ROBING VERSUS MEN.

How do the robins know When it's time to go? How can they tell when the day is at hand To leave their nests and fly Away to the southern, sunny land, Where the blue is in the sky?

How do they know

Ere the north winds blow,

Bringing the chill and the ice and snow; Why do they never foolishly wait, Flirting with chance and tempting fate?

Ah, the robins are wiser far Than some men are! They take no chances nor fool around, Thinking, because today is fair, That tomorrow good cheer will still abound,

With never a woe nor care-

In clusters today Good luck has settled with them to stay! The robin proceeds to get out of the wet While the sun is faithfully shining yet! -Chicago Times-Herald.

Thinking because things come their way

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I had been in Paris for a couple of months, living at a family hotel and knocking about at my leisure, when made the acquaintance of Felix Duchene, as he called himself. He was a man of about 30, and, though a Frenchman from head to heel, he spoke English fairly well. He was not a man whom I should have selected as a friend, and yet there was a something about him which interested me. He had traveled extensively, met with many adventures and was a good talker. I came to know him as a man of nerve and courage, and, though I feared he would turn out to be a parasite, nothing of the sort happened. He seemed to have plenty of money of his own and never asked for the loan of a franc.

I had known Duchene for three or four weeks when we visited a dance hall on one of the outer boulevards one night. The place was a resort for tough men and bad women and promised a phase of Parisian life I had not



THE FELLOW STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY AND

yet met. We found a rough crowd over when a burly big fellow delibergiving him the worst of it when he drew a knife and rushed upon me. Duchene, who was standing quietly by, knocked the scoundrel senseless, and, to my surprise, we were not molested by the half dozen friends of the victim who had been urging him to finish me. I came to know later on that the whole thing was a put up job, but I looked upon it then as a brave action on the part of my acquaintance and gave him my gratitude and friendship. I had never questioned him as to why he was in Paris, where or how he lived or what aim he had in life, and he had never dropped a hint. I had a secret belief that he was a gambler and a sharper, but to me he was as straightforward as could be hoped for. story, or a part of it. He was a professional gambler, or had been up to a few months before he met me. Then his eyesight had gone back on him and he had been obliged to abandon the business. I had observed that he was nearsighted and had been obliged to favor his eyes.

A year before meeting me Duchene fellow into a game and skinned him out of what would be about \$50,000 in American money. They were then occupying rooms in a certain house he indicated, and, fearing trouble from the victim, who had declared himself defrauded, the money had been hidden under the floor. Trouble came. Both men were arrested, and, while Duchene got a year in prison, the other man died of pneumonia while waiting his trial. On leaving prison Duchene at once took steps to secure his money, but found the floor in possession of an artificial flower maker who held a lease. The place could not be entered and searched, and the \$50,000 still rested beneath the floor of the front room. It would take \$1,500 to buy the lease and oust the flower maker and another \$500 to put in a stock of something to throw the police off the scent. Duchene could not raise the money, nor had he yet met a man he dared trust. His proposition to me was that I furnish the \$2,-000 and receive \$10,000 of the hidden money as my reward. Had he offered to go halves I think I should have looked upon it as a "plant" and thrown it over, but in offering me a sixth portion he seemed to show good business tact. It was a big return on the investmentbig enough to satisfy any one-and I gave him a favorable answer at once. He had already sounded the flower maker as to the lease, and if my money was raised the papers could be signed three days later. I had a good bit of cash at my bankers, and on the second day after hearing Duchene's story I drew out \$2,000 in gold and placed the bag in my trunk. Next day the pa-

pers were to be signed, and a week latr the floor would be in our possession. That night the two of us attended the theater and afterward had supper, and I haven't the slightest doubt that my wine was drugged. While I was not made helpless, my head seemed as big as a barrel. I could bardly keep my eyes open, and if Duchene had not put me in a cab and instructed the driver I should never have found my way to the hotel. I had to be helped to my room, and I fell upon the bed. dressed as I was, and was instantly asleep. I had been asleep two hours when I awoke as keen as a fox. The effects of the drug had vanished, and as I got out of bed to undress I found my legs all right again. I was fully undressed and ready to get between the sheets when my ear caught a sound from under the bed. I at once stooped down for a look, and my eyes rested upon a man lying on the broad of his back. I had him out in a second. It seemed to me as if I had five times my ordinary strength, and, though the fellow struggled furiously and cut my arm with a knife, I grasped his throat and choked him till he lay like one dead. It was only when I had struck a light that I found the intruder to be Duchene. He had come in through the window which opened on a veranda. He had been working at the lock of my trunk when I made some noise on awakening, and he had rolled himself under the bed. He had come for that bag of gold, and he had meant

to do for me if necessary. I alarmed the house, the police were sent for, and the fellow was taken away, but it was a good hour before he recovered his senses. His story was entirely false, and he had put up a job to rob me. It was my testimony that gave him five years in prison, but after it was all over and he had been sent away I was a bit sorry for him. He could tell a good story, had a laugh which made you laugh with him, and few men of his class in Paris or elsewhere could order a better dinner. He was not a grasping man withal. He had planned to rob me of \$2,000 where enother would have raised the figure to \$5,000.

The Gentle Art of Letter Writing. The classic age of letter writing, like that of chivalry, is gone, although no Burke has been found yet to utter its splendid funeral oration. Correspondence on business, hurried notes containing invitations to dinner or acceptances thereof-these are the missives which fill the bag of the letter carrier. The love letter, we presume, still holds its sway, and, if we are to judge from the revelations of breach of promise cases. t is full of sugary sentimentalism as in the days of Lydia Languish. But the letter as it has passed into literature, the letter whose highest claim to be treated as art is that it conceals art, the letter as written by William Cowper, cr Oliver Goldsmith, or Horace Walpole, or Miss Burney-that charming epistle intended only for the affectionate perusal of friends and yet of such value to the historian of life and manners-shall we say that it has dis appeared from the busy modern world, indeed, and the evening was not half killed by the "railway and the steamship and the thoughts that shake manately picked a quarrel with me. I was kind?" As least, it is now but a rare product, a fragile flower scarcely able to maintain itself in our altered social

soil. Correspondence from being a cherished art and solace has in our day tended to become what is called in slang a "grind." It is "snippety," like the cheap newspapers, a sort of "bits" or "cuts," giving hints which require to be filled out, only that the receiver has hardly time for that mental process. Truth to tell, a great deal of our letter writing is boredom, the source of irritation and weariness to those who are called on to undertake it.-London Spectator.

From Fingers to Forks.

In olden times fingers served well About two weeks after the event at enough to convey food to the mouth. the dance hall Duchene told me his and a divided gourd was an acceptable drinking vessel, but when fashionable aspirations seized our ancestors they scorned these implements of nature, and even the Pacific islanders pulled their hair, of which they had a generous abundance, in their anxiety to devise more seemly methods. They finally manufactured forks that looked like skewers, and out of the bamboo they and a partner had "roped" a rich young | manufactured knives. The Indians, proverbially slow in adopting modern ways, still eat without knives or forks, although they have permitted the use of spoons. These were first made of shells and the rinds of gourds. Later handles were inserted, and, having passed numerous stages, knives, forks and spoons have reached the present elaborately ornamented kinds now in general use.

The cup is probably the most ancient of all domestic utensils. Its earliest form was simply the half closed hand | The cost to Cuba in the way of wreck or the folded leaf. Then followed cups ed plantations and loss of commerce, made of sea shells or rinds of fruit cut especially of her tobacco trade, is in halves. Later appeared cups of metal, lacquer and china. For centuries the cup has been made the expression of art and luxury, and the most precious metals, combined with the artisan's most consummate skill, are now commonly employed in their manufacture.-Baltimore Sun.

The Number 4. There are four cardinal points, four winds, four quarters of the moon, four seasons, four figures in the quadrille, four rules of arithmetic, four suits of cards, four quarters to the hour, four legs for furniture, most animals go on four legs, the dead are placed between four planks, the prisoners between four walls. We have four incisor and four canine teeth, and our forks have four prongs; all animals, when butchered, are cut into four quarters; the violin, greatest of all string instruments, has but four strings; four of a kind is a own experience and regard harsh conpretty good hand at poker even if they | duct as necessary to compel respect .are only fours.-Exchange.

The Mosquito of Russian Lapland. "We had to force our way through long stretches of dense birch scrub un A Pleasant Meeting Between the Edder a burning sun and without a breath of wind to clear away the mosquitoes. They settled on every particle of exposed flesh, and the thousands who failed to find room there covered

cloth was nearly hidden. "We reached camp at 11 o'clock a. m. thoroughly done up, and even then we could not sleep, our blood being so feverish from the mosquito bites. My the conductor standing by his seat, neck and wrists were swollen up with lumps the size of sparrows' eggs. Unfortunately, our mosquito nets had ly, "my name's Rogers, and I'm a rebeen left in camp, as we had quite porter on the Des Moines Air Blast. enough collecting gear and guns to I'm broke and I'm in a hurry to get this is not in line with the work of a earry, and expected to be home hours back home with a big scoop. You let congressman and as Uncle Sam does earlier. Oil of lavender gives tempo- me ride and the office'll fix it up with not employ any one in this capacity. rary relief from persecution, but its ef- you. See?"

fects soon pass off. "A mixture of half turpentine and half olive oil is also useful in ordinary into good working order by a hot sun and calm day nothing stops them except a veil. This desire of the mosquite for blood is a strange puzzle. Not one in a million nor any of his ances- bothing to do but to follow the contors for generations in the arctic can have tasted it, yet all rush for the first in the coach, and the conductor said: human being or reindeer they meet. I have heard of the Samoyeds being says he's a reporter on your paper, and driven mad by their bites."-"Around wants the office to pay for his transpor-Novaya Zemlya," by H. J. Pearson.

Chinese Theaters.

lage has its stage. In this way the people are educated in the past history of their nation. The stage arrangements are about on a par with those of Shakespeare. There is no scenery, and consequently the success of the piece depends entirely on the acting, which is remarkably good.

Actresses do not exist in China, for since, some centuries ago, an emperor married an actress they have not been allowed. Women's parts are taken by boys, who excel in their imitations of women's voices, gait and general deportment.

Perhaps it is their theatrical representations which render Chinamen so content with rural life. At any rate, instead of crowding into towns from the country they are happy to work on the land, which supplies them with all that is needful for food and clothing. There are no native factories, industries being still in the cottage stage, and agriculture employs more people than any sort of trade.-Collier's Week-

Thayer and Bryan.

When William Jennings Bryan first went to Nebraska, he was hired to take the stump against Thayer, who was running for governor, and said some hard things against the candidate. "Thayer was elected," Bryan is quoted as saying in the Chicago Times-Her-"After he took the governor's chair he was called to be toastmaster at a banquet at which I was set down for a speech. I did not care to go to that banquet. I did not wish to meet the governor. I remembered all that I had said of him, and I felt cheap. But I went and sat there through the early proceedings quite uncomfortable.

"Finally it came time for the governor to call upon me. He rose from his seat, with programme before him, and slowly said, 'Mr. Bryan-Bryan.' Then he slowly turned his eyes upon me and addressed me, 'Do you speak or sing?' "That is all I ever heard from Governor Thayer as to what he thought of my campaign speeches against him."

How Justice Was Tempered.

Tact in the management of your judge is a great thing. A certain well known British treasury counsel was driving over Blackfriars bridge one day on his way to Surrey sessions. Noticing Sir Peter Edlin trudging along in the mud and rain, he instantly stopped his hansom and offered the judge a "lift." It was accepted, and the pair proceeded to Newington in great amity. Arriving, the learned counsel hurried in, as he had an important application to make on the sitting of the court. To his horror and surprise, the said application was curtly refused. He was dumfounded at the sudden change in the demeanor of the judge until the usher in a husky whisper

"Do you know what you've done?" "No! What is it?"

"Why, you ran in and left the judge to pay for your cab."

A High Priced Man. General Weyler's brutality to the country farmers of Cuba was the direct cause of the desperate insurrection in Cuba which led to the Spanish war. That war cost the United States £60,-000,000. The cost to Spain was £35, 000,000, exclusive of loss of territory. roughly estimated at £20,000,000 more. So Weyler came distinctly high.-An-

Youthful Strategy. "Harry," exclaimed the little boy's

mother, "if you don't stop pulling that cat's tail I will pull your hair and give you a chance to see how you like it yourself." Harry ceased for a moment and then

said: "Ma, please give me a quarter."

"What for?"

"I want to get my hair cut."-Chica-

go Times-Herald.

More Strict Than West Pointers. It is commonly stated by army officers that men appointed from the ranks are the strictest disciplinarians in the service and more harsh in dealing with the privates than West Pointers. Probably they may recall their Washington Times.

TWO BLUFFS THAT WON.

iter and the Reporter.

Jack Rogers was a newspaper reporter and broke. He had hung around the er was not at all modest in his re-Dubuque newspaper offices for a job until he had been requested to move on. our caps and backs till the color of the So he decided to move on to Des question. Jack put on his thinking frank. cap, and the result was that two hours later he found himself on a train and dacity of his correspondent, and, it is "Ticket!" said the conductor.

"See here, conductor," said Jack east-

"Well," said the conductor, "I guess that'll do all right. The road feels amused by finding in his mail a letter friendly toward The Air Blast. In from one of his constituents who is in cases, but when the enemy are brought | fact, the editor is in the back coach. Come along and I'll introduce you. If

> be says you're all right, it goes." Jack was knocked all in a heap at the turn things had taken, but he had ductor. They halted in front of a man "Mr. Smitem, this is Mr. Rogers. He

tation when he gets to Des Moines." "How do you do, Mr. Rogers?" said the editor pleasantly, extending his is not running a matrimonial bureau.-The Chinese are remarkably fond of hand. "Glad to see you. Sit down the drama, and consequently every vil- here with me." The conductor didn's wait for any more, but went off.

"Well, this is nice of you," said Jack, too astonished and embarrassed to talk straight. "Of course, I'm not on your which existed in England at the time paper, but I'm broke and varned to the conductor, hoping to get a job and square It up later."

"Oh, that's all right, my boy," said the other. "Neither am I on the paper. I'm only riding on the editor's pass."-San Francisco Bulletin.

EGGS BY QUART.

White or Mixed In This Way of Marketing "Hen Fruit." "Give me a quart of yolks."

"What are whites worth today?" "Send me up a gallon of mixed." Such expressions as these will be familiar terms in grocery stores and butcher shops in Kansas City before long. Housewives will make them so, for eggs will be sold by the pint, quart and gallon instead of by the dozen. In fact, the big confectionery establish- a tiny package done up in yellow paments of the city buy them by the gal- per. The drayman, after taking particlon now. Kitchen economy suggested the scheme, and local packers imme-

diately took it up. How often it is that a cook will get the yolks to make a cake. The whites will be thrown away, or vice versa. Why not make a saving of the latter saw the point. Now, when a off.-Philadelphia Record. confectioner wants to make stuff with the volks he sends to a naching house and buys yolks by the gallon. If he wants to use the whites for something, he sends for them. If he wants to use both, he sends and gets a mixed can. It is predicted that housewives

will soon adopt the same method. With this new system of handling "hen fruit," there is absolutely no loss. The eggshells are even used. They are ground up and sold for chicken feed.-Kansas City Times.

An Ancient Coin.

One of the prized curios of the Philadelphia mint is a coin which is 2,000 years old and which was coined at the ancient mint of that other Philadelphia of the far east mentioned in the Bible. It is still in good condition, and the inscription is perfectly legible. The design on the face of the coin bears a striking resemblance to the Goddess of Liberty of our own currency, and underneath is the one word "Demos," which means "the people." On the other side is the figure of Diana, with her bow arched, and the inscription, "Diana, Friend of the Philadelphians." When this coin was struck off, Philadelphia was the most important city of Lydia. The prize was picked up in Europe by Joseph Mickley, a celebrated Philadelphia violin maker and numismatist of high repute, who presented it to the mint.-Philadelphia Record.

Aptly Designated.

Robert Hilliard, the actor, once brought a young English woman to see "El Capitan." She was much impressed with De Wolff Hopper and remarked: "What a charming man your Mr. Hopper is! Tell me, is he married?

"Been married three times," was the reply.

"Three times!" she repeated. "And they are all three dead?"

"No," was the answer; "divorced." "Ah," she rejoined, "I see! He is a Grass Hopper."-San Francisco Argo-

Wood Tar. Wood tar is still made as it was in

400 B. C. A bark is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed, covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath, and the tar slowly drips into the barrels to receive it.

Altruism.

She-George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday? He-No; I'm saving those for my friends.

She-You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!-Ohio State Journal.

Cupid In a Huff.

"Our engagement is off again." "What's the matter now?"

"I gave her a belt buckle with my photograph on it, and she uses it to fasten her dog's collar."-Chicago Bec-

Queer Jobs For Congressmen, Recently an Illinois congressman, while at home, received a letter from one of his constituents who had secured a position in Washington. The writquest, but simply asked the congressman to go to the house of his constituent, get an old pair of shoes and mail Moines. But how to get there was the them to him under the congressional

The member was startled at the an needless to say, he did not comply with the request. The same member re ceived a letter from one of his constituents asking him to secure the voter s position as bartender in this city. As this request was also turned down.

One merning the same member was love with a young woman residing in the statesman's district. The writer said he knew the member had considerable influence and modestly requested him to exert it to bring about marriage between the two persons in question. He went on to explain how much property the young woman owned, how charming and beautiful she is and the intensity of the love he had for her. While the congressman was willing to favor his constituent, he did not know just how to go about it, as he Chlengo Tribune.

She Got the Pepper.

A certain well to do housekeeper in West Chester discovered one day last week that there wasn't a grain of penper in the house. She always had her groceries sent to her from a big Philadelphia firm, but on occasions like this she was in the habit of patronizing a West Chester grocer whose store was near by. Therefore she condescended to call up the local grocer by telephone and place with him her order for a quarter of a pound of pepper, to be delivered at once. The grocer is a patient man, and he talked very politely over the telephone. Afterward, however, he swore; then he laughed. He laughed loud and long and remarked to himself occasionally: "Good idea! That's rich!"

About half an hour later the well to do housekeeper was somewhat surprised to see a great, clumsy dray drive up before her door and back up to the curb. In the middle of the dray was ular care to get his huge wagon in proper position, adjusted the board from the tailboard to the house steps and, with a thick stanchion, proceeded break a dozen or more eggs in order to to slowly pry the tiny package off the dray. With infinite care he rolled it on to the step, the amazed housekeeper meanwhile watching the proceeding whites or yolks, as the case may be? from the doorway. Then the drayman was suggested. The packers put the soberly presented the grocer's bill for question to the confectioners, and the the quarter pound of pepper and drove

Our Sinndered Elevator Boys.

"I was over in New York the other IF GUING EAS I UK SUUTH day," said an official, "and I had an experience which rather inclines me to the belief that the elevator boys of that town ought to establish a spelling route you between Omaha and Chicago school fund for general and individual via the benefit. I was in a building occupied by publishers, and the elevator had a disk over each gate with a hand pointing to the different numbers on it showing where the cage was at any given time. The characters on the disk were '8-1-2-3-4-5-6,' and I was

stumped on the S. "'What is the S for on the disk?' 1 inquired of the boy, or young man.

when I got aboard. "'S7 he repeated as if he were hear-

ing of it for the first time. what's the S?

caught the idea. 'The S-um-erlemme see-of course the S. Why, that stands for cellar, of course. That's when you go down below the first rates, etc., address floor, you know.'

"But somehow I didn't know, and later I was informed that the S stood for 'street,' or the street floor."-Washington Star.

Didn't Hurry the Train.

A railroad conductor on the afternoon train of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley road was staggered one day by the request of a very plainly dressed woman.

She approached the conductor while the train was waiting at the South Memphis station and said:

"Mister, I wish you would git an early start this evening, for I've got a heap of work to do when I get home. We just moved down into the delta from 'Alabam,' and we ain't got things straightened around yet. It will be a big accommodation to me if I git down home before sundown."

The conductor, polite as conductors usually are, promised the woman he would do the best he could, but the train left on the regular schedule time.—Memphis Scimitar.

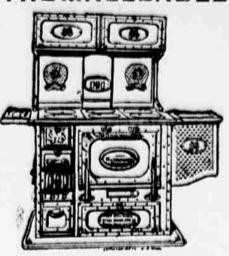
White Men and Thunder. In a paper read before the British

association Captain Welby described a journey in King Menelek's dominions. He stated that in the Abyssinians there lay a mint of pluck, energy and intelligence which was merely waiting for development.

He noticed that those tribes who relied for food solely on milk and meat were of finer physique than those favored with cereals as well, while others dependent solely on fish and herbs were, as a rule, miserable individuals. He came across one tribe who held

the notion that whenever there was thunder a white man was born, and hence it was thought that he must be able to bring rain with him. The captain exhibited photos of Abyssinian giants over seven feet in height.

THEMALLEABLE



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