

### GREAT DISCOVERERS.

Sample of a Regulation Dialogue Between a Druggist and His Victim.

Nearly every druggist has discovered some compound that will cure every disease. This discovery, stopping at respectable advertisement of its merits, is well enough, but the inventive druggist stops not at advertising, in fact rarely goes that far, but adopts a more important method of selling his compounds. A man who has read much of the merits of Dr. Bullrigg's Balm, and who believes it will cure him, enters a drug store and asks:

"Have you any of Bullrigg's Balm?"

"Yes, sir, we have it. Suffering with a cough?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've got plenty of the Balm, but we also have something much better. Now here's something (taking down a bottle) which we make ourselves. It's much supe—"

"I want Bullrigg's Balm."

"Yes, I know, but this preparation, as every sensible man in this town will agree, will knock a cough higher than a kite. This bottle will only cost you—"

"I want Bull—"

"Yes, I understand. This medicine is made of the purest drugs and will only cost half—"

"Well, give me a bottle."

"Two bottles? only cost half—"

"Yes, two bottles."

"Thanks. Any thing else?"

"Have you got any of Nuggleton's Bed-bug Annoyer?"

"Yes. Bothered with bugs?"

"Somewhat."

"Yes, I've got Nuggleton's, but we also have some Bed-bug Murderer which we manufacture ourselves. Every man in this town will tell you that our—"

"I want Nuggleton's."

"Yes, I understand, but this wonderful preparation which we prepare ourselves only costs half what the other does and is much better. We spare no pains in the manufacture and—"

"Well, give me a package."

"Two, did you say? only cost half—"

"Yes, give me two."

"Thanks. Any thing else?"

"I'd like to get some of Jackson's Chill—"

"My dear sir, when it comes to chills, we make a preparation that—"

The customer rushes from the store.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

### A TIGER'S BLOW.

Crushing the Skull of an Ox at a Single, Terrible Blow.

A man-eater which for six months had been the terror of the neighborhood had been traced down and was seen to creep into a ravine. The beaters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service and might be charged by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by a wound. Unfortunately, these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from his refuge, and one of them who had taken too large a dose refused to escape, and challenged the tiger, drawing his sword and waving it defiantly. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw, and turned at bay. After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid, the lower part of his face, including both jaws, having been carried away as if by a cannon-ball.

The terrific effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag. The wonder at this terrific strength diminishes when the limb is measured. The tiger which killed the foolhardy man was by no means a large one, measuring nine feet four inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; yet the girth of the forearm was two feet seven inches. The corresponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference.

Not until it becomes a man-eater is the tiger much dreaded, especially in the case of those natives who do not possess flocks or herds. Indeed, when an Englishman has offered to kill a tiger whose lair was well known he has been requested not to do so, as the tiger did no harm and killed so many deer that it supplied the neighbors with meat. The tigress is much more to be dreaded as a man-eater than the male animal.—*Rev. J. G. Wood, in Good Words.*

### An Insect Tramp.

A supposed house-fly parasite (*Hypopus muscarum*) has been found by a French naturalist, P. Megnin, to be in reality no parasite, preying upon the fly's body, but simply the common cheese-mite (*Tyroglyphus seio*) availing itself of the first means of transportation to new sources of food supply. The creature, with a remarkable power of adaptation to environment, becomes greatly changed on attaching itself to the fly or other animal, but assumes its original form and multiplies rapidly, on reaching suitable feeding-grounds. This discovery explains how fresh cheese can become infected with mites, even when carefully placed on a shelf away from all suspected sources of contamination.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Judge to the plaintiff—"Who was present when the defendant knocked you out?" Plaintiff—"I was."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Sam Bear, of Santa Fe, owns the champion cinnamon bear of the Territory, but they are not related.

### WHITMAN IN DURANCE.

How a Quaint Verdict Cleared the Author of "Blades of Grass."

The story that Walt Whitman is infirm and poor calls to mind a story of the early days, when the author of "Blades of Grass" lived with his father in Babylon. The old gentleman occupied the Minturn place, west of the village about a mile and a half. It was in 1840. The budding poet, then eighteen years of age, had just returned home after his venture in journalism in Huntington. His success had not been marked; in fact, it is questioned whether it should not be put down as a miserable failure.

Walt Whitman, as described by the old ladies of the village, was a handsome youth, full of life, pert in his manner and brisk in his walk. He was broad-shouldered and muscular, always walking erect, with a sailor's swing of easy independence. His dress suggested a "water dog." His collar was cut low and his shirt front was usually rolled back, exposing his robust breast. A short sailor-jacket and wide trousers contributed an air of salt-water, and suggested a jolly marine out for an airing. Captain Simon Cooper is reported as saying: "I can smell salt water ten miles away just on seeing Whitman."

He was a popular favorite among both sexes in the village, and many jolly yarns are told of those days which, no doubt, the now aged and suffering poet can recall with pleasure.

One of the stories called to mind is the arrest of the poet for an assault upon a young man named Benjamin Carman. The Carman farm joined the farm occupied by the Whitmans. A trout pond formed the boundary. In this pond Walt delighted to fish. On a certain day while Whitman was sitting in his boat angling, young Carman conceived the idea of annoying him. He first threw stones so as to disturb the water near the fisherman. Seeing no effect upon the stolid fisherman, he got in his own boat and commenced leisurely rowing around in the vicinity of the pond, to the total destruction of fishing. Even this annoyance failed to call forth any reproach or remonstrance, and Whitman fished on as though nothing was annoying him. At first the lad was careful to keep beyond the reach of the fishing-pole, but finally, his suspicions being quieted by the manner of the fisherman, who in a casual sort of a way plied him with various questions, asking if he were not a namesake of Benjamin Franklin, and engaging him in cheerful conversation, the boy edged nearer and nearer, until, coming within the swing of Whitman's fish-pole, the poet caught him unawares and thrashed him unmercifully, breaking his pole and inflicting quite severe injuries upon the boy, dismissing him with the admonition that the next time he refrain from interfering with his fishing.

But this was not destined to be the last of the matter. The elder Carman, in rage at the castigation of his son, swore out a warrant for Whitman's arrest before Justice Joel Jarvis, of Huntington. In those days Babylon was a land of "rum and romance," and many quaint characters clustered about the village. The news of the important arrest traveled like wild fire, and when the constable produced his prisoner before the magistrate the little 7-by-9 court-room was crowded. General Richard Udall, afterward member of the Assembly from Suffolk, appeared as attorney for Carman, while Whitman pleaded his own case. The jury was made up of men who thought more of common sense than of law. The foreman was John Edwards, an Englishman, full of stubborn persistence, prepared to insist upon having his own way. The progress of the trial was not devoid of interest; in fact, for years the case of "The People Against Walt Whitman" was one of the most celebrated on the "merry old south side." General Udall made a clear case. The evidence was not disputed. Whitman, when he summed up his defense, told the jury the facts in the case. He admitted he had thrashed the boy, but plead in justification that Carman had interfered with his vested rights and had made himself a nuisance, and the nuisance had simply been abated. The jury filed out. They were out but a few moments and returned into court.

The justice resettled his steel-bowed spectacles so that he could more readily look over them and asked: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We 'ave," said Edwards.

"What is it?" asked his Honor.

"We find 'e did not 'it 'im 'ard enough," said the foreman.

The uproarious laughter which greeted this verdict the justice could not quell, and in his righteous indignation broke his spectacles in his endeavor to sufficiently express his disapproval. When quiet was restored he explained to the jury that they must find a verdict of "guilty" or "not guilty," when the spectators were again convulsed by the answer of the sturdy Yorkshire gentleman, who stubbornly insisted that the only verdict of the jury was that "Whitman 'ad not 'it 'im 'ard enough," and after repeated attempts to get matters right, the prisoner was discharged, and the verdict stands to-day that "the plaintiff was not hit hard enough."

Whitman's father was a coarse, large-boned, very tall and powerful man. His mother is remembered as a slight, refined, lady-like woman of most prepossessing manners.—*N. Y. World.*

—Twenty-eight of the thirty-nine counties of Washington Territory have selected women as school superintendents.

### MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

How Meek Mrs. B. Triumphed Over Her Ambitious and Learned Lord.

Mr. Bowser is a great man to "break out in spots." The other evening, after he had lighted a cigar and got his feet braced on the mantel, he suddenly observed:

"Mrs. Bowser, has it never occurred to you to call me Judge?"

"Never!" I promptly replied, for he had complained of the biscuit at supper.

"Nor Colonel?"

"No!"

"While I could probably have gone to the Supreme Bench, or been commissioned Colonel," he softly continued, "I did not care for the honor. I am not one, Mrs. Bowser, to clutch at titles in order to lift myself up, but I didn't know but it might please you to be known as Mrs. Judge Bowser."

"I don't want the title."

"Very well, Mrs. Bowser. If you have no care for social distinction I'm sure I haven't. If your ambition is to plank yourself in the house with that wall-eyed baby and pay no attention to the demands of society I might as well join another lodge."

I felt a bit conscience-stricken over the way I had acted, and after awhile I went out and told the cook to call him Judge when she came in with the last scuttle of coal. When she came she managed to bump him to give her an excuse for saying: "Excuse me, Constance—excuse me!"

There was a solemn silence for five minutes after she left the room. Then Mr. Bowser observed:

"Perhaps, on the whole, Mrs. Bowser, it would be as well not to attempt to call me by any title. Hired help is so stupid, you know."

On a late occasion, as our fireside was a scene of peace and happiness, Mr. Bowser softly remarked:

"Mrs. Bowser, whenever it comes handy you'd better throw out hints to your lady friends that you were educated abroad."

"Why?"

"Well, it will increase their respect for you."

"But I was educated in the little red school house at Perryville, you know, and have never been out of the State."

"Don't talk so loud, as Jane may be listening! I told a friend only the other day that I was educated abroad, and had been through all the art galleries of Europe."

"What place did you say you studied at?"

"Zanzibar."

"Why, my dear, that's in Africa!"

"It is! Now that shows what you know! Zanzibar is in Germany. Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to crow over you on the subject of education, but when you display such lamentable ignorance of geography I have to feel glad that my school days were not wasted."

"I say it's in Africa!"

"Mrs. Bowser!"

"And I'll prove it by my atlas!"

"If you do I'll give you fifty dollars in cash!"

I got out the atlas, and there, over on the east coast of the Dark Continent was Zanzibar, as every school-child knows.

"I'll take that fifty," I quietly remarked.

"No, you won't! Some fool of a map-maker has gone and got drunk and mixed things up, and I'm not going to pay for it. When I know that Zanzibar is in Germany I know it just as well as the atlas or anybody else."

"Did this friend of yours ask you what old master you preferred?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I was posted there, too. You may think I got sloshing around with both eyes shut and my tongue hanging out, Mrs. Bowser, but that's where you are dead lame. I told him Longfellow!"

"Mr. Bowser!"

"What now! You don't spose I said Sam Patch or Buffalo Bill, do you?"

"But Longfellow was not a painter at all, he was a poet."

He drew in his breath until his face was as red as a beet, and he jumped up and down and flourished his arms like a wind-mill, and finally got voice to roar out:

"I'll bet you nine hundred thousand million quadrillion dollars that that old back comb in your hair! Mrs. Bowser, such assumption and assurance on your part is unbearable!"

"Jane may hear you."

"Jane be hanged, and you, too! Mrs. Bowser, I demand an apology for this insult!"

"Wait till I prove that Longfellow was not an artist, but a poet."

"I'll give you a million dollars if you do it."

I got down the volume of poems by Longfellow which Mr. Bowser had given me a year before, and then I went to the encyclopaedia and made a tight case on him. He was at first inclined to give in, but directly he struck the table such a blow that baby screamed out, and then shouted:

"I see how it is! You are looking for Longfellow all the time, and I distinctly stated that it was Longfellow! If the printers have got drunk and left the name out am I to blame?"

"Mr. Bowser, I believe I will say I was educated abroad. I will do it to please you."

"Oh! you will! Well, you needn't do any thing of the kind! Folks would all know by your freckles that you sat in the sun in some country school foundry! Mrs. Bowser, you've broken up the peace of this fireside by your malicious conduct, and you needn't sit up for me to-night. I may not come home before to-morrow."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Some men are born mean and some achieve meanness. No one has meanness thrust upon them.—*Texas Siftings.*

### GOOD COUNSEL.

The Class of Women Who Raise Men to a Higher and Nobler Position.

My brother, it is said, and I believe it to be in many cases true, that men do not read women readily; do not understand their real characters even though those characters may be seen by other women. Now, let me give you an infallible rule, one which you can apply in every case and never be disappointed in the results. It is simply this: When you come into the presence of a woman whom you are meeting for the first time note the impression she makes on your mind. If she reminds you at once of your sex and her own by look, word or act, let her alone, for her influence will be grade you. She may please your eye by her beauty, your ear by her voice, flatter you by her words and manner, but she will never be a true friend to you. She studies to please and expects you to please in return. She has no thought above the present pleasure and no care for anything but self. She will never uplift you beyond your present plane nor incite you to deeds of honor. She must live out her organization and by suffering be made to see the true aim of life before she can be to you in any respect what a woman should be to a man, a guide to draw him up, not down; a friend whom he can safely trust and honor, and, perchance, even love.

If, on the other hand, you meet a woman whose presence brings no thought of sex into your mind, who brings out your best thoughts and gives you hers in return, whose manner encourages no ignoble deed or word, who respects herself, and involuntarily calls out your respect for her, make that woman your friend, no matter what may be her age or social position, no matter if she be poorly dressed and plain-featured and one not calculated to make a show in the world of fashion; she has a soul filled with good, and her thoughts are the forerunners of good deeds, and she will prove a source of constant inspiration to you that shall draw you to higher planes of development and tend to make you the man you ought to be. After spending an hour with such a woman you leave her feeling more manly, more erect morally and physically, and, though you may not have the thought clearly formed in your mind, yet you are conscious that the time spent in her company was spent wisely. You are aware that her influence is elevating and refining and you feel your better nature rousing into action. You feel ashamed of your misdeeds and wish yourself better than you are, and resolve to make yourself more worthy of her regard. Evils that you have scarce noticed before you are hardly willing to tolerate, new desires awake, and you breathe for a time a new, purer atmosphere.

When you find a woman who produces these or similar impressions on you, cultivate her acquaintance; she will do you good. Her influence will be ennobling, not degrading. She will never drag a man down, but raise him to a higher level, and bring out in strong relief, all the grand nobility of manhood that is in him, and the strength and purity of his highest and best gifts.

The friendship and love of a woman of this class is worth winning, my brother, and happy is he who can call such a woman his friend, and doubly blessed is he who can win her for his life companion. Association with her will be on a plane far above selfish passion, and round out the life into harmonious completeness that not only influences the individual, but all who come in contact with him.—*Christian Register.*

### THE HOG IN WINTER.

How Swine Should Be Housed and Fed During the Cold Months.

There is a class of writers whose writings gives the inference that if we will keep the hog in a closely heated room all winter there would be very little need of feeding the animal. They seem to intimate that profitable pork production depends not so much upon the price of feed as it does upon the price of base-burners and fuel. At all events, they are eternally telling us to keep the hog in warm quarters, and informing us that exposure to the cold means a loss of heat and consequently an additional expenditure for food. Now, nobody will advocate an unnecessary exposure of swine or any other class of animals. They should always have clean, comfortable quarters; but a greater mistake than to attempt to keep swine in a high temperature can not be committed in connection with swine husbandry. The hog is naturally an animal of high temperature when undergoing the process of fattening. So far as suffering is concerned, the fat hog can stand a very low degree of temperature if dry; and, to add to its internal heat is to produce injury. But there can be no danger of doing this in winter, some may think. Yes, there is. The house may be so close and unventilated as to produce too high a degree of heat; or, what is more common, the hogs may be permitted to huddle together and heat themselves almost to the cooking point. This is the cause of a great deal of trouble among swine, and we are frequently compelled to tell swine-breeders who complain of sickness among their hogs to rout them out and keep them from huddling together. If we could always have our own way in the matter we would never have a higher temperature than forty-six degrees in which to fatten hogs. Certainly in winter time the temperature can be kept as low as that, unless their quarters are abominable in construction.

The matter of cleanliness should be

carefully looked after. The hog is not near so dirty an animal as some people would have us believe, and if it was, so much more the need of our striving to make him cleanly. Swine will eat almost anything, it is true; but so will a fowl. The hog, however, will show his preference for clean food and a clean place to feed if it is given an opportunity. The winter quarters of some hogs are an abominable disgrace. They sleep in filth, they eat in filth, and if they do not happen to die before they are got into market the pork produced under such circumstances can not be of the best quality. The animal enjoys a clean floor to feed upon and a clean bed to sleep in, and enjoyment always improves thrift. Whenever an animal enjoys its surroundings it will always do the best it can do.

The food of the fattening hog will consist mostly of corn, the great fat-producing food of the country; and if the animal has been fed up to the time of beginning the fattening process for development of bone and muscle, it will usually stand even a steady and exclusive diet until it is ready for market without much danger. But if it has not been thus developed it may break down at any time. We must not forget that fattening is a violence to natural laws. It is the creation of something that beyond a certain limit is not only of no use to the animal system, but a detriment to it. Suppose it were possible to fatten a human being as we fatten swine, and we should do it, what would be the result? We should endanger the life. We should load all the organs with something that would not benefit them, but would interfere with the full performance of their functions. The same is true—though perhaps to a less extent—with an animal that we make so excessively fat as we do the hog. And now if the hog is weak to begin with, if its bones and its muscles are not developed as nature intended them to be, we simply add to the imperfect condition of the system when we push its development on its least important side. But while the hog that has been developed as we have indicated may get through on an exclusive corn diet, it is not well to risk it. It should be a rule of feeding that no animal should be confined to corn at any time or under any circumstances. If the hog gets nothing but corn it will sooner or later be troubled with costiveness, with all the evils that such a state incurs. If fed every day a little of the bone and muscle forming foods, such as middlings, oil meal, etc., its digestive machinery will be kept in order, and beside the animal will be kept growing.

If hogs are kept, as we keep them, until the second year, the winter food needs to be largely of the bone and muscle-forming varieties. They can be kept growing upon no other kind of food. Corn will furnish little for bone and muscle building. In a recent letter from Kansas, noticing the prevalence of hog disease, the trouble was attributed by the writer to too much corn. He said corn was so plenty that the hogs were fed upon it from piggish to maturity, and that even the sows with pigs were permitted to run with the fattening hogs. Now, it is utterly idle to expect swine to do well under such treatment. There can be no aim in such feeding, unless the object is to kill the hog, and, of course, that purpose is not entertained. Until grass comes the growing hogs should be fed carefully upon only that which will make them grow. They do not need fat; they need size, large bone and more fully developed muscle. They may be fed any thing that is upon the farm except corn, but only a very small quantity of that.

—*Practical Farmer.*

### Burshing Children's Hair.

There is a right way and a wrong way of doing many things and in hair brushing the latter way is too often resorted to. There is too much inclination to hurry over this important duty both with mothers and nurses. Plenty of time should be taken and care be used, or the child soon learns to dread it and shrink from it. If the operator would take pains to amuse the little one either with a short story or a few pleasant words the task would be very materially aided and the pain lessened. It seems a little thing to talk of, but when one thinks how often the tender head is jerked around during the operation and the little one required to keep perfectly still while the brush or comb with sharp teeth is dragged through somewhat tangled masses of curls, one can readily see that this work of necessity becomes one of torture.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The Wisconsin Central railroad has abolished the system of "tipping" on its parlor, dining and sleeping-cars, and it proposes to enforce the new departure by the immediate discharge of employees who are found to have accepted tips from passengers. The rule is absolute, with the exception of the blocking of shoes, which porters are allowed to do only when requested, and the fee for which is fixed at ten cents. Simultaneously with the order, the pay of the employees affected has been increased, making it about three times the amount received ordinarily by sleeping-car porters.—*Chicago Journal.*

A man whom he married the night before went to a clergyman at Greenfield, Mass., not long ago, and saying that the cost of the wedding reception had exceeded his calculations, requested a loan of the five dollars paid as a wedding fee. The money was returned but has never been repaid.—*Boston Herald.*

### A SIAMESE EXECUTION.

United States Minister Child, Describes How Three Criminals Were Decapitated.

With a number of Europeans and Americans I attended a Siamese execution, where the sword is used in the furtherance of justice. The execution took place in the square near one of the wats, open to all. As the hour set for the dread event was four p. m., our party secured a carriage, and notwithstanding it was raining at the time, drove to the ground, but the shower soon passed over, the sun shone brightly, and after our arrival preparations were made by inserting in the ground three bamboo crosses about two feet in length, to which the arms of the doomed men were to be tied, they sitting on the ground, and three poles about six feet long upon which were to be placed the heads of the criminals. This done the crowd was driven back. The doleful sound of a gong beating at short intervals, the sudden hush of the crowd, told that the prisoners were approaching and in the center of a squad of soldiers and policemen they entered the place that had been reserved, about thirty feet square. The soldiers and police formed in the square as a means of keeping the spectators back, a Siamese nobleman examined the crosses to see that every thing was ready, the judges of the court were in attendance, escorted by attendants bearing swords in red velvet sheaths.

The prisoners, three in number, (the King, who is very humane, having commuted the sentence of fourteen to imprisonment for life on his birthday), seemed perfectly cool and collected. They had each a long bamboo pole, some six feet in length, on their necks, in the front of which was an oval piece of wood through which their hands were placed, with chains on their necks and legs. In a short time the yokes and chains on their necks were taken off and as the ground was wet and muddy by the tramping of the crowd, large banana leaves were placed on the ground and they were ordered to squat down on them; then they were fastened to the crosses, the flowers and sticks were stuck in the ground in front of them, the sticks lighted and for a few minutes the victims of the law prayed most fervently in silence, they having been engaged in prayer at the wats about four hours previous to being brought to the place of execution. This over, mud was inserted in their ears so that they could not hear the executioners when they approached, and were instructed to lean forward and keep their eyes riveted on the flowers and burning sticks. While waiting the coming of the executioners, the chief of the band of robbers smoked a cigarette, and it was only by the heaving of his chest that one could detect my emotion. All of a sudden the crowd parted, three executioners, dressed in red with gold fringe on their clothes, glided through the opening, dancing as they came, saluted with their shining swords, and on reaching the prisoners the bright steel flashed in the air, you heard a thud, the head fell to one side, hanging by a piece of skin, and the law was avenged. With another salute the executioners disappeared; then a man with a sharp knife severed the heads and stuck them on the poles, a hideous sight, then coolly chopped the hands of the dead men off so as to get the irons that were solidly riveted on, and the bodies were left on the ground for the vultures to eat or for their friends to steal and give burial after nightfall. The heads were taken off simultaneously, so quick that I could scarcely realize it, and it seemed to me that death was instantaneous, save that the heads showed spasmodic action, the eyes and mouth opening and shutting, which lasted for some time after being on the poles.

The crowd in attendance was most orderly, not a drunken man to be seen, and entire silence prevailed, and when the execution was over left the grounds without the least confusion and there could not have been less than a thousand present.

The scene was one that could not fail to impress the crowd of spectators; the small grass plot, cordon of police soldiers with a mass of faces peering behind them, the three prisoners attached to the crosses with heads bent forward, the entrance of the scarlet-clad executioners with gleaming swords, their sinuous sidelong dance until they had reached the rear of the doomed men, then, like a flash of lightning, the bright steel gleamed and three violators of law had ceased to exist, the blood spurting in jets from the torso while the head hung by a small piece of skin, as the executioner never cuts the head clear off. Two of the bodies fell over on the ground while one remained erect. The prisoners were old offenders; one of them, I was informed, having been implicated in fifteen robberies and several murders. He was the chief, but had slipped through the meshes of the law repeatedly by the use of money; the others were younger men and one of worthy parentage, but his money did not save him, as an example was needed to put a stop to outlawry, and it has done it, for the robberies have ceased, and the band is broken up.—*Bangkok (Siam) Cor. Richmond Conservator.*

He Had Been There.

"Bub, what's the day of the month?" he queried as he stopped short at the corner of Griswold and Larned streets.

The lad crossed the street without replying and stood on the curb and looked back.

"What's the matter?"

"I know your racket. Soon as I tell you you'll say you've got a note due today, and want to borrow thirty-seven dollars to help you out. I've got through being financially ruined; try the newsboy over there."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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