...DVENTURE.

...story is true, for John... to me himself, and he has ...ation enough to invent an...

...e that if you should at... ...y into conversation with ...enger in a Chicago train ...would present you with ...uestion as a delicate hint ...d to be left in peace.

...g down to Warwickshire ...said"—continued John... ...end a few days with Sco... ...ake this card with me. If ...ats on talking to me when ...my paper I'll try what ...the card will do.'

...the train at Euston, traveling ...class.

...fellow-passenger was a fine-...g woman of about 30. The heat ...day and the excitement of catch... ...the train had given her a florid color, and I could see that the desire of condemning the weather and exposing the wickedness of a cabman was strong within her.

"Presently the woman caught my eye and said, 'I beg your pardon, but will you tell me the exact time? My cabman——'

"But here I handed the woman the Chicago card I had received the day before.

"She read it and then said, 'Oh, indeed! So sorry. Pray excuse me,' and then lapsed in silence, while I resumed my newspaper and congratulated myself on the efficacy of the American plan of dealing with railway hores.

"It is true that my conscience did give me an occasional twinge, for the distinction between telling a lie and handing a person a ready-made lie printed on a card was not very perceptible. I asked myself whether in giving the woman a card with the words, 'I am deaf and dumb,' I had not been guilty of lying as certainly as I should have been if I had told her the same thing in so many words.

"At Willesden Junction another passenger got in. This time it was a young lady who was evidently expected by the elder lady.

"By and by my attention was aroused in spite of myself by hearing the elder lady mention my name. 'You see,' she said, 'I had to come down today because John has asked that tiresome Johnston to spend a week with us, and of course it wouldn't do for me to be away.'

"'But, auntie,' said the other, 'how do you know that he is tiresome if you have never seen him?'

"'I know it, for one thing, because John's friends always are tiresome. It does seem as if he deliberately selected the most stupid men he could find and asked them down to Greencroft, just to make life a burden to me. And then, my dear, for another thing, I tried to read this detestable Johnston's books. Anything more stupid and silly you can't possibly imagine.'

"So I was actually traveling in the same carriage with Scobie's wife and niece, and the former was dreading my arrival at her house and looking upon me as a tiresome nuisance.

"The two ladies talked on, but happily seemed to forget the existence of the unfortunate Johnston. Once Mrs. Scobie came to the window where I was sitting, to point out something to her niece, and the swaying of the carriage ...throw her on my lap.

"...n the elder lady began one ...nervous and hurried searches ...purse which women when trav... ...e so prone to make.

"'...s gone!' she exclaimed, 'and I ...re that fellow in the corner ...my pocket when I was looking ...his window.'

"'...e could not have done that,' re... ...the niece, 'for I was looking at ...at the time, and he never once ...his hands or his eyes away from ...newspaper.'

"'...y dear child! Do you suppose you are quick enough to watch the methods of a professional pickpocket? That man has my purse. I am perfectly sure of it, and I shall give him in charge the moment we get to Rugby.'

"It was clear that I must bolt from the carriage the instant the train reached Rugby platform, and before a policeman could be called. The train was already slowing and I hastily gathered up my rug and umbrella and prepared to move toward the door.

"'No, you don't, my man,' said Mrs. Scobie, rising and taking possession of the door by the simple process of thrusting half of her ample person through the window.

"I saw at once that the game was up.

"'That man has picked my pocket,' said Mrs. Scobie, as soon as the policeman opened the door. 'Search him and you'll find my purse in his possession. It is marked 'A. D. S.,' and has four five-pound notes, two sovereigns, and some change in it, besides my ticket.'

"'What do you say to this?' the policeman asked me, evidently impressed with the certainty of my guilt.

"'Simply that it isn't true,' I replied. 'I know nothing of the lady's purse, and I can easily convince you that I am a respectable person.'

"'My goodness!' exclaimed my accuser. 'Why, the fellow isn't deaf and dumb after all! Constable, he pretended to be deaf and dumb. That shows what a scoundrel he is!'

"I rose up to follow the policeman, and my foot struck against something that was lying on the floor of the carriage. I stooped and picked it up. It was the missing purse.

"'Is that your purse, madam?' I asked, as I held it up. 'You must have dropped it when you were looking out of my window.'

"'I wouldn't advise him to play that game any more,' said the policeman, severely. 'Let me tell you sir, that if you travel under false pretenses you needn't be surprised if you find yourself in trouble. You'll have to give me your name and address, in case anything more comes of this.'

"I gave him my address as soon as I could get away from the carriage, and at the same time I gave him a surreptitious five shillings and asked him not to give my name to Mrs. Scobie.

"I saw Scobie on the platform as the train drew up at Greencroft, but he did not see me, for I had concealed myself behind the curtains of the carriage. I watched him until his back was turned and then sprang out and bolted into the cloak room, which was close at hand. I had hoped to remain there until Scobie had left the station, but I was disappointed. The porter in attendance, finding that I had no particular business with him, immediately suspected me of designs upon the property under his charge, and told me that I must not stay in the cloakroom. I tried bribery, but the action only confirmed his suspicions, and he roughly ordered me to go about my business or he would have me arrested. Just then Scobie spied me.

"'Why, here you are, after all!' he exclaimed. 'Where on earth have you been?'

The niece had returned, and was standing looking in bewilderment, first at me, and then at her uncle. Suddenly she took in the full meaning of the situation, and after saying to me, 'Is this Mr. Johnston?' burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"There never was anything so contagious and irresistible as that laugh, since the world began, and the flash of the girl's mischievous eyes would have made John Calvin smile even in the act of burning a heretic. I could not help it, but in another moment I found myself joining in the girl's laughter, while Scobie stood and gazed at us with an almost frightened expression.

"The niece was the first to speak. 'Uncle,' she said, 'there has been a mistake that would have been perfectly awful if Mr. Johnston had not been a real humorist and seen the funny side of it. Auntie has driven home, for she could not wait any longer, and we will all three walk home together, and you shall know all about it.'

"I hesitated for a second and then said to myself that I would meet fifty aunts sooner than say good-by to the niece before I had convinced her that I was not always stupid, and that I could sometimes be other than a nuisance. I not only walked home with her and faced the dismayed and repentant aunt, but I staid my full week at Greencroft. When I came away I was engaged to be married, and had already began to call Mrs. Scobie 'aunt,' partly to show her that I bore no malice and partly by way of emphasizing the triumph that the man whom she had called stupid had won."—Fall Mall.

"IS THIS MR. JOHNSTON?"

WOMAN'S WAYS.

As Speculators Are Fast Finding Out by an Ordinary Broker.

Chicago Journal: "Deliver me from any more wheat deals with women," said the commission man, wearily. "Just read this letter. Do you see what she says? Calls me a robber and says she will prosecute me. She won't do that, of course, because if she did her folks would find out about her little speculation and I know her well enough to understand the she wouldn't let it out if she could help it, and she couldn't prosecute me anyway. Then look at the rest of it. One would think from that letter I was running the biggest skin game on earth. But I suppose I ought not to be surprised. I never saw a woman yet who didn't want odds of a million to one in her favor if she took it into her head to put up a little money on something. I'll tell you what brought out all of that abuse. This woman decided some time ago to trade a little in wheat. She wrote, sending me $20, with instructions to buy her 1,000 bushels. I did so, but the price of wheat went down almost as soon as I had telephoned the order over to the firm at the board. I made up my mind that she shouldn't lose if I could help it, even if I had to help her out myself. So I began margining for her on my own account. I put up $20 without being worried much, for I thought the price would go up soon, but it didn't, and I had to spend another $20 to save my own margin. There was $40 gone just to protect her little old $20. Before the market began to come up again I had to put in $80. Then one day the price came up very gradually. As soon as it got to the point where I could save myself I sold out, as any wise man would have done in my fix. As it happened, too, the price went back just after I had sold out, proving the wisdom of my course. Well, I informed my client of what I had done, supposing she would be delighted at the interest I had taken and at my attempt to save her investment for her. You can judge for yourself from that letter how well pleased she is. Says I am a robber, after I took all that pains to put up that money to save her old $20. No, I guess I won't do any more trading with women. They expect too much."

DYING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Giant Poplar in Maryland Has Lived Two Centuries or More.

From the Baltimore Sun: The oldest and largest tree in Talbot county is dead. It has been dying for twenty-five years or more. The tree is a mammoth tulip poplar in a field of Poplar Hill farm, near the public road leading from Easton to Trappe, about a mile and a half from Easton. The farm has been named for the tree for at least 200 years and is the property of Mrs. Edmund Law Rogers, born Plater, of Baltimore, and was part of the original Plater grant made in early colonial times. Scientific men who have from time to time visited this tree have said that it would take at least 1,000 years for this species of poplar to grow to such size in this locality. It stands alone, a picturesque feature of the landscape, in an open field, and can be seen for miles from all roads and from the water courses.

The wonderful size of the tree is in the magnitude and height of its trunk. Approximately it is 250 feet high and twenty feet in diameter. The head is comparatively small and the first limb is 200 feet from the ground, and it carries its diameter symmetrically all the way up. From its top at night, for many venturesome and agile climbers have ascended it, the light in Sharp's island lighthouse can be plainly seen. A horse and carriage behind it cannot be seen from the nearby public road. The lightning has not spared it. It is seamed and gashed and split by the many bolts which have also knocked huge limbs from its top. Tradition says that 200 years ago, which is as far back as tradition claims to have known the tree—it is named in land deeds 150 years ago—it had lightning marks on it, and even then showed signs of failure. Three years ago it was struck four times in one summer. This fierce attack undoubtedly hastened its end. Well, the giant tree is dead. The old poplar of Poplar Hill probably saw the beginning of the twentieth century and died just before the beginning of the twentieth. It was the Mount Shasta of the Talbot landscape.

Beggars in London.

London probably suffers less from the plague of beggars than any other of the great capitals of the world. It is certainly less troubled with them than it was a few generations ago according to the report of the Mendicity society, which held its annual meeting recently, professional mendicants number about 70,000, a large multitude in itself, but not so very formidable considering that they are distributed among a population of six million.

REASON'S WHY HORSES SHY.

Humorous Explanation of Their Fear of Newspapers.

The mortal terror of newspapers to which even the most intelligent horses is a prey is certainly a mystery. If a horse meets a torn newspaper lying in the middle of the road he is seized with a conviction that it is on the point of tearing him to pieces, and accordingly he falls into a spasm of terror. I presume that the scientific explanation of this fact is that the prehistoric horse was severely abused by the newspapers of the time, and that his descendants have thus inherited a horror of newspapers. But, like most scientific explanations of familiar mysteries, this would not be worth noticing. Why should the prehistoric newspapers have insulted the horse? Did the cave men lose their money on horse races and then write abusive letters to the newspapers, pointing out the untrustworthy character of the horse? It is very doubtful if they did anything of the sort, chief, for the reason that newspapers did not exist in prehistoric times. To come back to the horse and his fear of newspapers. It may be said that the newspaper terrifies him because it moves in the wind and he thinks it is alive. But the leaves of trees move in the wind and the human boy moves with or without wind under the very hoofs of the horse, yet the horse is not afraid of these things. Clearly he is not afraid of a stray newspaper because it may be blown across his path. Moreover, he is as much afraid of a newspaper that does not move as he is of one which is in motion. The true exhibition of a horse's fear of a newspaper is that in the code of equine etiquette it is considered good form to appear to be afraid of newspapers. All animals have their ideas as to what is good form and cling tenaciously to them. The dog does not bark at very young children, because it is contrary to canine etiquette to do so. The cat, who is an inflexible stickler for good form, plays with a half-dead mouse merely because playing with half-dead mice is considered among all cats of good breeding to be the correct thing to do. The horse, knowing that if he did not pretend to be frightened nearly out of his life by a newspaper he would be regarded by all other horses as an ignorant and ill-bred beast, shies whenever a newspaper flutters into his path.—Pearson's Magazine.

ONE WOMAN'S OCCUPATION.

She Has 10,000 Frogs on Her California Ranch.

At Stege, a little station about twenty miles from San Francisco, a frog ranche is located, named after the first owner of the land roundabout. The Stege ranch extends from the bay shore up to the ridge of the coast range of mountains, which incloses both shores of San Francisco bay. In the lower portions of the ranch a great number of springs gush out of the soil in copious volumes. It was the springs that determined the first location of the ranch. The site, overlooking an expansive view of the beautiful bay, was capable of vast improvement. A dozen acres, inclosing the springs, were surrounded with a hedge of cypress. The grounds were laid out with taste and soon presented the rare beauty incident to the profuse vegetation of a semi-tropical climate. Three ponds were formed by confining the waters of the flowing springs, some acres in extent, and stocked with frogs. A fence high enough to prevent the escape of the inmates surrounded each, and the ponds were filled with aquatic plants and mosses. Then hundreds of frogs were placed in the ponds, and from the original stock the increase has been so great that, though thousands are sent to market yearly, the withdrawals have no sensible effect upon the vast numbers.

Clever Way to Catch a Thief.

From the Philadelphia Record: A lady in Paris is reported to have lost her purse in a dressmaker's establishment. She had all the young ladies of the establishment called in, so it is seriously reported, and demanded from each one a lock of her hair. The tokens were then pinned to pieces of paper bearing the owners' names, and as the customer left the establishment she remarked: "My purse has been stolen, but as I do not wish to subject innocent girls to the humiliation of being searched, I intend early tomorrow morning to subject your hair and handwritings to a somnambulist and clairvoyant, who will tell me which of you is the thief." In the course of the evening the lady received an anonymous parcel containing intact her purse with its contents.

Spearing with "Bobs."

Did you ever take a cork, stick through it a horseshoe nail, put on the top of the cork two or three feathers, tie a long string around the cork and then spear for apples or potatoes? Just try it some time, and see how proficiently and how straight you can learn to throw the bob in a short time. The cork keeps the horseshoe nail in without slipping and the feathers serve to guide the bob through the air.

Who Ever Does?

She—"I wonder if it is hard to write dialect stories?" He—"I should think it might be. I know it's hard to read them."—Somerville Journal.

Wild Animals Killed in India.

In 1897, 1,595 tigers were killed in India, 4,668 leopards, 2,653 bears, 2,146 wolves and 165,060 snakes.

Self-trust is the first secret of success.—Emerson.

The September Atlantic.

President Charles Kendall Adams opens the September Atlantic with a review of "The Irresistible Tendencies," the spirit of the ages, the great movements of centuries or generations, which change the face of the world, instancing chiefly the spirit of individualism, to which he attributes the wonderful advances in liberty and progress of the last four hundred years. He claims that the fundamental fact is that the whole of this vast movement is the advance of civilization upon barbarism. He maintains that it is the ever irresistible encroachment of the modern spirit upon the spirit of antiquity; electricity driving out the rush light, the white man ever civilizing the red man or pushing him out of the way. And this great movement is in the interests of a larger and a richer and a higher humanity.

Western Intellectual Products.

"The Farmer's Cheerful Helper" is the title of a book for which a copyright has been granted to the author, G. W. Hamilton of Des Moines.

Patents have been allowed but not yet issued as follows: To W. H. Lyon and J. C. Wallich, of Creston, Ia., for a mail pouch that is adapted to be opened and closed quicker than the old style and when closed and locked access to the contents without a key is impossible except by cutting a flexible part thereof. To W. D. Weir of Gilmore City, Ia., for a portable and transformable hoisting machine. A mast is mounted on a truck, a boom swiveled to the mast and means for operating it, a crane mounted on the truck and means for swinging it horizontally and vertically and a fork adapted for lifting corn shocks detachably connected therewith and all the parts so arranged and combined that they can be readily adjusted to transform the machine to adapt it to be used advantageously in doing various kinds of hard work on a farm.

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Registered Attorneys.

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 19, '99.

It is still undecided whether fishing for suckers is an obtuse or an acute angle.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

To what deep gulfs a single deviation from the track of human duties leads.—Byron.

General Manager Underwood of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has a plan to unify and simplify the titles of officials. Several of the officers have duties to perform which are not shown by their official designation, and on July 1st the following changes will be made: Harvey Middleton, now general superintendent of motive power, will be mechanical superintendent in charge of all shops, and the construction of and repairs to locomotives and cars. David Lee, engineer maintenance of way, lines west of Ohio river, will be superintendent maintenance of way, trans-Ohio division, and D. A. Williams will be superintendent of stores.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent.
Easy to buy, easy to take, easy in action, easy in results—Cascarets Candy Cathartic, ideal liver regulator and intestinal tonic. All druggists, 10c., 25c., 50c.

At a temperance gathering held in a cathedral city in the south of England the chairman thought it desirable to reply to an attack which had been made upon him in the local press. "My opponent," said he, "calls me an ascetic. I hurl the accusation back in his teeth. I have been a total abstainer from my birth."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

If there is any person whom you dislike, that is the one of whom you should never speak.—Cecil.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Sailors are noted for their strange pets gathered in all corners of the world, but of all animals they love the cat holds the foremost place in Jack's affections.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.—H. W. Beecher.

1 JOWA FARMS 552 ACS. CASH BALANCE CROP TIL PAID
J. HULSKALL SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

The man who marries a telephone girl soon becomes familiar with the central form of government.

In idleness there is a perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
SLICKER
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.
Don't be fooled with a worthless imitation of rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hard-est storm, buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills
Sick headache. Food doesn't digest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Wash your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers

The most costly parliament in Europe is that of France. It cost $1,500,000 a year.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington

Read, Laugh and Learn.
When buying a package of "Faultless Starch" ask your grocer for the book that goes with it free. It will afford you lots of amusement and add to your stock of knowledge. All grocers sell it, 10c.

A planter in Yazoo county, Mississippi, reposes faith in the katydid as predictor of frost. He says the katydid began to play his littel fiddle this year about June 6, and that if the first frost comes in just four months from that time, "as it surely will," it will so reduce the cotton crop that it will bring a good price and good times in the south will follow.

An industrious man with good sense doesn't have to depend upon luck.

PE-RU-NA

FOR WOMEN
The debilitating drains and discharges which weaken so many women are caused by Catarrh of the distinctly feminine organs. The sufferer may call her trouble Leuchorrhoea, or Weakness, or Female Disease or some other name, but the real trouble is catarrh of the female organs and nothing else.
Pe-ru-na radically and permanently cures this and all other forms of Catarrh. It is a positive specific for female troubles caused by catarrh of the delicate lining of the organs peculiar to women. It always cures if used persistently. It is prompt and certain.

The microbes that cause chills and fever and malaria enter the system through mucous membranes made porous by catarrh. Pe-ru-na heals the mucous membranes and prevents the entrance of malarial germs, thus preventing and curing these affections.

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Ladies Plush Cape
Made of Seil's seal plush, lined with serge and interlined, entire garment heavily embroidered with jet beads and soutache braid, high storm collar and both fronts trimmed with Thibet Fur. Length 30 inches.

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