THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

"Don't go, Hector," said the widow. During the whole of his harangue she had held his hands and had kept her eyes fixed upon his, and he had endured her gaze like an honest man, and had returned it with a sad and gentle gravity inexpressibly affecting. "Don't go, Hector."

There was a tender parting, and he was out in the streets alone, with his amazing good fortune.

It was early afternoon when a letter from Julia reached him. He opened it with a curious sort of misgiving, and rose to his feet startled at the sight of a check within the letter. The check was for no less a sum than a thousand pounds. The little widow's accompanying letter told him that she had heard of his embarrassments, and had desired to speak of them, but could not find the courage. He was to take this whether he wanted it or not, and if he refused, she would never, never forgive him.

When once he knew the priceless good fortune that had befallen him, he seized his hat, dashed into the street, and hailing a cab, was driven to the bank. He was but just in time, and was the last man served that day; but when he emerged he carried the price of his own freedom, and Dobroski's safety, in his pocket.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Wroblewskoff was out at the moment of O'Rourke's call on business of importance. He felt for his own part that his immediate business was the most important upon which he had ever embarked. It led him to the residence of Dr. Brun, in Hollington place, and made a lengthy conversation necessary there.

"I have simplified my plan, sir," said the junior spy, "and if I so happy as to secure your approval of it, I can set to work at once."

"Let me hear," said the elder.

"Dobroski is more interested in the younger men than in the elder ones," said Zeno. "There is a youngster named Bernstein, a son of Carl Bernstein"—Dr. Brun nodded—"the lad who was lately chased out of Vienna. He has many friends in Warsaw, and Dobroski is very fond of him, and proud of him."

"I know—I know," said the elder. "Go on."

"I propose to call on Dobroski this afternoon, with news of Bernstein. I propose to ask him to come and dine with Bernstein and myself this evening."

"Where is Bernstein?"

"In Paris. I represent him as having just arrived in London, mad with his late expulsion from Austria, and determined to go at once to Warsaw and head a revolution among the students there. I represent him as having appealed to me to join him. I beg Dobroski to meet him this evening at my rooms and dissuade him from this mad enterprise. There is no surer bait than this. He will rise to it, I know."

"Well?"

"Once at my rooms, we sit down to await Bernstein. I have been so very particular about to-day's dinner that I myself have engaged the cook. He is one of our own people—Bernardo—a poor creature in his profession, but an admirable cook. When I ring twice eagerly and close together he will know his signal. It may be coffee—it may be soup—it will have to be whatever I can persuade the old rascal to take."

"Precisely," said the doctor.

"Petrovski is in apartments on the floor below, and has been there in readiness for a fortnight. He is known to the people of the house as a doctor, and has already attended the landlady and a housemaid. When Bernardo has prepared the coffee or the soup, it is sent up. When Dobroski has taken it, he feels unwell."

"The old gentleman being unwell, and I being unwell also," continued Zeno, "we suspect the soup or the coffee, or whatever it is we have taken. We become alarmed, and I ring the bell. 'Run for the doctor on the second floor.' The doctor inquires for symptoms. We have great nausea—we have burning pains."

"And then—the old gentleman must be attended to first. I am younger and can bear it better, and I am very solicitous for the old gentleman. The old gentleman gets a soothing draught, and is advised to lie still. He lies still and goes to sleep."

"And wakes in Calais?"

"And wakes in Calais. We travel, attended by the doctor. The old gentleman wakes in the same room, and finds his friends beside him. He will be very ill and languid. He will complain of a splitting headache. He will need a new medicine."

"Yes, yes. And the new medicine lands him at Vienna?"

"Then," cried Zeno, "and the thing is done!"

He shook hands respectfully, and withdrew. The good Wroblewskoff half an hour later called upon Dobroski with haste and trouble legibly painted on his face. He told his tale of Bernstein, the gallant, fiery youngster, the Benjamin of the insurrectionary flock.

"When do you expect him?" asked Dobroski.

"In an hour's time, dear sir."

A little before his appointed time Dobroski arrived, and was shown upstairs into the apartments of Mr. Wroblewskoff.

"Our young friend is not here yet?"

"Not yet, sir, I expect him momentarily."

"We must save the lad, Wrobleskoff."

"You will save him, dear sir," cried Wroblewskoff. "He will listen to you; he will obey you." Then there was silence for awhile. Once or twice the spy's lips moved, but he did not speak. He cleared his throat with a rasping sound, and arose from the seat he had taken. "A cup of coffee, dear sir? I'm just about to order it."

"Thank you. Yes."

There was a lingering indecision between the words, and the spy stood behind his intended victim, with his hand upon the bell pull, waiting while he might have counted three. He had scarcely ever found a pause in his speech so long. He rang twice, one pull followed swiftly and sharply on the other.

"Coffee for two—black coffee."

The notable scheme was well upon its way now, and the spy's pulses beat quick, and his throat and tongue and lips were dry, and felt hard, like wood. The coffee came, hot and fragrant. Dobroski drew his cup beside him on the table. It seemed an age before he sipped. The spy had already put his lips to his own cup, and could detect nothing strange in the flavor of the liquid.

At that instant a curious burning pang shot across the spy's stomach, and a second later a feeling of nausea rose within him, like that he always experienced even in the smoothest weather when he passed between France and England. Dobroski shifted uneasily, and took a drink at his coffee.

"I can afford to escape the rest," said the spy to himself. "But it shall be mine to open the ball." He began to walk up and down the room, and suddenly threw a window open. Dobroski turning to look at him, saw that he was rubbing at the bottom of his waistcoat with both hands, and that he wore a disgusted and almost indignant look.

"What is the matter?" asked the old man, rising. "You are in pain?" He advanced toward his betrayer; but as he took his first step he paused and flushed, laying an outstretched hand upon his breast.

"I am on fire," said Zeno. "I am sick. I loathe myself."

"I, too," said Dobroski, quietly, "feel a sense of burning and sickness."

"It is the coffee," cried Zeno. "We have both taken it. There is something unwholesome in the coffee."

The old man sank back into his chair, white and trembling. "You have drunk more than I," cried the spy, as if in a paroxysm of regret and fear. "You're ill. Ah! dear sir, you're ill. He is ill. He is dying. Ah! the doctor. There is a doctor on the second floor. What a providence!"

He rang the bell, and then rushed to the door and tore it open.

"The doctor!" he shouted. "The doctor on the second floor! Tell him to come here! Quickly! quickly!"

A door opened below, feet ran rapidly upstairs. A man presented himself, struggling into a respectable professional frock coat as he entered the room.

"What is the matter?" he demanded.

"My friend!" cried Zeno; "the dearest. He is dying. And I also. We have taken poison. The coffee."

He threw himself upon the couch and contorted his body, as if he were in agony. Dobroski sat white and still, with both hands trembling on his chest, and great beads of sweat running from his forehead. The newcomer tasted the coffee, and spat it out again, with a wry face. Dobroski watched him collectedly and inquiringly:

"Verdigris," said the doctor. "Another example of the folly of the copper kettle. I will put you both right in a moment." He ran downstairs, and presently returned with a tumbler in either hand.

"Your antidote, sir," he said, in a business tone to Zeno, and then advancing to Dobroski set one hand below the old man's head and with the other held the draught to his lips. "Drink this, sir; it will soothe you at once."

He went quietly from the room, but did not trouble himself to descend into the kitchen. He occupied himself instead by looking over the contents of a small black hand-bag, which held among other things five or six blue vials with glass stoppers, and a hypodermic syringe in its case. This last he examined with great particularity, and for extra safety bestowed it in his waistcoat pocket.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In a little while the doctor mounted to the room above, and entered softly without knocking. Zeno, with a shining triumph in his looks, arose, and lifted a trembling forefinger for silence. The doctor advanced on tiptoe.

"He is sound," whispered Zeno. "Will he awake upon the journey?"

"I will take care of that," replied the doctor.

Neither he nor Zeno could sit still. They prowled stealthily here and there, doing unnecessary things, and now and again exchanging a whisper. Once or twice the doctor took Dobroski by the wrist and counted his pulsation. Once he lifted one of the sleeping man's eyelids and stared fixedly at the unseeing eye that looked hard at him.

"The carriage is here," said Zeno, when half an hour had gone by. "Let us get away at once. We can drive slowly. I stifle in this abominable indoor air."

With this he disappeared, carrying his portmanteau with him. In a minute or two he was back again, and, entering with needless stealth, signed to the doctor to assist him in moving the sleeping man.

A wickerwork wing, with here and there a clamp of iron to strengthen it, lay on either side the couch, and these being raised and fastened with straps the figure was secured from falling off.

"Now a cloak over all. Draw out the hood. Bring it more over the face. That will do. Let us get away."

The two men took up their burden and bore it down stairs. The narrowness of the way and its many corners made this a difficult and lengthy task, and when they came upon the street at last the two bearers were flushed and breathless. Facing the door stood a brake, with a pair of horses, and seated on the box was a liveried coachman with a cockade upon his hat. One or two passers-by paused to watch the proceedings.

"Can my poor dear friend bear the journey, doctor?" asked the spy, in open solicitude.

"Easily," returned the doctor. A moment. I have forgotten my medicaments." He dashed upstairs in search of the black bag

The street in which Mr. Zeno had had apartments was a third of a mile long, and the house in which he had lived was the fourth from the eastern end. A mere minute before Dobroski was carried out by careful doctor and sorrowing friend a lounger turned the corner far away. He saw something like a coffin carried from a house at the other end of the lengthy street, and saw one or two idle people stop to look on. He quickened his pace; peering keenly beneath the hand with which he shadowed his eyes. Then, in a sudden, he broke into a headlong run, and while Mr. Zeno was posturing over his poor dear friend the attention of one-half the little crowd was drawn to this advancing figure. The man ran, though unpursued, as if he ran for life, and at the moment when the doctor leaped into his place and gave the word to the coachman, the newcomer seized the horses by the reins and panted, "Stop!" Zeno looked up and saw O'Rourke.

"Stand clear!" cried Zeno, in a sudden frenzy. Then, to the coachman, "Drive! Cut him down and drive!"

"Stop this man!" cried O'Rourke, appealing to the crowd.

Zeno snatched the whip from the coachman's hand and slashed at O'Rourke and the horses again and again. There was a prodigious rearing, and then all at once O'Rourke was down, and the brake was away full speed.

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The Vienna correspondent of the Comet writes as follows:

"What may be fitly described as an entr'acte in the romantic Dobroski drama, which is absorbing the attention of the whole world of Vienna at this moment, took place to-day. The wedding of his gallant deliverer, Mr. Hector O'Rourke, M. P., with the charming American millionairess, was attended by the whole beau-monde, and places were struggled for as if the high contracting parties had been emperor and empress, instead of plain Irish gentleman and American lady. The real attraction was the presence of Monsieur Dobroski himself, who gave away the bride.

"I had a long interview with the bridegroom yesterday. He has recovered from his injuries, and the fears of internal damage have disappeared. He made one statement which appears to me to deserve to be chronicled as a psychological curiosity. He declares that in the first dawn of recovery after six-and-thirty hours of unconsciousness, his effort to recall the facts, and his fear lest he should not be able to make them clear to those who were about him, retarded the return of speech for a whole day. It was only by a prodigious effort of self-control that he lay in perfect quiet for an hour, and thus gained self-possession and tranquillity enough to explain the extraordinary circumstances of the case.

"Mr. O'Rourke, who has had several interviews with the Russian embassador since his visit here, is fully persuaded of the truth of the energetic protestations his excellency has made as to the innocence of the Russian government from complicity in this remarkable affair. He regards the abduction of his friend Monsieur Dobroski as the fruit of a private vendetta.

"Mr. O'Rourke will return to Vienna in time to attend the final examination of the prisoner. It is to be regretted that the mainspring of the villainous affair, the treacherous Pole, Wroblewskoff, should have succeeded in making good his escape. The mere fact of the Polish origin of the criminals is in itself regarded here as a sufficient proof of the innocence of the Russian government."—(The End.)

DEADLY WAKE OF KING GEORGE.

Name Still Thing to Conjure with in Some Parts of World.

If ever you happen to be so fortunate as to take a trip down the west coast of Africa you'll be sure to hear of the famous old West Indiaman, King George, says a writer in the New York Herald. This yarn is backed up by the records of the British admiralty, so, of course, it is true. She was wrecked in the year 1789, during a hurricane that devastated the coast of Cuba and the West Indies generally. Every man, woman and child aboard of her was lost, and the ship herself was stripped of her top hamper, masts and spars and went drifting, a hopeless wreck, "bawd to all disaster."

She was first reported by a ship of the same company some hundred miles north of the point where the storm is supposed to have struck her. Men were sent aboard her from her sister Indiaman and reported that she was sinking rapidly. After that she was never completely lost to sight for the best part of five years, when she vanished in a storm off the Grand Canaries. In that time she had drifted upward of 10,000 miles, and had been the direct cause of at least four wrecks and the indirect cause of three more. Her travels were strange enough, especially at that time, when the locations of the ocean currents were only vaguely guessed at by the most speculative of mariners. She journeyed northward and eastward from the Gulf of Mexico to the British Isles, and then, making a long curve, to the west coast of Africa. During all that time she was constantly reported by passing ships, many of whom sent men aboard of her. At last the British government dispatched a man-of-war after her, with orders to blow her up. Instead the frigate ran on a reef and was wrecked. Another, the Daphne, was then sent out, but she encountered a slaving dhow and was sunk in the ensuing fight.

By this time the whole English-speaking seafaring world was agog over the mystery. When a third warship was dispatched and in her turn ran high and dry on the beach, superstition had its way and the King George was allowed to proceed on her ghostly path in peace. She was reported a few times after that by passing merchantmen, then disappeared for good and all in a tornado that destroyed much beside the derelict. But her name is still a thing to conjure with in some parts of the world.

COLLEGE BROADENS WORK.

Additional Agricultural Specialities Are Added at Corvallis.

Agriculture is being given more prominence this year at the Oregon Agricultural college. There has been a re-organization of the work and additional agricultural specialists have been added to the faculty. There will now be four men instead of two devoting their time exclusively to livestock, dairying, field crops and poultry. It is hoped to add still further to the agricultural staff at the college so that the Oregon institution may fully meet the demands of the farmers of the state for competent direction along agricultural lines.

Dr. James Withycombe, in addition to his duties as director of the experiment station, will have charge of the animal husbandry work of the college and station. Professor F. L. Kent, heretofore assistant agriculturist, has been made professor of dairying and will give his full time to that subject.

Professor H. L. Scudder, of the Agricultural college of Kansas, has been selected to fill the new chair of agronomy, and his work will be along the line of field crops and farm machinery. Professor Scudder is a graduate of the Illinois college of agriculture, and after leaving college spent some time in the employ of the United States department of agriculture, his work taking him into nearly every agricultural region of the West. In California he made an extensive study of irrigation and soil cultivation. Professor Scudder will be of great assistance to the farmers of the state as well as to the students in the class room.

For the new department of poultry husbandry James Dryden was selected. The poultry industry is a great wealth producer in this state, and the college proposes to aid in its development by the dissemination of information on better methods and in the investigation of problems connected with poultry keeping. Professor Dryden comes from the Utah Agricultural college where his experimental work was so successful as to bring the Utah station international recognition for its poultry work. He spent some time at the Montana station in establishing a poultry department, and from there went to New York state to start a poultry farm for the Cyphers Incubator company, returned to the Utah station last year upon being offered superior inducements. He believes there is room for great development of poultry husbandry in Oregon.

THE STATE FAIR.

Exhibits, While Creditable, Did Not Do State Justice.

The Oregon State fair was a creditable showing of the products of the state. The county exhibits, though not as numerous as they should have been, showed a great profusion of products of the highest excellence. The people of the state don't half appreciate the state and its marvelous resources. It is doubtful if any other county in any other state of the Union could show such a great variety of products of such high quality as any one of the county exhibits at the Salem fair.

The Agricultural college exhibit was an educator. The exhibit from the Eastern Oregon experiment station was amost striking showing of the agricultural resources of that section. The livestock exhibit on the whole was worthy of the state. The draft and coach horses made a splendid showing. A good showing was made by dairy cattle, but hardly enough of dairy products. Of beef animats the exhibit was not as large as it should be, but some fine animals were shown. The swine exhibit was most creditable. The sheep exhibit was good, but many of the sheep were not in show condition. The poultry building was well patronized and the exhibit was fairly good. The almost entire absence of farm machinery was noticeable. A strong exhibit of farm machinery should be a feature of every good fair.

Willamette Valley's Reputation.

The Willamette valley has a reputation all over our country as one of the most productive regions in the world. That reputation seems to have been based on past achievements rather than on its present day farming. This is not true of all sections of the valley, but as a whole the valley is not producing one-half of what it might easily produce by the same expenditure of labor.

With a soil of great native fertility and with a climate suited to the highest production, it would look as though there were no excuse for a crop of wheat yielding less than thirty bushels an acre, and the writer has seen a yield of less than fifteen bushels.

The trouble is that the Willamette valley has been farmed for fifty years with little or no effort made to give back to the soil the fertility that years of successive cropping has taken away.

Had more clover and alfalfa been grown, the Willamette valley might still be the wonder and admiration of the world. While a crop of wheat or other grains leaves the soil poorer, a crop of clover or alfalfa actually leaves it richer. This lesson does not seem to have been well learned in the "Famous Willamette Valley."

PALMY SHEEP DAYS ARE OVER.

Great Flocks Near Ellensburg a Thing of the Past.

Sheep raising in the Yakima section is undergoing important changes, due to conditions which have arisen in the last 10 years. While it still continues an important industry in Kittitas county and other parts of the Yakima valley, it is not carried on so extensively as a few years ago, and the number of sheep growers is materially decreasing. The ranges are being gradually diminished by the reclamation service and by the forest reserve policy of the government, which is eliminating much of the range from public use. J. C. Lloyd, an extensive sheep grower of this county, estimates that not more than 25,000 lambs will be shipped to Eastern markets this year from the country between Ellensburg and Pasco, whereas five years ago over 200,000 head were shipped yearly. This is partly due, however, he says, to the fact that more lambs are now shipped to the coast than a few years ago, although the total shipments there this year, he thinks, will not exceed 50,000.

"The range is being so diminished," said Mr. Lloyd, "that none but those who own their land can afford to raise sheep in any quantities. Much of the former range is being converted into good farming land through irrigation, and the forest reserve policy of the government is shutting the sheep raiser out of a large part of the range. I should say that the elimination of this land by the government has cut down the number of sheep on that land by as much as 25 per cent.

"The sheep in this section are being raised as much for mutton now as for wool, and there is a greater demand for good mutton than there used to be. The price, too, has advanced, which makes it a profitable business to pursue."

Oregon Irrigation Congress.

The first irrigation congress of Oregon was held at Grants Pass on September 10 and 11. At the close of the session a permanent organization was effected, with Dr. Withycombe, of the Oregon Agricultural college, as president; Mr. C W. Mallett, of Vale, Oregon, as vice president, and Mr. O. S. Blanchard, of Grants Pass, as secretary. It is proposed to hold annual meetings to discuss irrigation and forestry problems. A committee was appointed to confer with the committee of the Forestry association with a view to merging the two organizations. It was felt that irrigation and forestry had interests in common. Much good should come from this organization.

Western Apples Best.

The official report of the department of Agriculture on the condition of the apple crop on September 1 fully confirms earlier estimates of a poor apple crop throughout the United States. The average condition is reported as 34.7 per cent. Few if any of the states have an average crop. The Pacific states show up best—California 75 per cent, Oregon 70 per cent, Washington 88 per cent. The Middle states are the poorest, the lowest of all being Kansas, which is 2 per cent, and Missouri, which is 9 per cent. The report is a good advertisement for Oregon and Washington. It will serve to direct further attention to this territory as a favorable apple country.

The contract has been let for the construction of a college barn at the Oregon Agricultural college. This will be one of the most complete barns at any of the colleges, and will help the livestock and dairy work greatly.

Farmers might help solve the freight car shortage by keeping more poultry, feeding the grain to the chickens and send the eggs to market by express or team.

Devotion.

"Dear," said the wife, "I really don't believe you would marry again if you were to lose me."

"Oh, I'm devoted enough," replied the husband, "but there are others."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she replied sweetly, "but that I don't know another woman who would have you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Real Philosophy.

"A real philosopher," said Uncle Eben, "kin allus find sumpin' to be glad about. I used to know a man dat found a heap o' satisfaction in his wooden leg, 'cause it lef' him dat much less room foh de rheumatism."—Washington Star.

Not Encouraging.

"I have made up my mind," said Mr. Timmid, "that I shall speak to your father soon."

"Yes," replied the dear girl, "father said he thought you would and he also said if you truly loved me you'd take out an accident-insurance policy in my favor."—Philadelphia Press.

Goes Without Saying.

Conan Doyle had just notified Sherlock Holmes of his approaching marriage.

"Of course," he said, "I need not tell you that I have selected you as my best man. The position naturally belongs to you."

"Quite so," assented Sherlock Holmes, absent mindedly shooting a charge of dope into his left arm.

Nature Fake.

A member of the proletariat was admitted.

"Sir," said he, "the wolf has been at my door for months."

"Pooh, pooh, my good man," responded the fat capitalist. "Such is not the nature of the wolf. You have evidently been reading unscrupulous literature."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Way of It.

Husband (during the spat)—I suppose I am never to have my way about anything?

Wife—Of course you are. You can have your way when it is the same as my way, but when our ways are different I intend to have my way.

An Advantage.

"There is one thing to be said in favor of a boy going to a circus with his father," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "he don't have to crawl under the tent."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sleep is easiest and the most refreshing when the head is somewhat lower than the feet. Instead of two pillows, therefore, use only one, and place the other under the feet. This position, says a doctor, is a marvelous cure against all nervous diseases, and also lung diseases, if adopted in time. Any one threatened with blood to the head, however, should not sleep with the feet higher than the head.

Hot soda baths are recommended by some persons for rheumatism, and the way they are taken is this: Fill the tub half full of water as hot as can be borne, add half a pound of common baking soda, and immerse the body for at least twenty minutes, keeping up the temperature by the addition of hot water from time to time. Vaseline or cold cream should be rubbed into the skin after the latter has been dried, in order to replace the natural oils.

The term ptomaine poison is quite common, yet few people know what it really is. According to scientists, ptomaines are poisonous products formed in fish, meat, milk and other articles of food by a process of decomposition that leaves little other trace of its action. Bacteria probably promotes the formation, but on that point some doubt remains. The taint develops in consequence of failure to cook food properly, and if kept for some time is not sealed air-tight. Excruciating sickness and often death follows cose after eating foods improperly cooked or canned.

Always close the eyes for a few seconds when changing suddenly to a bright light. Do not face a light when reading, writing or working. Do not sleep facing a light; not even moonlight. When the eyes are very tired, bathe them in hot and cold water alternately—first hot, then cold. Apply the hot and cold water also to the back of the head and neck, at the base of the brain. The hot application relieves congestion while the cold stimulates the blood and nerve vessels to renewed activity. Massage the back of the head and neck and along the spine. Notice the course of the optic nerve.

Copper Idol Found with Skeletons.

Skeletons are being found in a gravel pit from which the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company is obtaining ballast for its extension through western South Dakota from Missour river to the Black Hills. The gravel pit is situated on the eastern end of the extension, near the town of Oacoma, and but a short distance from Missouri river. In the neighborohod of fifty human skeletons have thus far been unearthed.

Most of them were found at a depth of from four to eight feet beneath the surface of the ground ,and all were buried in either a standing or sitting posture. The majority of the skeletons are those of people of a small stature, much below the ordinary or average height of the present North American Indians.

One skeleton, however, is that of a man who in life must have been fully seven feet in height. In close proximity to the skeleton of this giant were found implements of copper and bone, these being found in each of the graves near that of the giant, while in another grave was discovered a copper idol about eight inches in length.

Royal Spats.

We read in an ancient chronicle that when a letter not altogether courteous was sent to the Emperor of Japan by the Emperor of China, the Mikado opened his answer thus: "The Emperor of the land where the sun rises addresses himself to the Emperor of the land where the sun sets." On another occasion, when the Chinese Emperor had the audacity to demand the submission of Japan, that spirited country chopped off the heads of the luckless ambassadors.—Mexican Herald.

Her Impression.

"Now I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."—Birmingham (Ala.) Advance.

Better Worth Knowing.

Long before the popularity of Jiu Jitsu, writes a metropolitan preacher, in the Homiletic Review, "I learned, what every minister ought to know, how to put a disorderly man out of the room. But a better thing to know is how to put an evil thought out of the heart."

Among the Mermaids.

"She is always anxious to get into the surf as soon as she can," said one girl.

"Yes," answered the other. "Her bathing suit isn't at all pretty."—Washington Star.

Always.

Howe'er we oil the stagnant ponds
And oil the stagnant sloughs,
There's at least one mosquito left
Who chews and chews and chews.
—Houston Post.

When a man prides himself upon alwayr being perfectly just you may depend upon it others do not think