

A MATRIMONIAL JOKE

The Rossville News was a bright and sprightly paper, but it was not so successful as to afford to pay for the news regularly furnished by the Press Association, and as a rule, the shears vied with the editorial pencil in filling out its columns.

It had but one reporter, yet a more energetic, impressive, self-staked newspaper man than Fred Stokes seldom existed. In a death of news, when the town was wretchedly dull, he could fall back upon the editorial imagination, evolving from airy nothings, a succession of rumors and prognostications with an unflinching shrewdness that varied upon, yet never overstepped, the thin line of probability.

When not charging the festive boom, or cornering an elusive sensation, he would assist his editorial chief in the latter's onerous task. He would concoct poetic and taking advertisements; extract the path of some great metropolitan editor's opinion on the tariff, and the other "burning issues" of the day; and all this in addition to other multifarious duties.

Often would the editor remove his chair, elevate his legs, and, as the blue smoke curled upward, reward his satellite with a jovial nod of approval, and say:

"Fred, me boy, next to myself, the News would be lost without you."

The editor's admiration was of an Irish tincture, and a slight suspicion of brogue often intruded itself upon his tongue when the editor grew interested.

"I'm indebted to you, and if ever you get into a tight place, all upon your feet, gratitude, me son-a-ahem! Here's that account of young Shurtzleff's marriage. Very nice affair, that; we must give it at least a column, with a well displayed heading."

"Look here, sir," said Fred, after one of these pleasant interjections, "I'm afraid you're overdoing it. Here's a matrimonial ad in the New York Herald for a wife. 'Wanted: A Cuban, rich—presumably unsophisticated—without acquaintance in this country, wants a wife. She must be young, handsome, refined, and so on. Money not essential. Address, Zamana, New York Herald, in confidence. I believe I'll answer it. Huzge joke, you see?'"

Here the editor looked dubious.

"Perhaps we can work up something stunting out of this for the News. Who knows?"

The editor brightened enthusiastically.

"Right you are," said he. "But it will take exceedingly adroit manipulation, me boy."

Fred considered the matter, and then indicated a modest reply, in a flowing feminine hand, signing himself (the delectable rascal) "Miss Nellie Jardine."

The editor read it with admiration.

"A right tender and circumstantial reply. It wouldn't surprise me, now, if you weren't born novelist after all."

So Fred posted his letter, then carefully waited further developments. In due time came a reply. Our Cuban expressed his surprise and pleasure in hearing so assuringly from Miss Nellie Jardine, and said that, out of forty answers, hers was the one that pleased him most.

She alone, he continued, with tropical ardor, was the one woman for him. He felt it, his heart told him so, and thus on, through several pages of blind infatuation. He concluded by hoping, praying, imploring and begging, and once more replied and exchanged photographs with her adoring slave.

"Redad, sir," said the editor, "you are in for it. I behold already the consummation. Fred will be donning petticoats next, and the reporter of the deed of the News will feel an aching void, that is, when you're off to visit this Cuban in New York, me boy."

Several letters on either side were sent, and photographs exchanged, Fred sending that of an extremely pretty girl he had met at Cape May one summer. He was beginning, however to grow weary of the tender monkey, when, one day, he laid on the table a neat package, which, on being opened, disclosed a pair of earrings and a brooch set with garnet and pearls. The editor examined them critically. Fred seemed dismayed that amused.

"They're worth three dollars, me boy—if they're genuine. What does the fellow say about them?"

"Why, it's a present, he says, and hints of more to come, and that we must arrange a trial wedding at this with the wildest protestations of eternal love and fidelity. Hang it! this is getting serious. I never thought the fool would go so far."

"Write him that the sudden death of one of your uncles, cousins or aunts, calls you off to San Francisco instantly, me boy. Hint of great riches falling your way, of a family mystery imposing itself. Tell him to possess his soul in patience, and that he will hear from you in a month or so. Then you can return his confounded jewelry, and break up the affair somehow—any how."

The editor felt sagacious, yet his conclusion was misty, too misty it seemed, when, two days later, Fred rushed into the sanctum with an open letter in his hand, his eyes dilated, and his hair disheveled.

"Sir," he said, "I'm ruined! I must leave, obliterate myself, and the News will have to get another man. Read that!"

He dashed the letter down upon the desk, and fell sprawling on his back, nervously, then read the note. After a few passionate, devotional interjections, it wound up by stating that the devoted and impulsive lover would visit Rossville on the following Friday to see his "adored one," his "queen."

"Isn't this something like a predicament?" exclaimed Fred, as his chief sat tapping the arm of the editorial chair with his pencil, and his eyes fixed reflectively upon his assistant. "Can you make me an advance of fifty dollars? I'll get Meigs to take my place and flee to the adirondacks or some pathless wilderness for a while, until this infatuated foreigner recovers his reason."

"Fred, me boy," said the editor, sagely, "I know a trick or two, me boy. Write me a touching obituary notice of Miss Nellie Jardine's very sudden demise. A congestive chill, spinal meningitis; anything of that sort will do. We'll just insert that little notice, and have one copy of it."

"Have it marked, and sent to that poor fool of a Cuban, together with the jewel he has sent, and presto, my boy! you are out of the whole affair in no time. We won't need Meigs then, he's a dunderhead; and you can still go on with your work."

Fred, though at first doubtful, fell in with this idea, and the programme was fully carried out.

The announcement, beginning "Sudden death of an estimable young lady," was really quite pathetic, and so tickled Fred's fancy that his nervousness vanished as Wednesday and Thursday passed. He became so absorbed in

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Nutshell Princess, an interesting Fairy Story—The Sanctioning Party—Night at Last—On Even Terms.

There was once a fair princess who lived in a nutshell. Of course this was a very strange place for a princess to live, but then she was a nutshell princess, which made all the difference in the world.

The nutshell grew upon a tree, and it grew there and stayed there all the year around. This was because it was the home of a fairy princess, and she needed it all the year around to live in.

One day the princess came to the door of her house, which means, of course, that she opened the side of her nutshell, and looked about her. It was a clear summer day. The grass

was green, the trees were in full leaf, and the birds sang through the wood. The princess stepped out upon the branch of a tree and lightly lifted up her arms, and as she did she grew taller, until she must have been at least twelve inches high as she balanced herself on the branch of the oak tree.

This was a little way the princess lived. Now, just about this time a little boy in the nearest village was sent by his mother on an errand. He did not like to go after the manner of little boys. The way was long. Besides leading through the wood where the princess lived it began over a millstream and down a long lane. The little boy, whose name was Max, shook himself and said:

"I'm afraid there are wolves in the wood!"

"You have been there often before," said his mother, "and the wolves never hurt good boys."

"The sun is very hot and I have a lame leg," insisted Max.

"You can go slowly," replied his mother, "and here is a little cake to eat on the road."

Then Max felt ashamed, but he still said nothing.

"The sun is hot, and my foot does hurt me and there are wolves in the forest,"

His mother was busy, so she only shook her head at him. Then Max, feeling both ashamed and angry, was obliged to start. He trudged along. The foot did hurt him a little, so he went slowly. But he knew that he would get there in an hour or two, and presently he forgot it and went along singing, and so he crossed over the millstream.

Then the sun grew hot, and it grew very uncomfortable in the long lane which he had next to pass.

It is horrible to go of errands, thought Max.

He became so warm that he took off his jacket with a jerk, meaning to carry it over his arm. As he did so he felt in his pocket the little cake his mother had put there. And he grew again ashamed of his anger.

"After all," he said to himself, "mother always tries to make things easier, and she always thinks of something nice to do for me."

And just then the sun began to go behind a cloud and the lane seemed to grow cooler and more interesting, and he walked along, with his jacket on his arm, Max smiled over the pleasant thoughts that began to pass through his brain. He went along quickly, and he entered the forest before he realized that the lane and come to an end. But the woods seemed dark and gloomy to the little boy. The trees were tall and shut out the light; it seemed bold and mysterious. He thought he heard a wolf growl and he stopped short.

All pansy lovers are fond of comparing the flower to human faces which seem to look at them with love and sympathy. Another poet has written in regard to this flower is current among French and German children. The Household Magazine gives this version of it: The flower has five petals and four daughters, two of the latter being step-daughters, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color, and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The foliage is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being step-daughters, one only a chair; the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must turn away the petals, until the stem and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a funnel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a hobble. The story is, of course, of French origin, because the French call the pansy the step-mother.

On Even Terms.

Baron Haussmann, the celebrated French administrator, who may almost be said to have built the city of Paris, used to relate the following anecdote by way of illustrating the feeling of many country gentlemen toward the prefects:

"One of these gentlemen entered the prefect's office, having some complaint to make, and proceeded to state his errand in a pretty lofty tone and without taking off his hat. The officer was suddenly very small, and she floated lightly along on a little breeze which happened to be near, and as she passed the little boy she whispered softly in his ear:

"I am truly afraid," he thought to himself, "and I can't go a step further."

Now, the nutshell princess stood upon a branch of her tree not far off, although the little boy did not see her, for no one can see such tiny princesses as this, but she heard him say this, and she looked at him with her second set yet. But because the princess could make herself so tiny, as well as invisible, if she wished, and she transported herself to any place if she wished to go, she could creep into the tiniest places and do the strangest things you ever heard of. She saw the little boy stop short. She suddenly grew very small, and she floated lightly along on a little breeze that happened to be near, and as she passed the little boy she whispered softly in his ear:

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A Beautiful Thing.

The lady in her elegant victoria drove up to the great dry goods store, and stepping daintily out, she walked into the place to do some shopping. A weary looking girl at one of the counters, she said:

"What time do you get off duty?"

"Usually at 6, madam," replied the astonished girl, "but to day at 5. You are not you get very tired working so long?"

"Yes, madam, but I must work or starve."

"Well, will you let me take you for a drive of an hour after you are through to-day? I'm sure it will do you good."

The girl, knowing the wealth and social position of the lady, blushed with pleasure and she was only too glad to accept the invitation so politely and kindly extended, and the lady, with a cheery smile and bow, walked out.

Then the man who dreamed this woke up and wondered how the misadventure of people could be so improbable and ridiculous things—Detroit Free Press.

Perfection in Cake-Making.

Housekeepers frequently wonder why it is that they cannot make biscuits and cake that are light and palatable and yet taste as delicious as the biscuits and cake made by their mothers and grandmothers, the delightful memory of which even to this day creates a sensation of pleasure to the palate.

The trouble arises from the highly adulterated state of the materials they have to work with, particularly the cream-of-tartar and soda used to raise or leaven the food.

Cream-of-tartar and soda are now procurable for domestic purposes contain large quantities of lime, earth, alum and other adulterants, frequently from 5 to 25 per cent, and consequently vary so much in quantity that it is impossible to tell the exact quantity to use, or properly combine them, to insure perfect results.

From using too much soda, the butter, salt, yellow or too little, or because of the adulterants in them, bitter, salty, yellow or rancid cakes are frequently made. These adulterants are also injurious to health.

All this trouble may be avoided by the use of the popular Royal Baking Powder. When this preparation is employed in the place of cream-of-tartar and soda, its perfect leavening power always insures light, flaky, digestible, wholesome and free from the impurities invariably present when the old raising preparations are employed.

The Royal Baking Powder, we are informed by the most reliable scientists, is perfectly pure, being made from highly refined ingredients, carefully tested, and so exactly proportioned and combined that it never fails to produce the best and uniform results. An additional advantage in its employment comes from the fact that bread or other food made with it may be eaten while hot without any indigestion or any unpleasant results, while being equally sweet, moist and grateful to the palate when cold.

Preparatory.

As the Broadway cable car approached the postoffice a young man sprang directly in front of it, waving his arms, cried: "Now, come on, will you?"

The car struck him squarely in the chest and threw him ten feet ahead, lying quickly, he rushed back at the car and was thrown ahead again. He was about to make another rush when a policeman pulled him from the track.

"What's the matter with yer?" growled the officer. "Off yer head, eh?"

"Not at all," replied the young man. "I was just getting myself in shape for the football game this afternoon."

Truth.

A Curious Coincidence.

Not so long since a stowaway was found dead under the main hatch of one of the National line of steamers. He had been in the hold for some time, and left Liverpool and died of suffocation. Curiously enough, in his pocket was found a novel entitled "Doomed on the Deep"—Chicago Times.

Deafness Can Not Be Cured

by local applications, as they can not reach the hearing organ of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and there is a constant noise in the ears. It is not until the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; the cause of the noise is caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent free on request to F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Not Such a Duffer After All.

Detroit Free Press: "My dear," he said the other morning, "I think you are right when you told me last night there were burglars in the house."

"Why?" she asked nervously.

"Because all the money that was in my pockets when I went to bed is gone."

"Well, she said, with an I-told-you-so air, "if you had been brave and got up and shot the wretch, you would have had your money this morning."

"Possibly, my dear," he replied, "but he said, gingerly, "but then I would have been a widower."

She laughed softly then, and gave half of it to him.

TO AID EMPLOYERS.

A NEW SCHEME OF THE W. L. DOUGLASS SHOE CO.

Will Furnish Their Help With Medical Attendance.

William L. Douglas, the president of the shoe company, has been a great personal interest in the army of men and women who inhabit the great factory at Montreal during the working hours of the day, and who make the greater advantage of their leisure hours.

He is a great believer in the idea that manufacturers should have this personal interest in the conditions of their employees. He believes that if the idea is carried out to the extent that it is possible, that will result ultimately in the breaking down of the barriers which have been built up between employers and those whom they employ. It would convince the workmen that their employers were not their enemies, some of them may think now, but their friends, with a desire to do all for them that was in their power.

Having strong feelings upon this point, it is only natural that Mr. Douglas should give his own time and money to the study of the result of the trials of similar plans in other places. He is satisfied that the scheme he has originated is a good one, and he has now put it to practical test.

He has sent to every person in his employ and they form a special army—a card which will enable them to secure free medical attendance.

This is a practical illustration of Mr. Douglas' ideal, and will surely be appreciated by the thousands who receive the shoes.

The plan is a good one.

It may be said that this factory is the only one in Montreal where the principle of arbitration is recognized, and has this been the case since the establishment of the state board of arbitration. He claims that labor troubles would not be so frequent as they are if manufacturers and help would recognize this great principle and adopt it.