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Some Lawyers' Stories.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"The most thrilling incident I ever eaw in a courtroom," remarked a west-ern attorney the other day, "was in southern Kansas. The senior lawyer of the county bar was a distinguished looking and courteous gentleman 'of the old school,' who had little patience with the joking always going on during court recess. He was exceedingly nearsighted, but had a habit of laying his glasses on the table during his speeches to the jury. One day, as his back was turned toward the other lawyers, one of them picked up the glasses, and with a bit of mucilago fastened to the lenses pieces of tissue paper which exactly covered the glass—not particularly notice-able, but at the same time preventing

vision through them. Soon the owner of the glasses came back to the table to examine some papers for reference in his address. He put on the glasses, looked at the paper, adjusted them again-and then a pallor overspread his face that was pitiful to see. He staggered to a chair. "'My God, gentlemen, I am blind!

I have feared it for years,' he exclaimed, and dropped his head on his hands. "For an instant the courtroom was hushed. Even the practical joker must have felt remorse at the evident suffering of his victim. Before any one could speak or the sheriff rap for order the attorney lifted his head, took off the glasses and had his sight again. His face flushed as he rubbed the tissue pa-

per from the lenses, and he stood up, an angry and excited man.
"If I knew who did that dastardly trick, if I knew who had brought that minute of grief to me,' he broke out, 'I swear I would kill him.' He left the courtroom, and the judge adjourned the session for the day. I never want any more practical joking."-Detroit Free

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If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, DR. J. C. AYEE, Lowell, Mass.

THE LONE BACHELOR.

What He Thinks He Knows About Men. Adam's first thought was probably

that Eve was only intended as a joke. Happiners in married life is like a piece of soap in a bathtub. You always know it was there when you got in. Most men would just as lief see a wo-

man wear a nose ring as carrings. Never believe a man who says he loves you or a girl who says she doesn't. The woman that hugged a burglar

till the police came probably wondered why he objected to getting arrested. The first year a woman is married she thinks most of her husband, the second of her baby and the third of her teeth.

Vhen a girl first tells a man she loves him, she generally says his hand seemed to her like a touch out of another

The only man who keeps on making a fool of himself in the same way to the same woman is the jealous man.

The habit married women have of

collecting china or teaspoons is probably a relic of their habit of collecting men. When a woman feels intimate enough with a man to get careless about the way she dresses for him, he is liable to feel too intimate with her to marry her. When a woman goes to get a check

cashed, she always acts as if she was buying something and wasn't sure whether she liked it. When a woman goes to a party, when she isn't wondering whether the men like her she is wondering whether the

women like her dress. The pleasure the average woman gets out of getting Christmas presents is generally balanced by the fear that she may not be able to find out just what some of them cost .- New York Press.

New Use For a Poodle. A southern woman says that she never

sees a white poodle dressed up with ribbons and bells and waddling along in arathetic content without being instantly reminded of a former pet of her own. This dog mysteriously disappeared, and although large rewards were offered

for his return nothing was heard from At last one day a servant of the house brought him in to his discouraged owner in an indescribably dirty and abject

condition. "Where in the world did you find him?" she asked with a mixture of delight and disgust as the dog looked up at her with malicious, twinkling eyes

from under a soiled drab fringe of hair. "Oh," replied the man, doing his best to repress a chuckle, "I done found dat Mopsey 'bout a mile from yar, missus! You see, dere was a trifling niggah, he d got Mopsey tied on to de end ob a pole, and he was projecking to swab all his windows wid dat dog, but I reckon he didn't get mo'n seben or eight done, missus."—Youth's Com-

Smith-After trying for ten long years I have at last succeeded in con-vincing my wife that I am perfect.

Brown-Are you sure of it? Smith-Of course I am. It was only this morning that she said I was a perfect idiot .-- Chicago News.

"I'm really sorry for Ploddin," remarked young Mr. Happigo. "Why?" inquired the friend.
"I asked him to lend me \$10, and he only had 75 cents. I can't help feeling sorry for a man who only bas 75 cents.

- Washington Star.

TO A GIRL GRADUATE.

Whither away? What road, my friend? It has full many a turn. The flight of the cagle is without end, But the wood thrush seeks the burn.

Over the sea the white sails fly,
The herons they wander far,
The song lark soars in the azure sky.
And the petrels cross the bar.

Whither away? What road, my friend? The rover is full of fire, But the peaceful vale where the willow bend
Is the nightingale's desire.

—Harper's Bazar

MISS FAITH'S ADVICE.

Miss Faith sat in close companionship, as usual, with her familiar spirit, a piece of crocheted edging. Her touch apon the mazes of tangled thread was very gentle, even endearing, and her look of content as she held it up and noted its effect as a whole seemed vastly out of proportion to the cause. Miss Faith was still pretty, with the pathetic beauty held as flotsam from the wreck of years. Her hair was prettier as silver than it had ever been as brown, and her eyes, though they had lost their vivid glow and eagerness, had gained a kindly sympathy. Her tenderness had even ex-tended to the crocheting in her hand and imparted something to that usually very impersonal object that her fancy had fretted into thinking a response. She passed her hand affectionately over it now, as the figure of a pineapple, much conventionalized, repeating itself like history again and again, fell in scaling the state of the conventionalized of the conventional state of t lops to the floor. "It's most done," she thought. "I can go back to the oak leaf

A change in the crochet pattern was the chief diversion of Faith's life, that ran on as monotonously to the observer as the tune of the famous harper who played upon only one string. To an ant the coming of a stick or a stone may be a great event. It is not hard to under-stand how a life that consists in taking infinite pains with many little things may get its sips of excitement, interest and novelty from a change in a pattern of crochet. The examination of the work appeared to be satisfactory, and Faith laid it on the table at her side. This table was devoted to the uses of her art, nor was ever profaned by the presence of any irrelevant substance. There were rows of spools upon it, drawn up in lines like soldiers ready to receive attack, hooks of various sizes lying like weapons by their side and various rolls of lace, the finished product of their warfare. Faith regarded them with ap-proval, but her hand that had lain upon the table fell away from the accuston task, and she sat idle, watching the red coal, the shadows the lamplight threw upon the carpet and listening to the clatter that Mary, her maid of all work,

was making as a part of the dishwash-"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those di Faith regretfully, "a sleight of hand performance, to see how many tricks she can do before one of them will break." But her face did not cloud, for she had learned resignation. She had surrendered to Mary the dishes and all the rest of the household divinities that she had served so deftly and carefully for years that she might be more at leisure to while away her time in her own

innocent fashiou.

She wondered, as she sat staring dully at the blaze, how the crocheti had come to mean so much to her and could not think for the instant, then half remembered, saddeped a little, lost the thread of memory again, recovered it and fell to musing, her elbow resting on the table, her check in her palm. She could hardly believe now that a certain few years of her life had ever really happened. They must bave belonged to some other and wandered willfully into her own, for there was no home for them in hers or likeness unto anything they brought. Was it so? They had gone so utterly, so complete ly, and she was happy now in her own harmless way, far inland, out of all reach of storm and reef. She was still looking vaguely, half wistfully, at the

fire when her doorbell rang and some one had entered the room and was hurrying to her side. 'Aunt Faith," said a girlish, tremu lous voice, "I've come to ask you to help me. Mother said you had suffered like this once and you had learned to

forget, and I thought perhaps you could show me the way."

Faith looked down upon the slight figure crouched there, sobbing, and laid her hand gently upon the brown head, but she did not understand about the

suffering 'What is it, Grace?" she asked. "Oh, it's Phil!" she cried. "He doesn't care for me any more He's taking Jennie Thompson now, and I can't bear it. Mother said other women had to bear such things, but she'd always been happy, and I could come to you.

You could help me," she said, looking up appealingly. "You could teach me to forget." "Yes," said Faith slowly.
Then it came back to her, all her own little story, and a dim, broken memory of the first heartache and her own long-

ing to forget. "Poor little girl," whispered Faith stroking the beautiful mass of tangled hair. "How was it I learned to forget! Let me think. Yes, I remember now Wait a minute. dear I will show you. Faith slipped out of the room and soon returned, bringing three rolls of very broad crocheted lace

"Can you crochet, Grace?" "Not very much," said Grace, won-

deringly. "Well, I will teach you. This is the way I learned to torget The needle slips in and out, and the sunlight and firelight shine on it, and the lace grows and is so pretty, and it brings comfort When I began, I couldn't see the needle -oh, how long ago that is'-for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wed-

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RESPECTFULLY V. KAUFFMAN.

Cant Regarding Stage Sett

ling dress all ready—it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But after awhile the lace took up my trouble drop by drop till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. These are the three rolls I did in the three years, one for

each. They're yellow now, you see."
Faith opened one and spread it out.
It was an intricate pattern, very broad.
"It's hard to do," she said, "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man, I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would do a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball and the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light. But I couldn't very well, so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my tron ble into it, and I was afraid. I thought a long time about it when Alice was married, but I was afraid it would some way make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one— and this is the second's and this the

third's. There's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time and was observing ber aunt

"That's a fern pattern," said Faith it's very pretty." Faith sat silent for "It's very pretty. a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summon old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking, "to forget This is the way Here is the old pattern I will teach

needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work. "There," she said after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly "Do you think I could forget so, aunt?" "I did," said Faith. Grace had returned to her task and

made one or two awkward motions except when he was asleep.
with the needle when there came a Johnny was fulfilling his mission ring at the door 'It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, spring-

shame and pleading in his voice. Grace caught ber bat and went to him without snother word. "We'll try the crocheting some other

time, Aunt Faith," said Grace. Then seeing her aunt's half dazed expression. as if she bardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil, and

they went out chatting merrily. Faith listened till the last footfall or the crust had died away, then carefully

rolled up the lace.
"She thinks she's happier." thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property, but a cro provingly upon those on the table, "is always the same." - bpringfield Re

The Corpse Plant. The corpse plant is a remarkable car-

niverous specimen that grows in the colony of Natal. Its principal feature is a bell shaped mouth, with a throat opening into a hollow stem. It is al-most black and covered with a thick gintingus secreticu, while its odor is very offensive. This attracts carriou feeding birds to it, and ence they alight on it they are lost. Their claws become entangled in the secretion, the bell shaped month folds up, and they are lit-

erally swallowed The linteraces.

"I suppose you took in the Bowery when you were in New York and listened to the delightful Chimmie Fadden

"I did, but I didn't bear any of the dialect. I don't believe the illiterate creatures have read the book at all. "-Cincinnati Enquirer.

We hear a great deal of cant talked by those who insist that the ideal stage by those who insist that the ideal stage setting should be a green baise, whose decoration should consist of placards inscribed, "This is a street," "This is a house," "This is a house," "This is heaven." In all this there seems to me something of affectation. If Shakespeare's poetry could be better or more reverently illustrated by such means, I would say, "Take away those baubles of scenery, of costume and of archælogical accessories." It was all very well for David Garrick to appear in a powdered tie wig, a Georgian coat in a powdered tie wig, a Georgian coat and silk stockings when he was imper-sonating the Thane of Cawdor, but he created the effect (which undoubtedly he did create) not by virtue of the in-correctness of his costume, but in spite of it. The greater knowledge of historical periods possessed by our theater goers of today, the increased sense of humor, the demand for luxury, require general and detailed illusion in the appointand detailed illusion in the appointments of the stage, and to deny it to theater goers is to be affectedly superior to one's age and belated in the movements of the time. Every artist uses the material which his generation places at his disposal. If the painter lacked pains and canvas, he would content himself with the flagstone and a piece of chalk; if the musician lacked a Stradivarius, tooth comb. But why complain of the canvas, and the paint, and the Stradivarius? The increase of picturesqueness in all the arts, the complete revolution in taste as regards house decoration, the greater cultivation of the eye-all th have tended to what has been contemp-tuously called the millinery of the drama.—Beerbohm Tree in North Amer-

Not His Day For Being Whipped. Little Johnny was 8 years old. There-fore he could look back to several Christmas holidays with a lively re-membrance of what they were like and what had taken place on those festal

One of Johnny's ideas (not original with Johnny by any means, as many parent can testify) was that it is a boy mission to make as much noise as pos-sible in the world, and in spite of frequent admonishing and more or less frequent whippings he perseveringly carried out the idea on all occasions

with more vigor and enthusiasm than usual on Christmas morning, but nobody paid any attention to him except his Aunt Jane, who was visiting John-Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There were said: "Johnny, it is very naughty to keep

up such a din and racket all the time, and if you don't stop it I shall have to speak to your mother about it." "Huh! Wot good'll that do?" score

fully demanded Johnny.
"Why, she will whip you if you don't stop," threatened the young man's

"Guess not!" retorted Johnny with an air of triumph. "Chris'mas ain's my day fer gittin whipped. I allers git whipped the day before Chris'mas and the day after, but I never do on Chris'-

mas."-Harper's Magazine. A cross old woman of long ago
Deciared that she hated noise.

"The town would be so pleasant, you know
If only there were no buys!"
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then of a sudden the town grew still,
For all the boys had fied.

And all through the long and dusty street There wasn't a boy in view.

The baseball lot, where they used to meet,
Was a sight to make one blue.

The grass was growing on every base
And the paths that the runners mede,
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The cherries rotted and went to wasteThere was no one to climb the treesAnd nobody had a single taste,
Eave only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy, not one
To speed as such messengers can.
If people wanted their errands done,
They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and not There was less of cheer and mirth. The sad old town since it lacked its boys Was the dreariest place on sorth. The poor old woman bugan to weop. Then woke with a sudden across. "Dear me," she cried, "I have been sales And, oh, what a horrid dream;"

ral

am-