A FLAG OF TRUCE.

The house at Wake Forest stood quite three miles from the Tennessee river. yet the plantation ran down to the stream, and Major Hilliard had his own landing. In the third year of the civil war a village of white tents about stretched far back from the waterside There was another smaller village of them up around the house. The fences were all swept away. Horses fully accoutered stood champing and dancing all about the lawns. Men clattered up and down the broad veranda steps. some with swords clanking after them. more in undress uniform and a very few in the garb of civilians.

Not one of the original inhabitants remained. Major Hilliard and Morris were both in the Confederate army. kiss her daughter once shyly, fearfully; Their hundreds of slaves had been sent farther south as soon as the fall of Fort Henry gave the whole river region into Federal control. Now the fortunes of war had made Wake Forest the camping ground and base of operations for a considerable Federal column. Its aim and object were secrets jealously guarded since it was known that Forrest's flying horse, the most dreaded among all the enemy, lay almost in full strength not so many miles away. General Bruton, the ranking Federal officer, wisely made his headquarters upon the river bank within range of the gunboats, but his chief lieutenant. Colonel Flowtow, who was really the working soul of the column, had quar tered himself in the plantation house and from it directed everything that went on. He was not a military sybarite, yet made himself very comfortable there, drinking the good wines in the cellar and smoking the best cigars in the major's own special locker. The camps were both full of black va grants, contrabands in the phrase of that time. Bruton gave them rations and listened sympathetically to their stories. He had so many of them for servants indeed they were in each other's way. Flowtow hated them, whole and several. Brought up a lieutenant in the German army, he had resigned, come to America, engaged in business dropped it at the call to arms and gone into the fighting almost purely from love of fighting.

"They cumber us, these blacks," he said often. "They ruin discipline too, Then how shall you keep army secrets when they go in and out like the air?' But now even he had taken one into his service. It had happened in this wise. Three days earlier he had been reconnoitering when his detachment was charged upon by a single mounted man, riding at full speed and crouching low over the neck of the horse. The the others but that Flowtow himself was just coming out, with Yellow Ned, loose there was a stir in the bushes at reason was plain. Behind came half a dozen men in gray, also mounted, spurring as for life and shooting as they rode. It seemed a miracle that some bullet did not touch the fugitive. The Federal cavalry parted to let him through as soon as they saw his face. He was a mulatto, evidently a camp

servant, making a dash for liberty. since he wore over his jean trousers a cast off gray overcoat. "Shoot me, please! Don't send me

back," he said, riding straight up to the colonel. Flowtow eyed him a minute, then

asked gruffly, "Why did you run

der batches meant more profit than cried. "First ter come here; then all many weeks in camp. Old Nat has those papers-I know what they are planned to stauggle such a cargo So will old man Nat. He taught yer, reaboard bef se the Lucy tied up at member, the Murrel clan cipher, so yer Wake Fores landing. He had slipped could write all sorts o' things ter me. outside the lines, spying where best to Go away, I tell yer. Flowtow will hang

seize it. leaving his wife and Swan in yer at sun up as sure as he finds out charge of the boat. how he has been fooled.' Soldier villages gossip even more "If you will come with me," Morris

said, springing into the saddle and than ordinary villages. Everything at holding out his arms. headquarters is soon the common prop-Swan thought a minute, then waved erty of the camp. Thus Swan came to him down. "I must ride an lead yet know very soon all the particulars of Yellow Ned's arrival. She pondered with a halter," she said, "or we shall

what she had heard a day, then just at sunset startled her mother by saying: 'I'm goin over ter the outpost. Funny I never thought o' it before, but there is my chance ter see the inside o' Wake Forest."

There was no protest. Mrs. Hinton never wasted breath in trying to turu Swan from her purposes, but something, she knew not what, made her once, as she felt Swan tremble at her touch, out of the fullness of her mother heart.

"I wish I could take yer, too, but that would spoil everything," Swan said, patting her cheek and almost running away. She had rummaged out her old fiddle and put on a short frock, much frilled and spangled, which she had worn in the days of the band. It was black and came low in the neck, so she threw over her shoulders a blue artilleryman's cape, disposing one end so the scarlet lining would show. At the very last she turned back and thrust something deep into her bosom, saying, with a lazy smile, "Yer don't never know what may come in handy when yer go on a possum hunt this time o the year."

As she picked her way through the company streets there were hails from every hand-cries of admiration, invitations to supper, banters for a tune, just one-but she staid for none of them. Words she flung back in plenty. Her tongue had gained in license, in piquancy and point. A very young officer, riotously full of beer, ran out and tried to kiss her in the face of all, but was rapped smartly over the nose with the fiddle bow and ran back howling with pain.

said. As she came to the outpost the pick-. . ets made a feint of halting her. She stuck the fiddle under her chin, played three discordant bars and said, "Let me through or yer'll hear worse than that." All the camp knew her. She had indeed the freedom of more than one army corps. She was kind in sickness driven him unmercifully, flourishing a or trouble, a good comrade in health, silver mounted derringer above his square-every man of them would have head. The pickets had laughed at her. staked his life on that-and straight for but had not tried to stop her. It was only one of Swan's freaks, and Swan in all her freedom, both of speech and action. So she won easily to Colonel their eyes could do no wrong. The two halted in a broad clear road. Flowtow's door. She would have pass-The moon shone so bright it was nearly ed the sentry there as she had passed as light as day. As the last knot came

the roadside. Old Nat's ambling mule as usual, at his heels. "You! What do you do here?" he sprang through them, and old Nat him said roughly, catching her arm in a self cried: "So yer've been er-spyin-eh Morris-an yer wife's helpin yer out?

hard grip. Mighty nice game, but I'll block it, "Me? Oh, I just came ter find out ef though I cain't stop yer now. I owe yer yer all were dead," Swan said jauntily. father er day in harvest. I reckon the "I didn't know but 'Mr. Forrest's crittime's comin when I can pay in full." ter company' had slipped in an made The last words came faint. He had crow's meat o' the lot."

set the mule off in a headlong gallop, 'What is that to you? Women are not for fighting," Flowtow said, still Morris sprang into the saddle, leaned down and snatched Swan up before roughly. Swan laughed an airy, happy him. She tried to writhe out of his laugh.

"No! Women are fer kissin," she arms. In three minutes at most the said. "Till kiss yer, Colonel Flowtow, an play yer a tupe inter the bargain of How could be escape with his horse an play yer a tune inter the bargain e yer'll do just one little thing I want." doubly weighted? "Oho! I am to be bribed-in face of the articles of war!" Flowtow roared. "Well, bribe me, Swanchen. I will hear what it is about-afterward." "Yer shall take the tune first," Swan jaded. Tonight he is a wild horse. He said, throwing off her cloak and setting has had nothing but little niggling trots the fiddle beneath her chin. Before since his run the other day." "There! I told yer they were comin!" Flowtow could protest she had struck

road. Undervoicing the sound, he caugh the stifled murmur of many me springing suddenly to arms. It was not a picket post but a vanguard he had surprised. Wrathfully he fired his six shots in the air, then wheeled and rode for life toward his own camp.

"Morris! Oh, thank God we didn' touch you!" the captain of the guard said as Morris leaped from Black Douglas. Morris had no word for him Swan lay inert in his arms, and he felt her head drop prone against his shoulder and knew that the bullet which had stilled her heart was in tended for his own.

The next day but one Colonel Hilliard walked into General Forrest's headquarters to say: "My dear gen eral, please send in a flag of truce My son's wife has died very suddenly. We wish to bury her at Wake Forest beside his mother." As he spoke, so it was done.

The Glant Redwoods. The big tree Sequola gigantea is nature's forest masterpiece, and as far as I know the greatest of living things, them. says John Muir in The Atlantic. It belongs to an ancient stock, as its remains in old rocks show, and has a strange air of other days about it, a thoroughbred look, inherited from the unyhow. long ago, the auld lang syne of trees. The Pacific coast in general is the paradise of conifers. There nearly all of them are giants and display a beauty and magnificence unknown elsewhere The climate is mild, the ground never freezes and moisture and sunshine

abound all the year. Nevertheless, it is not easy to account for the colossal size of the sequoias. The largest are about 300 feet high and 30 feet in diameter. Who of all the dwellers of the plains and prat ries and fertile home forests of round headed oak and maple, hickory and elm, ever dreamed that earth could bear such growths-trees that the familiar pines and firs seem to know nothing about, lonely, silent, serene, with physiognomy almost godlike and so old thousands of them still living had counted their years by tens of centuries

and were in the vigor of youth or mid dle age when the star led the Chaldean sages to the infant Saviour's cradle? As far as man is concerned they are the same yesterday, today and forever

A remarkable instance of the farreaching power of sound is given in the interesting diary written in Latin in the seventeenth century, admirably translated by the Rev. Robert Isham, of Mr. Thomas Isham of Lamport Hall. It is there stated that during the naval engagement between the English and French combined fleets on the one hand and the Dutch on the other in 1672 the report of the guns was distinctly heard at Brixworth, Northamptonshire, It was in this action that Lord Sandwich, the admiral, was blown up in his ship with 800 of his men, though the Dutch were defeated and were pursued to the coast of Holland by the English fleet. If this story be correct-and some may be tempted to say "Credat Judæus"-the voice of the cannon must have traveled a distance of over 120 miles, Southwold, where the battle

took place, being at the mouth of the Blythe, 28 miles northeast of Ipswich. In 1827, during the battle of Navarino, Mr. John Vere Isham, then quartered

straight in front a little way down the JUST ONE BOY'S WAY

THE DRAMA THAT WAS ENACTED ON A STREET CAR.

Pocket Exploration That Held the Passengers Breathless and Proved Eminently Satisfactory to the Pershops down a tree. When her husband sistent Youngster.

aceds a new suit, she chops down another tree. That is easy, for men and When this small boy on the Ninth women are clad exactly alike-a plain street car went into his clothing after fold of cloth caught about the waist his car fare, the other passengers beand hanging loosely to the knee or trayed little or no interest in him. He shin. The races inhabiting the islands was an ordinary, snub nosed, freckle of the tropical Pacific are almost alone faced boy of nine or ten, and it seemed pretty safe to assume that he had the in having no idea of the loom and the various arts of the spinner and weaver nickel necessary for a ride or he would This lack is undoubtedly due to the not have swung aboard, and so the natural provision of material which passengers paid little or no attention to renders a woven cloth unnecessary to nim. The men, as usual, occupied this primitive people. The only fabric themselves in pretending that they used in that part of the world is a weren't looking at all at the good lookcrude, tough paper made of bast. The ing women in the opposite seats, and tree from which the material is derived the women, also as usual, endeavored s the paper mulberry, or Broussoneth to convey the impression that they papyrifera, which is grown in planta didn't know there was such a creature tions under the sole charge of women as a man within a hundred miles of nd is also found wild in all parts of

the islands. In archipelagoes so high But when this small boy began to ly advanced as Samoa and Tong:. have his troubles all hands got to lookwhere women have none of the coarset ing him over. Everybody, it would apwork to do, the entire care of the mulpear, likes to see a small boy in trouble berry plantations rests with the work

n of each village. The boy plowed around in the lining The trees are planted closely to inof the right hand pocket of his shabby ure a spindling growth without latlittle overcoat, screwing himself into eral branches. The plant will grow many possible attitudes as he stood from seed. In such a climate there is and wriggled in the aisle, and finally, after terrific exertion, he brought forth a penny, half buried in a lot of woolly better results follow the planting of stuff from the coat. Then he turned twigs from the sturdler wild trees. In his attention to the lining of the left about three years from planting the hand pocket of his overcoat. After altree will be in the best condition for most superhuman difficulties, in the the clothmakers. In that time it will process of which it looked as if the boy attain a height of twelve feet or more. might get himself wrapped around an and the trunk will have a uniform diinvisible axis several times in such a ameter of rather less than two inches manner that he could never get right About four feet of the trunk is waste again, he produced another penny, also and not available for the particular purpose for which the tree is grown; the first two feet from the base is too

tough to work well, and the two feet reading papers side by side at the end at the top is too soft. If the tree is properly grown and left to mature there will be available for the clothmaker a stick of eight feet in the clear and as straight as a measuring rod,

without knots or branches and of uniform girth throughout. - New York conductor, stuck the two found pennies Tribune.

Snow From a Clear Sky.

The most wonderful snowstorms of

all that may be seen every winter in

the Adirondacks are those that prevail

when the sky is cloudless. Of these

there are several varieties. Every week

or two we would see what looked like

fog form about the distant hills and

then come drifting across the creek

calley. Doubtless it was a real snow

laden cloud that had been drifting

along until it struck our level (1,300

feet above the sea) in the Adirondacks.

for the release of its feathery burden.

We saw these clouds fill the air with

flakes that were driven along almost

horizontally by a strong gale, although

the tops of our old hemlocks and

spruces rose into the clear air and un-

obstructed sunlight above the highest

level of the snow producing air strat-

in his mouth and continued his weird exertions to assemble his fare.

He unbuttoned his overcoat by the simple process of giving it a yank from bottom to top, and then he dug into the right hand pocket of his jacket. That pocket, too, seemed to be liningless, and the boy had to grope through it like a cat clawing for the exit of a bag. At length he got to the end of it, and an expression of acute relief crossed his freckled features. The hand was wedged in so tightly that he had about as much trouble in getting it out as he had had in getting it in, but it clutched when the conditions became favorable another cent when it finally made its appearance. This went into his mouth to join the other two. At this point the two elderly men coughed violen ly and scowled at the boy as if to say that they wished the infernal business were done with, but the others who were watching the boy's moves looked sympathetic.

um. We even saw the snow so thick The boy next began a laborious exin the air about us that the trunks of ploration of his right hand knickertrees six feet above the earth were bocker pocket, from which he pronot visible, although the treetops could be seen, and the sun shone down duced and bestowed in his overcoat pocket many articles peculiar to boys

couldn't while this boy was engaged in

his eventful search, with the chances

Walt a minute, mister."

not.



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They commenced the serious investi-gation 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 phyno difficulty about getting things to grow, but experience has shown that 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.

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plentifully wadded in woolen lint beonging to the overcoat. A couple of elderly men who were of the car began to get nervous. They pushed back their spectacles and studied the boy's movements anxiously. "Fare, there, son!" said the conduct The boy gazed reproachfully at the

"You will have to keep on," Morris said doggedly. Swan shivered faintly. "We will settle that as happens," she when Columbus set sail from Spain

"You are my wife still. I will never let you go back," Morris said when the last picket was 200 yards behind. -emblems of permanence. Swan had slipped from the saddle and was unbinding his hands. She had Sound of Guns.





"Morris, get away, fer God's sake?"

never get past the pickets. I will say

I'm drivin yer out o' camp, back ter

yer own side, because I hate yer. Then

when we are outside".

For answer the mulatto flung off his coat and bared his back. It was marked all over with cruel crimson welts. "Nobody ever dared to touch me befo'. "I was a house nigger, and I he said. don't belong to the man that done it." "How came you in the army?" Flow-

tow asked suspiciously. The negro looked full in his eyes and said: "I went to take keer of my marster's son. He-he's dead now. I wanted to go, and they tried to make me

stay." "Humph! Who is your master?" Flowtow asked.

"Major Hilliard-that is he used to be major. He's colonel now under old Mr. Forres'. If he had been there, nobody would 'a' dared to touch me." the negro said. "That's how I come to know all this country so well. I used to live at Wake Fores'."

"So!" The exclamation was one of pleasure. "Then you may be worth keeping, if you will be a true guide." Flowtow sald, pursing his lips, then brutally, "This major-he is your father, too, eh?"

"I hears 'em say so," the negro said. looking down. "Please, sir, take me to wait on you. I can cook"-

"I may have better use for you." Flowtow interrupted. "Ride you here beside me a little. If you serve na well, you shall have money and free dom. If," with a stern look, "you try to trap me, then I will cut you alive into little teeny bits."

panther.

"I don't want money, only to be free and to learn readin and writin." the ne gro said. "As to trappin you, no nigger cain't do that. You are too smart for even our white folks."

So Yellow Ned came to be free of Flowtow's quarters, following the colonel like a dog wherever he went, crouching patiently beside the hearth while Flowtow wrote or talked, alert gel?" for any service, but seemingly heedless of all he heard. He had found an old notebook and stub of pencil. The sentry at the door had set him copies of letters and figures. These he reproduced in a thousand unheard of combi nations. The sentries as they changed were much amused at his efforts and said one to another Yellow Ned must be crazy-you simply could not teach him that two and two made four or that A was not Z.

It was mid-May four years from the month when Colonel Hilliard had sent the Hintons away. Old Nat had come back very soon after the Federal victory. He claimed indeed to have a mysterious connection with those in authority and swaggered among the other fisher folk as to the vengeance he meant to take on the slaveholding aristocrats who had formerly oppressed him. A year of riotous living had wasted the Hilliard money. Luce and Prude now chose to go their own way, but Swan came with her father because her mother came perforce.

With the wreck and remnant of their sudden wealth old Nat had chartered a trading boat, a miserable scowlike affair, which was towed up or down stream as occasion served. Ostensibly it was a sutler's boat. In reality it engaged in all manner of contraband trading. A cotton cargo once safe un

Swan cried as they caught the sound of up "Run, Nigger, Run!" looking as she shots behind and of hoofs gathering in played straight at Flowtow's new servvolume. Morris laughed grimly and ant. Without a break she glided into shook his reins. Black Douglas knew another strain, almost an improvisawhat that meant. He went away at a tion, full of swelling chords and soft long stretching gallop that quickened. wailing minors. She had played it first quickened into the plunging full run. upon her wedding night. Morris had

His head was low; his stomach almost spatched the bow from her hands and touched earth as he stretched himself had dragged her breathlessly away in long, leaping bounds. Now and with him to find a minister. "My kiss! I cannot wait!" Flowtow again he snorted disdainfully. One there was a keen whinny of defiance. said, clutching her bare shoulder.

"Blood tells. He knows it is a race "Many things impend, Swanchen. Pay Morris said, patting the satin shoulder now-good measure, mind. When they With one arm he held Swan clos are settled. I will hear what it is thou against his breast. Her weight, thus hast paid for." over the withers, hardly told on the "But maybe yer'll be dead. Mr. Forrest is a bad man, a mighty bad old gallant beast. They had left the chase man," Swan said, fending her lips, a mile behind. Morris was about to Flowtow pushed her hands aside and pull up and turn Black Douglas' nose a minute to the wind when they heard took a long kiss. The next second a stunning blow stretched him full length sabers lingling down a crossroad

upon the floor. As he sprang up, livid hundred yards dead ahead. "There is Flowtow himself," Morris with rage, he saw Swan struggling vio said under his breath. "Hold tight, lently with the mulatto, who was gasping and had the blazing eyes of a Swan. Now we have got to ride for our lives."

He had neither whip nor spur. He "Oh, yer Dutchman! I never thought must trust solely to the speed and courthat little love pat would knock yer age and intelligence of his horse. He down," she cried. "But look at this nigflicked the reins gently and gave a soft ger, will yer, tryin ter murder me? Must be he thinks yer're like his white low whistle. Black Douglas reared as he heard it, then lunged forward and folks-too good ter be touched by the common sort. That's whut all the high tore along the road, devouring it as fiame devours dry stubble. He shot toned niggers think. I know. I used past the crossroad's month while Flow ter live down south. Where did yer tow and his men were 30 yards away skeer him up, Dutchy? Did yer have from it. They cried halt and fired after him made special fer yer guardian anhim. The shots only urged him to keep at his best speed. So did the thunder

"Come again, wild Swanchen, and of their hoofs behind. you shall hear!" Flowtow said. "Or, Flowtow was nearly as well mount wait! I shall come back before the mid ed, but his horse had been ridden hard night. We shall drink together and have much games, and you shall play. before the chase began. Still, he press-As for the man, I shall send him to ed forward, urging his gray with whip company with his horse. The darkness and spur, beyond the speed of all but shall teach him better manners." two of the best horsed troopers. They

"Ho! I'll teach him myself!" Swan had emptied their carbines without ef said to the sentry as Flowtow galloped fect. Flowtow had a revolver, but the off, stepping past him to the edge of the range was too great. Besides, he had veranda. There she began to play gay, recognized Swan as she flew past and rollicking tunes that very shortly drew yearned to overtake her and tear her all the idlers about her. Presently she bodily from the arms of the man who flung down her fiddle, whirled about on had tricked him.

Rage over the tricking wholly swal tiptoe and said, sniffing vigorously lowed up apprehension. He knew the "Wait till I come back, everybody, I chase led him straight toward the Confeel it in my bones that there's things federate lines. On, on he rode, the ter drink close by." She darted away, followed by a cho wind singing in his ears, his eyes fixed

rus of uproarious laughter, but she did in straining gaze on the space betwee him and his quarry. It had lessened not seek the cellar. In half a minute In a little while he would come up with she had reached a picketed horse and was whispering to the man standing the black, would taste the savage beside it: "Morris, get away, fer God's sweetness of vengeance. They could not a second time escape him, those sake! Old man Nat will know yer. He audacious ones. He could not doubt has come back. He is comin here ter see now that the woman had been full

Flowtow this very night. That was why I-oh, why didn't yer keep quiet' partner in the scheme. What did er kiss more or less matter? He gained on them swiftly. They were just 20 yards in front. He rose Yer have bought yer freedom." "Some things one cannot buy," Mor-

In his stirrups to cry halt after them. ris said, breathing hard. "Swan, I shall But the cry was drowned in a louder noise, the blurring boom of cavalry stay until you agree to go with me." "Yer are crazy-crazy as er loon!" she guns heavily charged. The flash came deal more.-Saturday Evening Post. thing he can call his own.

at Corfu, distinctly heard the firing at "Be quiet! Give me that pistol!" he a distance of at least 200 miles, and on ing knife, two or three printed cellusaid, his mouth close to her ear. the naval reception of the sultan by "Weight! You don't know Black Dougthe queen at Portsmouth the sound of las as I do. They could not catch him guns discharged on the Welsh coast was plainly distinguished at Portsmouth .- From "The Pytchley Hunt."

Spoke Too Late.

The good minister of a Scottish parish had once upon a time a great wish for an old couple to become teetotalers, which they were in nowise eager to carry out. After much pressing, however, they consented, laying down as a condition that they should be allowed to keep a bottle of "Auld Kirk" for medicinal purposes. About a fortnight afterward John began to feel his resolution weakening, but he was determined not to be the first to give vay.

In another week, however, he collapsed entirely. "Jenny, woman," he rooted for him with all their might. said, "I've an awfu' pain in my held. Ye micht gie me a wee drapple an' see gin it'll dee me ony guid."

"Well, gudeman," she replied, "ye're owre late o' askin', for ever sin' that bottle cam' into the hoose I've been bothered sae wi' pains i' my held 't is a' dune, an' there's nae drappie left."

The Bug Bible.

almost feverish attention. Then the The bug Bible was printed in 1549 boy reached into a back pocket of his by the authority of Edward VI., and knickerbockers, brought forth one of its curiosity lies in the rendering of those celluloid traveling soap boxes, the fifth verse of the Ninety-first somewhat battered, took off the lid, Psalm, which, as we know, runs, and there, buried in a lot of junk, was "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terthe other cent. ror by night nor for the arrow which The sigh of relief that ran around flieth by day," but in the above ver-

sion ran, "So thou shalt not nede to be afraid of any bugges by night." Ludicrous as this sounds, it is not etymologically without justification. "Bug" is derived from the Welsh word "bwg," which meant a hobgoblin or terrifying specter, a signification traceable in the word commonly in use tobegan again on their newspapers. day-"bugbear"-and Shakespeare once or twice uses the word in this primary neat looking change purse from the insense, notably when he makes Hamlet side pocket of his overcoat, dumped say, "Such bugs and goblins in my

Fine China.

began counting it, whereupon the pas-Fine china needs care in washing sengers who had been rooting for him and drying and should never be placed but a moment before instantly froze in nervous or indifferent hands. Treat- and looked at him as if they considered lovingly, china will last for years ed him a bad lot and a boy bound and even generations. Only a piece straight for state's prison or worse .should be put in the tub at one time, Washington Star. the soap should be made into suds be-

fore putting anything in, and the way

ter must be very warm, not hot. Finally rinse in water that's just the same-warm. A good supply of fine, soft towels is a necessity, and, thus equipped, the washing of china is not day, and the sanitary officers who went a hard task. China will shine beauti- to investigate found the pig in bed be fully if wiped out of clear warm wa- tween two white sheets, with its head ter.

No man can be brave who considers pain the greatest evil of life or temperate who regards pleasure as the highest good.-Cicero.

By the time we get what we want in life we want something else a great

brough the shallow strength enough to cast distinct shadmarbles, a piece of wax, a rusty look-

loid buttons, and so on-and at the We have stood on a quiet, sunlit hillvery bottom of this salvage was yet top and looked down into a valley less another penny. All the other passention 100 feet below us, where a snowstorm was raging with violence and gers except the two elderly men breathed sighs of relief, but they wantthe temperature was frigid. - Scribed to read their papers, and yet they ner's.

> A Man In the House, There is a young criminal lawyer in

about even whether he'd win out or Memphis, Tenn., who on the occasion of his becoming of age began the cele "Fare now there, kid!" said the conbration of his birthday in a way that ductor, once more tackling the boy. caused his household a great deal of The boy handed him the four pennies consternation.

from his mouth after very politely rub-On the eve of the fete, shortly after bing them off on his overcoat sleeve, nidnight, the young man's family were and he said, with a very boyish grin: suddenly startled from their slumbers "I got the other one somewheres. by a loud voice in the house calling: "There's a man in the house! There's Then the boy gazed up at the ceiling

man in the house!" of the car and studied for a moment, The vallant pater familias rushed while the other passengers except the from his room, bearing in his hands a two elderly men, who looked feroclous, heavy billet of firewood, to learn the cause of the disturbance and to cap The boy felt tentatively at his left ture the intruder. His son was standhand knickerbockers pocket, but it was ing in the hall, shouting at the top of plain to see that he knew that was no his voice. go. For about half a minute he looked

"Where's the man?" exclaimed the worried, and the sympathetic passenold gentleman. gers worried along with him, as could

"Here, sir: here!" proudly replied the be seen by the tense expression on oung man. "This is be. At last I'm their faces as they regarded every wenty-one!"-Memphis Scimitar. movement of the boy with strained.

Piper Legends.

The Wends, who, we believe, are the incestors of the modern Prussians, are the center of many legends. The Pied Piper of Hamelin was a Wend; so also was the piper of the Harz mountains, who appeared so many days a year and played uncarthly tunes and whosoever that car was distinctly audible. The heard at once fell into a frenzy, from sympathetic passengers, men and wowhich there was no escaping. All these men, settled themselves back in their nied and weird pipers assembled once a seats and smiled at the boy, and two or year at the Brocken, where there was a three of them looked as if they wanted general carnival, the arch fiend lead to jump up and suggest cheers. The ing the concert on a violin, witches two elderly men coughed violently rolling around and fiddling on the again, readjusted their spectacles and

skulls of horses and the pipers adding the concert of their unholy instru-Then the small boy sat down, took a ments.-Chambers' Journal.

Irving as a Tipper.

the contents-about \$2 in quarters, Sir Henry Irvin's prodigality to nickels and dimes-into his hands and ward servants was well illustrate some years ago when he was at Bluff Point, Lake Champlain. He gave the driver of the break which daily ran to Au Sable Chasm \$50 in two weeks and feed the other servants with like recklessness. The guests of the hotel grew very indignant, because there was no getting along with the employees, who almost literally fought among themselves to minister to the needs of the English actor and sadly neglected the

Different Methods. "Whatever became of Lamb?" "Oh, he played the markets and went

"And Wolff, what became of him?" "Oh, he worked the markets and got

None Too Liberal.

"Mr. Linger spends a great deal of time with you, Molly," said Mr. Kittish to Miss Frocks. "Yes, but that's all he does spend."



Kingly Superstitions.

Kingship has been kin to superstition always. James 1. of England was superstitious about dates, and there were remarkable coincidences in his life with certain dates of the calendar. The day of the month on which he was born was strangely interwoven with the days of birth and marriage of his wife and some of his children and their wives. But James was an old fool who made love to young Buckingham, who laughed in his face and robbed him of his jewels.

Napoleon was superstitious about the way he put on his stockings. Frederick the Great and the great Peter of Russia were superstitious about dozens of things. Marlborough, both as Jack Churchill and the duke, was superstitious as well as a thief and a traitor. Nearly all the Stuarts were superstitious and double dealers in religion. Henry of Navarre was superstitious, but that never kept him from a thousand infidelities. All the children of Catherine of Medici were scared to death by their superstitions, but they could lie, cheat and murder just as well. If Cromwell was a victim of superstition, he kept it to himself .- New York Press.

No Cause For Care.

A Welsh editor had misspelled the name of a famous poet of Wales. "Why do you spell Llywarch Hen's name Llwyarch?' asked a friend of the editor. "Why? Does he object?" asked the

editor.

"Object," echoed the other. "Why, he has been dead 1,200 years." "Oh, then, I don't care a toss," said the editor.

Studied Indifference.

"Why did we arrive late and leave before the opera was over?" asked the youngest daughter. "It was very enjoyable."

"Of course it was," answered Mrs. Cumrox: "but, my dear, we had to show people that we didn't care whether we got our money's worth or not."-Exchange.

Satisfactorily Explained.

"John, when you came home last night you talked and acted very queer ly. You were lifting your feet endeavoring to step over imaginary obstacles." "Oh, yes, my dear. All the evening I felt as if I were walking on clouds. You remember we had angel cake for supper."-Chelsea Gazette.

The Turkish secret police agents who were expelled from Paris during the recent suspension of diplomatic relations between France and Turkey will not be allowed to return to France.

A young woman in London took pig in infancy and brought it up, as she says, "like a Christian." Complaint was made to the authorities the other

a white lace counterpane.

low ought to be allowed to keep so

Should Keep Something.

she should take his name.

New Woman-Simply because a we man marries a man is no reason why

on a pillow and its body covered with

rest of the guests. broke."

rich."-Puck.

Her Pet Pig.

Old Bachelor-Just so. The poor fel