

OPEN DEALING IN PAINT.

Buying paint used to be like the proverbial buying of a "pig in a poke." Mixtures in which chalk, ground rock, etc., predominated were marked and sold as "Pure White Lead."

National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine Pure White Lead, realizing the injustice that was being done to both property owners and honest paint manufacturers set about to make paint buying safe.

Within Her Rights. "Madam, what is your age?" asked the lawyer. "I decline to answer," responded the witness.

For Sale—One Brougham (German town), single and double harness. First class condition. Very reasonable price.

Ins and Outs. "What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house. "Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures the feet, cures corns, bunions, swollen feet, etc.

AN INSECT TRAGEDY. The Nest the Mother Butterfly Builds for Her Young. There is something really pathetic in the way a mother butterfly builds a nest for her children.

Premature. Husband (on overland train)—You shouldn't mind it, Maria, if I take several doses of spirits during the day, from now on it's the only thing that will cut this alkali dust that gets into one's throat.

FRIENDLY TIP. Restored Hope and Confidence. After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

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STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

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stood, but in the corner there was a bed on the floor with some ragged bedclothes spread over it. "That's where you're to sleep," said the woman, pointing it out.

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Walter saw that there was no time to lose. The door, though strong, would probably soon give way before the strength of his prisoner.

INTELLIGENCE OF "FANNY"

The town of Mattidi, on the Congo river, is described by Richard Harding Davis, in "The Congo and Coasts of Africa," as "not so large as Gibraltar, or so high as the Flatiron Building in New York, but a little more steep than either."

Her name was "Fanny," and only by the efforts of all on board did she reach the Congo alive. There was no one, from the butcher to the captain, including the passengers, who had not shielded Fanny from the cold, and later from the sun; fed her, bathed her, forced medicine down her throat and nursed her up and down the spar-deck.

"You want him? Hey?" he shouted. "Aye, man," gasped Burton, "now quite purple. 'Did you think we were trying to amuse the dog?'"

"I must tell you about Fanny," he cried. "After I took her to the mission I forgot to tell her up, and she ran away. But, would you believe it, she found her way straight back to the ship. Was it not intelligent of her?"

The Other Reason. A teamster retires at the age of ninety with an accumulation of \$50,000. He says he wants and is entitled to a rest. Some inquirers want to know how he could have saved so much on \$12 a week, the highest wages he ever received.

Doing Groceries. To dig one's own potatoes, to shock one's own corn, to pick one's own apples, to pile one's own squashes at one's own barn! It is like filling one's system with an antidote before going into a fever-plagued country.

Getting Along. Miss Goodley—Miss Huddle goes in for everything. She's constantly doing something. Miss Knox—Yes, but the one thing she is doing most steadily she won't admit.

A Leap-Year Catch. He—You have a beautiful collection of pressed flowers. She—Yes; but I still need one variety to complete the collection.

When the Maid Proposed. The leap-year girl had just proposed. "This is—er—so sudden," stammered the young man in the case. "I am dreadfully—er—embarrassed, and—"

THE IMPENETRABLE SECRET.

From Adam's arrival in this wicked world To the wonderful age we are in, Our wise men have shattered some pretty hard nuts, And also committed much sin;

Her eyes may be laughing at something we wear And her face may be solemn as death; Her tongue may be wagging on forty-odd themes Till she's really gasping for breath;

Her lips may be saying a host of sweet things, And her eyes with true love be enshrined; Her lover may think that he knows every thought In her gentle and feminine mind;

What fits through her mind, or can even surmise What a woman is thinking about.

—Puck.

Trumbell Worried His Neighbors

"Sorter kep' you busy, didn't they, Bufe?" remarked Marvin Parsons as the country storekeeper returned from his last trip to the wagon.

"I seen him lookin' at the hardware store buyin' too," said Sol Baker. "It wuz 'nast," predicted Parsons. "I know Jim."

"I reckon you think you know him, drawed Washington Hancock. 'Mebbe you're right and mebbe you're wrong. Clay Trumbell didn't get over it."



"I'D MAKE THE PRICE RIGHT."

"Clay wuz a right nice boy an' a worker an' bimely he got enough raked an' scraped together, though he wuzn't no ways tight-fisted, to get married. After lookin' around for a spell he settled on a Fairfax gal. She wuz about as purty as a little red wagon an' clever. Anyway Clay married her an' then trouble began."

"It wuzn't that kind of trouble, though," said Hancock. "Clay jest mearly thought the world of the gal an' made up his mind that there wuzn't nothin' he could get her to wuz too good for her. Fust thing you know he'd drawn money out of the bank an' wuz spendin' right an' left."

"About a month after that all you could hear from the wimmen folks around there wuz talk of the washin' machine Clay Trumbell had got for his wife that done up the hull wash with a turn of the hand an' the patent churn he'd brung her from Fairfax an' her six-hole cork range, spick an' span new, an' her beotch in the kitchen an' her dishes, an' the way Clay had piped the water from the spring clear into the house, jest to save her the trouble of tootin' it. They wuz dighn' that into their husbands' ears from sunup to sundown."

"Clay's a good boy an' he knows how to treat a woman," says Mrs. Bolsov. "I don't see no rhyme nor reason in us gittin' along with this of store no longer. I've ben cookin' your meals on it long enough an' I want one like Clay's wife's got. 'Taint no use to tell me we can't afford it. We've got dollars where Clay hasn't got cents."

"You've jest mearly got to get me one of them new-fangled churns," says Mrs. King. "Clay's wife's got one, pore as they are. If I'd married a man like Clay when I wuz a gal I wouldn't be wuz out the way I am now."

SOME STATISTICS OF CRIME.

Figures of Prison Population that Furnish Food for Thought. A bulletin issued by the Census Bureau contains some statistics of the prison population of the country that are startlingly suggestive, says the Indianapolis News.

It appears that of the total number of prison inmates on June 30, 1904, 77,293, or 94% per cent, were males, and 4,503, or 5% per cent, were females. As there is no great difference in the number of males and females in the country, the figures indicate clearly that crime is much more prevalent among men than among women.

On June 24, 1904, there were in the United States ninety-three institutions for juvenile delinquents between the ages of 7 and 21 years. These institutions, included reformatories, reform schools, truant schools—in fact, all kinds of prisons, places of detention and religious agencies for juvenile delinquents. At the date named they contained 23,024 inmates, of whom 2,566 were in the Catholic reformatory at Westchester, N. Y.

The number of inmates in all kinds of institutions for juvenile delinquents increased from 14,846 on June 1, 1890, to 23,024 on June 20, 1904. This was a gain of 8,188, or 55.2 per cent. On its face, this is not encouraging, though it may be due to the fact that there were more institutions for juvenile delinquents in 1904 than there were in 1890, and more activity in arresting and confining them.

DOOM OF THE WANDLE.

The Stream Where Isak Walton Fished Is in Danger. That great River Wandle—the blue transparent Vandalls—of Pope—the stream where old Isaac fished for trout "marked with marble spots like a tortoise"—the river which even now is the most perfect epitome in beauty and in flood of big brother Thames—may be doomed, says the London News.

It would be a difficult matter to estimate the number of people who are directly dependent upon the mercantile supplies of this port, but it is certain that the number can be written with six figures, says the Tampoco correspondent of the Mexican Herald. More than 5,000 of these boats are in commission on the Tames and Pannoo rivers, they vary in length from twenty to sixty feet and carry the wild and cultivated products of the interior to Tampoco, where they discharge their cargoes and reload with merchandise and other supplies.

RIVER TRAFFIC IN MEXICO.

How Products of the Interior Are Brought to the Coast. It would be a difficult matter to estimate the number of people who are directly dependent upon the mercantile supplies of this port, but it is certain that the number can be written with six figures, says the Tampoco correspondent of the Mexican Herald. More than 5,000 of these boats are in commission on the Tames and Pannoo rivers, they vary in length from twenty to sixty feet and carry the wild and cultivated products of the interior to Tampoco, where they discharge their cargoes and reload with merchandise and other supplies.

The Elephant at Bay. Twenty years of experience tells me that a whole regiment of lions cannot produce the same molar effect as one twelve-foot African nusher when he cocks his big ball-like ears, draws himself up to his full height and looks at you, letting off at the same time a blood-curdling scream; while in all probability others invisible to you are stampeding on all sides with the din and vibration of an earthquake. Surrounded in a dense jungle by a herd of elephants they seem to block out the whole horizon. One I measured was actually sixteen feet from edge of ear to edge of ear. No wonder my insignificant self seemed to shrivel and my huge express rifle to dwindle into a mere pea shooter. Try as I will on such occasions, I can never overcome my sense of terror, and always feel inclined to throw down my elephant gun and run for safety till I drop.—Success Magazine.

Social Sweeties that Clay. Maud—Oh, dear, I haven't a moment any day this week that I can call my own. My engagement book is positively crammed full. Ethel—Well, what are you grumbling about? You're fond of stuffed dates, aren't you?—Boston Transcript.

You can't beat old Father Time. You will observe that no woman ever develops much speed in chasing the man who dyes his hair.