CONN COYLE'S ELDEST

By.....
Charles Kennett Burrow.

Copyright, 1901, by
American Press Association.

IT was a gusty, squally day, which made it difficult for Maggie's bare legs to carry her toward Carmore as rapidly as the occasion demanded. She made herself as small as possible, held the shawl which covered her head close under her throat and in the lulls of the wind increased her pace to a run.

Tightly clutched in her left hand was a slip of paper on which was scrawled a list of the articles she was to buy and carry back to Ballyclogher. The luxuries enumerated on the slip of paper were for the entertainment of one guest, Maggie's uncle, her mother's brother, whom she had never seen. She understood him to be rich. Indeed, he was always held up by Mrs. Coyle as a model for her husband's imitation. "He's hundreds," she used to say—"hundreds, an' it's my belief they're all in gowld; ye can see money in 'is face. It's ye might be as warm, Conn, if ye'd think av the poor childer."

She made her purchases all at one shop, and then found, as was inevitable, that Mrs. Coyle had miscalculated the prices and she was 2 shillings short. Mrs. MacDonagh, who kept the store, was quite willing to give credit for the balance, but it seemed to Maggie that this course would be a kind of reflection on her uncle. While she groped hopelessly in her pocket for money which she knew was not there she saw James Phelan pass the door. An inspiration shot her to his side.

"Jim," she cried, "lind me 2 shillin'; I'm that short. Ye'll have it back tomorrer."

"Faith, is it ye? Well, well! Two shillin' is it? How do ye think I'd have all that about me?"

"No jokin'. It's a blessin' I saw ye, sure."

"That's thrue," said Jim. "The polls might have had ye else, Maggie." He produced the money. She settled the account and took a receipt with an air of grave dignity. When she came out of the shop, Jim was waiting.

"Is it ye still?" asked Maggie.

"An' why not? I'm goin' yer way, sure, an' we might as well walk in shtep."

"I'm in a mad hurry, Jim."

"Did I ask ye to go slow for me?"

"Ye did not," said Maggie candidly.

"That's a great, ugly parcel," said Jim, "an' too heavy for the likes av ye. Just hand it here, Maggie."

"Ye'll not dhrop it? There's things there'd break if ye did."

"I'll howld an to it right enough. What's inside at all? It's morshul heavy!"

"All sorts. We've a visitor comin' tonight—Uncle Frank Power."

"An' who's he?"

"Sure ye've heard tell av him times an' times. He's mother's brother."

"I'd forgot, Maggie."

"I've never set eyes on 'im yet, but he's a grand, rich man, I'm towld."

"Is he that? Thin what'll he want in Ballyclogher?"

"To see his own people, sure."

"That's kind av 'im," said Jim.

The wind had dropped somewhat, and a smart shower of rain came on. After a time Jim said:

"We'd best shelther a bit."

Maggie hesitated. "I could wrap the parcel up in me shawl," she said.

"An' ketch yer death! That's likely! There's no hurry, sure, if he's not comin' till night."

He found a dry spot under a wayside elm. Maggie took the parcel from Jim and carefully placed it close to the trunk. Then the pair stood side by side before it and listened to the hiss of the rain in the leaves and watched the streaming white road.

"Ye'd nade boots in this weather," said Jim, glancing at her bare feet.

"Not at all! What mischief'd a little wet do?" She pressed her toes into the soft earth.

"I'm doin' well now, Maggie."

"That's good hearin'," she said

"Aye, I'm doin' well," he repeated. "Ye'll be a'most a woman now, I s'pose?"

"Siventeen last birthday," she said.

"Bedad, that's a great age! A'most marryin' time, Maggie. I s'pose ye haven't a notion av it yersel'?"

"How would I, wid all thim childer to look afther?"

Jim slipped an arm round her waist and kissed her.

"I thought ye might have," he said.

Maggie flushed and closed her eyes for a moment. Then they opened again to see the blurred sky and rainy road.

"I couldn't," she said softly.

Jim released her suddenly and cried: "Whisht! There's Mary Cregan comin'!"

She was opposite the pair almost as soon as Jim spoke—a tall, handsome girl, warmly clad, though less neat than Maggie. She had strong shoes on her feet, too, which should have been sufficient herald of her approach if Jim had not been deaf at the moment. She paused and looked them up and down with a smile that had something of scorn in it and at the back of that again a spark of anger.

"'Tis a grand day for the like of that, James Phelan," she said. "Ye might put the comether on grown girls an' not childer."

"'Tis a grand day indeed, Mary," said James, avoiding her eyes.

"I'm for Carmore," she said. "Are ye comin'?"

"Not now; I've an errand to Ballyclogher."

"Ah, well, good day to ye." She passed on.

"She's a hard nail," said Jim, laughing awkwardly.

"She saw."

"What of that, sure?"

"She'll tell an us."

"Let her."

"Did ye iver kiss her, Jim?"

"I did, many a time, an' others have too. What's there in that to throuble wid? I'd rather kiss ye, Maggie."

"It's shtopped rainin'," she said.

"Give me wan kiss, asthore," he said; "the other I tuk widout lave."

Maggie trembled as she lifted her face to his, and there were tears in her eyes, which James Phelan did not see.

When the children came in from school, a riotous mob, they were taken by Maggie to be "put straight," a process which involved much howling and many tears. She was so full of the morning's episode that she would have preferred not to change the dress she wore; it seemed now to be part of the altered life. In the same way she hesi-

"'Tis a grand day for the like av that, James Phelan!" she said.

tated to wash the mud from her feet. But, of course, she did both and in the act was brought nearer to the practical side of things again.

When she went down stairs, her father had come in from the forge and was sitting, clean and uncomfortable, near the hearth. Mrs. Coyle sat opposite to him; the nine children were perched on two wooden benches that ran along the wall. They made way for her with many signals and suppressed giggles.

"Whisht! Be shtill, there! Yer uncle is not used to the like av that!"

"God help him then!" said Conn.

"An' why God help him? Sure, every man can't marry, an' it's well they don't."

"Have yer way, have yer way," said Conn. "I'm thinkin' Frank Power's a sad man, that's all!"

"Faith, thin, 'tis the money does it."

"Ye'll harp an that shtring till it breaks!"

"Arrah, Conn, ye've niver a good word for the man, an' him me own brother."

"Sure, one's enough to talk av 'im. If a blessed saint were comin', we couldn't have heerd more noise av it!"

A silence fell upon the party, which was unexpectedly broken by a shock headed, freckle faced boy called Barney. He had been gazing for a long time at Maggie's pretty feet, and the words were out before he remembered the solemnity of the occasion.

"Maggie, show us the thrick wid yer toes!" It was about the only accomplishment that Maggie possessed and consisted in a curious flexibility of the toes which enabled her to fold them under almost as though they were fingers and pick up any small object from the ground. This trick was a source of endless delight to the children, who practiced it themselves with an assiduity which promised great future result.

"Not now, pet," said Maggie, running her fingers through Barney's hair.

"Whist! There's wheels comin'," Mrs. Coyle was at the door in a moment, peering out into the autumn twilight with hands on hips and an anxious tremor at the heart. It was Uncle Frank Power at last.

He was not a prepossessing man. The little likeness to his sister that he had was, as it were, hidden away in odd corners of his face, which only now and then revealed it as by compulsion. He was small and spare of figure; neat, as became his position; dryly conciliatory in manner, as a person who has to please to live. His face was hard, save for the mouth, which had an unexpected looseness of lips. His eyes were furtive, shooting a sudden glance and then turning aside as though to muse on the impression they had taken. He was a man who habitually masked himself, though with so little art that a close observer saw his small soul bare under the disguise.

The much debated meal was hardly a social success. To begin with, Power had no great appetite, nor did he pour forth the congratulations which Mrs. Coyle had confidently expected.

Maggie, poor girl, was as quiet as a sitting bird. She was oppressed both by Power's presence and the thought that for the first time she had a secret from her parents. Yet under the oppression there was a singing current of joy that made music to her heart, a music hardly to be listened to without bringing the hot blood to her cheeks.

After the meal was over and the two men had their pipes lit Maggie and her mother pulled one of the benches to the hearth, and the four sat round the fire with folded hands, each waiting for some one else to begin. It was then that Uncle Frank Power made a start.

"'Tis long since I've seen ye, Ellen, an' ye might think I'd forgotten ye, but 'twasn't so, faith."

"Av coorse not, Frank." She shot a triumphant glance at Conn.

"I've been a busy man, Ellen, an' I knew ye were well placed with Conn here."

"Minds change as well as times," said Conn. "Ye were black ag'in me wance, Frank."

Power waved his pipe deprecatingly.

"Aye," he said. "I'd a fancy for Ellen to marry Tom Blake."

"Who's in jail this two years for as blagyard a thrick as iver a man played," said Conn.

"Thrue for ye, thrue for ye. Ellen did well, an' a fine family too. Ye'll be proud av thim, Conn."

"I am, an' not wan av thim more throuble than a bird in a cage."

"I sometimes wish," said Power, "that I'd some av me own, for it's well to have what ye have to yer own blood."

Mrs. Coyle's face epitomized all the joyful emotions, but Conn was staring hard into the peats and did not see.

"I've bin takin' a partner," Power went on, "an' it's our intintion to increase the business. He's a shmart man, wid money, an' he'll take some av the work aff me owld shoulders." He laughed dryly, glanced round the circle and replaced the pipe in his mouth.

"It's time, sure," said Mrs. Coyle.

"I've bin thinkin' ye might shpare me wan av these childer av yours; not," he added hastily, "a young wan, but, say, Maggie here."

"Me!" Maggie called the word out of a dream. The dream was broken.

"Hush, dearie!" said Mrs. Coyle, leaning forward eagerly and trying to catch Power's uncertain eye.

"She's a fine grown girl, an' 'ud do well in the shop. 'Tis a pity to lave her here. In time she'd be a grand help to ye. In six months, or say nine, afther she'd learned the business, I'a pay her some wages, an' in the meantime I'd kape her free intirely. The thought just kem to me," he added.

"What'd we do widout Maggie at all?" said Conn. "Come here, asthore."

She went to him and sat on his knee, with her arms round his neck and her head sunk against his shoulder.

"'Tis a fine offer," said Mrs. Coyle vaguely.

"What do ye say, Maggie?" Conn whispered in the girl's ear.

"No, no," she pleaded; and again, "No, no," with a shiver that shook her throat. She clung closer. "Let me shtay wid ye; let me shtay."

Conn held her to him and allowed his pipe to go out. He was a poor man, with many clamoring mouths to feed; he was also a man of strong affections. A bitter struggle began in him. Frank Power watched cautiously.

"I'm thinkin' the north mightn't shute the child," said Conn. "An' thin there's the young wans. Who'll see afther thim?"

"Sure, Biddy's fourteen an' well able for it. Would ye shtand in the girl's way, Conn?"

"God save us, what talk, woman! Shtand in her way! Is it me harm the child? Ach, Maggie, ye know well yer me own heart's blood!"

"Yes," whispered the girl.

"I say thank ye kindly, Frank Power, an' God bless ye for the thought av us. We'll settle what we'll do tomorrer. Aff to bed wid ye, Maggie, asthore, an' lave us to think a bit."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Japanese Hero.

I recall to mind a story of an officer in the Japanese emperor's army which was besieging a fortress. Its number was small and a relieving army was coming up. It was of immense moment that they should know how long the fortress could hold out. If it must capitulate for want of supplies within a week they could stay and win the campaign for the emperor. A young Japanese nobleman volunteered to go into the fortress and ascertain how long it could hold out. He disguised himself, and in passing learned that it had food and water for only two days more.

As he was going out with this precious information he was detected, and the enemy said to him, "We are going to crucify you, but we will let you off on one condition—that you go to the wall and tell your people that we have supplies for a week."

He said, "Very well," and went to the wall. His wife and children in the besiegers' camp saw him, his friends were there also, and he held up both his hands and said to them: "There are supplies for but two days. Continue the siege and you will take the place."

He died by a hundred spear points, but he had done his duty to his general.—Sir Edward Arnold.

Out of One Clay.

Many years ago before the days of railroads a nobleman and his wife, with their infant, were traveling across Salisbury plain. As the story is told in Mr. A. P. Russell's "Characteristics," they were overtaken by a severe storm and took refuge in a lone shepherd's hut.

The child had taken cold before they could find shelter and the nurse began at once to undress it by the warm cottage fire. As she pulled off one rich silken garment after another the shepherd and his wife looked on in awed silence.

At last the process of undressing was completed and the little naked baby was being warmed by the fire. There it sat, with all its splendid outer husks peeled off, its little body beginning to glow in the hut by the fire. The shepherd drew a long breath and exclaimed, "Why, it's just like one of ours!"

Why We Shake Hands.

To shake hands with a person is rightly regarded as a token of amity, but very few know how this custom arose.

According to a French ethnologist, whenever two men met in former times they were accustomed to hold up their right hands in front of them as a sign that they had no intention of attacking each other. This mark of confidence, however, did not prove sufficient in all cases, for a man may hold up his right hand and yet, if he keeps it closed, may have a weapon concealed in it, and therefore it became the custom for the two right hands to grasp each other, as only thus could full assurance be given that no weapon was concealed in either of them. Formerly, therefore, this gesture, now the token of loyalty and friendship, was one of reciprocal distrust.—New York Herald.

A Story of Mark Twain.

When Mark Twain was beginning his career as a humorous lecturer, he one day arranged with a woman acquaintance that she should sit in a box and start the applause when he should stroke his mustache. The lecturer started off so well that he did not need any such help, however, for he caught the audience from the first. By and by, when not saying anything worthy of particular notice, he happened to pull his mustache, and his anxious ally in the box at once broke into furious applause. Mark was all but broken up by the misadventure, and ever afterward carefully avoided employing such help to success.

If the best you can say about your neighbor is in reply to the worst he said about you, don't say it.—Baltimore News.

One-third of the United States proper is vacant land.

NOTABLE MAN HUNTS

HOW CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN CHASED TO THE ENDS OF EARTH.

Benson, Who Posed as Mme. Patti's Agent, Cheated Justice by Death. Relentless Energy of the Police In Tracking Counterfeiters.

There have been many long pursuits of criminals, great in the distance traveled, the obstacles overcome and the persistence of the pursuing officers, but that of Sergeant Wood of the Natal (South Africa) police is doubtless a record breaker. The man sought by Sergeant Wood was charged with embezzling large sums of money at Pietermaritzburg. He got away from South Africa and went to New York. Although the detective had information as to where his quarry was hiding, yet he had first to visit London to obtain the necessary extradition papers. Then he hurried to America and with the assistance of the United States police ran down his man. By the time he had reached Maritzburg he had been traveling hard for nearly three months and had covered nearly 21,000 miles.

One of the sternest chases of recent years was after Loys Darrell, formerly sergeant in the Seventh United States cavalry. Darrell enlisted at the beginning of the Spanish-American war and distinguished himself at Cuba. There he fell in love with a pretty Spanish girl and beggared himself in buying finery for his sweetheart. To obtain more money he robbed and murdered a companion in arms named Crouch. He then fled.

A detective named Dupuy was put upon the murderer's track and, finding a clew, started for New Orleans. He was right in his surmise that Darrell had gone there, but when he arrived the bird had flown. He had left on a British mule transport for South Africa. Dupuy took train for New York, fast boat for Southampton, rushed by rail across Europe, caught a boat of the German East African line and finally arrived at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa.

There he waited like a spider for a fly, and just as Darrell was fancying himself safe from pursuit he pounced upon him. Later on the detective deposited his prisoner safely in Castle William jail in New York. He had traveled in all 31,000 miles and spent $4,250 in the chase.

One of the most astonishing criminals England ever produced was a man named Benson, who began operations in London with two confederates. He organized a series of swindling companies in the city, while he himself, pretending to be an invalid, lived in the greatest luxury in the Isle of Wight. He posed as a great philanthropist, was foremost in charitable works and went into the very best society. By dint of bribing certain officers of the law he lived for some years on the proceeds of his swindles. But one day the crash came. He was arrested, sentenced and got a long term in Portsmouth jail.

No sooner was he out than he was at his old tricks again. These culminated in Switzerland, where he managed to gain the affections of the daughter of an English officer. Through her he induced her father to trust him with the investment of his entire capital, some $35,000. He bolted with the money. Chased across Europe, a detective caught him at Bremen. To avoid scandal the victim promised not to prosecute if Benson would give up the money. The latter did so and left for America. Hardly was the vessel out of sight before it was discovered that the bundle of scrip the thief had handed over was worth at most $160.

Followed across the Atlantic, Benson escaped to Mexico, where he made £5,000 by passing himself off as Mme. Patti's agent and selling forged concert tickets. By this time his photograph was in almost ever police bureau in the world. Yet he dodged and twisted under a dozen aliases and was heard of in almost every South American state before a clever New York detective ran him down in Rio after a two years' hunt.

Even then he cheated justice. Landed in prison in New York, he walked upstairs, chatting amiably to his jailer. Suddenly he made a spring and jumped clean over the banister. He was picked up with a broken back and died that night.

The police never exhibit more relentless energy than in hunting down a coiner. A coiner's crime is against government, and so the whole forces of the state are against him. The United States suffers far more from coiners than England does and is proportionately keen to run down such offenders. Early in 1900 a man named Hastings was surprised in his workshop, from which he had issued many thousands of small silver coins, but he was too quick for his would be captors and escaped. No fewer than seven secret service men were put on his track. The remarkable fact is that Hastings never attempted to leave the states.

Elifer, one of the detectives, got a hint that a stranger was in the woods. He took a blanket and some food and hid himself in a thicket. Very early in the morning Hastings passed, carrying a bag of food. Elifer tracked him to his refuge and saw that the forger was armed. He waited some distance away in hiding. When night came, Hastings came out with a dark lantern and searched every bush near his hiding place. At last he was satisfied and went back. So soon as Elifer felt sure the man was asleep he crept up and had the handcuffs on him before he could awake. On the way to the jail Hastings told his captor that he had seen him on ten different occasions and had once, in Cincinnati, been within three feet of him in a theater.—Chicago Chronicle.

The longer a man argues to make a woman see the reason of a thing the surer she is to trust her instinct about it.—New York Press.

The quarrels over "principle" are the meanest and most bitter in the world.—Atchison Globe.

Knew Where He Got It.

Doctor (thoughtfully)—I fear you have some sort of poison in your system.

Patient—Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?

ONE COWSKIN.

An Instance of German Military Thrift and Red Tapeism.

An instance of military thrift and of a red tape system which is not peculiar to Germany comes from the Prussian war office. In 1866 the guards were breakfasting hurriedly. They had on the previous day fought the battle of Soor and had accomplished altogether a nine days' march. This was not the era of canned meats, and to each regiment had been allotted a certain number of cattle which had been killed, skinned and cooked, but while the men were still eating scouts came in with the news that the Austrians were near at hand.

The men got into marching order and in a few minutes were in rapid advance toward the enemy. The Grenadier guards, conspicuous always for their dispatch, hurried to such purpose that they failed to secure the skin of a cow which had been made over to them for rations.

When the official who was responsible for the value of the hide came to ask for it, it had to be reported missing. Inquiries were set on foot, evidence was collected, and a voluminous correspondence lasting fourteen or fifteen months failed to account for the skin.

There had been a cow. She had been made over to the guards. She had a hide. The hide was government property, representing a sum fixed by official tariff. The government must be credited with that sum. The hide was not forthcoming. Who should be responsible for its cash value?

It was at last decided that the colonel of the regiment should be held accountable, and a year and a half after the conclusion of the seven weeks' war he was requested by the war office to remit the sum of 3 thalers, the price of one cowskin lost by the Grenadier guards. When the sum was paid, the subject was at last officially dropped.

COSTLY ACCIDENTS.

A Lost Tin Mine and a Lead Mine's Bottomless Pit.

Immense plans which seemed about to be completed, but have been brought to disastrous failure at the last moment, are frequent enough in the history of industry.

London Answers tells the story of a tin mine in England which might have yielded a fortune but for a storm.

With the finding of a new vein of ore running out toward the sea a new level was driven out below the water; then it was found that the lode bent upward too near the sea bottom for mining to be safely carried on. Undiscouraged, the owner borrowed money, built a sea wall to cut off the water, erected pumps and again went to work.

On the sixth day just as an enormous mass of rich ore was being tapped a gale came up, a ship was blown upon the wall, which went to pieces at once, and the sea drove the heavy stones in upon the thin roof of the mine. In a moment the workings were hopelessly flooded, and the owner was a ruined man.

A story equally tragic is told of the Speedwell lead mine in Derbyshire. Believing that a rich vein of ore existed in a nearby hill, the owner risked his entire capital to bore a tunnel 3,000 feet long into the heart of the mountain. Suddenly the miners broke through a wall of rock into a vast hidden cavern, through which flowed a stream of water.

They began to dump rock into the stream, and after 10,000 tons a bridge began to rise out of the darkness, and then their farther progress was stopped. Month after month they toiled, and at last, after 40,000 tons in all had been cast into the cavern, they gave it up.

That narrow rift is known to this day as the Bottomless Pit.

Yawns of Wrath.

The singular habit of signifying anger by yawning is confined to the monkey tribe and is most marked in the baboon family, though the Gibraltar apes also indulge in it. It is probable that the gesture is originally intended to frighten an adversary by a display of teeth, just as a dog does, and that the constant wide opening of the mouth produces an involuntary yawn. In fact, if a human being keeps on opening his mouth in this way a yawn will result. If two strange baboons are put together in the same cage, they immediately confront each other and commence yawning, and if vexed or insulted by visitors they will do the same thing.

Fat Crystals.

If small quantities of butter, lard and beef fat be separately boiled and slowly cooled for, say, twenty-four hours, the resulting crystals will show very marked differences under the microscope. The normal butter crystal is large and globular. It polarizes brilliantly and shows a well marked St. Andrew's cross. That of lard shows a stellar form, while that of beef fat has a foliated appearance. In course of time, as the butter loses its freshness, the globular crystal degenerates and gradually merges into peculiar rosette-like forms.

An Old Verb.

To laze is an old verb. In Samuel Rowlands' "Martin Markall," 1610, we are told that "loyterers laze in the streete, lurke in alehouses and range in the highwaies." The word occurs, I believe, in some of Mortimer Collins' lyrics:

But Cupid lazeth 'mongst the faiery lasses,
Whose clere complexion he oft sweareth passes.

—Notes and Queries.

Every one out of bed likes to claim occasionally that it is force of will power alone that is keeping him up.—Atchison Globe.

A Mountain Climber.

At a reception of the Authors' club in New York the guest of honor was Sir Martin Conway, the explorer and mountain climber. One man who did not know the guest asked another:

"Who is here tonight?"

"Sir Martin Conway."

"Conway? Who is he? I can't place him."

"The mountain climber."

"Oh, yes! But what is he doing in New York?"

"Merely traveling from climb to climb."

An Idol With Diamond Eyes.

It is a curious fact and one scarcely known outside of Russia, and there hardly ever mentioned, that the famous Orloff diamond was once the right eye of the great idol Serringham in the temple of Brahma. This precious gem was stolen at about the beginning of the eighteenth century by a French soldier who had made a pretense of being converted to the Hindoo religion in order to gain the confidence of the priests and admission to the temple. The Frenchman first sold the diamond for £2,000. On the next turn it was bought by a banker of Constantinople for £12,000. The banker kept it until 1774 and then sold it to the Russian empress for £90,000 and a life pension. The gem has been in the Russian royal family ever since. As it is now set in the imperial scepter of Russia it presents a flattened, rose cut surface and weighs exactly 194½ carats.

Vanity Tickled.

During the early excesses of the French revolution a rabble of men and women were rioting in the streets of Paris. Lafayette appeared and ordered a young artillery officer to open fire upon them with two cannon. The officer begged the general to let him try first to persuade them to withdraw.

"It is useless to appeal to their reason," said the general.

"Certainly," answered the officer, "and it is not to their reason, but to their vanity, I would appeal."

The officer rode up to the front of the mob, doffed his cocked hat, pointed to the guns and said:

"Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble."

The street was cleared at once, for none could brook the idea of being classed with the scum of the city.

Why He Wasn't Impressed.

The following story is told of a garrulous victim of the Johnstown flood of 1889, who when he reached paradise ascended a cloud that served within the pearly gates as a rostrum and undertook to thrill his new made acquaintances among the shades with an account of the disaster through which he had passed. He was interrupted by a gray bearded old man in the group. "A mere bucketful—a mere bucketful!" the old fellow piped. "Don't waste so much time talking of a small affair like that!"

The Johnstown man resented this and hunted up St. Peter, of whom he asked, "Who is that old codger who seems to think our flood such a trifling matter?"

"That?" said St. Peter. "Why, that's Noah!"

A Church In Wales.

Wrexham parish church is known as one of the seven wonders of Wales. It dates as a structure from the fifteenth century and is cathedral-like in its proportions. A "chained" Bible, now kept under lock and key, is among the curious relics, and beside it is a handsomely bound "visitors' book," sent by the students of Yale university, United States, for the use of Yale students visiting the church. In the churchyard is the tombstone of Elihu Yale, with its quaint epitaph. The soldiers' chapel, which is entered through an exquisite arch, has a beautiful memorial window to the Welsh fusileers who have fallen in battle.

Won't Stay Retained.

This notice appears on a Flushing steamboat: "Passengers should obtain a receipt for all provisions taken on board this boat and are requested to retain the same."

Easier said than done! It reminds us of the old Limerick:

There was a young man of Ostend
Who said he'd hold out till the end,
But when half way over
From Ostend to Dover
He did what he didn't intend.

—London Globe.

Hedgehogs and Eggs.

Some years ago, not being able to account for the disappearance of eggs, a wire cage trap was set in a fowl run. After a little time this was occupied—not by a rat, but a fine hedgehog filled to its utmost capacity the trap. It was reset, to be filled in a few days by Mrs. Hedgehog! No more eggs were missed.—London Times.

Rebuked.

Higgins—How is it you are always idling about? I never see you when you have anything to do.

Wiggins—The fact is, it takes so much of my time looking after other folks' business I have none left for looking after my own. Don't you find something like the same trouble yourself?—Boston Transcript.

Poor Closets.

"And, you see, there are plenty of closets," said the flat owner, showing a lady through the apartments.

"Do you call those closets?" replied the lady. "Why, gracious me, they're not big enough to even keep our family skeleton in!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Remembers the Kindnesses.

"He says his proudest boast is that he never forgets a kindness."

"That's right. He never does forget one that he does you, and he won't let you forget it either."—Philadelphia Press.

Proof Positive.

"Looney is no judge of human nature at all."

"Why do you say that?"

"He has such sublime faith in himself."—Indianapolis News.

His Failing.

"He always has an excuse ready."

"Yes; he believes more in good excuses than in avoiding the necessity for any excuse."—Brooklyn Life.

All affectation is the attempt of poverty to appear rich.

A Stern Chase.

The Youth—Yes, I'm in business for myself, but I don't seem to be able to meet with any success.

The Sage—Nobody ever meets with business, young man. He must overtake it.—Philadelphia Press.

Two Cigars For a Quarter.

Hoax—What do you mean by giving me a cigar like this? What did you pay for it?

Joax—Two for a quarter.

Hoax—I'll bet you kept the twenty cent one.—Philadelphia Record.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
importers and dealers in
Book, News, Writing and Wrapping PAPERS
CARD STOCKS
STRAW AND BINDERS' BOARD
55-57-59-61 First St.
TEL. MAIN 199. SAN FRANCISCO.

Two Hospitals Said Diabetes.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

People either cured or recovering from the above diseases are in every ward in this city. Mrs. C. C. Mathewson, proprietor of the Clifton Hotel, 502 Powell street, is one of them, and makes this statement:

502 Powell St., San Francisco, Nov. 21, 1901.

For two years I suffered greatly from diabetes. Finally I had to go to one of the hospitals, going to one of this city's very best. Three physicians there confirmed my case as diabetes, and put me under treatment and strict diet. Getting no relief, I went home. I got steadily worse and went to another well-known city hospital. The physicians there also said diabetes, and stated that they could prolong my life, but that I could never be well. I left the hospital after a few months completely broken down, the percentage of sugar being 11 per cent. It was at this juncture I heard of the Fulton Compound and sent for it. The second and third weeks I began to sleep uninterruptedly, and found that the awful thirst I had suffered with for over two years had left me. I am now an entirely different person, though still taking it to insure permanency. I have recommended it to a number all getting favorable results. One was a warm friend and another is a Berkeley attorney who had Bright's Disease and is now perfectly restored. I dislike publicity, but feel that this thing ought to be known.

MRS. C. C. MATTHEWSON.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance. Price, $1 for the Bright's Disease and $1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 420 Montgomery street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Roman Architecture.

In architecture the Romans imitated the Greeks and imitated them without appreciating the simplicity of grandeur. They introduced circles and segments of circles in place of the simple, restful lines coursing horizontally around the building. They raised columns which supported nothing simply for the sake of ornament; the dome behind the pediment took away its significance and removed from it the idea of pressure; they adopted the semicircular arch, which broke the entablature and the idea of solidity and thus destroyed the fundamental idea of the Greek simplicity without substituting any of their own.

When the Roman style was removed to Constantinople, the Byzantines reveled in arch and cupola, but without discerning the real object of the arch. The circular arch distributes the weight of the wall. They refused it the proper office, made it an ornament and concealed the real support of the weight; consequently in the Byzantine style we have the domes and cupolas representing the weight with no visible support and arches multiplied at caprice with nothing to support.—London Tablet.

All the Same.

During an encampment of the national guard of Pennsylvania at Mount Gretna several years ago a party of officers went out for a stroll, and, happening to pass a farmhouse near the encampment grounds, one of them suggested stopping in for a glass of milk. On going inside the yard they were met by the farmer's daughter, who brought forth a can of buttermilk and some tumblers, saying:

"This is the only kind of milk we have."

After each of the party had taken a drink one of them remarked:

"By George, that's fine! Can't you let us have some more?"

The lass replied:

"Oh, yes; take all you want. We feed it to the pigs anyway."—Philadelphia Times.

System In Saving.

"The only good plan for saving is to make it an invariable rule to deposit something each week or each month," says a bank president. "Having thus put the money aside, it should be considered out of reach and on no account to be drawn upon except in case of sickness, loss of employment or death. It is surprising how money will pile up when such a system as this is followed. If every one who possesses any income at all would adopt the practice and stick to it no matter how small the deposits might be, poverty would be well nigh abolished."

Misinterpreted.

A delicate point of pronunciation is involved in this story. A country cousin once went to spend Sunday with an Edinburgh friend. After a long day spent in sightseeing they found themselves a long way from home.

"Noo, mon," said the townsman, "we've a long way to gang. Shall we tak' a tram?"

"Tak' a tram!" cried the other in surprise. "Ye dinna mean to tell me that in Edinbro' the public houses are open on the Sawbath!"

A Maddening Legacy.

A young man at St. Mende was driven mad by a legacy of £4,000. From the moment the money came into his possession he was oppressed by the fear of losing it and always carried it about with him. He finally made a bonfire of it in the form of notes and then attempted to blow out his brains.—London Chronicle.

Butter In the West Indies.

Every pound of butter that goes to the West Indies is colored a brilliant red. The darkies over there won't have any other color. They like red butter, just as they adore red shirts and red ties or the red label on a tomato tin. Grocers say that if a black and white label should be placed on tinned tomatoes, there would be no sale at all.—London Chronicle.

A Guess.

"Say, pop," inquired Willie, "why do we call women the opposite sex?"

"I guess," replied the old man thoughtfully, "it's because they're contrary."—Philadelphia Record.