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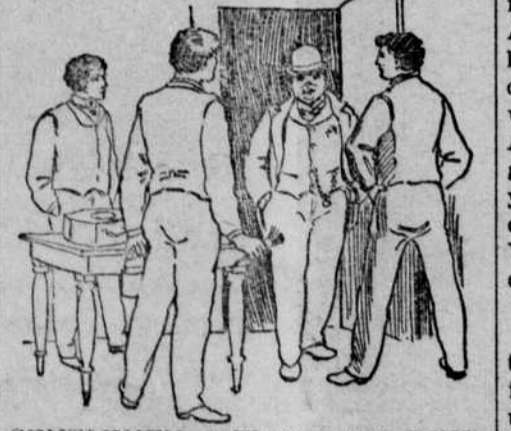
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- First--You must send us the full dollar, as we cannot allow any commission to agents or postmasters on this offer.
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- Third--You must help us by sending with your letter the names and postoffice addresses of three of your neighbors who do not take the Herald, so that we can send them sample copies. This is all we have to do, and it will help us. Address us simply

**WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD, Omaha**

**BARILLON'S BABY.**

Trawley came into Dodd's painting-shop and sat down heavily on one of the impracticable couches.  
 "Barillon's baby's dead," he observed, feeling along the hearthrug for matches.  
 "That so?" remarked Dodd, without looking up from the black and white before him.  
 "Yes. \* \* \* What the deuce did a poor devil like Barillon want babies for, anyhow?"  
 "H'm!" commented Dodd. "What I want to know is, what induced a fairly successful French landscape painter to settle over here? Even American landscape painters can't sell unless they start a young ladies' daubing school or give couchee-couchee dances in their studios."  
 There was silence. Dodd was performing some mysterious rites with a discarded tooth brush on the back-ground of his black and white. Trawley was thinking.  
 The door opened unceremoniously and Lutterworth came in. Lutterworth was Dodd's partner in rent paying, and their wardrobes were in common. Consequently Dodd immediately observed that the other man's overcoat was missing.  
 "What did you get for it?" he asked severely.  
 "Only \$2.50. Lazarus said it was an old, old friend, or he shouldn't have given even that. \* \* \* You needn't hold out your paw, Duddy; you are not going to get one cent of it. Haven't you heard that poor old Barillon's baby died this morning?"  
 "Well?" interrogated Dodd, relaxing his grip on the ink bottle.  
 "Well! Do you think that we ought to allow the city to get hold of that little scrap of humanity? No, my boy. The Barillon baby was the guest of American Art, and American Art's going to bury the Barillon baby."  
 "For \$2.50!" interposed Trawley.  
 "You mean well, Lutterworth, but the thing's absurd."  
 "Look here," said Lutterworth, pushing some books off his bed and sitting down in their place. "I never fancied we could do the whole thing for \$2.50. But a collection--"  
 "Collection nothing!" Dodd exclaimed with emphasis. "There's not enough money to buy a sparrow in the entire settlement. Do you think I should be tolling here if wealth could be picked up for the asking?"  
 Lutterworth shook his head dejectedly. Then he took \$2.50 from his pocket and began counting it.  
 "Barillon doesn't know a soul but ourselves," he said. "Besides, the poor chap can't speak more than five words of English. And as for little Madame Bari--I don't know what she'll do if the city gets her baby."  
 Once more there was silence in the painting shop. Dodd was laboring fruitlessly, as it seemed, to produce a foggy effect with a piece of smudgy Indian rubber. Trawley succeeded in finding a match and lighted a raking Pittsburg stogey. The smoke was to him as Delphic vapors were to the priestess perched on her tripod.  
 "Inspiration!" he cried. "Let us make a coffin ourselves. Where are those carpenter tools of yours, Duddy?"  
 Dodd almost hurled the black-and-white into a corner. Lutterworth allowed the money to sink back into his pocket. Both were on their feet in an instant.  
 "You'll find the tools in the closet," said Dodd. "That window seat will do for a coffin, won't it?"  
 "Yes; and the white hangings to line it with," ejaculated Lutterworth, tearing down a gorgeous satin mantle, the price of Dodd's collection, as he spoke.  
 Trawley fished out the carpenter's tools; Dodd found some brass-headed nails, and to work with a will went this trio of amateur undertakers.  
 Slowly the window seat, which had once been a macaroni box, found itself metamorphosed for the third time--on his occasion into a really respectable-looking coffin. A paint pot, borrowed from the janitor, lent color to the exterior; the interior was richly lined with Dodd's white satin hangings. The



GENTLEMEN, I WANT THE RINT, brass-headed nails, set nearly a-row, kept the satin in place, and Dodd painted on the lid the inscription: "Etienne-Aloys Barillon, aged 10 months."  
 As they put the finishing touches to their work, there came a knock to the door, and, without being bidden to enter, old Flannagan, landlord-in-ordinary to all that dwelt beneath that room, heaved his corpulent frame into the painting shop.  
 "Gentlemen," wheezed Mr. Flannagan, "I've come after the rint."  
 "One moment, Flannagan; one moment," said Lutterworth. "We're just finishing this coffin."  
 Mr. Flannagan's jaw dropped, for the word "coffin" reminded him of how grasping landlords were said to have been treated in his native Ireland.  
 "Finishin' a coffin!" he repeated, falteringly.  
 Dodd laughed.  
 "Don't worry, Flannagan," he said. "It's not for you."  
 "And then, as they lifted the box from the midst of chips and shavings, and set it proudly on the drawing table

they explained to Mr. Flannagan its real purpose.  
 The burly landlord regarded them autiously for awhile, as though dreading some jest, but presently his features relaxed into a grim smile.  
 "Sure, an' I suppose ye've been so busy," he said, "that ye didn't have time to get the rint ready?"  
 "The rint must wait," said Dodd.  
 "It generally does, bedad," retorted Flannagan. "Well, I won't bother ye now, boys, as I see ye're just settin' up in a new business. Good mornin' to ye, an' good luck to the undhertakin' business."  
 "Cold-hearted old pig!" growled Dodd, as the door banged behind his landlord. "Had to make a joke of it, of course. Some people seem to have no feelings."  
 "Oh, these coarse natures, you know!" said Trawley. "What can you expect from an ex-contractor, whom fate has made the landlord of a studio building? \* \* \* But I say! We have a lot to do yet. The coffin, fine as it is, won't save Barillon's baby from the city. We must discover some means of raising money."  
 "I have two dollars fifty--" Lutterworth was beginning, when the door opened once more, this time to admit the janitor. He held a handsome bundle of white roses in one hand, and in the other a pencilled note, which he presented to Dodd.  
 "From Mr. Flannagan!" he said.  
 Dodd opened the note and read it aloud, at first with some impatience, but with growing wonder as he proceeded.  
 "Mister Flannagan presents his compliments," it ran, "but will you kindly accept these roses to put on that coffin of yours? I suppose the French artist cannot afford a plot in the cemetery. Well, sir, I own a big one, and there's only myself and my wife. We'll feel mighty pleased if the French artist will take a little slice of the Flannagan ground. Mister Flannagan also presents his compliments, and says that if you like I will send my carriage around to that French artist's, as maybe he can't hire a hearse. I also send a little money with Mister Flannagan's compliments, to defray expenses."  
 "J. J. FLANNAGAN."  
 "P. S.--That coffin is a dandy, and I don't like to see it go to waste."  
 Dodd looked penitently at Lutterworth.  
 "I take it all back about the coarse natures," exclaimed Trawley. "That landlord of yours is a trump. \* \* \* What good news for poor Barillon!"  
 "One touch of nature," said Dodd, taking up the black-and-white from the corner. "Bless me, that misty effect seems quite successful now--or is it my eyes?"--Gerald Brennan in the Easter Criterion.

**BISHOPING HORSES.**

From the Chicago Chronicle: The practice of "bishoping" horses, once so prevalent in this country, has fallen into disuse to such an extent that today many people who are quite familiar with horses do not know the meaning of the term. "Bishoping" a horse means the changing of its teeth by artificial means in such a way that the animal's mouth will have the appearance of youth when in reality the horse is several years older than the owner would fain have people believe him. It is said that within the last year a negro horseman in Chicago has been endeavoring to practice the art, but that his efforts are so crude that a horse's mouth bishoped by him would not deceive even a tyro in veterinary surgery.

The term "bishop" originated in England several centuries ago and was brought into use on account of the name of the man who first put into practice the disreputable piece of trickery. After Bishop's time the art was improved to a considerable extent, and for a number of years it was not considered so dishonorable as it is today.

"Comparatively little bishoping is done today," said Dr. George E. Rose, the well-known veterinary surgeon. "Nowadays horsemen are so familiar with all the points of horses that bishoping could not for an instant deceive a man who is at all up in his business. As is well known, horses when young have cup-shaped cavities in their front or incisor teeth, which are the ones by which the age of the animal is gauged. As the horse grows older these cavities gradually disappear. When he is six years old the cups from the center pair of teeth in the lower jaw disappear. With each succeeding year the cups disappear from a pair of teeth.

After the cups have gone from the teeth of the lower jaw they pass away in like manner from the teeth of the upper jaw. So at twelve years of age the horse has no cups in his teeth. After that age the horse's age is told by creases in the teeth. In the bishoping process the cups and creases are made in the teeth with sharp dental tools and the cavities made are colored with acids. Since the horseman has become so expert in detecting the frauds of this kind very little of it is attempted in these days."

**High-Priced Rulers.**  
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**Parental Blindness.**  
 Old Gotrox--You must be crazy to want to marry my daughter. Jack Brokeleigh--Oh, no, I'm not. And if you knew her as well as I do you yourself would realize that she is a fair son-of-a-bitch girl."

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