THE PEACEMAKER

By W. W. JACOBS.

[Copyright, 1900, by W. W. Jacobs.] The narbor was crowded with fishing bouts, and fresh arrivals were ming in every few minutes. Until entrance was reached they came iding along with every appearance buste, but then their mainsails came oling down to the deck, and the with sufficient way left on them of easily over the still water and it their way to a berth.

small boars conveyed the fish to the 1607 where fishermen were appraisthe catch with a wisdom beyond heir years.

There was a glut of whiting; so many whiting and going so cheaply ir tails from sheer annoyance. Small dat tish, which slid away from their were carefully looked after and ved buck with the toe of a sea boot, whiting slid away unnoticed until ay vanished from mortal ken in the pockets of predatory archins.

in the small market a short, red faced man with scarlet beard reached n a disparaging fashion from heap to map using a favorite brief in lieu of a or to knock down such fish as found bidders. The latter were few and wary and, turning a deaf ear to eloquence, expressed in crude English pinions distusteful to an auctioneer's

The sense of the meeting being against him, the auctioneer tacked to t and, coming to another heap condsting of the selection of the most on desirable fish that swim Britannia's realm, gazed at it indignantly. There was a titter behind him, and he voiced his wrath impernorsity.

"That's Joe Gubbs' catch," he bawl-"S'elp me, I'd know that man's uck answhere."

He turned the fish over scornfully with his foot and with a severe glance at the hapless Gubbs moved away to something more salable.

"Where d'ye get 'em from, Gubbs?" inquired an aggravating voice, "We never get such things in our nets. I'venever seen some of them things

There's a lot you ain't seen. Bob Tarbut," said Gubbs, turning upon him. and what you do see don't do you much good."

"I'd be ashamed to bring home such a queer looking lot," Jeered the other



"Did I kill him?" he inquired in a white

They mayn't be up to much, but thee's none on 'em would care to change faces with you, I expect," retorted Gubbs.

You leave my face alone," said Tar but whose physiognomy was much used in the village for purposes of com-BRY SORE

A skate's handsome to you," said Gubbs, following up his advantage

He jumped back suddenly as the fist of the sensitive Tarbut shot violently out and, treading on a small fish, whirled around wildly with his hands in the air in the effort to retain his balance and sat down heavily. The bystanders lustantly separated into two groups. and two or three anxious sympathizers belowd the fallen man to his feet and indicated those parts of Tarbut's frame which, in their opinion, were least

adapted to offer resistance to his fist. Stand up," said Gubbs sternly as be shook himself free from these friends. "I am a standing up," said Tarbut.

breathing basel The two combatants approached each stealthily and, maneuvering tound the heaps of fish, struck safely at each other over these convenient burriors:

'Get 'em in the road!' said an excited voice. "They can't 'urt each other hero.

A dozen kindly hands helped them there and, finding too much strategy for sport in a large ring, at the bidding of the resourceful individual who had last spoken, gradually made it smaller and smaller. Two or three small blows warmed the combatants, and they set to work in earnest. Then Gubbs, under a heavy blow from Tarbut, went to the

ground and staid there. it was three minutes before he came thoroughly round, and then he sat up in a dazed fashion and looked round for his opponent.

"Did I kill "im?" he inquired in a whisper.

"No; not quite," said one of his friends gently. Gubbs rubbed his eyes. "What are

they patting him on the back for?" he nquired, eying the group who were making a fuss over Tarbut. "Cos he's won," said his friend.

liubbs staggered to his feet. "It's no good," said the landlord of the Three Pishers, who had run ove

to the some of the fray. "You was" properly trained, you know. Now. ook 'ere-if you put yourself in my hands, in three weeks you can best

in bolier." You do as Mr. Larkins ses, Joe.

said his friend impressively.

"I lived among prizefighters afore I ome down 'ere," said Mr. Larkins. expanding his small frame. "In three weeks' time. Gubbs, you'll be able to knock him silly.

Well, what about Tarbut; he ought

to be trained, too," said one of the men "Fair play's fair play any day." "I'll train 'Im," said an old ex-coast

"I don't want no training," said Tar-but surilly. "I've best 'lm, best 'lm

Well, beat 'im again, Tarbut," said "I'll put my five one of his friends. bob on you. Who'll take me?" For the next five minutes, heedless of the assertions of both men that they wouldn't fight any more, bets were freely taken, Tarbut, in view of his

recent success, being a bot favorite. A jarring element was introduced into the proceedings by a small elderly man wearing a piece of blue ribbon, who, pushing his way in eagerly, inquired what it was all about. Nobody troubling to give him a correct answer, he tried to solve it for himself, and was then enuglit, just it the nick of time, trying to make the enemies shake mods.

"You go off to your mothers' meeting. Peter Morgan," said an incensed

"It's a fight," said the little man, aising his voice. "Oh, my friends"-"It's nothing of the kind," said Larkins hotly. "I'm training 'em for a race, that's all. They're just going to ee who's the best runner."

Morgan, disregarding the publican, soked to others for information. "It's quite right," said a bystander. You can believe me, can't you?

When's it going to be?" asked Mor-I don't know," said the other, turn

REMARKS EN You ought to be ashamed of your tyes." said Morgan warmly. I enough to make a couple of men ht what don't want to without tell-

a lot of Hes about it." It's none of your business," said Not Winds and Seas, but an Explo clains surlily. "Ask no questions il you'll have no lies. You'll get

I never told of anything in my life." my's persuasion and example, not riging people to do what I want."

There's a purse of fifteen and six

n a fight and killed on the spot.

A comfortable meal and a good davits or cut loose a spar. night's rest restored Mr. Gubbs to his siler, interfering with his meditasperity bade her get up and stop it. It's Mr Larkins, Joe," said the lawindow.

standing below keeping up an inces-

ut by now

I've changed my mind," said Gubbs, nice to defeat the intentions of Mrs. crat. tubbs, who was looking. "I dreamed I killed Tarbut, and it's give me such a fright that I've resolved not to fight. That's all right," said Larkins brisk-

"Thremms always go by contraries." "Well, there ain't much comfort in that," said Gubbs, who was anxious to get back to his warm bed, sharply

You dress and come down," said Larkins imperiously. "You ought to be aslanged of yourself after all the from de I'm taking on your behalf."

Mr. Gubbs rubbed his eyes and pondered. "What's the towel for?" femanded suspiciously. Rub you down with after you've

mthed," said the other. "Bathed?" said Mr. Gubbs, with em plasis "Bathed? What for?"

"Fraining," replied Mr. Larkins brief "Hurry up "I don't believe old Bullock's going to make Tarbut bathe," said Gubbs,

shivering. "It's weakening." "You do as you're told," said the aumeratic Larkins. "Bullock don't know

othing about it. Mr. Gubbs sighed and withdrew his head and, explaining to his astonished

wife that he was going for a stroll, gloomily dressed himself and joined his trainer below. "Shoulders buck," said the small pub-

"Head up." He led the way down to the beach and, ignoring the looks of aversion liver sen, stood ' while he disrobed divers maternal ancestry. nd peacefully piled his way over the hingle to the edge of the water. It

reporature of the water. How do you feel?" inquired Mr. Larkins anxiously as he rubbed him my daughters, a girl of 9 and one who

"I feel bad," said the other, shiver-

our run." said Larkins cheerily. Ad my w-w-wot?" inquired Mr. inbbs, staring at him offensively and unbing himself furlously with the

Your run," repeated Larkins sternid that And, mind, I don't want you go running like a steam engine, or a intway horse.

I wasn't going to," said Gubbs. "Just trot easy," continued the other, for about half a mile. Go as far as p'heve dis darky am called to preach! but gate over there, then rest two

untes, and trot back again. His manner was so dictatorial that ir tiubbs, remembering in time his orne in the Three Fishers, swallowed mustang he was going to say-and it should remove their bats in his court as nearly strong enough to choke him but I see that the order is not enforced. and set off at a strange, weird gait whitehead. No. The women folks apit at last, and, after a very long two dered a dissenting opinion - Denver minutes, started back again, in re! News.

spouse to the semaphoretike appeals of he enthusiastic Larkins.

I've got my work cut out for me, I can see," said the latter, as his victim, puffing and blowing, sat down on the ground. "But I'll soon get you in trim. and you can keep quiet about it. I don't want Bullock to know." Why not?" demanded Mr. Gubbs.

"Because he'd train Tarbut the same way." said Larkins, with a cunning Well, why shouldn't Tarbut 'ave

a doing same as me?" said Mr. Gubbs vindictively. "Why should 'e be layhis in comfort in 'is bed while I'm careling 'arm bathing and killing my-

"UNDER THE SUN."

The men who have gone before us Have sing the songs we sing. The words of our clamorous chorus, They were heard of the auctont king.

The churds of the lyre that thrill us They were struck in the years gone by, And the arrows of death that kill us Are found where our fathers lie.

The mean of the stricken creature Has rung in the woods alway.

But the songs are worth resinging, With the change of no single note, And the spoken words are ringing. As they rang in the years remote. There is no new road to follow, love,

Nor need there ever be, For the old, with its hill and bollow, love,

is enough for you and me.

-- Charles R. Bacon in Century

WHATMODERNSAILORSFEAR

sion Which Scuttles the Ship, "Boller explosions are the terror of me idea into that 'end of yours and the seafaring man," said an old time en co and split and have it stop deep water captain. "Such a thing is bad enough on dry land, but imagine a catastrophe of that kind at sea. In

craft itself and every soul on board. "The average landsman would be greatly shocked in looking over the to heaven on the jump. What bothers rate up for the winner," said Lackins, maritime records to see how many vesraing away and whispering the news sels disappear each year and leave Cabbs. "The spot for the picnic'll absolutely no clew to their fate. They marde known later on. Them what's run well up to the hundred mark, and n the know is respectfully asked to such a mystery is not to be explained cep their mouths shut to save trouble away by storms. A Chinese typhoon may swoop down like lightning out of He went back to his bar, and the a clear sky and tear a ship to pieces, ther men, after standing about a bit, but some floating wreckage is sure to strolled off one by one to their teas | tell the tale. A boiler explosion, on the Mr. Morgan was one of the last to contrary, will blow a hole as big as a cave and went as far as Tarbut's door railroad tunnel right through the cener with him to tell him an anecdote of a of the bull, and the stricken vesses nan who was struck behind the ear simply goes down like a shot. There is no time to unfasten a beat from the

"In the opinion of seamen, that Is vented serenity of mind, and he awoke the story of at least 90 per cent of the it is a clock feeling determined to shake ships that leave port and are never ands with Tarbut and let the matter heard of again. Luckily the modern hop. A persistent hammering at the system of marine boiler inspection our, which gradually got louder and is extremely strict and thorough, but it is impossible to absolutely prevent ichs, he reased Mrs. Gubbs, who was carelessness and fraud, and often iceping peacefully, and with some enough, no doubt, the fault lies with

the engineer. "The: Is an old story of a drunken ly, hastily withdrawing her head from Scotchman who mistook the thermometer for the steam gage and 'cuss Mr. Gubbs sat up in bed and then ed out' the stokers because he couldn't pen the casement again, gazed indig- will hardly hold water, but I've seen mutly at the small publican, who was cases almost as bad. I am glad to say, however, that during the past 10 years ant capping on the door with a small there has been a steady diminution of the number of vessels which 'mys Morning, Mr. Larkins, sir," said teriously disappear.' That is due, be Guides, smilling of the cool morning air, youd all question, to the increased "Hello," saul Larkins, looking up, stringency of boiler inspection and the This won't do, you know; you're greater strictness of examinations be wasting time. You ought to be up and fore a license is issued to engineers Nevertheless there is still considerable caning out and speaking in a low branches."-New Orleans Times-Demo

Russell and His Songs.

The late Henry Russell, the veteran English composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and of more than 800 other songs which were popular in their day. had many amusing experiences when he sang his ballads on various occa

Once, after rendering "Woodman Spare That Tree," a gentleman rose in the gallery and asked, "Was the tree and then what would happen? Angels affirmative be, with a sigh of heartfelt | they, Samuel?" relief, exclaimed, "Thank God for

that! After singing the song of "The Dog Carlo," who Jumped off an Atlantic liner and saved a child's life, Russell of Yorkshire miners, who begged him

for a pup. One of Russell's songs, of which the words were changed in accordance with the altered conditions, is our national anthem, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."-Argonaut.

Wanted to Go to One of His Wed-

dings.
The Rev. Dr. . . a prominent elergyman, relates with much gusto the following story about himself. His wife of his youth nor yet of his early manhood, but the lady of his third choice, and as a consequence the doc- that when we die we are changed as it litch Mr. Gubbs bestowed upon the tor's set of olive branches spring from the twinklin of an eye. I hope it's so

the doctor, "might at times become as a bright morning, but somewhat embarrassing except for the thorough bill, and Mr Gubbs' breathless gast amiability of all concerned. I confess, ses furnished an excellent clew to the however, to a slightly disconcerted feeling when shortly before my third marriage I was approached by one of called my second wife mother, with the question: 'Papa, will you let me go to see you married? I have never You'll feel better when you've had been at any of your weddings." - Fun.

Called to an Easier Field. We wonder if any men with white

skins are called to the ministry after the fashion described by Booker T Washington in his autobiography. You don't want your coat. See, says: "A colored man in Alabama, one hot day in July, while he was at work n a cotton field, suddenly sto looking toward the skies said, "O lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am not so hot dat -Chicago Standard.

Blackburn - Judge Snyder made a rule some time ago that all women

A LIGHT IN THE YARD

SUMMONS TO HEAVEN.

But She Fails to Get Any Informa-Manner In Which She Should Act When She Enters Her Home Among | made no sign. the Angels.

[Copyright, 1965, by C. B. Louis.] When Mr. Gallup sat down for the evening, he had his newspaper on his knee and Mrs. Gallup was singing "Rock of Ages" and clearing away the supper table. He had been reading for a quarter of an hour when she quietly

entered and sat down and said: "Samuel, I don't want to disturb you nor make you feel bad, but I feel obliged to ask you a few questions. Last night at midnight Mrs. Warkins saw a light moving around in our back yard. It was a light which bobbed up and bobbed down and dodged this way and that, and when it finally went out it gave a great wink and a splutter. It was what they call a ghost lantern Samuel, and it meant that there would be death in this house within a week It'll be my death, of course. I've got 27 different allments, with heart disease throwed in, while you are as healthy as a cornfield. Yes; it'll be me but I'm not weepin over it. I'm sittin right here as calm as catalp, but I

want to know some few things." Mr. Gallup must have known of her presence but he was too deeply interested in his paper to recognize it. He and found on article which said that a bedbug could be bolled in water for four hours and then come out with his ambition undaunted.

"I shall go to heaven when I die, of course," continued Mrs. Gallup as her voice broke a little. "I orter go there. Any woman who has whitewashed the said Margan sharply. "My mates here ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it cellar every spring for 27 years, because that. That ain't my way. My means the absolute wiping out of the sides makin soft soap, cuttin carnet sides makin soft scap, cuttin carpet rags, dyein over old clothes and makin one corset last her for 13 years, will go



'I'M SITTIN RIGHT HERE AS CALM AS CATNIF.' me, however, is how I'm goin to act arter I git there. You know how company allus flastrates me. If three or four of the neighbors come in, I'm al most sure to fall off my cheer or knock over sunthin. How's it goin to be when with a mighty yawn rose and, pushing get the pressure above 80. That yarn I git up there and meet a hull pasture 'em, Samuel, and they'll all be lookin at me and wonderin who I am, and I'll be so upsot that I'll fall over my own

She paused to wipe the tears from her eyes with the palm of ber hand. but as she had asked no direct questions Mr. Gallup finished the bug art. cle and turned to one on the care of clotheslines.

"I don't want to be looked at and p'inted out and made fun of up there said Mrs. Gallup as she sat with her eyes on the carpet. "All night long last night I couldn't sleep for thinkin that some of the angels would turn up their noses at me and want to know what on sirth I was doin there. You remember Sarah Jane Bixby, who died two years ago? Sarah was snippy and sassy. If she went to heaven, it would be fest her way to want to know why I'd comflyin up there, with my rheumatiz and back aches. I'd have to sass her back, spared?" On being answered in the do sass each other sometimes, don't

If Mr. Gall ap had ever given the matter a thought, he was too busy to discuss it. The statement was right before his eyes that 1,000,000 miles of clothesline went to destruction every was gravely waited upon by a couple | year for want of being bung up in the wood shed when not in use, and he was reflecting on the carclessness of humanity in general.

"I may git up to heaven in the night. when all the angels are asleep, and so I'll stip in all right. I hope that'll be the way, because it'll give me a chance to kind o' git used to the place before daylight. Do you think they have any breakfast up there? Mrs. Walking says they don't, but I don't really see how they git along without it. I know should feel a goneness all day without present wife, by the way, is not the breakfast. And I want you to look at me, Samuel, and see if I'm the home blyest woman ever born: I have read If it ain't, then I can't expect no good "Such a condition of affairs," said times up there. Them angels will be p'intin out my lop shoulder, my big feet and my wabbly knees and whis perin to each other that I'd better staid down on airth among the cabbages Nobody as knows me can call me obstinate or sot, but I'll be snummed if i propose to die and become an angel to be made fun of. You'll be on my side about that, won't you?"

Mr. Gallup heaved a long sigh and seemed about to speak, but no word came. He had finished with the clothes line and struck an article about the reasoning powers of the crow, and the most direct question from Mrs. Gallup would have passed unheeded. Her tears fell for two or three minutes, and then she asked

"And how shout the beds up there". You know we've slept on a feather bed ever since we was married, and I've feathers, and if I changed off I'd jest they keep on flyin around all night long and singin "I've lienched My Home at Seems to the that flyin and Lusty' singin all day would be enough unless I feel stronger than I do now, You orter know these things, Samuel, and cago News. you orter tell me so I'll know what to depend on. I might stand sass from a thousand augels, but I do want my

own bed when night comes, and if one of my headaches comes on unexpectedly I want to know that I kin hev a cup MRS. GALLUP RECOGNIZES IN IT HER Of ten. Mrs. Watkins says they don't drink ten in beaven, but I don't see

how she kin know." Mr. Gallup was not directly appealed

to, and as he was reading that a crow tion From Her Husband as to the had been known to feign death to avoid having a crowbar thrown at him he "Wast, I've made up my mind to a

few things," said Mrs. Gallup as the silence grew painful. "I'm goln up to heaven to do the best I kin. I'll be unyburly with all the angels I meet and let 'em understand that I don't want no more'n my share of harps and wings and things. If I don't find any thin to eat or any beds to sleep on. I shan't raise no fuss nor go into hyster ics, the way Mrs. Taylor did at camp meetin last year. Yes; I'll put up with things as I find 'em and make the best of it, and I won't be jealous if a few of 'em hev better clothes on or kin sing better'n me. That's how I'll act. Samuel, and then if they pick on me they'll git as good as they give. I kin be sassed and picked on jest so fur, but arter that they want to look out Would it put you out any, Samuel, If I died at night instead of in the daytime As I said, if I died at night I could slip into beaven without any fuss, but I it's goin to make you any extra trouble I'll perish by daylight. What will be the most convenient hour fur you?"

There was deep silence. Mrs. Gal lup's tears made no thud as they fell upon the carpet, and Mr. Gallup was rending with bated breath that an ostrich covers 13 feet of ground at every stride when in full flight. The clock ticked, the silence grew deeper, and the cricket on the hearth fell into a doze. Then Mr. Gallup suddenly laid aside his paper, stretched his arms and legs, with a "Ho-hum?" and looked around to find Mrs. Gallup asleep in her chair. She hadn't gone to join the angels not yet.

THE KING OF HANDCUFFS.

Now Harry Hondink American, Sur

prized the British. When Harry Handled, the American king of handenffs, arrived in England he tried to arrange for an exhibit of his skill at Scotland Yard, but the authorities refused to allow him an opportunity of putting on or taking off official handcoffs, says London M. A. P. So, accompanied by a skeptical London numager, he paid an ordinary call as an American visitor to the police her quarters. Mr. Houdini, after making the usual remarks on everything he saw and heard, casually asked a question about a pair of hand cuffs. The guide took them down and answered:

"Oh, these are handcuffs impossible to remove.

Houdini was greatly interested, and the incident closed by the American visitor requesting his guide to lock the handcuffs on his wrists. Then he turned his back and succeeded in getting them off in a couple of minutes. One of Houdini's strangest adventures happened at a big hotel in St. Paul, Minn., where he was very well known. To his surprise, he found that a couple of men occupying the rooms on either side of his own appeared to be mounting guard over him. At first he only suspected this, but after a few days he was perfectly sure that one or the other of his neighbors shadowed his every movement. One afternoon. when Houdini was sitting in his own outside the door. Flinging it open, he discovered his two unknown friends grasping a third man, who had eviently been wearing a long dark can that was dragged on one side, showing

that he was heavily handcuffed. "We're a couple of detectives, Mr Houdini." panted one of the men "This fellow made his escape from jail some days ago. We knew that b wouldn't dare to go to a lecksmith to get his handcuffs removed, and we suspected that he might come to you.

The Coroner's Two Verdicis. Inquests are sometimes very funny affairs," remarked a western man. remember one in the early days of my county in Kansas. A man was found dead by the side of a small stream out on the prafrie. No mark was found on his well dressed body. His gun was fally loaded in his hip pocket, and \$25 was found in his pocketbook. Of course the coroner took charge of the money. A jury was impaneled and after finishing its deliberations found that the man clearly died of heart fail-

The coroner promptly paid from th dead man's pile the \$12 due for ex penses and discharged the jury. The \$13 remaining bothered him. He argued that to turn that \$13 over to the county, to be held in trust for the man's possible relatives, would be the same as throwing it away. The man was a stranger in those parts. Possi bly he had no friends.

The coroner was equal to the occasion, however. He declared himself dissatisfied with the verdict and call ed the jury together again. They sat on the body a second time and found exactly the same verdict, but the coro ner's mind was at case. The \$25 was exhausted."-Washington Star.

"So Mrs. Gaylord insists on a separa tion at last, does she? Well, he has neglected her shamefully. "Ob. she didn't mind that particular

"Why, whenever he was a little good to her be was so very virtuous about it that she just couldn't stand it."-Har

The actors' green room is so called because its floor in the time of Shukes peare was always covered with green

Divining Rods.

The only troe vorthy divining rod allus bin particular to smooth it down that has ever been made is fortunately from head to foot. I've got used to cheap. It has a steel head and a wooden handle and is shaped something like lay there and kick around all night an anchor. Any man who wants one long. Do they hev beds, Samuel, or do should go to a hardware store and ask for a pickay. - Youth's Companion.

> straws driven by the wind; a wise man forms an alliance with the wind -Chi

> The first savings bank in the United States was established in 1810.



YOU WILL APPRECIATE A perfect egg hatching machine embracing all the GREAT ESSENTIALS, AUTOMATIC REGULA-TOR proper distribution of heat, ireditated to the trans No special skill required in operating the NEW MODEL. STOCKTON INCUBATOR. FILES GUARANTEED to give perfect satisfaction and see PREPAY THE PREIGHUADANDERS in the U.S. FREE If you mention this paper, our 20th CENTURY CATALOGUE AND POLLTRYMAN'S GUIDE. Stockton Inculator Co. Stockton, Cal

> MOFFITT & TOWNE

"Got books?" snapped the diminutive guard at the threshold of the big office. "Yes, young man, I have books," responded the woman with the portfolio. Just step aside. I'm going in to see

your employer," "Afore yer goes," said the boy, still covering the sill, "I wants to tell yer dat de boss just upset his ink. He sin't in no lovin mood."

Discouraging the Book Agent,

"Oh, he will listen to my demonstra-Maybe he will, but I wants to tell

dat burglars had earried off de walu- 520 Bush Street, San Francisco bles of his house." Still I'-Den de news just came dat bis trot-

ter dat he just got a telephone call say-

ter run away an smashed up de trap an toachman."

"That is very bad, but"-"Just afore yer come a young fellar rushes in an tells de boss dat his naphtha launch has been fired by tramps." "I sympathize with him, and may-

"De boss goes to look at his watch an finds de mainspring broken." "Gracious! But". "Den comes de news dat S an Z stock has dropped 20 points. De bess finds

dat mice has guawed up his new insurance calendar. De glue upsets on a thousand stamps." "Terrible! Yet"-"But wait! Just as you comes up

stairs de boss asks over de telephon whether it's a boy or girl. Somebody says twins and"-But the book agent had vanished

on the head. "Patsy, you are a brick! Take the rest of the afternoon off. Here's fare to Lincoln park."-Chicago News.

Great Drawing to a Bobtail Pair.

"The most remarkable draw I ever saw made at poker was in a Chicago club one night," said a Chicago man-There were five of us in a little social game, with a limit of \$25 and all jack pots. A friend of mine whom I will call Jones was dealing. I was first un-

der the guns and passed, as did also the two men sitting next. The fifth man-we will say his name was Brown opened the pot for \$5. Jones didn't have the shadow of a thing in his hands, but he raised Brown \$10, in tending to stand par and bluff it out. Brown had three nees, and he came Printers'

back at Jones with \$10 better. "Now, instead of laying down, as a wise man should in a case like that. Jones determined to see it through. He knew, of course, that it would be use less to try to bluff, so he drew three cards to a king and queen of spades Brown had drawn two cards to his aces and had got a small pair. As a bait he led off the betting with \$5. Jones hadn't looked at his hand until Brown bet, and when he picked up his cards he almost fell dend. He had drawn an ace, jack and ten of spades, making a royal flush. They raised each other back and forth until one or the room, he heard the sound of scuffling other had all his money in, and when the hands were shown the game broke up right there."-Washington Post.

> The Time to Break the Rule There is an anecdote in some volume of French theatrical memoirs parrating an experience of Mile. Clairon, the great tragle actress, with a pupil of hers, a girl of strong natural gifts for the histrionic art, but far too frequent and too exuberant in her gesticulation. So when the pupil was once to appear before the public in a recitation Clairon bound the girl's arms to her

side by a stiff thread and sent her thus upon the stage. With the first strong feeling she had his Retiring Early. to express the pupil tried to raise her arms only to be restrained by the thread. A dozen times in the course of er recitation she was prevented from making the gestures she desired until at the very end she could stand it no onger and a the climas of her emoion she broke her bonds and swing

her hands to her head. When she came off the stage, she went humbly to where Mile. Clairon was standing in the wings and apolorized for baving snapped the thread, Stat you did quite right" said the teacher. "That was the time to make the gesture, not before?" - Brander Mat-

A Chinese Mother-in-lass Story. "The Experiences of a British Phar-uncted in China" was the title of an phdress by Mr. Frank Browne, who ne introduced as the government anaof at Houghorg.

As Shistrating the Chinese regard for

hews in Harper's Magazine

that pasts the lecturer fold an interest ma mother to law story. A man and me wife confirmated the himband's inities. As a punishment the scene of the act was openly cursed, the active agents were put to death, and the nother of the wife was bumbooed. branded and exiled for her daughter's rime. The house in which the offend ers lived was dug up from the founds ions. Moreover the scholars of the district were precluded from attending public examinations, and even the ingistrates stere deprived of their of These deastle measures were designed to cender the emptre filial. London Sawa.

If has been determined by the two touses of the Sycian parliament that a particent costs shall be established and that the funds of the aforesald bank be remarked by the state. By a small whith it has been decided that the and quarters of the bank shall be at Zurich and not at Bern, as originally suggested. The bank will issue notes of the value of 50 francs and 100 francs and will be conducted as a government

The number of marine disasters dur A fool forms an alliance with the Ing the year is smaller probably than ever before. An official of the New York Maritime Exchange thinks this is due to the fact that sailing vessels are disappearing, steam couft being were godmothers to the bells and were better able to take care of themselves dressed respectively in pale blue and when 'm neril.

Writing and PAPERS Wrapping... I III

STRAW AND BINDERS' BOARD 55-57-70-6 . First St. Tel. MAIN 199. IN SAN FRANCISCO

by iteras, week or month
en suite or single, at reduced rates. House has
been theroughly renovat
ed. No pains spared to
make visitors from the country to the city comortable and at home during their stay. Take
furter-street cars at forry landing.

MRS. K. M. RAMSEY, Proprietor,

CHAS. CAMM For 3 years with C. E. Whitney & Co

NEW COMMISSION HOUSE.

MARTIN, CAMM & CO.

121-123 Davis St., San Francisco. General Commission and

Produce. Specialty, Butter, Eggs and Cheese, Your consignments solicited.

BAD COLDS

week's ordinary treatment into 12 hours and sort the worst of colds over hight.

The boss came out and patted the boy "It was the worst case of grip I ever had, mit down friends had sure cures. Still it he At was the worst case of grip I ever had. A half doan briends had some cares. Still throng on Heard of the Dynamic Tastilles. To my amazement they stopped both cold and cough the first hight. I enderse must recommend them to the propile. Bake lay Henriey, Ex. Member Congress and Atterney. DI Sansoine Struct San Francisco. July 7, 1021.

Winter colds have always been seriou things to me. They are hard and stay for morties. But the last was stopped suddenly by Mennica Bynamic "antiles. Both cough and cold disappeared in a couple of days. No bing classed does this for me." Mr. Emma 1. 1100.18, 11 Moss St. San Francisco. Aug. 6, 18-111; garges the struct from where Mennica.

Tilve across the street from where MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TABULES are made. That is how I first took them. They stop colds without notice. I took a dozen boxes with me for self and friend-when I went to Nome. H. L. VAN WINKLE. Capitallet. 3017 Washington Street, Sau Fran-cisco August 10, 1900.

clico. August 8, 1882.
Sent postpaid for 25 cents in stamps by INLAND DRUG CO., 2881 Washington Street.
San Francisco. Also on sale by our local agent

Snaps.

Rooker News Cases.

We have several hundred pairs of these cases. They are a trible smaller than full size. Were used by two leading dailies before Lino's came in. They are just the size to facilitate composition in perfect order. Fifty cents per pair Fine Gordon Jobber.

New attie, 8x12, second-hand, with throwoff, in first-class condition. Has side steam fixtures and is one of the test second-hand presses we have had for a long time. It is a snap. Second-hand Cylinder.

Sia column quarto. Will work 1800 at bour. A bargain for a country daily. Some Body and Display Type.

PACIFIC STATES TYPE FOUNDRY

508 Clay Street, S. F.

A Fable For Women. There was once a Woman who Felt that her Husband stald Out too Late at Night. She therefore Devised a Plan to Cure him of this. Her Plan was to Rise Early in order to Insure

"Only in this Way will be be able to get Enough Sleep," she said. Her Husband, who usually Endeavared to Please her, rose Without Complaint at Six O'clock, but Continued

to stny Out Late. Perceiving that her

Purpose was not Accomplished, the Woman changed the Hour to Five D'eloek "The Morning Hours are the Best for Work," she said, "and I understand that the Morning Air possesses Great

Virtues. Her Husband Objected, but Rose at Five, as she Wished. Still he continued to Come In Late. Then the Woman fixed the Hour at

Four-thirty. "I have always enjoyed Seeing the Sun Rise," she said. "In that Case," said her Husband decidedly, "I Shall Not go to bed At All, since it would Not be Worth my While. I will Stay up All Night and

take my Sleep at My Office in the Afternoon. So We will have Breakfast at Three O'clock if you like. This teaches us that the Early Worm

will Turn.-Century.

Folly of Extravagance "Because I agree to undertake your defense," said the eminent criminal lawyer who had been called in, "you will have to be perfectly frank with me and tell me the whole truth. Did you embezzle the \$20,000 you are accused of having taken?"

from you. I stole every cent of it. "How much of it have you still?" "It's all gone but \$10." "Young man," said the eminent lawyer, buttoning his overcoat about him and putting on his gloves, "you'd bet-

"Yes, sir," replied the accused man.

"I'll not attempt to conceal the fact

ter plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court." "I'll do it if you say so, sir. What are you going to charge me for the

advice?" "Ten dollars."-Chicago Tribune.

An odd ceremony took place in France not long ago in the baptism of two new bells for the Church of Preignac, in the department of the Gironde Two pretty children, Miles. Mirveille de Girodor and Odette de Braquillange, pale pink.