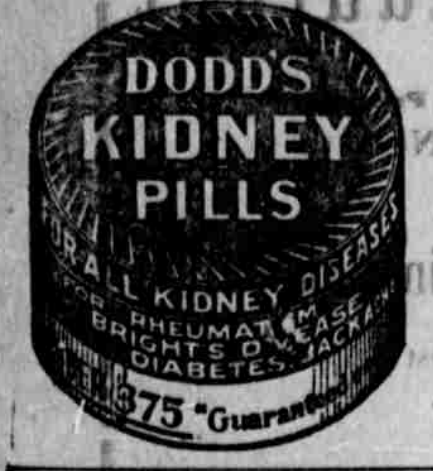


The dentist's client, who was seated with a pale count, he beat it with his palm, and a perfumed cloud arose.

"Makeup," he said, laughing. "The day's annual harvest of makeup. Why the doves to front the face with light of a dental chair, will women come to me with makeup plastered thick on their pretty faces? They all, or nearly all, do it. Their lips are reddened, their brows penciled, their cheeks rouged, and in a few cases the tiny network of veins in the temples is outlined in blue. Peggling away at their teeth, I mop up all that makeup on my coat sleeve. I smear red over white noses, black over pink cheeks. Then? Look out!"

And, brushing his cuff again, he leaped back to escape the sweet smell.



RATTLESNAKES AS A DIET.

It is Declared to Be a Successful Addition to the Table.

There seems to have been an unnecessary amount of excitement aroused by the fact that rattlesnakes were served at a recent supper in this State at which a party of auto-enthusiasts participated, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The event would have caused no comment in the wilds of Pike County, for the reason that where the rattlesnake lives he is respected. He is not fooled with because his fangs contain poison. But when he is eaten dead he is a succulent addition to the table.

The point should not be overlooked that in the last agonies of death the rattlesnake has a way of biting himself—committing suicide to end his miseries. In such cases it would be to say the least, most imprudent to eat the poison-impregnated flesh. But it is satisfactory to know that in such cases the flesh turns green and can easily be detected.

The rattlesnake is one of the most edible of his tribe. In the south he is much esteemed as a diet. He lives on squirrels and mice and birds, and is not so dangerous a creature most persons imagine. On the contrary, he is the highest of all snake creatures because he gives plenty of warning and does not desire to attack or be attacked. He is best eaten after he has been dried and cured, much after the manner of codfish. In the south there is a fine way of smoking rattlesnake flesh, with the result that when you eat him there is a sort of smoky, gamey flavor that is at least enticing—especially when you find out what you have been eating.

The snake is not a favorite with civilized man because of a prejudice that seems to have lasted a long time. But it is only a prejudice so far as the table is concerned. Rattlesnake stew is one of the things that adds to the joy of life. There is an aristocracy about the rattlesnake that all will appreciate after they have eaten him. It is mere low-down and ignominious prejudice that leads people to imagine that this sort of flesh is disgusting.

Too Attractive.

Mrs. Jenner Lee Oudgou—Getting ready to move again? Why, you told me when you rented your apartments that they were the most desirable you had ever occupied.

Mrs. Seligman-Holmes—Yes; they are altogether too desirable. They have been rented by bargains five times since we moved into them.

Peanuts Impounded.

So many peanuts are eaten in this country that the native supply is not sufficient for the demand and about \$3,000 worth of the African nuts were imported from Marseilles in 1906 and over \$7,000 worth in 1907. The west coast of Africa produces quantities of peanuts.

No Instant Secret.

"Does your husband belong to any secret societies?" inquired Mrs. Kawaner.

"No," answered Mrs. Middlebrook; "I have found out the name of every one of them."

ASTONISHED THE DOCTOR

Old Lady Got Well with Change of Food.

A great scientist has said we can put off "old age" if we can only nourish the body properly.

To do this the right kind of food, of course, is necessary. The body manufactures poisons in the stomach and intestines from certain kinds of food stuffs and unless sufficient of the right kind is used, the injurious elements overcome the good.

"My grandmother, 71 years old," writes a N. Y. lady, "had been invalid for 18 years from what was called consumption of the stomach and bowels. The doctor had given her up to die.

"I saw so much about Grape-Nuts that I persuaded Grandmother to try it. She could not keep anything on her stomach for more than a few minutes.

"She began Grape-Nuts with only a teaspoonful. As that did not distress her and as she could retain it, she took a little more until she could take all of 4 teaspoonfuls at a meal.

"Then she began to gain and grow strong and her trouble in the stomach was gone entirely. She got to enjoy good health for one so old and we know Grape-Nuts saved her life.

"The doctor was astonished that instead of dying she got well, and without a drop of medicine after she began the Grape-Nuts."

Write for a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville" in 1910.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Giving his shoulders a resolute, fatalistic shrug, Sarto stepped out of his stateroom and, locking the door behind him, went jauntily down to dinner. In the saloons through which he passed, people were still scattered about, notwithstanding the claims of table d'hôte, and more than one loiterer turned around or glanced up over his newspaper at the sight of the distinguished-looking foreigner sauntering by.

"Dining saloon on the left, Your Highness," an obsequious steward informed our friend as he turned into the main entrance.

"Alas, was an ally worth having!"

With a sense of satisfaction that amounted to positive relief, Sarto opened the door on his left. Before him glimmered a river of lights, looked a river of faces—men and women of varying types, plying their knives and forks assiduously.

Perfectly conscious of the eyes that followed him, the mock prince walked slowly up the length of the room between rows of waiters, his eyes well to the front, where a chair had been already drawn out for him, far up at the captain's right.

It was as he sat down, with a bow to his uniformed host, and let his glance wander idly about him that Sarto experienced his second shock that day, and a startling one indeed. For an instant the sheer surprise of it staggered him completely. Then, recovering himself with supreme effort, he lifted his monocle and looked steadily across the table.

Yes, there they were—there was no mistake—the very last people he had expected to see—Mrs. Richard Waring, Annette Bancroft and Gerald Buiet, Englishman!

After all, why had he not thought of this possibility? It was just like Gussie, after laying her plans for a protracted stay in London, suddenly to take passage for home.

Raising his head, the chauffeur glanced rapidly over the tables. His quick eye picked out a keen-eyed profile—an angular back. Surrounded! Hemmed in on all sides! His lips twitched. The situation was positively comic in its diffusiveness. Deceptive, robber, and lubber, beaming broad together. What a lousy position!

"Gussie!" Sarto told himself solemnly, raising his eyes on the menu card, he swished the inevitable cheese mate.

But it was long in coming! Over and over the chauffeur conned that interminable list of dishes, his brain on the alert for developments across the table; yet nothing happened, the birds of glass and the chatter of cutlery continuing unabated.

What did it mean?

At last the sound of a voice opposite made him prick up his ears. "I told you Blankton was on board," came a familiar British drawl. "See him over there, Gussie."

"Where?" the chauffeur experienced a faint thrill at the clear-cut, well-known tones.

"Down there. That second table to your left. Look! Four seats from the end."

But Gussie did not look! Under his lowered eyelids the man opposite was unpleasantly conscious that her gaze was upon him curiously, interrogatively. She had recognized him!

Taking a little gold pencil out of his pocket, Sarto began, with perfect self-possession, to cross off an elaborate meal, while he waited for her next move.

What would she do?

Gradually the eyes upon him shifted, then they came back again. Gussie put up her hand and lightly touched her hair, the bird's beak, her fingers catching a lock here, a coil there—a characteristic gesture, this of hers. Why, the bird was actually plucking itself! For whose benefit?

"There was a moment's silence.

"If Mr. Blankton is really on board," Mrs. Waring remarked, in obviously cautious tones, "what do you suppose it means?"

Gerald hesitated a moment. "Perhaps," he suggested significantly, "it means that a friend of yours is on board too."

It was a tremendous moment.

Handing the card to the waiter, with a low-toned direction, Sarto now raised his head and looked deliberately across the table, his eyes encountering those of the woman opposite in a steady, impermeable stare. To his surprise, Mrs. Waring looked away, blushing faintly, and set down her wine glass with a little click.

"Well, I've quite finished," she announced, glancing at her party; "how about you? Shall we go up on deck and have coffee?"

The girl beside her acquiesced, speaking for the first time, and still under his lowered eyelids, Sarto watched the familiar procession pass out of the room, Gussie taking the lead, as usual, the Englishman bringing up the rear.

If they had recognized him, of which the chauffeur did not doubt, then, he told himself, there must have been a mutual silent decision to avoid a scene in the saloon. Probably the arrest would be made as soon as he went out.

"After dinner, the deluge!" quoth Sarto, the philosopher, paraphrasing a famous maxim, and true to the teachings of Mme. de Pompadour, he set forth on his comestive. It was some time later that his eventful meal ended, the mock prince stepped out of the saloon and, standing in the lee of the outer door, placidly lit a cigar. What a night of enchantment it was!

Low in the heavens, over the luminous, palpitating ocean dangled the full moon. A great, golden column—and from it descending the waves, a ladder of light hung suspended, each rung gilt with silver. Not a breath of air moved, the throbbing of the screw alone breaking the mystic stillness.

Glancing about him cautiously, Sarto took in one group after another sauntering up and down the deck, and then drew back with sudden swiftness into the door shadow, his clear bitten tight between his teeth, his breath coming unevenly, as he watched two familiar figures go by under the electric lights. Scarcely were they past, a breath of violets following the swirl of Gussie's skirts, when the sea in the doorway sprang forward and jerked up something that whisked over the deck to be woe.

"Gussie!" Sarto called to himself, staring after the couple, watching his lips vibrate. Fate had thrown him Gussie's handkerchief, with some obvious end in view. Why not run the chance now!

"It's always best to know the worst," Sarto told himself, with unconscious Irish wit, and he set out along the decks, quickly and he stooped to catch up with the loitering pair.

"Parlon, madame!"

He saw them stop, and felt Gussie turn her head toward him. "Souravieff," she said, "I think you dropped this," he said, speaking in English and holding the handkerchief out to her with a glance that was half question, half grim, daring defiance, for Gussie's eyes were full of recognition.

"Thank you very much," she said, taking the possession without looking at it, and, with a little hesitation, "Is this the Prince del Pino?" The captain told me that he sat opposite to us at dinner."

Holding himself well in hand, Sarto achieved a bow.

Mrs. Waring smiled. "I feel as if I knew Your Highness already," she said, "through my old friend Count Souravieff, of the Russian Legation. I wonder if you ever heard him speak of Mrs. Richard Waring?"

With his self-possession miraculously restored, Mrs. Waring's chauffeur bowed over the hand so graciously outstretched to him.

"I have heard your name, madame, a hundred times," he said gallantly, "and from many of your friends. Count Souravieff, Boris Souravieff!" He laughed with a keen recollection of his late patron's boom companion. "Why, we were motoring together only last autumn."

At this point another voice broke in.

"My name's Buiet," said that individual, introducing himself with his usual nonchalance. "Glad to meet you, I'm sure."

"Charmed," declared the Prince del Pino.

Clicking his heels together, he bowed again, searching the other's face warily, but Gerald's straightforward lineaments were so open as the proverbial political door. Not a shade of suspicion, not a sign of doubt, lurked in that broad, clean-shaven expression.

Behind his fitted monocle the eyes of Ludovic Sarto, chauffeur, glanced with a certain amount of his own amazing good fortune. So these two people had accepted him without reserve! There he was, the thief, then. He would play the part for all it was worth.

"We were just about to join my cousin, Miss Bancroft," Gussie explained, leading the way around the deck. "Ah, here she is."

"Annette, this is the Prince del Pino."

She sat down next to the girl and smilingly motioned to a chair beside her. "Won't Your Highness join us? You see, Mr. Buiet is evidently going to desert us for a smoke. Perhaps you will take his place?"

With a murmured word of thanks, Sarto slipped into the low, easy chair, his mind going back rapidly to a certain tea party when he had first taken Mr. Buiet's place—when the humble chauffeur had been first allowed the honor of sitting by Mrs. Waring.

"What a turning of tables to-night! With what subtle difference of texture the Fate had woven in the old design!"

And yet this equidistant situation had its undoubted perils. It was with a swift realization of his own immediate danger that, turning his head, the mock Prince del Pino now met Gussie Waring's half-puzzled, interrogative gaze.

"Really," she apologized, "your face is so awfully familiar, you know, I've been wondering ever since I first saw you across the dinner table, where I could possibly have met you before—where it is that you remind me of some one I know? Let me think" (she frowned absently).

"Who can it be?"

"Yes, who can it be?" echoed the man beside her. He smiled a faint twinkle in his inscrutable eyes. "Not Souravieff, I hope."

Gussie took the bait. "Souravieff, I should think not!" She laughed, remembering the diplomat's razor-like outlines. Then, her thoughts swerving unconsciously into a new channel, "Oh, by the way, prince, we have another mutual friend I haven't mentioned yet—this with a mischievous side-glance at Annette. "Perhaps you haven't heard of my experience with your chauffeur?"

"Ah, that miserable scelerat!" ejaculated Ludovic Sarto. He bent towards the woman he had robbed, his face positively spin-like in its impermeability, his manner serious, deferential, and, replying unconsciously, *fin-^{fin}* French, "I hear Mrs. Waring. I cannot tell you how distressed—absolutely apologetic—I feel about your loss. To think of that fellow of mine turning out such a rascal! It is inconceivable."

He paused, hesitated, then, the humor of the situation carrying him on irresistibly. "Why, I trusted Ludovic Sarto as did myself," he declared, with infinite pathos. "It was sincerely attached to him!"

New Red Clover Is Found.

The Bureau of Plant Industry has been experimenting with a new form of red clover which came from the black soil region of Russia. The plant is practically hairless and therefore does not hold dust like the common red clover.

For this reason it is believed that it will make a better forage plant for horses, since it will be much less likely to cause hooves and will be cleaner and more convenient to handle. Blooming in cattle is perhaps due in part to the presence of hairs on common clover. If this be true the trouble would be obviated by feeding them the new hairless Red clover.

Another objection to the common red clover is that it matures much earlier than timothy, with which it is usually sown. It is thus impossible to harvest the mixture at a time when the full value of both the clover and timothy can be obtained.

The new Red clover matures two weeks later than the common red kind, or at the same time with the timothy, and at a season when the farmer's attention is not so imperatively demanded for his corn, and also at a time when in most of the clover belt the weather is more favorable for harvesting the crop without injury by rain.

Effect of Heavy Gun Piles.

The firing of a big gun causes hemorrhages in the ears of eight out of ninety-six soldiers.

"What a grimy suggestion!" Then, rising abruptly, "There's Mr. Buiet." This with evident relief. "I think I am going to join him and walk up and down a bit, if you and the prince will excuse me, Gussie."

Holding on to the rail, she made her way off unsteadily. Watching the small figure, Sarto was so absorbed in his own speculations that it was with a start he became conscious of a voice beside him.

"Don't you think," it asked, in languid, rather bored accents, "that your chauffeur and my diamonds have absorbed quite enough of the conversation? It seems to me that you and I, prince, have a thousand other things in common."

(To be continued.)

TEA FROM THE FLOWERS.

Naturally Sweet Tea of Western China—Value of Tea Dust.

Ten, not from the leaves, but from the flowers alone of the plant, is rarely encountered in commerce. The petals, stamens, etc., are sun-dried, and the resulting tea is of a rich, deep brown hue of peculiarly delicate odor, and gives a pale amber colored infusion rather more astringent in taste than that from the average fair grade leaf. The taste for it is an acquired one, and even if this tea could be made commercially possible, it is doubtful if it would ever become popular.

The American tea trade could advantageously take a suggestion from the brick tea of the far east. In our country, the tea dust, some of which is of good quality, is not properly utilized. In Europe it is a regular article of trade, and it is advertised and sold as tea dust. In America it is sold to thousands of cheap restaurants, who make from it the mixture of tannic acid, sugar and boiled milk which they sell as "tea." If, as in the Orient, this dust were compressed into bricks, good tea could be made from it, and the product would find a ready market through the multitude of uses for which it is adapted. A beginning in this direction has been made by the Pinehurst tea estate in South Carolina, and in Europe similar advances have been inaugurated.

The virgin tea (tepjeck-chi), so called from its use in Chinese weddings, is the sun-dried leaf intact, tied up with three strands of colored silk. After infusion, these fragrant tea bundles are picked in vinegar and used as salad. This tea is sold in especially handsome silk-covered and glass-topped boxes. The rarest of all teas, and one that has never been known to reach this country, is a naturally sweet tea, produced in western China on a very limited scale. Its culture is centuries old, and the secret has been jealously guarded from generation to generation. The saccharinity is probably due to grafting and years of patient study and care, such as only the small Chinese tea farmer is capable of bestowing.—Scientific American.

JAPANESE AS DOMESTICS.

Make Themselves Useful, but Seem to Act in Capacity of Spies.

Since the wholesale discharge of Japanese from duty on the ships of the battle fleet (if they really were discharged), hundreds of the little fellows are in New York seeking employment. These ex-navy ornaments, valets-d'elite, wardrobe jewels, "cabin maids," "trout-abouts," etc., are thoroughly disciplined, says the New York Press.

They move noiselessly and their voices are golden—being silent. If these men are hard up they do not show it. They are not holding themselves as cheap domestics. Only the green ones will accept \$25 a month. A trained valet, butler, general houseworker or handy man about the house wants \$40 or more.

To have a diminutive Jap trotting in his sandals about the house ready at every one's beck and call, ever cheerful, willing, vigilant, is something of a change from Maria, Jennie, Charlotte, Mary, Louise, Amelia, Maggie, Nora, Ellen, Nellie, Lizzie, Annie and Bridget. Hear the children hisping Ki, Yamaguchi, Kusaki, Toyo, Saki, Mori, Qichi, Kobayashi, Yokota, Takay, Kanekoton, Itachi, Inuzuka, Makoto and Matsui.

The Japanese seem to possess a strange predilection for domestic service when they come to America. The Chinese want either a laundry or some heavy outdoor work, like railroad construction. As soon as possible they set up in business for themselves and make thrifty merchants.

The Japanese are supposed to be the most expert gardeners and florists in the world, but do you ever see them seeking employment in either capacity? It seems to be their purpose to "get next to us, as the phrase goes, to spy on us in our homes, picking up information on a thousand and one subjects for the benefit of the government at home.

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES.

Accreted by Fire Lines—Injurious to Soil by Burning of Vegetable Matter.

Of all the destructive agencies that attack the woodlands no other is so terrible as fire. Many parts of the country have experienced loss from fires that followed severe drought. The trees have in most cases been killed and where the soil was mucky the fires smoldered underground until all the vegetable matter was destroyed, leaving the hard clay of sand. Fires are often kindled along railroads by sparks from the locomotives. Settlers and farmers clearing land or burning brush often allow the fire to escape into the



A fire line along a railway with two cleared spaces separated by a double row of trees intended to catch the sparks.

woods. The failure to extinguish camp fires is another frequent cause of bush fires. At whatever time of the year they appear their destructive power depends very much upon the wind. They cannot travel against it except when burning up hill and not even then if the wind is strong. The wind may give them strength and speed by driving them swiftly through unburned inflammable forests, or it may extinguish the fiercest fire in a short time by turning it back over its path where there is nothing to burn. Where there is but a thin covering of leaves and other waste on the ground a fire usually cannot burn very hotly or move very rapidly. The fires in most hardwood forests are of this kind. They seldom kill large trees, but they de-



The work of forest fires. All the good soil has been burned away, leaving only white sand.

stroy seedlings and saplings and kill the bark of older trees near the ground. Fire lines—strips cut free from all inflammable material—by burning or otherwise—are very useful in checking fires and of great value as lines of defense in fighting large ones. They are also very effective in keeping fires out of the woods, as for example along railroad tracks.

IMITATION OF HARD WOODS.

Mahogany and Oak Are Especially Stimulated by the Manufacturers.

Perhaps no set of men appreciate the seriousness of the timber-supply question more than those engaged in the manufacture of furniture, says the New York Post. They have realized for some years that a pinch in the hardwood market is sure to come, and they have succeeded in coping with the situation by the economical use of material by the practice of veneering and the imitation of highest-priced hardwoods.

During the last few years the great increase in the price of hardwoods has created a strong demand for wood which can be used in imitation. The two woods that are most successful in imitating are mahogany and oak, particularly the quartered oak in the gold and darker finishes. Almost without exception the manufacturer markets these imitations either as imitations or under some registered trademark and does not pretend to deceive his customers.

For imitating mahogany cherry was formerly used almost entirely, but the diminished supply and the increased price of this wood have led manufacturers to seek a substitute which would lend itself more readily to the stain than cherry and at the same time show the grain and hold the gloss. For these reasons birch, especially early birch, maple, beech and gum are extensively used for all parts of furniture. Even in the better grades of mahogany furniture birch and maple stained to a mahogany finish are often used for posts and frames, while genuine mahogany in the form of veneer is used for panels, tops and rolls.

In making imitation quartered oak almost any wood can be used, since in this case the original grain of the wood is first covered with a filler and the quartering is printed on in dark ink by the impression of actual quartered oak prepared by special processes. Birch, maple, poplar and plain sawed oak are commonly used for this work. After the wood has been finished and polished the imitation appears so real that only an expert can detect the differences.

Certain woods used in furniture construction are extremely expensive, owing to the difficulty of obtaining pieces with a good grain of sufficient size for working. Such, for instance, is Circassian walnut. This, which comes from the Ural mountains, is largely used in the form of veneers for chair backs, panels and tops in bedroom suits, table tops, etc., the balance of the piece of furniture being composed either of American or black walnut (natural finish) or of satin walnut (commonly known as red gum. The

latter, while it does not often show the beautiful grain of the panel, is so near the color of plain Circassian walnut that only close scrutiny can detect the difference.

HOW HE FOUND A BIG NUGGET.

It Weighed About Five Pounds and Was Worth \$1,228.

Johnny Keena, who has spent many years in the placer mines of the old Highland district, was in Butte recently, says the Anaconda Standard. Mr. Keena achieved a considerable distinction last winter when he discovered the largest nugget ever found in the Highland district, it netting him \$1,228.

When it was sold in the assay office in Helena.

"I will tell you how I found it," he said to a reporter for the Standard. "I took up some ground of my own on the head of Poodle Dog gulch, where no one had a claim. I went up close to a big slide and began working where placer miners had worked forty years ago and again twenty years ago.

"I left the cabin pretty early and built a fire on a place where it looked like there used to be a side ditch. You could trace it, although it is grass grown. I thawed the ground out and then I began digging. Pretty soon I got down to the gravel, through the black dirt to the gravel. I had not shoveled for more than ten minutes before I found him. My shovel



The work of forest fires. All the good soil has been burned away, leaving only white sand.

struck something that seemed hard and I looked close and saw it was yellow. His nose was pointed right toward me and you bet I got busy with my shovel and in a little while I had him in my hands. I saw it was a nugget weighing pounds—he weighed five of them—and I knocked off work and came to town. I took him to Mr. Johnson of the Clark bank and he put him in the window, where people looked at him for six weeks and then he was sold to the assay office.

EMPTY HOUSES IN LONDON.

Fifty Thousand of Them at Present Said to Be Lacking Tenants.

Fifty thousand empty houses in London! John Burns made this startling announcement in the house of commons recently, says The Bits. Large as this number is there are those who believe it is under rather than over the mark. A remarkable change has taken place during the past five or six years. Whereas, formerly landlords were masters of the situation, tenants have now the whip hand in nearly every district and are offered all manner of inducements to take houses.

It is not long since that a premium—of what amounts to the same thing, "key money"—was demanded by property owners in some parts of London. Today numbers of such men will actually allow tenants a discount, which consists in the case of small property of the expenses of removal up to £1, or else of so many weeks' occupation free. Usually no rent is required for the first fortnight, but in certain localities the competition between property owners is so keen that the period in some cases is one month, making the discounts about £2 2s or £2 5s.

A more curious bait is free insurance. One company gratuitously insures each of its tenants against fire; while another, besides safeguarding the householder against this contingency, relieves him of apprehension respecting any damage to his furniture by lightning or flood.

Certain separate charges have also been swept away, particularly in the case of flats, which, it is said, are now a drug in the market. Some landlords, or instances, made one for the cleaning of the common staircase, this, with the "extras" for gas, amounting to about 18 pence per week. The 18 pence was really rent, and the reason it was not called such was partly to evade payment of rates. When this is an actual case—a man owned about fifty flats and returned their rent as 18 pence per week each less than it really was, his assessment was considerably lower than it ought to have been, and consequently he did not pay his due proportion of rates. But, of late "extras" have frequently been cut to the amount formerly set down as "rent."

Two of a Kind.

The marble clock in the dining room had just announced in mellow tones the hour of 3 a. m., when the wife of the plumber nudged him and whispered nervously:

"Horace; there's a burglar in the house!"

"There is, boy?" answered the husband, now thoroughly awake. "I'll see about him."

With cunning stealth he got out of bed and tiptoed out of the room. For ten minutes no sound broke the awful stillness; then the house shook with a crash. There was a crenery of silence. Then a chair fell, the front door slammed and a heavy bundle thumped down the front stairs and into the street.

The terrified wife fainted, to be brought back to consciousness by the voice of her husband.

"It's all right, dear; I threw him out," he chuckled, as he turned on the light. "But the scoundrel had only \$1.50 on his clothes!"—Judge.

The Bachelor Explained.

At a wedding breakfast the bachelors present were urged to state their reasons for remaining single. Among those given were the following:

"I am like a frog in the fable, would not jump into the well because he could not jump out again."

"I am too selfish and haughty enough to admit it."

"I prefer, on the one hand, liberty, refreshing sleep, the opera, midnight suppers, quiet seclusion, dreams, cigars, a bank account and climb to, on the other hand, disturbed rest, cold meat, baby linen, soothing syrup, rocking horses, bread pudding and empty pockets."

"I have a twin brother, and we have never had a secret from one another. He is married!"

How fat a fat woman can get!

Old Favorites

The Sleepy Song.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sleep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader now to tall,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

Home, Sweet Home.

Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place
Like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow
Us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is never met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the dewy
wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of
her child;
As she looks on that moon from her own
cozy door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance
shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in
vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again;
The birds sing gaily that came along
my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind
dearer than all.

—John Howard Payne.

AN EASTERN MAGICIAN.

The Feast a Ceylon Fakir Is Said to Have Performed.

This curious picture of an Eastern magician is from Caroline Corner's "Ceylon, the Paradise of Adam." The fakir forthwith commenced to unpack the burden on his back, the principal item being a bamboo framework or scaffolding. This he held with his right hand, while he mounted step by step of bamboos. At the summit a height perhaps of eleven feet, he paused, with arms extended to effect a balance. For some reason or other the framework remained perfectly steady and perpendicular, while the fakir stretched himself out like a spider on its web. At intervals on the bamboos were heavy nails, rusty, but sharp at the point. These nails distinctly penetrated the man's mahogany-colored flesh when he stretched himself out on the framework.

"Thus he remained, a hideous wound made by each nail, from which the purple blood flowed, lying there for the space of ten minutes or so, except for the blood's lifeless figure of clay. Then, uttering some strange gibberish, amination returned, and making movements so that the nails were extracted from the wounds, the fakir with his toes kicked away the scaffolding and remained himself alone unsupported in midair.

"Yes, there this weird creature remained, his lean, chocolate-colored limbs apparently stiff and catatonic, his eyes fixed upward and glazed. 'It's a wonder,' said Cynthia, in low tones of voice. 'At home they would say we were hypnotized!'"

Two of a Kind.

The marble clock in the dining room had just announced in mellow tones the hour of 3 a. m., when the wife of the plumber nudged him and whispered nervously:

"Horace; there's a burglar in the house!"

"There is, boy?" answered the husband, now thoroughly awake. "I'll see about him."

With cunning stealth he got out of bed and tiptoed out of the room. For ten minutes no sound broke the awful stillness; then the house shook with a crash. There was a crenery of silence. Then a chair fell, the front door slammed and a heavy bundle thumped down the front stairs and into the street.

The terrified wife fainted, to be brought back to consciousness by the voice of her husband.

"It's all right, dear; I threw him out," he chuckled, as he turned on the light. "But the scoundrel had only \$1.50 on his clothes!"—Judge.

The Bachelor Explained.

At a wedding breakfast the bachelors present were urged to state their reasons for remaining single. Among those given were the following:

"I am like a frog in the fable, would not jump into the well because he could not jump out again."

"I am too selfish and haughty enough to admit it."

"I prefer, on the one hand, liberty, refreshing sleep, the opera, midnight suppers, quiet seclusion, dreams, cigars, a bank account and climb to, on the other hand, disturbed rest, cold meat, baby linen, soothing syrup, rocking horses, bread pudding and empty pockets."

"I have a twin brother, and we have never had a secret from one another. He is married!"

How fat a fat woman can get!