* The Salting of the WOLCOTT LE CLEAR

Tota cut him short. "Never min' what | to know when to set it out." ter commence. Don't do nothin' ter queer my game now," Tom walked quality up the steps of the veranda and exclaimed, "Well, Lippy, how're they

comin' " "All right, I reckon," growled the other suspciously.

"You know my frien' here, Mr. Bob Joyce," Tom went on, "You orter anyhow. I don't reckon you'll fergit him like this." Tom threw back his head and laughed uprearlously. The laugh seemed to Joyce too natural to be wholly assumed. "Come on now an" have a drink," Tom concluded. "I reck a we once a drink ter you." Riley dal not decline invitations of this kind. no matter how suspectous he might be.

"Well, Lippy," said Tom as they all three filled their glasses, 'yere's back for the Tio Juan. Long may she wave." They drank and returned their glasses to the bar with a simultaneous thump. Lippy sighed a sigh of deep ratisfaction and wiped his lips with the back of his hand.

"So long, Lippy," said Tom as they finished. "I'm a goln' ter take a look at them there papers new. I recken they're all right, though, nin't thee? You know Bob Joyce an' me has took on as pardners. I'm startin' in week there in the mornin'. Bob, yere, was of yers. That's clear velvit. See you ngain. Good night." As he finished speaking Tom caught Joyce by the arm and led him quickly from the room. "There!" said he as they drew out I give 'em semethin' ter think 'be it till mornin', now. What's the number

Joyce. Tom nodded.

of yer care?"

"Sure," said he "That's it. All fer awhile, I reckon." right, then. That's all I wanter know. room. What I said bout lookin' at the papers was all a bluff. I don't care notkin' bout them. Any time you happen ter turn out jus' stroll down ter the Tio Juan an' watch me digg n' gold out in hunks. Only don't say a word. I'm a runnin' this yere game now. Good night." Ton gently pushed his companion inside the bare little stall that posed in the Boot Leg lated for a room and then closed the shor and left him.

As Tom's footsteps stamped down the resounding stairs and then died away Joyce drew the slender bolt that secured his door and, laying the Derringer of Old Mrs. Elkins on a chair by the head of his bed, rapidly un-

As he passed by the hotel vermal on his way to the Tio Juan the next thorning several of the men he had seen the night before were sitting there. Itligiously he kept his hand on the Iver ringer in his pocket, as Old Mrs. Elhins had told him to do, but no one affered to interfere with him. Seewling looks and muttered growl from one or two of the men seemed to serve as a source of amusement for the rest. A rumor that in some unknown way Agree had got the better of Riley in a moning deal was current among the men, and, though Joyce did not know it, it had raised him many degrees in their estimation. He passed on with out speaking to them and hurried down Tota was standing waist deep in the about the edge.

Lent-enen is anxious to get at the bot black make face."

"What did you tell them?" asked

"Nothin," only that if we was willing ter have a salted hole in the ground also ed off on as fer a mine they oughtn't ter have no kick comin', that's and Came over here a bit, Bob. I got smarthin' I wanter see you bout." Taking the hint, the men laughed the uneast laugh of those who wish to concallate and then moved away. Tom drew his partner to one side.

"I wanted ter get rid of them dacks

"They keeps on tryin' ter get me ter the mine, an' wouldn't, only that you decided to wait with what patience he tell why I'm in this yere business when wanter, an' that they swallers whole, could command, I siways said I hadn't no use fer An' there sin't no lie in it. Oh, say, mines. They think yer some big minin it's great sport." Tom stopped in order sharp what's seen all along that this to laugh, but choked the laugh short is a good thing an got it cheap f'om and added more gravely: "Look yere. suppy an' then exists claims early buy 'em. I ain't said a word. You kin git at 'em sudden when I out of sight. easy that you thought you knowed a come fer 'em, an' I'm liable ter come That garralous friends should be good thing when you see it an 'couldn't mos' any time. Got 'em here': Yes? treated in the same wise fushion. let no chance slip. There ain't no lie That's right. Well, I mus' go now." in none of that, you see. They're foolin' . "Don't you think I'd better go with themselves, though. Lippy Riley was You?" asked Joyce down here twice already. Oh, we'll git "Not much!" replied Tom emphathim all right, all right. Jus' you watch, leally. "Why, you couldn't do no good; me come home at noon. Oh, say, I might knock the whole business. Bemos' fefrot.' She tol' me ter tell you ter sides, there ain't no tellin' what Lippy come up to the house as soon's you kin Riley 'Il do Tie ain't a nice boy, au' an' stay ter dinner. Yere she comes he ain't none too pleased by thinkin' now, an' yere comes Lippy Riley too, he sol' a mine when he meant ter You better mosey long, so's you won't shove the sait on to a tenderfoot. You queer my name. I'll be home in an stay yere along with her. She's a bet-

hour er twee" As Tom unished speaking Riley and "I don't want unybody to take care Old Mrs. Eikins, who at once took him dulgently.

home with her. remarks her cottage, pointing to a box. You couldn't shoot."

Jovee began to ask questions, but a-goin' to get dinnah ready, an' I'd like

BEARD \$

I'm a goin' ter do," said he. "I don't | Joyce knew perfectly well that it was rightly know myself yet. But Lippy 'll in order to keep him from wandering cough up that there boodle 'fore I'm into possible danger that he was stadone with him. There he is now on the tioned in that place, yet he accepted closely. versuals of the hotel there. I'm a-goin' the situation as meekly as Tom himself could have done. Old Mrs. Elkins had a wonderful faculty of obtaining obedl-In contact?

> blew over this elevated spot were she hastened to add, "but he'll think grateful enough after the glare and | month yet if you kin shoot. He ain't heat of the plain below, and the time much with a shawtgun himself, but passed not unpleasantly to Joyce as he | theah ain't nobody roun' heah that sat there. He could see nearly down to can best him with a six shootah. If the Tio Juan itself, so and Tom had theah was only time, you could take hardly left the mine when Joyce spied him out an' show him. But theah him. He called the news to Old Mrs. ain't time." Elkins and then sat watching Tom as he approached. In his left hand Tom "I'd like awful well to go shooting was carrying a bundle done up in a with him as soon as this affair is setred bandanna handkerchief. His right | tled. I can go any time then." hand was resting on the pistol that | Old Mrs. Elkins made no reply to hung in his belt. It seemed to be a Joyce's questions. "My boy-him very heavy bundle, for once Tom set it that's gone, him that you look likedown and rested a minute. When he was a mighty fine han' with a shawtlifted it again, something fell from it, gun." said she, with an air of timidity apparently unperceived by Tom, who that always came over her when this took up his journey toward the house . without looking back.

> bundle, whatever it was, was at once | Wash't only sixteen yeah of." ponneed upon by two or three men ing it from one to the other and then putting their heads together in an excited group. They were still standing In this way when Tom came up the othah men had the drawp," she replied,

his bundle directly into the house. ing Tom into the house.

worn pebbles from the river bed. He right around and buy it again?" shied them out of the window one aft-



the path that led down the river, where "They aughte't ter have no kick comin"." she turned to go into the house, and er another, then shook out the hand- Joyce noticed it. challow depression that marked the kerchief and put it in his pocket. The June. Several men were loanging "Don't ask no questions," said he, see | ger?" he asked in concern. "I'd far "Mornin', Bob," called Tom cheerily riously. "I'm runnin' this yere Tio have him run any risk in trying to do as Joyce approached. "These yere Juan outfit now, an' I'm sure a runnin' me a service. Besides, if there is danher fer all she's worth too. Dinner ger, it's my business to be there, not from fact the come mine. They ready? Well, just wait a week, an' I'll his," been now in the questions till they're be ready too." Taking a tin basin "That's jus' like my boy," commentthrough with his dinner.

"They're sure a bitin'," said he be to do but wait." siready this mornin', an' I recken I'll | waiting policy to which the old woman git one to reach my figgers 'fore night, had committed him. Still, as she and said Tem as the last man disappeared see's I got any call fer to try an' sell have their own way in the affair. Joyce

ter man than he is any time."

Old Mrs. Elkins appeared, coming from of me! I can take care of myself!" be regulated by placing a tall screen different directions. From his manner eried Joyce hotly, rather indignant at between the bed and window. Biley evidently wished to speak with the idea of being consigned to the pro-Tom, and Joyce therefore went to meet tection of a woman. Tom grinned in-

"That's all right," he said consoling-"Set right down heah an' smoke your ly. "I knowed you was all there when the an' let me know when you see it comes ter a scrap, fists an' that, but "It can't be that, doctor," said Mr. what regularity of features is in wo know anything about my business. The "is that one makes some man happy

little yeranda. "I'm "I said I wasn't much good with a Exchange.

won a few prizes at the pigeons, though, and I don't think I'd miss a

"You don't say! That's good. Well, incident. there's twelve buckshot in each bar'l, "Whenever I see an Eaglish bishop I if the charges are like I left 'em, an' laugh a little to myself, for the good the ca'tridges is on the shelf. You man's stately presence reminds me of won't have no call ter use her mos' a terrible mishap that once befell me. like. See you later." Tom swung out "I entertained a certain bishop last of the door, and his footsteps died year at dinner. My butler, an elderly away as he walked rapidly down the man, had brought in from a friend's road. Joyce picked up the gun, threw house an inexperienced lad to help him open the breech, withdrew the two in the dining room, and it seems that cartridges and looked at the pasteboard wads that closed them. He examined the weapon critically and in a manner that showed his familiarity with its use before replacing the charges and setting it carefully aside. Old Mrs. Elkins was watching him

"You know how to use it, all right," said she as Joyce closed the breech and set down the gun. "Any one could see ence from those with whom she came | that. I'm glad you kin. Tawm 'll think all the bettah of you foh it. Not that The shade and the cool breeze that he don't think well of you now,"

"Not time? Why not?" asked Joyce.

subject was introduced. "Theah wasn't no men that could beat him, back The thing that dropped from the where we lived then, in Texas, an' he

"I suppose he had lots of chances to who were following Tom at some dis | practice," said Joyce, rather at a loss tance. They examined it engerly, pass. What to say, "Very likely he could use a six shooter pretty well too. Couldn't be?"

Her face flushed with pride. "The cleared out mos' of that shorgun gold steps and, with a nod to Joyce, carried "an' they was three to one, yet my at less the superhead butter said: boy fished two shawts an' got one man " "All you will need to do will be to "Look here, Tom. Did you know before he fell. He'd killed the brothah stand had not the dishop's chair, and that you dropped something out of that | of one of the men for beatin' a woman, whenever the hadden puls down his and looks more like an exquisite lace bundle just now?" asked Joyce, follow- a greasah woman. That's what staht glass you must reach over and wipe flounce than a vell. It is deep and wide ed it."

Tom winked knowingly. "I know all "I don't wonder that you're proud of "I all the butlet expected, siof earshot of the barroom, "I reck-n bout that," said he. "It was gold that boy of yours," said Joyce. Old less if he assistant, but the young graceful patterns, what they picked up-a little nugget. Mrs. Elkins gave him a look full of I see them fellers a follerin' me, so I gratitude, then went to a window and remark for a serious order. As soon as the edge repeated, in a smaller way, at "My room, do you mean?" inquired thought I'd give 'em somethin' ter stood looking out. Joyce did not care think 'bout. It'll keep 'em guessin' to pursue further so delicate a subject. "Isn't it awfully odd." he asked, Tom opened the handkerchief as he That those chaps who went and salted then as definerately as his nervousness I promised her I'd see you safe in yer was speaking, disclosing a lot of water this mine and sold it to me will turn

"No; ft ain't noways strange," she gentleman's mouth. replied. "Men what goes into a game like that don't nevah seem to think that they kin be done on the same lay. I seen it wulked times outah min'. Besides, they all know Tawm don't like diggin' none too well, an' they'll think he wouldn't do it 'ithout big money in parade. The marchers became involve sight. An' then this man Riley ain't neways brilliant. He's crooked; that's il Heat comes Tawm now, He's

surst into the room.

athan the papers prawb'ly."

"Gimme the papers," said he as soon is he entered. "I've made the dealthat is, I reckon I have. It'll take some play, though, yet. These them? All right." Tom put the documents carefully inside his flannel shirt and turned to go, but stopped as he reached the door "I don't know when I'll be back," be called, "It'll take a little time for Riley ter chaw it all over an' a longer time yet 'fore he kin git the money. He'll have ter git the money, though. This yere's a cash game, you bet. You wait here, Bob. So long."

Tom ran from the room. The last words were spoken as he went down the path. Joyce went out on the veranda, and Old Mrs. Elkins came and stood beside him. Together they watched Tom until he disappeared. Old Mrs. Elkins' face was troubled as

"Do you suppose Tom is in any daning that Joyce was looking at him cu- and away rather not sell the mine than

from where it hung on a nail, Tom left ed Old Mrs. Elkins. "Of cohse you the room. Outside he was heard to wantah be in whatevah comes. But you spligh and spoutter for a minute or mustn't. Theah'd be a lot mosh dantwo, after which he returned, red and gah if you was theah than if you was polished, and took his seat at the table, heah. Now, don't you talk no moab the man who had deded and destroyed He was in high spirits as he hurried 'bout it, but sit right down heah an' let the builtes and thugs could be intimi-Tawm run things. Theah ain't nothin' dated by Senator Schurz perhaps seem-

tween the mouthfuls, "Riley mos' of At first Joyce hesitated and was al- Nast" in October Pearson's. all. I had three offers for the Tio Juan | most inclined to rebel against this they think I'm lyin'. I says I don't interest, it certainly was their due to

TO BE CONTINUED.

REMEMBER IN A SICKROOM

a hot water bag.

should be scrupulously clean. sick people than to argue with them. That rapid recovery from illness ofthan upon medicine.

That sweet smelling flowers should never be permitted in a room where there is a very sick person. That both light and ventilation can

Couldn't Be Possible. "Your symptoms," pronounced the

physician, "indicate hydrocephalus." "What's that?"

"Water on the brain."

pistol. I've not practiced much. I've NEW SHORT STORIES WOMAN AND FASHION

The Painsteking Waiter. man at twenty yards rise," replied | Marcel Previst, the project modelist. | White crepe de chine was used in the



this had during the norms or the cloth annoyed the betar and endurance Willi questionen in somities. "How shall a hard the philos?"

"To I serve the a less on the right or on the but show the guests?" "Mu table his of its served first or

"So be continued interminably, and

down began he stationed himself be the top of the flounce, just where it hind the is wop, waited till his londship and streak in t put down his glass, and would permit be opened out a large "Imagine my horror."

Political Economy.

Dr. Heary Loomis Nelson of Wililams college, Massachusetts, was a spectator some years ago at a political ed in a dispute with a crowd of hood lums and soon were in the midst of r fierce battle. Stones, clubs and fists caused havor, and when the police ar Tom's footstep was heard on the ve. rived it was found necessary to send anda, and as she was speaking he for the ambulance. Dr. Nelson assist ed the police and was endeavoring to revive a marcher who had fallen unconscious.

When the man recovered his sense he looked about dazed and questioned as to what had happened. He was told, and the ambulance surgeon said comfortingly: "My man, that blow came pretty hear fracturing your skull. That's a solid head of yours."

"Then thanks be to the speaker for the evening," mounted the victim. "He made me carry his speech in my head so that I would know when to lead the gang at the preser time in ap-

Schurz Tried to Frighten Nast. Nast's cartoons of Schurz, Summer and their associates caused their sub-

ects great annovance. Nast made a trip to Washington and while there had been presented to Schurz, who looked down with sinister contempt on the little man before him. "You will not be allowed to continue cour attacks upon me," he said rather

"Why not, senator?" queried Nast. "Your paper will not permit them." "Oh, I think it will," ventured the artist quite pleasantly.

"Well, then, it will not!" declared the tall statesman, with a threatening air. "I shall publicly chastles you!"

Nast laughed lifs happy, infectious laugh, in which many joined. That ed to them humorous.—From "Thomas

TRUTH TRIUMPHS.

thought, the strife between men, be. To make the coat for a boy six years of | boring villages while digging in their | all sure to stop if well placed. The tween man and the forces external to age will be required two yards of matehim, within the soul of the individual | rlal forty-four or one and five eighths ends not save it be with extinction, Error gains many a temporary tri- quarter yard fifty-two inches wide for umph, but the final victory is with collar and cuffs. on both sides has gone up se's no one You wanter keep them papers where That medicine bottles should be kept truth. There is substance in truth that

in the last balance outweighs error. Nature's process is by test and trial, by unfolding, changing, ripping up, un-That a rubber fee bag is as useful as doing, redoing. By contrast and conflict she tries sincerity and treachery, That everything about the room honor and dishonor, fitness and unfitness, courage and cowardice, truth and That it is sometimes safer to humor error. The conflict of ideas between social and political systems and between creeds and philosophies is as ten depends more upon nourishing food rude as the conflict between the sea and land. Error dies in the straggle. From "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.

His Matches.

"You told me this horse had won half best horses in the country. He can't trot a mile in six minutes to save him." "It was in plowing matches that he took the prizes, sir,"

A look of intelligence in a man is Tore.

A Stylish Waist.

Joyce, looking at a shotgun that stood who is a favorite in the American cel- development of this stylish waist. The ony of Paris, relates this temperhable drop shoulder yoke is cut in fanciful shape and further ornamented by lace



LADY'S WAIST. acdaillions. In the back the fullness is drawn down, and in the front a slight blousing effect is given over a close This will be found an excellent design inch material.

Chiffon For Winter Frocks.

Embroidered chiffon is a favorite fabric for evening gowns. Many dinner gowns which are being designed for the winter social season are of some dark shade of chiffon, embroidered in a small design, in a lighter tint of the same color. These gowns are but little trimmed, while the silk frocks for evening wear are a mass of shirrs, tucks or puffings and are frequently adorned with painted lace and trimmed with costly jeweled buttons.

The New Veils. and circular and made mostly of Chantilly lace, with its flat, silky mesh and

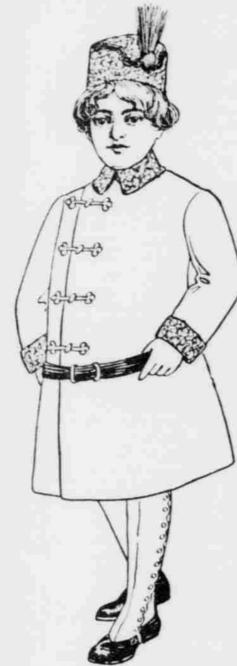
Some of them have the pattern of iles over the brim of the hat.

New Rubber Coats.

Handsome silk rubber coats are napkla and wiped the dignified old made with a satin finish, straps down over the shoulders and across the opening in front. The arms are under big capelike pieces at the sides, which are carried in with a putlike effect at the lower edge.

For Little Boys,

Little boys are never more attractive and never better pleased than when wearing coats suggestive of military styles. This very stylish one is made of Russlan blue melton, with collar and cutts of black astrakhan cloth, and is delightfully suggestive of real cold weather, but it can be reproduced in



yards fifty-two inches wide, with a

Mobair Nets For the Hair.

Mohair nets are sold for the back of the hair to keep the new low coiffure in place. Smaller nets come for 8 cents apiece to put over the front. The two combined keep the hair from being wind blown and untidy.

Wide strings of net, tied in a big bow at the left of the chin, will make some of the winter hats decidedly picturesque.

Winter Hats,

The Willy Widow.

Bachelor (flattered) Has she really? Mabel? Mabel Yes, aunt. Mrs. Rushdozen matches against some of the Widow Certain. Only today she was er-I am so glad! And what did he saying, "That's the sort of a gentle say? Mabel He declared he would man I should like for my papa." never marry.

Well Posted.

cago Journal.

THE NEGRO DIALECT.

Some Comments on Paul Laurence Dunbar's Efforts to Sustain It.

"As a rule the negro who has grown out of the dialect of his race makes an extremely poor showing in an effort to When earth's first picture was paintedmimic the negro's talk," said an observant man, "and his afforts to write it are even more pronounced failures. But Paul Laurence Dunber, the negro poet, has written at least one thing in Gave pitying looks to the artist and which he sustained the dialect of his race. In the 'Death Song' Dunbar got closer to the talk and the nature of the negro than in any other effort. It is The first sweet measures that ever a soul worth recalling, so here it is:

"Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass. Whah de branch 'Il go a-singin' as it pass An' w'en I's a-layin' low

I kin hyeah it as it go Singin', 'Sieep, my honey, tek yo' res' at

"Lay me nigh to whah hit meks a little An' de watah stan's so quiet lak an' cool Whah de little birds in spring Ust to come an' drink an' sing,

"Let me settle w'en my shouldans draps dey load Nigh enough to hyeah de neises in de

An' the chillen waded on dey way to

Fu' I t'ink de las' long res' Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes' Ef I's layin' 'mong do things I's allus

knowed "You will observe here that he shows fitting lining. The closing is in the the negro's strong devotion to the 'L' back. The sleeves are of the latest and it is interesting because of the shaping and have a deep, pointed cuff. | tendency on the part of writers of negro dialect to force the 'i' out by the for taffeta, voile, albatross and all soft substitution of 'a.' Dunbar's use of 'Ts' fabrics. The medium size requires three for the improper 'I is' is genuine. Most and seven eighths yards of thirty-six negro dialect writers of today would write it 'Ah's,' for they nearly always use 'Ah' for 'I.' So he shows the same preference for 'i' in the lines

> "An' w'en I's a-layin' low I kin byeah It as it go Singin', 'Steep, my honey, tek yo' res' at

"Here we have Ts' and I kin.' both showing the negro's devotion to the sound of 't.' So be uses 'gwite' for 'going,' probably errs in the distinctive 'gwin to,' for the negro, as a rule, will make one word out of the phrase, giving it more the sound of 'gwinter.' But, on the whole, the dialect is good and is well sustained." - New Orleans Times-Democrat.

OUR TREASURE IN KEATS.

His Poetry of Three Dimensions-

Height, Breadth and Solidity, In reading Keats one is struck with the wealth of his equipment, the solid qualities of his art, his searing immglnation, his rare sense of beauty, his range of emotional response, his rich resources of language, and, not the least noteworthy, his capability of growth in taste. To consider what a poet thus endowed might have given to the world had he lived to the age of Shake-speare or Milton excites the mind almost to pain, so little short of ndracle was his actual achievement. We believe there is no evidence that There is room but for men on the firing he wrote a line of verse after his twenty-fifth year, and he probably wrote little after his twenty-fourth, and yet what a glorious body of life and inspiration he has left! It is poetry of three dimensions height, breadth and solidity. And yet, withal, it has arrowlike intensity a quality of which he himself said, "The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with truth and

modern speech in "Hyperion" and "Lamia," the wonderful music and color The disturbing element in hunting of "The Eve of St. Agnes," the deft elephant or seladang or rhino has been and eeric handling of ballad themes in always to me at least the feeling of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" and "Isa | uncertainty as to whether or not I beila; or, The Pot of Basil," the over- could stop the animal if I wounded it flowing dreaminess of midsummer in and it charged me, as it did on an avthe "Ode to a Nightingale," the depth erage of once in three times. and lyric directness of such lines as | Based on my experience, therefore, I consideration. Century.

A LONG LOST CITY.

Tanagra, the Site of the Modern Town of Gremada, In Greece. the site of the ancient city of Tanagra. | the entire forest was toppling, as the The old town was a rich and luxurious elephant you have wounded comes place, greatly renowned for the cock- smashing his way in your direction. fights that were given there. It had The seladang is dangerous partly bethe honor of being the birthplace of cause of the thick jungle he seeks Corlana, the great poetess of the fifth when wounded, but more especially century before Christ, and perpetuated | because of his tremendous vitality and her memory by a majestic tomb, on his usual though not invariable habit which she was represented five times of awaiting the hunter on his tracks crowned in remembrance of the five and charging suddenly, swiftly and lyrical contests with Pindar. Despite | shooting to bring down one of these this comparative celebrity it appeared six foot specimens of oriental cattle. any color preferred, with collar and destined to the eternal sleep of forget. The danger of the tiger and of the I tell 'em the mine ain't no good, an' her nephew were acting solely in his Life is a Conflict, and Error Dies in cuffs of velvet, of the material or of fulness when after more than twentythe Struggle. | cloth in contrasting color. The model is | two centuries of silence chance drew | ferocious strength. But you have the

Life is a struggle. Wars end, but the extremely simple and is closed quite to to it the attention of archaeologists. war of the race the antagonism of the neck, so giving ample protection. In 1870 the inhabitants of the neigh- if broadside, or, if coming on, the chest, fields exposed to view some tombs reason the rhino is so formidable is bewhich the French have assigned to the | cause its vulnerable spots are so hard nineteenth century before the Chris- to reach. Its brain is as small in protian era. The discovery of these first portion as that of the elephant and sepulchers was the cause of excava- may be reached through the eye if tions, during which a quantity of other | head-on, or about three inches below tombs were discovered, all situated and just in front of or just behind the along the roads which led from the base of the ear, according to your posiwalls of Tanagra in the direction of tion for a shot. Outing. Thebes, Chalcis, Harnia and Platae.

> Among this mass of tombs belonging to several centuries the most interest attaches to those of the fourth century before the Christian era on account of ous ring of the telephone in her house. their contents. It was in these particu- Feeling from the wildness of the ring larly that the statuettes known today that somebody's house must be on fire under the name of "Tanagra figurines" or that somebody was bleeding to were for the most part discovered.

Declared His Intentions. Widow Do you know that my whom you have been dancing all the half an hour ago." daughter has set eyes upon you? evening, at last declared his intentions,

An Opportunity to Guess. The Boss I'm afraid you are not "The difference between an old maid like to hear it played." qualified for the position. You don't and a married woman," says Caustic.

Dealer.

Gems In Verse

The Doer. perhaps on the bark of a tree-And the people gathered around it and stood on tiptoes to see, No doubt there were those among them

who called it a daub and who

knowingly murmured "Pooh!" When the first of the world's brave poets scratched out on the side of a stone had claimed as its awn, We may be sure there were people who

solemnly turned aside,

Believing the poet's efforts and time had been misapplied. Brave soul, be strong and be faithful in the work that is given to you. The critics will shrug their shoulders and scoff at the thing you do, But the world's first artist was followed by others who glorified art, And the world keeps on having poets

Talking In Their Sleep.

whose lyrics men learn by heart.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"You think I am dead," The apple tree said, "Because I have never a leaf to show; Because I stoop And my branches droop And the dull gray mosses over me grow.

But I am alive in trunk and shoot; The buds of next May I fold away-But I pity the withered grass at my

"You think I am dead," The quick grass said, "Because I have parted with stem and

But under the ground I am safe and sound, With the snow's thick blanket over me I'm all alive and ready to shoot Should the spring of the year Come dancing here-

But I pity the flower without branch or root." "You think I am dead," A soft voice said, "Because not a branch or a root I own. I never have died, But close I hide In the plumy seed that the wind has

Patient I wait through the long winter hours; You will see me again-I shall laugh at you then Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers." -Edith M. Thomas.

On the Firing Line.

For glory? For good? For fortune or Why, ho, for the front where the battle Leave the rear to the dolt, the lazy, the

Whether city or field, whether mountain Go forward, right on to the firing line!

Go forward as ever the vallant have

Whether newsboy or plowboy or cowboy or clerk, Fight forward; be ready, be steady, be He fairest, be bravest, be best at your

Exult and be glad; dare to hunger, to As David, as Alfred-let dogs skulk and Ayo, the place to fight and the place to

As fall we must all in God's good timet is where the manliest man is the wall, Where boys are as men in their pride and prime, Where glory gleams brightest, where

brightest eyes shine-Far out on the roaring red firing line. Josephin Miller in Philadelphia Public

SHOOTING BIG GAME. His transcriptions of the classic into Danger When the Bullet Fails to

Stop the Brute's Advance.

"In a Drear Nighted December," and a should place the elephant first and the whole anthology of noble samets in rhino third after the seladang, which terpreting life and nature these are is fully as formidable as the Cape bufbut a molety of the overflowing stream | falo and is miscalled the bison all over of his passionate imaginings, for in India. Each of these animals is danhim the intellectual and the emotional gerous on different and individual were kindly mixed. In the face of grounds. The elephant, though less such a record of good work the faults likely to charge than any of the others, of his earlier manner are not worth is terrifying because of his enormous strength, which stops at no obstacle, and the extreme difficulty of reaching a vital spot, especially if, with trunk tightly colled, he is coming your way.

I know of no sensation more awesome than standing ankle deep in Gremada is the name of the modern | clinging mud in dense cover, with the city in Bocotla, Greece, which occupies | jungle erashing around you as though victories which she had gained in the viciously. It requires close and hard

shoulder in addition to the head shot

A Fort Fairfield (Me.) woman was awakened at 3 one morning by a furideath, she scampered downstairs and nervously seized the receiver, only to hear a shrill soprano voice shriek: "Got Mrs. Rusher Has Mr. Goldsoin, with your washin' done yet? Had mine out

Lost on a Foul.

"Have you a taste for music?" asked Miss Chilbeen of Boston. "I don't know," replied the millionaire mine owner's daughter from Lead-

pipe Gulch. "I never tasted any, but I That ended it, for Miss Chilbeen was

down and out for twenty minutes, Town a comin," said she as they this yere would be a fight, an' you said Jagway, greatly relieved. "I haven't men; it is a style of beauty to which Applicant—Don't I, though she afterward claimed that she drunk a drop of it for six months."- the most value may aspire. La Bru | company with your typewriten -Chi | guess which | Cleveland Plain | lost on a foul. -Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.