According to History. From Harper's Weekly.

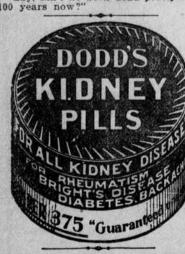
A woman in a western city, who be-longs to a community called the "Sis-ters of St. John the Baptist," not long ago spent a month in a backwoods district.

district.
Shortly after her arrival she went to the local postoffice and inquired if any letters had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered.
"Sister who?" he asked, incredulous-

ly. "Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady. "A sister of St. John the Bap-

"I think not," he answered dublous-Then, after some reflection, he

'Say, ain't he been dead pretty near



This is the story of a housekeeper who had rather a small stock of patience. She went into her kitchen one day to direct the preparation of dinner. She found George, her Japanese cook, poring over a book. "What are you reading?" she asked. "Schopenhauer," George replied. "Do you think you can understand such philosophy?" the mistress inquired. "Yes, honorable madam. I understand it; I apply it. When you come to tell me how to cook, it is good to remember what the white it is good to remember what the white man says about women. I read here, then I not mind what you say."

What He Thought. The Quietly Dressed Man—No, sir; I never take advantage of anybody who is not ready to take advantage of some The Loud-Dressed Man—Shake; I'm a bunco steerer myself.

errs. Winsiow's BOOTHING STAUP for Children sthing; softens the gums, reduces indammation, also pain ourses wind colic. 26 centra bottle

Got Square With the Judge.

Got Square With the Judge.

From the Atlanta Georgian.

A raw mountaineer got back at Judge Mose Wright of the Rome circuit in a very clever way. While the judge was presiding over the Chattooga superior court he had occasion to plaster a \$15 fine on this man because he failed to appear in time as a witness in a case.

"Say, jedge, hain't that purty steep?" mildly inquired the Chattoogan.

"No," was the reply. You knew you were an important witness in this case and ought to have been here. I will suspend payment, however, and hold it over you to see that there is no like trouble in the future."

Later Judge Wright was spending a few weeks at Menlo, a popular summer resort in Chattooga county, several uniles from a railroad. He had a package to come out from Summerville and the big mountaineer happened to dediver it.

"Well what do I owe you?" asked

"Well, what do I owe you?" asked the judge genially, reaching for his change pocket.
"Wall, jedge, I reckon about \$15 would square us," was the calm reply.
"What?" yelled Judge Wright, stag-

gering back.

"Mebbe you won't he so dern keerless next time 'bout leavin' yo' packages," was the imperturbable answer.

"Look here," whispered the perturbed jurist, "I'll just remit that \$15 fine I but on you down in Summerville."

"Gld ap, Beck. That 'bout squares aus, jedge."

It's true all right, because Judge Wright tells it on himself.

A Convenient 'Possum.

From the Atlanta Constitution.
An old negro preacher gave as his text—"De tree is known by his fruit, an' hit des onpossible ter shake de 'pos-

the benediction an old brother "I never knowed befo' dat such a text

wuz in de bible. admitted the preacher, "hit ain't 'xactly sot down dataway. I th'owed in de 'possum ter hit de intelli-gence er my congregation!"

Stranger—I've lived a very fast life for the past 10 years. Preacher—Why don't you give it up -Reform nothing; I'm a sailroad engineer.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Both Fully Nourished on Grape-Nuts. The value of this famous food is shown in many ways, in addition to what might be expected from its chemical analysis.

Grape-Nuts food is made of whole wheat and barley, is thoroughly baked for many hours and contains all the wholesome ingredients in these cereals. It contains also the phosphate of pot-

ash grown in the grains, which Nature uses to build up brain and nerve cells. Young children require proportionately more of this element because the

I did not have nourishment for her,

besides I was too weak. "He said I might try a change of diet and see what that would do, and recommended Grape-Nuts food. I

Name given by Postum Co. Battle

Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human THE

Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

"God save the queen!" he shouted and out of respect for the knight he slipped from his saddle and promptly fell on his back in the road.

"Aye, to be sure, God save the queen!" echeed Sir Anthony, taking off his hat again. "You are right, man!" Then he hurried on, not noticing the messenger's miskap. The tidings he had heard seemed of such importance, and he was so anxious to tell them to his household—for the greatest men have weaknesses, and news such as this comes seldom in a lifetime—that he strode on to the house and over the drawbridge into the court yard without looking behind him.

"Gudde had last sat there—sitting there of right. And the 13 years had worked much change in him. When he found that Petronilla, obeying her father's much change in him. When he found that Petronilla, obeying her father's much change in him. When he found that Petronilla, obeying her father's much change in him. When he found that Petronilla, obeying her father's much change in him. When he found that Petronilla, obeying her father's message, had disappeared, he sald haughtily that his wife would sup in her own room, and with a flashing eye and curling lip bade Baldwin see to it. Then, seating himself in a place next Sir Anthony's, he looked down the board at which all sat silent. His sar-castic eye, his high bearing, his manner—the manner of one who had gone long with his life in his hand—awed these simple folk. Then, too, he was a Cludde. Father Carey was absent that evening. Martin Luther had one of those turns, half sick half suller.

yard without looking behind him.

He loved order and decent observance, but there are times when a cat, to get to the cream pan, will wet its feet. He stood now in the middle of feet. He stood now in the middle of the court yard, and raising his voice shouted for his daughter, "Ho, Petro-nilla, do you hear, girl! Father! Father Carey! Martin Luther! Bald-win!" and so on until half the house-hold were callected. "Do you hear, all of you? The queen is dead! God rest her soul!" her soul!

her soul!"

"Amen!" said Father Carey, as became him, putting in his word amid the wondering silence which followed, while Martin Luther and Baldwin, who were washing themselves at the pump, stood with their heads dripping and their mouths agape.

"Amen!" echoed the knight. "And long live the queen! Long live Oueen

long live the queen! Long live Queen Elizabeth!" he continued, having now got his formula by heart. And he

got his formula by heart. And he swung his hat.

There was a cheer, a fairly loud cheer, but there was one who did not join in it, and that was Petronilla. She, listening at her latt'ce up stairs, began at once to think, as was her habit when any matter great or small fell out, whether this would affect the fortunes of a certain person far away. It might, it might not. She did not know. But the doubt so far entertained her that she came down to supper with a heightened color, not thinking in the least, poor girl, that the event might have dire consequences for others almost as dear to her and nearer home.

Every year since his sudden departure a letter from Francis Cludde had come to Coton—a meager letter, which had passed through many hands and which reached Sir Anthony now

and which reached Sir Anthony now through one channel, now through an-other. The knight grumbled and swore other. The knight grumbled and swore over these letters, which never contained an address to which an answer could be forwarded, nor said much, save that the writer was well and sent his love and duty and looked to return, all being well. But, meager as they were and loud as he swore at them, he put them religiously away in an oak chest in his parlor, and another always put away for her share something else, which was invariably inclosed—a tiny swallow's feather. The knight never said anything about the feather, neither asked the meaning of its presence nor commented upon its absence when Petronilla gave him back the letter. But for days after each of absence when Petronilla gave him back the letter. But for days after each of these arrivals he would look much at his daughter, would follow her about with his eyes, be more regular in bidding her attend him in his walk and more particular in seeing that she had the tidbits of the joint.

For Petronilla, it cannot be said, though I think in after times she would have liked to make some one believe it, that she wasted away. But she did take a more serious and thoughtful air

it, that she wasted away. But she did take a more serious and thoughtful air in these days, which she never, God bless her, lost afterward. There came from Wootton Wawen and from Henley in Arden and from Cookhill gentlemen of excellent estate to woo her. tlemen of excellent estate to woo her, but they all went away disconsolate after drinking very deeply of Sir Anthony's ale and strong waters. And some wondered that the good knight did not roundly take the jade to task and

see her settled.

But he did not. So possibly even in these days he had other views. I have these days he had other views. I have been told that, going up once to her little chamber to seek her, he found a very singular ornament suspended inside her lattice. It was no other than a common clay house martin's nest, but it was so deftly hung in a netted bag and so daintily swathed in moss always green and the Christmas roses and end so daintily swathed in moss always green and the Christmas roses and snowdrops and violets and doffodils which decked it in turn were always so pure and fresh and bright—as the knight learned by more than one stealthy visit afterward—that, coming down the steep steps, he could not see clearly and stumbled against a cookboy and beat him soundly for getting in his and beat him soundly for getting in his

To return, however. The news of the queen's death had scarcely been well digested at Coton, nor the mass for her soul, which Father Carey celebrated with much devotion, been properly criticised, before another surprise fell upon the household. Two strangers arrived, riding, late one evening, and rang the great bell while all were at supper. Baldwin and the porter went to see what it was and brought back a message which drew the knight from his chair as a terrier draws a rat.

"You are drunk!" he shouted, purple in the face and fumbling for the stick which usually leaned against his seat ready for emergencies. "How dare you ready for emergencies. "How dare bring cock and bull stories to me "It is true enough!" muttered Bald-win sullenly, a stout door man, not much afraid of his master, but loving him exceedingly. "I knew him again

Sir Anthony strode firmly out of the

ately more of this element because the brain and nervous system of the child grows so rapidly.

A Va. mother found the value of Grape-Nuts in not only building up her own strength but in nourishing her baby at the same time. She writes:

"After my baby came I did not recover health and strength, and the doctor said I could not nurse the baby as I did not have nourishment for her."

Sir Anthony strode firmly out of the room, and in the courtyard near the great gate found a man and a woman standing in the dusk. He walked up to the former and looked him in the face. "What do you here?" he said in a strange, hard voice.

"I want shelter for a night for my-self and my wife, a meal and some words with you—no more," was the answer. "Give me this," the stranger continued, "which every idle passerby may claim at Coton End, and you shall see no more of me, Anthony."

see no more of me, Anthony."

For a moment the knight seemed to hesitate. Then he answered, pointing sternly with his hand: "There is the hall, and supper. Go and eat and drink, or stay!" he resumed. And he turned and gave some orders to Baldwin, bought a pkg. and used it regularly.

A marked change came over both baby you want the servants will prepare for

"I want speech of you," said the new is in fine condition, I am nursing her and doing all my work and never felt better in my life." "There's a Reason to my room when you have supped," he said in the same ungracous tone, speaking with his

"And you—do you not take supper?"
"I have finished." said the knight, albeit he had eaten little. And he turned on his heel.

board at which all sat silent. His sar-castic eye, his high bearing, his man-ner—the manner of one who had gone long with his life in his hand—awed these simple folk. Then, too, he was a Cludde. Father Carey was absent that evening. Martin Luther had one of those turns, half sick, half sullen, which alternated with his moods of merriment and kept his straw pallet in merriment and kept his straw pallet in some corner or other. There was no one to come between the servants and this dark visaged stranger, who was yet no stranger.

this dark visaged stranger, who was yet no stranger.

He had his way and his talk with Sir Anthony, the latter lasting far into the night and producing odd results. In the first place, the unbidden guest and his wife staid on over next day and over many days to come and seemed gradually to grow more and more at home. The knight began to take long walks and rides with his brother, and from each walk and ride came back with a more gloomy face and a curter manner. Petronilla, his companion of old, found herself set aside for her uncle and cast, for society, on Ferdinand's wife, the strange young woman with the brilliant eyes, whose odd changes from grave to gay rivaled Martin Luther's and who now scared the girl by wild laughter and wilder gibes and now moved her to pity by fits of weeping or dark moods of gloom. That Uncle Ferdinand's wife stood in dread of her husband Petronilla soon learned and even began to share this dread, to shrink from his presence and to shut herself up more and more closely in her own chamber.

There was another, too, who grew to be troubled about this time and thet

chamber.

There was another, too, who grew to be troubled about this time, and that was Father Carey. The good natured, easy priest received with joy and thankfulness the news that Ferdinand Cludde had seen his errors and re-entered the fold, but when he had had two or three interviews with the convert his brow, too, grew clouded and his mind troubled. He learned to see that the accession of the young Protestant queen must bear fruit for which he had a poor appetite. He began to spend many hours in the church, the church which he had known all his life, and wrestled much with himself, if his face were any index to his soul. Good, kindly man, he was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and to be forced, pushed on and goaded into becoming a martyr against one's will—well, the father's position was a hard one, as was that in those days of many a good and learned clergyman bred in one church and bidden suddenly, on pain of losing his livelihood, if not his life, to migrate to another.

The visitors had been in the house a

migrate to another.

The visitors had been in the house a month—and in that month an observant eye might have noted much change, though all things in seeming went on a helprone, when the guess's orders or though all things in seeming went on as before—when the queen's orders enjoining all priests to read the service, or a great part of it, in English, came down, being forwarded by the sheriff to Father Carey. The missive arrived on a Firday and had been indeed long expected.

What shall you do?" Ferdinand "What shall you do?" Ferdinand asked Sir Anthony.
"As before!" the tall old man replied, gripping his staff more firmly. It was no new subject between them. A hundrew times they had discussed it already, even as they were now discussion. ready, even as they were now discussing it, on the terrace by the fishpool, with the church which adjoins the house full in view across the garden. "I will have no mushroom faith at Coten End," the knight continued warmly. "It sprang up under King Henry, and how long did it last? A year or two. It came in again under King Edward, and how long did it last? A year or two. So it will be again. It will not last, Ferdinand." "I am of that mind," the younger man answered, nodding his head gravely.

ly.

"Of course you are!" Sir Anthony rejoined as he rested one hand on the
sun dial. "For 10 generations our forefathers have worshiped in that church
after the old fashion and shall it be
changed in my day? Heaven forbid!
The old fashion did for my fathers. It
shall do for me. Why, I would as soon
expect that the river yonder should
flow backward as that the church which expect that the river yonder should flow backward as that the church which has stood for centuries, and more years to the back of them than I can count, should be swept away by these hot gospelers! I will have none of them! I will have no new fangled ways at Coton

"Well, I think you are right!" the younger brother said. By what means he had brought the knight to this mind without committing himself more fully I cannot tell. Yet so it was. Ferdinand showed himself always the cautious doubter. Father Carey even must have done him that justice. But—and this was strange—the more doubtful showed himself the more stubborn grew his brother. There are men so shrewd as to pass off stones for bread, and men so simple minded as to take some-thing less than the word for the deed. "Why should it come in our time?" cried Sir Anthony, fractiously.

quoth the subtle one 'Why indeed?' "I say, why should it come now? I have heard and read of the sect called Lollards who gave trouble awhile ago. But they passed, and the church stood. So will these gospelers pass, and the church will stand.

"That is our experience, certainly,' said Ferdinand.

"I hate change!" the old man con-tinued, his eyes on the old church, the old timebered house—for only the gate-way tower at Coton is of stone—the old yew trees in the churchyard. "I do not believe in it, and, what is more I will not have it. As my fathers have wor-shiped so will I, though it cost me every rood of land! A fig for the order in council!"

"If you really will not change with the younger generations""I will not!" replied the old knight, harply. "There is an end of it!"
Today the reformed church in England has seen many an anniversary and grown stronger with each year, and we can afford to laugh at Sir Anthony's arguments. We know better than he "Let's ask one of the officers to find did, for the proof of the pudding is in the eating. But in him and his fellows, who had only the knowledge of their with the own day, such arguments were natural enough. All time, all experience, all "That history and custom and habit as known to them were on their side. Only it was once again to be the battle of David and the giant of Gath. Sir Anthony had said, "There is an end of it!" But Very few of those who sat round the table and watched with astonishment the tall stranger's entrance knew him saturnine face, well knew that this was

only the beginning of it. This was Fri-

On the Sunday, a rumor of the order having gone abroad, a larger congregation than usual streamed across the new thing. They were disappointed. Sir Anthony stalked in, as of old, through the double ranks of people waiting at the door to receive him, and after him Ferdinand and his wife and Petronilla and Baldwin and every serretronina and Baldwin and every ser-vant from the house save a cook or two and the porter. The church was full. Seldom has such a congregation been seen in it. But all passed as of old. Father Carey's hand shook indeed, and his voice quavered, but he went through the ceremony of the mass, and Il was done in Latin. A little change yould have been pleasant, some hought. But no one in this country blace on the borders of the forest held very strong views. No bishop had come heretic hunting to Coton End. No abbey existed to excite dislike by its extravagance, or by its license, or by the swarm of ragged idlers it supported. Father Carey was the most harmless and kindest of men. The villagers did not care one way or the other. To them Sir Anthony was king, and if any one fall tempted to interfere the old. felt tempted to interfere the old knight's face, as he gazed steadfastly at the brass effigy of a Cludde who had fallen in Spain fighting against the Moors, warned the meddler to be silent.

And so on that Sunday all went well. But some one must have told tales, for early in the week there came a strong letter of remonstrance from the sheriff, who was an old friend of Sir Anthony and of his own free will, I fancy, would have winked. But he was committed to the Protestants and bound to stand or fall with them. The choleric knight sent back an answer by the same messenger. The sheriff replied, the knight rejoined—having his brother always at his elbow. The upshot of the correspondence was an announcement on the part of the sheriff that he should send his officers to the next service to see that the queen's order was obeyed and a reply on the part of Sir Anthony that he should as certainly put the men in the duck pond. Some inkling of this state of things got abroad and spread as a September fire files through a wood, so that there was like to be such a congregation at the next service to witness the trial of strength as would throw the last Sunday's gathering alto-gether into the shade. It was clear at last that Sir Anthony

It was clear at last that Sir Anthony himself did not think that there was the end of it, for on that Saturday afternoon he took a remarkable walk. He called Petronilla after dinner and bade her get her hood and come with him, and the girl, who had seen so little of her father in the last month, and of her father in the last month, and who, what with rumors and fears and surmises, was eating her heart out, obeyed him with joy. It was a fine frosty day near the close of December. Sir Anthony led the way over the plank bridge which clossed the moat in the rear of the house and tramped steadily through the home farm toward a hill called the Woodman's View which called the Woodman's View, which marked the border of the forest. He did not talk, but neither was he sunk in reverie. As he entered each field he stood and scanned it, at times merely stood and scanned it, at times merely nodding, at times smilling; or again muttering a few words, such as, "The three acre piece! My father inclosed it!" or, "That is where Ferdinand killed the old mare!" or, "The best land for wheat on this side of the house!" The hill climbed, he stood a long time gazing over the landscape, eyeing first the fields and meadows which stretched away from his feet toward the house, the latter, as seen from this point, losing all its stateliness in the mass of stacks and ricks and barns and granaries which surrounded it. Then his aries which surrounded ft. Then his eyes traveled farther in the same line eyes traveled farther in the same line to the broad expanse of woodland—Coton Chase—through which the road passed along a ridge as straight as an arrow. To the right were more fields, and here and there amid them a homestead with its smaller ring of stacks and barns. When he turned to the left, his eyes, passing over the shoulders of Brant hill and Mill Head copse and Beacon hill, all bulwarks of the forest. Beacon hill, all bulwarks of the forest, followed the streak of river as it wound away toward Stratford through lusci-ous flood meadows, here growing wide and there narrow as the woodland advanced or retreated.

himself as to the girl. "It is all Cludde

land as far as you can see."

There were tears in her eyes, and she had to turn away to conceal them. Why she hardly knew, for he said nothing more, and he walked down the hill dry eyed, but all the way home he still looked sharply about, noting this or that, as if he were bidding farewell to the old familiar objects, the spinneys and copses—aye, and the very gates and gaps and the hollow trees where the owis built. It was the saddest and most pathetic walk the girl had ever taken. Yet there was nothing said.

(Continued Next Week.

From the New York Press.
"When George told Anna that she must decide between Sagan and the half of her fortune the poor little woman of trouble) didn't fall into a conniption fit, as most of us would have done, but simply stamped her foot and used a small French cuss word, about the equivalen of "plague take it." This sage remark fell from the lips of a luxurious matron This sage remark riding in a pay-as-you-enter car. Her free and easy manner and her rather careless loudness of voice indicated the part she left the car at Seventy-fourth street passengers who had heard her were asking each other—"What is a conniption

she is in her tantrums. is a fit of passion or an attack of petu-lant hysteria. Conniption is sometimes used alone and has about the same mean ing as conniption fit. Occasionally in Maine) it is connuption. The word was bred in New England, and is about as old as Rhode Island. It is common enough today wherever the descendants of the Down Easters are settled. Conniption fit is a term used exclusively by women. To connip is to laugh violently

Reading the Signals.

Newcomers to New York by steam-ship begin to learn things about the city as soon as their vessel gets headed up the harbor. There was a party of such on board an incoming vessel re-

cently.

From the roof of a high down town office building they saw what appeared to be a string of signal flags flapping in the breeze. Some were white, some were striped, and one big one was a flaming red.
"If we only knew the code we could

tell what they mean," said a member of the party. "Perhaps they indicate what channel we are to take up the river."

They did. The officer looked first with the naked eye and then with his

That's the janitor's family hung out on the roof to dry," he an-nounced, brutally, as he finished his survey. "The big red one is a table-

Turkey imported and used last year 5,365,760 pounds of ordinary soap and 51,130 pounds of tellet soap.

"MOONSHINERS" IN

Revenue Officers in Cleveland Kept Busy Hunting Out Illicit Whisky Makers.

Cleveland, Special: There are moonshiners in Cleveland. It is commonly supposed that the manufacture of illicit whisky is confined to the mountainous region of Kentucky, Tennessee and other southern states, but such is not the case. A large number of moonshiners carry on the business in the heart of Cleveland.

Hundreds of gallons of illicit whisky are distilled and sold here under the very eyes of the revenue olders. These quiet stills are operated more extensively among the Russian immigrants than any other class, although representa-tives of other nationalities are engaged in this lucrative profession. They are very careful in their movements, for the revenue officers are continually on the lookout for them, and they employ every conceivable means of precaution and escape in case of being trapped. While the penalty for the first offense is comparatively light, if they are caught a second time punishment is severe. s severe.

A few weeks ago a distillery on the west side was discovered and several hundred gallons of whisky on which the tax had not been paid were confiscated. Most of the moonshiners, however, conduct their business so carefully that they remain undetected for years. Sometimes the stills are conducted in basements, sometimes in upper stories, and two or three buildings are rented by moonshiners and used apparently for other purposes, while in reality they are but a blind to mislead.

"Smelling Them Out." It is extremely difficult to locate these distilleries, and skill and experience are required on the part of the detective to "smell them out." Usually the moonshiners suspend business during the day, but under the cover of darkness operate in full blast. If the plant is of any considerable size the trained ear of the detective can recognize the chug of the machinery at work. He is more apt, though, to locate the still by the peculiar odor arising from the chimneys, and one familiar with the smell can detect it as quickly as an opium den.

den.

On nights when there is no fog, or the atmosphere hangs heavy over the city, the smell settles down and it is easy to locate the neighborhood. To find the exact building, however, it is necessary to climb over roofs and sniff the chimneys. The moonshiners keep a close watch of the revenue men and as soon as they see that their neighbor. as soon as they see that their neighbor-hood is being watched they suspend operations. They are always ready to make a quick "get away," and even if their location is discovered the revenue men rarely get more than their para-phernalia and some of the whisky.

ADE BROUGHT BAG OF PEARLS Told Broadway Managers He Had His Own Shell Game on the Ranch.

From the New York Morning Telegraph. George Ade, playwright, politician and pearl fisher arrived in New York recently from his farm at Brook, Ind. recently from his farm at Brook, Ind.

As soon as he had registered at the Holland house and informed the clerk not to sit up for him, he dug down in his carpet bag for a parcel and wended his way to the office of Cohan & Harris where, after gaining admission, he delivered, neatly tied with blue ribbons, the complete manuscript of "The City Chap," a new comedy is which the firm will present Jack Nowworth early in the fall.

"The City Chap," as one of its characters, has a type of the negro to which the dramatist has given long and careful thought. The role was written with Willis Sweatman in mind, and he is greatly pleased with the characteriza-

greatly pleased with the characterization. A large company is being en-gaged and the play is to have the most elaborate presentation yet given an Ade comedy. The author looked over the scene models and pronounced them perfect.

Mr. Ade said: "'The City Chap' is all new and I enjoyed writing it. It covers fresh territory and presents American types that seem to me to de-

mand stage representation."

Again making a quick change he appeared and presented George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris each with a fine rose pearl, which he had plucked with his own hands from the Iroquois river, where its flows through his farm He had a large chamels bag filled with fine large pearls, which he is to deliver to a Fifth avenue jeweler. appropriate George Ade style he

"I am now a real perler. Nix on this South sea stuff for me. We glean these gems out of the wetness of the river on the ranch. Why go else

"Millions have been taken from the mussel shells in western rivers, so now I have a shell game of my own. The same raising of pearls must not be confused with the plucking of lobsters, which is never done in the uncultured west where the authors come from."
Mr. Cohan, expressing great peasure
at being presented with the bauble, informed Jack Welsh in private that

formed Jack Weish in private that he believed them to be a portion of the Taft campaign fund.

Mr. Ade will leave the city on Saturday for Brock, where he will look after the crops and begin work on a revision of his comedy of undergraduate life called "The Fair Co-Ed," which was presented by the students of Purdue university last winter. of Purdue university last winter.

Morn.

In what a strange bewilderment do we Awake each morn from out the brief night's sleep.

Our struggling consciousness doth grope

and creep Its slow way back, as if it could not free Itself from bonds unseen. Then Memory, Like sudden light, outflashes from its Like sudden light, outnashes from its deep. The joy or grief which it had last to keep for us, and by the joy or grief we see The new day dawneth like the yesterday; We are unchanged; our life the same we

We are the way knew here. I wonder if this is the way Before. I wonder if this is the way We wake from death's short sleep, to struggle through A brief bewilderment, and in dismay Behold our life unto our old life true.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

The Art of Organ Grinding. From the Youth's Companior

While the organ grinder ate the thickly buttered slice of bread on the back porch, the summer resident who had provided the repast amused herself by trying to turn the crank of the organ It must be quite difficult to turn the

"It must be quite difficult to turn the crank in such excellent time as you do?" she said at last.
"No hard, if you no hava da monk," replied the organ grinder, with a melancholy smile. "Turna da crank, keepa da time and watcha da monk—dat taka da artecet."

da arteest!

Sunday School Teacher — Tommy, don't you think fighting is wicked? Tommy—Yes'm; when I get licked.

ONSHINERS" IN
MIDST OF BIG CITY

Officers in Cleveland Ond Elixir & Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation;
Acts naturally, acts truly as
a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children-Young and Old.
To get its Beneficial Effects
Always buy the Genuine which
has the full name of the Comname

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.
by whom it is manufactured, printed on the
front of every package.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

A Careful Man.

one size only, regular price 50¢per bottle

From Harper's Weekly.
When Dawson reached town the oth-When Dawson reached town the other day he was suddenly selzed with a terrific toothache, and he repaired at once to a dentist. Investigation showed that the tooth was in such a condition that the only way to extract it comfortably was to put the sufferer under the influence of gas. Consequently Dawson threw himself back in the chair and the tipe was applied. the chair and the tube was applied. He did not succumb any too readily, but in the course of time he was sleeping peacefully, and the offending molar was removed.

"How much doctor?" asked the pa-

"How much doctor?" asked the pattent after the ordeal was over.
"Ten dollars." said the dentist, business being dull.
"Ten dollars!" roared Dawson.
"Yes, sir," said the dentist. "It was an unusually hard job getting that tooth out, and you required twice the ordinary amount of gas."
"Humph!" ejaculated Dawson, as he paid up. "Here's your money, but I tell you right now the next time I take gas from you you've got to put a meter

gas from you you've got to put a meter on me."

A Mild Finish. Dinks.—Do you think that March will go out like a lion? Winks.—Yes; like an old toothless lion of the circus variety.

A TEXAS CLERGYMAN

Speaks Out for the Benefit of Sufferfing Thousands. Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist clergyman,

of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered misery with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills remov-ed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my

name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a bear

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Signification of Moles. Many people come into the world with moles on some part of their body. Scien-tists declare that these marks are significant for good or evil. Here are the de-

A mole on the forehead shows ambition, wisdom and ability in the management of affairs. A mole on the right cheek shows the

person is greatly beloved and will acquire riches and honor. A mole on the right eye, a duliness of understanding; on the left, quickness of

A mole on the neck shows a man prudent in his actions; on a woman, shows weakness in judgment and ready to believe the worst of her husband. A mole on the shoulder denotes labo

and poverty. A mole on the breast shows affection, strength, courage and resolution. A mole on the back shows a person to

be much given to lying in bed A mole on the leg much given to walk-ing and fond of visiting distant parts. A mole on the foot denotes a haughty A mole on the back of the hand a propensity for other men's goods.

In Far-Off Egypt. The Sphinx, when appealed to, just laughed
And said, "You're not lacking in craft!
You want me to tell
Who'll succeed Teddy? Well"—
Then she mentioned a name, Was it Taft?

But there! there's no use of your tryin'
To pump the half-lady-half-lion.
I don't feel that I can
Reveal who'll be the man.
So I'll leave you to guess. Was it Bryan
—Lippincott's. When New York city's Catskill aqueduct is completed the city will have water enough for a population of 7,000.



A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.



FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.