

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best of the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Boyce—It is a true saying that time is money. Joyce—It must be; you never see that old miser wasting a minute.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A woman with a pedometer discovered that she covered seven miles a day in doing her ordinary household work.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. FAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blotchy, bleeding or protruding Files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

Too Mild.

There are distinctions without differences, also differences without distinctions. A small man, noted for his economy in speaking truth, demonstrated the fact. After a long and exasperating career of preparation, chance brought him up standing against a bigger individual, who has the courage of his convictions, also a nice sense of discrimination in the use of language.

He said things to the little man—things that made him writhe and turn purple in the face. "But the worst of it all was," whined the little man to his confidante later, "he never once called me a flat—said I was nothing but a miserable little story teller."—Success Magazine.

NEW STRENGTH FOR OLD BACKS.

No Need to Suffer Every Day from Backache.

Mrs. Johann Straw, 526 North Broadway, Canton, N. Y., says: "For three years I suffered everything with rheumatism in my limbs and a dull, ceaseless aching in my back. I was weak, languid, broken with headaches and dizzy spells and the kidney secretions were thick with solids. I was really in a critical condition when I began with Doan's Kidney Pills and they certainly did wonders for me. Though I am 51 years old, I am as well as the average woman of 50. I work well, eat well and sleep well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Old Buffalo Days.

There is no record at the War Department, Washington, a document bearing witness to the memory of many men now living. It is the "return" for several rounds of cannon ammunition expended in Kansas in 1867 to divert the course of a great herd of buffalo that was bearing down toward a camp of soldiers with a force that threatened to overwhelm it. At least one officer is alive who saw these shots fired, and he describes the herd as literally reaching as far as the eye could see. It was a long time in passing the camp, whose occupants watched it in silence, awed by the spectacle. General Philip St. George Cooke once halted a regiment of cavalry on the plains to permit a great herd of antelope to pass, and he was not a man easily halted when on duty. His humanity impelled him to withhold the regiment from mangle and maiming the antelope, which were allowed the right of way.—Boston Transcript.

Urgent.

"Ma," began Tommy, trying for the sixth time to say something.

"Tommy!" said his mother, sternly, "didn't I tell you not to interrupt Mrs. Caddie and me? Wait until we are through."

"But, ma, I want to say this to-day."

—Catholic Standard and Times.

BOTH GAINED.

Man and Wife Fatten on Grape-Nuts.

The notion that meat is necessary for real strength and the foundation of solid flesh is now no longer as prevalent as formerly.

Excessive meat eaters are usually sluggish a part of the time because they are not able to fully digest their food, and the undigested portion is changed into what is practically a kind of poison that acts upon the blood and nerves, thus getting all through the system.

"I was a heavy meat eater," writes an ill man, "and up to two years ago, was in very poor health. I suffered with indigestion so that I only weighed 95 pounds."

"Then I heard about Grape-Nuts and decided to try it. My wife laughed at me at first, but when I gained to 125 pounds and felt so fine, she thought she would eat Grape-Nuts too."

"Now she is fat and well and has gained 40 pounds. We never have indigestion any more and seldom feel the desire for meat. A neighbor of ours, 68 years old, was troubled with indigestion for years; was a heavy meat eater, and now since he has been eating Grape-Nuts regularly, he says he is well and never has indigestion. I could name a lot of persons who have really been cured of indigestion by changing from a heavy meat diet to Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page.

THE SPY

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

There was a startling fierceness in the voice of the trooper that reached the heart, even amid the horrors of the cottage. The leader of the Skinners dropped his plunder, and, for a moment, he stood in nerveless dread; then rushing to a window, he threw up the sash; at this point Lawton entered, saber in hand, into the apartment.

"Die, miscreant!" cried the trooper, cleaving a marauder to the jaw; but the leader sprang into the lawn and escaped his vengeance. The shrieks of the females restored Lawton to his presence of mind. One more of the gang fell in with the dragoons, and met his death; but the remainder had taken the alarm in season. Occupied with Sarah, neither Miss Singleton nor the ladies of the house had distinguished the flames were raging around them. The shrieks of Katy and the terrified consort of Caesar, together with the noise and uproar in the adjacent apartment, first roused Miss Peyton and Isabella to a sense of their danger.

"Merciful Providence!" exclaimed the alarmed aunt; "there is a dreadful confusion in the house, and there will be bloodshed in consequence of the affair."

Frances was left alone with her sister. A few minutes were passed in silence, when a loud crash in the upper apartments was succeeded by a bright light that glared through the open door. Sarah raised herself on her bed, and staring wildly around, pressed both her hands on her forehead, endeavoring to recollect herself.

"This, then, is heaven—and you are one of its bright spirits. Oh! how glorious is its radiance! I had thought the happiness I have lately experienced was too much for earth. But we shall meet again—yes—yes—we shall meet again."

"Sarah! Sarah!" cried Frances, in terror; "my sister—my only sister—Oh! I do not smile so horridly; know me or you will break my heart."

"Hush," said Sarah, raising her hand for silence; "you may disturb his rest—surely, he will follow me to the grave. Think you there can be two wives in the grave? No—no—one—one—only one."

Frances dropped her head into the lap of her sister, and wept in agony.

"Do you shed tears, sweet angel?" continued Sarah, soothingly; "then heaven is not exempt from grief. But where is Henry? He was executed, and he must be here too; perhaps they will come together. Oh, how joyful will be the meeting!"

Frances sprang on her feet and paced the apartment. The eye of Sarah followed her in childish admiration of her beauty.

"You look like my sister; but all good and lovely spirits are alike. Tell me, were you ever married? Did you ever let a stranger steal your affections from father, and brother, and sister? If not, dear wretch, I pity you, although you may be in heaven."

"Sarah—peace, peace—I implore you to be silent," shrieked Frances, rushing to her bed, "or you will kill me at your feet."

Another dreadful crash shook the build-

"A royal spy," interrupted Birch, averting his face, and endeavoring to release his hand.

"A miserable wretch! But to you, Captain Lawton, nature has been more bountiful; you have an arm and a heart to devote to the cause; and I know they are an arm and a heart that will prove true to the last. And George—and—she paused, her lip quivered, and her eye sank to the floor.

"And Dunwoodie!" added the trooper; "would you speak of Dunwoodie?"

"Name him not," said Isabella, sinking back and concealing her face; "leave me, Lawton—prepare poor George for this unexpected blow."

The trooper continued for a little while gazing, in melancholy interest, at the con-

CHAPTER XVIII.

The walls of the cottage were all that was left of the building; and these, blackened by smoke, and stripped of their piazzas and ornaments, were but dreary memorials of the constant and security that had so lately reigned within. The roof had tumbled into the cellars. The early flight of the Skinners left the dragoons at liberty to exert themselves in saving much of the furniture. The captain, after placing Sarah on a sofa that had been hurried from the building by two of his men, retired, that the ladies might succeed him in his care. Miss Peyton and her niece flew to receive Sarah from the trooper; but the vacant eye and flushed cheek restored them instantly to their recollection.

"Sarah, my child, my beloved niece," said the former, folding the unconscious bride in her arms, "you are saved, and may the blessing of God await him who has been the instrument."

"See," said Sarah, gently pushing her aunt aside, and pointing to the glimmering ruins, "the windows are illuminated in honor of my arrival. They always receive a bride thus—he told me they would do no less; listen, and you will hear the bells."

"The shock has destroyed her mind," cried Miss Peyton, "my child, my beautiful Sarah is a maniac!"

"Come," said the surgeon, "the night air can do no service to George, or these ladies, and it is incumbent on us to remove them where they can find surgical attendance and refreshment. Here is nothing but smoking ruins and the mismanagement of the swamps."

Captain Lawton made his dispositions for the march. Miss Peyton, her two nieces and Isabella were placed in the chariot, while the cart of Mrs. Flanagan, amply supplied with blankets and a bed, was honored with the person of Captain Singleton. Dr. Sitgreaves took charge of the chaise and Mr. Wharton. What became of the rest of the family during that eventful night is unknown, for Caesar alone, of the domestics was to be found, if we except the housekeeper.

Compared with the simple elegance and substantial comfort of the Locusts, the "Hotel Flanagan" presented but a dreary spectacle. In the place of carpeted floors and curtained windows, were the yawning cracks of a rudely constructed dwelling, and boards and paper were ingeniously applied to supply the place of the green glass in more than half the lights. The care of Lawton had anticipated every improvement that their situation would allow, and blazing fires were made before the party arrived. The dragoons who had been charged with this duty had conveyed a few necessary articles of furniture. The mind of Sarah had continued to wander during the ride, and, with the ingenuity of the insane, she accommodated every circumstance to the feelings that were uppermost in her own bosom.

"It is impossible to minister to a mind that has sustained such a blow," said Lawton to Isabella Singleton; "time and God's mercy alone can cure it; but something more may be done toward the bodily comfort of all. You are a soldier's daughter, and used to scenes like this; help me to exclude some of the cold air from these windows."

Miss Singleton acceded to his request, and while Lawton was endeavoring, from without, to remedy the defect of broken panes, Isabella was arranging a substitute for a curtain within.

"I hear the cart," said the trooper, in reply to one of her interrogatories. "Betty is tender hearted in the main; believe me, poor George will not only be safe, but comfortable."

"Give him her for her care, and bless you all," said Isabella fervently. "Dr. Sitgreaves has gone down the road to meet him, I know—what is that glittering in the moon?"

Directly opposite the window where they stood were the outbuildings of the farm, and the quick eye of Lawton caught sight at a glance the object to which she alluded.

"Tis the glare of firearms," said the trooper, springing from the window toward his charger. His movement was quick as thought, but a flash of fire was followed by the whistling of a bullet before he had proceeded a step. A loud shriek burst from the dwelling and the whole party sprang into his saddle; the whole was the business of but a moment.

"Mount—mount and follow!" shouted the trooper, and before his astonished men could understand the cause of alarm, Roanoke had carried him in safety over the fence which lay between him and his foe. The chase was for life or death, but the distance to the rocks was again short, and the disappointed trooper saw his intended victim vanish in their clefts, where he could not follow.

"By the life of Washington!" muttered Lawton, as he sheathed his saber, "I would have made two halves of him had he not been so nimble on the foot—but a time will come!" So saying, he retraced his steps to the quarters, with the indifference of a man who knew his life was at any moment to be offered a sacrifice to his country. An extraordinary tumult in the house induced him to quicken his speed; on arriving at the door, the panic-stricken Katy informed him that the bullet, aimed at his own life, had taken effect in the bosom of Miss Singleton.

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HOW ENGLISH LIVE IN INDIA.

Club at Every Station—Servants and Prices at the Markets.

The Indian club is a unique institution; there is nothing like it anywhere else. In a small station it is the one rendezvous for all the men and women in the neighborhood. Punctually at 5 o'clock, when the sun begins to lose its power, nearly every one moves clubward. The glaring white road, until then occupied only by an occasional bullock bandy with its native driver, suddenly becomes the scene of the utmost animation, dogcarts, carriages, ponies and bicycles all following one another in the same direction.

Play and chat are at once the order of the day. While some indulge in croquet or badminton, others fill the tennis courts, which are provided with a number of little brown faced boys who run about and pick up the balls, when the light falls, two groups are formed in the compound; the women sit and gossip over their lead drinks, while the men cluster around the peg table. Finally, the club building itself is entered, and cards and billiards are enjoyed under the punkah until it is time to go home and dress for dinner.

Nothing is more striking on one's first visit to the club, says a writer in the Lady, than the extraordinary high spirits one meets on every side. Some say they are forced, others that they are due to the lightness and brightness of the air, but certainly such jokes and laughter are not heard elsewhere. Tragedy may lie underneath, but on the surface all is merriment. Almost every one is young, and all are ready for a little companionship and amusement after the long hot hours spent in office or bungalow. It is this friendly intercourse with one another which Anglo-Indians miss so much when they first return to England and have to put up with the aloofness of county society or the limitations of suburbia.

Then India is the ideal country for visiting. Each visitor arrives at a friend's bungalow with his own servants and ponies. Native servants are responsible for their own meals of curries and rice, and curl themselves up in a rug to sleep in any available corner, so are no trouble to another person's household. The butler, who knows your likes and dislikes better than you do yourself, makes it his special duty to see that no home comforts are lacking, and is always particularly generous with a strange "masters' foods."

If there are many visitors, the array of smart butlered butlers in the diningroom is most imposing, and the waiting is done as if by magic.

There are certain advantages in living in a country where houses are cheap, servants are cheaper and meat can be bought for 6d a pound. By a curious native arrangement there is no fixed standard of prices for articles of food sold in the bazaar. The memsahib pays such or little, according to the salary earned by her husband, which is always known to a penny.

TRANSFER.

"This idea of prohibiting corporations from contributing to campaign funds has changed things a great deal."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Star; "it takes a great deal of wear and tear of a man's check book and puts a corresponding amount of worry on his mind."—Washington Star.

Taylor—Do you think that those cigars of Smith's cost him so much money? Taylor—Not unless he was fined for smoking them in public.

ROADSIDE WIT.

He who matched wits with the author of "The Ancient Mariner" had indeed a lively task before him, for Coleridge was never caught napping. The poet was so awkward a horseman that his riding often attracted comment of anything but a complimentary nature. One day he was riding along the turnpike road in the county of Durham when a wag who met him fastened upon him as an excellent subject for sport. Consequently he drew rein and said in an impertinent drawl:

"My graceful friend, did you happen to meet a tailor on the road?"

"I'm inclined to think I did," said Coleridge meditatively. "I was not sure at the moment, but he said something about my meeting a goose farther along the road."

"The wag put sports to his horse, and the poet jogged calmly on his way."

"What is home without a mother?" Ask the newly-married couple and they will tell you it is simply delightful!

CASHES OF FUN

"Uncle Bill, what is an affluity?"

"Oh, most anybody who you are married to, Willie."—Smart Set.

Aunt—Bill, do not vex your husband too much. He will end by going back to his parents.—Transatlantic Tales.

"Tis the soul only," said Isabella; "my sex and strength have denied me the dearest of privileges. But to you, Captain Lawton, nature has been more bountiful; you have an arm and a heart to devote to the cause; and I know they are an arm and a heart that will prove true to the last. And George—and—she paused, her lip quivered, and her eye sank to the floor.

"And Dunwoodie!" added the trooper; "would you speak of Dunwoodie?"

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"A ROYAL SPY," INTERRUPTED BIRCH.

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BRIDGE BUILDERS IN SAN FRANCISCO are paid \$3 a day.

The printing trade in Canada employs almost 10,000 people at an annual wage list of \$5,546,885.

Birds, when perched on trees or bushes, are natural weathercocks, as they invariably turn their heads to the wind.

The purest breed of Arab horses are the Koclians, whose genealogy has been preserved for 2,000 years. They are said to be derived from King Solomon's stables.

The richest woman in Great Britain is Miss Emily Charlotte Talbot, who owns two magnificent estates which she inherited from her father, worth about \$7,000,000. Another rich woman is Miss Alice de Rothschild, who is very charitable and has a great hobby for gardening.

The youngest mountaineer who ever set foot on the Jungfrau summit is Ida Liecht. She is only ten years old, and is the daughter of the Jungfrau railway manager. She was born and reared among the Alps, and learned to climb like a goat when hardly more than an infant.

Mrs. Hetty Green's portrait is being exhibited in one of the New York picture galleries, showing her wearing the small black bonnet with a bit of white, in which she is seen so often. Strange to say, she has a small curly-haired dog in her arms, which indicates that she is at least a lover of animals.

At the last general election in New Zealand there were 263,597 men and 212,875 women on the roll. There actually voted 221,611 men and 175,946 women. In fourteen contests the women voters outnumbered the men. Of the candidates elected in these fourteen constituencies only one was unmarried.

It is not generally known that there is a room in the British Museum set apart exclusively for forgeries. In the time the museum has been in existence many spurious articles have come into its possession. In some cases the object has been on view for some time before the forgery was discovered. The public is not admitted to the room in which the articles are kept.

The King can do no wrong, but there is one innocent thing that no sovereign ever does—namely, to stand with his back against a wall. At the royal stand at Newmarket or elsewhere his majesty invariably leaves ample room for persons to pass behind him, so that he may escape having perpetually to reply to their salutations, which he would be bound to notice did those people pass in front of him.—London Chronicle.

RECOVERING WASTE TIN.

There are acres of dump heaps in every city of the world literally covered with tin cans and similar articles of tin plate, in which there is at least five per cent of pure tin, but the recovery of this metal has never been economically done. The solder entering into the manufacture of these articles is secured by the simple process of heating the mass until the solder runs and goes to the bottom, but for one reason or another it has never been possible to regain the tin. This has now been achieved and is being extensively done in Copenhagen by an electric process.

IN TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE.

A Kansas City woman who recently visited her old home in the South met with a warmer welcome than that of a black mammy who had nursed her son more than a score of years ago. The day the visitor felt to return to Kansas City the old negro babe her an affectionate farewell, concluding:

"An' remember me to dat boy, Mistah Eben. Ah wants yo' to huz an' kiss him good for me—an' tell him to send me two bits."—Kansas City Times.

The first thing a girl who wears elbow sleeves in the winter does, when she enters the house at home, is to ask why they don't have more fire.

The great difficulty seems to be to be both good and interesting.

THE BOY'S OPINION.

They is 2 kinds of magginess one kind that has powder in them and witch xplods and blows up people and gunboats and forts and snap cracker stores and a nother kind that doesn't have any powder in them or anything else except advertising my father says, the last dont xplod very often but they bust up sumtimes.

They is a grate many pages in magginess the second kind, I dont know how many but they is a awful lot of pages. It dont take long to read a magginess the second kind, not the first, because most of the pages is about silver pitchers for \$2 dollars and \$40 cents a piece and sets of Shakspear for \$1. dollar and how to study law for \$1.50 cents and how to raise hens and squobbs for \$1. dollar and \$25 cents and about sops that flotes and pictures of stockings with legs in them, and niggers with dippers in his hand, and a white apen on and 2 little niggers without enny close except little skirts, and babies without close on setting in tubs and automobiles and motor boats and gas stoves and toilet powder and bull dogs and most everything else in this world except stories.—Success Magazine.

TWO MILE TUNNEL UNDER WATER.

Out from the beach, at East Twenty-third street, Chicago, there rises up over the waters of Lake Michigan a system of wires and supports that suggests an electric car system, so writes Wm. T. Walsh in the Technical World Magazine. For two or more miles the wires reach, curving apparently toward the middle in a great undulating sweep that is due chiefly to the illusive effects of distance. All the past summer they have been there, the wonder and speculation of visitors to Jackson Park and the South Shore Country Club.

This thing that has attracted so much attention is, indeed, a trolley system—not of the electric type, nor for the purpose of hauling cars, or boats even, but to transport trains of buckets laden with blast shattered rock. A hundred feet or more below the bottom of the lake this rock is being torn from its bed, and this skeleton against the sky-line is a part of the machinery being employed to extend the system of great tunnels upon which Chicago is dependent for her water supply.

Widows are often said to be "fascinating." They know how to handle the men; that's the real truth about it.

KILL THE WEAKINGS!

ROMANCE OF A SLAVE.

Advanced money for education of former master's children.

Permitted by his white owner to purchase his own freedom and that of his wife with money he had accumulated through his industry, William O'Neal, a remarkable negro who has just died at Cheneyville, La., years afterward educated a son and a daughter of his former master and cared for them with the greatest solicitude possible, says the New Orleans Picayune.

This incident was recalled yesterday by gentlemen in New Orleans who knew O'Neal and the white family which at first owned him and then were the beneficiaries of his affection. The owner was John Johnson, a prominent sugar planter of Rapides parish. Before the civil war Johnson was the owner of a large plantation and of many slaves. Among the slaves was a mulatto, William O'Neal, who, like many of the more intelligent slaves, had been taught a trade. O'Neal was trained as a cooper, and proved not only a skillful mechanic, but a steady worker, faithful and economical.

Belonging to an indulgent owner, O'Neal was given many liberties not usually accorded slaves, but instead of wasting his time he worked for himself and laid aside his earnings. When he had saved a sufficient sum he arranged to purchase the freedom of his wife. He was advised that it would be better for him to purchase his own freedom, so that every cent he thereafter made could be devoted to the purchase of his wife and other relatives. But O'Neal had early determined that his first earnings should free his wife, and the suggestions were disregarded. It was not until after the purchase had been effected that he realized his mistake and sought to repair it.

Again the indulgence of Mr. Johnson was shown. He permitted O'Neal and his wife to arrange the matter so as to apply the money on O'Neal's freedom, the wife returning to bondage.

A free man, able to work for whom he pleased and to apply his earnings as he pleased, O'Neal soon saved enough to buy his wife's freedom a second time, and then that of his mother.

Freedom did not "spoil" O'Neal, as is said to have been the case with many negroes. He continued at his trade until he had accumulated a small sum, and then opened a general merchandise store at Cheneyville. His business was a success, and he soon bought a small farm for his mother, giving it to her for life. He next bought a place for himself—a small residence and sixty acres of the best land.

O'Neal continued to prosper after the war, which had practically stripped his former master of his wealth. An unfortunate shooting affair, in which Mr. Johnson was killed, added to the family's troubles and made the children dependent upon others. O'Neal was the first one to offer assistance, and the help he proposed to give was not merely temporary. He agreed to support the son and daughter of his former master, paying their expenses until they had acquired an education.

This act of O'Neal's won for him the admiration and respect of the entire community, which had formerly regarded him merely as a good negro.

The two children he educated grew to maturity, married and moved to Texas, while O'Neal continued to reside in Cheneyville, conducting his business. When his mother died he insisted upon the property he had given her being distributed among her other heirs, declaring that he had enough.

O'Neal was known in New Orleans in a business way. His credit was good at all the wholesale houses with which he did business, and he was regarded as a good business man.

QUEER STORIES

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It is not generally known that there is a room in the British Museum set apart exclusively for forgeries. In the time the museum has been in existence many spurious articles have come into its possession. In some cases the object has been on view for some time before the forgery was discovered. The public is not admitted to the room in which the articles are kept.

The King can do no wrong, but there is one innocent thing that no sovereign ever does—namely, to stand with his back against a wall. At the royal stand at Newmarket or elsewhere his majesty invariably leaves ample room for persons to pass behind him, so that he may escape having perpetually to reply to their salutations, which he would be bound to notice did those people pass in front of him.—London Chronicle.

RECOVERING WASTE TIN.

There are acres of dump heaps in every city of the world literally covered with tin cans and similar articles of tin plate, in which there is at least five per cent of pure tin, but the recovery of this metal has never been economically done. The solder entering into the manufacture of these articles is secured by the simple process of heating the mass until the solder runs and goes to the bottom, but for one reason or another it has never been possible to regain the tin. This has now been achieved and is being extensively done in Copenhagen by an electric process.

IN TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE.

A Kansas City woman who recently visited her old home in the South met with a warmer welcome than that of a black mammy who had nursed her son more than a score of years ago. The day the visitor felt to return to Kansas City the old negro babe her an affectionate farewell, concluding:

"An' remember me to dat boy, Mistah Eben. Ah wants yo' to huz an' kiss him good for me—an' tell him to send me two bits."—Kansas City Times.

The first thing a girl who wears elbow sleeves in the winter does, when she enters the house at home, is to ask why they don't have more fire.

The great difficulty seems to be to be both good and interesting.

THE BOY'S OPINION.

They is 2 kinds of magginess one kind that has powder in them and witch xplods and blows up people and gunboats and forts and snap cracker stores and a nother kind that doesn't have any powder in them or anything else except advertising my father says, the last dont xplod very often but they bust up sumtimes.

They is a grate many pages in magginess the second kind, I dont know how many but they is a awful lot of pages. It dont take long to read a magginess the second kind, not the first, because most of the pages is about silver pitchers for \$2 dollars and \$40 cents a piece and sets of Shakspear for \$1. dollar and how to study law for \$1.50 cents and how to raise hens and squobbs for \$1. dollar and \$25 cents and about sops that flotes and pictures of stockings with legs in them, and niggers with dippers in his hand, and a white apen on and 2 little niggers without enny close except little skirts, and babies without close on setting in tubs and automobiles and motor boats and gas stoves and toilet powder and bull dogs and most everything else in this world except stories.—Success Magazine.

TWO MILE TUNNEL UNDER WATER.

Out from the beach, at East Twenty-third street, Chicago, there rises up over the waters of Lake Michigan a system of wires and supports that suggests an electric car system, so writes Wm. T. Walsh in the Technical World Magazine. For two or more miles the wires reach, curving apparently toward the middle in a great undulating sweep that is due chiefly to the illusive effects of distance. All the past summer they have been there, the wonder and speculation of visitors to Jackson Park and the South Shore Country Club.

This thing that has attracted so much attention is, indeed, a trolley system—not of the electric type, nor for the purpose of hauling cars, or boats even, but to transport trains of buckets laden with blast shattered rock. A hundred feet or more below the bottom of the lake this rock is being torn from its bed, and this skeleton against the sky-line is a part of the machinery being employed to extend the system of great tunnels upon which Chicago is dependent for her water supply.

Widows are often said to be "fascinating." They know how to handle the men; that's the real truth about it.

QUEER STORIES

Bridge builders in San Francisco are paid \$3 a day.

The printing trade in Canada employs almost 10,000 people at an annual wage list of \$5,546,885.

Birds, when perched on trees or bushes, are natural weathercocks, as they invariably turn their heads to the wind.

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