

JEALOUS.



"My wife is awfully jealous."  
"Is that so?"  
"Yes; she wouldn't speak to me for three days after I hugged that hunter."

Missing the Point.

Representative Rucker of Colorado, apropos of a tariff argument about sugar, said to a Washington correspondent: "Oh, well, those men don't see my point. They miss it as badly as the old lady missed her son's."

"Mother, a young man said, looking up from the Bulletin, 'would you believe that it takes 5,000 elephants a year to make our piano keys and billiard balls?'"

"Make our piano keys and billiard balls!" cried the old lady. "Well, I always understood elephants were intelligent creatures, but I never knew before that they'd been trained to make piano keys and billiard balls."

Caution.

A commercial traveler at a railway restaurant in one of our southern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The old darkey who served him brought three.

"Uncle," said the traveling man, "why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the old darkey, bowing and smiling, "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three because I jus' naturally felt dat one of dem might fall you, sir."—Harper's Weekly

In the Dark.

"Has that boy of yours who graduated from college last year found a job that suits him yet?"

"Nope. He's still looking for one."  
"Where's he looking?"  
"Well, I don't just know. He seems to do most of his looking nights."

They Draw Interest.

"A kiss," he said after just having had one, "is the most precious thing, and yet women give them away."  
"You are mistaken," she said. "We never give them away, we merely invest them."—Fun.

The Usual Way.

"The doctors have finally decided what caused Smith's illness."  
"Had a consultation, eh?"  
"No; autopsy."—Judge.

Easily.

Howell—He has a prosperous look.  
Powell—Yes, you could tell at a glance that he was a single man.

THE OLD PLEA

He "Didn't Know It Was Loaded."

The coffee drinker seldom realizes that coffee contains the drug, caffeine, a severe poison to the heart and nerves, causing many forms of disease, noticeably dyspepsia.

"I was a lover of coffee and used it for many years, and did not realize the bad effects I was suffering from its use. (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it, too, contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)"

"At first I was troubled with indigestion. I did not attribute the trouble to the use of coffee, but thought it arose from other causes. With these attacks I had sick headache, nausea and vomiting. Finally my stomach was in such a condition I could scarcely retain any food."

"I consulted a physician; was told all my troubles came from indigestion, but was not informed what caused the indigestion. I kept on with the coffee, and kept on with the troubles, too, and my case continued to grow worse from year to year until it developed into chronic diarrhea, nausea and severe attacks of vomiting. I could keep nothing on my stomach and became a mere shadow, reduced from 159 to 128 pounds."

"A specialist informed me I had a very severe case of catarrh of the stomach, which had got so bad he could do nothing for me, and I became convinced my days were numbered."

"Then I chanced to see an article setting forth the good qualities of Postum and explaining how coffee injured people so I concluded to give Postum a trial. I soon saw the good effects—my headaches were less frequent, nausea and vomiting only came on at long intervals and I was soon a changed man, feeling much better."

"Then I thought I could stand coffee again, but as soon as I tried it my old troubles returned and I again turned to Postum. Would you believe it, I did this three times before I had sense enough to quit coffee for good and keep on with the Postum. I am now a well man with no more headaches, sick stomach or vomiting, and have all ready gained back to 147 pounds." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Tasha Lama of Mongolia Buys an Auto



SAN FRANCISCO.—The Tasha Lama, emperor of Mongolia and next to the head of the Buddhist church, has never taken a bath in his life, but he rides about the streets of Uрга, on the far side of the Gobi desert, in the finest limousine that money can buy. Ethan L. Le Munyon of the China-American Trading company at Tientsin, who delivered the limousine at Uрга, has arrived here on the Nippon Maru.

The car was taken by rail to the edge of the Gobi desert. It made too big a package to stow aboard a camel cart, so Le Munyon filled up the gasoline tank and made the limousine do its own work for the rest of the trip. This involved a journey of 680 miles across the Gobi desert. As the contract required the car's delivery in good condition, and as the roads were rough, Le Munyon had to proceed with caution. He made the journey in ten days, which was three weeks faster than the speediest camel train had

ever made it, so the natives say. Although the lama owns two palaces—one for summer and the other for winter—he lives in a tent in the yard of his winter palace. From the cradle to the grave a Mongolian of the Buddhist faith never takes a bath. He believes that if he did he would be turned into a fish. Le Munyon was received by the lama in his tent. He describes the political head of Mongolia as the dirtiest human being he ever saw, and this in a land whose people are notorious as the most unclean in all the world.

"It was a great trip," said Le Munyon yesterday. "I do not want to deliver any more packages in Mongolia. The natives are friendly and their hospitality is something the victim never forgets."

"Each one carries a shallow wooden dish inside the bosom of his shirt. If he takes a fancy to you, and he usually does, he digs out this dish, licks it out with his tongue, fills it with tea and invites you to drink. If you object to the licking process, as some foreigners do, he will clean it out with the sleeve of his coat. They make tea by boiling ten leaves and mutton fat together, and as the mutton is usually rancid, the combination is calculated to make a lasting impression on the occidental palate."

Cat's Conduct is Up to City for Trial

NEW YORK.—Is Minnie, the feline favorite of the inmates of the Inasmuch Home for Aged Women, a roof-ripping, gravel-scratching, hole-tearing, diabolical example of what a cat should not be, or is Minnie a soft-purring, affectionate, fire-loving and milk-seeking animal, worthy of all the devotion that the women of the home and neighbors in the block can give her?



This is the vital case which is being tried in the court of public opinion in the home, in every drawing-room, in the back yards and out the windows of Garfield place.

Minnie is charged in the indictment brought by William A. Robbins in a complaint to the health department, with having feloniously and with malice aforethought, ripped, torn, scratched and otherwise made holes in a certain tin roof, situated just over the library of said complainant. The charges, separately and collectively, Minnie indignantly denies through her friend, Mrs. Susan Lane, founder of the home. The indictment describes the roof as being an extension roof, covered with gravel, Minnie is accused of having scratched the gravel off and having torn the tin.

The defense is not insanity. Minnie offers in evidence to refute the

charge, four sets of perfectly blunt claws.

The prosecution offers to prove by numerous witnesses that Minnie and another cat, "to the deponent unknown"—a sort of Mary Doe cat—can be thoroughly identified as the leader in the band of feline vandals.

The neighborhood is divided. The board of health has been drawn in and has instructed Minnie, Mrs. Lane, acting as interpreter, that she must remain within the confines of her own home. If she does not, the courts will take the case from the Court of Public Opinion of the Garfield place district.

Minnie, upon being asked her opinion of her ancestors and the case in general, remarked "Melow!" She then turned her back on the interviewer, which is supposed to be an expression of disgust with the entire proceeding.

Fat Juror Excused; Can't Keep Awake



CHICAGO.—Only thin men and "bums" are meant for jury service. So reasons John W. White, strenuous butcher and emulator of the obesity propensities of the late "Baby" Bliss.

White struggled along for nearly a week trying to be a perfectly good juror in the Municipal court, but he failed miserably, because he couldn't keep awake.

Bailiffs stood at his side and nudged him in the ribs. "Twas like trying to tickle a rhinoceros. Then they kicked his shins, pulled his ears and, grasping firmly, shook him by the shoulders."

White would grin sleepily and try to beat his record of the first day, when he stayed awake for ten minutes. But somehow he always slipped a cog. Each time an ardent lawyer waxed elo-

quent the legal train of thought was wrecked by a peaceful sign or snore.

"Z-z-z, br-r-r-r, whew-ew-ew-ew!" The lawyer usually became indignant, and then the kicking process had to be done all over.

Matters reached a climax the other day when White appealed to the one whom he blames for all his troubles—the man who impaneled him as a juror—Municipal Judge Walker.

"Jury service gives me sleeping sickness," he said.

Then he mentioned his weight—310 pounds—and the fact that he is a butcher and has spent most of his time for several months in the ice box of his brother's meat market at 26 South Fifth avenue. He said he just couldn't stand the warm courtroom any longer.

"You see, only thin men and bums are meant for jury service," said White. "A man who spends most of his days in an ice box, or a heavy-weight who worked strenuously can't stand this program of doing nothing. This warm air just makes a fellow sleepy."

He was excused from further service.

Eats 360 Bananas in Month to Win Bet

CINCINNATI.—"I'll win," said the man who was eating 360 bananas on a \$10 bet. "I'll win easily."

And John Breen sat down to his fourteenth dozen of bananas on an undertaking to eat thirty dozen in thirty days.

"I have not lost my appetite—eat three square meals a day—and the bananas are just a little dessert."

The wager was made several days ago at a wake, when some friends were joking Breen about his appetite. He had remarked that once he had eaten three dozen bananas in thirty-five minutes.

Breen completed his feat the night of April 11, when he topped off his last dozen with five dozen boiled eggs and two dozen raw oysters.

Every night Breen would show up at a restaurant and, after taking a couple of glasses of milk, start on the bananas. Fifteen minutes is the longest time he took to finish a dozen. The bananas range in size from seven to nine inches, and were selected.

"I am just a hearty eater; I work hard all day and like to eat," he said. He weighs 190 pounds and is six feet



two inches in height. "Somehow I never did get enough green peas. I ate a gallon can of them one day, and then stopped because I was afraid more would hurt me. I can eat a peck of potatoes with a little butter smeared over them; and quail—I could eat four of them every day forever."

Breen came to Cincinnati six years ago from Flemingburg, Ky. He is a Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton freight handler.

"John never seems to get enough to eat," sighs Mrs. O'Meara, his aunt. "At supper he eats half a dozen potatoes, goodly portions of stewed tomatoes, several large pieces of meat, a few cups of coffee and half a loaf of bread or a similar quantity of foods, and then he announces: 'I'll just go down to the corner and eat them bananas.'"

\$500,000.00

REWARD

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