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She Revoked the Rule.

Some time ago the czarina, a very philanthropic and religious woman. made up her mind that the lavish use of tobacco in Russia was doing harm. She thereupon prohibited the use of the weed, and especially of cigarettes. in the court.

A few days passed, and her imperial majesty needed some money. It did not come, even after she had sent a confidential servant to the treasury. At last, in place of money, came a white bearded old man from that institution, with pleasant voice and attractive address.

"There must be a mistake, your imperial majesty. Two weeks ago you prohibited the use of tobacco in the court, and so great is your influence and so deep the love for you among the people that the sales of the weed dropped down to a fraction of what formerly was the case, and the internal revenue receipts became less than the expenses. The government appreciated your high munificence because under the law of the land your income s charged against the tobacco tax of this district, and it was supposed that you had concluded to give up your wealth in order to carry out your views upon reform."

The following week, so the story goes, the rule was relaxed, and the czarina's sudden poverty vanished as if by magic.—Saturday Evening Post.

Made to Feel at Home.

One of the old time southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house. "Ef you please, suh," he began when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't you give a po' cullud man work ter do or somepin ter eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was 'No, mister; very sorry, but have nothng for you."

Every one who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him.

Finally he rang the bell at a brown stone front. A gentleman appeared, and the old man began: "Boss, I is starvin. Can't you gimme

some vittles?" "You darned, black, kinky headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman. 'How dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go round the back yard way to the kitchen, and the cook'll give

you something, you black"-But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming:

"Thank de Lawd, I foun' my own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em-I done foun' 'em!"-Atlanta Constitution.

Politeness Wasted.

A guileless rustic who wished to become attached to one of our railways emerged from the examination room and informed the expectant relatives that he had failed to pass the sight

"Why, you can't have?" exclaimed the father, who was horrified at the thought. "You're no more color blind than I am." "Happen not, but they won't have

me," answered the rustic bitterly. "It all comes o' trying to be polite an obliging, as you said I was to be, fey-

"But I can't see how being polite could make any difference," quavered the father.

"It did, though," said the rustic. "The old chap held something up an says: 'This is green, isn't it? Come, now, isn't it green?' quite pleading like, and, though I could see it wor red, I couldn't find it in my 'art to tell him he wor wrong for fear he might take offense. So I simply said, 'It is, yer honor,' an they bundled me out. No more politeness for me. It don't pay."-London Answers.

Marrying For Money.

A decrepit old negress, with a deformed back and a few discolored fangs in the place of teeth, called one day upon a gentleman who had been her employer and announced, "Mistab, Ise gwine ter git merried."

"Get married, auntie!" exclaimed the man. "Why, I'm surprised! Isn't the change a little sudden?" "Yes, tol'able sudden, but bettah late

than nebber." "Oh, well," answered the friend politely, "a lady is never too old to marry, I suppose—if she falls in love!"

"But I'ze not fallen in lub!" "Going to marry for money?" sarcastically. "Yes, sah, dat am de solemn troof.

It's money. Ise 'gaged ter Billy Jones." "Why, Billy's only 25, and you must

be 45!" "Yes, sah, dat's so, but I'ze now payin Billy fifty dollahs a yeah for rent, an I'ze gwine ter marry him ter save dat ermount."-Atlanta Constitution.

TWO TIGHT CORNERS.

EXCITING CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF A POLICE CAPTAIN.

A Hard Struggle For Life With a Stalwart Murderer and a Karrow Escape From Death at the Hands of an Armed Maniac,

"Yes, we have to deal with some queer people and some dangerous people," said a police captain, "and I must say, but not boastfully, that we now and then have to use judgment that is at once quick and reliable. I remember several years ago we had a highwayman in the station house who had shot a man and robbed him. He was a dangerous criminal and a mighty powerful man, and he was in a good position to go down for life or be executed, for his victim was at the point of death. One night he asked that I be sent to his cell. I had arrested him and had tried to get a confession from him, but all my efforts had been vain. He had taken a violent dislike to me, and he had laughed at all my endeavors. The deduction I | Putnam said: made when I heard he wished to see me was that he had changed his mind the cellroom and talked with him.

"'Captain,' said he in a confiding sit down. This secret is making a the waiting list." wreck of me, and I want to tell you everything."

"He seemed quite penitent, and without any hesitation I opened the cell door and sat down on the bench beside

"'Is Mr. - going to die? was his first question. "'The doctor says he cannot live,' I replied.

"'Then the chances for my going to the chair are better than good? asked

"I replied that they were. The prisoner lapsed apparently into deep meditation, and while the spell was upon cell, placed himself before me and said in a rather fearsome voice: "T've finished one, and if I do two I

can get nothing worse than the chair." "Saying which, he leaped at me, leading out a powerful blow as he did so. anxious to use, but he was twice r how I did it. If he had got the best of usually sung in German words. me just for a second. I would have now. He's doing 20 years.

here, I thought I'd stop in and visit

with you.' "'That's right,' I rejoined. 'I'm al-

ways glad to receive callers." "I looked closely at the man. I couldn't place him at all. It seeme that I had seen him some place too. He was about 30 years old, was stalwart and had an attractive face that bore slight traces of dissipation.

"'Beg pardon, my friend,' said I, but I really can't just place you. know we've met, but where?"

"'No, we haven't met before. never saw you before today in my life. I'm from Baltimore. I've heard of you a lot of times.'

"The dialogue lagged for a few moments, and in that time I scrutinized the stranger. He mystified me in a small degree, and I was interested in him. He broke the silence:

"'Say, captain, I've got something very important to see you about. I'll just close this door, and it's just as well that no one knows what we do or say. Now, I wish first to impress you with the importance of this meeting. It is the most momentous occasion of my life, and on its success or failure depends my future. Captain (the stranger leaned over and whispered in my

ear), I'm going to cut your throat!" "I was sitting with my profile to the stranger, and he was leaning toward me. Casting my eyes sidewise, I saw that he held an opened razor in his right hand. I did not move immedi-

ately. "'So you're going to cut my throat?" I said, quietly turning part way around.

"'Yes, captain. I have been commanded by iod to do so. I'm sorry, but it must be done. Get ready.

"That's all right, my friend. I'm perfectly willing you shall carry out your mission; but, to tell the truth, I hate to get blood all over my furniture | variably wear me out before the time here. It wouldn't be nice to dirty up the office, would it? Suppose we go in the back room?

"'That'll do. Come on,' rejoined the maniac quickly.

"I got up. The maniac's back was toward me. With one bound I had my arms about his waist and his arms pinned to his side. I then called for help, and two officers rushed into my office. It took four big men to put that maniac in a cell. He's in an asylum now."-Buffalo Express.

A wedding ring should fit the finger. lowness of purpose; if too tight, it suggests that the union pinches some how. A perfect fitting ring is symbolic of a perfect, harmonious union.

A DIPLOMATIC LIBRARIAN.

He Pleased the Politician Without Giving His Friend a Position,

When Mr. Putnam was the head of the Public library in Boston, a ward leader of that city called on him to recommend a henchman for a place in the Hbrary.

There was no reason why the librarian should not have refused at once and peremptorily to appoint him, but he chose to follow another course.

After a few minutes' talk with the politician Mr. Putnam asked him whether he had ever been through all the departments of the institution. "I never have, but I'd like to see it,"

replied the politician. "It will give me much pleasure to go

with you," said Mr. Putnam. Mr. Putnam took him behind the counters and through the building from top to bottom, explaining the character and the magnitude of the work in detail. He further pointed out, without seeming to do so, the varied duties of the employees and the attainments they must possess to do the work. When the tour was ended, Mr.

"I'm pleased to have had a chance to show the library to you, and if your and intended to confess, so I went to friend will fill out an application blank and send it, and if he passes the necessary examination, I think there will way, 'I want you to come in here and be no difficulty in placing his name on

> The politician, however, had seen enough of library work to convince him that his constituent could find no place on the staff, and the blank was never filled out. But to the day he left Boston Mr. Putnam had no warmer admirer in that city than this same ward leader.-Collier's Weekly.

HOW TO LIKE WAGNER.

Scenic Accessories Are Necessary to a Perfect Realization.

The strict Wagnerite refuses to hear the music of his favorite composer in the concert room. It was never intendhim he paced up and down the cell. ed, he will tell you, to be performed by Suddenly he slammed the door of the litself, but to be played as an accompaniment to the action, for the purpose of heightening the effect of the intensely dramatic situations coupled with gorgeous stage pictures that are inseparable from Wagner's famous art work.

I was, of course, up and ready for The most important part of a Waghim and had a billy in my hand. He ner opera, according to the composer had nothing but his big fists, feet and himself, is not the music, but the teeth, any of which he was ready and drama, which, indeed, the beginner should closely follow with the aid of match for me even up. I don't know the book of words, since the music is

The intending Wagnerite should also been pounded to death; there is no begin with the master's most popular doubt of that. I rapped him on the works, "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin." head time and time again with my | He will then at once recognize the fabilly, felt his blood flying over me, miliar music he has already heard so heard him snarl and also felt the im- often at concerts, and, struck by its print of his powerful fists. It took me beauties, he will attend many performfive minutes to lay him out, and I ances of these two. Next year he will must say that I never spent five busier want to hear these again, supplementminutes in my life. Oh, he's in prison ed by "Tristan und Isolde," that wonderful music drama so charged with "I remember another little experi- intense emotion and passion. Having ence I had that is not easy to forget. heard "Tristan" and liked it, he there-I was sitting in my private office one upon becomes a full fledged Wagnerite afternoon when a well built, stylishly in the true sense, and the senson after clad young man entered, bowed pleas- he attends performances of the "Ring antly and sat down on the edge of the der Nibelungen," or he may make a supreme effort to get to Baircuth. "'I never was down in this part of From Baircuth he returns the ardent the city before,' he said, 'and, being disciple of a musician whose name he terrifies his friends by pronouncing in the German fashion, not Wagner, but "Vanchkner."-London Mail.

Mexican Letter Writers.

Perhaps there is no more characteristic sight in Mexico than the so called "evangelistas" who ply their trade in the Plazuela de Belem and the Plazuela of Santo Domingo. Those who operate in the former spot make a specialty of writing letters to the inmates of the prison for their illiterate relatives on the outside, but the "evangelistas" who may be seen any day in the Plazuela of

Santo Domingo do a general business. They write love letters, blackmailing letters and all sorts of letters for those who do not know how to write at a rate of 3, 6, 9 or more cents, according to the length of the missive. They also undertake without extra charge to write the address on the envelope and to attach the required stamp, but for the latter they make an extra charge of a cent. It is hardly necessary to state that only very ignorant people, who are totally unacquainted even with the simple formalities of mailing a letter in addition to not knowing how to write, have recourse to the evangelistas for stamps. - Mexican Herald.

Had Seen Them All Before.

Once while James Whitcomb Riley was visiting a southern town where he was booked to give a reading a committee called to take him in a carriage over the city. In acknowledging the compliment he said:

"I'll go with you, gentlemen, provided you promise that you will not show me the new courthouse, the new town hall, the new bridge, the new gas well, the new school building and the new jail, for I've seen them all a hundred times in as many towns, and they inarrives for the curtain to rise on the evening entertainment!"-Atlanta Constitution.

A l'inished Speech.

Miss A .- When I'm asked to sing, I don't say, "No, I can't sing," nor wait to be coaxed, but sit right down at the piano and-

Miss B .- Leave the company to find it out for themselves. - Philadelphia

The Goat Didn't Know. "Oh, my dear daughter," to a little girl of 6, "you should not be frighten-If it is too large, it is a sign of shal- ed and run from the goat. Don't you know you are a Christian Scientist?" "But, mamma," excitedly, "the billy-

goat doesn't know it."-Trained Moth-

erhood.

INSPIRED BY DREAMS

TRIUMPHS OF THE BRAIN ASLEEP OVER THE BRAIN AWAKE.

Dramatic Achievements That Owe Workings of the Mind Under the Subtle Influence of Slumber,

There are numerous authentic cases in which, inspired by a dream, a person has achieved in sleep something that he had utterly falled over when awake and certainly more than one where an artistic triumph has resulted. No doubt, too, there have been instances of the kind where the mystery of such an achievement has remained an irritating problem, as very nearly happened in respect to an artist whose pictures sold well and whose genius for color combinations was considered as astonishing as his output.

story of how, going into his studio after breakfast, he would often stand spellbound at the fact that some superwork upon his canvas during the night, finally didn't. The horse came gallopmore than once obtaining cleverly an ing in first, 12 to 1. I was so ashameffect in scheme or coloring that he had strained after for days in vain. Here tell the Louisville man the truth, and brain reel.

scribed, and it was only a chance acci-He got up one morning to find his it since. That was tip No. 1. dressing gown streaked with a dry carsame material lay strewn about his automatonlike, picked up the pleces be- horse-well, call him Snow King, which fore retiring again. And precisely the same thing is known to have happened run that afternoon. I couldn't go out had "struck," and he would proceed to and make the bet for me. This friend

next morning. At least one enduring piece of music a dream in the same dramatic way. greatly startled. With much difficulty The singular distinction, in fact, is he managed to tell me that he had got claimed for several. It occurs at the the names mixed and had bet on King end of a famous Russian opera. For John instead of Snow King. Snow weeks the composer had struggled with King was a winner, of course, at 20 to his finale and had all but given it up 1, and King John was nowhere. My in despair. The spirit of a certain messenger was so heartbroken over his theme danced vaguely through his blunder that I didn't have the heart to overworked brain, but always eluded reproach him, and when he pulled out him when he went to set it down for \$20, mostly in small silver, and tried

the orchestra. to him, grandly definite. He dreamed that good. It's vexatious, of course, that it was an accomplished fact on but mistakes will happen; so keep your paper. Events showed that he must money and say no more about it.' That umphantly over on his organ several that it sort of reconciled me to my loss, times and then written down the and my friend was almost tearful in chords that had caused him so much his thanks. anxiety. Next morning the score sheets "About a month afterward, as near were found neatly dotted and the finals as I remember, a bookmaker came in a great success; but, although his wife to get a set of false teeth, and while had heard the organ going and even poser himself could only recollect the dream itself and was absolutely at a loss to account for the position in not long ago,' he said, 'all the talent which he was found-fast asleep over the keys. The brain had succumbed taken a practical shape.

Equally dramatic, again, is the story often told of a struggling musician who had written a song which he of the name of Snow King. He got could not induce any music publisher 20 to 1 and might just as well have had to risk publishing. The fact had preyed on his mind. One night he dreamed | ginning to feel a little sick; 'did you nothat he had written a pathetic letter to a popular singer, inclosed it with his scorned masterplece, walked all the way to the vocalist's house at Hampstead and pushed his envelope through the letter slit there. He recollected little of it next morning, not having occasion to miss his manuscript, and stoutly denied his landlord's assertion that he had left his bedroom and gone the \$50 I loaned-and \$420 on the secfor a nocturnal stroll. Shortly afterward, however, he was astonished at and the \$20 I was fool enough to tell receiving a check and a ticket for a concert, and then, especially when he heard his own song rendered at the concert, it all flashed back to him. He had unconsciously acted upon his dream-owed his stroke of luck purely to a somnambulistic inspiration.

It goes without saying, too, that the most humorous things are occasionally done by persons who retire to rest with a fixed intention for the morrow in their minds and are discovered working out the scheme in their sleep.

The writer knows a gentleman-never suspected of acting upon inspirations evolved in his slumber-who had laid in a stock of enamel paints, with which he intended to decorate his rooms after a pattern not yet decided upon. Some fantastic notion presumably must have presented itself as he slept. All unconsciously he proceeded down stairs in the small hours, mixed all the colors together in a bowl and started to daub the doors and walls with considerably more determination than taste. The result was a polychromatic chaos, to say nothing of a bad shock for the gentleman, who sprang out of his dream at the sound of a cry from his startled wife.-Philadelphia

An Austere Philosophy. "Keep working," said Senator Sorghum earnestly. "Don't be discouraged by failure, but try, try again. Remember that good old maxim 'Persistency's a jewel."

"Are you sure it's 'persistency?" inquired the young man mildly. "Isn't it 'con' instead of 'per?' "

"Well," he answered thoughtfully, "as life goes nowadays I suppose there's got to be more or less 'con' in it. But it isn't considered polite to lay too much stress upon it."-Exchange.

TWO TIPS ON RACES.

The Recipient Tells Why He Is Not

Hankering After Any More. "No, sig," said a New Orleans dentist the other day when the conversation happened to turn on sports; "no, sir, I Their Being to the Mysterious Wouldn't play a racing tip under any circumstances. I wouldn't play it if I knew it was a copper bottomed, double rivited cinch and a 100 to 1 shot."

"But why wouldn't you?" asked a listener. "Have you been thrown

down so bad?" "I haven't been thrown down at all." replied the dentist. "On the contrary, the only two tips I ever had in my life were both perfectly straight, but-well, I'll tell you what happened to me. Personally, I don't care for racing and never go near the track, but during the winter season I did a good deal of work for horsemen and got well acquainted with several. One day a Louisville man for whom I had put in The painter used to tell the creepy a rather difficult filling told me in an offhand fashion to put \$5 or \$10 on a certain horse that was going to run next day. I thought it over, decided natural "double" had been hard at I would and decided I wouldn't and ed of myself that I hadn't the face to was something to make the strongest when he asked me how much I had gathered in I said 'a hundred' and As it continued at intervals after he thanked him warmly. Later on he got had tried locking the studio door and broke and came around to borrow \$50. placing the key under his pillow, the 'I wouldn't ask you,' he said, 'but you effect can be better imagined than de know I put you next to winning that hundred.' What could I say? I handdent that at length burst the bubble. ed him the money and have never seen

"The other tip was given me by a mine pigment, and fragments of the gambler here in town," continued the dentist. "I yanked out a molar that easel below. Impelled by a dream, he was setting him crazy, and in a burst had gone down there in the night to of gratitude he swore me to secrecy paint, trodden upon the pigment, and, and told me to be certain to back a comes near to his name-that was to to a well known worker in mosaics myself that day, but I determined I some years ago. His mind continued wouldn't get left twice, so I sent for a to work out schemes after his body friend, raked up \$20 and told him to go his workroom and arrange designs, the of mine has a bad impediment in his effect of which simply stupefied him speech, and late that afternoon he rushed in with a face like a funeral. 'K-k-kill me!' he stuttered. 'K-k-k-kill owes its inspiration and production to me!" 'Why, what's wrong?' I asked, to make me take it I refused. 'No. my One night, as he lay asleep, it came boy,' I said; 'you can't afford to make have gone down stairs, played it tri- made me feel so fine and magnanimous

we were waiting for the cast to dry we remembered the tune played, the com- got to talking about luck. He said it was strange how often green outsiders walk up and call the right horse, 'Why, was backing the favorite in one of the events where it looked like a moral cerimmediately the dream inspiration had tainty that nothing else could win. Just before the race was called up comes a gawky young fellow to my box and puts down \$20 on an old skate 100 to 1.' 'Hold on,' I interrupted, betice anything peculiar about that young man? 'Nothing particular,' said the bookmaker, 'except that he stuttered so bad I thought he would never make

his play before the race was over.' "So that's why I'm sore on tips," added the dentist. "I got two straight ones, and I figure it out that I lost \$150 on the first-the \$100 I didn't win and ond-the \$400 I won, but didn't get, my stuttering friend to keep; total, \$570. Wouldn't that jar you a little?" -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Wanted Them Lively.

"Talking about the queer ways some people have of sizing up a man's capabilities for a job," said a New Jersey man the other day, "there recently died in my town a boss carpenter who had one question which he always asked of journeymen who applied to him for employment. If the applicant was found to possess all the other necessary qualifications, he would ask:

"'What are your favorite tunes? "'Why, what do you want to know that for?

"'You whistle and sing some at your work, don't you? " 'Oh, yes.'

"'Well, what tunes do you generally whistle or sing? "'Oh, there's "Old Hundredth" and

"Auld Lang Syne" and "Down by the Weeping Willows" and'-" 'That's enough,' the boss would exclaim. 'You won't do for me. These

tunes are too slow for me. Good day.' "On the contrary, if the applicant answered, 'Oh, I generally whistle "Yankee Doodle" or "The Fisher's Hornpipe" or something of that sort the carpenter would say at once:

"I think you'll do. Take off your coat if you want to and go to work." -Washington Star.

Military Uniforms.

Military uniforms were not originally especially splendid. It was the Prussian army and then Napoleon who set the example of adorning the soldiers' dress all over with fur, gold lace and so on. The Napoleonic armies suffered from a perfect mania for showy trappings.