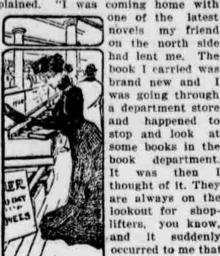
PROCESSO CONTRACTO CONTRA

"I've just lost a thousand dollars," said the girl with the pensive face, casually.

"Well, it's hard to keep track of such a small sum in one's purse," was the rejoinder the sarcastic young woman in the Morris chair made.

The penssive girl's nose wrinkled in disdain. "It was this way," she explained. "I was coming home with



novels my friend on the north side had lent me. The book I carried was brand new and I was going through a department store and happened to stop and look at some books in the book department. It was then I thought of it. They are always on the lookout for shoplifters, you know, and it suddenly occurred to me that it was quite likely

I would feel the

heavy hand of a house detective on my shoulder, and I walked out of the store. In fact, I didn't quite see how a detective who was doing his duty could avoid nabbing me. There I was loitering around the books and intending to walk away with a brand-new, unwrapped novel under my arm. What grounds would the detective have for believing I hadn't stolen it? I decided to remonstrate gently but firmly with him. He would scoff. Thereupon I would consent to be led away. I would demand being taken to the manager. I would state my case to him in a quiet, ladylike, haughty manner which would cow him, so different would it be from the usual hysterical threats of the real shop-lifters. He would be convinced and apologize and ward going. 'Oh, no,' I would say, 'it detective have got yourselves into. I store and I intend to put it in the hands of my lawyer. Either that and the annoying publicity for you or you sit down and sign a check for a thousand dollars and hand it to me.' Of course he would be glad to get out of

The fascinated audience was listen-

to Europe."

tive let me walk out right under his nose and I flashed the book in his very of this subject. But still, if they seem face. I could have hit him I was so too large for you, there is just as good mad."

"It was a shame!" sympathized the listening chorus.

woman with the reputation for painful honestly broke the silence. Everybody said, "What!" and sat up.

She shuddered. "It was this way. It gives me cold creeps yet when I think what might have happened to miles, or I can figure it for you at me. I was buying some cheap stick-



pins at the jewelry counter in a department store and had laid down on icehouse or rides a bicycle up-hill. the card-filled trays on the counter a package I carried which was fastened time there cozes through the pores of with two crosswise rubber bands. the skin 1,500 pounds of water. When my pins and change came I picked up my package and sauntered out. I walked a block and was wait- days, 6 hours, 13 minutes and 48.6 sec- whiting, a substance used for polishing beach." ing on the corner for my street car londs.

Dressing a Girl.

Dress for a girl of 12 or 14, the mate-

consideration of the under side of the parcel. I felt something strange. I looked. There, slipped under the rubber bands were two cards, each holding a set of cuff links and shirtwaist buttons. They were expensive ones, too. When I got my breath I started and just ran back to that jewelry counter and almost threw

the cards at the clerk, as I explained how I had accidentally walked off with them. I had chills all the way home. If a floorwalker or detective had noticed them as I was leaving the first time he'd have put me in the police station sure as fate. There would have been abso-

lutely no way of proving I hadn't intentionally taken them. At the best, the firm would have let me go with a solemn warning never to do it again. And I know I'd have been a thief from that day in spite of myself, just to carry out their set iden of me. Sort of hypnotic ef-

fect, you know." "H'm!" commented the sarcastic girl. "The moral we draw from these harrowing experiences, young women, in regard to shopping, is-don't. Besides, think of all the things you can buy with the money you save!"-Chicago News.

OUR SWEAT SYSTEM. Miles of Glands Contained in the Human Body.

It may be interesting to know that

one perspires more on the right side

of the body than on the left, and that the skin of the palm of the hand excretes four and a half times as much proportionately to the surface as the skin of the back. The pores in the ridges of the palm number as many as 3,000 to the square inch. They are scarcest on the back, where there are only 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same hope it was all right. Then I would epithelium or pavement stuff that covsmile frostily and make no move to- ers the external of the body. They run straight down into the deepest is not all right. You know perfectly structure of the skin, and there they well what a box you and your bright kink up and coil around till they look like a fishing line that has been thrown have a good damage case against this down wet. Inclosed in this knot are little veins that leak the perspiration through the walls of the tube, and it wells up to the surface of the skin. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands, aggregating twenty-eight miles it for a paltry thousand and then I of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight would depart, planning a summer trip miles if all those tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end! These figures, wonderful though they may seem, are on the very best The pensive girl drew a long, long cal authority, says a writer in Ains-"But the horrid house detec- lee's. They are the figures of men ertheless Huldah stoutly declared she who have given their lives to the study medical authority for the statement that there are 2,400,000 sweat glands on the human body, each one-fifteenth of an inch long, and that their aggre-"I did shoplift once," the young gate length is two miles and a haif! Think of it! Two miles and a half! If you object to that, too, I have the very best authority for the statement that they are one-quarter of an inch long and aggregate more than nine seven miles or twelve miles. Take your pick. Our motto is: "We aim to please. If one figure suits you more than another, it's yours. We can substantiate it by the very best medical authority." I find only one figure. however, for the amount of liquid secreted by the skin of an average person in a year, though it is evident that the quantity must vary greatly, according as the person works in an

The exact length of our year is 365

From the average person in a year's

Auldah's Eraham Bread.

The Bests are very fond of graham

bread. Mrs. Best is a New Englander, and naturally knows good baking. She knew or thought she knew what it tasted like also; but since the advent of a new, green girl her opinion has changed, says writer in Chicago News Record. When Huldah, the new girl, came Mrs. Best labored industriously teaching her the family ways. and on Friday, the regular baking day, set her to making a graham batch. All went well until the



doorbell rang and callers were an nounced. Mrs. Best went in to receive them and left Huldah to finish mixing the bread according to minute in-

After the guests' departure Mrs. Best returned anxiously to the kitchen, but Huldah had the mixing all done and set away to rise. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Best went to see how the loaves looked before they went into the oven. Huldah removed the cloth and revealed four oblong pieces of sponge that resembled half-worked putty. Mrs. Best frowned in a dubious fashion and remarked that they looked queer. Huidah looked innocent and replied that she "haf done yust wot missus tael her." Mrs. Best told her to set them nearer the heat in case



they should take a notion to rise further, but at the end of another hour they still had a discouraged look, and Huldah put them into the oven.

With the cheerful perversity of things inanimate they came out looking beautifully crips and light and Mrs. Best began to think herself deceived. The bread was served and heartily partaken of, though every one agreed it had an odd taste, and occasionally a gritty section would startle them into a firmer suspicion that something was really amiss, Nevhad followed the recipe to the letter.



older the gritty substances became more pronounced and Mrs. Best began investigating in earnest. "Huldah, what

As the bread grew

did you put into that bread?" she asked. "Ay poot sugar, butter, salt, yeast

and flour." "Is that all?" "Wael, ay poot

in two kines flour.' "What kinds?" "Graham an whaite flour." "Why did you do that?"

"Ay not haf nuff graham, so poot in leetle whaite.'

'Show me the flour you put h." Huldah brought out the flour in a yellow paper sack. Mrs. Best gave a gasp and hurried Huldah out to the garbage box with her aprou full of bread. The flour Huldah had used was

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In Canada are a number of rerock is mined in open quarries, and man of God took no notice of the dog after it has been carried to the surface. house did, and the solmen and sublime from the barren material by handinch thick, but in the smaller pieces this separation is made by machinery,

Tunnel Under Royal Palace.

der the royal palace of the quirinal at Rome will be completed. It will place dog pet of T. R. Smoot, is responsible back garden has only to order it. The the older part of the eternal city in for it. Jess frequently goes to church much-admired ruins at Virginia Wa- direct and level communication with with her mistress and among other ter, which many people think are genu- that new quarter of Rome erected since accomplishments she has been taught line, were all carefully placed in post- 1870 beyond the quirinal. It is to be the trick of sitting up and shaking tion by a firm of landscape gardeners, brilliantly lighted by electricity and hands. Jess and her mistress were in and there is in Shropshire a model of will be carefully watched by the pochurch, and the dog promptly curled the world-renowned falls of Gelsbach, lice, who are in dread lest it might up and went to sleep. She was awak- water and all, which owes its presence serve some anarchist plot to blow up

would fiee from the wrath to come up Sussex firm. Cliffs can be and have are found in the arctic regions.

TO HUDSON BAY. Railroad Line from Sault Ste. Marie

Through the Wilderness.

For years there has been much talk of building a railroad between Manitoba and Hudson Bay as a new outlet for the wheat of the Canadian Northwest. It seems likely that this project will never be carried out, but the new scheme, announced only a few months ago, of connecting the foot of Lake Superior at Sault Ste. Marie with the southwestern shores of Hudson Bay is now advancing at the rate of half a mile a day. This is the Algoma Central railroad, building mostly with United States capital, but assisted by the Canadian government, which has made invaluable concessions to the company. About seventy miles of the road are now completed. Some years ago Mr. R. Bell and other Canadian explorers first revealed the region to the southeast of Hudson Bay. They declared that it contained a great abundance of spruce and other valuable timbers and also much fine, arable land. It was thought that the corresponding region to the southwest of the bay must be equally valuable, but very little was known of it until early last summer when a number of mineral and timber experts were sent out on the proposed route to ascertain the possibilities of the country. There was reason to believe that spruce abounded and the main purpose of building the road was to secure large supplies of wood pulp for the paper mills at Sault Ste. Marie. But it was thought that investigation would reveal other important resources and this belief is justified by the reports now coming in. The prospectors say that vast forests of spruce, pine, hard woods and other cedar lie all along the route. There are also great beds of pottery clay, iron ore, copper, gypsum and other minerals besides millions of acres timbered with maple, beach and oak that will make fine, farming lands when once cleared. The Ontario government has made a contract with the company to locate on these lands several hundred families a year for the next ten years. An emigration office has been established in England and it is expected to send out the first party in the coming spring. It is said there is spruce enough along the line of the road to supply pulp for large paper interests for many years. Consul Harlan W. Brush has reported from Niagara Falls, Ontario, that it is the intention to establish a "seaside hotel" at the terminus of the railroad on Hudson bay. Game is plentiful there, scores of lakes and rivers teeming with fish may be easily reached, and the scenery, the bracing climate and the hunting and fishing are expected to at-

SOME QUEER NAMES. New Mexico and Virtue, Ten ness, Extreme Examples.

tract thousands of tourists.-New York

To any one who frequently consults the United States official postal guide, which is a dictionary of post offices, the number of peculiar and mirth-provoking names used to designate places where mail is handled is an unending source of astonishment. Many of these names are plainly suggestive of their origin, "Mud." Texas: "Mule." Oregon; "Sodom," New Mexico; "Yellowjacket," Idaho, and "Loyalsock," Pennsylvania, are among them, but the desirability of their selection is a matter of serious doubt. "Panther" is enough to depopulate most any town, out six states have used it to designate post offices. Iowa has made a post office of "Wax," Florida of "Sawdust," Kentucky of "Seven Guns," Texas of "Twin Sisters," Tennessee of "Virtue," North Carolina of "Wit," Mississippi of "Zero," Colorado of "Love," Pennsylvania of "Mountain Sunset." South Carolina of "Oats," Virginia of "Pluck," Missouri of "Pure Air," and Maryland of "Sassafras." Mail is left at "Option" in Pennsylvania. The only "Plous" post office is in Ohio. If "Quality" is what you want, go to Butler county, Kentucky, for it. "Rolling Stone" is in Minnesota, "Rockycomfort" is the contradictory name of a Missouri village. If Uncle Sam's employes catch the spirit of the place, mail is handled with more than ordinary promptness at "Rushmore," Florida to Alabama: "Yours is not the supposed to be a hot place. Sava Minnesota, "Peppertown," Indiana, is only "Pebble" on the

A Memorial Church Gift.

Mrs. Augustus J. Smith Weeks, of Patchogue, N. Y., recently made a notable gift to the Congregational church of that town. She presented it with the property known as the Ocean Avenue Chapel, valued at \$10,000. The chapel was built by her sister, Charlotte C. Smith Keech, in 1876, in memory of her father and mother, Micah and Betsey Newey-Smith. She died in 1887 and left it to Mrs. Weeks as a sacred trust, and the latter has now given it in the same way. It can never be sold or mortgaged, and is to be always used as a house of prayer, kept insured, and, in case of fire, to be rebuilt. Mrs. Weeks' great-grandfather was one of the charter members and helped to build the first Congregational church of Patchogue in 1793.

Ducks Intoxicated.

Wild excitement and consternation were introduced last week by a practical joker in a poultry show at Wilkesbarre. Pa. During the absence of the attendants the ducks were fed with corn soaked in whisky. They were soon intoxicated, and promptly began a furious combat. All the fowls in the neighborhood of the drunken ducks were excited by the uproar and it seemed that the show would have to end. Bromo seltzer was mixed with peroration, and besought those who thodox state of ruin, but built by a The largest mosquitoes in the world the ducks' drinking water and they finally became peaceable.

TWILIGHT

*************** The day is gone, and from the east, afar, Night's shadow comes apace; the rose Breathes out her vesper fragrance ere

And yonder, godlike, glenms the evening Silence is here; save just enough

To make its presence felt; there is

A robin's lullaby, a cricket's chirr-No moving air in all the trees around. Thus would I have life's busy journey

With shadows sweeter than the glare With music soft, and in the dappled Star after star, as here and there

Strides forth to bless the pilgrim old and gray,
That, like the twillight, puts his bur-

A Forgiveness.

BY DABNEY MARSHALL. (Copyright, 1901: By Daily Story Pub. Co.) Ostensibly Si was a farmer and blacksmith, and occasionally a cattle drover, but as the agricultural region about him was poor, and the pasturage though extensive was inferior, being covered chiefly with pine straw, a diet to which the sheep and cows did not take kindly and upon which with the perversity of dumb "critters" they refused to fatten, the income from even a triple employment like this would seem to be necessarily limited.

But genius is always superior to circumstances, so Emerson says, and Si exemplified the saying by always having an abundance of the comforts of life and a plenty of money. His wife always appeared in a new dress at each annual protracted meeting, his beys were store shoes, and always had powder in their gourds and shot in their pouches. As for Si himself, he owned a breach-loading gun a drummer might not disdain, and used real smokeless powder cartridges. His neighbors told visiting friends from across the river in Amite county, that Si actually paid two and a half cents a piece for these, and the neighbors heard the statement with unbounded wonder at such evidences of wealth.

When collections were taken up for what the preacher called "the spreading of the gospel of the sweet Savior emong the heathen in China and the pore Catholics in New Orleans," Si always put a dollar in the hat, Mrs. Hardsook fifty cents, the boys a dime each, and little Lodelia, the only girl of the family, a silver quarter. In consequence Si passed for a deeply religious man, and the parson always called him Brother Hardsook.

Nor was Si's generosity purely ecclesiastical. He had been frequently known to leave the railroad with as "licker" and arrive home with the jugs, owing to a liberal sampling of not as they were wine-bibbers and tlemen," he concluded, "that I ain't gluttonous, but would take a swig for

'the good of their innards." Most of his neighbors drank what was offered them and asked no questions and made no remarks. But some of them were deeply and audibly perplexed as to where Si got all this money. Certain circumstances connected with Si would linger in their minds and what was worse break out on their tongues. They would comment how the cattle of neighbors near Si had a way of disappearing just when they were "most fitten" for market. But in that great unfenced country what was there to prevent cattle from straying? "Dumb critters," said Si, "are mighty biggity and roamingsome any how, and will some times just rush to their ruin."

Some times also in the fall country stores near him were robbed and their safes blown open just after the money had been received from the town banks to pay for the incoming cotton. It was a strange coincidence that after such robberies Si had more money and distributed more "licker" than usual. But Si said "life is full of coincidences and a mystery according to the scriptures.": "Leastwise," added he, "that is what the parson says the Word says, and I ain't the man to dispute a licensed minister of the gorsepell, nor is you nuther, neighbor?" he would ask of his listener as he lovingly toyed with the trigger of his famous gun.

"No, indeed," replied the neighbor with alacrity, edging off a little. "I don't dispute the parson nuther you. You air both right as fer as I knows

Still some folks would prove "too leaky of tongue" in regard to Si's affairs, and it was strange how the corn cribs and cotton houses of these measly back-cappers," as Si called them, had a habit of taking fire in the dead hours of the night.

But one day the grand jury actually indicted Si for grand larceny. He was accused of stealing ten head of cattle from Mart Smiggles. The chief witness against SI was Dunc Swarrington. a good-natured farmer too stupid to be dishonest, whose farm adjoined the road over which Si had to drive the cattle to New Orleans. The testimony was strong for the state. Si could almost hear the doors of the penitentiary opening upon him. "It was an awful experience for a Christian," he used to say in after years, but then he would add, "them the Lord loveth he chases."

SI went upon the stand and testified in his own behalf. He acknowledged that he sold the cattle. It was true he was a farmer, he said looking at the farmer jurors, a stockman if they would. He was uneduented too, no hanger around of lawyers and court rooms, for he thought an honest farmer's place was in the field and not loafing around among them that represented corporations and merchants, hongry."

and so he did not know much law, but he was a Christian and an alliance man and he hoped he did know what was right, if he did not know what was lawful, "two mighty different things," he said, "as some amongst you knows, what has had homes closed out under deeds of trust for debts you never made and things you never bought."

The sale of the cattle, he went on, had come about this way. He was going to New Orleans with a fine herd. Among them was a most likely male. 'I wish you could have seen him, jedge." he said deferentially to that magnate. "He had great shiney horns same as if they was polished up fer powder horns, and curls like a city gall right down between them horns. And was high-steppin as a preacher or a railroad conductor."

As he was driving this male by Mart's pasture, Mart's heifers had loped out and mixed with his cattle. He had called for Mart, but he could not make Mart hear. He himself had driven the heifers out of the cattle four times at least, but they just would come back. The attractions of that male were simply terrible, no preacher was more powerful among the sisters. It looked like witchcraft or hoodoo or something to him what warn't natural. Finally he tired out driving such contrary-minded brutes. "A man can't be expected even by the law to spend his whole time fooling with a passell of cows when he's got an honest living to make. So he was forced to let Mart's old helfers go to thunder; but, would they believe it they had actually followed him plumb to New Orleans. What was he to do with them? Leave them in the streets to be taken up and appropriated by the city folks? Not much! They already got a plenty of country folks' stuff any way by closing out mortgages and deeds of trust without just making them a present of the finest cattle in Marion county. So he had been compelled to sell those heifers along with his own. Moreover he was tender of heart and could not



"Don't shoot the kids, Si."

bear to part them from that likely male. It was true he had never ofmany as two one-gallon jugs full of fered Mart the money, but he had not had time to do so. With his wife sick, and Lodelia puning around all their contents on his own part, and a the time and grass just a whooping in generous distribution of the same to his cotton, he had not been able to go all he met, who universally at first re- over to Mart's and take the money. fused to drink, but finally consented He was going to do so, on the very being as how it was Si as offered the next day, when the sheriff had come licker, and they would "moist a little, and jailed him." "To show you gengot no hard feeling agin Mart, though I ain't saying he isn't treated me wrongful. I will give him the vally of them heifers here and now." With that he flung the money on the table in the court room. The jury retired and soon brought in a verdict of not

As the crowd was pouring out of the court room Si nudged Dunc on the arm and said:

"So, you swore agin me, did you,

Dune?" "I had to, Si; I war on oath to tell

the truth." "That's all right about the truth,"

said SI sarcastically, "We all knows you just loves the truth. Just fattens on it. And I ain't denying that the truth is a good thing in its place, but I want to leave with you that the truth don't stop no lead." As he walked homeward Dune con-

cluded that a change of air would be good for his wife's lungs. So he sold out his little property at a sacrifice and moved to Louislana.

One night after family prayers Si's oldest boy said: "Pap, when are you goin' to kill that hound of a Dune Swarrington?"

"When the crop is laid by, Sonnie, am too busy now to indulge in pleasure. Business fust, my boy."

One morning when the last furrow had been plowed, and there was no

blacksmith work to be done, Si said to his wife: "Mammy, hand me my gun, I guess I've got time to kill Dune now.

A two days' ride brought him to Dunc's place. He slipped through the pine brush to the edge of the field where Dune was plowing. He slowly trudged bare-footed behind a steer that dragged a worn out plow. His white wool hat, full of holes, flapped over his face, bronzed and drawn, hunger and over-work written all over it. Not far off Dune's largest boys were noting, followed by their sister, all bare-footed and ragged. Further and near the woods was a six year old youngster. Dune's baby chap, with a long slender pole minding the gap in the fence Dunc had not yet had time to mend.

Si suddenly confronted him with his gun. Taken by surprise Dunc started and trembled a little at first, but soon recovering faced his enemy without blanching.

"Don't shoot the kids, Si," was all he said.

But Si replied: "Don't be nowise oneasy, Dunc. I have rode a hundred miles to kill you, but I guess you are worse off here than you'd be in heit So I forgives you. Fully and freely fergives you."

Si then started off, but wheeling suddenly pitched a silver dellar over in the field to the amazed Dunc, saying: "Here, buy that air peaked-faced young un' a square meal. He looks



both on the bodice and skirt, the little square cut yoke of transparent lace

Wanted to Shake Hands.

land give him their hand. No one re- | been made, and a lake with a few issponded, he repeated the invitation, lands or a babbling stream are quite 'Come along," he pleaded. "Come up easy tasks. rial a soft white Thinking and give me your hand." silk with a little the invitation was intended for her. sprigged design, Jess jumped off the bench on which while for trimming she was sitting, trotted down the aisle, where asbestos is produced, and one palest green velvet ribbon is threaded and, reaching the minister, stopped in of the largest of these is near Sherfront of him, raised herself on her brooke, la Ontario. The serpenting haunches and extended her paw. The but nearly every other person in the that bearing the asbestos is separates gave place to the laughable and ridicu- picking. At a cobbing house the longbeing finished off lous. Seeing that nobody was going fibered asbestos is knocked off from at each corner with much disgusted trotted back to her a rosette of velvet seat caught in with a seat.

Ruins Made to Order. There is hardly anything in the way of altering the face of the earth that The week of prayer has had one fun- the landscape gardener cannot carry ny incident so far at Union City, says out successfully, and any one who the Philadelphia Times. Jess, a pug cares for a section of the Alps in his ened by the misister, who was just to the same art, while in Hertford-, he palace above. closing his sermon with a beautiful shire is a Norman castle in a most or-

Asbestos Mining.

Within a few weeks the tunnel un-