Please Your Hair

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? Better please it by giving it a good hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair stops coming out, becomes soft and smooth, and all the deep, rich color of youth comes back to gray hair.

"I was troubled greatly with dandruff until I used Ayer's Hair Vigor. It completely cured the dandruff and also stopped my hair from falling out. It serves me very nicely also in arranging my hair in any style I wish."—MISS MARGUERITE COOK, Dryide, W. Va.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

English Lawyers' Robes.

The English bar still clings devotedly to its robes. A solicitor who for some reason was not prepared with his professional costume asked permission of a London judge the other day to appear without it, but the judge declared that he could give no such sanction. However, to avoid delay, he resorted to a fine legal distinction: "I do not give you permission, but if the other professional gentlemen present raise no objection I will consent to hear you." He was heard, and it may be trusted that no sacred precedent was damaged.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Take It Easy.

'Bout the time you get to thinkin' that you're gittin' on a bit,
An' you jingle of your money as you stroll and strut about,
Better keep your peepers open, for your life ain't over yet,
An' there's always lots of danger when the chest is swellin' out.

"'Bout the time you git to lookin' at your neighbors with so'prise,
An' a-feelin' sorry fer 'em cus you've left 'em in the press,
Then's the time fate's lookin' fer you with a club of mighty size,
An' you'll feel the rungs a-breakin' in the ladder of success.
—Detroit Tribune.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Consoling.

Stella—You seem sad this afternoon, dear. What's the trouble?

Mildred—I can't help thinking about Tom Green, poor fellow! I—er—rejected him last night.

Stella—Oh, don't let a little thing like that worry you. Why, I've rejected him three times in the past six weeks.

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

He Was Broke.

"Time is money," quoted the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and I haven't a moment that I can call my own."

A Heavy Fine.

Under the Elkins law, any railroad company which pays rebates in any form, or any shipper who accepts them, is liable to a fine of from $1,000 to $20,000, upon conviction. It also prohibits the carrying of freight at less than the published tariffs. The Interstate Commerce commission is empowered to detect and prosecute violators of this statute. President Knapp of the commission states that since this law was passed, rebate paying has been as rare as forgery.

The swiftest dog in the world, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show seventy-five feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than eighty feet a second.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Manufacture of Cigarettes.

Official statistics tell us that 3,366,487,215 cigarettes were manufactured in this country during the past fiscal year. If the population of the United States is 80,000,000, if half that number (40,000,000) are males, if three-quarters of them (30,000,000) are of smoking age, and if one-third of the 30,000,000 smoke cigarettes, we have 3,366,487,215 cigarettes to divide in a year among 10,000,000 persons, or only about 336 apiece, which is less than one every day.

WHERE RELIGION COMES HIGH.

Some Church Pews in New York Cost a Good Deal More than a Dwelling.

Many readers have probably heard of New York's famous Grace church at Broadway and Tenth street, where there is a choir of "babies," ranging in age from 4 years up, which church is said to be erected on land more valuable even than that whereon St. Paul's at London stands. Here it is the custom to offer by auction all pews, which the present owners desire to relinquish, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and which possibly may have been in their family ever since the church was built.

A few months ago pew No. 40, in the south transept of Grace church, was put up at auction in the New York real estate sales rooms for the trustees of the estate of the late Henry Ray. The bidding was started at $500 and rose rapidly to $1,000, when there was a pause. Then some one offered another hundred and the bidding advanced to $1,500, and just about to be knocked down for this sum when Hamilton G. King sprung another $50 and secured the pew.

On being asked if he was spending all this money for his own religious comforts Mr. King stated that he had purchased the pew for another person, but whom he refused to state. The pew is a "family" one and holds six, is upholstered in dark red and, according to the auctioneer, comfortable enough to foster the highest forms of religious charity. The pews in Grace church, with few exceptions, are owned by those who occupy them, and when one does find its way into the market it is eagerly purchased by rich parishioners.

One of the most fashionable churches in New York is St. Bartholomew's, in Madison avenue. This is known as "The Vanderbilts' church," for here the millionaires of that name worship. Pews in St. Bartholomew's can often be rented, but now seldom purchased, most of the pews being owned by residents of "Millionaire row," in Fifth avenue. Occasionally, however, a pew in this church has come under the hammer, when it has brought a considerable sum of money, as much as $5,000 having been paid for six "sittings" near the pulpit.

In the Catholic cathedral, close by, pews are also sold at auction, at times, and, owing to the magnificent choir which this church supports, bring small fortunes.

When Peggy Pokes the Fire.

When Peggy pokes the kitchen fire
She makes a picture fair;
I linger till I miss my car
To see her working there
She takes the poker half way up,
Perhaps a little higher,
Falls on her knees before the range
And starts to poke the fire.

Her slender arms are fair to see,
Bared to her elbows white;
Her graceful movements as she jabs
Just fill me with delight.
Left handed? Oh, but what of that?
I never could quite tire
Of seeing Peggy on her knees
While poking at the fire.

What tho' the coal comes tumbling down,
And one side all goes out;
She says a man can't poke a fire,
She knows what she's about.
And so she pokes and jabs away,
While I can but admire
The warlike picture she presents
While poking at the fire.

I often wish to move away
Upon a better street,
Where Peggy could attain the set
She always yearned to meet.
But one thing ever holds me back
From promenading higher;
Poor Peg would find gas ranges there,
And couldn't poke the fire.
—New York News.

To Prognosticate Storms.

By means of a delicate instrument called the ceraunograph, Rev. Frederick L. Odenbach, professor of chemistry in St. Ignatius' College, in Cleveland, Ohio, is able to foretell many hours the numerous summer storms which come up, often on bright, warm, clear days, with startling rapidity, and with dire results to the small craft along the sea coast and on inland waters.

The action of the ceraunograph is simple and easily understood by any one acquainted with an ordinary telegraph system with relay. The initial action precedes the advent of the storm from one to thirty-six hours. As the electric disturbance advances the coherer is very busy, soon producing a continuous hand record, while the decoherer keeps up a constant clatter, which finally becomes deafening.

Tender-Hearted.

An "imported" citizen was recently brought before a magistrate, says the New York Sun, charged with having threatened to kill another man with an ax.

"What have you to say, Pat?" asked the magistrate.

"I niver sthruck anny wan wid an ax!" said Pat, vehemently. "Yer honor, I wouldn't hit a newborn baby wid an ax."

"Discharged," said his honor.

MALARIA A Poison Breathed into the System

The air arising from low, marshy places, damp cellars, stagnant ponds and pools and from decaying vegetable matter, as well as the gases from sewers, is loaded with germs of malarial poison. The water we drink, that has not been properly filtered and purified, is also full of these germs and microbes, and as we daily breathe and drink millions of these into the system, to be absorbed by the blood, the entire body begins to feel the effects of the poison. The most common form of Malaria is "chills and fever," but when the blood is thoroughly saturated with the poison it becomes so weak and polluted that abscesses, carbuncles, boils, sores, ulcers and other skin diseases result. Malaria also affects the liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach, producing a chronic state of biliousness that often results in jaundice or some malignant fever. In cases of Malaria the blood must be purified before the body can regain its natural health. S. S. S. contains purifying and tonic properties possessed by no other blood medicine, and is the ideal remedy for the treatment of Malaria. It destroys the germs of the disease and builds up the weakened, polluted circulation. It enters into the blood and forces out every particle of poison and waste matter and adds strength and activity to it.

MALARIA IN HIS SYSTEM FOR YEARS.

For several years I suffered with Chills and Fever, caused by Malaria in my system, and each summer for several years I would have a relapse. Finally my physician prescribed S. S. S. It entirely cured me; I have never been troubled since. 913 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky. L. SHAPOFF.

SSS

S. S. S. improves the appetite and digestion, tones up the entire system by its alterative and purifying action, and Malaria, with all its bad effects, is permanently driven from the system. Book on the blood and any medical advice, without charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER X.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the train stopped at Merv station, over five hundred miles from Ubun Ada. We have seven hours to stop at Merv, and in company with Major Nolitts I "do" the town. On our return to the station Popof runs up to me, saying:

"I know the name."

"And it is?"

"Yen Lou, the great mandarin Yen Lou of Pekin."

"Thank you, Popof."

I rush to the telegraph office, and from there I send a telegram to the Twentieth Century.

"Merv, 16th May, 7 p. m.

"Train, Grand Transasiatic, just leaving Merv. Took from Douchak the body of the great mandarin Yen Lou coming from Persia to Pekin."

It cost a good deal, did this telegram, but you will admit it was well worth its price. The name of Yen Lou was immediately communicated to our fellow travelers, and it seemed to me that my lord Faruskiar smiled when he heard it.

We left the station at eight o'clock precisely. Forty minutes afterward we passed near old Merv, and the night being dark, I could see nothing of it.

Our train is running northeast. The stations are twenty or thirty miles apart. We cross the desert, the real desert, without a thread of water, where artesian wells have to be sunk to supply the reservoirs along the line. Gradually my companions go to sleep, and our carriage is transformed into a sleeping car.

The train enters Tchardjoui Station to the minute. Our stop here ought to last a quarter of an hour. A few travelers alight, for they have booked to this town, which contains about thirty thousand inhabitants. Others get in to proceed to Bokhara and Samarkand, but these are only second-class passengers. This produces a certain amount of bustle on the platform.

I also get out and take a walk up and down by the side of the front van, and I notice the door silently open and shut. A man creeps out on to the platform and slips away through the station, which is dimly lighted by a few petroleum lamps.

It is my Roumanian. It can be no one else. He has not been seen, and there he is, lost among the other travelers. Why this escape? Is it to renew his provisions at the refreshment bar? On the contrary, is it not his intention, as I am afraid it is, to get away from us?

Shall I stop him? I will make myself known to him; promise to help him. Behold me then following him without appearing to do so. Amid all this hurrying to and fro he is in little danger of being noticed. Neither Popof nor any of the company's servants would suspect him to be a swindler. Is he going toward the gate to escape me?

No! He only wants to stretch his legs better than he can do in the van. After an imprisonment which has lasted since he left Baku—that is to say, about sixty hours—he has earned ten minutes of freedom.

He is a man of middle height, lithe in his movements, and with a gliding kind of walk. He could roll himself up like a cat and find quite room enough in his case. He wears an old vest, his trousers are held up by a belt and his cap is a fur one—all of dark color.

I am at ease regarding his intentions. He returns toward the van, mounts the platform and shuts the door gently behind him. As soon as the train is on the move I will knock at the panel, and this time——

More of the unexpected. Instead of waiting at Tchardjoui one quarter of an hour, we have to wait three. A slight injury to one of the brakes of the engine has had to be repaired, and, notwithstanding the German baron's remonstrances, we do not leave the station before half past three, as the day is beginning to dawn.

At 5 o'clock in the morning the train stops at the capital of the Khanate of Bokhara, 1,107 miles from Ubun Ada. Bokhara, the capital of Khanate, is the Rome of Islam, the Noble City, the City of Temples, the revered center of the Mohammedan religion.

Major Nolitts advised me to visit the town in which he had lived several times. He could not accompany me, having several visits to pay. We were to start again at 11 o'clock in the morning. Five hours only to wait, and the town some distance from the railway station. In four hours I have seen most of the notable things in Bokhara, and at 10:30 I alighted at the railway station. I see at a glance that all my numbers are on the platform, including my German baron. In the rear of the train the Persians are keeping faithful guard around the mandarin Yen Lou. It seems that three of our traveling companions are observing them with persistent curiosity; these are the suspicious looking Mongols we picked up at Douchak. As I pass near them I fancy that Faruskiar makes a signal to them, which I do not understand. Does he know them? Anyhow, this circumstance rather puzzles me.

The train is no sooner off than the passengers go to the dining car. The places next to mine and the major's, which had been occupied since the start, are now vacant, and the young Chinaman, followed by Dr. Tio-King, take advantage of it to come near us. Pan-Chao knows I am on the staff of the Twentieth Century, and he is apparently as desirous of talking to me as I am of talking to him.

I am not mistaken. He is a true Parisian of the Boulevard, in the clothes of a Celestial. He has spent three years in the world where people amuse themselves, and also in the world where they learn. The only son of a rich merchant in Pekin, he has traveled under the wing of this Tio-King, a doctor of some sort, who is really the most stupid of baboons, and of whom his pupil makes a good deal of fun.

The breakfast continued pleasantly. Conversation turned on the work of the Russians in Asia. Pan Chao seemed to me well posted up in their progress.

I need not say that during this talk the Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer was fully occupied in clearing dish after dish, to the extreme amazement of Doctor Tio-King.

For the same reason, I suppose, neither Faruskiar nor Ghangir took part in it, for they only exchanged a few words in Chinese.

But I noticed rather a strange circumstance which did not escape the major. We were talking about the safety of the Grand Transasiatic across Central Asia, and Pan Chao had said that the road was not so safe as it might be beyond the Turkestan frontier, as, in fact, Major Nolitts had told me. I was then led to ask if he had ever heard of the famous Ki-Tsang before his departure from Europe.

"Often," he said, "for Ki-Tsang was then in the Yunnan provinces. I hope we shall not meet him on our road."

When he uttered the name of Ki-Tsang Faruskiar knit his brows and his eyes flashed. Then, with a look at his companion, he resumed his habitual indifference to all that was being said around him.

CHAPTER XI.

The train is running at high speed. In the ordinary service, when it stops at the eleven stations between Bokhara and Samarkand, it takes a whole day over the distance. This time it took but three hours to cover the two hundred kilometers which separate the two towns, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon it entered the illustrious city of Tamerlane.

Samarkand is situated in the rich oasis watered by the Zarafchane in the valley of Sogd. A small pamphlet I bought at the railway station informs me that this great city is one of the four sites in which geographers "agree" to place the terrestrial paradise. I leave this discussion to the exegetists of the profession. After a stop of six hours our train started off again at 8 o'clock.

During dinner I noticed that Major Nolitts continued to keep his eye on his lordship Faruskair. Had he begun to suspect him? Was it of any importance in his opinion that this Mongol seemed to know, without appearing to do so, the three second-class travelers, who were also Mongols? Was his imagination working with the same activity as mine? And was he taking seriously what was only a joke on my part?

As for me, I had soon forgotten all about the Mongol for the man in the case. If I get a chance to visit him to-night I will.

It was about half past eleven when I decided to open the door of the van, which I shut behind me.

I knew that the young Roumanian was not always shut up in his box, and the fancy might just have taken him to stretch his limbs by walking from one end to the other of the van. The darkness is complete. No jet of light filters through the holes of the case. That seems all the better for me. It is as well that my No. 11 should not be surprised by too sudden an apparition. He is doubtless asleep. I will give two little knocks on the panel; I will awake him, and we will explain matters before he can move.

I feel as I go. My hand touches the case; I place my ear against the panel and I listen. There is not a stir, not a breath! Is my man no here? Has he got away? Has he slipped out at one of the stations without my seeing him?

I am just going to knock, when the locomotive's whistle emits its strident crow as we pass through a station. But the train is not going to stop, I know, and I wait until the whistling has ceased.

I then give a gentle knock on the panel. There is no reply. I knock more loudly.

This time it is followed by an involuntary movement of surprise and fright.

"Open, open!" I say in Russian. "It is a friend who speaks. You have nothing to fear!"

If the panel is not lowered as I had hoped, there is the crack of a match being lighted and a feeble light appears in the case.

I look at the prisoner through the holes in the side. There is a look of alarm on his face; his eyes are haggard. He does not know whether he is asleep or awake.

"Open, my friend, I say; open and have confidence. I have discovered your secret. I shall say nothing about it. On the other hand, I may be of use to you. You are a Roumanian, I think, and I am a Frenchman."

"Frenchman? You are a Frenchman?"

And this reply was given in my own language, with a foreign accent. One more bond between us. The panel slips along its groove, and by the light of a little lamp I can examine my No. 11.

"No one can see us nor hear us?" he asked in a half-stifled voice.

"No one."

"The guard?"

"Asleep."

My new friend takes my hands; he clasps them. I feel that he seeks a support. He understands he can depend on me, and he murmurs:

"Do not betray me—do not betray me."

"Betray you, my boy? Can you believe that I, a journalist——"

"You are a journalist?"

"Claudius Bombarnac, special correspondent of the Twentieth Century."

"And you are going to Pekin?"

"Through to Pekin."

"Ah! Monsieur Bombarnac, Providence has sent you on to my road."

"Anything I can do for you I will. What is your name?"

"Kinko."

"You are a Roumanian, are you not?"

"Roumanian, of Bucharest."

"But you have lived in France?"

"Four years in Paris, where I was apprentice to an upholsterer in the Faubourg Saint Antoine."

"And you went back to Bucharest?"

"Yes, to work at my trade there until the day came when it was impossible for me to resist the desire to leave——"

"To leave? Why?"

"To marry!"

"To marry Mademoiselle Zinca Klork, Avenue Cha-Cous, Pekin, China."

"You know?"

"Certainly. The address is on the box."

"She is a young Roumanian. I knew her in Paris, where she was learning the trade of a milliner. Oh! charming——"

"I am sure of it. You need not dwell on that."

"She also returned to Bucharest, until she was invited to take the management of a dressmaker's at Pekin. We loved, monsieur; she went—and we were separated for a year. Three weeks ago she wrote to me. She was getting on over there. If I could go out to her I would do well. We should get married without delay. She had saved something. I would soon earn as much as she had. And here I am on the road, in my turn, for China."

"In this box?"

"What would you have, Monsieur Bombarnac?" asked Kinko, reddening. "I had only money enough to buy a packing case, a few provisions, and get myself sent off by an obliging friend. It costs a thousand francs to go from Tiflis to Pekin. But as soon as I have gained them, the company will be repaid, I assure you."

"You may rest assured I will neglect nothing which will enable you to arrive dry and in one piece at Mademoiselle Zinca Klork's—in short, in a perfect state of preservation."

"I thank you," said Kinko, pressing his hands. "Believe me, you will not find me ungrateful."

"Ah, friend Kinko, I shall be paid, and more than paid."

"And how?"

"By relating, as soon as I can do so without danger to you, the particulars of your journey from Tiflis to Pekin. Think now—what a heading for a column:

"A LOVER IN A BOX!
ZINCA AND KINKO!!
1,500 LEAGUES THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA IN A LUGGAGE VAN!!!"

The young Roumanian could not help smiling.

Then I went to the door of the van to see that we were in no danger of a surprise, and then the conversation was resumed. Naturally, Kinko asked me how I had discovered his secret. I told him all that had passed on the steamer during his voyage across the Caspian.

"But," said he to me, lowering his voice, "two nights ago I thought all was lost. The van was closed. I had just lighted my little lamp, and had begun my supper, when a knock came against the panel——"

"I did that, Kinko, I did that. And that night we should have become acquainted if the train had not run into a dromedary."

"It was you! I breathe again!" said Kinko. "In what dreams I have lived! It was known that some one was hidden in this box. I saw myself discovered, handed over to the police, taken to prison at Merv or Bokhara, and my little Zinca waiting for me in vain; and never should I see her again, unless I resumed the journey on foot. Well, I would have resumed—yes, I would."

"Brave Kinko!" I answered. "I am awfully sorry to have caused you such apprehensions. Now you are at ease again, and I fancy your chances have improved now we have made friends."

I then asked Kinko to show me how he managed in his box. Nothing could be simpler or better arranged. At the bottom was a seat on which he sat, with the necessary space for him to stretch his legs when he placed them obliquely; under the seat, shut in by a lid, were a few provisions, and table utensils, reduced to a simple pocket knife and metal mug; an overcoat and a rug hung from a nail, and the little lamp he used at night time was hooked on to one of the walls.

The sliding panel allowed the prisoner to leave his prison occasionally. But if the case had been placed among other packages, if the porters had not deposited it with the precautions due to its fragility, he would not have been able to work the panel, and would have had to make a friend somehow before the end of the journey. Fortunately, there is a special Providence for lovers. He told me that every night he had taken a walk, either in the van or else on the station platform where the train had stopped.

"I do not believe I am in danger of being discovered," he said, "unless at the Chinese frontier—or rather at Kachgar."

"And why?"

"The custom house is very keen on goods going into China. I am afraid they will come round the packages."

"I shall be there, and I will do all I can to prevent anything unpleasant happening."

"Ah, Monsieur Bombarnac!" exclaimed Kinko, in a burst of gratitude, "how can I repay you?"

"Ask me to your marriage with the lovely Zinca."

"I will. And Zinca will embrace you."

"She will be only doing her duty, friend Kinko, and I shall be only doing mine in returning two kisses for one."

We exchanged a last grip of the hand; and, really, I think there were tears in the good fellow's eyes when I left him. He put out his lamp, he pushed back the panel, then through the case I heard one more "thanks" and an "au revoir."

I came out of the van. I shut the door, assured myself that Popof was still asleep. In a few minutes, after a breath or two of the night air, I go in to my place near Major Nolitts.

(To be continued.)

BLACK SPIDER BAD AS RATTLER

Washington Scientist Declares the Noxious Insects Are Poisonous.

"The one poisonous insect of North America, the bite of which is nearly as bad as that of a rattlesnake, is found in abundance in this city and its vicinity."

So says C. F. Schwartz, one of the experts in the bug department of the Smithsonian Institution, according to a Washington special to the New York Herald.

"The noxious insect in question," continues Mr. Schwartz, "is a small black spider, so different in appearance from any other spider that there is no mistaking it. It has a globular shining body devoid of hair, black in color and usually with a red spot.

"The investigations into all reported fatal or harmful results from the bites of spiders which the Agricultural Department has been conducting for the last fourteen years has led to the determination of one instance in which the bite of this black spider, whose scientific designation is latrodectus mactans, has resulted in the death of the victims. This case was that of a child about two years of age, who was bitten upon the lip, and there is no doubt that the death of the child a few hours afterward was the result of the bite. Of course, in the case of a full-grown person the bite of the spider would not be likely to prove fatal, though there are well-authenticated instances where it has caused great pain and inconvenience, the poison remaining in the system a considerable period.

"The spider is chiefly a menace to persons handling old wood, as it is usually found under logs and in woodsheds. I would undertake to go out now and find a dozen specimens in an hour. You will say that it is strange that more persons are not poisoned by the latrodectus mactans, for such instances are very rare. The fact is he is a very lazy fellow, slow in movement, and when discovered in his native haunt assumes a dogged sullen attitude rather than an offensive one.

"Still it is very possible to conceive a man's carrying a log upon which is one of these spiders and being bitten in the face or neck, in which event that man would probably be laid up for several weeks with a severe case of poisoning. Frequent reports have been received at the Agricultural Department of full-grown persons having been killed by the bite, but it has been impossible to fully verify these.

"A farmer in North Carolina sent an account not long ago of one of the laborers being killed by the bite of this spider. He described the symptoms exhibited by the victim, which were similar to instances recorded in southern Europe, where this spider is known by the name of 'malmignatte.'"

Industrious wisdom often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable.—Simmons.

Humorous

"Money makes the mare go." "It can't always make the automobile run, though."—Town and Country.

"We don't hear you sing nowadays, Miss Edith. "My physician has strictly forbidden me to practice." "Does he live in your neighborhood?"

Mrs. Henpeck—And you call yourself a man? Mr. Henpeck—Certainly, my dear, that is—er—if you will permit me to.—Fliegende Blatter.

Jenkins—You don't seem to bother much about the future. Lightley—No, that never worries me until it becomes the present.—Exchange.

Mrs. Wise—How do you like the new nurse girl? Mr. Wise—Great. Mrs. Wise—I thought so. That's why I fired her this morning.—Boston Globe.

Deacon Jones—In the better land everything will be made known. Mrs. Prye—Won't that be fine! I've always wondered how old Sarah Wilson was.—Boston Transcript.

"Ah," said the little girl who was being filled with culture, "see the carpenter brawny building the house beautiful with his hands skillful."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"You are as full of airs as a hand-organ," said a young man to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

"Here, take this rifle!" cried the excited showman; "the leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot." "Which a spot, sir?" gasped the green employe.—Exchange.

The Niece—Weren't you shocked uncle, when you heard that Harry had died and left me a widow? The Uncle—Well, no. That's about all I ever expected he would leave you.

Judge—You say you were alone when you committed the robbery? Nitro Bill—Yes, yer honor. I allus does me little jobs alone. When ye've got a pal it's ten ter one he turns out dishonest.—Judge.

Little Willie—I say, pa, what is an empty title? Pa—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.—Glasgow Evening Times.

"I'm sure I saw a cat over in that corner," said Tommy, sitting up in bed. "No, dear; go to sleep," said his mother; "it was just imagination." "Has a magination got shiny eyes?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mother—Ethel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to make Charley cry so? Ethel—I've only been sharing my cod-liver oil with him, dear mamma. You said it was so nice.—Harper's Bazar.

"For goodness' sake! What's that noise?" "The girl next door is having her voice cultivated." "Huh! Apparently the process of cultivation has reached the harrowing season."—Philadelphia Press.

"I have just been officiating at a wooden wedding on the West Side," said the parson. "Officiating?" queried the puzzled friend. "Yes," explained the good man. "I married a couple of Poles."—Chicago News.

Fweddie—That creature actually told me to mind my own business, y'know! Cholly—The impertinent wretch! Fweddie—Positively insulting. As if to insinuate, don't y'know that I was in business.—Cleveland Leader.

Bleeker—My congratulations on your marriage with the charming widow, old man. I knew you called on her occasionally, but I had no idea you intended to marry. Meeker—Neither did I until she had it all arranged.

Uncle George—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality. Arthur—Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it. Uncle George—Oh, I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling!

Nephew—Uncle, I'm in love with the dearest girl in all the world. She has golden hair, blue eyes, the whitest of teeth and a figure—— Uncle (interrupting)—My dear boy, I really can't consent to your marrying her unless she has five figures, at the least.—Brooklyn Life.

First Passenger—Would you be good enough to lend me your specialcles a moment? Second Passenger—Certainly, sir, with pleasure. First Passenger—Oh, thanks. Now as you can no longer read your newspaper, will you please have the kindness to pass it over to me?"

Boy's Essay on Breath: "Breath is made of air. We breathe always with our lungs, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day shouldn't breathe. They should wait till they get out doors."

Two old men were always contradicting and deriding one another. They were friends and liked to be together, but all their talk were made up of sneers and scoffs. One windy day last week they fell into an argument on the question of high winds. They disputed bitterly as to which of them could remember the most windy day. The younger of the two said: "Well, Josh, I mind the mornin' o' Aprile four in eighty-three when twuz so all-fired windy that it took the crows two hours to fly from the tenacre lot to their roost in the back canon, a fly o' less'n a mile." "Shucks, William," said the older farmer, "I mind days so windy that the crows had to walk home."

Spaniel Aids a Shoplifter.

A woman was arrested at Paris for shoplifting not long ago and it was noticed that she carried a bright-looking King Charles spaniel on her arm. The police happened to examine the pup rather carefully and were surprised to find that it was trained to help the woman at her graft. The dog was schooled to snatch a piece of lace in its mouth and then hide its head under the woman's arm.

A stout man leaning against a counter in the drug store puffing a cigar always looks rich.

MISS MARIA DUCHARME.

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