"BY THE GRACE OF CHANCE."

By W. A. FRASER.

-[Copyright, 1900, by W. A. Fraser Lieutenant Layton had a friend, and the friend had poculiarities. One of the peculiarities was an absorbing love of getting into debt and consequent kite flying. It's as easy to get into debt in India as it is to get into sunshine. He was known by the cheerful name of "Galety."

With Lieutenant Layton's name on the back of a note and his friend's on the face of it it was an easy hunt to stalk a Marwarie money lender with cash enough to discount it. But that transaction didn't really help them very much. It tided the friend over settling day after the Bungaloo races, but it dida't provide the ways and means against settling day with the Marwarie.

With nothing tangible in sight chances had to be taken, and one or two little fliers on the part of Galety had only worked them down deeper in the debt mire.

That was why Layton was wandering about on the maidan close to the Lucknow race course one evening when he should have been at the "gym" or the "mess" or almost anywhere except mooning about on the dismal smoke scented plain.

He was doing something that no officer in the whole service would have given him credit for-he was fretting. The friend who had used up the money and who would most likely



Two horses were hugging each other like

come a-smash if the thing wasn't met was enjoying himself with his brother officers as though he hadn't a minute to spare from the arduous duty of spending his income

"It's a devil of a hole that we're in," grass with his stick. "Galety can't that bloodsucking Marwarie, and he'll be down on us for his pound of flesh like an Afghan Ghazi. I wouldn't care,

only poor old Nell will have to wait till

rew un

lender peered at him from the thick THE CIRCUS HABIT. folds of a peepul tree and sneeringly asked why the sahibs signed notes they could not pay. INDIANS HAVE THE WILDEST CRAZE

FOR THE TENTED SHOWS.

"The negro, as every circus man

knows, will sell the family cook stove

circus fiend of all.

the day of exhibition.

ics they will sell the nag.

and arrows to peddle around town and

in this way gets money for his own ad-

It meant ruin and shame and all the rest of it, and even the face of his friend, of Galety, all the happy boyishness gone, was there in the evening Go to the Greatest Lengths to See

dusk, drawn and white and pleading. It was a bitter struggle, for Layton Is Held by Chinamen. had honor, plenty of it, but the odds were too great. He could not fight "You may talk about your city circus against it, and besides Johnson had not goers," said the old circus man, "but confided in him, had not trusted him, the Indian, the wild, untutored red man had not put him on his honor. It was his luck that he had seen the trial. to death. There's no circus goer in the Fate had drawn him there to show him world like the North American aboriga way out of his difficulty.

Also, if he bought Zigzag in the lot more teries Johnson could claim half every harder to get the price of admission time. They could both win quite than any other human being in the enough, for the lotteries would be very world. What's more, I believe he realheavy ly enjoys the circus better than the ne-

This was the day before the opening gro, though he doesn't make any fuss of the Lucknow spring meeting. over it. It was the next morning Frank John son was walking home from the course

after having seen his string exercised, when he was stopped by one Harvey, trainer to the raiah of Jagnat. "Good mornin, Meester Johnson," be gan Harvey, and in his manner was

much of the I've got something behind all this style. "What is it, Harvey?" said Johnson,

scenting the something at once. "Well, sir, you know Simpkin, don't

"Is he any good?" asked Johnson. 'He's never done anything yet."

"That's hall right, sir," answered the trainer with a wink, "hand 'e's in the big 'audicap here, the same race as brothers' show.' It is the only circus your Zigzag's in."

bout 'im 'ere' sir, hand if you 'appen-

d to be hanywhere near when the

weights was bein made hup and could

get a tidy weight hon him we could

"What weight'll do you?" asked the

"Hanything under 8 stone 7 pounds,

With S stone 4 pounds on 'is back he

ould gallop right away from the hoth-

Then Harvey explained to the cap-

tain all about the trials Simpkin had

iven them down at Jagnat; how he

ad beaten horses that quite outclassed

Zigzag, until Johnson saw that with a

"Well?" queried Johnson. "The 'andicapper don't know much

and the stuff."

other time

wner of Zigzag.

ight weight on his back there certainly was nothing in it but Simpkin. He knew that Zigzag on his past orm would certainly not get less than 9 stone 7 pounds in the handicap, per-

these western towns early in the mornaps 10 stone. ing 200 and 300 tents have already been This was a game after his own heart. pitched by the Indians, some of which They could make a coup with Simpkin, have arrived the night before. Their and Zigzag would have less weight anlittle colony is almost as interesting as

the circus itself. It is a veritable ba-Besides, Zigzag would fetch a pretty zaar of relics and papoose exhibitions. good price in the lotteries, and it would While the old squaws are getting take a lot of money to back him to win breakfast the children are playing a fair amount. That would be too games and the chiefs are taking their risky if Simpkin were as good as Harknickknacks to the market. They are rey said.

"You can buy your 'orse in hevery lottery," said the trainer, "hand we'll mused Layton, as he flicked at the dry take alf or three-quarters, just as you lke. He'll never be backed 'eavily, for raise the wind, not a piece of it, to pay nobody but the stable knows nout about 'im."

Always when things of this sort happen the recipient of the favor credits it God knows when-wait till never day, I fancy, for the infernal thing will did. "The gods are bound to thrust this purse in my pocket," he mused as he traveled down the tree shaded road

A JOSSHOUSE.

Pen Picture of the One In San Fran elseo's Chinese Quarter.

In one corner is a miniature wooden warrior, frantically riding a fiery steed toward a joss who stands in his door-After the Red Men the Negroes Will way 'awaiting the rider's coming. A teapot of unique design, filled with the Performance, and Third Place fresh tea every day, and a very small cup and saucer are always ready for

the warrior. This represents a man killed in battle, whose noble steed, missing his master, refused to eat and Daniel H. McMillan, ex-state senator of the plains, has got them all beaten so pined away and died. A welcome is assured to them in the better land if the work of man can accomplish it. The horse and rider are to to be appointed associate justice of the He will travel farther, endure supreme court of New Mexico. privations and skimp himself them (the Chinese) what the images of

saints are to Christians. In another corner is a tiny bowl of water. The gods occasionally come down and in the state of New York, but by lawwash. At certain times of the year direct questions are written on slips of sired to see him obtain the place. paper and put into the hands of one Toward the close of 1900, with Gov

of the greatest josses. These disappear, and theu the joss either nods or shakes his bead in answer.

to get money to see the elephant, but On the altar or altars are several the Indian will barter off his papoose, brass and copper vessels, in which the his squaw or even his most cherished worshiper leaves a sandalwood punk ssion, his horse, to get a ticket. burning in such a position that the After the negro comes the Chinaman. ashes will fall on the fine sand in the The Mexicans, too, are not slow in revessel. When one of these is full, it is ponding to the toot of the calliope. The emptied into an immense bronze vase laziest greaser on the Texas border, on the balcony, and this, in turn, is who never paid a debt in his life, bobs emptied into the ocean. The Chinese up promptly on circus day with his 50 cents, though nobody knows where he take good care of their living and never forget their dead. Once a year, the got it. But the Indian is the greatest fourteenth day of the seventh month, "In the west our circus is known they have a solemn ceremony by which

among the Indians as 'the heap big they send gold and silver and cloth to the great army of the departed. A furnace is a necessity in a joss

that attracts the red man, and he waits house. It is lighted on ceremonial for its yearly appearance as confidently as he awaits the return of spring. In days, and paper representing cloth, gold and silver is burned, the ashes of Missoula, Mon., one of our regular the materials being, in their minds, stands, fully one-half of the audience is useful in spirit land. Private families made up of Indians. They come from send to their relatives and friends as far as 200 miles on horseback and whatever they want by throwing the even on foot, starting on their long gold, the silver and the cloth paper, journey days before the circus date and also fruits, into a fire built in the street arriving promptly on the merning of in front of their houses. The days of worship come on the 1st and 15th of "On circus day it is a case of every

each month .- Modern Culture. man for himself with the Indians. The lord of the tepee brings enough trinkets in the shape of moccasins and bows THE TALE OF A TACK.

> How an Italian Tenor Was Enabled to Reach High C.

mission ticket. His squaw brings wil-"There was once an Italian tenor at low baskets and has to hustle for her own ticket. They generally come in Covent Garden of the name of Tasca, who, I am sorry to say, sang his own couples astride of a pony, and if the praises better than the score," says Mr. market is overcrowded with Indian rel-William Parry, the stage director at

the Metropolitan Opera House. "When the show trains arrive in "For this and other reasons he was strongly disliked by all the workmen. One day he came to me and said, with great show of mystery:

> 'Tell me the exact spot.' "I could not for the life of me understand what he wanted.

"You know well enough what I mean, he persisted. 'Show me the spot where 1 amberlik sang the high C. There is always one spot on the stage that is better than all the others to he first ones after the doors of the big stand on when you sing. Where is it? tents are opened to land on the blue "'T'll show you later.' I replied. 'But, planks. They fill a good part of the nember, never a word. It would arena, and they never move during the ost me my place if it should leak out." entire performance. Applause is un-"Then I drove a brass tack into one known to them. They make as little of the stage boards, and he was overhow of enthusiasm as their brothers joyed when I solemnly pointed out 'the in wood in front of the white man's clexact spot,' and so were the workmen gar stores. If the trick elephant were at the prospect of a loke at his expense. to climb the center pole, they would no That night he carefully stood on the doubt enjoy the performance, but they

"I came home late one evening after

office boy that a certain Mrs. S. had

called me up three times on the tele-

phone. As her young hopeful had scar-

a sudden turn for the worse, I got 'cen-

tral' to connect me with her house

"'The missus has gone to bed, sir,

said the voice of a maid in reply, 'but

she was so anxious to know if she

"I called back that she had better ask

the nurse if it was dirty. Now they

Sold at Last.

guish between have and half came

near resulting in his receiving a thrash-

"Have you sold my shoes?" asked

"What in blazes did you do tha

And then the drummer engaged in

could wash Tommy's face.'

ful!

Evening Post.

without delay.

and Express.

shoes.

the drummer.

shoemaker.

Scimitar.

AN OFFICIAL MIX UP.

THE STORY OF AN APPOINTMENT TO A JUDGESHIP.

How the Man Slated For Associate Justice of New Mexico's Supreme Court First Got a Surprise and Afterward the Office.

Late in the year 1900 it was decided by the powers in Washington that Mr. of New York and for many years general counsel in the city of Buffalo for the Vanderbilt system of railroads, was

This appointment had been urged not only by those who knew Mr. McMillan yers of Santa Fe and of other cities in New Mexico who knew of him and de

ernor Otero of the territory, Mr. Mc. Millan was on a Lake Shore train

speeding toward Washington. When the train stopped at Painesville, O. newsboys boarded it, and one of them | called out: "All about the new supreme court judge of New Mexico. Silas Alexander appointed." The governor of the territory and Mr. McMillan looked at each other, and they bought a paper, and in that paper they read in glaring headlines that Silas Alexander of Santa Fe had received the appointment to the vacant judgeship.

Mr. McMillan the morning of his arrival in the capital went at once to the office of the secretary of war.

"How did it happen I was not appointed?" he asked. "Why," said Mr. Root, "you are ap-

pointed? "Why," said Mr. McMillan, "you are mistaken." And he drew from his pocket the Cleveland newspaper of the day before. Secretary Root turned all of their teeth, switching their tails colors. "This is a mistake," he said; and looking like demons. "As for me, I stood rooted to the "an absurd, strange mistake, for I have spot. I couldn't move from sheer fright. it from the president's own lips, corroborated by Mr. Griggs, attorney gen-A queer,) numb sensation began in my ankles and crept up my body, and 1 eral, that your name was sent yesterday to the senate for action and that literally felt my hair rise. "I stood there motionless for several the recommendation was duly signed

by President McKinley." Then the men went to the state, war

and navy building and found Attorney General Griggs. "But you have been given the ap-

pointment," said Mr. Griggs. "Then what does this newspaper rely two or three times to see me. port mean?" was the reply.

The attorney general was dumfound-

ed. "I cannot conceive what it means," hunt any more that day and made for he said. He tapped his bell, and when the camp at top speed. That was the a messenger came in response he retime my hair stood on end, and my quested the attendance of the clerk in scalp was sore to the touch for a week confidential relations with him, whose afterward.'

duty it is to fill in upon appointment blanks the names of those who are de-This is a story one woman is never signed for appointments by the execu-

tired of telling of a mother whose child tive. The clerk appeared. "Mr. Blank," had been ill with scarlet fever. She said the attorney general, "find out at always emphasizes the fact, too, that once whose name was sent yesterday the mother was possessed, upon ordito the senate with the recommendation pary occasions, with good sense and by the president that he be appointed would be called a more than ordinarily associate justice of the supreme court intelligent woman. She was, too, a of New Mexico." more than ordinarily careful mother,

"I will look," said the clerk. He soon and it was as an illustration of this returned with a memorandum slip in that she told the story of the care of his hand. her boy to the friend who now repeats "Mr. Alexander," he said-"the man it. Not as much was known abou

from Buffalo." sanitary conditions then as now, but Then a glimmering of the truth it was not in a time of primitive igno dawned upon the group. "Are you rane tack and sang the high C. Rushing sure," said Attorney General Griggs.

"I always believe in taking the great "that the name was not McMillan?" are to prevent contagiou "The disease." said the mother, "and with the fever I was extraordinarily care ful. Why, when the skin began to peel I rubbed the child down with my The president of the United States hands every day to remove every loose fragment. let it fall into a cloth, and then I gathered it up carefully and shook it out the window." The listener to that story laughed then and there, to the great surprise and indignation of the mother, and laughs now at the ridiculous ignorance of a woman who claimed to have even a vestige of common sense.-New York Times.

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Smith's Cash (Dept.) Store No. 25 Market Street, San Francisco.

His Hair Stood on End. BLAKE. "Up to five years ago," said a prospector to a St. Louis Republic reporter, MOFFITT "I didn't believe in such a thing as a & TOWNE man's hair standing on end." And then the old gentleman told the story

of the fright that led him to change his mind "I was in the mountains of Idaho with a friend, and we ran short of fresh meat, so one day I took my gun

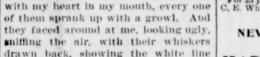
minutes. Then one of the beasts drop-

ped his tail and whined. The others

A Careful Mother.

and started off alone. I went into a ravine and was making my way along a little brook when I came suddenly upon a queer sight. Not four feet in front of me, in the full blaze of the

sun, lay four mountain lions asleep. "For half a minute I thought then dead, but as I stood staring at them,



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mporters and Deaters .

Wrapping ...

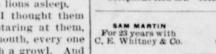
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CARD STOCK





Something was pounding the turf behind him on the course. It was not the mixed excited shuffle of ekka nonies. It was the clean, powerful stroke of thoroughbred hoofs, strong horses hammering the sod in eager gallop. His racing ear knew that.

"By Jove, it's a trial!" he muttered. He could see a blurred mass gliding along in the moonlight on the far side of the course. He quickened his pace and drew up in the shadow of the lime plastered grand stand.

Two men were standing at the "finish post." 20 yards past the stand. In the uncertain light he could not distinguish who they were.

The Marwarie and Gaiety slipped from his mind for an instant, and his sporting blood bounded hot through his veins in the excitement of watching the borses race neck and neck up the stretch.

It was a glorious tussle. "They're riding for blood," he muttered. "It's no blind, this trial."

Two horses were hugging each other like twins. Behind, a dozen lengths beaten off, galloped something that had been put in to make the running.

As they smashed past Layton one, a big bay, shot out as though the jockey had just let his head go and swung be tween the "finish post" and the judges' stand a clean length in front of his mate.

It was pure sport that made Layton take so much interest in the dash up to that time. "The bay could have galloped over the other fellow at any time," he thought. "I wonder who he

belongs to?" Just then a high pitched, drawilng voice came up to him from one of the performances to go on." two men. There could be no mistaking

it. That voice was known from one end to the other of the military racing world of India. It belonged to Captain Frank Johnson. He was saying: "By gad. Dick, he'll do for the big handicap Two stup and a beating to the other!"

Layton hurried away, his brain in a and was afraid of finding the owner. It was all clear enough. The bay was tain's jockey. Dick Richmond, in the saddle.

He remembered the horse perfectly now.

Frank Johnson was one of the clever est racing men in India. His knowledge had cost him something, for to have a free hand at the game he had resigned his commission in the Ninth hussars. If the trial had satisfied him that Zigzag was good enough for the "open handicap." there could be very little doubt about it whatever.

Layton realized what it meant. It was the very softest kind of a snap. With this knowledge he could back

the horse for more than enough to pay off Galety's debts with the Marwarle. But it would be hardly honorable to ward John on. He had blundered upon the capital's secret, almost stolen it. He could sealedly do it.

And then, on the other hand, the greasy, covetous face of the money

ward a big white bungalow And fate laughed a little and went to leep again, for he was not to act really till the day of the race. Johnson knew that three officers

were framing the handicaps that very morning in Mai Jim's bungalow.

He didn't quite know how he was go ing to get a hand in the business, but if he could make any excuse to get in mong them something was pretty ure to turn up.

When he stepped up on the veranda, he rough dark green door of the bungalow was closed. He gave a knock and shoved it abruptly open and walked in, pretending to be mighty surprised at finding anybody but his friend, Major Jim, there.

"Awfully sorry, gentlemen," he exclaimed in his lazy, drawling way. "Had no idea that I was spoiling sport. My dogcart didn't turn up at the race course, and I thought I'd come in and have breakfast with the major. I'll clear out, though, and let you finish up

your work." "Have a peg, Johnson?" said Major Jim, getting up from the table. "We

are busy, and breakfast won't be on till we finish. Sorry I can't ask you to stay in the room, but we're making the handleaps, you know."

"I say, you fellows," exclaimed one of the others as the captain sipped leisurely at his whisky and soda, "Johnson likely knows something

about this Simpkin they've sent up from Jagnat. He knows every gee-gee in the country."

"Yes," added the major. "What about this brute Harvey has entered for Jagnat? We've got none of his

"Oh, that crock," said the captain with fine scorn. "Stick a postage stamp on his back-shove him in at snything you like, 7 stone 10 pounds. + -sl morning, gentlemen," he added s he set his glass down and opened If they don't smother him with weight, the door. "Don't put a load of bricks on Zigzag's back.'

As he walked away from his bungawhirl. He was like a man who had low he whistled softly under his picked up a diamond of great value breath. "May I fall in love with Kall if ever I saw a chance to beat that." When the handicap was posted that Frank Johnson's Zigzag, with the cap evening on the notice board on the course. Zigzag had the rather heavy impost of 10 stone, while Simpkin had a weight to gladden Harvey's heart

He was in at 8 stone.

The Tammany Tiger.

The origin of the tiger as an emblem place.' of Tammany is said to date from the time when William M. Tweed, then foreman of "Big Six" Fire company took a fancy to a picture of a royal Bengal tiger in the fifties. Tweed adopted the emblem for the Americus club, and it soon was accepted by all Tammany.

When Coronets Are Worn.

The only occasion upon which a British peer or peeress wears a coronet is at the coronation of a sovereign. At the moment when the archbishop of Canterbury places the crown on the head of the new monarch every peer present at the ceremony dons his own coronet.

han if they were molded from clay. If into the wings, he exclaimed: 'Beautithe performing mule were to walk out on the hippodrome track and make a concert announcement in the Indian ongue, they would only grunt. "After the show is over the chiefs proceed to fill their skins with the

would make no more show of surprise

white man's firewater, and the squaws with the papooses wait on the lumber piles till the gray streaks begin to sprout over the hills, when the unprofession of medicine," remarked a steady train winds out of town over the well known physician of this city. rail "Jast to give you an instance:

"Along the Pacific coast the Chinamen are among the firm friends of the circus people. Like the Indians, they are good patrons of this particular show. In San Francisco at least 50,000 Chinamen saw the circus one season. Some of them came in coaches drawn by handsome horses, and they sat in boxes. Mongolian merchants worth their millions gave matinee partles, the men wearing richly embroidered gowns and the women clad in costly silk cut not in the form of dresses, but as a

man wears his broadcloth. At one matinee given in the California city 8,000 Chinese and fully 2,000 Japs attended. The remaining few of the

spectators were Americans. The Chinaman is as undemonstrative as the Indian. He expresses his appreciation of the performance by attending time

after time. "Probably the strangest mixture of eople that ever attended a circus was found beneath the tent of our show one day at Tucson, A. T., when Indians, Mexicans, greasers, Japs, negroes, Chinamen and a few American cowboys repairs if not called for in 30 days. fairly packed the blg canvas arena and

sat promiscuously mixed over the blue seats. Though the Chinamen and Indians are undemonstrative, the cow punchers, Mexicans and negroes made as much noise that day as was ever made at a frontier massacre. The cow-

boys yelped like a pack of 'coyotes when Mme. Noble rode the bucking horse, the Mexicans yelped at every act, and the negroes laughed at the clowns till the earth shook. That night the cowboys and greasers turned the town into a shooting gallery, emptying their revolvers at the stars and manifesting their sorrow at the departure of the circus by licking up all the refreshments in the town.-Cleveland Plain

Dealer. The Place For Him. "Gracious! You don't mean to say you are going to move out to Algu-

hurst? "Indeed I am. I consider it an ideal

"Huh! You want to read the papers There's more sickness there than in any other town in this vicinity." "I know it. I'm a physician."-Catholic Standard and Times.

A Confidence Between Members. "I understand," said one member of the legislature, "that the senator whom we recently elected was beset by footpads and robbed in Paris."

"Dear me." answered the other mem-It's a pity a balky borse does not ber of the legislature. "Those Frenchrealize that it is easter to pull than to men have such a brutal and direct take the whipping that goes with a method of getting a man's money away | balk .- Atchison Globe. from him."-Washington Star.

Wonderful? Ever afterward, no "Certainly," was the reply. matter what part of the stage demandame was Silas Alexander.' ed his presence, he would rush to the The situation was remarkable, and tack when the time for the high C ime was important.

came and there deliver it."-Saturday had inadvertently, by the error of a subordinate, been made to set aside the The Doctor's Indiscretion. man whom he had intended to name. "There is no profession which calls There came a pause. Mr. Griggs for the use of more discretion than the broke the silence.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "the fat is in the fire, but we must get it out. My subordinate has made this mistake, and I must do my best to get it rectivery busy day and was told by the fied, and perhaps the fault is partly mine, for I told him to fill in the name of 'the Buffalo man,' and be, probably, seeing the name Alexander and identi-

let fever and I was afraid he had taken fying it with the congressman of the same name prominently known in Washington as coming from Buffalo, thought that he was to be the appointee." And so the three men went to the

president and explained matters, and as a consequence a messenger, preceded by a telephone message, sped rapid ly toward the capitol with instructions have another doctor."-New York Mail to seek immediately the leader of the senate and prevent any action on the mistaken nomination and to make the statement to that leader that it was withdrawn

A traveling man who is absent from the city about 60 days on each trip The messenger arrived just as th carried a pair of shoes to a German senate was about to take action, and if shoemaker to be half soled before leav the telephone had been relied upon the nomination of Silas Alexander would ing on a tour through the country have been confirmed by the United towns. The shoemaker was accustomed to selling articles left with him for States senate, and the will of the pres-

ident of the republic would have been The drummer stated to the shoemaker defeated .- Saturday Evening Post. he would be absent from the city for at least 60 days and would not leave Looking For Work. the shoes to be repaired unless he was "Yes, ma'am," said the ragged fat assured that they would not be sold. man, "I'm lookin fur work. Yer ain't The traveler's trip was prolonged to got no odd jobs of scrubbin or washin 90 days. When he returned, he went

ter be did, bave yer?" immediately to the shoemaker for his "Why, you surely don't do scrubbing or work of that sort?' said the house The shoemaker's inability to distinkeeper.

"Sure not. I'm lookin fur work fur me wife."- Philadelphia Record.

Ignorance is Bliss.

"Is there anything peculiar about "Ya, I haf soled them," replied the him?"

"Not at all. He simply doesn't know, and that's the usual combination in cases of people who don't know."-Chl cago Post.

bit of shocking profanity and threat-Many women first show signs of age ened to clean up the ranch.-Memphis by a droop in the eyelid. This is caused by strained eyesight, excessive weep ing, ill health or years. It can be overcome by daily faithful manipulation.

One on the Tenant.

Landlord-1 just came over to tell you that I've decided to raise your-Tenant (interrupting) - Well, you needn't bother about it. I've decided to move.

Landlord-Oh. I merely desired to say that I had decided to raise your porch where it seems to sag there at the corner, and also to paper the bed-

since you have decided to move, care to hear anything further about my plans. Good day 1 hope you'll like it where you're going .- Chicago Herald.

Will-o'-the-Wisp Salvation. A well known rector of an east end church was approached one day by a lady who said she desired to rent a seat in a row nearest the door of his church. The rector responded that the

seats in that row were all free and that she was at liberty to occupy any one of them, but she persisted, saying that she desired to have it for her own. Being somewhat curious as to be reasons, the clerical gentleman said, "But, madam, tell me why you wish to

sit so far back?" After some hesitancy she responded that she simply couldn't bear to have any one "sit behind her."

"Yet you will be sitting behind oth ers, who perhaps feel the same way,' said the rector laughingly.

"That may be," replied the devout indy earnestly, "but you know I have such a wretched little wisp of hair at the back of my head that it would certainly interfere with my devotions if I knew any one was looking at it."-London Tit-Bits.

Miss Caustle Caught.

The wit is more to be dreaded than your worst enemy. Witty people have a way of slapping a title on you which sticks for life. These things bubble up on their lips, and woe to the victim. He or she is ruined and made a public laughing stock. Even your best friend will giggle on the sly. One society girl here, a really nice girl, has the habit, however, of sitting in judgment on the family standing of other people. She will make some disparaging remark

and conclude with, "Oh, well, you know and I know they are really not to the manner born." Now this girl does not come of aristocratic blood on her maternal side. Her ancestors were simple, honest trades men who never pretended to style or had any ambition to pose as aristocrats. They were in the shoe business. One day the girl was talking much as usual. The wit, alas, was on deck load-

> ed with back number facts. "Oh," said Miss Critic, with a toss of her head, as she mentioned a debutante, "of course she is not to the manner born. I always like to express myself in quotations." "So do I." said the wit softly and wickedly. "My favorite is 'let not the shoemaker go beyond his last." "-Lou-

isville Times. The climate of northern Ontario is

peopled portions of the old world.



Pronounced caf-fay-accent on last syll

How He Cured the Bell. The late Father Boyle, who for years was one of the most prominent and popular Catholic priests in Washington, had a great reputation as a wit. Some of his most intimate friends were Protestants and members of the Protestant clergy. A few months before his death he erected a missionary chapel down by the navy yard and bought at a junkshop an old bell which had been discarded by one of the Protestant churches. He sent the bell to a foundry in Georgetown and had several inches of metal pared off the rim. Having thus got rid of a crack, the harsh and discordant tones of the bell became soft and sweet. Meeting a Presbyterian minister not long after, Father Boyle called his attention to the change, and the latter could scarcely

believe it was the same bell. "What in the world did you do to that bell," inquired the Presbyterian pastor, "to cause such a change in the

tone?" "We blessed it and blessed it and blessed it until we got the Presbyterian devil out of it," retorted Father Boyle, "and then it sounded all right."-Washington Star.

A Sensible Query.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett once told a good story about his going to Ireland for the first time. "As soon as I landed in Ireland I attempted to look for traces of some of my ancestors, who came from the extreme north of Ireland. Meeting an intelligent looking Irishman, I informed him of my mission, saying that my ancestors emigrated from about that spot 100 years ago, and I was there trying to look them up. He answered: "Ye say your ancestors emigrated from our town about 100 years ago? Thin why are ye looking for them here?"-London Tit-Bits.

Feelings and Fingers.

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, burting another's feelings or his finger.

"The feelings," he said.

"Right, my dear child," said the grat-Ifled questioner. "But why is it worse to burt the feelings?"

"Because you can't the a rag round them."

Stale Candy.

Stale candy can generally be worked over by reboiling it. In the case of acid candles, such as lemon drops, the candy is boiled, the acid is withdrawn by the not unlike that of northern Europe, and use of lime or chalk, and the sirup may its soil is equal to that of many thickly | then be used in the manufacture of that or any other species of candy.

Trouble Breeding Condition. Robbins-Funny, but young people who seem to love one another the most devotedly are oftentimes the first peo Wren-The trouble is, you see, they endeavor to protract the "two souls

Two persons with but a single thought between them cannot help hating one another sooner or later .- Boston Transcript.

rooms; but, of course, you will not,

ple to fight after marriage.

for?" yelled the traveler.

"You told me for to do it."

with but a single thought" idea too far.