

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 rather 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.

CHAPTER XIX. An hour passed without a word being spoken by his singular hostess. She went to the window from time to time, and looked out as if expecting some one.

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XIX. An hour passed without a word being spoken by his singular hostess. She went to the window from time to time, and looked out as if expecting some one.

"That's where you're to sleep," said the woman, pointing it out. "Good-night," said Walter.

"That man can enter the room when I am asleep, and rob me of all my money." Looking about the room, he noticed a closet, the door of which was bolted on the outside.

"How did your father lose his money?" "By speculating in mines." "The more fool he!" "My father is dead," said Walter, gravely.

CHAPTER XX. About nine o'clock Walter intimated a desire to go to bed. The woman lit a candle, and left the room, followed by Walter. She led the way up a rough, unpainted staircase and opened the door of the room over the one in which they had been seated.

CHAPTER XXI. 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—"

CHAPTER XXII. 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—"

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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."

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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, Rufus?" remarked Marvin Parsons as the country storekeeper returned from his last trip to the wagon.

"I seen him over 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 mabe you're wrong. Clay Trumbell didn't get over it."

"I wuz this-a-way," said Hancock. "Bout twenty years ago the folks over that way wuz as mean an' ornery as they are now, most of 'em. There wuz a mess of 'em—the Bolsovers an' the Satterlees an' Japps an' Klings, 'specially, that was as close as the bark on the tree. The way they stented their wimmen folks wuz a sin an' a shame."

"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?"

"I was too far gone with apoplexy, heat prostration and sunstroke to make any answer, at least, one that I could make to a missionary."

"I'm afraid he'll come back when he finds how little there is in it," thought Walter. "If so, I must trust to my plan."

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.

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, training schools—in fact, all kinds of prisons, places of detention and religious agencies for juvenile delinquents.

The number of inmates in all kinds of institutions for juvenile delinquents increased from 14,846 on June 1, 1890, to 23,034 on June 30, 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 Flashed 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.

With two great waterways, the Tames and the Pannoo, the native navigators find their business profitable, despite the fact that it requires about thirty days to make a round trip to distant points on the river. Every conceivable form of tropical plant and fruit may be found in their cargoes, as well as native made earthenware and other manufactured articles. A long pole is the only compass required by the captain of one of these barks, but he wields the bamboo which pilots him safely over the shoal-filled waters of a tropical waterway. Many of the plantations along the rivers keep several of these boats in commission all the time, carrying their smaller products to the market and bringing back supplies for the hacienda.

In the early hours of the morning green bananas are piled up along the wharves like cordwood, baskets of coconuts, pineapples, wild and cultivated lemons and oranges and innumerable other products of the tropics can be seen in enormous quantities. And it is surprising how quickly the supply of the day is exhausted. A string of freight cars on the track opposite the market are waiting for a portion of most every cargo, and by noon there is little left but the small fruits and vegetables in moderate quantities.

A Suspicious Character. "Jimenez, but Mr. Good, the candidate for county treasurer, is mad at you," said the foreman of the country weekly. "What! Why, we gave him a great send-off in this week's paper." "Yes; he says you've ruined him. You referred to him as a 'trusted employe'."—The Catholic Standard and Times. 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.