
THEY NEEDED COONS.

AND ZEB WHITE'S WIFE MADE AN APPEAL TO PROVIDENCE.

She Wanted Twenty Big Fat Coops and Dreamed About Them Nights-The Bolt of Lightning and the Hollow Tree. Some Prayers That Were Not Answered.

"We was mighty pore folks around yere arter the wah," said old Zeb White one evening as we sat by his fireside, "an fur awhile most o' us couldn't find ne way to git along. I had cum home feelin feeble, an the ole woman had bin livin on parched co'n an roots, an how we was to git a start ag'in I couldn't see. Eimehy a feller cums ap yere from Nashville an wants to buy conskins, an the price never was so high, but I was that feeble I couldn't do no buntin. Sich as did go out to hunt didn't hev no luck, an it was finally agreed that the coons had all bin skeared outer the kentry. One day me'n the eie woman was chawin roots an talkin things ever when she looks up an sez: 'Zeb White, Providence is every-

whar, ain't she?' 'Reckon she is, if the Bible is right.' "The Bible don't leave this yere Cumberland mountings out, does it?' 'Can't say it does, but I wouldn't

blame her if she did.' "'Waal, I reckon Providence must oversee Tennessee with the rest of the kentry, an these hills are too high to be missed. If she watches over human beins, she also knows about coons, don't

" 'Stands to reason that she does, but what are yo' gwine to do? Providence ain't gwine to drive coons up to our donh an hev them drap dead at our feet.'

'Never yo' mind, Zeb White. Yo' jest set right yere an smoke, an I'll take a lectle walk up the hill by my-

"I knowed what she went fur," said the old man as he rubbed his hands before the fire. "She believed in prayer the same as I believe in dry powder, an she was gwine up into the bushes to pray fur coons. Jest as she went

coon track to be seen, an I got under the shelter of a chestnut tree an prepared to cuss. I was gwine to cuss coons, possums, the wah, the ole woman an everything else, when thar cum a flash o' lightnin an a roll o' thunder to make me jump. Jist then the rain began to pour down barder, an I sorter reckoned if I got hum all right I wouldn't cum out on no mo' tomfool tramps. Down below me an about ten rods away was a big dead tree, an I knowed from the looks o' it 'twas holler. My eyes was on that tree when thar cum another flash, follered by a crash. I was knocked down an put to sleep like fur five minits, an when I sot up that ole tree was lyin on the airth in splinters."

"It had been struck by a thunderbolt?" I said

"Exactly, an it 'peared to be a purty clus call fur me too. Bimeby, arter the moke an dust had cleared away, I walked down among the splinters, an about the fust thing I saw was a dead coon. I hadn't fairly made him out when I seen another an another, an, shuck my hide, sah, if the airth wasn't kivered with the varmints. That ole tree had bin chuck full o' 'em, an when the lightnin busted the tree it also busted the coons. I was standin thar rubbin my eyes an wonderin if I had gone blind, when the ole woman showed up au sez:

"And you're sure you'll never be askin me for it again?" "'I heard the crash an knowed a said the merchant decidedly. tree had been struck, an so I cum out to help toto the coens home. How many kapin me money in me pocket, for I do yo' make o' 'em. Zeb?'

"'How many did yo' pray fur?' sez I. "'Jest an even 20, an it seems like

they are all yere.' 'But how did 20 coons cum to be in this ole tree, when nobody has seen even a track around yere fur the last three

"'Dunno, Zeb. I prayed Providence to send us coons-big, fat coons-an if ever lived was Judge Arthur Shields," she crowded 'em inter a tree instead o' said C. R. Markham of Cheyenne. "He a holler log or a hole in the ground we was on the bench in the early days of ain't gwine to kick about it. Let's Kansas, and I was one of the lawyers pick 'em up an get 'em hum an begin who practiced in his court. Upon one work. occasion I was conducting a case in

'And was the number just 20?" I

"Waal, no, sah. Thar was jest 19 of gressed far the evidence against my

Young Girls Fading Away.

Symptoms that seem like consumption; a lack of blood; friends feared one girl would fall dead on the street; restored to health by a sensible woman's suggestion.

Many girls of sixteen years seem to ave consumption, although they have it

in a village store one of the clerks came Their anxious parents and friends watch to the junior partner, who was waiting them slowly fade away.

A death-like pallor, transparent com-plexion and listlessness are signs of this "Please step to the desk. Pat Flynn wants to settle his account and wants a

condition.

The body lacks blood.

Mrs. John Tansey knows the meaning of these symptoms, and the cure.

She lives at 130 Baker Street, Detroit, The merchant was evidently annoyed. "Why, what does he want of a re-ceipt?" he said. "We never give one.

A Bit of Irtel Wit.

on me, and said:

That is receipt enough."

ter see him."

morning," said:

it?" exclaimed Pat.

same," said Pat.

receipt. -- Romance.

Some time ago while I was trading

So the proprietor stepped to the desk,

"You want to settle your bill, do

'Well,' said the merchant, "there is

no need of my giving you a receipt.

See, I will cross your account off the

bock," and, suiting the action to the

word, he drew his pencil diagonally across the account. "That is a good re-

'And do you mane that that settles

"That settles it," said the merchant.

"We'll never ask you for it again,"

"Faith, now, and I thought the

It is needless to add that Pat got his

"One of the most honest men who

An Honest Judge.

which I had perfect confidence when

the trial began, but before it had pro-

case was hopeless. I fully believed the

witnesses lied, but could not shake them

though my client would lose his prop-

erty. Judge Shields had decided every

question with perfect fairness, and it

could not be seen that he was in any

way interested until suddenly he called

to an attorney, 'Mr. Black, take the

bench for the rest of this case;' then,

turning to me, be said: 'Have me sworn

robbed in this court in matters of which

I am personally cognizant. ' He took the

stand, and his testimony saved the case

for me. The other side appealed, but

the judge was sustained, the only case

of the kind in the books."-Washington

Cremations

of the American crematories more m

than women have been cremated the

movement abroad was practically begun

by women, Lady Dilke of England and

a German woman having been cre-

mated at Dresden. When efforts were

made in the years 1873-4 on the conti-

nent of Europe, in England and in the

of the dead, Lady Rose Mary Crawshay

was one of its prominent advocates. A

number of well known women in this

country have expressed themselves de-

cidedly in favor cf cremation. Among

them are Olive Thorne Miller, Mrs.

Lippincott, Mrs. J. C. Croly, Mrs. Ella

Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Alice D. Le Plon-

geon, the late Kate Field, Rose Eliza-

beth Cleveland and Edith Thomas. At

a public meeting Mrs. Ballington Booth

referred to the time when her body

should be carried to the crematory. The

total number of cremations in the Unit-

ed States from 1876, when the first cre-

matory was established, to the close of

1895, was reported to be 4,647. The

"I Love You!"

Oh, what music there was in those

words as they flowed mellifluously-

which means something about honey-

from her parted lips. Her lips were

The songs of the birds in the trees

en. - New York Tribune.

"I love you!"

parted in the middle.

"I love you!"

It is noteworthy that though in each

"Oh, well, I can rub that out."

and, after greeting Pat with a "Good

Pat replied in the affirmative.

Simply cross his account off the book. Mich.

Her advice to mothers has been of great value to her neighbors. She tells the story to help others who are at a distance. "So I told him," answered the clerk. "but he is not satisfied. You had bet-

When my daughter was sixteen years old she began to waste away.

"Had I not known there was no taint of consumption in the family I would have believed her lungs were affected.

"She grew thinner and thinner every day.

She lacked only the hacking cough to show all the outward signs of consumption.
"Our doctor called the disease by an odd name, which I learned meant simply weak

"No treatment seemed to do her any good. "She was fading away before our eyes.
"I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the change they

made was almost magical.

"Before she had taken half a box there was a great improvement in her looks, ap-petite and weight.

"She gained strength rapidly. Soon she was in perfect health.
"Since then I have kept Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the house always and have done much good with them.
"One example:

"There is a young girl friend of my daughter who seemed almost transparent.
"She was white and very thin. We were afraid she would fall dead in the street when she went out.

"I henced her to take De Williams Different One example:

when she went out.

"I begged her to take Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People, and finally induced
her to try them. They helped her wonderfully, probably saved her life and restored her to perfect health. Now she is "I earnestly advise mother young women.
"I earnestly advise mothers with growing daughters to keep Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills always on hand as a household remedy.

Many women's lives are miserable because such symptoms as Mrs. Tansey's daughter showed were neglected while they were developing into womanhood. During that period of rapid development the blood needs the highest degree of strength to re-pair the tissues that are rapidly wasted.

These needed elements are supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The vegetable ingredients of these pills act like magic in restoring strength to the mus-cles and roses to the cheeks of growing gir!s or adults weakened by overwork.
All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

for Pale People. They cost 50 cents a box; aix boxes \$2.50.

Tailor Made Costumes.

Women in London are now very tailor "Faith, thin," said Pat, "I'll be after made. Cloth suits of all kinds are universally worn in the street. Canes are also in vogue, and no up to date woman is seen without this accessory of fashion mounted in gold or silver. Many of the handles are very unique in design. and they contain purses. Blue, black and brown are the popular colors for tailer suits. The skirts are very plain, and the bodices are finished with lapped seams. Severe frocks, however, are only seen in the mornings. Afternoon costumes of all kinds are to a degree elaborate. They are built of cloth and velvet, silk, and silk and velvet. Notwithstanding that it was stated early in the season that brilliant effects would not be in vogue, many of the handsomest gowns are not only bright, but they are will be, the friend and champion of the per combined with trimmings which con-

client's side of the controversy was so trast strongly. strong and so unexpected that I saw the For example, a gown worn by one of our handsome matrons is built of plum cloth, elaborately embellished with by cross examination, and it looked as French knots in the same tone. The bodice is of mirror velvet, embroidered with steel and jet. A yoke is composed of muslin insertion and cherry taffeta. The stock is also of the taffeta. Another chie creation is of navy blue bengaline cut princess. It is without trimming except on the bodice, which opens on one side and is finished with a band of as a witness. I will not see a man velvet and a rich fall of lace. Charming also is a pale gray frock. The bodice is cut low, opening over a guimpe of white chiffon elaborately made of shirred tucks. The sleeves are of the gray cloth, tucked around the arm. From the throat hangs a small soft bow, caught with a turquoise buckle. The collar of gray velvet is edged with sable, which runs down the side of the bodice and continues down one side of the skirt. An elegant gray velvet costume has a plain skirt cut a trifle long. The coat is long and cut in tabs, which are embroidered with jet nail heads. A high collar of baby lamb is lined with cream colored lace, which hangs down in frent in a jabot. - Chicago Times-Herald.

United States in favor of the cremation Glass Hats and Bonnets. In contrast to the effects secured by the use of fars, and as more in keeping with freaks of the mercury at their advent, were the glass hats and bonnets which were brought out last month These absolutely transparent headdresses are among the most decided novelties which have ever appeared in our millinery market, and while glass was the substantial material, as in the case of the cloth woven in Venice of spun glass, may seem doubtful, the effect is as of the thinnest sheet of the finest plate glass, and there is therefore no need to cavil at the term applied or to question the fabric. A large hat of the new shape, with the brim wide, upspringing and rounding at the front and the crown medium tall and slightly tapering, has the brim formed of leaflike pieces of the glass, terminating in a triple scallop, the pieces joined with a close tucked ruching of chiffon in delicate rose pink, the ruching edging the brim and the crown, galloon of pail- SAMPLE COPIES S. AT FRIE. lettes in tones of rose color encircling the crown and a double Amazon ostrich plume in pink sweeping from each side

around to the back. A glass bonnet is made of three pieces, which joined form a diamond, the greater width passing across the head from side to side, and each point curled back, the effect of the shape being after that of the Dutch bonnets. The pieces are joined under narrow passementerie of gold bullion studded with pearls and wide passementeric binds the brim. A rosette of satin ribbon in fresh rose color posed at the left of the front holds an upright aigret bunch of curled ends of the glass, a twist from this rosette running to a rosette at the left side of the back and a resette posed at the right side.-Millinery Trade Re-

The Dignity of Labor.

It is one of the weaknesses of many nice girls that they do not feel sure ployment outside their homes, but they must needs offer some excuse or reiterate something better. It is a weakness which brings them little credit from their confidants. A girl entering a school for typewriting and stenography was asked by the other students why take a position just for fun?" they asked. "Why, certainly not," she replied. 'It is too bard work. I do not do hard work for the pleasure of it." so glad," answered her querists. "The greater number of the girls here say

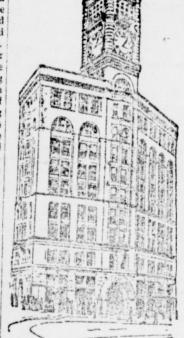
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M. H de YOUNG, Proprietor S. F. Chronicia, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

A Cract Larden. Preyn - The pessentry in Europe have a much easier time than formerly.

Returned Traveler - às a rule, yes. Scotland is the one assistion. There the poor things have to live up to their novelists. - Procklyn Life.

Parisian restaurant keepers mix a little honey with then hatter. This gives it an agreeable taste and flavor and makes the inferior batter more palata-

Biliousness tion and permits food to ferment and putrify in

Was Played-The Now Well Rion Method of Sparing a Victim-The h

insomina, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's

parration:

rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. STORIES OF STETSON.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MEN EVER IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

An Ignorance Whose Depth and Breadth Made It Highly Entertaining-Stetson Was a Source of Fun Outside of The-

There is a man born now and then with a sort of humorous silver spoon in his mouth. Uninterrupted good fortune as a humorist smiles on him through you tell me the way to St. James' park! life, and that, too with no seeming I am a stranger in London. In fact, effort of his own. He somehow acquires I was left some money down in Hitch. an early reputation for saying or doing in, Hertfordshire, and as I intend to go funny things, which, once gained, nothing can take away. All the jokes in his line of his generation, and often some of earlier and later generations, are credited to him, and nobody cares to dispute the honor. Collectors of jokes certainly one of the poorest streets in are ready to accept Joe Miller as Joe London, though it appears to be alway Miller, but no literary scholar believes full of people. So we went along, but I that he originated all the jests in his noticed when there was a crowd be alleged book. Anybody can think for went ahead and pushed through the himself of two or three similar examples crowd. I thought to myself, "You are in the present half century, and, even aside waiting for the crowd to go by." so, it is not likely that John Stetson ever really said all or half the amusing Waterloo Bridge road, he asked me to things that were attributed to him. take a glass of bitters. So we entered They were good stories, some of them, the gin palace, and there we met a and they were told of Stetson, just as well dressed young lady. The stranger the story of fiddling while Rome burned asked her to take a bitter. She said the was told of Nero, not because they were would prefer gin. We took ale. I noticed true, but to show what kind of man she had a well filled satchel, and when

The stories which it was thought proper to fix upon John Stetson were rolls of old newspapers. We then west those which exhibited any bread, com- out and walked to the Westminster prehensive and picturesque ignorance. He was an ignorant man no doubt-ignorant enough, perhaps, to say all the things that it was ever said that he abbey, turn to the right up Parliament said, but the chances are that he did not say them all. But the stories are none the worse for that. Years ago Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" was played by the students of Harvard college and excited great comment throughout the country. It was discussed one evening at a dinner at which Stetson was present, and he cheered the company by announcing that he had contracted with Sophocles for the writing of a new play to be produced by him

the following season. This story belongs in the same class as a somewhat more claborate one. there. Stetson once took possession of a new theater and discovered in the lobby a picture that did not meet his artistic place where he is stopping." Taking taste. "Take that picture down," he

"But, Mr. Stetson," somebody reby Michael Angelo.

'Michael who?' said Stetson.

"Michael Angelo."

"Well, take it down," said Stetson, 'and discharge Augelo. I won't have talking an old man, a peddler, came h any of these foreign scene painters the room and, taking some things of around my theater; I'm going to em-ploy Americans." cf his basket, said, "Gentlemen, I would like to sell you a pair of reach

This so amused those who heard it cheap-only two bob and a tanner. that they at once told the incident to The friend eried: "I never saw such friends of Stetson and themselves, and place as London is for peddlers. Gentleamong them was Jack Haverly, the men cannot hold a private conversation famous negro minstrel manager. Hav- but they are intruded on by some cae to erly did not laugh when he heard it, sell something." but simply looked puzzled. He thought for a few moments, and then a faint smile came into his face, and he said, 'Oh, yes, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!"

to take back to Stetson, who, it was assumed, must have taken pains in the one court and two plain cards. Now, meantime to inform himself of the his- can any gentleman show me where the tory of art sufficiently to understand it. court card is?" The two friends argued What do you think, Stetson?" said his about it and then decided, after playing friend. "We have told Jack Haverly what you said about Michael Angelo, and he said, 'Oh, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!"

Stetson looked blank in his turn for a seetson looked blank in his turn for a on the floor, and in trying to find it pet moment and then received his own little his head below the table. One of the illumination as to the humor of the friends instantly found the court card, thing. "Why, the ignorant old fool," he said; "of course he ought to have and laid it back in its place, after wink said, "There isn't any such person as ing at me. Just then the peddler lifted Michael Angelo.' "

This story again recalls another with any gentleman tell where the court a similar touch in it. The conversation card is?' once turned on a clever passage in W. J. Florence's old play, "The Mighty Dollar," in which Bardwell Sloat exposes his ignorance by referring to a hackman whom he had encountered in clever; of course they don't have hacks in Venice; it's such a slow place they don't have anything but omnibuses and mule carts." This fable found its way into print again only a few weeks before Mr. Stetson's death.

"What do you think of So-and-so?" Stetson asked of a friend, naming one a bob. of the actors of his company. He meant to ask what his friend thought of the way the actor was playing the part in which he was then engaged, but the friend supposed that he meant to ask ly. Then I crept up, opened the door what manner of man he thought him. So he answered, "He's well enough, only he seems to me to be a little too version. I cried, "Gentlemen, that is

This struck Stetson as a good word, and he stored it up in his memory for future use. A few days later, when he met the actor, he said, "I was in front watching you last night and thought you didn't play that part quite as pedantic as you usually do.'

Sometimes Mr. Stetson's expressions amounted to epigrams. It will be remembered that when Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" was first done in this country at the New Park theater, now the Herald Square, it was a dreadful failure. It was clearly and obviously so to anybody who saw any considerable part of it, even if he were ordinarily a bad judge of such things, and Stetson was not a bad judge. He had secured the rights to the opera for New England, and he had paid a good deal of money for them. He went to the New Park on the first night to see and hear The pearl fisheries in the gulf of Ma- like. After the first act he strode out into naar are the most important in ludia. the lobby and somebody heard him mut According to Friar Jerdanus, 8,000 ter: "Gondoliers? Gondoliers? H'na! boats were engaged in this gulf in 1830. Gone dollars!"-New York Tribune

miliar Trick of Turning Up a Corner. Three card monte is not a recent in vention of the card player by means. Back in the early fifties it on dently flourished in the English capi tal, as the following letter to the Brook lyu Eagle suggests. The communication comes from William Day, who had a experience with card sharpers in Log. don in 1855. After slumbering for many a long year the details come with flavor of the old days in their quains

MONTE MEN IN LONDON

A QUAINT NARRATIVE OF AN ENCOUN TER WITH CARD SHARPS.

One day in the year 1855 I was standing at the corner of Great Holland street and Blackfriars' road, London atrical Circles as Well as Within Them. I had not even a single acquaintance in the city and very little money, and w I was thinking where I could go ber so it would cost nothing a plainly dres-ed man spoke to me. He said: "Can to Australia I thought I would like to see something of London on my way there." I said: "I have nothing to do. I'll show you the way to St. Jame' park." He appeared quite grateful ! said, "We must go along the new cut."

When we got to the corner of the she opened it to take her handkerchief out I noticed it was bulged out with Bridge road. I said to him: "Here we are now. Go over this bridge, pass the houses of parliament and Westminster street and there you are at the Horse Guards entrance to the park." He said: "I am much obliged to you for your

trouble. Take a glass before you leave." While we were drinking he said: "I have a friend here, but I have lost him in this great city. He is stopping opposite some large theater, but I cannot think of its name. Tell me the names of the theaters. I may remember its name." I mentioned several names, and when I mentioned "Victoria" he cried, 'Why, that is it." I said: "We passed it, but it is no trouble. I'll take you

I took the man around to the thester. He said, "There is the very me across the road, he said, "Wait one moment." Then be ran up the stain, bringing his friend back with him, and monstrated, "that picture was painted they insisted that I must go up. . So we all three went upstairs into a room. I remember the room weil; half a doza chairs and two tables. The friend adered ale, and while we were siding

The old peddler answered: "I ama

poor man trying to make an honest living. Now, gentlemen, I'll tell for what I will do. We will play for the razors. I'll put up the pair of razors This answer was thought good enough against your two and six. Here are the a few times and passing sovereigns of yellow boys between them. The peddler set the cards out once more. Then the peddler dropped a dirty handkerebie! showed it to me, turned up the corner his head above the table and said, "Can

The two friends argued it and at last appealed to me. Che said it was one card, and the other said it was another. I said, "Gentlemen, I am not betting Venice. "Yes," said Stetson, "that is certainly there the court card," for clever; of course they don't have he the corner turned up. The friend said. "I will bet you a sovereign you cannot pick it up." I said, "I tell you I do not bet." The other friend said, "I don't believe the fellow has a mag." The ether one said to me, "You have not got a. sovereign, and I don't think you have

I found it was getting warm, and, st I sat near the door, I arose and said, "Gentlemen, I must be going." Then about an inch and saw all three with their heads Together and in deep connot the first time I have seen three card

His Attempt Was Void. They had been having a discussion concerning the necessity or otherwise of purchasing a new silk dress in order to be on a level with the De Moneys next door. Banks had vetoed the purchase on the ground of extravagance and went

of funds, and his wife was much po-"Dinner ready, my dear?" he asked in his most conciliatory manner. Her face had been like a stale the derstorm ever since the disagreement, and Banks

wanted to change it.
"Yes," answered Mrs. B. shortly. "Must try again," said Banks to him-self. Then aloud: "Ah, I'm glad of that, my love. I have what the post would call 'an aching void, Sarah

"You often suffer from boudacha" she returned in a cutting tone. Eanks drew bis chair up to the table with unnecessary noise and retrained from turther attempts at conciliation for the rest of the day. - Pearson's



"ALL ALONG THIS YERE MOUNTING FOLKS WAS PRAYIN."

'Zeb White, thar ain't any question

same as the rest of the kentry, but she waste her breath.' "It reemed that way to me, too, but when she cum back I didn't say a word

to discourage her. She looked happier than when she went away, an that night she woke up arter we'd bin asleep two hours to ax how much money 20 coonskins would bring in at 90 cents each. I figgered it out fur her, an she chuckled an went to sleep ag'in. Next mawnin I was feelin a leetle better, an fur coons. I went up to the hill an tramped around for six hours, but thar was no sign of coons. When I got home, she seemed a bit disappointed, but arter | didn't it?"

a bit she sez : "'Never mind, Zeb; mebbe Providence was busy an didn't h'ar me yisterday, an I'll go up the hill an put a leetle mo' power in my voice. Could yo' skin 20 coons in a day if yo' had 'em?'

"'I'd try powerful hard, but if sum was left over it wouldn't hurt. 'Want all big coons?'

"Waal, if Providence is to send 20 coons they might as well all be big ones. as the cost won't be any mo' to her. The small ones kin be saved over to another

"She went up the hill ag'in," said Zeb, "an I heard her voice good an wink at her, but she seemed so airnest I didn't want to burt ber feelin's. She heard her figgerin over an over ag'in how much 20 prime pelts would cum to b'ars an a possum?" at 90 cents apiece. It was winter, with snow on the ground, but next mawnin the weather was soft, with a look o' rain. I wasn't goin to stir out, but

arter awhile the ole woman sez to me: 'Zeb, I reckon yo'd better go, but yo' needn't take yo'r gun along. Jest slosh around an see if suntbin don't happen befo' noon.'

How kin anything happen if I don't hev my gun along?' "'Dunno, but Providence may bring shout what I've bin prayin fur. If I h'ar yo' hoot, I'll cum along an jine

"Bout an bour arter I left home," mid the old man after throwing another stick on the fire, "it begun to rain, an purty soon I was both wet an mad all through. Ther wasn't so much as a

tame in Thompson, an 'em. Mebbe Providence couldn't find when I told him what was up he said: another handy by, an mebbe the ole about Providence bein in Tennessee, other one go. They was all full grown ain't in the coon bizness, an I'll bet on cash. I allowed that the lightnin might it. She's got heaps o' bigger things to hev damaged sum o' 'em, but not a ha'r see to, an yo'r ole woman will only was singed. It took us two days to git the pelts off, but it was a job we didn't self, an more'n a dezen others cum arter him, an all o' 'em said the hand of number of men cremated in New York

was vo'rself?" "Do you?" I asked she advised me to take my gun an lock the fire. "Thar wasn't any coons about

"But, on t'other hand, Hi Thompson, Ben Williams, Abe Davis an a heap mo went hum an went to prayin fur coons an possums an b'ars, an they got their wives an daughters to help 'em. Sum prayed fur 20 coous in a dead tree an spread, an all along this yere mounting folks was prayin fur bacon, co'nmeal, mewls, chickens, whisky, terbacker an greenbacks. Fur two weeks most o' 'em

didn't do nuthin but pray an wait." "And what came of it?" "Jest nuthin, sah; nuthin 'tall. Not a blamed critter even got a woodchuck's strong this time. I wanted to sorter tail in answer to his prayers, an that's what makes me doubt. If Providence answered in one case, why didn't she in talked in her sleep that night, an I the others? If she sent me 19 coons, why didn't she send Hi Thompson two

"Zeb White," said his wife as she suddenly appeared in the kitchen door, 'was yo' uns talkin 'bout Providence an them 19 coons?"

'Yes, mammy."

coons, an Providence sent 'em, an anybody as doubts it kin go out an sleep on a brush beap an chaw roots fur break-And we winked at each other and

"Waal, then, yo' shet! We got the

Home Remedies.

M. QUAD.

"When my wife gets a cold, I can cure it in a day." "What do you give her?"

"Nothing. I simply say that if she is well by night I will take her to the theater. -- Chicago Record.

woman lost her breath at 19 an let the coons an every pelt wuth 90 cents in the karkasses down to the house an rip complain about. Hi Thompson heard about it an cum over to look fur him-Providence was in it. Do yo' think it is more than double the number of wom-

"I'm jest divided shout it," he said as he scratched his head and gazed into till I found them 19. The ole woman had prayed fur 'em, an thar they was. Looked like her prayers was answered,

"It surely did."

overhead seemed jangling and out of tone in comparison with these words of Aye, for such a one as she kings, and sum fur 30 in a holler log. The news even actors, would have given up their all and fallen captive at her feet. "I love you!" And he? Did his heart leap within

him? Did his panting breath denote the arder of his longing to clasp her in his arms? Did he fall on bended knee and 'And I love thee!"

No. He gave a blithe bark and wagged his tail, for he knew he was ber favorite poodle. - New York Journal.

When You See It In Print.

A sensitive man is never so humiliated proofs. Type mocks the writer. The sentence that in manuscript moved danced as a swooning strain of Strauss is now limp and lame. The phrase that glowed with color is now pailid. Sparkling wit is flat. Sage reflection is jejune. The thought, "Shall I ever get

The Good and Beautiful.

To see the good and the beautiful and to have no strength to live it is only to be Moses on the mountain of Nebo, with the land at your feet and no power to enter. It would be better not to see take positions to 'pass away the time.' it. - Olive Schreiner.

as when he is obliged to read his own enough of themselves in taking up emwith the stride of an armed man or the fact that they are accustomed to the money for this?" is jostled by, "Who she had come to the school. "Are you would be fool enough to pay for it?"- taking up stenography and going to they have come 'just for fun' and will -New York Times.