When the gorgeously attired young woman with the imperious air entered the intelligence office the manager's desk was vacant. Half a dozen girls and women were seated in chairs, evidently waiting for her return.

"I want a cook," announced the imperious young woman, after gazing about her for a moment.

Nobody spoke or manifested any particular interest.

"Who is in charge here?" demanded the young woman.

After a long pause a faded blonde in rusty black sitting in a far corner of the room said: "The lady iss not in now, but she koms back poorty qvick, I kess."

The young woman frowned and tapped her foot on the floor impatiently. "Isn't there any one to attend to me?" she asked.

No one answered and the young woman frowned again and then surveyed the gathering.

"Can you cook?" she asked abruptly of a woman who sat near the desk.

The person addressed opened her cloak and unloosened a pearl and gold lorguette from the bosom of a lace-trimmed, lilac silk waist. After examining the young woman with mild curiosity through its shriveling medium, she said in cool, even terms: "No, I am afraid I cannot. Can you?"

The imperious young woman colored slightly. "I beg your pardon," she said.

"Don't apologize," said the other with sweet insolence. "We are all likely to make mistakes. Before you told us what you wanted I really had an idea that you were looking for a place."—Chicago Daily News.

SOME CURIOUS RACES.

Ostrich Beat Pelican, Dog, Cat an Monkey in Egypt.

When King Edward was last in Egypt, says London Tit-Bits, he found much amusement in a race, which included a pelican driven by Lord Dunmore, an ostrich steered by Gen. Dormer, a pig by Capt. Maxwell, a monkey piloted by Capt. Kekewich and a Cairo dog, a turkey and a cat, respectively under the control of Capt. Lewis, Col. Sandwith and Maj. Campbell. The pelican started a hot favorite; but alas! for human anticipations, while holding a good lead he caught sight of water and promptly made for it; the monkey spoiled the cat's chance by jumping on its back, and the ostrich won with ridiculous ease from the pig—a bad second—and the dog—a worse third.

A ladies' race recently witnessed at Mhow was both novel and startling in its developments. The fair competitors raced to a line of baskets placed across the course, and on a given signal each raised the basket in front of her. Surprise! Delight! Consternation! From under three sprang up tiny recruit boys, who presented pretty prizes to the fortunate winners, while from the other baskets emerged a regular menagerie. Here doves soared up into the sky, there a cat bolted as if pursued by a hundred dogs, while partrdiges, geese and hares scuttled away into the crowd.

In many a country district in Germany there is held an annual ox race, which attracts thousands of spectators. Each one is ridden bareback by its owner, without whip, spur, yoke or harness; and as the race is across a field a mile wide, and the riders have only their voices to guide the vagrant animals, the results are often highly diverting, especially as the spectators can add to the fun by shouting and gesticulating at the oxen and doing their best to divert them from the direct path.

Not long ago at Nogent-sur-Marne the international wooden-leg running championship was decided in the presence of 5,000 spectators. The distance was approximately 220 yards, and the winner was found in a M. Roulin, who proved the swiftest of sixty-seven competitors, and covered the journey in thirty seconds. Bordeaux finds its chief excitement in stilt racing. In a recent competition a youth, Aime Martin, covered 275 miles in a shade over seventy-six and one-half hours, using stilts six feet long and weighing sixteen pounds; while a short time ago the mayor of a small French town organized a race among the local drunkards—and won it himself.

But few, if any of these eccentric races are as exciting as the "hurry-scurry race" beloved of Canadians. This is a contest between canoeists, who at a given signal dive into the river, swim to their canoes in midstream, get in, cast loose and paddle for dear life to a distant buoy. Scarcely have they covered a dozen yards when the pistol barks again, each man tumbles out of his canoe and as quickly climbs in again to paddle away as before. At the next shot each man upsets his canoe and rights it again; and so on every few yards until the goal is reached. So expert are some of these paddlers that they can upset, right and climb into their canoes in less than four seconds.

STRANGE CASE OF DEATH.

Man Was Shot, but None Could Tell for Years Whence Came Bullet.

"I suppose you've all either read or heard of Zangwill's book, 'The Big Bow Mystery,'" remarked the man who, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, had listened with an air of interest to the talk of strange cases that nonplused the detectives. But I happen to know of a case, not fiction, either, that was even more mysterious than the one related in that story. The man met his death, not by his own hand, before the doors were opened next day, in a room that no one could possibly have entered—doors locked on the inside, windows closed and shutters down.

"I knew the victim well," he continued, "for the mysterious death occurred in the little town where I was born and reared. He had a number of enemies, some desperate characters, who had threatened to kill him, and so when the news spread one morning that Henry Killiam had been found dead in his armchair, with a Winchester bullet in his heart, it was immediately inferred some one had shot him through a window or door.

"He was a bachelor, living alone, the servants all left at night, and nothing could have been easier. It was a winter night, and the victim, being subject to rheumatism, had closed every opening except the chimney. No bullet hole was found. Clearly he was not assassinated. Suicide next suggested itself. But it was known he never kept a pistol in his room and none was found when the magistrate, summoned by the frightened house help, broke the door in next morning. Still something had to be done, and the sheriff, for want of a better idea, arrested two or three who had recently made threats against the dead man and who were seen in the neighborhood that night. Certain circumstances did cast a slight suspicion on them, but the physical facts, of course, acquitted them at the trial.

"It looked as if the mystery would never be solved. When the man was removed from the room it was at once locked up, the colored caretakers refusing to touch an article in what was known as the 'haunted chamber.'

"Years passed. At last the heirs decided to sell the property. I went with the intending purchasers, friends of mine, to inspect the building, which was thrown open to us, completely. My curiosity at the unsolved mystery of Killiam's death revived as we entered the chamber where it occurred. It was as he had left it. The ashes were in the grate and thick dust, that rose in light clouds almost at a touch, was on all the furniture. The air was damp and musty.

"It was here in front of the fire Mr. Killiam was found dead, was it not?' I inquired of the colored man, who had mustered courage to enter with us. 'Yas, suh,' he replied, turning almost pale at the thought. 'Scarcely had he spoken when I heard something roll from the grate and drop on the hearth. I picked it up by a sudden impulse. It was a Winchester cartridge shell, blackened with heat. To my mind it told the story plainly.

"It had evidently got mixed with the coal thrown on the fire by the servant and had lodged in some crevice between the bricks that held it firm and fast. Mr. Killiam came in on that fatal night, lit the fire already laid for him by the servants, closed every cranny to keep out possible drafts and sat down to rest and comfort before the blaze. The heat quickly caused the cartridge to explode, and, by one of those curious but not infrequent coincidences, the bullet found its way straight to the heart. It must have been an accident; I am sure none of his enemies would ever have thought of this plan of murder with its freedom from suspicion, and even if it had occurred to them they would naturally have believed it was a million to one the scheme would miscarry."

Catching Snakes.

"How do we catch live snakes?" echoed the dealer in response to the query. "Oh, it's easy enough when you know how. In the first place you have to be absolutely fearless of snakes. A person who is without fear can handle even deadly reptiles without danger. Most snakes, you know, attempt to escape when approached by a human being. That's where the catcher gets in his work. He will make a detour and head off the fleeing reptile, which then comes to a stop and retreats in another direction. Another detour again starts the snake on a different course, and these tactics are followed until the reptile comes to a bewildered pause. Then the catcher will take out his handkerchief. This he waves at arm's length to attract the snake's attention, and all the time he is edging up closer until he is right over the snake, which is concentrating all its attention on the flapping handkerchief. A quick movement enables the catcher to grasp the reptile back of the head, and an expert will have it subdued and under his control with a few gentle strokings. Black snakes, bull snakes, pine snakes, and other less venomous varieties are captured that way without difficulty."—Philadelphia Record.

Occasionally you see such a homely woman who has married that the situation demands an explanation.

Some Congressmen have fixed opinions—after the lobbyist sees them.

OLD FAVORITES

Bingen on the Rhine.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algeria;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glance to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine;
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely; and when the day was done
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in war,
The death-wounds on their gallant breasts the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him frankly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning;
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest morning.
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse—his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled;
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corpses strewn.
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

—Caroline E. Norton.

DIGS CYCLONE CELLAR.

Difference Between the Habits of a Hare and a Rabbit.

The difference between a hare and a rabbit is, the former lives on the surface of the ground, while the latter digs a cyclone cellar and uses it as a reception room, writes Thomas A. Herndon in the Washington Post.

There are about 30 species of rabbits and hares in the world, and all countries except Australia originally possessed some specimens, but even Australia cannot now complain that she is without representatives of a species that make themselves a power in the earth.

The polar hare, the Eskimo of its species, dwells amid the snow and ice of that desolate region, and nature has so arranged that the color of his clothes harmonizes with his surroundings. South America is poorest in having but one species.

Lepus callotis is the name which science gives to a species of this wonderful animal, that when danger threatens knows so well what to do with its feet, but in common vernacular, and for business purposes, he is known as the jackass rabbit, or jack rabbit. He derives his euphonious name from our great American mocking bird, the jackass, from the supposed resemblance of their long ears, and the jack rabbit as far excels all of his species in speed as his namesake does in strenuous song.

Jack rabbits are the largest of all the hares, being 25 inches in length, while the ordinary rabbit, or cottontail, is 17 inches. The hind legs and ears are long, color above yellowish-gray, sides and back of neck lighter, below white, tail sometimes black, but in the north entirely white. Like all hares, they do not burrow, but build a nest on the top of the ground.

In northern climates the rabbit turns pure white in winter, while farther south the change is partial, or does not occur at all. Their home is in the boundless west, from Texas to Minnesota and westward to California. The two big front teeth of the upper jaw are the sign of the rodent, but behind these are two little teeth, which do not reach far enough down to aid in the gnawing, and scientists have agreed that these little teeth are to the rabbit what the appendix is to a man—a perfectly useless piece of furniture, a grandfather's clock, so to speak, once useful to his ancestors, but now outlawed by more recent discoveries and inventions. But these little teeth prove that the rabbit's ancestors had four instead of two large teeth, as at present.

On account of the peculiar anatomical structure and arrangement of the bones of the forelegs, a rabbit cannot turn them inwardly and use them as hands, as can the squirrel and other rodents when feeding; but the forelegs seem designed to be used in running or the curious stamping in which rabbits indulge when angry or excited. Jack rabbits are not believers in or exponents of race suicide, and at the close of each season they can point with pride to the increase in the number of their family. Unlike kittens, the young rabbits come into this sinful world with their eyes wide open, and when a week old they are active and well able to take care of themselves and look after their own safety. At the end of a month or two they are weaned and are soon ready to set up housekeeping for themselves.

In a natural state their increase is held in check by the scarcity of food, but when the farmer produces enough food suited to their taste they feel it is their moral duty to produce enough young rabbits to eat it. The eagle and hawk frequently kill jack rabbits, especially the young, but their most destructive foes, next to the great assassin, man, are the wolves and foxes. The coyote is said to be an expert on the subject of rabbit hunting, and he considers it an unlucky day when he does not carry in his inside pocket the left hind foot of a rabbit. During the autumn and winter jack rabbits are hunted and killed in great numbers. The most popular method is shooting them from wagons or buckboards, with the assistance of dogs, who start the jacks from their cover.

One man will sometimes kill dozens of the rabbits in a day. But the greatest number, however, are killed in drives. An area of several miles in extent is beaten over by men on horseback and on foot, who close in as they advance, driving the game before them into some kind of an inclosure or corral, from which there is no escape. The number of rabbits taken in this manner runs from a few hundred to several thousand.

The most sportsmanlike way of hunting the jack rabbit is by coursing with greyhounds, after the manner in ancient hunts in Europe, and the speed of the rabbit does not allow any loafing on the part of the greyhound, and if the rabbit is not off his training he will give the greyhound his money's worth in the preliminary spin.

If the jack rabbit has a fair start in the race he can outdistance the greyhound and does not turn or double unless closely pressed, but then he takes advantage of every trick or turn which he has learned in the school of experience, and the greyhound that beats him fairly must not be a "tenderfoot," but to the manner born.

A Solemn Thought.

It is a solemn thought,
Most solemn, of a verity,
With pregnant meaning fraught,
That we were once posterity;

The people we've forgot,
Even the very pink o' them,
Were once unduly hot
To know what we would think o' them.

From this a lesson good
We learn about futurity;
Cease vain solicitude
And rest in full security.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Common Form of Solor Blindness.

The most common form of color blindness is an inability to distinguish red. Last year thirty-four officers and would-be officers of the British mercantile marine service failed on their color tests, twenty-three being red blind and the remainder unable to distinguish green. The 4,600 candidates for certificates were also submitted to the form vision tests and twenty-two of them failed to distinguish the form of the object submitted.

Made an Impression.

First Bee—I don't believe that small boy will bother us any more.

Second Bee—Do you think he understands that his presence is not wanted?

First Bee—Well, I gave him a strong pointer to that effect.—Detroit Free Press.

It doesn't make much difference if the young man is eligible or not; Mother smiles patiently when the daughters claim to him that they made the bread.

Old age can dye its whiskers, but old age can't look young.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Are Never Without Pe-ru-na in the Home for Catarrhal Diseases.

Under date of January 10, 1897, Dr. Hartman received the following letter:

"My wife has been a sufferer from a complication of diseases for the past 25 years. Her case has baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years' standing. She was also passing through that most critical period in the life of a woman—change of life.

"In June, 1895, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of Peruna and Manalin, which we at once commenced, and have to say it completely cured her.

"About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which had been of 25 years' standing. At times I was almost past going.

I commenced to use Peruna according to your instructions and continued its use for about a year and it has completely cured me. Your remedies do all that you claim for them and even more."—John O. Atkinson.

In a letter dated January 1, 1900, Mr. Atkinson says, after five years' experience with Peruna:

"I will ever continue to speak a good word for Peruna. I am still cured of catarrh."—John O. Atkinson, Independence, Mo., Box 272.

Mrs. Alla Schwandt, Sanborn, Minn., writes:

"I have been troubled with rheumatism and catarrh for twenty-five years. Could not sleep day or night. After having used Peruna I can sleep and nothing bothers me now. If I ever am affected with any kind of sickness Peruna will be the medicine I shall use. My son was cured of catarrh of the larynx by Peruna."

Mrs. Alla Schwandt.

Why Old People Are Especially Liable to Systemic Catarrh.

When old age comes on, catarrhal diseases come also. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people.

This explains why Peruna has become so indispensable to old people. Peruna is their safeguard. Peruna is the only remedy yet devised that entirely meets these cases. Nothing but an effective systemic remedy can cure them.

A reward of $10,000 has been deposited in the Market Exchange bank, Columbus, Ohio, as a guarantee that the above testimonials are genuine; that we hold in our possession authentic letters certifying to the same. During many years' advertising we have never used, in part or in whole, a single spurious testimonial. Every one of our testimonials are genuine and in the words of the one whose name is appended.

Good Rules for All.

A cap worn at a rakish angle is no sure sign of a riotous disposition, but some persons think it is. The better way is to take no chances, and if one is willing to regulate his cap—and other things—by good authority, he may profitably heed these rules, which the President of a New England railroad company has issued to his trainmen:

Don't wear your cap over your ear.

Don't wear your cap down over your eyes.

Don't wear your cap on the back of your head.

Don't wear your cap askew.

Wear it firm and square on the top of your head.

Keep your shoes polished like a mirror.

Wear a linen collar, and keep it clean.

Wear a dark necktie.

Crease your trousers.

Brush your clothes.

Wear a glad smile, and live up to it.

Longest Fence in the World.

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has been erected by a well-known American cattle company along the Mexican border. It is seventy-five miles in length, and separates exactly for its entire distance the two republics of North America. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the border and falling an easy prey to the Mexican cow punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money, it is estimated that cattle enough will be saved in one year to more than pay for it.

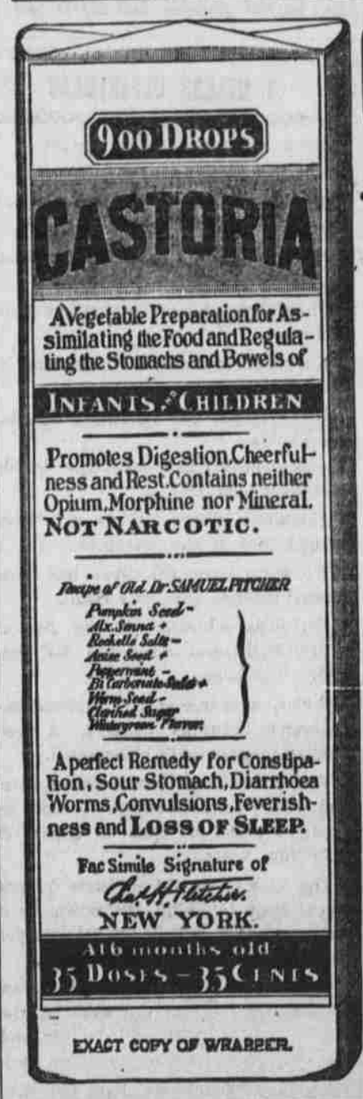
Worse Than Traveling Alone.

"You say that you came from Denver alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, isn't it the truth," roared the lawyer, "that your husband came with you?"

"Sure, but I didn't think that it would be competent and relevant to say that I was worse than alone."—Detroit Free Press.



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