for work and hoping that the day will bring forth a change in the situation of idleness to them to one of profitable employment. Polly sees crowds of these men every day around the employment offices waiting patiently for something to turn up. Some of them look like they had seen far better days and the region of an employment office was new to them. Some look embittered, for they have met with so many disappointments from day to day. Others seem indifferent and stand laughing and chatting in a happy-go-lucky sort of way as though they knew the tide would turn some day and create a new era in their affairs. There may be a few among those who gather around these intelligence offices who do not want work and would not accept it if it were offered them, but they are the exception and not the rule. It always makes Polly feel that there should be a law in the land demanding that employment be given the unemployed. But there is another phase of the matter to be looked into, and that is the question of wages. Many of these men could get work, but not at their own figures. They would scorn to accept a dollar or a dollar and a half a day, demanding two and a half and three dollars, which the employers many times are unable to give, and they will face poverty and fight it out until the lucky day comes when they can get what they demand rather than take what they can get until something better turns up. Many of them have families to support, and the result is that little children who should be in the schoolroom are helping to eke out the bare existence for the family by working for a few dimes per day in the factories.

It would surprise you to see the number of little children pouring out of the various factories at the noon hour and at 5:30 and 6 o'clock on their homeward way, tired and old before their time but all seemingly happy and chatting and laughing as they disappear in groups of twos, threes and fives and sometimes a whole bevy of them, going in the same direction. Some are working in cracker and biscuit factories sorting and packing them; others are in the labeling-room. The various canneries, shoe, shirt and overall factories employ their scores of girls, some of them very tots that look as though they had been stunted in their infancy. They don't earn large wages, many of them only thirty, forty and fifty cents a day, but they bring the old adage into play, "beggars should not be choosers," and go into the factories happy in adding their mite for the necessities of home, for somebody must work to put bread into the hungry little mouths. It puts one to thinking when the whistles blow at closing time and the doors swing open to let the stream of humanity pour forth. From the oldest to the youngest, with but few exceptions, they don't look unhappy or discontented, but as if they knew the philosophy of true living and were making the best out of their station in life.

The law making education compulsory in this State is a good one and should be passed. It would make a vast change in these factories, for the raft of children that daily pour into their doors from Monday morning until Saturday night would then file into the schoolroom in answer to the bell and receive the education that is due them and which the coming citizen should possess. The day has passed when ignorance is excusable, for with our up-to-date public schools there should be no excuse and ignorance should be looked upon as a crime. When that day comes it will create a new era in the factories, for the assistance they depend upon from the school children will be withdrawn and it will make places for men now idle.

But going back to the unemployed men, Polly saw something a few days since that showed a spirit to be commended by all fair and right-minded people. I saw a number of these unemployed men, enough of them to fill a good-sized car, going north to work on the Northwestern Railway. Each one had his roll of blankets or a valise, and seemed as light-hearted and happy as a lot of schoolboys off for a summer's jaunt. If they had known of the picturesque part of the country they were going to, filled with its beautiful canyons, mountains and valleys, and covered with verdure, wildflowers, ferns and magnificent trees which the hand of man never planted, they would, if possible, have been more elated than they were. This extension is opening up vast resources to this beautiful section of country, and already summer sojourners and campers are watching it with a jealous eye for future happy events when they cast dull care to the four winds and depart for this already favored section of the California Northwestern Railway which is so interesting to summer visitors in giving them many places for a summer and fall outing and yet so in touch with San Francisco that business men can enjoy it not all, a portion of the outings with their families. Another thing they consider as well is the numerous trout streams teeming with the speckled beauties that have been stocked and

restocked from the California Northwestern Railway Fish Hatchery.

HIS FIRST RECOGNITION.

The Turning Point in the Career of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The first reading of "The Scarlet Letter" has been told in T. W. Higginson's book of essays, "Contemporaries." The reading was given to the author's dearest critic, his wife. During the entire winter when he was at work upon the book he seemed oppressed by some secret anxiety.

"There was a knot in his forehead all the time," said Mrs. Hawthorne. Finally one evening he went to her and said that he had written something which he would like to read aloud. The work amounted to very little, but still he would like to read it. All that evening he read, but as the romance was unfinished at bedtime his wife made no comments, knowing that he disliked criticism until one had heard the whole.

The next night he read again, and now her suspense grew so unendurable in the midst of a moving scene she sank from her low stool to the floor, pressed her hands to her ears and declared that she could not bear to hear it.

Hawthorne put down the manuscript and looked at her in amazement. "Do you really feel it so much?" he asked. "Then there must be something in it."

The next day the manuscript was delivered to the publisher, and on the following morning Mr. James T. Fields, the publisher, appeared at the author's door. When he was admitted, he caught the little boy of the family in his arms and asked, "You splendid little fellow, do you know what a father you have?"

He had sat up all night to read the manuscript and had posted out to Salem in the early morning. After his interview with the publisher Hawthorne came down stairs with a firm step and walked about, his face illumined by new hope and vigor. The world had found him out. Recognition was at the door.

BRIEF REVIEW.

An International Signal Code.

On January 1st every vessel in the world was provided with a new set of flag signals of the international code. The old code had been in use by maritime nations for forty years, but had undergone its usefulness. The changes made in it are the additions of the vowels, a, e, i, o and u and the letters x, y and z, giving twenty-seven characters in place of the nineteen used formerly. With the nineteen there were possible some 80,000 combinations, giving an equal number of sentences; now there are more than 100,000 combinations, and it will be possible for vessels to converse on almost any topic as long as the flags can be distinguished. From the 1st of January, 1901, until the 1st of January, 1902, it will be permissible for ships to use the new or old code as they please. Vessels using the new code will denote their doing so by hoisting the code pennant with the fly tied to the halyards, having above it a black ball or a shape resembling a ball. From the 1st of January, 1902, the new code only will be used, and its distinguishing sign thereforward will be the code pennant hoisted in the ordinary way.

Boston Historical Society.

The Massachusetts Historical Society of Boston is most fortunate in its library and large collection of historical manuscripts upon the revolutionary and colonial times. Dr. S. A. Green, the librarian, is one of the ablest of antiquaries. The society has erected a large building to be used by it exclusively. In 1894 the society celebrated the centennial of its incorporation. It embraces in membership the leading historical students of that State. The society has been, through its publications, of large assistance to the various patriotic organizations throughout the nation. There is scarcely a locality of family in New England upon which the society has not already contributed literature. It is the oldest historical organization in America and its work has only just begun. New Englanders the world over take much pride in the service it has rendered in perpetuating the memories and heroism of the founders of their native State. Charles Francis Adams is the president.

Great Britain's Unique Colony.

In some respects New Zealand is the most advanced of any British colony. Its climate is absolutely perfect, its population, hardy and devoted to the land of their adoption, and its resources are most fruitful and already highly developed. The workingman is supreme there, and it is the boast of the islanders they do not contain a millionaire. To New Zealand belongs the credit of having established franchise for its women and pensions for its old people, and it has shown a general capacity for managing its own affairs far in advance of any community of its age. The Maoris are decreasing in numbers, and although they have made an effort to adopt civilization, it is not suited to their temperament.

The city authorities of St. Petersburg have resolved to raise a loan of \$12,000,000 for the purpose of repairing and improving the buildings, streets, quays, bridges and pavements of the city by first, when the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Petersburg will be celebrated.

The pavement in front of William H. Vanderbilt's residence in New York City cost over \$40,000. The single stone lying directly in front is the largest known paving stone, and is said to have cost transportation and all, \$10,000.

Excepting grape wine, the oldest alcoholic beverage known to man is sake, a rice wine. It has been used by Japanese for over 2000 years.

The manufacture and sale of dolls in Europe exceed 25,000,000 per year. One firm in Paris turns out 2000 dolls a day.

Buffaloes are found at the height of 12,000 feet on the African mountain of Kilima Njaro.

A four-foot vein of graphite has been discovered in Idaho.

Canada has 1088 exhibits at the Paris Exhibition.

BITTEN BY A NEVILLO

ONE OF THE TERRORS OF LIFE ON THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.

A Lizard From Whose Deadly Poison Only One Man is Known to Have Recovered—The Treatment Which Saved Him From Death.

"I guess I am the only living man that has been bitten by the nevillo, a venomous lizard of the isthmus of Tehuantepec," said William W. Cloon, a New Yorker with Central American experiences. "This lizard is of the Gila monster family and is a horrid looking reptile of a mottled liver color and is from six to ten inches long. Its bite is deadly, and, as I said, I am the only person known who has lived after being bitten. It was a case of nip and tuck, though, and I didn't get over it for two months or more."

The lizard bit me out of pure malice. I wasn't doing a thing to it. I had a coffee plantation down on the isthmus several years ago and just before the hot season began, which was in March, I had as my guest Dr. Ferguson MacDonald of the Smithsonian Institution, who was in that country in the interest of science. While he was with me we received an invitation to visit the great plantation of Dr. Pedro Arguilles, one of the most prominent men of that country, and we went to his hacienda near Minatitlan. The ladies of the family had all gone to Mexico City, and as the weather was hot we men loafed around in our pyjamas, the upper garment of which is a big sleeved affair called a camisa.

"One day Dr. MacDonald and I had adjourned to the patio or court of the building, and while I lay in the grass talking to him he was busy greasing and putting into shape his guns and revolvers. He was six or eight feet away from me, and I was lying with my head propped up on my arm, from which the sleeve had slipped, leaving it exposed to the elbow, which rested on the grass. Of course neither of us was thinking about reptiles or other dangers right there in the court of the building. Suddenly, as I talked, the doctor threw his hand up in warning, and I knew that whatever it was he saw there was danger in my vicinity, and I must keep still. So I kept my steady as I could, and then I felt something go up my arm toward my head and stop near my wrist.

"I couldn't see what it was but I knew something about tropical reptiles and I kept perfectly quiet while the doctor caught up one of his revolvers and threw a couple of cartridges into it. He aimed across my body and fired, and as I jumped to my feet a nevillo at least seven inches long fell writhing to the ground, still through the head. The bullet had gone into my arm and came out at the elbow and I was bleeding. Between the bullet marks, though, were the fang marks which the nevillo had stuck its teeth into my arm, and I told the doctor I thought it had got me. As soon as he saw it he gave me some kind of a hypodermic injection in the left leg, and at once took his knife and slashed me across the fang marks. Into the wounds of my arm he poured a bottle of concentrated ammonia. Almost instantly after I had been bitten I began to grow dizzy and to see what seemed to me to be clouds of light smoke, and when the ammonia struck me I keeled over in a dead faint.

"Five days later I awoke in a mud bath by the riverside, my body twice its normal size and my tongue sticking out of my mouth. They had carried me there as soon as I fainted, and night and day my nurse and his daughter had been watching by me, with fires at night to keep off the animals from the jungle. Every 12 hours my arm was lifted from the mud and cleaned, and on these occasions it was always found to be of a green color. As soon as I returned to consciousness I was carried to the home and put to bed, and there for two weeks I remained and then went down to the coast and up to the well known hot springs, where I was treated for two months until every bit of the venom had left my body. During it all I suffered no pain, nor have I ever felt the slightest inconvenience since. What effect the bullet wound in the arm had I don't know. Possibly the blood that came from the bullet wounds saved me. Anyhow something happened that never happened to any other person bitten by a nevillo, or I wouldn't be here to tell the story."

FRANCE THE TEUTONIC.

Parts of the Republic Are as Much German as the Fatherland.

The northern third of France and half of Belgium are today more Teutonic than the south of Germany. This should not occasion surprise when we remember the incessant downpour of Teutonic tribes during the whole historic period. It was a constant procession of Goths from all points of the compass—Franks, Burgundians and others.

France was entirely overrun by the Franks, with the exception of Brittany, by the middle of the sixth century. All through the middle ages this part of France was German in language and customs as well. The very name of the country is Teutonic. It has the same origin as Franconia, in southern Germany. In 812 the council of Tours, away down south, ordained that every bishop should preach both in the Romance and the Teutonic languages.

The Franks reserved their German speech 400 years after the conquest. Charlemagne was a German. His courtiers were all Germans. He lived and governed from outside the limits of modern France. The Abbe Sieges uttered an ethnological truism when, in the course of the French revolution, he cried out against the French arts, "Let us send them back to their German marshes whence they came!"—London Express.

The Servant Problem in Mexico.

"You foreigners," says a Mexican woman quoted by a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, "are so silly with your servants. You come here and exclaim, 'How awfully the Mexicans treat their servants!' and then you give them iron beds and mattresses stuffed with wool, where with us they have to lie down to sleep on their straw mats, as is best for them. You think it nice to give them ribbons for their hair and neck, and some of you put the women in corsets and make them wear caps and aprons! This turns the heads of the young women, and they think they are real señoras (ladies) and grow impatient. That is how you spoil our servants, when they get angry with us, talk up badly and say they will go and live in a foreign family! Ah, you foreigners are so shortsighted. Soon you will see how there are no more good, loyal, old-fashioned servants! You put a race which needs firmness and discipline, real kindness, not pampering."

The Way to Win Strength.

The Romans won their empire by attacking their enemies one by one. Besides this, they did not attack a new enemy until they had conquered the old enemy. They went farther still and like the English in conquering India used their late enemies, and this is what we should do in learning and practicing games and athletics. It is of little use to try to conquer the whole empire at once. First conquer a part and make it your own. Then proceed to a second part and conquer that and, if you can, let the parts which you have already conquered help you to conquer fresh parts.—Eustace H. Mills in Saturday Evening Post.

The Counterfeit Bill.

The average counterfeit bill shows better work on the right hand side than on the left. More care is taken to make the work accurate, because unless a man is left handed it is customary in counting a pile of bills to hold the left end down and turn up only the right end. The assistant in the city banks now reverses the process and turns the bills with his left hand.

Stylish.

"What's dem specs on you all's forehead?" asked Mr. Erasmus Pinky. "My wife done gimme dem," answered Mr. Sophonis Colliflower. "Dey's dem stylish kin' of decorations. Dem's poker dots."—Washington Star.

Unpleasant Monotony.

Ugly Husband (sneaking)—You married me for better or worse, didn't you? Wife (distastefully)—Yes, but I supposed I would have some variety.—Detroit Free Press.

In St. Helena there are descendants of colored men who were brought to the island 150 years ago. They are as black as their distant cousins on the coast of Guinea.

The first lesson for a boy to learn in saving his money is to resist the hints of his sisters every time he earns a dollar.—Atchison Globe.

If all the cats in London were placed in a line there would be a total length of 43 miles.

FUNNY SPECTACLES.

The Impromptu Rows That Occur in the Streets of Paris.

"Did you ever see a street fight in France?" asked an artist who had lately returned from Paris. "They are funny spectacles. I saw one once while passing the Bal Bullier at midnight. Two little Frenchmen walked along in front of me, engaged in conversation. A third little Frenchman ran up on tip toe from behind somewhere and kicked the taller of the talkers between the shoulder blades. He went down with a cry, turned a somersault into the gutter and lay there."

"And instantly—how, I don't know—'that street was full of hundreds of little Frenchmen, fighting and chattering and screeching. They didn't use their fists. They slapped, scratched, pulled whiskers and hair and, above all, kicked—kicked in the high French manner, not landing where we Americans land, but getting home on the face and neck and on the back between the shoulders. For five minutes there was pandemonium, and then as suddenly as it had begun the brawl was over and the boulevard was still again."

"But afterward in all the boulevard cafes you found torn and bleeding Frenchmen, who leaned back limply in their chairs while their little ladyloves wiped daintily with their skirts the heroic scraps. The little ladies wept and murmured sweet, consoling things; the little men seemed in the depth of despair; but it wasn't long before little drinks were ordered and little cigars retted lit and everybody was gay and happy again."—Philadelphia Record.

Won by a Dead Man.

A valuable cup was won in a bicycle race in Australia by a man who was dead when he passed the winning post. The race took place at an "electric light carnival," so called, in the presence of 10,000 spectators. In the last lap James Somerville, a rider, forced to the front and secured such a lead that his victory was assured.

When within 25 yards of the finish he was seen to relax his hold on the handle bars and lose his footing on the pedals. He did not fall from the machine, however, and amid frantic cheers dashed by the goal, winning the race by half a wheel. As he passed the finishing post he pitched forward and fell to the ground.

When he was picked up he was found to be dead, and, what is more, the doctors declared that death had come to him when he was seen to lose his hold on the handle bars. It was a dead body that had ridden the last 25 yards of the race.

The Parson and the Skipper.

An old globe circler says that in going around the world there is scarcely one traveler in a hundred who remembers that in going from east to west a day is gained and that in going from west to east a day is lost. Many of those who come into contact with this truth know all about it when they were at school, but never think of it on the high seas. In illustration of the point he tells this story:

"My first trip around the world was from England to Australia. Out in the middle of the Pacific a sign was put announcing that the date was Thursday, July 17. This was all right, but the next day the same sign was put up again. This was an opportunity for those of us who thought we were real wise to show the ship's officers that they were not infallible. After we had expended our choicest sarcasm and had been rebuffed by various officers the captain set us straight.

"On my way back one day the card went up announcing that it was Saturday, Aug. 13. The next day the sign said Monday, Aug. 15. Two ministers on board thought the captain a somewhat profane old salt, who had slipped a day to avoid the religious services which they had prepared. He convinced them that it was a mere coincidence that on that particular date the last day was Sunday. Since the ship's navigator, his business, and he can skip a century if he wishes without my saying a word."—Baltimore Sun.

A Dead Face in the Window.

Crockford, the proprietor of a well known London gambling house, was made to play a queer role after he was dead. When one of Crockford's horses was poisoned just before the Derby, the misfortune brought on an attack of apoplexy, which proved fatal within 48 hours. Now, many of Crockford's friends had staked large sums on another of the gambler's horses, which was a favorite for the Oaks and which was disqualified by the death of the owner. Only the people in the gambling house knew of Crockford's death, and it was resolved to keep it a secret until after the race.

The servants were bribed and sworn to secrecy, and the conspirators on the day after the night upon which Crockford died had the body placed in a chair at a window, so that people returning from the track could see the gambler sitting there. He was fixed up to look as lifelike as possible and so natural that no one of the great crowd which came chattering by the house when on their return from seeing Crockford's horse win the Oaks suspected the trick.

The next day it was announced that Crockford was dead, but it was years before the true story leaked out.

Had a Good Start.

Two colored men on a late Long street car were congratulating one another. The last to talk was newly wedded.

"Sam, I understand youse took into yonself a new woman?" said Mr. Johnston.

"Yil knuffus I be guilty," meekly replied Sam, his countenance covered with a broad grin.

"Did you all get a good start?" Sam was apparently very anxious to answer the question and in a much louder tone said:

"Well, I should say I did get a good start. I got an old woman wid eleven little plekkunimmas."

Everybody who heard the remark was satisfied Sam had really a good start.—Col'rus (D.) Dispatch.

SPOILED BY WEALTH.

"I've gadder drop dis work, I've gadder drop dis work, I've gadder drop dis work," said a man in a white shirt and a pair of blue trousers, who was standing in a crowd of people.

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TRICKS OF BARNSTORMERS.

How They Are Sometimes Compelled to Help One Another Out.