

The Salting of the Tio Juan

WOLCOTT LE CLEAR BEARD

CHAPTER I.

BOOT LEG was approximately quiet, for it was a little after noon and most of Boot Leg was at dinner.

Old Mrs. Elkins sat at her table, but she was not eating. Tom, her nephew, noted this fact, and from time to time he would suspend his own energetic attack upon the food long enough to glance uneasily at his aunt. Her conduct was unusual, and it troubled him. It was not her lack of appetite that troubled Tom so much as her abstraction. Ordinarily she was interested in everything. Now each remark offered by Tom was half heard and answered in monosyllables, frequently irrelevant ones, and she kept her head turned toward a window in such a manner that Tom could not see her face.

There was no apparent reason why she should wish to look out of the window. To be sure, the cottage was built on the only eminence in Boot Leg and the view, therefore, was an extended one, but it was not in the least attractive. The wrinkled, gravelly plain was as dry as dust. So were the bare, earthy mountains that bounded it on three sides. Boot Leg, sprawling on the bank of the sluggish little river that contained all the water in sight, was composed largely of adobe houses, and they, too, were bare and dry and earthy. Judging from the fact that while Boot Leg supported but two stores, yet seventeen saloons of one kind and another flourished there, one would think that the inhabitants of Boot Leg might be as dry as the mountains and the plain and the town. And so they were.

"They's a new tenderfoot in town," said Tom finally in a last desperate attempt to interest his aunt. "He's the derndest tenderfoot you ever see. He's got pants on that's short an' buttoned round his legs, an' he wears his stockin's the stockin's has got razzle dazzie stripes all over 'em—he wears them stockin's pulled up over his pants. The boys is all laughin' at him." As he finished speaking Tom smiled, but the smile was forced and betrayed the anxiety that lay beneath it. To his great surprise, Old Mrs. Elkins was interested on once.

"You don't mean that theah big one, do you," she cried, "the one—well, that theah one with the yellah halah?" In her eagerness Old Mrs. Elkins' voice, in spite of its soft southwestern drawl, became almost sharp.

"Yes, he's big," replied her nephew, "big as me. Bigger maybe. His hair's sude kinder light too. He wouldn't be none so slow for a man if he didn't have them foot clo'es on. Don't see what a man wants ter dress himself up like a monkey fer, the way he does."

"He don't look no moah like a monkey'n you do," said Old Mrs. Elkins indignantly, "not so much. He hasn't got a brown hide like you. I don't see what you wantah run down a pubson foh jus' because he happens to be bettah lookin' than you."

Tom looked at his aunt in blank astonishment. Never before had he heard her speak in this way. He regarded it as another proof that her health was falling.

"Look here," said he anxiously after a moment's pause. "I'm a-goin' ter git that doctor from Gila Bend ter come over an' have a look at you. There's somethin' slipped a cog. I seen it yest'day. I'm a-goin' ter wire fer that doctor." Tom half rose from his chair as he spoke.

"Set down," said Old Mrs. Elkins imperiously. "Now, tell me, did you see that theah tenderfoot to speak to?"

"No, not particlar. Asked him ter have a drink, an' he said he wasn't drinkin'; that's all," replied Tom, resenting himself according to the instructions of his aunt and his lifelong habit of obedience to her. "A lot of the boys was kinder givin' him the laugh," he added.

"What'd he do?"

"Didn't do nothin'; didn't say a word; looked kinder mad, though, long 'bout the las'. You see, some of the boys was a-gittin' kinder owly an' was what you might call personal. Shoun't wonder if that tenderfoot didn't get hot under the collar an' go fer some one bimby. Then there'll be trouble fer the tenderfoot, mos' like."

"Theah'll be trouble foh the man that runs 'gainst him. I'll see to that myself. Have you got 'through eatin'?" Tom replied in the affirmative. "Then you go. Which was the tenderfoot's hotel? Well, then, you go down to the hotel an' see that theah ain't no trouble. You get to know that theah tenderfoot an' bring him back heah as soon's you can an' make him stay to supper. Now go, Tawm. I know what I want all right, an' it ain't no doctah."

Tom departed, wondering greatly. What his aunt wanted with this tenderfoot more than with any one of the others who now and then passed through the town he could not imagine. Still, she did want him, and therefore he must come. The idea that the young man himself might decline the invitation never crossed Tom's mind. He was not alone in his habit of obedience to Old Mrs. Elkins. The whole town shared it. She was the one woman to whom Boot Leg, masculine almost to a unit, could point with pride. Every one called her "Old Mrs. Elkins," and truly she looked older than many women do at seventy, though her age, she said, was but fifty-four, and Old Mrs. Elkins was not one to lie about her age or about anything else. Little, stooped and shrunken, dressed always in neat calico, her white hair strained back from her gentle face, she did not seem at all like a heroine of the tales of famine and drought and bloodshed that had become traditions in Boot Leg.

He had been spending her time in the smallest settlement in the desert country of the southwest. Boot Leg to her was a center of civilization, yet even now a small luncheon that always appeared on the bosom of Old Mrs. Elkins' calico gown was generally known to be caused by a weapon that rested there, a weapon which she would as soon have thought of leaving off as she would the gown itself and which no woman could use with more quickness and accuracy.

When Boot Leg pointed with pride to Old Mrs. Elkins, it did so from a distance. She did not encourage familiarity, and the fact that she had never until now asked any man into her house made the present invitation more remarkable. Furthermore, Tom did not know how to deliver it. He was not acquainted with this young man, and it is difficult for a diffident person—and Tom was diffident—to deliver an invitation of this kind to a

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said he, addressing the crowd. "This young man," he pointed to the man who had just struck the town. He's heard some of you a-talkin' in a way that's kinder personal 'bout them there socks what he's got on. Now, he allows that it ain't none of your business what kind of socks he wears, an' if anybody thinks he'd like to make it his business all he's got ter do is ter step right up an' interview Mr. Bot Joyce on the subject." He paused, and again he looked around the room. No one spoke.

"Come," Tom went on. "We can't wait here all night jus' fer your convenience. Step lively an' come along one at a time. Now's the time ter subscribe. Nobody comin'? Where's yer sportin' blood? Here's \$50, all or any part of it, on Mr. Bot Joyce 'gainst any man yere at evenin', gins an' knives." He paused again and then went on: "Five ter four, then. No talkers! Five ter three. Nobody yet! Two ter one. Now, then, that's my las offer. You fellers is a kinder jack rabbit crowd. So long. We can't wait no longer. Only don't say you ain't had a fair chance for a first class Bekin'; that's all." As he finished speaking he motioned Joyce to precede him and he finished dining a servant brought lighted candles into the room, which was almost dark, the windows being shaded by the dense, over-

hanging trees, although the sun had not yet gone down. After placing the candles she was about to leave the room when she suddenly stopped and said, "Please, sir, there's a beautiful sunset sky just now over the Old Man." Ruskin rose from his chair. He returned soon. "Yes," he said to me, "it is worth seeing. Come." And he led the way upstairs to his bedroom.

"It was a glorious sight. The sun was sinking behind the Coniston Old Man mountain, and the mist and ripples on the lake were tinged with a crimson flush. We sat in the window recess without speaking a word till the sun went down behind the mountain."

"Harpers Weekly."

They Do Not Wear Well Because They Are Heavily Adulterated. The woman whose silk skirt splits the second or third time she wears it is apt to sigh for the silks of her grandmother's day, with their seemingly imperishable qualities, but as a matter of fact silks are much better now than they were before. The ancestral silks, which were woven on hand looms, were never of an even texture, whereas with modern machinery the last inch of a hundred yard piece comes out exactly the same as the first one. The art of dyeing, too, has been brought to a state of perfection never known before, and communication between the silk workers of the world is so rapid that a discovery made by one is soon known to all the others. The reason so many modern silks do not wear is because they are adulterated to meet the demand for cheapness, their wearing ability being in exact proportion to the amount of silk they contain. Cheap silks are largely made up of dye and dressing. A good quality of silk is defined by manufacturers as one which has not more than four ounces of weighting to the pound, and none have less than two ounces. Most of the weighting is put in during the dyeing process, and when a manufacturer sends a quantity of silk to the dyer he says that he wants it to come back weighing so much, according to the amount of adulteration required.—New York Tribune.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. Forgiveness is a very poor foundation for friendship. Going visiting is like borrowing from the neighbors—you have to pay back. Which would be wiser for a man past fifty to do—marry a trained nurse or a good cook? There is a need of a never-fail-fulfill-your-meals club. Digestion would be better and the family happier. If a secret is kept a secret this is one sign that it was not considered important enough to tell. One thing about an idle woman—she does not stand on the street and bore people with her "views," as an idle man does. Speaking of superfluous words, is it necessary to say in telling that a woman has gone visiting that she is visiting "friends"?—Atchison Globe.

To the Point. The late General Russell Hastings served with distinction in the civil war, and his wartime reminiscences were amusing. He was describing one day a time when the soldiers' pay had been in arrears. "A young westerner, full of braggadocio," he said, "walked up to his captain during the temporary trouble, saluted and said sternly: "Three words with you, cap." "Well," said the captain, "what are they?" "Money or discharge."

The captain smiled grimly. "Four with you," he said. "Well?" "Neither one nor t'other."—New York Tribune.

Old Time Controversies. Old time controversies were often vigorous in language. In a controversy with Milton concerning the divine right of kings Satanism called his opponent a puny piece of a man, a hunchman, a dwarf not having a human figure, a bloodless being, a creature of skin and bones, a contemptible pedagogue fit only to fog boys, a riddoceros, a langdog looking fellow. The great English poet not only answered in kind, but entered into an extensive correspondence with people in Holland to obtain petty gossip and scandalous anecdotes concerning his opponent.

The Ridiculous Part. "Do you see anything ridiculous in my dog?" said a judge to the famous Irish barrister John Curran. "Nothing but the head," flew back the retort.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Huskin and His Servants. An intimate friend of Ruskin relates an incident illustrating that simplicity, gentleness and sympathy were characteristics of his relations with the servants of his household. "I was dining with Mr. Ruskin one evening when during the meal, as we were enjoying a rhubarb tart, I happened to say that it was the first I had tasted that season and remarked how delicious it was. Mr. Ruskin manifested delight at my appreciation of his rhubarb, and, ringing for one of the servants, he said, 'Please tell Jackson I want him.' When Jackson came into the room his master said, 'I am very pleased to tell you, Jackson, that your first pulling of rhubarb is quite a success, and my friend here says that it is delicious. When we had finished dining a servant brought lighted candles into the room, which was almost dark, the windows being shaded by the dense, over-



"YOUR RHUBARB IS A SUCCESS."

hanging trees, although the sun had not yet gone down. After placing the candles she was about to leave the room when she suddenly stopped and said, "Please, sir, there's a beautiful sunset sky just now over the Old Man." Ruskin rose from his chair. He returned soon. "Yes," he said to me, "it is worth seeing. Come." And he led the way upstairs to his bedroom.

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A Story of General Lee. After the final surrender of the Confederate forces at Appomattox General Lee and General Meade, who before the outbreak of hostilities had been comrades in the United States army, met with mutual delight and immediately resumed the terms of intimate friendship which had been temporarily interrupted by the war. In the course of the great conflict they had several times been pitted against each other, Meade being the victor and Lee the losing commander at Gettysburg. In the course of their talk on the day of the reconciliation Lee remarked playfully to his old friend that he was beginning to feel the weight of years—time was telling upon him. To this Meade replied, "It isn't time, but General Lee who has made me gray and wrinkled."

Nobly Speaker Cannon. One day during the last session of congress the house was in a turmoil, and Speaker Cannon was wielding the gavel with all the strength of his good left arm. The members slowly came to a realization of the fact that the necessary to say in telling that a woman has gone visiting that she is visiting "friends"?—Atchison Globe.

The gentleman might as well continue, the speaker remarked as he continued to pound his desk. "I can make as much noise as he can."

The obstreperous member heard and subsided.—Washington Post.

Joking With Royalty. Ferdinand II. was a man of very uncertain moods and would allow his jester to take liberties with him one hour while resenting his familiarity the next. One day he turned around on Jonas, his favorite fool, and thundered: "Fellow, be silent. I never stop to talk to a fool." "Never mind that," answered Jonas. "I do, so please listen to me in your turn."

Shafesbury's Quick Wit. Charles II. meeting Shafesbury one day, said to him: "I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." The witty earl promptly answered: "For a subject, sir, I really believe I am."

The Drawback. Old Gentleman—Since your uncle left you that legacy, Mrs. Casey, you must find your path in life much smoother. Mrs. Casey—Shure O' dinnno, son. O' fold the more ye bo to ate the more dishes there is to wash.—Brooklyn Life.

Maddening. Judge—Had you any provocation for assaulting this man? Prisoner—O' hod yer honor. He wudn't foight.—Puck.

What an inferior man seeks is in others. What a superior man seeks is in himself.—Bulwer Lytton.

THEES GLASS WORKERS.

The High Art That Flourished Over Forty Centuries Ago. The glassworkers of ancient Thebes are known to have been equally as proficient in that particular art as is the most scientific craftsman of the same trade of the present day, after a lapse of over forty centuries of so called "progress." They were well acquainted with the art of staining glass and are known to have produced that commodity in great profusion and perfection. Rosellini gives an illustration of a piece of stained glass known to be 4,000 years old which displayed artistic taste of high order, both in tint and design.

In this case the color is struck through the vitrified structure, and he mentions designs struck entirely in pieces from a half to three-quarters of an inch thick, the color being perfectly incorporated with the structure of the piece and exactly the same on both the obverse and reverse sides.

The priests of P'tah at Memphis were adepts in the glassmaker's art, and not only did they have factories for manufacturing the common crystal variety, but they had learned the vitrifying of the different colors and of imitating precious stones to perfection. Their imitations of the amethyst and of the various other colored gems were so true to nature that even now, after they have lain in the desert sands from 2,000 to 4,000 years, it takes an expert to distinguish the genuine articles from the spurious. It has been shown that, besides being experts in glassmaking and coloring, they also used the diamond in cutting and engraving. In the British museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass with an engraved emblemation of the monarch Thothmes III., who lived 3,400 years ago.

KEEP UP YOUR ENERGY. Stand Erect and Walk as Though You Were Somebody. Never allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy. Walk as if you were somebody and were going to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches or loitering about the streets, with their hands in their pockets, or haunting intelligence offices and wondering why fate has been so hard with them. You don't want to give people the impression that you are discouraged or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God and of his power and who believes thoroughly in himself walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest well projected in order to give a large lung capacity. He is the man who does things.

You cannot aspire or accomplish great or noble things so long as you assume the attitude and bearing of a coward or a child. If you would be noble and do noble things you must look up. You were made to look upward and to walk upright, not to look down or to shamble along in a semihorizontal position. Put character, dignity, nobility, into your walk.—Success.

Native Dress in Tibet. The native dress of Tibet consists essentially of a very wide gown five and a half feet long, with long sleeves, tightened in at the waist and gathered up so as not to fall below the ankles of the men of quality, or the townspeople, nor below the knees of the common people, who have much walking and work to do. Thus gathered up, the gown puffs out at the breast, forming a large pocket. At night the wearer lets it fall and is thus wrapped up from his ears to his feet, as in a bed. Tibetan women wear the same gown—it is called a "chuba"—letting it hang down to the ankle. Their dress varies according to the locality to which they belong.

A Definition. "Diplomacy, Lester," said the henpecked man, replying to the inquiry of his small son during, "it may not be necessary to explain, the temporary absence of the majestic wife of the one and mother of the other, 'diplomacy' is what makes a man carve a turkey and unselfishly deal out to his family and the visitors their favorite helps, including the only portions which he himself really likes and at the same time look like a putty saint."—Smart Set.

One View of Wedlock. An Englishwoman had had a good deal of trouble with her husband, who, according to her account, was a monster of iniquity. Some one asked why she had married a person of such character. "Well, you see, he ain't my first," was the reply. "I was pertickler about my first. This here's my second, and I ain't an at all. But there's a shrug of the shoulder—he's a shinde better than the work's!"

His Facial Furrow. Mr. Billson, between whose lower lip and chin there was an unusually deep wrinkle, spoke impatiently to the barber. "Haven't you got my face shaved yet?" he asked. "Not quite, sir," said the barber apologetically, "I haven't dug your ditch yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Eggs have their faults, but, at any rate, they are never too fresh.—Philadelphia Record.

She Was Joking. "No," she said, "I can only be a sister to you."

"Very well," said he, "I must be going. I had expected a different answer, but—well, good night."

"George," she faltered, as he was leaving the room, "George."

"What is it?" he asked crossly. "Aren't you going to kiss your sister good night?" He did not go.

Strong Love. Patience—How do you know her love for him was strong? Patrice—Because it broke him.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Little Harold's Victims. There is a four-year-old boy in this city whose parents vow they will never again take him out unless in a private closed cab, where his remarks will not be overheard. It was mamma's turn first to receive a shock. She and her dearest girl friend were returning from a matinee Harold walking demurely enough between them, when he suddenly lifted his eyes, his chubby fist and his clear voice and, pointing to a giddy corner they were passing, said: "That's where my papa gets his drinks. I know, 'cuz he give me a swallow not to never tell."

Next time papa did not take Harold for a friendly stroll, but the youngster was along when some men friends up from the country for a week end visit to Harold's family were seeing the sights of the city. When they went by a certain drug store the boy with the memory tugged at papa's coat. "Look," he said delightedly—"look a-there! That's where mamma buyed the bedbug poison yest'day."—New York Press.

Longitudinal Limitations. "Can I put this dog in the baggage car?" asked the tall, angular matron on the station platform.

"Yes, ma'am," said the conductor, glancing at the dachshund and turning the animal over to the brakeman. "But we'll have to double him up. There's only one baggage car in this train. All aboard!"—Chicago Tribune.

Where His Thoughts Were. Briggs—What a fellow you are! I don't believe you thought of your wife once while you were away. Griggs—On the contrary, I couldn't get her out of my mind for a minute I was afraid she'd get on to the rack, et, don't you know."—Boston Transcript.

Couldn't Be Positive. Nell—He asked me if your hair was dyed. Belle—The idea! What did you tell him? Nell—I told him I didn't know. I wasn't with you when you bought it. Philadelphia Ledger.

The Gown the Thing. Miss Footlight—Yes, I've got a lovely new play for this season. Miss Sourette—What is it? Miss Footlight—A society drama in four acts and five new gowns.

Much Worse. "I can't imagine anything harder than to tell a girl that you love her. I tell you, that takes courage."

"Yes, but think of the courage it takes to tell a girl that you don't love her after you've once told her you did."—Philadelphia Press.

Just the Thing For Her. "Why is your daughter taking lessons on the violin? Has she a particular talent for that instrument?"

"No, not that we know of, but it helps to show off her neck and arms to such good advantage."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Couldn't Remember All. Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Do you remember what I told you last night when you came home? Mr. Crimsonbeak—Good gracious, dear! What sort of a mind do you suppose I've got?—Yonkers Statesman.

Other Side of It. Him—I think a man should marry a girl he has known from his childhood. Her—Yes, but if a girl knew a man from childhood she would probably know better than to marry him.—Boston Herald.

The Difference of a Fred. "Some people insist on referring to flats as 'apartments.'"

"It's wrong," answered the discontented man. "They are compartments."—Washington Star.

Literally So. Editor—Was Longwynde's sermon exhaustive? Reporter—Exhaustive? You never saw an audience so nearly worn out in your life.—Los Angeles Herald.

Misunderstood. Inquisitive Sutor—How your auntie say her, Johnnie? Johnnie—She's got a whole lot, but nearly all of it comes out of the bureau drawer.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very Rich. "Has he enough money to get into society?"

"He has enough to stay out of society if he wants to."—Philadelphia Ledger.

To Improve Her Chance. "The fortune teller says I shall marry a rich man."

"Did she say whether he would be blind or not?"—Illinois State Journal.

A Difference. "All his stories have morals."

"But his characters haven't."—New York Press.

Fatal Blunder. "He is gone!" she wailed. "He is gone forever!"

"Don't be downcast," her friend urged. "He may come back."

"No, no; I shall never see him again. I gave up the letters he had written to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Had Her Appetite. Harry—Molly, you're good enough to eat. Molly—All you have to do is ask me to dine. I'd do the eating all right.—Boston Transcript.

Gems In Verse

Satisfied. Fish in de river An' me out on de sho'— Dat's enough o' comfort; Don't want any mo'! Fish line in my fingers An' fish worms in de cap— Dat's enough o' torment; Foh any mortal man. Don't need no palan; Nor no scrumptious clothes; Dees'n't wan' no Pullman car; When travellin' I goos. Mamma in de calico dress; An' de chillun round de do'— Fish in de river An' me out on de sho'. —Washington Star

The Autumn Bloom. After the verdure and bloom of spring, After the blossoming and the fruiting time, After the harvest's golden garnering, After the ripened fruits have passed their prime, After the meadows lie all browned and dead, Under the burning heat of August's sun, After the corn hangs ripened in the ear, After the summer flowers have bloomed and gone, After the early frosts have nipped the leaves, After the snow clings leafless to the wall, After the snow its first light mantle weaves, After November rains begin to fall, Cometh from nature's heart a second bloom; Cometh o'er field and meadow far and near, A second verdure, brightening autumn's gloom; Cometh the Indian summer of the year.

Richer and more enduring than the spring's Is the strong verdure of the autumn days, And the full year's most gorgeous bloomings Are found by garden path and woodland ways. Dear Nature, teacher, messenger of grace, Blessed is the heart that feels, the eye that sees, In the all changeful yet all steadfast face Thy heavenly lessons, sweet analogies. For, oh, how often, 'neath life's August ray, Thy parched meadows of the heart lie dead, And 'neath the heat and burden of the day The tender blooms and joys of life seem fled! Still rooted in the life and strength divine, Our lives may have their second bloomings. And the best fruitage of our being's prime Even in old age our earnest hands may bring.

And Indian summer days of joy may come To hearts once swept by storms of grief and fear, And tender buds of love and hope may bloom To gladden eyes that once were blind with tears. Best earnest of our deathless heritage! When slopes life's pathway gently toward the tomb Under the softly falling snows of age We thank thee, Father, for the autumn bloom. —Helen Ekin Starrett in Interior.

THE PANTHEON. It Has Withstood Vicissitudes of Over Twenty Centuries. The Pantheon is the most interesting of all the interesting places of Rome. It was used for its present purpose as a place of religious worship before the foundations of the Coliseum were laid. Its huge doors have opened to admit the great ones of the earth, from Augustus Caesar to Napoleon, an assertion that will scarcely be disputed.

It stands in the very heart of old Rome, and the vicissitudes which have befallen the Eternal City during the 2,000 years of its existence have left it practically unchanged. The gilded bronze that lined its roof has been carried off to "decore" St. Peter's, where, in the form of clouds and Cupids, cords and curtains, it fills the beholder with displaced amazement.

Its tiles of bronze and gold were removed to Constantinople 1,500 years ago, and the statues which adorned it have long since perished. But the mighty walls yet stand, firm as ever, sweeping up to the majestic dome, the largest, though not the highest, in the world.

One hundred feet across, a hundred feet high and perfectly circular, no architect could design a building more perfect in its proportions, more harmonious as a whole. It is lighted solely by an aperture in the dome, a circle thirty feet across. Standing on its marble floor one looks up to the greatest dome man ever raised and through that to the blue dome which bends above it, sending summer sun or winter rain through those bare yards of space.

The effect is so impressive, so entirely unmatched and unparalleled, that the dullest of hearts and most untalented of minds must perceive acknowledge its influence. A man may think St. Peter's "disappointing," may condemn the Coliseum as barbaric or decide that he does not care for the catacombs, but every man who has viewed it has been impressed, even to the pitch of respectful silence, by the Pantheon.

The huge leaves of the bronze door revolve on their mighty hinges as they have done since the days of the Caesars, and so perfectly balanced are they that a woman's wrist can unclose them. Through those doors they carried Julia, Caesar's daughter, with all the pomp of her imperial power about her. And after the lapse of twenty centuries King Humbert was brought across the selfsame threshold to sleep his last sleep in the ancient place.—Chicago Journal.

Overconfidence. The two strangers who were standing at a downtown corner crossed the street and accosted a young man on the opposite corner.

"Will you please tell me," said one of them, "which is the best way to go from here to Seventy-second street?"

"Well," replied the young man, "the best way, of course, is to take an automobile. If you can't do that I suggest a street car as the next best."

"Thank you," said the stranger. "I was so certain from your appearance that you would give a civil answer to a civil question that I had a two-dollar bill on that proposition with my friend here." "I have lost. One can't always judge from appearances. Good morning, sir."—Chicago Tribune.