The Musee Mystery

By JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

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As I approached them Cæsar said (there was hardly a suggestion of the negro dialect in the African's tone), "Mr. Park, about every time I go away it seems as if something happens here."

"Thin ye'd better sthay at home," said Tim, suddenly remembering. I resume, the trick Cæsar had played The negro made no reply to that, ed me some questions about the ay before.

the Othello fur?" tone from the ng the face of red that the usual posi- turned to- w turned was the o rather tor, but the for- Tim to n short- ere left oing in I saw e in and dent without t his tanned "Sure, Muster nothin in here," he huffled uneasily from one e other while I eyed him. don't deny that you were in , do you?"

Tim was silent. He didn't deny it.

"You must have seen the body lying here. Why didn't you hurry to tell some one at once, instead of sneaking off the way you did, for all the world as if you were a murderer yourself?"

The question loosened Tim's tongue.

"Muster Park, ye're roight. Oi did see the thing a-loyin heer, but Oi warn't goin to be arfter a-sayin inaything to innybody arboot it. Oi sez to mesilf, sez Oi, 'Oi'll lit somebody ilse foind the thing this toime.' Oi sez to mesilf, sez Oi, 'If Oi goes to Muster Miller an tells him ther's a did body a-loyin up in front iv group thirrteen, he'll be arfter a-sayin to me: "Tim, ye are foriver foindin did bodies in front iv group thirrteen. Ye foind too minny did bodies, Tim. We don't want ye here inny longer."' An so Oi'd lose me job."

Unique as was the excuse, I knew out of my knowledge of Tim that it was one that would have force with him. Moreover, in spite of Tim's suspicious behavior, I could not bring myself to believe that he was really mixed up in the murder. The absence of any apparent motive, his smallness of stature and general lack of courage, added to the perfectly innocent manner in which he had announced his discovery of the two bodies previously found, led me to believe him quite innocent. I determined not to mention to any one that I had seen Tim coming from the room, notwithstanding it might implicate me as an accessory after the fact. But I did say to Tim before I turned away, "Well, Murphy, unless the matter is cleared up, it will look rather bad for you."

With which Tim, who was not lacking in some native acumen, answered, "Yis, Muster Park, it will that, an it's mesilf that'll do what Oi can to clear it up."

That he was capable of doing much toward clearing up the mystery I greatly doubted, which only shows, as after events proved, that I didn't know my Tim.

Several weeks passed, and the mystery of the triple murders remained unsolved. The detectives ran down one vague clew after another, only to find that each vanished in the mists of mere conjecture. One young detective thought the murderer might be some half demented fellow, a sort of "Jack the Ripper," who lurked among the shadows behind the images, awaiting a chance to spring upon his unwary victim. This would explain the singular look of horror that had been on the face of each victim. The detective was forced to admit that it must have been an exceedingly cunning fellow who could thus have slipped in and out unobserved on three different occasions an ed that the criminal was me person who had come in- concernedly as any oth- th- out attempting to conce

The theory perhaps ad, but when asked to put the criminal the detective oss. "The only way to do it for him," he said, and a w ain set in the room with gr ept there all through the the musee was open to vi ors, however, were noticeably fewer now, and those that did come seemed to shun the room occupied by group 13.

One morning a few weeks after the last murder I happened to want a stepladder with which to reach some papers on a high shelf in Mr. Miller's office. I asked Tim to bring the ladder. He returned a few minutes later without it.

"Sure, an Oi can't foind it," he announced.

"Can't find it?" I repeated. "Isn't it in the storeroom?"

"Oi suppose so, sorr," he answered.

"Then why can't you find it?" I asked impatiently.

"Becuz the door's locked, sorr," he said.

"What's the door locked for?"

"Sure, an Oi don't know. The nager locked it," replied Tim, staring with stolid indifference at the office doorknob.

It was Thursday, and Cæsar was away. "I'd like to know what business he has locking that door when he's going away," I said in vexation.

"Oi belave he alw'y locks it," said the Irishman placidly, still eying the doorknob.

Procuring a bunch of keys, I went up to the storeroom, which was on the same floor as the main gallery. Trying one key after another, I finally found one that would, by the exercise of considerable strength, throw the bolt. Entering the room, I found the stepladder without difficulty. I seldom entered the room and now glanced about me in mild curiosity. There stood the rude bunk on which Cæsar slept, for the storeroom was also Cæsar's bedroom, and the other end of the room, which was of goodly size, was lumbered up with furniture and various articles. Among them were three or four wax figures which had been removed from the collection on exhibition because of breakage, unpopularity or other cause. There were also some odd pieces of stage scenery that had been put here because they were not wanted for the stage in the concert hall on the floor above. I gave these things only a cursory glance and then went back

With a blow of his fist he felled the astonished policeman.

down stairs, followed by Tim with the ladder. After using it I told Tim to take it back to the storeroom, the door to which I had left unlocked.

That afternoon Tim came to me, casting furtive glances behind him as he walked. There was a look of mystery on his Irish face. "Muster Park," he began, "Oi warrnt to git three perlicemin, the three biggist on the farce, an Oi warrnt thim to come up to group thirrteen. Oi'm goin to foind the murrderer."

"Going to find the murderer!" I exclaimed. "Tim, are you crazy?"

"Crazy, ez it? Not Oi! Ye wait an see. Oi've got him, sure, if ye'll lit me git the perlicemin."

The earnestness in Tim's voice and manner impressed me. Perhaps, after all, he had made a discovery. It was quite evident he thought he had at least. I knew his vanity would not let him carry out his plan (it was apparent he had one) in any other than his own way, and so I said: "All right, Tim. Get the policemen. But, if you get them here for nothing, look out for Mr. Miller. He's got a temper."

A half hour later Tim returned with two big policemen. The lieutenant at the station had thought three unnecessary, though I learned afterward that Tim had begged earnestly for a third.

"Come up to thirrteen, all iv ye," said Tim, laboring under very evident excitement. The two policemen and I (Mr. Miller was away) followed Tim up to the room where the now famous —or infamous—group 13 was located. Tim's excitement increased, and I noticed that his breath came in little gasps. It struck me that the little Irishman was laboring under great fear as well as under intense excitement.

"One iv ye sthand by the door an the ither roight here," indicating almost the exact spot where the three bodies had been found, "an both iv ye hev yer guns riddy to foire in an instant." While Tim was speaking his eyes never for an instant left the face of the central figure in group 13. It seemed as if he was fascinated by the swarthy image of the Moor. I stood near the door, with a half defined double motive. I might be of assistance in stopping the murderer if one was really concealed in the room, and, besides, the door was an avenue of escape if anything frightful should happen. By this time Tim's actions had impressed me, and I was prepared to see something startling happen.

And now there was enacted a singular scene. All visitors had been sent from the room on our arrival, and the policemen, Tim and I were the only visible occupants, besides the motionless images maintaining their mute indifference. The policeman in front of group 13 held his revolver gripped tight in his hand, keeping his eyes on Tim. The other policeman also held his revolver in his hand ready to shoot if necessary. There was nothing remarkable in this. It was Tim's behavior that was singular, and for a few minutes I wondered if he had not gone crazy. He went to the far end of the room and began peering in back of one wax figure after another, or at least he feigned to. I was watching him closely, and it seemed to me that he ever kept the tail of his eye toward group 13. Tim held in his hand the eight foot handle to a window cleaner, and I observed that he had whittled one end to a sharp point. He would poke this singular weapon in behind the images and prod vigorously at an imaginary foe. By this time I was sure that poor Tim must be demented. Moving slowly from spot to spot, he gradually drew near group 13, approaching Othello from behind. As he moved the Irishman kept up a string of excited talk that ran somewhat like this: "Git out iv ther, ye baste! Git out! Oi'm arfter ye! Git out! Git out! Oi'll catch ye yit! Oi'm on yer track, ye bloody baste iv a murderer!"

By this time Tim was directly behind Othello. I saw him give a most savage lunge with the pointed end of the stick at the back of the Moor. Instantly there was a soul sickening yell, and the image of Othello, that had seemed as motionless as any of the other images, leaped from his seat and with a blow of his fist felled the astounded policeman standing in front of him. Then, eyes ablaze with insanity, he came with a rush toward the door. The policeman stationed there had had an instant in which to recover his startled senses, and bang! bang! bang! went his revolver. Othello fell in a heap almost at our feet, and then, as his eyes rolled up, I recognized him. It was Cæsar!

That is about all there is to tell. We learned that Cæsar had really been an inmate of an insane asylum and about five years before had been released as cured. During the last few months, unbeknown to any one, the malady had returned upon him. Tim may explain in his own words how he came to solve the mystery:

"Whin Oi tuk the sthipladder back, Oi tharght 'Oi'd jus' look about a bit, not arfen havin the chance, an, ez Oi poked about, what shu'd Oi rin upon behoind some paces iv scenery but the form iv Othello with his togs arf. 'That's quare,' sez Oi. 'Othello's out with group thirrteen, an Othello's here without inny clo'es on. How's that?' Oi scratched me head, an thin Oi warked out an tuk a luk at the Moor nager. Oi tuk a good luk at him, an Oi sez, sez Oi: 'That's Sazer a-sittin ther. 'Tain't the Moor nager at arll.' Thin Oi spoke to you, Muster Park, an wint fur the perlice."

It was plain enough now why the murders had all occurred on the days when Cæsar was absent, or, rather, on the days when we supposed him to be absent. Thursday after Thursday he had probably sat there impersonating the wax Othello and enjoying the admiration bestowed upon him by the passing spectators. It was not so wonderful, after all, that he had never been discovered. The very boldness of the act helped him. The lifelikeness of the waxen image was so great that no one marveled more at sight of the real negro sitting there nor suspected the trick. During the night, when the African was alone, he would bear the wax figure to the storeroom, hide it behind some pieces of scenery, enrobe himself in the rich garments of the Moor and by the time the first of us arrived in the morning be sitting in Othello's place, as mute and motionless as any image in the whole collection. He must have been able to sit for hours without the movement of so much as an eyelid. Perhaps only a madman could have done it. Extraordinary vanity had probably prompted him to impersonate the Othello, and then, once, twice and thrice, when he had seen a woman standing in front of him, alone in the room and helpless, the savage impulse of insanity had impelled him to slay, and he had leaped from his chair upon his horrified victim.

The wax Othello was never again put on exhibition, I believe, and within a month after Tim's discovery the musee was closed to the public.

Truth and Repose.

A self denial no less austere than the saint's is demanded of the scholar. He must worship truth and forego all things for that and choose defeat and pain so that his treasure in thought is thereby augmented. God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both.

Between these as a pendulum man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, he meets, most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity and reputation, but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat.

He will abstain from dogmatism and recognize all the opposite negations between which as walls his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinions, but he is a candidate for truth as the other is not and respects the highest law of his being.—Emerson's "Essay on Intellect."

Didn't Care If He Did.

Over in West Virginia on one of the railroads is a little town called Sawyer. Close to the town the train passes through a tunnel. One day a nice looking young couple were on the train, and they never seemed to know that there was anybody else on the train. Oblivious to their surroundings they were like two souls with but a single thought. While the train was passing through the tunnel those near the young couple heard a succession of suspicious smacks something like a kiss with a dozen echoes. After the train had passed through the tunnel the brakeman came through the car and called out, "Sawyer," and the timid looking young man looked up and said: "I don't give a durn if you did. We are married."—Bristol Courier.

Running No Risk.

A troupe of wandering musicians were playing before a Swiss hotel. At the end of the performance one of the members left the group, approached the leader of the band and pulled out a little paper box, which he emptied into his left hand, while the eyes of the leader followed every movement.

He took a plate in his right hand, passed it around, and a large sum was collected, every one meanwhile wondering what he held in his left hand.

"Why, it's very simple," said the leader when questioned. "We are all subject to temptation, and to be sure of the fidelity of our collector he has to hold five flies in his left hand, and we count these first when he returns to make sure of the money."

Willing to Accompany Him.

A poor old Irishman, with an old and battered cornet, was making night hideous one evening in a quiet Edinburgh square. A smart young "guardian of the peace" stepped up to him and in a very peremptory tone said:

"Come, come, my man, you must stop that or accompany me."

"Wid all the pleasure in loife, sor," replied Pat. "What are ye goin' to sing?"—London Telegraph.

The royal library at Windsor castle is about to be enlarged by the inclusion of a room adjoining, hitherto used by the lord in waiting. This will enable many thousand more volumes to be added to the hundred thousand valuable works now on the shelves.

ANIMALS IN A STORM.

They Dislike the Wet Weather and Seek a Place of Safety.

Both wild and tame animals, four footed or with wings, have a deep seated aversion to wet weather. Even water fowl will seek a dry hiding place when it rains.

Did you ever watch the actions of cattle before a big storm? If so, you must have seen them grow more and more uneasy as the clouds gathered. You also saw them run up and down the field, as if seeking to escape some impending danger. Finally, when the storm breaks, they draw close together and with lowered heads present a picture of despair.

Domestic animals when it rains will always keep indoors, or, failing that, they will seek shelter by the barn or under trees or beneath the hedges and thickets—in short, in any convenient place where they may not be entirely exposed to the downpour.

It is the same with fowls. They dislike the rain, which soaks their feathers. They seek sheltered places and creep under wagons or behind boxes and boards. Chickens do not mind getting their feet wet, for they will scratch the ground soon after a shower in search of worms and beetles.

Wild birds do their best to keep out of the rain. Some of them build a roof over their nests; others choose a home under the eaves or under a projecting cliff, where they may be safe from the discomfort that the rain brings.

But most of them are without shelter provided in advance by their own forethought. These take refuge in any place that they happen to find at hand. If you watch them before the storm, you will see them looking for such a place. If the storm comes suddenly, the small and helpless ones seem bewildered, flying from tree to tree and from limb to limb, quite unable to make up their minds exactly where to hide themselves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

It is said that hornets never use the same nest a second season.

The largest egg laid by any European bird is that of the swan; the smallest that of the golden crested wren.

The silkworm is three inches long and is well provided with legs, having no less than sixteen of these valuable members.

A French farmer has made experiments which show that caterpillars avoid black objects, but are attracted in numbers by white.

Greyhounds are pictured on Egyptian monuments carved 3000 B. C. The Arab boarhound is the oldest type of domestic dog at present existing.

Mosquitoes were unknown in Switzerland until the completion of the St. Gothard tunnel under the Alps. The tunnel gave them a short cut to the land of William Tell.

A pigeon in harvest time eats its own weight in grain a day, and a blackbird or thrush will eat its own weight daily of ripe fruit. Many kinds of birds exist in summer largely upon plants raised by man for his food.

No Tick There.

"No doubt you see that I am one of the diffident men," observed the drummer, "one of the sort who don't compare watches with the town clock and tell everybody for a block around that the clock is seven minutes off. I was up in a Massachusetts town a few weeks ago, and I had to make a certain train or loss a thousand dollar order. I looked at my watch and in a furtive way compared it with the town clock. It looked to me as if there was a big difference between the two, but I decided to go by the clock. I went into three or four places, loafed around and was killing time when an acquaintance came along and said:

"'I thought you were going to make that 2:30 train?'

"'Yes, I am,' I replied.

"'When?'

"'This afternoon, of course.'

"'By what time?'

"'By your town clock. I've got half an hour yet.'

"'Oh, you have!' he laughed. 'Well, let me tell you that our clock hasn't been running for a week, and you have lost your train by an hour and a quarter.'"

Sponge Fishing.

Sponges are gathered by means of a long pole with a hook attached to the lower end, with which the sponge fisherman is very expert. He lies upon his stomach in the stern of a boat looking through an ordinary water bucket with a glass bottom, which does away with the glare from the water and allows him to survey the bottom leisurely while the boatman rows or sculls the boat. A schooner lies at anchor near by, from which a half dozen or more of these small boats fish. It returns to port when it is loaded, or at night, as the case may be.

Soldiers Are Like Children.

To the medical man the soldier is very like a child—that is to say, he suffers from precisely the same diseases as children. In any large army hospital you will find rows of patients down with measles, scarlatina, diphtheria, mumps and sometimes whooping cough. In fact, the soldiers' hospital is as like as can be to the children's hospital.

Sized Up.

"A man is known by his works," declared the irrepressible talker, who was addressing a large and enthusiastic audience.

"Yours must be a gas works," shouted a rude, uncultured person who occupied a back seat.—Baltimore American.

Helps to Education.

A zoological garden is a great ornament to a city and a most desirable adjunct to school education. The child who can see and study a moose, an eagle, an alligator or any other strange beast of the field gets what no book can teach.—Meehan's Monthly.

Sort of Circular Insanity.

A French judge has declared that a man must be mad who writes poetry. However that may be, the editor he sends it to generally is.—Los Angeles Times.

It is claimed that Joseph Gaspard Chaussgros de Derby, a French engineer, made the first maps of Detroit in 1749 and 1754.

CHILDREN OF LONG AGO.

The Etiquette They Were Taught In the Eighteenth Century.

The "polite academy" does not confine itself to purely ethical considerations. The minutest directions are given as to polite behavior under all sorts of circumstances:

"Take salt with a saltspoon or else with a clean knife, not with that you are eating with, for that will foul the rest.

"Do not laugh at table, much less sneeze, cough or yawn; but if you cannot avoid it hold up the napkin or tablecloth before your face and turn aside from the table.

"When you drink, bow to some one of the company and say sir or madam.

"Never regard what another has on his plate. It looks as if you wanted it.

"If you have occasion to laugh, turn from the company.

"Always look pleased, but not merry unless there is occasion."

Now as to the deportment of a young master:

"Let your feet be placed at a small distance from one another, not too close nor too wide in spreading.

"Put one hand easy and free into the bosom of your waistcoat and the other under the flap of it.

"Do not button more than the three lowest buttons of your waistcoat that your hand may not be raised too high.

"Do not thrust your hand into your breeches as vulgar boys do, but let it fall with ease under the flap of your waistcoat."

To face this page there is a beautiful "copper cut" of a young master in the easy and elegant attitude recommended, and truly "there is a great deal of sweetness in his looks."

This delightful volume was published by R. Baldwin at the Rose in Paternoster row and B. Collins in Salisbury 1765.—Longman's Magazine.

KITCHEN HELPS.

To clean a greasy sink a little paraffin oil, rubbed on with a piece of flannel, will save a great deal of trouble.

Ordinary tea marks on china may be readily dissolved by scrubbing with a soft brush dipped in salt water and vinegar.

If new tinware is rubbed over with fresh lard and thoroughly heated in the oven before it is used, it will never rust afterward, no matter how much it is put in water.

A good way to clean zinc utensils is to dip a piece of cotton in kerosene and rub the articles with it until the dirt is removed. Dry afterward with a clean cloth so as to get rid of all grease.

For stained tinware borax produces the best results. If the teapot or coffeepot is discolored on the inside, boil it in a strong solution of borax for a short time, and all its brightness will return.

Pans and kettles partly filled with water should not be placed on the range to soak, as it only makes them harder to clean. They should be filled with cold water and be kept away from the heat.

Names For Farms.

"We wish that every farm in Maine would be named," says the Lewiston Journal. "This is not a mere matter of sentiment, by any means, but it is strictly business.

"The man whose farm is known by some name is certain to take a greater interest in its products and to conduct all of his operations on a better plan. On every place there is certain to be some peculiarity that will suggest a name. A spring of pure water, a grove of oak or maple trees or something else of a similar nature will give it a local flavor. Then paint its name on the end of the barn facing the road. Let it be where every passerby can see it. Your farm will then soon become known far and wide and will aid you in a thousand ways.

"Besides, how much more dignified it is to be spoken of as the proprietor of Oak Grove farm than to be alluded to as Jim Jones. By all means name your farms, and it will make you all better farmers."

Tails of Comets.

In a memoir on the origin of the aurora borealis Professor Arrhenius gives a theory of the formation of the tails of comets. A comet revolves around the sun under the influence of the attraction of gravitation. The comet's tail usually points directly away from the sun as if repelled by that body. The force of repulsion can be calculated. The cause of the repulsion has so far been unexplained. The electro magnetic theory of light (Clerk Maxwell's) involves the consequence that a pressure is produced in the direction of the propagation of any wave of light, and this pressure can be calculated.

The radiant energy of the sun can also be computed. It follows that the pressure away from the sun on a body of unit density and a cubic centimeter in dimension is such as to make it lose about one ten-thousandth part of its weight. Spectrum analysis shows that the tails of comets are made up of gaseous hydrocarbon compounds. Reasonable assumptions as to the sizes, etc., of the molecules of such gases give a basis for calculation. The general result is that as a comet approaches the sun the solid or liquid hydrocarbons of its head are vaporized by heat. The larger particles fall toward the sun. The very smallest are repelled to form the tail. If the head of the comet is homogeneous, only one tail will be formed; if heterogeneous, a multiple tail.

Our First Horses.

The first horses imported into America, says a London journal, were taken over by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. Thirty years later forty-two horses were landed in Florida, but they all died soon after their arrival. De Soto, who made an expedition to the new world in 1540-41, left a number of fine Spanish horses behind him when obliged to quit the country after his conquest of Louisiana, and this stock is thought to have formed the foundation of the wild horse of the southwestern states. In 1604 a French immigrant brought to Acadia a number of animals from which the modern Canadian pony is thought to be descended. Horses from Flanders were imported into New York in 1625.

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Hindrances to Success.

Many a man with great brain power and fine physique who started in life with good prospects has failed to attain great success because of little idiosyncrasies, peculiarities of speech or manner, things not in themselves vicious or wrong, but which render him disagreeable or unacceptable to those who have dealings with him.

If it were possible for us to write of all the little things which have cut down the average of our success and to calculate just how much each has contributed to the whole, it would be most helpful.

For example, one young man's advancement has been cut down 25 per cent by bad temper, a surly, disagreeable disposition; another's by carelessness in dress, an unkempt or slovenly appearance, and yet another's by a sharp tongue or an unkind habit of criticising.

Many a brilliant and capable stenographer has failed to advance because she had disagreeable habits that annoyed her employer, who, while he recognized her ability, preferred a less able stenographer who had amiable and agreeable qualities. The lack of amiability has stood in the way of advancement of many an employee who wondered why he did not get along.—Success.

The Ear.

As delicate as the organ of vision is that of hearing, and as careful a watch should be kept upon it, so that no loss of that more exquisite sense may occur.

When several blind persons were questioned as to which they would rather do without, their visual organs or those of hearing, the majority declared in favor of hearing. We feel a compassion for the blind; for the deaf we are not often sympathetic. The spectacle of a sightless individual touches us to tears; that of one who cannot hear provokes almost a feeling of drollery. Yet no doubt the loss of one organ is as pathetic a thing as the loss of the other.

Many erroneous ideas still exist in the public mind that interfere seriously with the work of the skilled aurist. Too many people think that the ear is so delicate an organ that nothing whatever can be done to alleviate any distress arising therein and allow a trivial disorder that might be rectified by an aurist to bring about a case of partial deafness that settles into permanency.

Getting the Musical Pitch.

Musical pitch has a curious tendency to creep up. It is said that Bach's music sounds much differently now from what it did when Bach wrote it, because the instruments are now pitched higher. In 1882 it was found that the pitch of high A at the Vienna Court Opera had crept from the prescribed 435 double vibrations a second to 443, and in 1885 this number had further increased to 450.

Accordingly a musical conference was held, and a resolution was taken to re-establish the old pitch of 435 vibrations per second. Upon this announcement the Reichsanstalt, the imperial physical and technical institute of Germany, set up standard instruments and has since tested and corrected many hundreds of tuning forks, shortening them if they are too low in pitch and thinning the arms if they are too high.

All the military orchestras of Germany are pitched alike, and the Reichsanstadt keeps the tuning forks correct. This solicitous care of the government in preserving standards is one reason why the world now goes to Germany in musical matters.—Pearson's.

An Unfortunate Answer.

Of an official who died as the head of one of the Great Northern systems and who was one of the fathers of modern railroading the following story is told:

Once, when master mechanic, he was staying in the country. An afternoon walk brought him to the edge of a cutting through which ran his line. On a side track lay a waiting engine. The fireman and engineer were smoking placidly, while the safety valve was giving open evidence of the size of the fire within. As the engine was doing nothing in particular, this waste of coal roused the ire of the man on the bank. "Who is your master mechanic?" he inquired of the loafing fireman.

"Oh, some gray bearded, baldheaded old blankety blank blank fool down in Boston," was the cheerful answer.

"Well," returned the other as not a muscle of his face changed, "I'm that gray bearded, baldheaded old blankety blank blank fool from Boston, and you want to bank those fires, and bank them P. D. Q!"

The fireman, it is needless to say, did as he was bid.—New York Tribune.

Joseph Jekyll's Repartee.

An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?"

"Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were 'little Else.'"

The following epigram was written on Dr. Letsom, then a well known doctor:

When folks are sick and send for me,
I purges, bleeds and sweats 'em:
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me? I Letsom.

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BRIGHT'S DISEASE

The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock $112,500.00 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases.

They commenced the serious investigation of the specific Nov. 15, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physicians for judges. Up to Aug. 25, eighty-seven per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably.

There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the clinical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address JOHN J. FULTON COMPANY, 420 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

Most Healthful Coffee In the World.

All the world knows that coffee in excessive use is injurious. And yet the coffee lover cannot stand tasteless cereals. There has to this time been no happy medium between. Café Bland fills the void with the best elements of both. It is richer than straight coffee, and many will not be easily convinced that it is not all coffee. But we guarantee that Cafe Bland contains less than fifty per cent coffee, which is scientifically blended with nutritious fruits and grains, thus not only displacing over fifty per cent of the caffein, but neutralizing that which remains and still retaining the rich coffee flavor. To those who suffer with the heart, to dyspeptics and to nervous people Café Bland is especially recommended as a healthful and delicious beverage, so satisfying that only the member of the family making the change in the coffee knows there has been one. More healthful, richer and less expensive than straight coffee. Better in every respect. 25 cents per lb. Your grocer will get it for you. Ask for

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What a Bureau Really Is.

When parchment was used for writing and when bookbinding was in its infancy and a bound book was a costly luxury, it was the custom to place the book on a piece of cloth or a strip of wool in order to prevent the binding from possible damage on the rough wood of the table. Those who had to deal with money also had a strip of cloth on the table or counter so that the coins should not roll. This strip was called "bureau."

In course of time the custom changed, and the same word was applied to the writing table covered with green or other colored cloth and at length descended to the modern table with the center protected by leather. As an office contains one or more of these tables it is not difficult to understand that the name should, in one country, have been given to the room that contained the bureau.—London Standard.

His Conscience Clear.

"Can you truthfully say that you went into office with an absolutely clear conscience?" inquired the very familiar but unworldly friend.

"Of course I can," answered Senato Sorghum in a tone of slight irritation; "I never yet failed to pay every cent I promised for a vote."—Washington Star.