"Oh, it is no secret. He was a con-vict in the Bolton prison. I used to visit him there—in the course of some charitable

work which I did."
With some reluctance Paine added this

last explanation, which he considered a detail of no possible interest to a stranger. Yet his words made a marked impression "You were good to him, then?" he asked,

respectfully.
"I liked the man; I couldn't help liking 'No wonder! John Navy-according to

your story—was a square, open-hearted man. It didn't harm you any to befriend him. You had a rare chance, young man! I sup-

pose he talked pretty freely?"
"He told me a great deal about his life,"
Paine admitted, a trifle mystified by these

questions. "I wrote it all down," he added Again an eager light flashed in the visitor's eyes.
"Desk's full of it, I supose," he observed,

"My head is full of it," Paine rejoined.
"Yes, of course I have my notes."
Silence ensued for a few moments.
"I was amused at some parts of that story," Perkins went on, still dallying with

his errand. "The old man said some queer

Perkins.

he Maxima paid me.

"He used other expressions quite as peculiar as those in my story."
"And you remember them all?" asked

erkins, coming sharply to business. What's your price for the rest of it?"

Paine was taken unaware. "So you are publisher!" he exclaimed. "A publisher?—Yes, of course; you've hit

It. Perkins laughed lightly.
"If you want my work make me an offer," said Paine, with instant shrewlness. "Of

course I shall expect an advance on what

"That's business!" Perkins replied. "I on't know what those fellows paid you, but

it's worth more to me than it is to them. How would \$500 strike you?"

"Done!" cried Paine. "You shall have the best story I can write. Five thousand words?" he asked, in the next breath.

"I don't care about the number of words," said the man, with a touch of impatience.

"It's Navy's talk that brings the dollars. Can I have it now?" "Oh, no!" said Paine, in surprise. "It isn't written yet! When must you have the story?"
"Thought you had it all in your head!"

exclaimed Perkins, darting a glint of sus-picion at the author. "Well, you know your

ousiness. Make it short, though. How long

"All right. In a week you shall have your \$500." And Perkins bowed himself out, well

hour, Paine gayly accosted him, with out-stretched hand.

"Shake, old man!" he cried. "I have bounded into the ranks of the high-priced story-tellers!"

Frarie shook hands with his customary

"How is that, Paine?" he queried. "Have

you hypnotized an editor?"
"Syndicate man, I think. I was too much surprised to ask for particulars. It doesn't matter. Perkins of Chicago wants to pay me \$500 for a story."

"Long life to Perkins of Chicago. I don't recall his name; but I am heartily pleased

"When Perkins reappeared, at the appointed time, he glanced over the first few

matle as possible, remembering your inter-

"It's a sure success!" Perkins answered in

He shook hands effusively with Paine and immediately took his departure

Paine's sleeping room adjoined his study, and the door between these apartments was

at your success. Paine."

est in Navy's conversation."

high elation. "Good evening."

'You can have it in a week.'

## THE JOHN NAVY MANUSCRIPTS.

BY CHAS. W. RARWOOD.

facing his goests, but his hand still tested began a story of one of his earlier esca-affectionately on a copy of the Maxima, pades. I wrote it out carefully, and after which lay open upon his desk. There was an air of entire satisfaction on Paine's face. "Meanwhile my notes kept pace with his

plexioned man was Frarie; always cool, self-possessed and critical. With a quiet but friendly greeting he sat down and helped himself to a cigarette from Paine's box.

"Yes, there are some things in it which are really bright." Frarie admitted. "They bave character. Ten to one you picked them up somewhere, Paine."

"There is a story about that, Frarie."

John Navy was an actual burglar whom I used to know when I lived in Bolton." "If thought as much," said Frarie, with

Hall sprang up and went to the table to shake out his pipe and refill it. "Kep, I've heard just enough about that old burglar to make me curious," he said, abruptly. 'How did you get acquainted

Kepler Paine had awang his chair around, the delightful animation with which he

The Maxima was just out that day and it contained a story which he had written a year before—the first of his stories which that magazine had deigned to accept.

Jack Hall was lying upon the lounge with a pipe in his mouth, and Frarie had just extered the room. A thin-faced, dark-comtered the room. A thin-faced, dark-comtered the room. A thin-faced, dark-comtered the room is a stories which his stories and Navy showed the umost insteries and Navy showed the umost interest in them. That a man of his stamp monotony of prison life; but at last I discovered that he was brooding over some scheme which he was half-ashamed to propose. One day I frankly inquired what was on his mind.

"T've got a notion that I'd like to write out one of my stories myself, he confessed, with some diffidence. 'It's all folly, maybe, himself to a cigarette from Paine's box.

Frarie wrote the book reviews for the Polygon.

"I looked over your story in the advance sheets," he remarked, blowing out a cloud of smoke. "I gave you three lines. There are good points about that story, Paine.

Your burglar is undeniably strong."

with some diffidence. 'It's all folly, maybe, but it would do me good to try.'

"It did seem droll, but he was such a genial, open-hearted old fellow that it would have been cruel not to humor him. On my next visit we carried out his project, and never had I seen him so cheerful and happy as when he handed me his completed manuscript.

and all, just as it is. You see, it is my own

'Kep, I've heard just enough about that i burgiar to make me curious," he said, the whole manuscript for my own benefit. It was short—and I was on the point of sending it to one of the New York dailies when I remembered my promise to the warden.

said Frarie.

"You may have heard of the Penniwell bank robbery which occurred about seven indecision about suppressing the manuyears ago," Paine began. "The navy gang script entirely, I felt that I must give it



MY NOTES KEPT PACE WITH HIS STORIES

Navy, was the most addactous burglar of his day. His skill and boldness had drawn around him a picked lot of clever criminals, stanch men, all of them, and adopts at their calling.

"We in Mains heard little about the read over the story hastily and with

"We, in Maine, had heard little about their operations until they visited the town of Penniwell, a dozen miles from Bolton, and broke into the vault of its bank. They had secured most of the money when an alarm was raised and they were com-pelled to fly. All of them escaped, except Navy. Laden, as he was, with the bulk of the speils, he nearly eluded his pursuers by running to cover in the ravines of Colquatt mountain. There, before he of Colquatt mountain. There, before he belind the bars. As for this stuff, it doesn't really amount to anything, but we can't let his plunder; and, to this day, it has never been found."

tean't let it go out while the man lives. Thanks to you, just the same." "Of course a reward was offered," said

'Certainly. The Penniwell money is as seductive to the people of that vicinity as Frarie. Captain Kidd's gold, and even now they will not allow a stranger to go upon the mountain side alone. It was useless to question Navy. He was true to his associates as long as he lived; and unusual precautions as long as he lived; and unusual precautions occupying my time and within a fortnight were taken to prevent his sending them any I had removed from Bolton to this city."

"How did you come to know him?" "I used to do some charitable work at that time—especially in the Bolton prison, where he was confined. 'Did you reform any criminals?" Jack Hall

sceptically inquired. 'Come, Hall, let him alone!" Frarie in terposed. "We want to hear about the burg-

I sew Navy; but at last the warden gained confidence in my discretion and, after an explicit warning volunteered to take me to the convict's cell.
"'Navy is a crafty old fellow,' he admon-

ished me. 'Don't repeat a word that he says! He will try to use you when you least suspect it." "We found the prisoner sitting by the door, with his grizzled head resting upon

his hands. Weary, dogged endurance was graven in every line of his face. He brightened, upon our entrance, and, with a slight twinkle of the eyes, looked me over humorously. By that one glance he had probed my inexperience, and, after the war-den's departure, he warily tested his con-'This is very kind,' he began, smoothly,

'It is pleasant to meet a gentleman of your cloth. I suppose you would like me to re-pent of my evil ways?" 'I had not thought of it,' I answered, 'Would you prefer to see a clergy

"Navy turned quickly upon me. 'I thought you were one of them! he exclaime I.
"'Not at all. I came here with merely

a human interest in you."
"Surprised as he was, Navy quickly re covered his poise 'Now, I call that kind!' he said, with a touch of feeling. 'Just because I'm a human

being that's lonely and needs company. That does me good. If I wasn't wearing these stripes, I'd offer you my hand on that!' "Of course, he made no motion to do so; but I promptly put out my hand. "'Thank you," he said, giving it a firm

clasp. 'It seems good to meet a gentleman You have a few visitors,' I suggested "'You are the first outsider, excepting the Penniwell people. There's the chaplain; he wants me to be sorry for my sins—Lord, I'm no hypocrite!' he broke out, scornfully. 'Cracking safes is my profession, and if I was free I'd be at it again. I've talked some with the warden, but he hasn't a particle of sympathy with my feelings. He only shakes his head and says: 'Ah, John, long ago!

I call that a kind of wet blanket on a man's rofessional enthusiasm, don't you?"
"I smiled and assented readily—he was such a fascinating old sinner. So you are driven back upon your mem-I remarked. "That's just it! And comforting they are, too. You would be surprised to know

of the fortunes I've made. Well, every-thing is gone now, and I'm laid on the shelf; but it's a great consolation to look back on a successful career. When I get blue, sitting here alone, I hark back to some time when I outwitted the officers, and it heartens me wonderfully." "Then he paused a moment. 'I wonder if

you would be interested to hear of such matters?' he asked, doubtfully, "'Indeed I would!' was my instant re-sponse. 'Do you mind if I use this? Sometimes I write stories for the magazines. "Navy was interested at once.

'How do you make out?' he asked, crit Poorly enough, so far.'

"'Lord, what you need is life!' he de-clared. 'Why, I could give you stories to write until your hair is gray!'
"'Nothing could please me better,' said I. Will you put in my own name?"

"Certainly, if you wish me to." "Where?" Perkins asked eagerly—"beg"Navy seemed gratified. I well remember ging your pardon! I didn't mean—"

pages of the manuscript with great satis-faction, and counted out \$500 in payment.

"I hope this will be a success," the author civilly remarked. "I have made it as dra-

"He ran over the story hastily and with evident disappointment. " 'Pshaw! there's nothing about the Penniwell case here, he exclaimed. 'This affair happened a dozen years ago! Navy is conceited. He wants to keep his name before

you, just the same."

"It seemed so to me," Paine continued.
"Yet I felt mean about it and did not visit
the prison again. This fell out the more
naturally because matters of business were

"Where is your copy of Navy's story Kep?" asked Jack Hall. what I wanted, to go with my

Frarie arose and, flicking away a particle f cigarette ash, took up his hat

to kill off the old man until you have exhausted your material. By-the-way, I in-ferred that he was dead. Is that so?"
"He died in prison more than a year ago.
Not until then did I feel at liberty to write him up.

Paine was busy at his desk, a sranger was shown to his room by the landlady. Paine whirled his chair around and rose to gree The stranger shot a quick, penetrating

deference and assurance. He was dressed expensively, and a slight swagger in his

Your burghar is undeniably strong."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Jack Hall.
"I call "John Navy's Confession" the best bling out this year!"

"Il would do me good to have that published, he sa'd, smiling upon me with open thing out this year!"

"It would do me good to have that published, he sa'd, smiling upon me with open thing out this year!"

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"It would do me good to have that published, he sa'd, smiling upon me with open thing out this year!"

work! work!"

"That was my last meeting with John Navy, I carried his story home and read it, but I saw that it would be quite useless for publication unless some journal would take it as news. Yet, with all its faults, there were certain novel expressions scattered through it which could hardly be improved.

"In order to preserve these bits I copied

made that break. Its leader, old John up. The warden listened rather triumphantly We will keep a strict

"That was rather hard on the ambitious old codger," observed Hall,
"All you could do, nevertheless," said

It is still at my old home. I culled out There were some parts which did not seem so bright, on a second reading."

"There may be a call for more of Navy's lventures," he said. "I advise you not

"Well, good night. Come on, Hall," On the afternoon of the next day, while

kept closed at night. When he opened it the next morning on his way down to breakfast he uttered a sharp cry of dismay and sprang forward into the room excitedly. During the night his desk had been ran-sacked and its contents strewn over the the profession.
"I remarked that the story was fairly well told. floor. Paine made a hurried search through told.

"Oh, yes, he is smart enough and would be a dangerous fellow at large. It's lucky for the whole country that we have him behind the bars. As for this stuff, it doesn't behind the bars. As for this stuff, it doesn't let behind the bars. both rooms, but nothing else—not even his watch and money—had been disturbed. More-

Early that afternoon Perkins returned He appeared depressed and disconcerted, and his changed mien excited Paine's wonder.

"Did you like my story?" he asked.
"Yes, it is a good story," Perkins slowly "It is something of an advance Still, I don't find that it on the other contains all I expected. "Why, what did you want?"—Paine was on his mettle now. "You would hardly ex-

pect a three-volume novel for the price "I didn't bid high enough, that's a fact, the publisher confessed. "But I want the rest of it—badly. I am thinking of making you a big offer for all you know about

lished in the Maxima.'

CHARLES W. HARWOOD.

POSTERS IN POLITICS.

Increasing Use of Them in Presiden

tial Campaigns.

Although the use of political posters in

national campaign is not new, they will

be employed to a far greater extent than

ever in the present struggle. Posters will

form a part of the literature issued by the bureau at republican headquarters, says

the Chicago Times-Herald, while numerous

Posters as a feature of campaign litera-

ture date back to the election of William

Henry Harrison in 1840. Thomas H. McKee who is in charge of the distribution o

literature from republican headquarters in Chicago, has a collection of posters, of

which several are from the campaign of 1840.

They are crude in execution and design, and

for the most part would not be sanctioned

n tone by the national committees of today,

being bitter partisan attacks upon the plat-form and principles of the opposing party

and upon the character of its candidate

Printed in rude characters upon cheap paper,

they were posted upon walls, fences and

campaign warfare in that day. Mr. McKee

has specimens of these posters from the campaigns of 1840, 1844, 1852 and 1856.

One of these, printed upon blue-tinted paper, is a bitter attack upon the character of General Scott. Another represents an old-

time whig standing bare-armed with a knife in his hand. As he looks at his arm in a

I have a drop of democratic blood in my veins I want to let it out."

Poster printing has received so large

become so favored as a means of publicity that a high degree of perfection is expected

e intended for political purposes

expectation has been in a degree fulfilled. A number of posters designed for this cam-paign are in the market, of which a few are artistic in design and execution. One

of the first in the field, and easily the premier in beauty and effectiveness, is en-

enes illustrative of the prosperity in manu facturing and farming for which the name of the McKinley bill was synonymous. Be-

tween them are a shield and an American eagle, below which a business man and a

The design is printed upon a single sheet, 24x36 inches in size, for general use. It

may be had also in the form of a six-sheet poster, large enough to fill as ordinary bill-board, or as small as an ordinary dodger.

This design is said to have received the per-sonal indorsement of Chairman Hanna. It

has achieved a speedy success, and it is to

be found, as early as this in the campaign, in nearly every headquarters and McKinley club. Quantities have been ordered by the

billboards will be used extensively. The 24x

The "ship of state" poster, published in Chicago, is a novel combination of a poster and a substantial chart. Over the pictures

of the candidates is an outline of the "ship

dates, representing the growth of the gov-ernment from its constitutional beginnings. While by the wildest flight of the imagina-

tion no beauty could be found in the design, it has a statistical value and is in a degree

36 size sells at retail for 25 cents.

effective

is published in Cleveland. At any rate,

laboring man clasp hands.

threatening way the old partisan says:

doors, and formed an effective weapon

printers and publishers have placed a num

er of designs in the market.

"In a series of short stories like the "Oh, anyway you like-ves!" Perkins go up and walked the floor impatiently.
can't explain—It's this way: You have what I want, and if I can make a deal with

you we won't dicker about the price. Now what can you do for me?" "I can supply the demand," said Paine confidently. "But you must give me time Unfortunately, all my notes were for this.

"That was all you knew about Navy? asked Perkins, hopelessly.
"Everything I had. Stay-there is Navy's own story; but I have already dipped into that for a few of his peculiar ideas." "Navy's own story!" the publisher echoed n strong excitement. Paine made a brief explanation, an



WHILE PAINE WAS AT HIS DESK A VISITOR WAS SHOWN IN

bearing indicated that he was conscious of bringing his welcome in his pocket.
"Sporting man," thought Paine. "What
does he want of me?" "Are you Mr. Kepler Paine?" asked the

ew-comer, with much suavity. "Then you wrote 'John Navy's Confession,' which has just appeared in the Max-"I did." Paine answered, with a smile.

"I've read it," said the man, emphatically. "Best thing I ever read. I got onto it from that name. Excuse me—I forgot to mention my own. It's Perkins, of Chithat story of yours. Now when are you going to give us the rest of it?"
"The rest of it?" Paine repeated, in be "The story is complete in this he Maxima." Then he realized

"About this same John Navy?"

Certainly. "That's just what I mean! That story reads like the truth." said Perkins, weighing his words carefully. "You must have known somebody just like him." He looked

inquiringly at Paine.
"I did. I knew old John Nevy him-

upon learning the fate of this story Perkins drew a long breath, as if tantalized almost beyond endurance. "But you say that you copied it," he exclaimed, with a gleam of hope. "Where's "It is still at my old home-packed away

with a trunkful of old letters up in the Then you could get it?" "Certainly, if it is of any value to

Strangely enough, the publisher's eagerness was quickly allayed by this reply.
"We will let the matter rest awhile," he
decided, after a moment of abstraction, and then quietly withdrew. few days afterward Paine received

a letter and a paper addressed in his mother's handwriting. With a pleasant anticipation of home news he opened the letter, but its first paragraph drew from number of the Maxima." Then he realized bim a cry of surprise. His old home had that the public was thirsting for his work. "I can write more tales of the same sort, if that is what you mean."

"Then he realized bim a cry of surprise. His old home had also been entered by a burglar. It was if that is what you mean."

"Then he realized bim a cry of surprise. His old home had also been entered by a burglar. It was if that is what you mean." sufficiently disturbing.

Further details made it very clear that both of these trivial robberies had been com-mitted by the same mysterious person. As in the former case, nothing of value had been stolen; but the contents of an old trunk had been found scattered over the attic

son, which is published and circulated by one of the fireworks manufacturing com-panies, is open to the objection of being too floor.
"I send you the Gazette, which has just panies, is open to the objection of being too panies." I see that the Penniwell money has been small distance. Printed in colors on cloth

READY FOR BUSINESS

THE, STATE

READY FOR BUSINESS

The new store—with a new stock—selected with great care—no bargain or shoddy goods-but honest values-at honest prices.

# Cloak Department.

Fall Capes-

braided—double capes—good length \$1.75

\$3.00 Each Jacket with box front tight fitting back ......

Finer ones at prices from \$3.00 up to \$25.00 -honest values at honest prices.

New goods arriving daily.

## Men's Department.

21 shades dark effects all wool Suitssack-straight or round cut.....

Black Clay Worsted-All the latest styles..... Fine Black Fancy Weaves-

\$10.50 Clay-satin-silk lined..... Fine Dress Suits in boucle-

worsted-cheviot-all styles in

cutaways and sacks.....

#### The latest creations will always be found on our counters.

60c

Wilson Bros.' Laundered Shirts —a special price . . . .

Shoes For Everybody.

Large line Men's Shoes \$1.25 to \$5.00

Large line Ladies' Shoes \$1.00 to \$5.00

> Misses' and Children's Shoes at all prices.

ecovered, and that one of the burglars is and designed for decorations and to be used

n custody. Possibly this is the man who in clubs and headquarters, it is so burdened

with latest novelties.

Gent's Furnishing Department replete

### Children's Suits.

Junior and Reefer Suits, ages 3 to 8,

\$1.50 to \$6.00

Two-piece Suits, all wool worsted,

\$1.50 to \$8.00 An elegant line of all

new goods.

## THE STA 1511 DOUGLAS

with figures that much of its effect is mind. There was but one man who knew of the papers in his trunk—one man who had shown an insatiate curiosity about John Navy. Snatching up the Gazette, he quickly ran over its prolix account of the arrest. The "16 to 1" poster, which has recently

The last paragraph was especially interbeen issued, is printed in blue and red letesting to Kepler Paine.
"The prisoner registered at the Union house as Perkins of Chicago. His connecters, with illustrations. The text is as foltion with the Navy gang has been clearly WHAT IS IT?

A silver dollar weighs about sixteen times as much as a GOLD DOLLAR.

When the ratio was established for the coinage of gold and silver dollars it approximately represented the market value of the two metals. An ounce of gold was worth about sixteen times as much as an established, and it appears that he discov ered the long-hidden booty by means of cipher message from his old chief. Part of this cipher was contained in certain obscure phrases of a story entitled, 'John Navy's Confession,' which was recently pub-

sixteen times as much as an ounce of silver. NOW AN OUNCE OF GOLD IS WORTH MORE THAN IS WORTH MORE THAN
THIRTY TIMES as much as an
ounce of silver. Under our law,
whoever owns gold bullion can
take it to THE MINT and have
it made into coins without any

ounce of silver. Under our law, whoever owns gold builion can take it to THE MINT and have it made into coins without any cost to him. That is free coinage of gold.

The gold thus coined is worth a dollar, IRRESPECTIVE OF THE STAMP ALL, OVER THE WORLD. The silver men demand that we shall do the same thing for silver without any change of ratio—that is to say, that every Silver MINE OWNER shall be PERMITTED TO TAKE THE PRODUCT OF HIS MINE to the GOVERNMENT MINT and have every 50 cents' worth of HIS SILVER stamped as a dollar, profiting him 50 cents and costing the GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES 50 cents on every dollar thus coined.

In addition to the posters and banners described, there is a host of printed devices. such as cards, leaflets, folders, paper badges and miscellaneous matter, which is distrib uted by the national committees and differ-

So far no democratic posters are to be seen. This is attributed to the fact that the demo-

the attention of designers and printers within a few years and posters have titled "McKinley, the advance agent of prosperity." On either side of an excellent portrait of the republican nominee are

DAZED BY A FORTUNE.

A Jerseyman's Transition from Pov-Old Jack Benn, section hand on the Long Island railway, threw down his tools at the close of a summer's day recently, and with a fervent "Thank God, I'm through with them," started for his home in Hicksville, where, by shrewd investments, he amassed a fortune of nearly a million dollars. He was a bachelor.

Old Jack was seemingly dazed, relates the New York Herald, and no wonder, for shortly after noon of that day, lawyers in fine clothes had visited him on the road and had called him Mr. Benn, and while he was wondering what all this friendliness meant from such fine folks, they had told him that the will of his uncle, Bernard Earle, had been opened that day, and that he had been left a fortune of \$125,000. He could not realize all that that sum of money meant. He, the hard-toiling railroad laborer, was stunned by this announcement, and he puzzled over the sum, \$125,000, much in the same way that he had tried to figure out the appearance of heaven when he was a lad.

Four years he had worked on the road at a dollar a day, and he could not tell just what the change in his prospects meant. He began to realize it, though, as he plodded home. Men and women whom he had known for years approached nim with a diffidence he had never noticed before, and saluted him as "Mr. Benn." It had always been "Jack" or "Old Man," end, truth to tell, he did not like the change.

Then there were men, his social superiors,

nange. Then there were men, his social superiors,

Then there were men, his social superiors, whom he had always recognized as such, who stopped him, greeting him effusively, shaking his hand, asking his opinion on politics and in various ways betraying an interest in his welfare, and deep down in his heart he blamed himself for ever having thought them cold or haughty or supercilious. How could he ever have so called these friendly people, whom he now understood for the first time had been his warm friends even at the time he had been working for a dollar a day on the road.

All these meetings and greetings had detained him later than usual, so that when he reached home, the most unpretentious frame house—just a box of a house—in that village of frame houses, he found his good wife anxiously waiting at the door, with their cluster of four children about her.

The \$125.000 had brought the assurance to

about her,
The \$125,000 had brought the assurance to
Mrs. Benn that "her man" would not have
to toil in heat or cold, wet or dry any
more, and she was satisfied. When the
hap,y little family sat down to their meal
that evening they all expressed the desire
of their hearts. so far no democratic posters are to be seen. This is attributed to the fact that the democratic autional headquarters have not yet been opened.

An Afflaity Respected,
He is a very quiet, unexcitable man, and when his friend took him home to see the baby he did his best, though not very successfully, to be enthusiastic. He undertook to amuse the youngster, relates the Detroit Fhee Fress, and allowed him to play with the small watch which the jeweler had lent him while his own was being repaired. The baby was so doctie in his company that they were left together for some time. He concealed the apprehension that he felt and resolved to allow his charge to have his own extermed he said:
"What do you think of the baby, now that, you are beginning to appreciate his fine points, are you?" Has he been saying manrma and 'papa' and 'day-day' for you?"
"You have one of the most intelligent children! ever heard of," was the earnest reply.

"You are beginning to appreciate his fine points, are you?" Has he been saying manrma and 'papa' and 'day-day' for you?"
"No. It wasn't in any such trivial man, ert that he demonstrated his metal powers. He has shown a comprehension of relationships and the fitness of things which, was the baby has swallowed a watch!"

"Yes. But that isn't what shows his intelligence. Most any baby, if I am not mis informed, is liable to do that if he gets as thance. Most any baby, if I am not mis informed, is liable to do that if he gets achance. When that was gone the only plaything I had to offer him was the key that whost it. And I'm blessed if he didn't swallow that, too!"

The Doctor Was There.

Puck: The mermale was taken addenly ill—a case of seatickness.

"Uncle Neptune." she moaned. "I wish you would dive up amongst that group of bathers over there in the surf and whole it is something cles. I don't propose to spend your that the propose to spend your than how the propose to spend your than how the propose to spend your the following the propose of the propose of the propose of the propose of of their hearts.

Michael, the eldest, 23 years old, who is

TURNING THE TABLES.

**1511 DOUGLAS** 

About Many Trivial Points of Dress. A certain uptown Clevelander is the happy possessor of a marital interest in a very pretty and accomplished woman. She is fond of nice clothes and always looks well dressed, and her husband is just as proud of her as he should be, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. But from a technical point of view he knows nothing whatever about her garments, and it bothers him greatlywhen she assumes that he does. She fires broadsides of questions at him whenever she is dressing to accompany him. "George, how does my skirt hang?" "Is it too long in front?" "Does my belt cover the pins?" in front?" "Does my belt cover the pins?"
"Do you really think this gown is becoming?" "Is my collar down at the back?" 'Are there any wrinkles in this waist?" "Is my hat on straight?" These and a hun-dred other interrogations are fired at him at short intervals. If he doesn't pay close attention she ge's cross. So he pretends to listen carefully and answers glibly, al-

though always at random.

The other way a neat way of getting even dawned upon him. When he was dressing that night for a neighborhood porch adjoining room. "Alma," he said, "do you think these new trousers hang just as gracefully as. they should?"

"Why, George," she said, "I don't know anything about it. Why do you bother me?" "Hold on," said George, "I was wondering if this shirt bosom sits quite right?"
"Of course it does," snapped Alma. "And these shoes-do you really think they are becoming to my complexion?
"What sailly question."

"And-hold on, Alma-isn't the coat a little long in the talls—on one side, I mean—and can't you pin it up?" "Why, George, I never heard you talk uch nonsense. You haven't been drinking. "And-just wait a minute, Alma." He quickly raised his silk hat from the dresser and clapped it on the back of his head, "Now, dear, please pay attention. Is my hat on straight?"

They walked together in silence until they and the deeply wounded Alma managed to Well, George, you mean old thing, is my

hat really and truly on straight?" Whereat they both laughed. Many a days' work is lost by sick headache, caused by indigesticn and stomach troubles DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the most effectual pill for overcoming such difficulties.

Another Delusion Exploded. Chicago Tribune: "Pardon me," said the eporter, approaching the subject as deli-

cately as he could, " but is it-is it true that-that a regular feature of your daily repast was-'No!" interrupted the converted cannibal, look of intense weariness spreading itself over his age-wrinkled face, "It is not true, I never ate any roast missionary in my life, and I never knew anybody else who did

You people make me tired!"
And thus another time-honored lie rolls

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