

THE DOLL'S WOOING.

The little brown doll was a dear little doll... The doll was a dear little doll...

WONSE THAN BURGLARS

Mr. Reuben Goldsmid was a prosperous man. He had a very nice house on a beautiful garden, the chief furniture of which consisted of two huge sofas which always contained enough diamonds, polished and in the rough, to adorn a court.

He was as well known among the diamond brokers of Amsterdam as he was in Hatton Garden. He had a villa on the breezy Northern Heights of London, and Mrs. Goldsmid and her two daughters gloried in such an array of sparkling brilliants as made most of their lady friends nearly dislike them though apart from this they were very amiable people.

Mr. Goldsmid could keep silence no longer. "I really should like to have a talk with you. To tell you the truth, I am very much disturbed in mind about this epidemic of burglary, and if you can help me to put my house in something like a tolerable state of security, I shall be most grateful. I am ready to spend any amount of money—any reasonable amount—if this can be done, and at once. On this point I can't be too particular, but I am most anxious, I assure you. Here is my card."

Mr. Goldsmid took the card and read: "Cyrus F. Trotter, Mechanical and Electrical Engineer, 24 West Fifteenth Street, New York."

be careful how you set it, or you might be caught in it yourself, and have to stop there till the burglar comes and takes you out by instalments. I reckon we can set two or three traps in your shrubbery, and then your precious police will be able to make some arrests, for the burglars won't have the start of them."

Mr. Trotter was busy for nearly three days putting his appliances in position. Then he dined at Higgin's, and showed Mr. Goldsmid how, by merely turning a button behind the door, all his apparatus was put in full working order, while by turning it back again the whole would be turned out of gear.

Next day he was called away to Amsterdam on important business. He sent a telegram to Mrs. Goldsmid telling her that if he were not back by 9 o'clock on Tuesday, she was not to expect him till the next day. Tuesday found him on his way home, but it was foggy in the channel, and the boat was late. It was midnight when he arrived.

The fog was a fog on the land as well as at sea. There was not a carriage to meet him no car was to be had; so he took his bag in his hand and tramped off to his house. He made his way up the foggy lane, glad when he found his own gate. He could see that gas was burning dimly in the hall. He would try if he could let himself in with his hat-key without disturbing the household.

He turned the key. He pushed the door open, and there was a pleasant feeling of being at home, when as his foot crossed the ambulatory, he heard somewhere he judged a sound of an electric bell; then there was a whirring noise of clockwork half way up the stairs. In front of him, and he had barely time to remember that Mr. Cyrus F. Trotter had done before his departure when from the stair came a long bright flash, a ringing report, and a whistling ball.

After what seemed an age, he heard a low whistle, faintly: "Hallo, there," said a gruff voice, "what's the matter?" "Burglars—a whole gang of them!" and he recognized the well-known voice of his trusty man-servant, Higgins.

"Blessed if some infernal machine of the same kind hasn't got me," said No. 13, impatiently. "By this time Higgins had muttered up courage to advance into the shrubbery; and to the policeman's surprise he recognized in the prostrate burglar the master of the house. With some difficulty the two captives were liberated from the bear-traps, and Mr. Goldsmid was not to be seen at Hatton Garden for two days after his adventure. Mr. Cyrus Trotter called on him in high glee the very day he reappeared at his office.

"I reckon," he said, "my fortune's made. Why, the apparatus fitted splendidly. It's got into all the papers, and I shall have no end of orders from your aristocracy and gentry."

"Well," said Mr. Goldsmid, "as soon as your first order comes in, you may take all your fixings out of my place and give them to the man who wants them. I would sooner have the burglars any day. I don't blame you, but you nearly killed me at my own door."

WHAT QUEER THINGS WE ARE.

Results of Self-Examination on the Part of the Man with the Topcoat.

Two men were riding down-town one morning recently in an elevated train. The man with the silk hat had made a discovery, and he questioned his friend thus: "Are you right handed?" "Yes," said the man in the top-coat. "Right-legged, also?" "Right-legged, no."

"Why, of course, I'm sure. I have more power and dexterity in my right arm and hand than in my left arm and hand. But as for my legs, I can and do use one the same as the other."

"How about your ears?" "Same as legs." "Eyes?" "Each equal to the other in all respects." "Sides to your jaws?" "Why are you asking me such questions? If there's a joke in prospect, let's have the laugh now."

"No, joke. All sincerity. Wanted to know how well you knew yourself. See you're very slightly unbalanced. Just watch yourself for a few days. The proper study for mankind is—good-by, here's my station. You'll be the most surprised man in—'Step lively, please,' called the guard—'in the world.' And the inquisitor just managed to get out upon the station platform as the iron gates banged behind him."

"You're right," said the man with the topcoat a couple of mornings later. "Dead right. I've kept tab on myself. Noted when I used the telephone I always put the receiver to my right ear. Traced my left ear and got all mixed up."

"Found I always put my left foot first into an elevator and always took the first step with it when I went up or down stairs. Started to go down some steps with my right foot leading and nearly had a tumble. Then I am right-jawed. I always chew my food on the right side of my mouth."

"Never thought of it before, but things do not astound me on the left side. They do not taste so much, either. A queer, isn't it, how the sense of taste will become more highly developed in one part of the mouth than in another by the use and use of habit?"

"I'm left-eyed. You know, I'm interested in botany and use a microscope a great deal. Well, I invariably look through the instrument with my left eye. For ordinary purposes my right eye seems to be as good as the left one, but I found that it was not at all satisfactory when I applied it to a microscope."

"I might have said, left-eyed right-jawed, left-legged, and right-eared. I suppose I'm right or left in a good many more things, but I haven't had time to discover them yet."

"What queer things we are!" said the man with the silk hat.

MYSTERY OF A SMOKING TREE.

An Inquisitive Revenue Officer's Curious Find in North Carolina.

It was reported a year ago in Asheville, N. C., that a large chestnut tree in the Pisgah range that had been green and in perfect health emitted smoke as if it were on fire at its base or in its side, says the Asheville Democrat. The vent was at the top of the tree. Several parties dog around the tree, but there appeared to be no hollow under it, and it was firmly rooted. The smoke was generally at night and early in the morning. No explanation was found for the phenomenon, and it passed as a nine days' wonder. Last week A. H. Vanderford, special revenue agent, went there on business, and, of course, was told of the smoking tree. Next day he returned, and carried a long, pointed iron rod. He circled around the tree, at each round extending the iron rod and prodding every foot of ground. After a hard day's work he returned here without solving the mystery. He went out a third time and did as before, and when about 100 yards from the tree thought he detected something in the ground that was not natural. He then left for Hendersonville. The next night he was again at the smoking tree with six revenue officers. They drew a circle around the tree in a circle about 100 yards from its base. As soon as it became light the smoke was in full blast. Vanderford then began to prod at the place he felt off in a straight direction from the tree, and when he came to hard ground he stopped. His men then began to dig with picks and shovels and soon came to a tunnel. Gathering their cabin's they entered the tunnel and proceeded cautiously toward the tree. They found a large excavation in which there was a blockade of timber at full capacity. Old Amos Owens, the most incorrigible revenue violator in the state, and who had been convicted and sent to the Albany penitentiary several times for blockading, was sitting down asleep. Vanderford touched him on the shoulder and Amos awoke, and asking who it was, for he knew Vanderford well, said:

"I supposed you would find me out. I knew you were prospecting around here."

over the heads of all his seniors. This, of course, created great jealousy, and every effort was made to oust him from royal favor by rendering him responsible for the failures that appeared upon the King's table. Greatly distressed, and fearing to lose his post, he complained to the King in person, who immediately gave orders that henceforth, whenever a dish was placed before him the name of the cook responsible or its success or failure should be announced in a loud tone of voice.

Stealthy Tiger.

Most wild animals are specialists; that is to say, they are highly developed in one particular direction. The tiger is great as a stalker. His feet seem to be "shod with silence." Mr. R. H. Elliot, for many years a resident of India, cites an experience of one of his neighbors illustrative of this point.

He had been much annoyed by tigers, and at last tied a bullock out in a clearing and took up his own position in a tree, to wait till the tiger should come after the bait. The ground was covered with dried leaves, which in hot weather are so brittle that even the walking of a bird over them can be heard for a good distance.

In no very long time a large tiger slipped out of the forest and slowly edged toward the bullock. His method was so elaborate and careful that the man who saw it used to declare that it would have been worth a thousand rupees to any young sportsman to have witnessed it.

So carefully did he put down each paw, and so gradually did he crush the leaves under it, that not a sound was to be heard. Between him and the bullock was a stump about four feet high, with long-projecting surface roots. This plainly, the tiger looked upon as a god-ent.

He got upon one of the roots, balanced himself carefully, and so was able to walk quickly and silently as far as the stump. He approached so gradually and noiselessly, and his color against the brown leaves was so invisible, that he was close upon the bullock before he was perceived. Then instantly the bullock charged. The tiger eluded him, and in a moment more had his paws on the bullock's neck ready to drag him down. Then, like a flash, he caught sight of the rope by which the bullock was tied, and turned and sprang into the tree as if he had no opportunity to fire.

A Model Village.

The village of Koobeh, four miles northeast of a large city, is in the neighborhood of a favorite residence of the Khedive, and a portion of his personal estate. The Khedive has of late been giving close attention to the improvement of this village, and doing what he can to amend the conditions of domestic life among the felahs or peasantry there.

Each of the doors gives entrance to a small, square yard and a two-roomed house, the whole being built of well-burned, sun-dried mud bricks, and with complete cooking and washing arrangements. These buildings, though very different from the cottages referred to by the English workmen in our climate, are neat and comfortable; they must have a wholesome influence upon the families who dwell in such houses. The village is about a mile and a quarter from the Koobeh palace, and for its own protection and that of the Khedive's Khedive has established a fire station replete with all the best and most modern European appliances.

The water for the model village of Koobeh is supplied from the adjoining canals by a large pumping plant which lifts the water to the highest level necessary for the irrigation of the estate. Some of this water falls again to a lower level, close to the village, and particulars of this little water-power were taken under the Khedive's instructions with a view to applying the power now wasted in charging the storage batteries of an electric launch.—Illustrated London News.

At the Circus.

The elephant winked his great, soft, halcyon eye seven times, and reaching around with his trunk he hit the bars of the royal Bengal tiger's cage. A thud that sounded like a man falling off a four-story house and lighting on a grating on the sidewalk. The tiger jumped clean out of his nap in the far corner and lit up the inside of the bars with a frightful snarl. The elephant blew a trunkful of dust into the cage, and the tiger rubbed his eyes.

"What in thunder do you mean by banging on the bars if my cage that was?" growled the Royal Bengal. "I beg your pardon," murmured the elephant contritely. "Did it wake you?" "Yes, it did," snarled the tiger. "Well, that's what I meant by it," said the elephant, once more resuming his foreleg see-saw and the leaning on of dust as to his back, and everybody smiled except the Royal Bengal Tiger.

Said Change.

An occasional wise old man is found who does not renege after that he is not as young as he was once. Many others are painful witnesses of this fact.

In London, in the time of George IV., there was an athlete and dashing military man, Mr. or Braceridge by name, and title, who when he found his powers waning, retired to his country house and seldom showed himself in society. Many years later he had occasion to go up to London, and there met a lady who had known him in his younger days. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "aren't you Mr. or Braceridge?" "No, madam," he answered, "but I was once."

LITTLE weaving uses many words.

ALL ABOUT HOW WE WALK

Muscles Used and the Mechanical Work They Do.

The chief muscles concerned in raising the foot of the calf and back of the leg, which, by pulling up the heel, also pull up the knee of the foot connected with it, and then the whole body, the weight of which is passed on through the bones of the leg.

When walking the trunk is thrown forward, so that it would fall down prostrate were not the right foot planted in time to support it.

The calf muscles are helped in this action by those on the front of the trunk and legs, which contract and pull the body forward, and the trunk slanting forward when the heel is raised by the calf muscles, the whole body will be raised and pushed forward and upward.

This advancement of each leg is effected partly by muscular action, the muscles used being (1) those on the front of the thigh, bending it forward on the pelvis; (2) the hamstring muscles, which slightly bend the leg on the thigh; (3) the muscles on the front of the leg, which raise the front of the foot and toes, preventing the latter in swinging forward from hitching in the ground.

When one foot has reached the ground the action of the other has not ceased.

There is another point in walking. The body is constantly supported and balanced on each leg alternately, and therefore on only one at once. Hence the center of gravity, over the line of support formed by the bones of each leg as it supports the weight of the body.

This is done in various ways and hence the difference in the walk of different people.

There may be slight rotation at the hip joint bringing the center of gravity of the body over the foot of this side. This "rocking" motion of the trunk and thigh is accompanied by a movement of the whole trunk and leg over the foot planted on the ground, and is accompanied by a compensating outward movement of the hip.

The body rises and swings alternately from one side to the other as its center of gravity comes alternately over one or the other leg, and the nature of the spinal column is altered with the varying position of the weight.—London Hygienist.

Days of Grace.

Days of grace as applied to commercial paper is a medical survival which has one lost. Its meaning and excuse for being. In ordinary times communication is made direct and unobscured by reason of post-paths, bad roads, and lack of facilities, compelled debtors to demand and receive a latitude as to time in meeting their obligations, which discretionary period came to be called "days of grace."

Now a promise to pay at any particular time only means three days after that time. There is no advantage in it since if thirty-three days suits both parties as well or better than thirty days, it might as well be put down thirty-three on the note and make the obligor on read just what is meant and not something different.

A custom which pervades language when ordinarily recognized as a necessary under-wood does not pertain to a farmer. Reformers who desire to have language its own exponent, have, however, succeeded in getting days of grace abolished in California, Oregon, Wisconsin, and after January next in New York. This imposes on bankers the necessity of keeping in mind what state the express on thirty days means thirty-three. It is a burden and a nuisance, and the bankers are almost of one mind in favor of abolishing days of grace everywhere.

The organization formed to procure uniform legislation in all the states favoring this reform also. Merit banks do not object to it and common sense approves it. The reason for days of grace no longer exist, and with their abolition in the financial center of the country it will be incongruous and foolish for other States to retain this now war-e than useless institution.—Boston Globe.

The Reason for It.

One rainy day recently a lady sat in an elevated car with her light umbrella leaning against the seat. There was a good many other people there and a good many other umbrellas in various attitudes of dejection. As the train approached the second street a tall, lank young man, struggling among the stumps of the door. In passing this particular lady and umbrella his right foot caught the umbrella and carried away the female end with a crash. It had been one fixed in the matting. The young man was ery ed and very much embarrassed, but he managed to stammer out a confused apology. The lady who had thus suffered from his awkwardness, instead of being annoyed at the accident, appeared to rather enjoy it, for she smiled sweetly all the time and accepted the apology with such an air of grace that at once attracted the attention and admiration of the observant passengers.

"My love," exclaimed an neighbor the door to his next neighbor, that woman's a queen! If that had been my wife she'd have whacked that gawk over the head!"

"I never saw a woman have so much complete control over her temper," remarked another.

"You'd have thought that idiot had done her a favor," said the third.

"She's an angel!"

"No, she ain't," gruffly put in a little man in the corner who had overheard all this. "She's my wife, and she wanted me to buy her a new umbrella this morning—and now she knows I've got to do it!"—Fitzburgh Dispatch.

TAUBENBERG SAYS NO FUSION.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE AND CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 13, 1894.—My Dear Sir: Your letter of recent date asking my views on fusion at hand and contents carefully noted. Previous to the campaign of 1892 I expressed my views on fusion as follows:

"Fusion means confusion, and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get, and wish for every democrat and republican to come to us; we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we cannot afford to secure them by bartering away our principles. The moment we use them as trading stock, to be peddled around to the highest bidder for office, we will sink into oblivion, and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do—Keep us in the middle of the road." Anyone who expects that either of the old parties will give us financial reform by helping them to office, is in my opinion, a mental deformity.

These were my views in 1892 and I know of no reason why I should change them now. Nonconformist of Indianapolis, dated August 2, exposes a fusion scheme in the west, which, I regret to say, contains much truth. Permit me to lay before you some facts in regard to the present situation in the nation at large and your state in particular.

The great obstacle the people's party has to overcome in the south is the fact that the populists of the west have been using with effect democratic to congress and state offices. So long as the people's party of the west support men like Bryan of Nebraska, Martin of Kansas and Coffey of Wyoming, we can never expect to gain a permanent footing in the south. Mr. Livingston of Georgia, Bailey of Texas and McArthur of South Carolina, together with 75 per cent of the senators and representatives of the south, have voted with Mr. Bryan, Martin and Coffey on all measures that came before congress. Now, if Mr. Bryan is good enough for the populists of Nebraska to vote for, why, then, are Messrs. Livingston, Bailey and McArthur good enough for our people to vote for in the south? Why should we be indignant at electing one set of democrats in the west and fighting the same kind in the south? To secure victory we must prove to the people that our party possess integrity and leadership, and in order to do this we must pursue a straight course.

Personally, I admire and honor Mr. Bryan, Martin and Coffey, as well as Mr. White of California, but so long as they remain in the democratic party they are the greatest enemies we have in the west. They believe in our principles, but remain in the enemy's camp to be used as decoys.

The moment you fuse with the democrats you discourage republicans from coming to us, and at the same time the democrats will say, "Why should we join the people's party when they are coming to us and electing our men?" This will cut off our supply at both ends. The democratic steering committee of the senate realize that after the 4th of next March they will lose control of that body unless they can secure two or three senators from the west. They will move heaven and earth in order to secure one from Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana, and the only way to do this is by utilizing the populist vote.

Senator Morgan expressed their hand when he said on the stump in Alabama "that the populists of Nebraska would elect a senator next January, but he would be a democrat when he comes to congress."

I hope that no entangling alliances will be made at your state, congressional and legislative conventions by which the members of your state legislature will be compelled to vote for a democrat for United States senator, or Kansas and California were compelled to vote two years since. What good have senators Martin and White done us? Mr. Martin did the same thing that Bryan proposes to do this year, he stamped the state for us, and declared himself in favor of our principles and yet repeatedly said that he was a democrat, and did not wish to be called a populist. Think of the humiliating position in which Senator Martin has placed the populist members of the Kansas legislature who elected him, when they review his sycophantic and stultifying record here. I am confident that Kansas will poll more votes and elect more officers this year without fusion than they did two years since without it.

Mr. Bryan, as he sits forth in his last letter, believes in our principles, but he has no business to remain in the democratic party. In fact, no man has a moral right to remain with one party, while he believes in the principles advocated by another. It is an insult to the populists for any democrat to say that he can honestly advocate our principles and yet remain in the old camp. No conscientious citizen can honestly belong to one party and advocate the principles of another. He must either be disloyal to his party or the principles he advocates.

No man would more cheerfully support Mr. Bryan than myself if he would proclaim himself a populist.

I do not write this letter with any unfriendly feeling toward Mr. Bryan or any other democrat of the west, but we must protect the integrity of our party at all hazards. Populist votes have too often been used to elect men to office who have proven to be our worst enemies. I don't wish to dictate what your state, congressional and legislative conventions shall do, but this question concerns our party at large, and I cannot refrain from giving you my views, I am, fraternally yours, H. E. TAUBENBERG.

A Decided Attraction.

Miss Otisland in the country.—Why is it that you country people when you come to the city always go to the theater that is presenting a play full of country scenes—farmhouses, fields, agricultural machinery, hay wagons and such things?

Farmer McJoad.—Waal, we don't care so much for the plays, but I just tell you it's a mighty comfort to sit and enjoy and country scenes without none of 'em.—New York Weekly.