THE COMING MAN.

The Coming Man I sing: the Coming Man Evolved in nature since the world began By Energy Divine; the Man foretold Forevermore, whom Hope and Faith behold.

All voices shall he hear, all volumes read: Probe to the heart of every code and creed; Cut uncut pages of Creation's book; In life itself for life's deep secrets look; Intent his heart and vigilant his brain The seventh essence of the truth to gain. He shall be humble, yet supremely bold The scroll of Time's experience to unfold: Where Science lifts her daring flambeau high He greets the glowing torch with fearless eye; Where, past the known, Religion wings her fight

His solemn gaze pursues her starry light.

Not knowledge only enters in the plan And consummation of the Coming Man, And not belief alone, however true: The best is not to rest, it is to do; The Coming Man shall be a man of deeds Employing substance and supplying needs. His wisest word shall bear a fitting act, And all his speculation bloom to fact; The goodness of his ethics he shall prove By logical results of active love.

- W. H. Venable, in The Current.

BROUGHT BACK. 1.

CHAPTER I.

There was time, since I have been a man, that I hardly knew my name, but I am pleased to say that I know now. I am John Pemebrton Oaks. My father always called me Pem; but that makes no difference, for my father had nothing to do with the awful experience which I am going to relate.

At the age of twenty-five I was the trusted book-keeper for the large wholesale firm of Pigman & Gray. Pigman, who really carried on the business, made no attempt to disguise his appreciation of me. You know. that I appreciated this, when I tell you that I was in love with Carrie Pigman. J first met her while I occupied a "roustabout" position in the store, but even then she smiled upon me. She used to come to the store nearly ever afternoon and it was not | darkness through which I could scarcelong until I began to eagerly watch for her. One day when she came in, her father was out. Passing by every ollection. When I regained it, I was one she approached me and said:

has gone?"

"No, I do not."

"Do you know how soon he will be back?'

"No. He said nothing to me about his going. When he has information to impart he communicates it to some one occupying a higher position than the position I fill."

"Oh, yes, that is true, but I'll sit here until he comes, that is if you don't care."

"Of course, I do not care. You must please excuse me as I am compelled to go about my duties."

"Oh, no, stay here and talk to me, Mr. Pem."

"I really cannot. If I do, your he comes back."

tail of a German's coat should be printed the word "Germany," and in like manner all other foreigners should be treated. The American should be leaded out as original matter. It made me mad to think of the numerous foreigners who were leading themselves out, parading as original matter. I passed Pigman's house and saw Carrie standing on the steps, but I did not speak to her. I was too busy thinking of my newspaper idea. I met a young fellow whom I knew to be of foreign extraction. He was

strutting as original matter. I stopped him and remonstrated with him. "Sir," said I, "you ought to wear a credit on your coat-tail?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm all right; I'm original and have right to be leaded out.'

"You are either drunk or crazy," he said.

Then I raved. I told him that he had insulted an American paragraph and I wanted to fight him, but a policeman came up and separated us. I went to the store and began work on my books. Mr. Pigman, I noticed, regarded me curiously. After a while he came to me and said :

"Oaks, what is the matter with you?"

willing the state "Nothing, why?"

"On your books I noticed the words leaded out,' and 'solid.' What do you mean?"

"I tried to explain to him but he could not understand. I told him that he was original and had a perfect right to be leaded out but that the lrish porter ought to be solid and credited. "If you don't know where he came from," said I "you'd better credit him to exchange."

Still he did not understand. His obtuseness angered me, and seizing a poker I was about to strike him when the uncredited Irisman rushed in and disarmed me. Then there came a ly see. The sunbeams on the windowsill fell like shadows. I lost my recin a sort of prison. The light had re-"Mr. Pem, do you know where papa | turned but my mind was still disturbed, Carrie appeared at the grated door.

"Hello, Carrie," said I.

"Oh, I am so glad you know me," she rejoined, pressing her face against the bars.

"Know you, why I have known you -let me see-I have known you eightyseven years."

"Oh, Mr. Pem."

"It's a fact. I wouldn't tell you a lie. got acquainted with you eighty-seven years ago the first of last June and the last of July."

How strange it is that I should remember all these foolish things, but I do; I remember them clearly.

"I really cannot. If I do, your "Mr. Pem, are you never go-father will give me a blowing up when ing to get well? You have been in this asylum two years. Oh, if you

"No, the people who keep this boarding house won't let me read." "They are cruel. Here is a newspaper.

She shoved the newspaper though the bars and I took it up. Carrie withdrew. I unfolded the paper. With a thrill I read the following dispatch from New York:

"A peculiar epidemic is raging in the east. The man who started the mother-in-law joke has just died and the disease is spreading rapidly among the paragraphers. It is thought that they will all die."

A dark cloud was lifted from my mind. I threw down my paper and uttered a cry of joy. I realized it all. I had been crazy. The keeper, hearmy cry, rushed to my cell. A glance satisfied him. Unlocking the heavy door, he said.

"You are free."

I hurried down stairs. How bright everything was. My first thought was of Carrie, but not wishing to shock her, I hastened to her father's store. The old gentleman was sitting in the business office. When I entered he sprang to his feet as though he would run away, but seeing my altered expression of countenance, he threw his

arms around me nd wept. "Brought back, brought back!" he said, over and over again.

When we were seated, 1 explained the cause of my sudden cure. "Well, sir," said he, "when Carrie

found that dispatch, the other mornng, she spoke of what a wonderful influence it might have on you, and she asked the advice of a physician, who said that it might be too great a shock to you, but agreed that it would either kill or cure you. She said that she would rather see you dead than to know that you would always be crazy.'

"Bless her," I exclaimed. "Let us nurry to the house."

Carrie was almost delirious with oy, and the old lady dropped many tears of gladness.

The next day I resumed charge of the books. My mind was so clear that I could anticipate sales several weeks in advance. One month from the time I was brought back, Carrie and I were married. Among the gifts was one that we prized above all estimate. It was a silver tea pot on which, skillfully engraved, appeared the dispatch from New York.

The next day after the marriage, Mr. Pigman came to me and said:

"I have need of a partner. Half of my extensive establishment is yours. I was very happy, and am still in that state. Every time I take my tea -and I take it very often-I read that blessed dispatch .- Opie P. Read, in Arkansaw Traveler.

Puritying Water With Alum.

Those of our readers who have traveled on the Mississippi river know how turbid the water is and they may have seen people tie a bit of alum to a thread, let it down into a tumbler of water, and swing it about a little, after which operation the liquid becomes as clear as crystal. Recently the matter has been carefully examined into and reported upon by Profs. P. T. Austen and F. A. Wilder, of Rutgers college. In their experiments, two-tenths of a grain to the liter (one and one-fifths grains to the gallon) caused the settling of the impurities in the New Brunswick, N. J., water. Double this quantity may well be used, as a rule. This amount of alum is too small to be perceptible to the taste, or to exert any physiological action. The alumun may be used in clarifying water by filtration. If a very small amount be added to turbid water it can be filtered through ordinary paper without difficulty, and yields a brilliantly clear filtrate, in which there is no trace of suspended matter. It is not necessary to let it stand before filtration, as the action of the alum is immediate. The similest form of filter for considerable quantities of water is a tube, one end of which is stuffed with cotton. A drain-pipe is the best, as it can be so easily cleansed. The plug of cotton should be two or three inches thick, and may be kept in place by a ring of wood fitted into the bottom of the pipe. For household purposes, a glass funnel may be used, or a filter may be made by cutting off the bottom of a glass flask or other bottle. The neck of the funnel or bottle is to be plugged with cotton, which should first be worked in warm water to remove the adhering air, and to wet it well. It should be packed in quite closely, a little at a time, until it forms a layer two or three inches thick. To insure accuracy in the amount of alum used it is beste to make a solution of half an ounce of alum to a quart of water. Dissolve the alum in a cup of boiling water, pour this into a quart measure, and fill up with cold water. Keep in a properly labeled bottle. Fifty-four drops of this solution, or a scant teaspoonful will contain two and threetenths grains of alum, which is the quantity for a gallon of water. It is not important to be very exact, as twice the quantity would be harmless enough. Analysis shows that the water is not only clarified but purified by this process, the greater part of the organic matter being removed from it.-Popular Science News.

FACT AND FANCY.

Cackling hens are of great value in boarding house yards. They lead the boarders to believe his breakfast eggs are freshly laid.

One of the most wonderful facts of the present age is the way actors continue to remain "young American tragedians" until they are past 90.

It is said that Jay Gould dislikes railroad traveling. Perhaps he is afraid of being drowned. He well knows the amount of water on the roads.

A man can get gloriously drunk in Japan for 20 cents. This is why the Japanese who come to America save their money and take it home with them.

Instructor in Rhetoric-Give an example of a syllogism. Logical Freshman-All men are more or less alike. I am a man; therefore I am more or less alike.

"Terrible railroad accident vesterday, wasn't it?" "Hadn't heard of it, what was it?" "The X road, you know it?" "Yes, well?" "It paid a dividend."

happens to sit down on an eight-ounce tack in the presence of company he won't even bob up.

There are only two occasions when a man finds out what an atrocious villian he is. The first is when he runs for the aldermanship of his ward, and the second is when his wife sues him for divorce.

"I have never given you credit for knowing very much, madam," said a blunt old bachelor, "but—" "Sir," she interrupted, "do you wish to m-sult—" "But," he continued, "I have always admired your grace and beauty." "I accept your apology,' said the lady.

Frenchman (to Kentucky citizen)-"Ven ze friend ask you ze invite to take ze drink viskey, vat you say in Anglais?" Kentucky Citizen-"Don't care if I do." "Doncar fido, oui! But ven you refuse ze invite, zen vat you say in Anglais?" "Well-er-I guess you've got me now, Frenchy."

"My dear," said a frightened husband in the middle of the night shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?" "On the shelf, next to the peppermint." "O, Lord!" he graoned, "I've swallowed it." "Well, for goodness' sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet, or you'll wake the baby."

Did your story win the prize?" "No,

LONG-LIVED PEOPLE.

Features of a Classified Record of Ten Thou sand Centenarians.

Joseph E. Perkins, a newsdealer of this city, writes a Syracuse correspondent to The New York Tribune, is about to publish a book entitled "The Encyclopedia of Human Longevity," which is the result of thirty-eight years of investigation on his part. The book will contain an authentic record of a large number of people, men and women, who have attained the age of tion to this is the case of a man who

died at the age of 99 years and 364 days, and whom Mr. Perkins regards as virtually a centenarian. The book will represent an immense amount of labor and research, and its author be-

lieves that it may be relied on as accurate in every instance. "I have," said Mr. Perkins, speaking of his book, "more than 10,000 instances of people who have lived 100 years and more. These names have been gathered from every part of the among the United States. In that The aim of Chinese parents is to so state I have gathered statistics in retutor their boys that if one of them gard to more than 6,000 persons who were more than 80 years of age, and of this number 20 were beyond the century limit. As regards sex the majority of these 10,000 centenarians were women. I account for this by the fact, that they lead less irregular

lives than men. I have instances of 50 old maids who come up to my century standard, and only 12 bachelors. As regards occupation I find that sailors, soldiers, and farmers are the longest lived. Among the professions I have the instances of 100 ministers who lived to 100 years and more, while I could find only 30 doctors, 10 lawyers, and 10 actors who came up to the standard. I can find no case a mong my 10,000 of a newspaper man who has lived to be 100 years old. Newspaper men do so much brain

work that they die young." Coming to special instances, Mr. Perkins added: "Among the oldest people in the United States were Flora Thompson, a negress of Nashua, N. C., who died at the age of 150 years; Betsy Frautham, a native of Germany, who died in Tennessee at the age of 154 held. years, and Sins, a slave, who died in Virginia, 180 years old. I have the cases of ten persons who lived in safety for one hundred years and then burned to death. In Onondaga county I have the sketches of fifty centenarians. Among them is Rev. Daniel Waldo, who died in 1964 at the age of but it came near winning it. It fail-ed only in one stipulation." "And sixty years he was a clergyman in the what was that?" "It was to have the Presbyterian church, and on the aneditor's hair stand on end." "Oh, I niversary of his 100th birthday he see. It wasn't exciting enough." preached a sermon in the First Presby-"Yes, it was." "Then why didn't it terian church of Syracuse. The last Mexican Helen. Cajeme proved to be make the editor's hair stand on end?" six pensioners of the Revolutionary a successful Paris. Single-handed he "He hadn't any. He was bald-head- war were centenarians, and I have killed Castro and three of his men, bewas 106 years of age and she only 16. He died at the age of 114. His gray hairs had fallen off and they were renewed by a dark growth of hair. Several new teeth had also made their appearance, and a few hours before his death he ate three pounds of pork, two or three pounds of bread, and drank a pint of wine. Nicholas Schathcowski, of Posen, was another old fellow. He deposed on octh before the council of Constance, 'A. D. 1414, that he was 150 years of age, and that his father, whose age at the time of his death was nearly 200, could remember the death of the first king of Poland, A. D. 1025. Among the oddities to be found in my book will be the photograph of a man who died at the age of 121 years. He had 144 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and outlived them all. Then there was Margaret McDowal, of Edinburgh, who died at the age of 106. She married and survived thirteen husbands. John Rovin and his wife, your wife's death, Uncle Rastus. Un- of Hungary, lived together as man cle Rrastus-Sah? Gentleman-I say an wife for 148 years. He was 164 and she 172 at the time they died, and has recently died. Uncle Rastus (with | their youngest son was 116 years old when his parents died. "There is the case of a man who married sixteen times and had no children. This case is off-set by that of another centenarian who had fortynine children. John Riva, an enchange-broker of Italy, lived to the age of 116 years, and had a child born to him after he was 100 years old, Betz, a Sioux squaw, who died a little while ago, lived for more than 100 years. Little Ernest, a small boy recently She had been the wife in turn of an army officer, an Indian chief, a borthe nursery one morning and was der cavalryman, and a Methodist quite disgusted upon finding that it minister. William Ward, of Westcheshad not been put in order for the day | ter county, died in 1778 at the age of -one of the rules of the house being 107. He was a member of the Ward that no playthings should be brought | family who were among the earliest out until the sweeping was done. He settlers in Westchester county, and left the room for a short time, and the particulars of his life and death finding matters no better on his return | were given in the New York papers of exclaimed, impatiently: "Well, hasn't the time. His brother John was a magistrate, and attended court in White Plains as late as 1773. William Ward, a member of this family, carried on business as a banker in 1883 at No. 52 Broadway, New York. Another queer incident is that of a centenarian who was married four times and had a daughter by each wife. These daughters married, and each of them had fourteen children. Then there was a man who went over the century line and had twenty-two children. His first was a boy, and girls and boys came after that in regular rotation. There was a person known as Elizabeth Page, who lived in London and died at the age of 108 years. This person had acted as a midwife, and was supposed to be a woman. After death, however, it was discovered that the supposed woman was a man. The book will contain three

His parents were Pantaleon Leiva Cajema and Hilaria Buitemea, the latter. his mother, being known yet through that country as the Sibyl. The baptismal waters of Catholicism from the hands of an adventurous Italian missionary, Father Romanani, rested on his head when a boy in the town of Navajoa. From earliest boyhood Cajeme took to the chase, and refused to work on a farm when he could scour the deer forests with his bow and arrows. When 13 years of age he ran away from home, and from 100 years or more. The only excep- that day his life was a constant, restless march, a bohemian existence. He entered the service of Mr. J. R. Bourse, an America miner at Alamos, a town on the projected Alamos and Mazantlan railroad. Wine and women soon drew their chains about him, and fired by jealousy and drink he drew his first human blood by stabbing Abraham Jollman, who was Mr. Brouse's steward. He then fled.

In 1872, when the governor of Sonora, Ignacio Pesqueri, started out to assist the governor of the neighboring state of Sinaloa against the revolution headed by the bloody Marquez, Cajeme joined the state troops. During the campaign he gave proofs of great valor and of uncommon military skill, and was made a colonel in the Mexican army., During leisure moments of the campaign he learned to read and write, for as he never would go to school, he did not even know the alphabet when he entered on this exciting period of his life. When peace was estab lished Cajeme returned to his home, preceded by an uncommon fame. At that time Julio Moroyoqui, nicknamed the Jaguar, ruled the Yaquis. He was one of the most sanguinary caciqes of Mexican history, and known as the American Nero. Moroyoqui confirmed the rank of colonel earned by Cajeme in the government army, and the latter soon bent his extraordinary talents to repressing disorders in the government of the former. Little by little Cajeme acquired popularity, and the Indian camps soon became too narrow a theater for two such men. One day Cajeme with ten picked men surrounded the palace of the Jaguar, and going in assassinated him, and was immediately proclaimed his successor, a place he has since

While in Navajao he solicited in marriage the hand of a dark-eyed belle of that town, the daughter of a rich planter. His suit refused, Cajeme "retreated in good order," and went back to the Yaqui river, thinking that time would ameliorate his suffering. Afterward he made up his mind to see the girl, Juana Narvaez, and he started on a dark night and in disguise to visit her. On the way he was ambushed by R. J. Castro, a brother chief, who was his rival for the possession of this their photographs. Then there was sides wounding another, and arrived, John Weeks, of New London, Conn., bleeding from several wounds, at the who married his tenth wife when he feet of Juana Narvaez. She fled from . her home in his company. Since that time Cajeme has led a fugitive life, with his band of Indian warriors, and has defied the power of the Mexican republic, among the mountains and marshes of Sonora. Cajeme is well built, has herculean muscles, regular feature with a savage air impressed upon them, and has a brusque, abrupt manner. He is a splendid horseman; has saved his life on several occasions by his fleet running and excellent swimming qualities. He has an unconquerable will, a presence of mind which never deserts him, "a courage which borders on temerity.-City of Mexico Two Republics.

"Oh, no, he is not so bad as that." "He is very strict." "Not with anything that concerns

me." "I can't help it, Miss Carrie, I must

go about my duties." She pouted in a most charming pretense of anger as 1 turned away, and "1 fear I was half inclined to return and talk back." to her, but knowing that my daily bread depended on my position, I shut out the bright picture. When Mr. Pigman returned, I heard her say: "Papa, Mr. Pem is such a stubborn

young man." "Why do you think so, Carrie?"

"Because 1 asked him to talk to me "Because 1 asked him to talk to me doing the square thing. So don't and he said that he was compelled to fret." do his work."

"He acted rightly, my daughter, and I respect him for it."

"But I was lonesome."

"That makes no difference. The young man has duties to perform, duties with which I have entrusted him and any neglect on his part would prove him to be unworthy of my confidence."

These declarations made me additionally careful in the future, and it was not very long until I was promoted to the position of head book-keeper.

One afternoon, Mr. Pigman invited me to take dinner with him at his house. It was the first time that he had ever extended such an invitation, and the eagerness with which I accepted it must have been ill disguised, for Mr. Pigman looked at me and smiled. Carrie was radiant and Mrs. Pigman whom I had never before seen, beamed upon me a cordial welcome. After dinner we had music, and when evening came, Carrie and I went to the theatre. How joyous she was; how light-hearted and gay. I loved her and I could see that she loved me. Indeed, she made no attempt to conceal it. As we were going home I told her of my love-asked her to marry me.' We kissed each other at the gate.

The next morning I was much surprised and not a little embarrassed when Mr. Pigman said to me:

"So you and Carrie are engaged?" "Yes, sir," I faltered.

"Well, sir, she will make you a good wife. Have you drawn off the Halpin Brothers' account?"

I looked wonderingly at him. Surely he could not be so unconcerned. "Yes, sir, I have drawn off the ac-

count." "All right."

"Mr. Pigman, you do not seem to be much concerned about our engagement."

"Whose engagement?"

"Your daughter's-mine." "Oh, that's a fact!" he replied. "I had almost forgotten it."

"Mr. Pigman, you treat it as a very light matter."

"Oh, no; can't be light. You are a pretty heavy fellow and Carrie is no dwarf. If I had any objections to offer, you would hear from me, but as I know you to be capable and honest, I gladly give my consent."

CHAPTER 'L.

I was a voracious reader of newspapers. Although my mind fondly dwelled upon my love affair, yet I did not neglect my newspapers. Humorous items, clipped without credit, possessed for me an especial fascination.

hadn't gone insane we would have been married." I laughed at her. "Married," I exclaimed, "why we were married fortysix years ago."

She burst into tears. "You are hopelessly gone," she said "I fear that you will never be brought

"Oh, I'll get it straightened out after awhile. The credit system is improving. I saw an odd looking fellow yesterday, that was credited to exchange. A few weeks ago he would have been run in as original. The ready print fellows are

She wept for joy, I thought, and when she had gone, I sat down and congratulated myself upon the prosperous, condition of the country press. It may have been months but it only seamed to be a few minutes, when I looked up and saw Mr. Pigman.

"How are you getting along?" he asked.

"First rate," said f.

"Does your mind seem to be getting any clearer?"

"My mind is as clear as a bell, sir. It is as clear as the Arkansaw sunshine and as strong as mountain moonshine."

Pigman sighed. "I earnestly hope that you may be brought back, but I do not see much chance. I have sent for several leading doctors. They may save you."

Four doctors, wise looking old fellows, came and examined me. It was fun for me. They tickled me nearly to death. They undoubtedly said something to Pigman, for shortly afterward he came around and said:

"The doctors say that your case is hopeless."

"All right, I'll take beer."

"They say that you once had a very strong mind, but that it is entirely gone, or that is, hopelessly shattered."

"Give me a little straight."

"They declare that your case is a remarkable one, and advise your friends to come around and talk to you."

"All right, help yourself."

"Carrie will be around in a day or two." "All right; tell her that as soon as I

collect my occupation tax from the city council I will pay her for washing those six shirts."

"Poor fellow!"

"Yes, haven't a cent at present." The next moment-though it may

have been longer-I looked up and saw Carrie looking at me. "How's crops? I asked.

"Oh, Mr. Pem, will you never be brought back, when you know that I love you so?"

"Yes, I'll be there directly. Unlock that door and I'll present you with the finest foot-race you ever saw. Oh, I'm a jack-rabbit when I turn myself loose. I once ran from Kansas to prohibi-

tion." "I don't know what to do," she sobbed.

"Unlock the door. Say, a fellow came in here yesterday with a coffin on his arm. I am in favor of the Rus-

No Choice Where There Was Copper.

"There was a curious feature of the outbreak of cholera in 1849 that has not been referred to in recent years," a physician said recently. "It was observed that no workmen engaged in copper mines or in manufacturing any sort of article out of copper, or in handling copper ore was afflicted with cholera. M. Andrand demonstrated that there was much less electricity in the air in those parts of Paris where the cholera raged most fearfully than in the other parts of the city. The two discoveries were put together, and it was inferred that the galvanic action generated by the copper acted as a preventative. It may be that the copper absorbed into the system of the workmen served as an antidote. At any rate, the action of copper in alle-

At an evening party Dumley was introduced to a young lady, and after a remark about the weather he said, gallantly: "And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Smith, whose praises are being sounded by everybody?" "Oh, no, Mr. Dumley," the lady replied; "the beautiful Miss Smith to whom you re-fer is a cousin of mine." "Oh. that's it. Well, I thought there must be a mistake somewhere," said the gallant Dumley.

A Fellow to be Trusted-"What do you think of Bliffkins, Brown?' "Pretty fair sort of a chap in his way, I believe." "Do you know him well?" "Oh, yes; I am very well acquainted with him, indeed." "And you consider him a man to be trusted?" "No doubt of it." "What do you base your opinion upon?" "Personal experience." "How's that?" "Well, I began trusting Bliffkins shortly after I became acquainted with him, and I am trusting him still."

Gentleman-I am sorry to learn of that I am sorry to hear that your wife a puzzled look)-I giss da' am some mistake 'bout dat, Mistah Brown. 1 lef' de ole ooman in gud health dis mawnin', sah. Who said she wah dead?. Gentleman-I've forgotten now. Uncle Rastus (his face clearing up)-Oh, ya'as, now I understan's, sah. Dat wuz er formah wife ob mine, Mistah Brown. She died mo'n foah weeks ago. De present incumbent am all right.

emancipated from kilts, walked into this room been sweeped yet?" "Why, Ernest," said his mother, "do you think that is good grammer?" "Oh well, then," said he, "has it been swopen?"

In an Arkansas town, several nights ago, a mob, led by a desperate man, marched to the jail, dragged a murderer from the cell, and hurried with him to the outskirts of the town. Each man wore an expression of determination-features hardened by awful resolve. The prisoner attempted to speak, to beg for his life, but the burly hands closed around his throat, and the prayer he would have uttered went out in an inarticulate gurgle. When the infuriated men reached a large oak they halted. One of them threw a rope over a limb. "Gentlemen," said the prisoner, "please give me a chance to say a word." "Be quick about it," some one shouted. hundred illustrations." Gentlemen, I admit that the evidence is against me, but, as truly as we stand here, I killed that man in selfdefense." "Killed what man?" was asked. "Bill Bottleford." "You ain't the man that killed Bottleford,

Cajeme, the Yaqui Chief.

While the world is wondering at the singular success which has placed El Mehdi on the barbaric throne of the Soudan, Mexico has apparently found are you?" "Yes, unfortunately, I am her mehdi in the person of Jose Marie the man." "Men," shouted the lead- Cajeme, who holds a scepter of terror

Baby Won't Go.

"Doctor," he began, as he entered the office of a well-known medical man the other day, "we've been talking it over."

"Ah!"'

"And have concluded that it would be best for the baby's health to go to the country this summer."

"I see."

"What do you thing of it?" "At a relative's, I sappose?"

"Yes."

"Swamp anywhere near the house?" "Well, I believe there's one about a quarter of a mile away."

"That's good. Is the well in the woodshed?"

"It is."

"Good again. That will keep the floor damp and muddy. Is the cellar concreted and drained?" "I think not."

"That's elegant. A cellar with a natural earth bottom can always be depended on for sour smells, and one without a drain helps along fever. Lots of shrubbery around?"

"Oh, yes; you can hardly see the house in summer."

"Exactly. That keeps roofs and walls damp, and you can depend on malaria. Pig-sty and barn handy to the back door?"

"Yes, only a few rods away."

"Very nice-very. You can rely on the odors, and perhaps the well water is improved by the percolations. Ever notice the cistern?'

"Yes, it is a nice wooden one."

"Splendid! The water is always throwing off a sour smell, and something less than a million mosquitoes breed there every summer's night. I agree with you to a dot, especially if there are any box-drains around to breed typhoid fever."

"You wouldn't advise it?" queered the father.

"Say!" said the doctor, as he leaned over the table, "let the nurse drop him out of the window-push him down the back stairs-get him run over by an ice wagon-give him your revolver to play with. There's a dozen ways of killing him off besides taking him to the country, and any one of them will save you time and money." -St. Paul Globe.

Theodore Roosevelt has published a book called "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." The

sessed for me an especial fascination. One day while I was walking along the street, it suddenly occurred to me that the majority of men were with-out credit, and I thought it would be right to compel foreigners to display their credits. For instance, on the