Not until the heat and smoke became unendurable did the strains of the "trot" and the "tango" cease.

Always Popular Car. out in the country, you have a car." "Yes," said Bildad. "That is, my neighbors and I have one together.' 'Really?" said Jimsonberry.

"Co-operative arrangement, eh? Not a bad idea. What make is it?" "Oh, just plain Trolley."-Judge.

Not Near-Wit. "What do you think of that joke about the end of the world?" "It is too far-fetched."

For the treatment of colds, sore throat, etc., Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops give sure relief—5c at all good Druggists.

Electrical machinery to keep targets in a rifle gallery in motion has been designed by an Australian.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

It makes some girls weary to do

# WOMAN A **GREAT SUFFERER**

To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Gravville, Ill.-"I was a great sufferer of female complaints for a year and I got nothing



that helped me until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was irreg-ular and had cramps so bad that I had to go to bed. Now I have better health than I have had for years and I cannot speak too highly of

your medicine."—Mrs. JESSIE SCHAAR, 413 Main St., Grayville, Ill.

#### Case of Mrs. Tully.

Chicago, Ill.-"I take pleasure in writing to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with such awful periodic pains, and had a displace-ment, and received no benefit from the doctors. I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am now as well as ever."—Mrs. Wil-LIAM TULLY, 2052 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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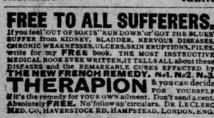
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Lands surround Richfield, Dietrich, Shoshone and Gooding in Lincoln and Gooding Counties. 20,000 acres open to entry.

THE BEST WATER RIGHT IN THE WEST AND TERMS OF PAYMENT ARE THE EASIEST OFFERED BY ANY IRRIGATION COMPANY.

"the blues." It is only to liver that has become lazy a result of impaired digesting and clogged bowels. Try

Let us tell you more. Your letter will have individual attention. Address





The largest makers of Men's \$3.50 and \$4.00



caught fire, relates the St. Louis Re- Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff-Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lus-"Well, Bildad," said Jimsonberry, trous and beautiful as a young girl's "I suppose now that you are living after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this-moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair-fine and downy at first-yes-but really new hair-growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots and just try it. Adv.

Way to Woo Sieep. The following method is described as one which is almost certain to woo slumber with success. On going to bed you assume a comfortable attitude in which every muscle is relaxed, but not the attitude in which you are accustomed to go to sleep, though something resembling it. Every movement, coughing, yawning, are strictly repressed, especially the desire to Tells How She Was Restored turn over. The same attitude is maintained without change, constantly resisting the longing to move or turn

over. As a rule, by the end of 15 or 20 minutes of this persistent maintenance of the same attitude you will find yourself growing very drowsy and then, just as the desire to turn over becomes absolutely uncontrollable, you turn with the least possible effort, and assume the position in which you habitually go to sleep and natural sleep follows at once. This method, it is claimed, seldom fails and should be given a thorough trial, at least before resorting to a drug to bring sleep.

Willie Collier's Jest. It is beginning to look as though the funniest lines in the theater are saved out of the plays and used between the acts. A few nights ago De Wolf Hopper got his best laugh by a remark made during an entre 'acte speech. And last night this growing fashion was again illustrated at the Criterion, when William Collier, thanking the audience, said:

"George Cohan is out of danger." The audience applauded vigorously, whereupon Mr. Collier added:

"And has been for a week." Then the audience laughed.-New York Times.

Would Maintain Its Status. fessor, what would this old oak say if | sees. Come this way."

it could talk? Professor-It would say, "I am an elm!"-Fliegende Blaetter.

Modern Conditions. "There's an idea for a dress." "Too daring," said the actress. "It may be all right for the street, but it

# "Arouse Yourself"

wouldn't be allowed on the stage."

Get rid of that feeling of depression, commonly known as "the blues." It is only the liver that has become lazy as a result of impaired digestion

## HOSTETTER'S Idaho Irrigation Co., Ltd. Richfield STOMACH BITTERS

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CAFE PRICES REASONABLE



SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory arms. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace tells of seeing Fran come home after midnight with a man. She guesses part of the story and surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story. Fran enlists Abbott in her battle against Grace. Fran offers her services to Gregory as secretary during the temporary ory as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace. The latter, hearing of Fran's purpose, returns and interrupts a touching scene between father and daughter. Grace tells Gregory she intends to marry Clinton and quit his service. He declares that he cannot continue his work without her. Carried away by passion, he takes her in his arms. Fran walks in on them, and declares that Grace must leave the house at once. To Gregory's consternation he learns of Clinton's mission to Springfield. Clinton returns from Springfield and, at Fran's request. Ashton urgest him not to disclose what he has learned. On Abbott's assurance that Grace will leave Gregory at once, Clinton agrees to keep silent. Driven into a corner by the threat of exposure, Gregory is forced to dismiss Grace. Grace is offered the job of bookkeeper in Clinton's grocery store. Gregory declares he will kill himself if she marries Clinton. Gregory's infatuation leads him to seek Grace at the grocery. He finds/her alone and tells her the story of his past. Grace points out that as he married the present Mrs. Gregory before the death of Fran's mother, he is not now legally married. They decide to flee at once. ory as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace. The latter, hearing of

CHAPTER XXI.-Continued. "We'd better separate," Gregory hoarsely whispered. "We'll meet at

the station." "No. If he sees us, what would be the use? Anyway, he'll have to know tomorrow . . . everybody will know tomorrow! No," said Grace, overcoming a slight indecision, "the important live, they have the wrong kind of Sentimental Young Lady-Ah, pro- thing is not to be stopped, whoever

> "But there's no chance out, that may," Gregory returned, with the obstinacy of the weak. "And if he does see us, it won't do to be seeming to

try te hide." "Bu; we are hiding," Grace said defi-

nitely. "Possibly we can keep moving >bout, and he will go away." "Why should we hide, anyhow?" de clanded Gregory, with sudden show of

To that, she made no reply. If he didn't know, what was the use to tell

Gregory moved on, but glanced back over his shoulder. "Now, he's getting down," he said in agitation "He's making his way right toward us. .

All right, let him come!" "In here-quick!" cried Grace, dragging him to one side. Quick!' A voice stopped them with, "Your tickets, please.'

"Oh, no," wailed Gregory, "not into a show, Grace. We can't go into a show. It's-it's impossible."

She spoke rapidly: "We must. We'll be safe in there, because no one would ever suppose we'd go into such a

"But Grace," said Gregory firmly "I cannot-I will not go into a show." The voice addressed him again: "It's first-class in every particular, lady. There is nothing here to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the most fastidious. See those fierce maneating lions that have been captured in the remotest jungles of Africa-"

Gregory looked back. Robert Clinton was drawing nearer. As yet he had not discovered them, but his eyes, grown flercer and more Impatient, were never at rest.

With a groan, Gregory thrust some noney into the showman's hand, and he and Grace mingled with the noisy

"Fran!" he cried reproachfully as | "as we are told we ought to treat our | filled with strangers. he reached her side. "How have you |-enemies." the heart to run away from me after Littleburg was trembling under the I've been lost for weeks? Nobody

fearful din of a carnival too big for it, knew I'd ever be found." when Abbott Ashton, after his weeks Fran gave up flight, and stopped to of absence returned to find himself at Hamilton Gregory's door. He discovered old Mrs. Jefferson in the front corner of her demure mouth. "When to meditate on stellar and solar brightroom-this July night-because old you disappeared, you left me yourself. age is on no friendly terms with fall- A friend always does. I've had you all reflection was impossible. One could ing dew; but every window was open. the time."

"Come in," she cried, delighted at sight of his handsome, smiling facehe had been smiling most of the time during his drive from Simmtown with hands, little friend; what do you Robert Clinton. "Here I sit by the say?" window, where sometimes I imagine I hear a faint, far-away sound. I judge ed; "I just shake." it's from some carnival band. Take

your ears are younger-now!" cause of the Gargantuan roar that proffered ear-trumpet: "You are you back home-

CHAPTER XXII.

The Street Fair.

right," he said, "I hear something." leaving a clue to the mystery. You past nine?" needn't be looking around, sir-Fran

isn't here." smiled. "I'm dreadfully impatient to and then consulting his watch. tell her the good news. Mrs. Jeffer- you think I am going to wait till-" son, I'm to teach in a college-it's a much bigger thing than the position I chalantly. "Very well, then." lost here. And I have a chance to work out some ideas that I know Fran time, if we're not to talk till-" will like. I used to think that everything ought to be left precisely as it -I mean the church; and schools; and-and society. But I've made up my mind that nothing is right, unless it works right."

"Exactly," he responded hastily "If a watch doesn't run, what's the use of her. its being pretty? And if churches develop a gift of tongue instead of character, what's the value of their prayers and songs? And I've concluded full of my friends." that if schools don't teach us how to springs and wheels. Where is Fran, Mrs. Jefferson?"

"Still," she temporized, "we can't get along without watches, Abbott." "No, nor schools, nor churches. But they must have good works. Is Fran down at the fair, do you think?" The other bent toward him stealth-

ily. "Ask where Mrs. Gregory is." she said, wonderfully significant. "Well?"

"Abbott, listen: She's gone a-visit-

"Visiting!" Abbott was surprised. "Yes, visiting, she that hasn't been off this place to visit a soul for ages. I tell you, boy, times have changed, here. Maybe you think nobody'd be left at home to visit; but Fran has found that there is a woman in town that she used to know, and the woman has a mighty sick child, and Lucy has gone to sit by it, so the mother can rest. Think of that, Abbott, think of Lucy going anywhere. My! Have you heard that we've lost a secretary at this place? I mean the future Mrs. Bob. Yes, she's gone. I'd as soon have thought of the courthouse being picked up and set in the parlor."

Mrs. Jefferson drew back and said succinctly: "Fran did it!"

Her cap quivered as she leaned forward again. "Get her to tell you all about it. We darsen't speak about it much because of the neighbors. We conspired, Fran and I. Yes, she's down at the carnival, you boy!"

Abbott hastily departed. Later he found himself in a cloud-burst of confetti, on the "city square" and when he had cleared his eyes of the red and white snow, he saw Fran disappear ing like a bit of crimson glass at the bottom of a human kaleidoscope. Fran had thrown the confetti, then fledhow much brighter she was than all the other shifting units of humanity. He fought his way toward her determinedly, finding she was about to sight-seers flocking under the black be submerged. Was she actually try-

look at him. A smile slipped from the corner of one eye, to get caught at the Abbott glowed. "Still, it isn't exact-

ly the same as if I had been able to Jefferson. touch your hand. Suppose we shake

"I don't say anything," Fran retort-Her handclasp was so hearty that

this chair and listen attentively; he was slightly disconcerted. Was her friendship so great that it left no room Abbott did not get all of this be in her heart for something greater. "I want to talk to you, Fran, talk swept through the window, but he and talk, oh, just about all the long all the ropes. Hey? Oh, yes, I know in undress. Three bears, two clowns gravely tilted his head, then took the night through! Come, let me take mother thinks me in bed-for good- and a bicycle sharpened interest in

"Home? Me? Ridiculous! But I'll "It's the street fair," she announced tell you the best place that ever was, triumphantly. "But sometimes it's for the kind of talking you and I heart, 'Tisn't like going to church, one ceased playing though that had not louder. How fine you look, Abbott- want to do to each other. Abbott, it just as if your conscience doesn't won't matter to you-will it?-at what pressed, and that's what scares me- dantinos had not only subdued the hurt you for disappearing without place I say to meet me, at about half- feeling oppressed." He rubbed his griz- bears, rendering them as harmless as

"Why, Fran! It's not eight o'clock," Abbott remonstrated, glancing toward "I wonder where she is?" Abbott the courthouse clock to find it stopped, "Till half-past nine," said Fran, non-

"But what will we do in the mean-"We?" she mocked him. - "Listen.

Abbott, don't look so cross. I've a is, because it's been that way so long friend in town with a sick daughter, to help her, a while." He was both mystified and disap-

Mrs. Jefferson listened in desperate such friends in Littleburg," he remoneagerness. "A watch?" she hazarded. strated, remembering how unkind tongues had set the village against

Fran threw back her head, and her gesture was full of pride and confidence. "Oh!" she cried, "the town is

"All right, then," she said with the greatest cheerfulness, "at half-past nine. You understand the date-nine thirty. Of course you wouldn't have shall we meet, Abbott-at nine-thirty? Shall we say, at the Snake-Eater's?"

"Go. Fran." he exclaimed. "I'll wait for you as long as I must, even if it's



er Handclasp Was So Hearty That He Was Slightly Disconcerted.

anywhere in the world to meet you, even to the den of the Snake-Eater." "That's the way for a friend to sat immediately behind. talk!" she declared, suddenly radiant -a full Fran-sun, now, instead of the lender penetrating Fran-beam.

fore her, she darted forward. Abbott called-"But I can't promise to talk to you as a friend, when we meet-I mean, just as a friend." Fran looked back at him, still daz-

Seeing a leg-lined lane opening be

zling. "I only ask you to treat me as well," she said with assumed humility, tion. Thanks to the influx of country the outer woman.

CHAPTER XXIII. The Conqueror. After the extinguishment of the in, stoop lower."

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Fran-beam, Abbott wanted to be alone, ness, but in this vociferous wilderness, not even escape recognition, one could not even detach oneself from a Simon

RAN

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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"Got back to town again, hey?" said bott; Simon passed at once to a more interesting theme: "Taken in the big cage, grumbled at being elbowed Lion Show, yet?"

"I'm just waiting for nine-thirty. farmers. I have an engagement." Fu-1

only eight o'clock.

thief in the night." Simon urged Abbott along in the direction taken, but a few minutes before, by Hamilton Gregory and Grace Noir. "You see," Simon panted. "when the girl fell off the trapezeoverjoyed, thinking I'd missed the sickening sight. But bless your soul! -I was right at the front, hanging on and she's a real friend so I must go to the railing, and I saw it all. Why, slipped just so-" Simon extended

into all these shows like I'd been a

pointed. "I didn't know you had any his leg with some agility. "Was she killed?" Abbott asked, concealing his astonishment over Simon's evident acquaintance with the black tent before which they had face. paused.

"Well," Simon reluctantly conceded, He could only stare at her in dumb painful. I saw it all; this carnival has an than this one, and she doesn't wear ticket in a jiffy, or all the seats'll be Gonizetti doesn't care who sees her -give me your quarter, I know how to jump in and get first place. That me desert a friend in trouble. Where ticket agent knows me; I've been in five times."

> From a high platform before the black tent, a voice came through a megaphone: "The Big Show. The Big Show. See those enormous lions riding in baby carriages while La Gonizetti makes other lions dance the fandango to her violin. See those-" "Here, Abbott, follow!" called the breathless Simon Jefferson, "Of course we'll see what's there-no use listening to him, like an introduction in a novel of Scott's telling it all first. You

follow me." Abbott laughed aloud at Simon's bility as they pushed their way un-

"Uh-huh, now see that!" groaned Simon reproachfully, as he looked about. "Every seat taken. I tell you, you've got to lift your feet to get into this show. Well, hang on to the rope -don't let anybody gouge you out of standing room.

At least two-thirds of the space under the tent was taken up by tiers of seats formed of thin, and apparently fragile, blue planks, springy to the foot and deafening to the ear. From hardened ground to fringed tent-ceiling, these overlapping rows of narrow boards were brimming with men, women and children who, tenacious of their holdings, seemed each to contain in his pockets the feet of him who

The seats faced an immense cage which rose almost to the roof. As yet, it was empty, but smaller adjoining cages promised an animated arena when the signal should be given.

Gregory and Grace Noir had sought refuge on the highest seat, where they might overlook the crowd; here, with heads bent forward as if to avoid the canvas, they hoped to escape observafolk, Littleburg citizens were rarely to be seen at such shows until a later and more fashionable hour. Gregory was relieved to find his topmost plank

"All goes well," he said, pressing Grace's hand. "Nobody will find out that we have been in here."

"Watch for Mr. Clinton," Grace counseled cautiously. "If he comes "They're all strangers, Grace, Provi-

dence is with us-there's Simon Jefferson!" He was too amazed to think of concealment. "Hush! Yes-and Abbott Ashton."

Gregory pulled his hat over his Into the tent streamed a fresh body Simon. That was enough about Ab- of sight-seers. Simon, swinging to the rope that was stretched in front of the

by weary mothers and broad-chested The band entered and squatted upon tile words, indeed, since it was now blue boxes in one corner. Showy red coats were removed in deference to You come with me, then, I know sweltering heat, and melody presided

ness' sake don't tell on me, she'd be what was to come, whetting the mind scared to death. But actually, old upon jokes blunter than the intelliman, this carnival is good for my gence of the audience. Even the band bit, Preaching makes me feel op- seemed possible; its depressing anzled hair nervously. "Just for fear kittens, but had mournfully depressed somebody'd go tell, I've had to sneak the audience. Into this atmosphere of tamed inertness, suddenly flashed a little figure whose quivering vitality communi-

cated electric thrills. Even the clowns moved less like treadmill horses, as they took their stations at the smaller cages, waiting to lift the gates that heard about that, hey? Mother was would admit the restless lions into the central cage. The form that had appeared-one

knew not whence-was that of a slight woman, dressed in a short skirt of she pretty near fell on me. Her foot blue, and bodice of white satin. The trimmings which ran in all directions, were rich in pendants of gold and rubies. Above all, there was the alluring mystery of a crimson mask which effectually hid the woman's

Simon whispered into Abbott's al ways unready ear: "That isn't La "n-n-no, she wasn't to say killed-but Gonizetti. Wonder what this means' dreadfully bruised up, Abbott, very La Gonizetti is much more of a womtaken. You can't stand there like that Why, this is nothing but a mere tell you now, if she ain't on to her job, I mean to have my money back" Si

mon glowered. Abbott stared in great perplexity "Then who is she?" he exclaimed "Simon-doesn't she remind you of-o: some one we know?"

"Naw. She's got on La Gonizetti's dress, and her voice has the showclangy-tin-panny-whangdoodle girl's but that's all I recognize.'

Abbott wondered that Simon failed to notice the similarity between the show-girl's movements and those of Fran. This woman had Fran's form To be sure the voice was entirely dif ferent, but the rapidity and decisive ness of action, and the air of authority were Fran's very own. However, the show-girl's hands were as dark as an Italian's, while Fran's were-well, no' so dark, at any rate.

Abbott's brow did not relax He stood motionless, staring at everything before him with painful intent

Up near the roof, Gregory and Grace scarcely observed the entrance of the lion-tamer. Secured from espial, absorbed in each other, they were able, thanks to the surrounding clamor of voices, to discuss their future plans with some degree of confi

Simon told Abbott-"Anyway, ne amateur would rub up against those beasts, so I guess it's all right. They ain't but two lions; bill says ten, man that wrote the bill was the other eight, I reckon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Work for Men and Women. After all, you know, there is room

for both men and women in this world. Men have their work to do and women have theirs. It is the woman's work to provide for the inner man and it is the man's to provide for

that he can determine this matter.

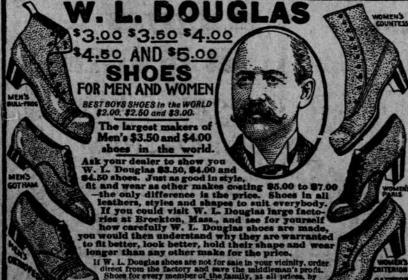
That is where the banana hound

comes in. He trots the groves with

a man behind him, and scents the

bunches which should be picked. He

stands in front of the tree and gives





Man Who "Beat" the Customs In spectors Might Be Excused for Feeling a Little Annoyed.

The exacting regulations of the cusoms service bear heavily on the Amercan returning from a trip abroad. The man or woman who cannot find more than the legal limit of \$100 to invest in trinkets, presents, and various personal articles of apparel is rare. To be held up like a criminal and be forced to discuss with inquisitive custom inspectors the value of every little article in one's baggage is vexatious. So of trouble to take with an article that bad heart is to thee thine origin of eople frequently resort to subter-

A man who had been in Siberia on usiness had an opportunity to buy there at very reasonable rates some eautiful sable skins. He decided that it was too good a chance to make his wife a desirable gift to be overlooked: so out of hundreds of skins he selected a dozen of great beauty. On reaching New York he sought the coch of them slipped a skin or two for he is not an antagonistic delty. of her existence.

SHREWD SCHEME IS WASTED | down the legs of his trousers, tying | Mighty in his stolen power, yet he them with twine to his suspenders to is a creature and a subject; not a prevent them from dropping too far. It was a very hot day, and as they of concrete right. The fiend hath stood about on the pier waiting to be not a royal crown; he is but a prowlpassed by the customs men the skins ing robber, suffered for some mystegot warm and smelled villainously. rious end to haunt the king's highway. Finally, passed by the inspectors with their baggage, they hastened to a place where in seclusion they could remove the sable skins and turn them over to the owner Later the latter told the house that

> is not dutiable."—The Sunday Maga- evil.—Martin Farquar Tupper. Truth and Error. Verily, there is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it. sparkle of truth is not in it. For enemy, the father of lies, the gi-

maker of abstract wrong, but a spoiler And the keen sword he beareth once was a simple plowshare. His panoply of error is but a distortion of the truth. The sickle that once reaped righteousness, beaten from its useful surve, with ax, and spike, and bar, was to make them up of his ruse, and headeth the marauder's halibert. Seek was considerably startled when the not further, O man, to solve the dark manager said: "That was a good deal riddle of sin; suffice it that thine own Rica.

Paris Dress Expert.

who sets them right as to the dress of Verily, there is nothing so false that tells them whether they have used the right words to describe the dress and whether the colors that are fashion ant Upas of creation, can but per- able are named. The woman who does vert the good, but may not create the this is always anonymous, and no one evil. He destroyeth, but cannot build; but herself and the author is aware

### TRULY A VALUABLE HOUND | have a man so thoroughly up in color Visitor From Costa Rica Tells Story

Which Some People Might Find It Hard to Believe.

At last the existence of the banana nound has been shown to be a fact! country from Port Limon, Costa Rica, not only knows all about the banana hound, but has a drove of them himself. The gentleman is Hezekiah Spottiswood, and for many years the owner of a banana plantation in Costa

"Is the banana hound a new discov-

ery up here?" he asked in surprise.

My word, how singular! Why, we always have them. They are a very esential adjunct to a banana planta- He presented his card at a box-office. tion; indispensable almost, I should say. What is the breed? They are at the disheveled visitor dubiously. a cross between a pointer and a South American tapir. "It's a very necessary thing to know when to pick the bananas from the

a long moan, which sounds familiar to A man who just arrived in this the siren at Sandy Hook. Then he points to a particular bunch with his "The scent of the hound is unerring. It has never been known to fail. "And you never heard of them?"

No Joy Visit

A Glasgow journalist who was careess of his personal appearance was assigned to write something about a show at a leading Glasgow theater. The maanger came out and looked

"Did you come here to write something about the play-to work?" he asked.

"Do you think I'd come to your trees, you know. When they have attained a certain shade of green, then theater for amusement?" asked the ournalist as he stalked out.—Saturis the time. Now it's very difficult to day Evening Post