

**FAMOUS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.**



**PE-RU-NA**  
FOR  
**DYSPEPSIA**  
CATARRH OF STOMACH

Distinguished Refuges.

Among the distinguished men who have sought refuge in the United States from political oppression abroad were Talleyrand, whose subsequent career for brilliant achievement is without parallel in executive statesmanship; Joseph Bonaparte, elder brother of Napoleon, who lived at Bordentown, N. J.; Brilla-Savarina, author of the Philosophy of Food, who subsequently became an eminent judge in France; Tom Paine, author of the Rights of Man; Cobett, the great political economist; Carl Schurz, Oswald Ottendorfer, founder of the New York Staats-Zeitung; Dr. Emil Pretorius, founder of the St. Louis Westliche Post; Gen. Franz Sigel, Thomas Francis Meagher, leader of the Irish Brigade in the civil war; Garibaldi, O'Donovan Rossa, John Boyle O'Reilly, the eminent poet, and Moreau, the only rival that Napoleon feared.

To these names of distinguished men who sought the protection of American law against pursuit by their political enemies elsewhere may be added that of Porfirio Diaz, now president of Mexico, who was at New Orleans in July, 1875, with a reward of \$50,000 out for his apprehension.

**Self-Possession.**  
Mr. Kajones, who had happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see some body slip hastily off somebody else's knee.  
"Ah, Bessie," he observed, pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?"  
"Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly; "George is my holding company—that's all."—Chicago Tribune.

**FASHION HINTS**



A late model in a simple evening coat has a queer little cape-hood arrangement, that would be nice for the girl of slender lines. Fur collar, cuffs and tie ends, make a rich trimming, but heavy lace, or something besides in effect would be equally good for finishing the neck and sleeves.

**CLEAR-HEADED.**

**Chief Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable.**  
The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him:  
"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:  
"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.  
"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum, being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of curing my stomach trouble. I verily believe, for I am a well man to-day and have used no other remedy.  
"My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and 'the blues' in addition to my sick spells. These have left me since I began using Postum and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion."  
"There's a Reason."  
Look in plugs for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**The Quest of Betty Lancey**  
By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)  
The quest of Mr. Franz these two new lights on the Wayne murder mystery. As to the disappearance of Betty Lancey and of the Man-Aperilla these riddles were still at their baffling inception. The police found themselves up against a polygonal enigma: The murder of Gerisse Wayne, the identity and whereabouts of Hamley Hackley; the unparalleled resemblance between Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Wayne; the disappearance of Betty Lancey; and the appearance and disappearance of the Man-Aperilla—all surrounding the death of Mrs. Wayne.

Larry Morris grew thin and gaunt as the days passed on, and no tidings came from the missing Betty. Harcourt's wife had been taken to a sanitarium and Harcourt was held in jail pending her recovery and the clearing up of the mystery. The copy of the letter Harcourt had made was pronounced by experts to be a disguised hand, and the signature of Harold Harcourt on the hotel register was found to be almost identical with the formation of the initials H. H. appended to the letters found among the effects of the dead Gerisse Wayne. Opinion was divided among various speculations and some thought that Harcourt had killed Mrs. Wayne, other theorists held that Harold Harcourt and Hamley Hackley were the same; others still, that Harcourt had been masquerading as Hackley, and in that way explained the vanishing of Hackley. This left still unaccounted for the abduction of Betty and the mystery of the Man-Aperilla.

Larry Morris persistently held to it that it was only right that an expedition should be fitted out and sent to Africa to see if there might be any further clews picked up there. His paper laughed at him, and one editor, who guessed the condition of Larry's heart, called him a "lovesick fool." Larry fumed until one night late in August he had a dream about Betty. He saw her in a jungle, amidst a horde of libyans and hideous black men. And she was standing there stretching out her hands to him. Her voice, thick with pain, called out to him, "Larry! Oh, Larry! This is the very next day, and with Johnny Johnson in tow left for New York. Five days later Larry had made a tie-up with a press syndicate to go to Africa, along with Johnny Johnson, and see what could be done towards tracing out that end of the tale. They had no charts, nothing but a few half obliterated postmarks torn from letters found in the safety deposit box kept with Double-day, Franz & Co., but on these Larry was pinning much faith. It was the mustard seed he hoped would move a mountain.

CHAPTER X.  
Betty Lancey came back to consciousness and the world of things as mortals think they see them, with a most monstrous smell of sulphur choking her. As nearly as she could distinguish the room was filled with glass globes the circumference of a fair-sized musk-melon, and every globe was a-twitter with lemon yellow or pale violet lights, bathing the room with odd spluttered flashes.

Realities reverted slowly. Betty made out a ceiling, domelike and corrugated, later a floor, and eventually discerned that she was nestling on a couch piled soft and easy with pungent pillows. Barely had she discerned these facts when a swaddled personage confronted her. It was tall and thin in sombre swatches that left the outlines of its great bulk all in doubt.

"Ah, that is better," came the guttural comment, "do you wish more medicine?"  
"No, indeed," she expostulated. "I didn't wish any in the first place. Why did you give it to me? Where am I?"  
The being answered with a shrug. "Pray, calm yourself, my dear Miss Lancey. I only trust the machinations of this electrical apparatus will not disturb you too much. Do be quiet! Do not excite yourself unduly."  
"Oh, but where are you? Where am I? And why?" asked Betty. "There's such a rushing in my head, such a sounding in my ears, and that swish and swash of water—what does it all mean? Am I delirious or dreaming?"  
"You've been both," replied the figure, "but you're better now. Well, enough to rest in the salon where you are here. As to who I am—well, you may call me Le Malheureux if you like—it suits me better than any other title, for I am the unhappiest in all the world. My baptismal name was Francis—Francis—the free—but freedom for me—never!"  
The figure sunk in a heap. Above the spluttering of the electrical apparatus Betty could distinguish the swirl of waves, and the surge of deep water. She tried to rise, but was too weak, and reclined once more upon her pillows. Vainly she endeavored to recall what had passed before. Even after event raged through her brain. She remembered dimly as a child traces back the progress of an evil dream the incidents of her last waking hours. The Inquest of Gerisse Wayne, the scene in the Directory Hotel, the quest for the papers, her attempt to interview the mysterious woman, and last of all that shuddering fright, that fearful, straggling embrace with a horrible fury being that held her in a grasp from which escape was impossible, endurance intolerable.

She glanced at the heap of draperies by the side of the couch, watched the swing and sway of the room about her, and tried to gather her tortured senses together. Betty Lancey had never had any imagination, but she was possessed always with the poise of six men and the common sense of a dozen. She examined her hands carefully, and found them without scratch or bruise. She felt no soreness of body but a numb heaviness of brain, and a confused medley of thought. She closed her eyes and again dropped into a numbness.

She awakened from dreams of a meal at Le Roy's with Larry Morris

CHAPTER XI.  
One day Betty, tired of watching the seascape aloft monotonously by, sampled putting her foot to the deck. The touch of the timber awakened ambition within her, so the second foot slowly followed the first. Then Betty made another try, and found that she could stand great—rather, tolerably, it was true. Then she tried to walk, but hardly had she gone half a dozen steps when Tyoga was with her.

"Careful, careful," smiled the negro. "Don't try too much, and be careful, mighty careful 'round the boat. This is a bad boat, Missy, it ought to fly the pirate flag."

Betty shivered. She had grown to like Tyoga, for the negro had been devoted itself in the services she had given to the young American girl. Taciturn and commanding, Betty had never been able to evoke from her either the object or the direction of their journey beyond what the negro had told her that first morning. That she had never ill, Betty knew, and that Le Malheureux was a physician of high skill she had shrewdly guessed. Betty rarely saw him, never in a bright

light, though when he played on deck of nights, as he always did, the magic, mystery in his music made her heart throb and her eyes fill with tears. It was the will of a heart and of a soul in prison, and in despair. All endeavors to elicit any information from her surroundings having failed, Betty had realized herself to the inevitable postponement of the answer and estimating her own enfeebled condition had got down to taking things as she found them, reveling in the salt and sweep of Nature and the sea-air and the willy-nilly voyage that had fallen to her lot.

Time and its reckoning had all been lost. Betty, finding that the comptometer of the days had slipped from her mind did not try to retain it. She merely rested and waited. But there were times, occasions and remarks that Tyoga and Le Malheureux both would oftentimes make that caused Betty to get up, and for her once make a wonderment of the wherefore and the why.

"Does Tyoga?" she fretted now. "You make me so unhappy when you speak like that. I'm restless, anyway, and I want to be amused. Take me some place!"

"Do you want to go into my kitchen?" suggested Tyoga, humoring her. "Most little girls like to mess in the kitchen. If you want to you may go down and make fudge."

"Tyoga," asked Betty, "where did you get that wonderful education of yours? Tell me, do. Your English is perfection!"

A shade of pain crossed the negro's face, and her features set in immobility.

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**A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.**

"I am a woman—therefore I may not call to him, cry to him, fly to him, Bid him delay not!"

Then when he comes to me, I must sit quiet! Still as a stone— All silent and cold. If my heart riot— Crush and defy it!

Should I grow bold, Say one dear thing to him, All my life thing to him, Cling to him— What to atone Is enough for my sinning? This were the coat to me, This were my winning— That he were lost to me.

Not as a lover At last if he part from me, Tearing my heart from me, Hurt beyond cure— Calm and demure Then must I hold me, In myself fold me.

Let me discover, Showing no sign to him By look of mine to him— How my heart turns to him, Follows him, yearns to him, Prays him to love me.

Pity me, lean to me, Thou God above me! —Richard Watson Gilder.

**The Day of the Slave**

"The idea of expecting anyone to be serious to-day!" she sneered, mischievously. "Why all Nature is simply hilarious! Riotous birds, frolicking—"

"Nature go hang!" he exploded. "You're just choking me off. You always find some excuse for not listening."

"Well, then, why insist upon expressing yourself as to the future? Why not be content and happy in the now?"

"When a certain important matter is settled, I shall be prepared to enjoy the 'now,'" he finished.

"Your confidence is amazing."

"Certain doom is easier to bear than suspense," he asserted. "It's no use, Stella, the time has come and—"

"Hark! Hark! Hear that perfectly wonderful bird song? Why, it's like a part of our new duet!"

She broke into a ringing carol which apparently silenced the bird, but presently

**RUSES OF SUFFRAGISTS.**

The precautions taken to exclude suffragists from the Liberal meeting at the Albert Hall recently were effectual, the London Daily Graphic says. Two of three men who raised the cry of "Votes for women!" were unceremoniously thrown out.

A disguised suffragette attempted to get in. She came in the uniform of a telegraph boy. But a lynx-eyed male saw by the way her neck cap was poised that the telegraph "boy" was only a young woman in disguise. Realizing that she was recognized, the disguised one ran down the steps of the hall amid mingled cheers and jeers and drove away in a four wheeler.

It was fully expected that at the end of Thursday's suffragette meeting in the hall some women would attempt to remain on the premises in readiness to disturb the Liberal demonstration. The reason for anticipating this was that a woman was discovered about 5 o'clock on that afternoon—that is, prior to the suffragettes' own display—hidden in the organ. Many women had been admitted during the afternoon, and she and the others who hid themselves in the hall were supposed to be of the number who then entered. She reached her position in the organ at considerable risk, for elaborate structural precautions had already been taken in view of a recent meeting to prevent any one from approaching the organ.

Failure on the part of the woman to accomplish the feat in safety, would have meant a drop of twenty feet into the seats of the orchestra. She came out voluntarily when discovered—otherwise there was no room for a man to get in to force her out.

This one having been found in the organ loft, the watchman proceeded to search the whole building after the women's meeting was over. He found two in a small corridor between the band room and the platform and one in a pay box at the entrance. The suffragettes allege that they followed the man round covertly.

Some hours later—about 5 o'clock one morning—the watchman found another woman in one of the boxes, hidden behind the curtains. He telephoned to the police to know what to do with her. They told him to let her go, and she was turned out, and the others had been turned out, but on returning to the waiting room where he had put her the man found she had escaped through a window.

Still another woman was found in a dark portion of the building, the credit for the discovery in this case being due to the dog which accompanies the man on his rounds.

When taken out of their hiding places the women presented a sorry sight, being covered with dirt and dust. Some had bags of food, and a large staff of assistants, went right up to the crown of the roof. No body was found, but special men were placed on the doors leading to the roof in order to prevent any unauthorized person from ascending.

During the afternoon the stewards engaged for the Liberal meeting arrived, and before that the management had made another tour of the lower part of the building especially under the stalls in the area and the balcony, where any number of women could hide and make themselves heard throughout the hall by a megaphone.

It seems the women had offered as much as £200 for a seat at one night's meetings.

**Business Is Business.**

Count (to the matrimonial agent)—One other point. I am living out of the country; my intended must be shipped to me. Are your terms f. o. b. or do you pay the freight?—Filegand Blatter.

**Tactical Tactics.**  
Miss Saphron—Do you sell anything to restore the complexion? Chemist—Restore! You mean preserve, miss.  
(Deal to the amount of 17s 6d immediately executed.)—London Tatler.

**Step by Step.**  
I believe in improving environments, but when we have made the world fit for men to live in we shall still need to make men fit to live in it.—Stu James Duckworth.

"Well, then, hurry and get the stones."  
"Yes, enough to build a bridge," Ned assented, regarding the building material indifferently.  
"But you needn't build a bridge, three more will be enough, I'm sure."  
"Or two, perhaps," Ned amended.  
"Why don't you put them in, then?" she snapped out of patience.  
"Oh, there's no hurry," stretched back on the grass.  
"Well, of all the— Maybe you think I like being a prisoner on a rock in mid-ocean," she suggested sarcastically.  
"Maybe I think I like it."  
"Ned Holcomb! What on earth do you mean?"  
"That's easy," Ned sprang up; "every dog has his day, likewise slave. This is the day of the slave."  
"Oh, you— you wretch," she spluttered, not even pretending to misunderstand him. "But I'll show you I'm not so helpless as you imagine." She made a motion as if to attempt to leap.  
Ned smiled, repeating: "This is the day of the slave. I am going to have a hearing—Stella, will—"  
She clapped her hands over her ears and gazed at the treetops. Ned composed himself at ease on the grass. Stella boiled with indignation.  
"I'll fling myself into the deepest water and drown if you don't help me off instantly!" she threatened, darkly.  
"Oh, you wouldn't drown. I'd pull you out and put you on the rock again to dry."  
She stamped in vexation, the tilted head glared, she staggered and caught herself with an alacrity that belied her threat. Ned remained inert and unconcerned.  
"I wish I had something to throw at you!" she stormed.  
"You couldn't hit me, you know," he grinned.  
She thrust her bare arm to the elbow in the water, but failed to fish up a stone wherewith to display her accuracy of aim and punish him.  
"Ready to listen?" Ned laughed.  
She disclaimed to answer. "This rock is as hot as— as Gibraltar. My feet are blistering."  
She frowned about and studied the back trail of stones. "I believe I could jump it with my shoes off," she commented, careful that he should hear.  
"Maybe," he returned. "You'd only get a good wetting if you fell in, you know."  
"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself," she opined, after a sulky silence.  
"Oh, surely not now," he protested. "I'm puffed with pride. I've instituted a rebellion—which took a lot of courage—and I've laid a siege which I mean to maintain until capitulation. It's only when I look back at my former abject condition that I blush."  
"I presume you expect to dictate the terms of capitulation," she jeered.  
"Certainly," Ned agreed.  
Silence for a space. Then she jerked her hat low, hid her face in her handkerchief and burst into sobs, quivering: "I never dreamed you'd treat me like this."  
Ned set his teeth, again reminding himself that she was an adept at simulation. "Better have my handkerchief," he offered; "that bit of lace is inadequate for such a shower."  
At length the young man raised to an elbow and listened, a smile growing to a broad grin. "Our little drama is to have spectators," he mused.  
Stella listened an instant, then sprang up, crying vehemently: "Oh, no! You wouldn't dare to keep me here till they come!"  
"I'm in a darling mood; however, it rests with you."  
"But just imagine what they'll think!"  
"I know what the fellows'll think. I hear their cheers for the erstwhile spiritless slave. As for the girls, you can, perhaps, picture their thoughts and actions."  
"Oh, please, Ned, please take me off. They'll laugh at me forever! Please, please, Ned!"  
Ned choked, but replied firmly: "It cuts me to the heart to refuse you, Stella, but I must. I am determined to have my answer if the whole world stands gaping. Stella, will you marry me?"  
Stella closed her lips stubbornly. Around the bend came hills of song and merry whoops from the approaching party, as yet hidden by the woods. She made again as if to attempt the leap, faltered and shrunk, then turned to her relentless jester and nodded violently.  
"I can't accept signs that may leave loopholes for evasion," Ned asserted; "I must have a plain, verbal answer—Stella, will you marry me?"  
"Oh, yes, Ned, yes! Hurry! They'll be here in a minute!"  
"Marry me soon?"  
"Yes, yes! Whenever you please! Hurry, Ned!"  
"All right, girly," the stones flew into place, and as he swung her over Ned whispered, "Forgive me, dear; it was brutal."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**ANECDOTES TOLD OF WIT.**

When A. T. Stewart conceived the idea of setting up a coat of arms he went to W. R. Travers, the New York wit, for advice. Mr. Travers suggested an employer rampant, chasing a lazy salesman with a yard-stick, and Mr. Stewart did not speak to him again for a month. This anecdote is probably as authentic as the other, which states that Mr. Stewart being extremely loquacious at a state banquet when called upon by the length of the table: "Cash!"

**Acme of Real Stupidity.**  
It is claimed that in his boyhood Shakespeare was so stupid that he did not know enough to come in out of the rain. Perhaps through this stupidity he got so wet that he became the great intellectual ocean whose waves touch the shores of all thought.

**One of the (W) Right Kind.**  
Maud—So your new beau possesses an airship, does he? What kind it is! Ethel—The best kind possible—the hethral to about a million dollars.—Boston Transcript.

No man is a coward who has been married more than once.



**LOOKS DOWN ON OTHERS.**

Fuddy—Yes, that's Curlewright over there. He's won several aviation prizes, and consequently holds his head pretty high.  
Duddy—Considers himself one of the aristocracy, eh!—Boston Transcript.

**A Little Cold.**

He caught a little cold— That was all.  
So the neighbors sadly said, As they gathered round his bed, When they heard that he was dead.

**Only One "BROMO QUININE"**

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Use the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

**HAVE YOU A COUGH, OR COLD?**

Did you say you wanted to abolish our tyrannical system which enables persons who do little or nothing to exact tribute from hungry strugglers? asked the chairman of the meeting.  
"That's what I said," answered the Socialist orator, "and it got great applause."  
"Yes. But don't you say it again. Remember, you got your start in life from tips while you were waiter in a restaurant."—Washington Star.

**Will Get It.**  
"You should insist," said the doctor, "on your boy's accustomed himself to cold baths."  
"I don't have to insist," answered the worried father. "He'll be out skating before the ice is an eighth of an inch thick."—Washington Star.

**Not So Haily Oh.**  
"Kitty, think of the poor roller in the frozen north. They have to pass through the snow and ice to reach their food, and then have nothing to eat but moss."  
"Why, mamma, I just love Iceland moss!"

**WATSON'S COLICURE**  
London is twelve miles broad one way and seventeen the other. Every year sees about twenty miles of new streets added to it.

**Knee to Ankle a Mass of Honor.**  
"About seven years ago a small abrasion appeared on my right leg just above my ankle. It irritated me so that I began to scratch it and it began to spread until my leg from my ankle to the knee was one solid scale like a scab. The irritation was always worse at night and would not allow me to sleep, or my wife either, and it was completely undermining our health. I lost fifty pounds in weight and was almost out of my mind with pain and chagrin as no matter where the irritation came, at work, on the street or in the presence of company, I would have to scratch it until I had the blood running down into my shoe. I simply cannot describe my suffering during those seven years. The pain, mortification, loss of sleep, both to myself and wife is simply indescribable on paper and one has to experience it to know what it is.  
"I tried all kinds of doctors and remedies but I might as well have thrown my money down a sewer. They would dry up for a little while and fill me with hope only to break out again just as bad if not worse. I had given up hope of ever being cured when I was induced by my wife to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial. After taking the Cuticura Remedies for a little while I began to see a change, and after taking a dozen bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, in conjunction with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the trouble had entirely disappeared and my leg was as fine as the day I was born. Now after a lapse of six months with no signs of a recurrence I feel perfectly safe in extending to you my heartfelt thanks for the good the Cuticura Remedies have done for me. I shall always recommend them to my friends. W. H. White, 313 E. Canal St., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4 and Apr. 13, 1909."

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**A Mother's Love**

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

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