

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"So you have reached this point of success," Maxwell continued, in his dry way. "Yes, my dear Will, it doesn't always answer to run one's head against a wall; this time the masonry proved firm. You have tangible proof of it, since your progress is impeded. You were ragging up and down like a caged lion."

"Do you want to mock me even in this terrible situation?" cried Roland, impudently. "You do not know how I was disgraced or what it is to meet with base treachery in the house where one seeks happiness and love."

"Didn't I warn you against this Edward, though I knew him only from your description? He was traveling when I called on the Harrisons with you—luckily! Had I had the honor of his personal acquaintance, the whole plan would have been impossible. I pass here for the eminently respectable Doctor Blackwood and, as that worthy man, have been received with the utmost courtesy. Were it known that instead of medicine I was engaged in the iron business at present, the courtesy would probably end promptly—on both sides! I shall shoot this noble Mr. Harrison with the utmost composure if he takes it into his head to enter the corridor. Besides, Ralph is mounting guard at the outside door, to which fortunately a second key was found, and will give us a sign if danger is approaching."

"But, at least, tell me how it was possible for you to accomplish all this in a single half hour, for you cannot have been here longer. You went to the outskirts?"

"Where Lieutenant Davis had again created an entirely unnecessary alarm. There is no appearance of fever. Two

wholly ruin the plantation or carry off the buildings; and, as soon as the war is over, you can assert your wife's claim."

"But, John, have you gone daft? Such a plan in the house where Edward rules and will summon all the servants to his aid the instant we appear. He did so just now, at the time of my arrest."

"Fshaw, the servants! They are only negroes, and not one will lift his hand against us as soon as we say we are officers in the Union army. The fellows are constantly coming in throngs to seek protection with us. You were not known to them, or else they were afraid of Captain Wilson and Harrison. The servants are not to be feared. I'll undertake to deal with the justice and his companion. So no one is left except your beloved future relative—and he must be made harmless."

"You mean that we are to attack him in his room?"

"No; that is too uncertain, and will create an unnecessary stir in the house. I have a better plan. As soon as you are at liberty, Ralph shall announce, apparently in great trepidation, that his young mistress has suddenly disappeared. He has looked for her in vain. Of course, she can be only in one place. Harrison will rush here as fast as possible to frustrate the attempt at liberation, and we shall have him in our hands. Then he can occupy the place which he so kindly selected for you, and you can use his marriage contract—the simplest exchange possible."

"But that is a partial deception," replied William. "Am I secretly, craftily, to steal a right which was promised me openly in the presence of all

the world? Am I to urge Florence to a marriage in this terrible hour which robs her of a father?"

"Stop, Will! My patience is being exhausted!" Maxwell angrily interrupted. "Don't bother me again with your German slowness and stupidity, or I'll leave you behind bolts and bars. One can't lead good fortune straight to your arms. You must first inspect it on all sides—subject it to a critical examination—to ascertain whether it is thoroughly ideal and free from earthly dross; and meanwhile the light, airy thing flutters out of your hands. In short, do you want to marry Florence or not?"

"Of course I do. But—"

"Very well, then, the matter is settled. Leave the rest to me. True, it's abominable to expect a best man first to drag the bridegroom from behind so many iron bars, but you must have some unusual circumstance connected with it. One thing more: Of course you have no weapons."

"Should I have been captured otherwise? I certainly would not have surrendered with arms in my hands."

"I anticipated that and concealed two pistols about me. There, now I've finished. Try your strength and see if you can tear out the grating."

The file had worked unwearyingly all the time, had cut through the larger portion of the grating and loosened the rest, but the iron still held. William tugged and shook in vain, and there was no more time to lose. But the consciousness of danger lent the young man unnatural strength. After a few unsuccessful efforts he again seized the grating and, with a last, violent struggle, wrenched it from its fastenings. The opening was made; and, after a few anxious moments, Roland had forced his way through, and was standing in the corridor beside his friend.

"Here!" said the latter, laconically, handing him a revolver and grasping a second pistol himself. "Now I'll instruct Ralph."

William uttered a sigh of relief when he found himself free and felt the weapon in his hand.

"Thank you, John!" he cried enthusiastically after his retreating friend. "You are right. We two will rule the whole household."

"Yes, that is just to your taste!" returned Maxwell, tartly. "This time we really must run our heads against the wall, and if it happens to stand firmer than we expect, it will cost us our lives. You have arranged matters so that we have no choice. But keep quiet! Harrison may come at any moment; the fighting will begin, and—you will play the principal role again."

CHAPTER X.

Meanwhile the justice and his clerk were seated at a well-spread table in the dining-room, which also looked

out upon the garden. Edward could not send the gentlemen, who had taken the long ride in vain, back to the city immediately; so he had invited them to dinner. Mr. Thompson could not find words enough to express his regret and sympathy for the sorrow overhanging the household, but he saw no reason why he should not have a comfortable meal on that account. He thought it perfectly natural that Edward should excuse himself and remain in the drawing-room. No one could feel offended with the grief-stricken nephew, but he himself discussed all the more eagerly the good things set before him, and was ably supported by his clerk.

The old gentleman only regretted Doctor Blackwood's absence, and admired the sense of duty which would not permit him even to appear at dinner. He was just giving his factotum a discourse concerning this distinguished physician, at the same time helping himself to a large piece of roast meat. His factotum listened most dutifully and took a still larger slice, when the subject of the conversation suddenly entered.

"Ah, there you are, Doctor Blackwood!" cried the judge. "Sit down. Unfortunately you have come a little late. We have had the roast served."

The doctor bowed in the most charming manner, and signed to the servant, who had just brought in the dishes, to leave the room.

"Thank you. I am very sorry to disturb you, but there is a business matter to be settled, which admits of no delay."

"A business affair? Is there a will to be made?"

"No, on the contrary, the matter concerns a wedding."

Mr. Thompson dropped his knife and fork and stared at the speaker in the utmost astonishment.

"The ceremony is put off. Mr. Harrison told me himself that he was compelled to defer it for the present."

"Certainly, and he will probably do so altogether; but another person has taken his place—Mr. William Roland."

"What? What did you call him?"

"William Roland. The circumstances have entirely changed, and unfortunately I have not time to explain them to you in detail. But, in the name of the betrothed couple, I beg of you to perform the wedding ceremony at once."

The magistrate leaned back in his chair, assuming a dignified attitude and a solemn, official manner.

"(To be continued.)"

ARCTIC MOSQUITO.

The Most Terrible Insect Pest in the World.

Nothing that has ever been written about the Arctic mosquito begins to come up to the real thing," said a guest in the St. Charles corridor to the New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "I went up the Yukon river in the summer of '96, representing the Alaska and Dominion Trading company, and we struck mosquitoes as soon as we got into the hills. They are twice as large as our familiar bayou species, and their sting is like the prod of a hot needle. They sweep along the valleys in dense clouds, and if they catch a man unprepared they are liable to blind him before he can escape. I heard stories of children being stung to death, and can readily believe them. Whenever we went ashore we wore heavy hat nets and took the utmost precaution, and were certain to suffer more or less. One of our party cut the tongues out of his shoes and a narrow line of sock was exposed under the lacing. Next day he was bitten there at least a hundred times, and his feet were so terribly inflamed that the shoes had to be cut off. Another man, a fireman in the boat crew, got drunk on Alaska whisky one afternoon and lay down to take a nap in the corner of the engine room. I noticed him a little later, and was horrified at the little brown mass of mosquitoes that had settled on a small exposed section of his cheek and throat. In an hour his face was swollen out of all resemblance to anything human, he was unable to swallow, and was burning with fever. It was a week before he was able to be about. I saw a number of cattle near Fort Hamilton that had been made stone blind by stings near the eye. The Arctic foothill mosquito is without doubt the most terrible insect pest in the world."

CATS CAN SWIM.

An Old Fisherman's Story in Illustration of That Fact.

"Can cats swim?" was asked of an old fisherman. "Why, certainly," was the reply, "and that reminds me of a cat I once tried to drown that swam ashore. Surely there must have been hundreds or thousands of people who have drowned cats in the same way, but nevertheless this was an experience of my own. We had a cat that we wanted to get rid of, and as humane a way as any to kill it was by drowning. So I put a couple of bricks in the bottom of an old grain sack and put in the cat, and tied the bag up carefully and securely and walked down to the end of a wharf and stood there and swung the bag, with the cat and the bricks in it round like a sling until I could give it a good momentum and then let it go, and slung it out to fall and sink in the water. I should say twenty feet away. I supposed, of course, that that was the last of the cat, but the next morning the first thing I saw when I went out of the house was the cat sitting on the veranda. I suppose the bag had a weak spot in it somewhere, the bricks were heavy and sharp-cornered, and swinging the bag round that way started it more, and the cat was desperate; and with the bag that way it scratched and tore its way out and got to the wharf and clawed its way up and came ashore. Can a cat swim? Why, sure!"

Mechanical Argument.

Judge—And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested? Complainant—He answered mechanically, yer honor. Judge—Explain. Complainant—He hit me on the head with a hammer—Stray Stories.

Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

UNDOING OF A BUNKO.

The boom in the bunko market caused by the easy separation of extorted money from two expert youths on Monday was severely offset yesterday by an occurrence in the Broadway Central hotel in which a pair of the brotherhood of bunko-steers figured respectively second and third to John Kasser of Arizona. The pair invested a little cash and considerable time and trouble in Mr. Kasser, and though he didn't pan out, they still have cause for thankfulness that they are alive, though battered.

Mr. Kasser is superintendent of the Live Oak Copper Mining and Smelting company, with mines at Globe, Ariz., and he is here with his wife on business. They are at the Broadway Central. Mr. Kasser is of foreign extraction. He is possessed of a slight accent, a blandly quiet manner, a confiding smile, and a general aspect of material but nonmetropolitan prosperity.

When he comes to New York he doesn't follow the example of some of his western friends and cast himself madly into the embraces of a ready-made frock coat, a silk hat, and a new pair of tan shoes with white laces; he wears the same clothes that he wears at home and goes about his business, and if people infer therefrom that he is from the west, he makes no moan over that. Globe he considers to be a pretty good sort of place to come from, and he isn't ashamed of it.

For some time past there has been hanging about the corridor of the Broadway Central a gentleman possessed of a certain appearance of sickness which has not commended him to the favorable notice of the clerks. So far as they were able to discover, his sole occupation seemed to be to chew toothpicks, derived from the hotel's cigar stand, and watch the people in the lobby from the depths of an easy chair. He was middle-aged, plump and well-dressed. The hotel would have been glad to get rid of him had opportunity offered. However, he only came occasionally, and his behavior was not such as would warrant his ejection.

On Tuesday morning this person accosted Mr. Kasser, who was standing looking disconsolately out into the rain.

"Bad weather we're having," said the man. "Have much rain in your part of the country?"

"Yes, I get used to pretty much all kinds of weather," replied Mr. Kasser.

"If you're a lar, then," said Mr. Kasser to his captive. The captive struggled.

"Ever see him here before?" Mr. Kasser asked the clerk.

"Yes, he's been loafing around here for some time."

"You're a bunko-steerer and thief," said Mr. Kasser to the stranger.

Then he relaxed his grip and his fists made a plugging sound upon the plump features of the stranger. That friendly person lopped over the desk and a conveniently placed inkwell caught the life-blood that flowed from his displaced nose.

Meantime the proprietor of the protruding jaw and the striped shirt was standing in the middle of the corridor looking uncertain as to what he had better do. He was quickly relieved of all uncertainty. Mr. Kasser reached him in a jump, grabbed him by the shoulders, whirled him around, and planted a heart-felt kick. Thereupon the man solved for a fleeting moment the problem of aerial navigation. He rose and soared. When he landed and got his feet going there was a current of air in his wake that blew off the hats of two men who stood near by. Upon returning for the other man Mr. Kasser discovered only a crimson trail that led out by way of the café door. Some two dozen men who were scattered about the lobby crowded around Mr. Kasser and wanted to testify to their appreciation by buying him drinks and cigars, and the head clerk came around to thank him for ridding the hotel of the bunko man.

When a Sun reporter saw Mr. Kasser yesterday and asked him about his adventure, that gentleman rubbed his chin and said he shouldn't think a little thing like that would be of any interest in a big city like New York. He loved himself, and said that the cigar presented to him by his departed friend was a very excellent one.

"I have got a little property of my own," said he, "not very much, but a little; and I suppose those two thought they could get \$5,000 or \$6,000 out of me. I am a simple-minded western man," he added, and paused contemptuously. "A simple-minded western man, but," he concluded, smiling benignly at the toe of his right boot, "I have been in New York before."

GETTING AN ANTIQUE CHEAP

Doctor Bought the Old Mahogany Table for 50.

When a man becomes a crank on the subject of antiques he will go to any extreme to gain possession of a coveted treasure, says the Philadelphia Record. There is a physician up the northwest way who has the craze, and has it bad. He made a professional call on an old Irish woman the other day, and as her ailment was not of sufficient severity to keep her from her household duties, he found her in the kitchen washing dishes. His eyes glistened as he saw the table upon which this homely operation was being performed. It was an old, decrepit affair on three legs, but was solid mahogany, with quaint carvings. "That's a queer sort of a table to be washing dishes on," ventured the doctor. "Sure, it is that," replied the owner, "and I wouldn't be bothered with it at all, at all, if I could afford a new one." The doctor was all solicitude in a moment. "Why, that's too bad," he said. And then, as though seized with a sudden philanthropic inspiration, he added: "If you will allow me, I'll buy you a new table, and I'll take the old one off your hands." Of course, the old woman was only too delighted. The doctor invested \$2 in a common kitchen table, in exchange for which he received the old mahogany one, which had been in the old woman's family for nearly a century.

Poetic Side of Baldness.

Captain Charles Utley, a prominent citizen of Seattle, is not blessed with an abundance of hair. Not long ago he was urging the advantages of hairlessness to a circle of friends. One of them said jeeringly: "I suppose that you will claim that baldness is poetic?" "Certainly; it is impossible to see a bald man in a brilliantly illuminated room without being reminded of the line, 'In the fierce light which beats about the crown.'"—Denver Evening Post.

Optimistic.

From the New York World.—Angelino—Do you really think, then, that Mr. Softhead is interested in you? Barbara—Yes, that is, he mentioned flats the last time he called.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.

Her Selection.

Mrs. de Fine here's my new bonnet. Isn't it a darling? Only \$28! Mr. de Fine—Great snaker! You said bonnets could be bought for \$3 up. Mrs. de Fine—Yes, dear. This is one of the "ups."—New York Weekly.

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There are scores of places in this country where only one mail comes every fourteen days.

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RAG TIME FROM WAGNER.

Also in Part From Mozart, Beethoven and Other Great Masters.

From the Chicago Tribune.—Rag-time has been given its rating by F. W. Root, musical authority. He says it bears the same relation to the great things of the musical world that Mother Goose melodies do to the masterpieces of the world's literature. While criticizing this lowly but extremely popular sort of music, Mr. Root says it came from the great masses of the earth. Wagner lapsed into men who sometimes get tired and drop into verification. Mozart also had moments of fatigue or exuberance, when he dashed off a few notes in the measure of the cake-walk melody. Some of the great literateurs have written along the mental altitude of Mother Goose, says Mr. Root, and so have Bach and Beethoven yielded to the impulse to put their lofty thoughts into sharps and flats that would be appreciated in Halsted street. "I would not do away with rag time music," said Mr. Root. "If some one should ask me if I would blot out Mother Goose rhymes I would say unhesitatingly I would not do it. Mother Goose is a good thing in its way. So is rag time. To make the matter plain rag time is synecopation. All the great masters have employed synecopated notes. That is all right, or the masters would not have done it. But they did not write all of their works in synecopation. That shows that synecopation is good for awhile, but we do not want much of it. Now, Mother Goose literature is a good thing, but suppose you had nothing else to read you would get tired of it after awhile."

"What would you suggest be done about it?" he was asked. "Let it alone. The people who like it may learn after awhile to like something else better."

"What objection lies against rag time music?" "It is a repetition of the same thing, that's all. There is nothing else in the world the matter with it. As I said, if it were not a good thing the masters would not have used it." Among many oddities of rag time an example of its effect may be seen in the setting of "Old Hundred" to that measure. "There is no such thing as good music or bad music," said Prof. Emil Lieblich. "You may set good music to bad or vicious words, and the music becomes bad by implication. So with rag time. It is now lending itself to low vaudeville, in the main, and because of that association the music is denounced. The song from 'Carmen,' 'Love is a Wild Bird,' is one of the best examples of rag time in modern music. In the overture to 'Don Juan,' by Mozart, and in the sixth two-voiced invention of Bach we have good examples of synecopation. Rag time is simply having its day. It will be forgotten as a craze in a few years."

SENTENCED
A Dog to Jail for Sixty Days to Stay with His Master.

New York World: It is of record in Recorder Stanton's Court in Hoboken that Kaiser, a mongrel yellow dog, was formally taken before him and sentenced to sixty days in the county jail, and a commitment was regularly made out. This was done that the dog might not be separated from his master, Edward Livermore. Time was, perhaps, when Livermore was good to look upon, but Kaiser was never anything but an ugly cur. The man is 52 and looks years older. Dog and man had starved together. Their bones are almost sticking through their skin. Both bear the imprint of suffering from starvation and cold. The man was clad in rags. Only when Livermore realized that he was so weak from lack of food that he must die of starvation or cold did he apply to Poormaster Brock the other day for admission to the almshouse. "You will have to leave the dog behind," said the poormaster as he wrote out the commitment. "We can't part," said the old man, and his voice trembled, as if the suggestion that he would give up his dog hurt him. He turned to the dog. "If we can't live together we'll die together, won't we, Kaiser?"

The poor, gaunt dog wigwagged his stumpy tail in acquiescence. "You don't understand," said the old man, gently. "You see, I was prosperous once and owned my own canal boat. It sank one night about six years ago, and I should have gone down with it had it not been for Kaiser. He jumped into my bunk and awakened me while the water was pouring into the cabin. We've been pals ever since, share and share alike, and we can't part now." Then Poormaster Brock's manner changed. He took Livermore and Kaiser before Recorder Stanton, and when the latter heard the story he sentenced man and dog to the jail for two months, and they walked off together, happier than they have been for months.

A Wasted Reprimand.

From the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.—Little Dorothy isn't quite two and a half years old yet, but she has developed some very mischievous tricks. If she isn't hungry she plays with her food. Sometimes she surreptitiously flings portions of it at her brother. Occasionally she bathes her busy fingers in her bread and milk bowl. Of course these naughty tricks displease her mother, and Miss Dorothy gets a severe talking to quite often. The other day she tried to convert her bowl into a head decoration and her mamma favored her with a very warm opinion on such breeches of table decorum. Dorothy sat perfectly still during the scolding, staring at the wall above her mother's head. When the reprimand was ended Dorothy let her eyes drop to the level of her mother's face and mildly remarked: "I can't hear a word you say, mamma." And that ended the incident.

Value of Pictures.

Pictures do more toward furnishing a house and determining the status of its inmates than anything else. If you have a suspicion that you are not wise in choosing and hanging pictures, get advice from someone whose taste need not be questioned, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Cheap pictures are not necessarily poor, but a poor picture is usually cheap. To be able to discern the difference in quality with which every one is not blessed. A good plan is to purchase copies of famous pictures, etchings and engravings. These are almost sure to be good. In framing pictures remember that gold frames are for oil paintings and dark pictures, white frames for water colors, and black enamel or Flemish oak and modern oak for etchings and photographs.

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FLOGGING IN BRITISH NAVY.

Still in Practice, as the Following Account Shows.

On Sept. 23 Thomas McGeehan, late second-class leading stoker of her majesty's ship Doris, was flogged at Simon's Town for the offense of malingering, says London Truth. The re-living of the circumstances, which appeared in the Western Morning News of Oct. 24, is not very lucid, but I gather from it that the malingering took place while the man was undergoing a sentence of imprisonment on the Penelope for striking a chief stoker. A "medical survey" was first held on the accused, which presumably resulted in a finding that he had been shamming sickness. On this a board of three officers sentenced the man to eighteen lashes. "After receiving eleven lashes," said the report, "the prisoner became insensible, and the medical officer present (the staff surgeon of the Monarch) stopped the cruel proceeding, and the wretched man was borne bleeding and senseless to his cell." There does not appear, therefore, to be any suggestion that he was malingering this time. The Western Morning News, in chronicling this incident, expresses the hope that it may lead to a renewed agitation for the abolition of flogging in the navy. I can hardly conceive it possible that any one possessed of ordinary human feeling will fail to join us in this hope. As to the desirability of corporal punishment, whether in the navy or elsewhere, for certain peculiarly brutal classes of crime, opinion may differ. But the idea of flogging a man senseless for such a trumpety offense as that of pretended sickness to evade prison discipline is revolting in the most elementary feelings of justice and humanity. The reader will note that this poor wretch was sentenced (by three officers commanding her majesty's ships, and with the approval of the commander-in-chief of the station) to receive eighteen lashes, and what that punishment would have meant, had it been carried out, may be judged from the fact that the man had become senseless from pain and a medical officer had to interfere before two-thirds of the sentence had been executed. Such a result, considered in conjunction with the paltry character of the "crime" for which this murderous penalty was imposed, should convince any one of the utter unfitness of many of our naval officers to be intrusted with such powers over their subordinates.

GAVE BOY A TONIC CAPSULE.

Reward for the Honesty and Cheek of a Zealous Heliboy.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat: A well-known drug drummer, who is paying his regular holiday visit to New Orleans, took the train last Monday evening for a little side trip to Baton Rouge and in the hurry of his departure left a handsome bone-handled umbrella hanging on a hook in the lobby of the hotel. It was a tempting prize, but probably every kleptomane who saw it supposed the owner was seated near at hand. At any rate, it remained undisturbed and was still there yesterday when the drummer returned. "By the way," he remarked, after he exchanged greetings with the clerk, "I've managed somehow to lose my new bone-handled umbrella. Have any of you seen such a thing lying around the office?" A quick-witted heliboy heard the question and, glancing around, saw the missing article hanging within a foot of his head. Supposing it had been there for only a few moments, he promptly grasped the ferrule. "Is this the one?" he inquired. "Yes!" exclaimed the traveler, delighted, "and I must say I'm surprised nobody has nipped it!" "Aw, they couldn't do that," replied the heliboy. "I've been holdin' on to it fer'y ever since y' hung it up." The drug drummer stopped with his hand half way down his pocket and a whimsical smile overspread his countenance. "Well," he said slowly, "I was intending to give you half a dollar, but if you've been holding that umbrella for three consecutive days you're more in need of a tonic. Here is a capsule of quinine and iron." The gloom which settled down upon the bell bench might have been seen with an ax.

Russia Wants Typewriters.

The latest Russian information received indicates that a considerable modification of the imperial Russian law affecting the use of typewriters in that country is about to take place, says the Detroit Free Press. Hitherto the use of this machine has been restricted to such individuals as could obtain special permission, as it was feared that the general use of this apparatus would greatly facilitate the machinations of the nihilistic element. Foreign business houses were almost the only ones making a liberal use of the typewriter. Of late years, however, Russian industry and commerce have extended at such rapid rate and the educated element available for the purpose of correspondence is relatively so small that the Russian government has at last admitted the necessity of acceding to the wishes of Russian merchants. Of course, this means a considerable extension of American trade.

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Pictures do more toward furnishing a house and determining the status of its inmates than anything else. If you have a suspicion that you are not wise in choosing and hanging pictures, get advice from someone whose taste need not be questioned, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Cheap pictures are not necessarily poor, but a poor picture is usually cheap. To be able to discern the difference in quality with which every one is not blessed. A good plan is to purchase copies of famous pictures, etchings and engravings. These are almost sure to be good. In framing pictures remember that gold frames are for oil paintings and dark pictures, white frames for water colors, and black enamel or Flemish oak and modern oak for etchings and photographs.

Both Had.

From the New York World: Caller—"Oh, what dear children—and such charming manners." Father—"Yes, the children have the advantage of my wife's remarkable system of training." Little Marjorie—"So have you, papa."

Mail Once in Two Weeks Only.

There are scores of places in this country where only one mail comes every fourteen days.

Her Selection.

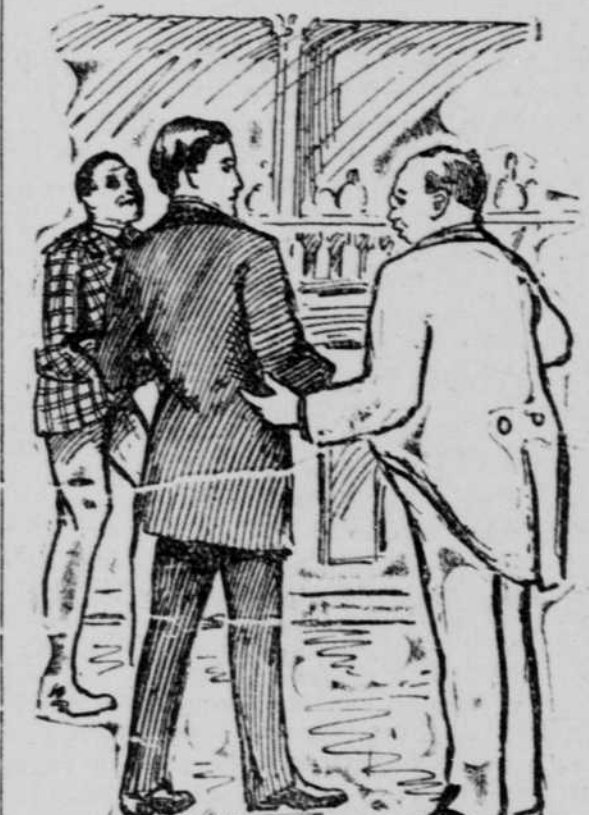
Mrs. de Fine here's my new bonnet. Isn't it a darling? Only \$28! Mr. de Fine—Great snaker! You said bonnets could be bought for \$3 up. Mrs. de Fine—Yes, dear. This is one of the "ups."—New York Weekly.

Optimistic.

From the New York World.—Angelino—Do you really think, then, that Mr. Softhead is interested in you? Barbara—Yes, that is, he mentioned flats the last time he called.

The whisper of a beautiful woman

can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.



"SAY, MY FRIEND, DO YOU PLAY CARDS?"