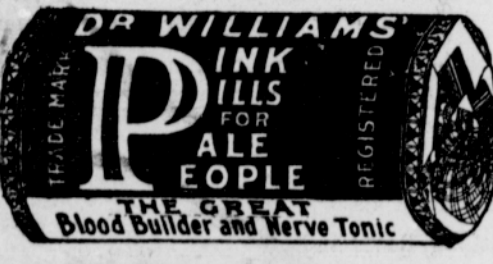


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When the grip last visited this section Herman H. Evler, of 811 W. Main St., Jefferson, Mo., a well known contractor and builder, was one of the victims, and his health began to fail and he was obliged to discontinue work. That he lives to-day is almost a miracle. He says: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely. I tried one doctor after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People extolled in a St. Louis paper and after investigation, decided to give them a trial. "After using the first box I felt wonderfully relieved and was satisfied that the pills were putting me on the road to recovery. I bought two more boxes and continued taking them. "After taking four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health. I feel like a new man, and having the will and energy of my former days returned, I am capable of transacting my business with increased ambition. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and anyone suffering from the after-effects of the grip will find that these pills are the specific. "H. EVLER will gladly answer any inquiry regarding this if stamp is enclosed. From Cole County Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo.



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HE DISOBEYED ORDERS.

A Brilliant French Officer's First Achievement on the Field of Battle. Lejeune, the brilliant aid-de-camp of the Marshal Bessier, Davout and Ordino, gives a very interesting account of his first achievement on the field of battle. The French army was crossing the Alps and found itself compelled to attack at a great disadvantage a town which the Austrians were defending.

Young Lejeune, who was anxious to participate in the engagement, was greatly disappointed when he was ordered to remain at his post in the rear. When the firing began, his heart beat furiously, and as the attack progressed he felt that he could not remain passive while his fellow soldiers were performing such a noble deed. Believing himself unnoticed, he hurried forward, forgetting that the soldier's first duty is obedience, and just where the fray seemed to be thickest he found himself face to face with his commanding officer. The general looked at the rash young soldier coldly. "Since you have quitted your post," he said, "you may take this order and recall that company that has gone into a bad position."

Lejeune heard the order with a strange sensation, for this was an error from which he was not likely to return alive. There was no escape, however, and touching his cap he started on his perilous mission with a quaking heart. For some distance he crept along behind a pile of rocks that protected him from the fire of the enemy, but at last this shelter came to an end. Before him there remained 100 steps to be taken under the fire of 200 guns pointed straight at him. To go forward was, he believed, certain death. To go back would be eternal disgrace. The whole army seemed like an amphitheater around him. Should he prove himself a coward or a hero?

"If I die," thought he, "it will be only the just penalty of my disobedience; if I accomplish my mission, I shall have proved that I am worthy of to fight in the emperor's army." So thinking, he rushed across the open space amid a storm of cannon balls and musket shot. Not one of the messengers of death touched him, and as if by a miracle he arrived safe and sound in the French lines. The delivery of that order saved the battalion and decided the destiny of the young officer.

Significance of the Nose. The nose, the form of which regulates the beauty of the other features, is by no means inaccessible to higher culture, a German physician that of an individual during that of an individual human life the nose is capable of receiving a more noble form. The training of the individual, the culture of his intellect and character, has a very considerable influence not only on the expression of the face in general, but also on the bodily nature of the nose. The characteristics of the various shapes of noses, according to physiognomy, are as follows: The small, flat nose found among women and called the *soubrette* nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable and fortunate build of features, indicates a certain gracious and cheerful curiosity. Such a nose is seldom possessed by men, and when it is it denotes an individuality characterized by weakness and deficient sagacity. A nose thick and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as with women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material and sensual instincts, while a turned-up nose, with wide nostrils, bespeaks a vain, puffed-up disposition. Especially wide nostrils are signs of strength, courage and pride; small nostrils, of weakness and timidity. Noses large in every respect are found mostly among men and are masculine attributes.—New York Ledger.

Cork Legs Were Scarce. One day in 1880 Senator Hampton was going on his crutches from the senate chamber to the house of representatives. In the middle of the big rotunda he met a very large man, also on crutches. He was a member of congress from Illinois, a Republican, whose name I cannot now recall. Hampton stopped him and kindly asked his name and how he had received his injury. After giving his name the congressman said amputation was necessary by reason of a shot he had received in a fight with Hampton's cavalry. He did not dream he was talking to Wade Hampton himself. "If you have the leisure, please sit down and let us talk," Hampton had lost his leg after the war, when thrown from a mule while deer hunting. The amputation was identical with that of the congressman, and they fell a-talking. Up to that time neither had found a cork leg he could wear, and they discussed cork legs for a great while. They parted, after mutual professions of esteem. The next morning I heard the congressman tell the story in the committee room, and there never was a man who had a higher regard for Wade Hampton than he had. I believe Hampton later found a leg he could wear.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Beat Him Down. Two Irishmen were cleaning a window in a tall building. To facilitate their work they had struck a board out of the window, and Pat stood on the end of it which was outside and Mike on the end inside to balance. Suddenly Pat shouted: "Moike, I've dropped me sponge." "That's all right. I'll go down and get it." When he got to the street, he found Pat in a heap on the sidewalk and exclaimed: "Well, how did you get down here so quick, Pat? I ran all the way down, but bedad you've beaten me."

One Definition. "What is your idea of a political economist?" "Well," replied Senator Sorghum reflectively, "there's lots of different kinds. But my idea of the genuine article is the man who manages to pay by enough while he has an office to put the expense of getting it for another term."—Washington Star.

Papa's Business. "What does your father do, little girl?" asked the new teacher. "He is a conflagration ejector," said the little girl from Boston. "A what?" "He puts fires out."—Philadelphia North American.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Feathered Hobo. "Did you ever know that the English sparrow is a tramp," asked Depot Superintendent Sanford the other day. "Well, he is, and the worst kind of a hobo." Recently I have seen a flock of them fly from under the pilot of one locomotive to the pilot of an outgoing locomotive, and in that way they travel over the country. "Sharp? Well I should say so. It's the brightest bird I know of, as I have maintained for a long time." Mr. Sanford was in dead earnest, and the reporter went out to look for himself at these "tramp" sparrows. As he stood under the sheds at the union depot a big Missouri Pacific engine came along pulling in slowly from his long trip from St. Louis. No sooner had the train come to a standstill until out from under the pilot of the locomotive hopped a dozen English sparrows. They looked around as if to get their bearings, and then made straight for the pilot of a Burlington engine. They disappeared, and remained there until the train pulled out.

Sure enough the English sparrow is a tramp. Evidently they are sharp enough to know they will be transported over the country without exertion. It may be that they enjoy the rapidly moving engine, at least it evidently pleases them to take a free ride.—Kansas City Times.

Burns Won the Dinner. There is a story told of Robert Burns in his youth. Burns was living in the town of Ayr, and, though still young, had attained more than a local reputation as a poet. One day he was passing through the main street of the town and saw two strangers sitting at one of the inn windows. With idle curiosity he stopped to look at them. Seeing him and thinking that the rustic might afford them some amusement while waiting, the strangers called him in and asked him to dine with them. Burns readily accepted the invitation and proved a merry, entertaining guest.

When dinner was nearly finished, the strangers suggested that each should try his hand at versimaking and that the one who failed to write a rhyme should pay for the dinner. They felt sure in the challenge, believing that their rustic guest would write, and Burns read the following: "I, Johnny Peep, saw two sheep; two sheep saw me. Half a crown apiece will pay for their fleece, and I, Johnny Peep, go free." The strangers' astonishment was great, and they both exclaimed: "Who are you? You must be Robbie Burns!"—New Castle (England) Chronicle.

A Bismarck Reminiscence. Professor Aegidi, who was for many years the chief of the press bureau, under Prince Bismarck, has published the following reminiscence of Prince Bismarck and the czar, Alexander II: "Before the outbreak of the Franco-German war the czar was with King William at Ems. They were together one evening, and Prince Bismarck was standing at the other end of the room anxiously watching the czar, whose more or less friendly attitude toward Prussia's policy was a matter of very great importance. "Suddenly the czar's big dog, which had been lying silent under its master's chair, rose, prowled about the room, stopped before Prince Bismarck, looked at him, wagged its tail affectionately and licked the hand he held out toward it. The czar, who had attentively watched its movements, called out to Prince Bismarck at this moment, 'You see, the dog knows his master's friends.'"

The Russian Wolf Hound. Faroff Russia, where winters are so severe that but for a few months in the entire year are the fields free from snow, is the home of a breed of dogs known there as the Borzoi, or Psovoi. The dogs are grand in aspect, with long, flowing coats of silken texture that defy the terrible cold, and they are built on lines that speak volumes for the antiquity of their origin. In this country they are known as Russian wolf hounds. England is the country that has perhaps done most for the breed. Some 15 years ago the British Military Academy, and that Russia had bred them with the exceeding judgment he displays in such matters. He today possesses in such question some of the grandest living. Within the past few years, however, Germany has made most wonderful strides in breeding these dogs, and, together with the Briton, has brought them very rapidly to the fore.—Outing.

A Wonderful Map. The Ordnance Survey map of England, which contains over 108,000 sheets, and which has cost \$1,000,000 a year for 20 years to keep up to date, is said to be the largest map in the world. The scale varies from ten feet to one-eighth of an inch to the mile. The details are so minute that every hedge, fence, wall, building and even every isolated tree in the country.

Papa Is Excused. Here is the latest of an infant terrible who lords it over the home of a politician in this city, says the Toledo Blade: The minister came to the house the other day and the kid entertained him for a short time. "I say, I'm awful 'fraid of the dark," was his first remark. "You should not be," admonished the visitor, "for 'God takes care of you everywhere." "I know it and I say my prayers every night, but pop he don't have to, as he don't get home till 'most morning."

A Practical Joke That Will Somers Played on Cardinal Wolsey. Amelia Wofford tells of "The Court Jesters of England" in St. Nicholas. The following is related of King Henry VIII's jester: Somers, like Scogan, liked a practical joke, and one that he played on Cardinal Wolsey is thus quaintly told by Armin: "Of a time appointed the king dined at Windsor, in the chapel yard at Cardinal Wolsey's at the same time when he was building that admirable work of his tomb, at whose gate stood a number of poor people, to be served with alms when dinner was done within, and as Will passed by they saluted him, taking him for a worthy personage, which pleased him. In he comes, and finding the king at dinner and the cardinal by attending, to disgrace him that he never loved, Harry, says he, lend me £10. What to do? says the king. To pay three or four of the cardinal's creditors, quoth he, to whom my word is past, and they are now come for the money. That thou shalt, Will, quoth he. Creditors of mine? says the cardinal. He give you grace my head if any man can justify aske me a penny. No, says Will. Lend me £10. If I pay it not where thou owest it, He give thee £20 for it. Do so, says the king. That I will, my liege, says the cardinal, though I owe none. With that he lend Will £10. Will goes to the gate, distributes it to the poor and brought the empty bag. There is thy lag again, says he. He give thee, says the cardinal, and my word out of danger. Who received, says the king, the brewer or the baker? Neyther, Harry, says Will Somers. But, cardinal, answer me in one thing, to whom dost thou owe thy soul? To God, quoth he. To whom thy wealth? To the poor, says he. Take thy forfeit, Harry, says the fool. Open confession, open penance. His head is thine, for to the poor at the gate I paid his debt, which hee yields is due, or if thy stony heart will not yield it so, say thy head by denying thy word and lend it mee. Thou knowest I am poor and have neither wealth nor wit, and what thou lendest to the poor God will pay thee tenfold. The king laugh at the jest, and so did the cardinal for a shew, but it grieved him to jest away £10 so."

THE COURT JESTER. People Are More Interested in the Pleas and Side of Life. "Every one of us has his and her own ailments," writes Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal, decrying the unpleasant habit many people have of discussing their bodily ills. "It is enough for us all to keep well ourselves. To be compelled to listen to the ailments of others does not make that task any easier. Besides all this, these unnecessary narratives of personal ailments are positively injurious to ourselves. Physicians all agree that many of the slight illnesses, of which some people make so much, could be cured if they would but take their minds from themselves. Too many people work themselves into illness or prevent themselves from getting well by talking about a petty ailment which, if forgotten, would right itself. "I will not say that women, more than men, are prone to this evil, but as the majority of women have more leisure than the majority of men they are more likely to let their minds dwell upon every little ill that assails them and talk about it. It seems to me that one of the most important lessons we can all learn with the close of the year is to refrain from inflicting upon others what is purely personal to ourselves. Let us cease this tiresome, this inconsiderate, this unnecessary talk about our ailments. Cold and hard as it may seem, the fact is nevertheless true, and will ever remain so, that the vast majority of people are interested in what is pleasant in our lives, but not in what is unpleasant. Pains and sorrows are elements in our lives which are sacred and interesting only to ourselves."

DO NOT TALK OF YOUR ILLS. Von Moltke. Von Moltke was originally an officer in the Danish army. At the age of 9 years he was entered as a royal cadet—i. e., he was to be educated at the expense of the king, Frederick VI, in the Copenhagen Military Academy—and, having taken his examinations, he wore the Danish uniform until he, as a sub-lieutenant at the age of 27, petitioned the king for three years' leave to proceed to the continent to study the military art, as he says in his petition, "to be able on his return to employ his acquirements for the good of his country." This petition was granted, but the count also asked to be allowed to retain his pay, and as the king refused this he took his discharge and entered the Prussian army, a recruit whom that organization has every reason to hold in enduring memory.

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A Frenchwoman's Funeral. The Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, writing of a funeral recently held in an interior town of France, says the dead woman had been in easy circumstances and had long been beset by the odd ambition to be buried in pomp and splendor with the accompaniment of a large crowd. With this end in view she bequeathed to her principal tenant, a steadily going grocer, the greater part of her fortune, consisting of about \$15,000, on the express condition that she should be interred in state, the hearse being drawn by six horses encased in the trappings of war, with all the usual adjuncts to match. Not content with this precaution, the worthy dame, when she perceived that her end was high, left legacies not only to a variety of charitable institutions, but also to the firmen of the place, to the local band and to the gymnastic clubs of the district.

All these societies were, of course, represented with becoming gratitude at the obsequies, which in scrupulous accordance with the wishes of the deceased benightedness of the lucky grocer and the charitable and other institutions, were on a magnificent and, indeed, colossal scale, seeing that upward of 6,000 persons belonging to all classes of society followed her mortal remains to their last resting place.

Read In the Bone. Employer (incredibly)—Confound that boy! He's never around when he is wanted. Clerk—I think it must be hereditary with him, sir. His father is a policeman.—New York Truth.

Think of living two after one is dead; dead to all practical intents and purposes dead, with the autograph of death inscribed on brow and cheek and lip. Thousands of women live for a year or two after all helplessness and happiness have fled out of their lives. When a woman becomes hopelessly helpless and unhappy she is practically dead. The young woman to whom the future is a dreary waste, to whom wifehood is a helplessness, nervous invalid, the mother whose babes are a burden instead of a blessing—all these, unless they take the right measures to recover their health, are better dead than living. In the majority of cases these ghosts of women owe their condition to weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. Frequently they have been deceived by the incorrect diagnosis of some obscure physician and do not understand the true nature of their trouble. It only costs a two-cent postage stamp for a woman to write and describe her condition to Dr. R. W. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. He will answer letters from ailing women without charge. He is the discoverer of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the greatest of all known medicines for women. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned in maternity and makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It banishes the indisposition of the anxious period and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It cures all disorders and displacements and checks exhausting drains.

Previous to motherhood my wife was very sick," writes Dennis H. Connelly, Esq., of Clear Water, Wright Co., Minn. "Two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription made her well and strong."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure a biliousness and constipation. Cure a hiccup. They never grip.

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MEN! You can be cured If you suffer from any of the ills of men, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast, DR. JORDAN & CO., 1051 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. **Young men and middle aged men** who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in mature years. Nervous and Physical Debility, Impotency, Lost Vitality, all its conditions, Eruptive Eruptions, Prostateitis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Syphilis, etc. By a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. The doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but it is well known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, prominent in his specialty—Diseases of Men. **CHARGES VERY REASONABLE.** Treatment personally or by letter. Send for book, "The Philosophy of Marriage," free. (A valuable book for men.) **VISIT DR. JORDAN'S Great Museum of Anatomy** the finest and largest Museum of its kind in the world. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made; how to avoid sickness and disease. We are constantly adding new specimens. **CATALOGUE FREE.** Call or write. 1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

How General Burt Was Tricked. One day when General Andrew S. Burt was lieutenant colonel of the Seventeenth United States Infantry Captain Charles A. Booth, then a lieutenant, met him on the rifle range. Lieutenant Booth was shooting, and he "called" each shot as he fired, without waiting for the markers to signal the result. "You're a pretty good guesser," said the colonel. "Why don't you admit you're guessing where those shots land?" "I'll bet you a box of cigars," said the junior officer, "that I can call 20 shots in succession." "Taken," said the old warrior. Lieutenant Booth fired. "Miss," he announced, and a red flag from the target told that this was correct. Another shot. "Miss," he declared. A third shot. "Miss again," he said. Fourth shot. "Fourth miss," he announced. Booth. Another shot. "Miss," again sang out the lieutenant. "Hold on there," put in Colonel Burt. "What are you trying to do? I thought you were going to fire at the target." "I'm trying to win my box of cigars," said Lieutenant Booth. "Don't fire any more," said the colonel. "They're yours."—Chicago Journal.

The Cumminsville Sage. "In the case of getting married," said the Cumminsville sage, "if an offer occurs that they begin with the desert, follow it with a roast and find themselves in the soup at the finish."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Long Headed. Micky the Mouse—When are we going to work do summer resorts? Burdigh Bill—Not till late in the season. Give do goats a chance to get all of engagement rings dry cau.—New York World.

TROUT AND PICKEREL. Something About Their Methods of Feeding, as Observed at the Aquarium. It is easy to observe at the aquarium the habits of fish in feeding. Some are sluggish, some are fierce and some are sly. The trout are fed on live kills. The killies when thrown into the tank scatter in all directions, with the trout after them like chain lightning, twisting and turning with marvelous celerity. The killies double, the trout dart after them. Rising to a bunch of killies at the top, the trout fairly make the water fly. They jump almost, if not quite, clear out of it, as if they were turning somersaults, and down they go again and on after the killies. It is a dashing, slashing, crashing pursuit, and in about half a minute the killies are all gone.

The pickerel—how different! How silent, and yet how sudden! The killie dropped in above darts downward through the water. Not pursued, it slow down and halts in the middle of the tank to rest and to recover its equanimity after its recent disturbing experience of being removed from its home in the live food tank, carried about in a galvanized iron tray, and finally dropped into another tank as food for other fishes.

At a little distance is observed the pickerel. It has come up silently, like a long, slender, little steamer moving dead slow. It comes to a halt so smoothly and quietly that the instant of its halt is not noticed. It is simply seen to be lying there, motionless, about six inches from the killie. All is peace and quiet in the tank, and the killie still balances itself in the water and rests. Suddenly, with no apparent exertion of power, the pickerel darts forward. The movement is so sudden that it is not realized that the pickerel has moved until it is seen in its new position. The killie is gone. It is now in the pickerel's interior, and probably with only a very hazy notion, if any at all, of how it got there.

The methods of the trout and pickerel are very different; their results, however, are much the same.—New York Sun.

One Woman's Trials. A resident of Staten Island has lately been very much annoyed by some of the urchins of the neighborhood. She is a great lover of nature and has on her front piazza a number of potted plants which have been cared for all winter. At night, when everything is quiet, the boys come and manage to steal one or two plants without discovery. One by one her choice flowers have disappeared, and although she has watched for the thieves they have never been caught. The other day she conceived a plan by which she saved her remaining treasures. Tying a string to each flowerpot, she connected the ends with a bell in the hall. That night she waited patiently for the alarm. At last there was a tinkle and then a crash. Rushing out, she saw a boy, apparently frightened out of his senses, running down the path. When he found the pot tied and heard the bell ring, he dropped his booty and took to his heels. The boy escaped, but there has been no more trouble with flower thieves. This woman is a member about the house. One day, while marketing, she saw a beautiful gamecock and thought it would make a novel sort of pet. Paying \$50 for her bird, she had it sent home. The bird arrived before its mistress and was received by the cook, who chopped off its head and prepared it for dinner.—New York Times.