

"KAH-PEE-KOG" CLUB.

BY WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

"DO YOU realize, gentlemen," said Smith, as the members of the Kah-pee-kog club gathered around the evening fire, "that this is to be our last evening together in these woods for at least a year? To-morrow our vacation in the Muskoka lake district ends, and by to-morrow evening, if nothing unlooked for happens, we will have nailed up the door of the clubhouse, reeled in our boats for the last time this year, stored our lines, and the night train on the Grand Trunk will be carrying us wofully back to the states and to our various vocations.

"Without going into particulars, or mentioning names, it has seemed to me that this would be an excellent time to confess our prevarications so that we may quit this beautiful spot with a clear conscience. I would suggest—

"To what do you refer, Brother Smith?" asked the Pastor.

"To put it in plain English," said Smith, "I think we have all lied more or less, and that now would be a good time to tell the truth."

"I presume that you realize that there are exceptions to that statement of 'all,' Brother Smith," said the Pastor. "Now, I—

"I made no exceptions, and intended none," said Smith. "As for myself, I am here to state now that I have lied; lied as big as I knew how and still make it a lie that might be believed, and I guess you fellows swallowed it without much question."

"The biggest lie that I have told since I have been here was that one about the number of bass Yorker and I caught in Healey lake. We were trying to outdo the Pastor, and did so far as the lie was concerned, and if he did not believe our story, it was because his own was not true. What we—

"I shall have to refer this matter to the congregation when we reach home, Brother Smith," put in the Pastor.

"I would advise you not to," replied Smith, "but as I was going to say, what we did catch that day was all in the boat when we returned, and, as several members of this club counted them, it will not be disputed when I say there were 138 bass of over the legal length."

"It was only 128, for I counted them together with Husky Bill," said Tice.

"What is the matter of ten bass more or less, anyway?" replied Smith. "But there, gentlemen, in my confession, 138 bass instead of the five or six hundred that I told about, and I believe that every one will feel better if they follow my example."

"I believe that the advice Smith gives us is good," said Yorker, "and I realize now as I never did before the enormity of the lie I told in reference to the muskellunge I caught in Crane cove. I simply wish to say that I did catch a muskellunge, and that it did upset our boat, but that was due to our awkwardness, rather than the size of the fish, for when we got it on shore, which we finally did, it only weighed 42 pounds."

"You told me the truth of that Crane lake story the day we were at Healey lake together," said Smith, "and you said it only weighed 37 pounds."

"What is a matter of five pounds more or less in the size of a muskellunge?" said Yorker, and Bill Reeves nudged Husky Bill when Smith did not reply.

"I have told so many different tales regarding the size and weight of fish that I have caught in these Ontario lakes and rivers," said Tice, "that I hardly know where to begin my confession."

"Why not straighten out the Moon river story of 38 muskellunge, 79 bass and 120 trout in ten hours?" asked Husky Bill.

"That might be a good place to begin at, as that story was exaggerated somewhat. The truth is that I only caught 35 muskellunge, 60 bass and no trout at all, for I did not fish for them. There are any number of trout in that stream and its tributaries, however, and I do not doubt that it would be quite possible for a man to catch as many fish as I said I had caught in the Moon river in the length of time I claimed to have fished. In reality I only fished nine hours and three-quarters. As for the other stories I have told about fishing in Kah-pee-kog and the surrounding lakes, I can cover all of them with the single statement that I never caught more than 110 bass in any one day in any of these lakes, but that, I imagine, is better than any of the rest of you ever did, if the whole truth was known."

"Gentlemen," began the Pastor, "when Brother Smith started this little experience meeting, I did not realize the good that it was to accomplish. In fact, I was afraid it would result in more harm than good, and that the prevarications I cannot bring myself to the point of calling them lies—that have been told by several of you around these evening fires would only be again exaggerated, and that some of you at least would return to your homes with an added weight upon your conscience. It has pleased me greatly to listen to such confessions as have been made this evening, and I am sure that you feel the better for having made them. There is one thing for which I am sorry, and that is that Brother Barnes is not here to retract the story he told of catching more fish than I caught at Crown island several years ago. I am sure that had Brother Barnes been with us to-night he would have been moved to tell the real truth of that story, and so remove a load from his conscience."

"What are you going to do about that story of yours that started the trouble?" asked Tice.

"I wish to say in regard to anything that I may have told since, and offer a so-called confession would be but a farce and a lie in itself. When I told of those 500 bass myself and a friend caught in one day—

"You said 500 before," said Smith.

"Possibly I did, but 500 was the correct number, and I only wished to correct my former statement."

"I guess those bonds you put up guaranteeing the Pastor's reputation will be declared forfeited when you get home," said Husky Bill to Smith, as they walked back to the clubhouse.

"Well, it has taught me a lesson, anyway," replied Smith, "and I won't be so foolish again very soon. I am sorry for his sake as well as my own."

A CUBAN INCIDENT.

Touching Scene Enacted When Cavalry Horses Were Being Landed.

A most interesting incident in the Cuban campaign happened in connection with the unloading of cavalry horses and pack mules from the various transports off Siboney.

At first the horses, one by one, were coaxed, pushed or prodded from an open port into the water, where a waiting boat picked up the floating halter, and started for shore with the plunging beast in tow. But this method was soon found to be too slow.

The troops under Gen. Shafter were waiting at Siboney to make an advance on Santiago; but before the movement could begin, the army must have its horses and mules to drag artillery, commissary-wagons and ambulances over the muddy mountain trails, and to hurry ammunition and food to the hard-working men on the firing-line.

This slow piloting of each animal to the shore was abandoned, and the horses were forced onboard and left to reach terra firma as best they could.

Then began a pathetic struggle to gain the beach.

Some of the horses from the first stroke of their churning hoofs, remained unterrified and clear-headed. These swam directly for the shore, and when they reached it, walked with a matter-of-fact calm up the sandy slope.

But a majority of the poor beasts lost their wits, and swam about in wide circles, lashing the water into foam, with abject fear manifest in their wildly staring eyes.

Everywhere horses' heads dotted the bay. A few of the panic-stricken animals turned and swam out to sea, to certain death; others floated in a bewildering circle, and every moment settled lower beneath the waves.

At this crisis a trooper, upon whose arms blazed the yellow chevrons of a cavalry sergeant, ran to the water's edge, squared his broad shoulders, cleared his heels at "attention!" and raising a bugle to his lips, sounded blast after blast across the rolling waters.

If the sea had suddenly parted to allow these half-drowned animals to walk ashore dry-shod, the effect could hardly have been more striking than that of these bugle notes.

As the well-known call of "Stables!" reached the confused and frightened horses they raised themselves from the water for an instant, then with ears erect and pointing toward the familiar call they swam directly toward the welcome sound.

Dizzy and sore of lip, this cavalry Gabriel sent his saving blasts over the water until the last horse had drawn his weary length upon the beach and was led trembling to the shade of the palms.—Youth's Companion.

Not the Worst.

As an instance of the sort of things one might wish to have expressed differently, a prominent physician reports a remark made to him by a patient. The doctor had written a note to the lady, and on his next visit she asked him to tell her what two words in it were, as she had been unable to decipher them. "It has been said of me that my writing is the worst thing about me," said the physician, laughingly, as he surveyed his own scrawl with doubt. "Oh, but I'm sure that is not so!" was the lady's disclaimer. "Far from it, doctor, far from it!"—Youth's Companion.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various goods in Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago. Includes items like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, BUTTER, EGGS, and POTATOES.

HE WANTED THE TROUSERS.

Which Accounted for His Inability to Remove the Grease Spot.

A young fellow on the South side has a negro valet, an old-fashioned southern dandy.

"Here, Jeff, I want those trousers cleaned and pressed to-day," he said, pointing to a rather loud-striped garment that Jeff has long had his eyes on.

"All right, sah," said Jeff, with a sigh. Next morning Jeff brought the trousers back with a big grease spot still prominent on one knee.

"Can't you get that spot out?" said the owner of the trousers.

"No, sah.

"Do you try turpentine?"

"Eh, de Lawd, I done saecurated 'em wid turpentine."

"Did you try coal oil?"

"Yes, sah; po'ed a quart ob ole on 'em."

"Did you try a hot iron?"

"Puty nigh bu n't 'em up!"

"Did you try benzine?"

"Done tried benzine an' kerosene, and all de other zines, an' 'tain't tech dat grease spot."

"Well, did you try 'em on?" queried the master with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, sah," replied Jeff, with alacrity, "an' dey's a puffet fit, grease spot an' all, sah."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Thinks Columbus Made a Mistake.

We liked Americans very much, indeed—the kind of Americans one meets; but we did not like the American mob, the human background, the kind one doesn't meet; and it is unfortunately the mob, the human background, and not the chosen remnant in the foreground, that gives a country its character, its dominant note. American food, American hotels, American railway carriages, American shops (and the "ladies" and "gentlemen" who hang things at its servants), American officials, American sergents, American newspapers, the starved-looking American landscape, and last, but by no means least, the great American climate, ended by getting on our nerves to such a degree that we were compelled to wonder, with a French friend of ours, whose affairs necessitated his residence in New York, "why Christopher Columbus had not exercised a little discretion and kept his disgraceful discovery a secret."—London Chronicle.

Latest in Advertising.

A new scheme of advertising was resorted to by a progressive business firm in a prosperous city in the south. The junior partner of the firm swore out a warrant for the arrest of the senior partner on the ground that he was selling goods below cost and that the firm was constantly losing money thereby. The case came up in court, and the counsel for the senior partner asked for a postponement in order to have more time to prepare his case. The judge granted the request, bail was fixed and the senior member released. As he left the courtroom the junior partner arose and exclaimed: "If he is released the sacrifice will go on!" The news soon spread and the firm did a better business. When the case was again called no plaintiff appeared and the charge was dismissed. The firm had succeeded in their object—advertisement.—Philadelphia Call.

The Boy on the Dachshund.

This is what the boy wrote about the dachshund: "The dachshund is a dog, notwithstanding appearances. He has fore legs, two in front an' two behind, an' they ain't on speekin' terms. I wunst made a dockshound out of a cowumber an' fore match an' it looks as nuchral as life. Dockshounds is fairly intelligent, considerin' there shaiip. Thare brains bein' so far away from thare tails, it bothers them sum to wag the latter. I wunst noo a dockshound who wuz too impashunt to wade till he cood signal the hole length of his body when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale that when he wanted it to wag he would shake his right ear, an' when the tale seen it shake it woud wag. But as for me, gimme a bull pup with a peddygree."—Chicago Chronicle.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is often ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Time and Money.

Miss Romanoff—The foreign nobility having nothing to do, must lead awfully monotonous lives.

Miss Kostigee—Yes, I notice those who come over here never seem to have any change.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Florida Air Line.

Through Sleeping Car line St. Louis to Jacksonville, Fla. Double daily service via Louisville, Lexington, Chattanooga, Atlanta and Macon. Most attractive route. For information address R. A. Campbell, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Zweipiggiestinstopper is the name of a foreigner who has recently located in this city. The other morning a neighbor passing by him in a hurry said: "Good morning, I was glad to see you, but I will not mention your name; I'm shortness of breathe dis mornin'."—Joliet (Ill.) Star.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC.

It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

Sunday must be the strongest day, since all the others are week-days, and yet Sunday is broken oftener.—Elliott's Magazine.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle. Sold by all druggists.

The hungry mendicant prefers the cold ham to the cold shoulder.—Chicago Daily News.

U. S. SENATOR ROACH

Says Peruna, the Catarrh Cure, Gives Strength and Appetite.



Hon. W. N. Roach, United States Senator from North Dakota.

Hon. W. N. Roach, United States Senator from North Dakota, personally endorses Peruna, the great catarrh cure and tonic. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Company, at Columbus, Ohio, written from Washington, D. C., Senator Roach says:

"Persuaded by a friend I have used Peruna as a tonic, and I am glad to testify that it has greatly helped me in strength, vigor and appetite. I have been advised by friends that it is remarkably efficacious as a cure for the almost universal complaint of catarrh."

Senator Roach's home address is Larimore, North Dakota. Peruna is not a guess, nor an experiment; it is an absolute, scientific certainty. Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. Peruna has no substitutes—no rivals. Insist upon having Peruna. Let no one persuade you that some other remedy will do nearly as well. There is no other systemic remedy for catarrh but Peruna. Address the Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book on catarrh, written by Dr. Hartman.

SAVE YOUR STAR TIN TAGS. Advertisement for Star Tin Tags featuring a list of various items like Match Box, Knife, Revolver, and Shotgun, with prices and a 'FREE!' offer.

MILLIONS OF ACRES. Advertisement for Western Canada Farms, offering land for sale and agricultural opportunities.

VIRGINIA FARMS for SALE. Advertisement for land in Virginia, highlighting the benefits of the location and the quality of the farms.