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FOR

BOYS and GIRLS

BUSTER BROWN SHOES in all leathers cements parents good will to this store:

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Infant's Moccasins, Booties and Soft Soles,

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Men's Felt Slippers. 65c to \$1.50

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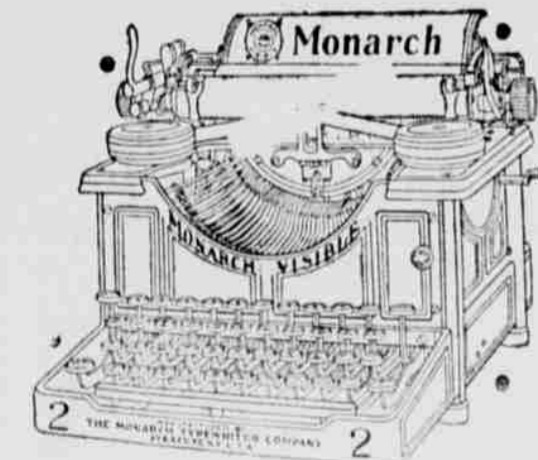
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HANGING A HORSE.

Trial and Execution of a Steed Which Overturnd a Carriage.

The following account of the private trial and execution of a horse by command of the fantastic Marquis de Briquerville is taken from an article entitled "Biographie des Excentriques," originally published without signature in La Republique du Peuple, described as "Almanach Democratique, Paris, chez Prost, 1850," and republished in Oeuvres Posthumes of Baudelaire, Paris. The article is evidently one of Baudelaire's bits of hack work, but even here the master's touch is felt:

"First of all let us mention the Marquis de Briquerville, a very rich person, popularly deemed crazy and probably slightly so. At least he did all that was necessary to justify the opinion one had of him. One day as he was rushing violently through the streets in his brilliant equipage one of his horses fell. The carriage was upset, and the marquis received an ugly contusion. He is brought back to his mansion; he is in a rage; he wants to dismiss his coachman. The latter justifies himself. The accident was not caused by any fault of his. One of the horses is to blame. 'If it is so,' says the marquis, 'the horse must be punished; every fault must have its penalty.' He orders all his household to appear—steward, butler, valets, scullions, grooms. It is a veritable court of justice. They all take their places. The marquis presides. The accused is brought in. He preserves in his noble bearing the calmness of innocence. The coachman makes the accusation. The secretary of the marquis, filling the office of lawyer, presents the defense of the quadruped. He is long winded, heavy, flat, exactly as if he was pleading before parliament. He quotes the Digest; he spits Latin. He concludes by requesting that his client should be returned to the stable, whose finest ornament he is. The case is heard. The marquis gives his opinion first. He considers the accusation as proved. He votes for the sentence of death. All his valets hurry to vote like him. The whole thing seemed to them a joke. They were mistaken. The marquis had a scaffold erected in his yard. He addressed to the condemned a prolix discourse, in which he made him feel the enormity of his crime. During this oratorical display the unfortunate victim looked upon the instrument of torture with a firm eye—no affectation of courage, no despondency.

"As soon as the marquis had finished a groom threw with dexterity a rope around the neck of the patient, and a few seconds later the poor animal was suspended in the air, the coachman was pulling his feet down, a valet was stamping on his shoulders. The hanging was as correct as those daily exhibited in the square of the Greve. The attendants were stupefied with astonishment."

How Indians Poisoned Arrows.

Indians took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole and then went to certain places where they knew they would find rattlesnakes. The bucks would poke the first rattler with the liver. The snake would repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs until its poison was all used up. Then the pole was carried home and fastened upright until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was pounded to a fine powder and placed in a buckskin bag. This powder would stick like glue to any moistened surface and was used to poison arrows.—Detroit Free Press and Farm.

The Measure.

"The dockyard was one foot rule to measure the plate. Not being able to use the rule, he measured it after wasting a great deal of time." "The foreman," remarked the foreman, "what is the size of the plate?"

"Well," replied he, with a smile which accompanies duty performed. "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and arm and from here to there, bar a finger."—London Mail.

A Modern Diogenes.

Ethel, aged six, had gone down the village street with her new doll. It could be plainly seen that she was in dire distress. She stood still, and after a close scrutiny of several men who passed she accosted one.

"Say, are you an honest man?" she demanded. "Why, yes, I think so," was the astonished reply. "Well, then, if you're sure you're an honest man," said the little maid, "please hold my dolly while I tie my shoe."—Woman's Home Companion.

A LAWYER'S SLIP.

Put In Damaging Evidence Against His Own Client.

It does not seem to be frequent that a plaintiff gets through the courts what he considers a satisfactory settlement for damages for an injury sustained when a railroad company is the defendant. Cases are of record, however, where the attorney for the railroad has unconsciously admitted evidence that resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff. Such a case was that of Mrs. Herkimer of Beloit, who sued the Missouri Pacific for \$10,000 before a court in Kansas.

The defendants were represented by the able and learned Waggner, who sought to prove that there was a full moon on the night of the accident and to place the responsibility with the plaintiff. A messenger boy was sent for and secured an almanac of the year of the accident. Examining it only to learn that it contained the desired proof, he offered it in evidence.

In his argument the lawyer for the plaintiff declared that the defendant company was the property of certain millionaires, whom he named, who had amassed fortunes totaling a great number of millions and were well able to care for his crippled client.

Waggner was immediately on his feet offering loud objection to this line of argument, claiming that nothing had been introduced in the evidence to justify the statement.

"May it please your honor, there is," declared the other lawyer. "It is in the direct evidence offered by the learned attorney for the defense."

"Where?" shouted the surprised Waggner.

"It is in this almanac, your honor," calmly replied the lawyer. He had studied the book, and there in its pages were pictures of the men named, together with sketches of their lives, and every one of them was rated at from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000.

These figures evidently appeared to the jury to be substantial enough to award a verdict for the amount asked, and that without leaving their seats.—New York Tribune.

Deeply Injured.

Her eyes were wild; her hair was in disorder; her face was flushed; her hands were clenched. She was a deeply injured and desperate woman.

"Oh, cruel one," she cried in anguished tones, "I have borne with you too long! You have injured the very foundations of my being. Day by day you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up. When first we met, how your ease and polish attracted me! When you became my own, how my friends envied me! But your understanding is too small for my large soul. You are opposed to my advancing myself. You have ruined my standing in society. If we had never met I might have walked in peace. So now begone! We part forever."

There was a moment's convulsive breathing, then a gritting of teeth and a sharp sigh. It was all over. By a supreme effort she had pulled off her new shoe.

The Time It Was.

Jones—I say, Smith, you are a good hand at arithmetic.

Smith—I am considered very good. Why?

Jones—Well, here is a little problem for you. There was a man named Little, living in Dublin, who had a daughter. Now, she was in love with a chap she knew her pater did not approve of. So one day she eloped with him. When the old man found it out he was very angry and at once followed them. Now, then, what time was it?

Smith (angrily)—What time was it? How on earth do you suppose I can tell you? I give it up!

Jones (triumphantly)—Why, a Little after two, of course.—London Answers.

Cheerful.

"John, dear," said the invalid's wife, "I'll have to run away from you for an hour or so today. I have to get the material for a new dress that the dressmaker"—

"But," complained the patient, "do you think it is right to be thinking of dress while I am so ill?" "Why, John, it will be all right, no matter what happens. It's a black dress."—Pearson's Weekly.

Willie's Explanation.

Willie's grandmother gave him a penny to invest in candy, and the little fellow rushed off in great glee, but presently returned in tears.

"Why, what's the matter, Willie?" asked the old lady. "Did you lose your cent?"

"No, grandma," sobbed Willie, "I didn't lose it; I only swallowed it!" —Exchange.

A LONG NIGHT AT THE CLUB

Fleeting Moments of Pleasure That Mr. Ojibwosky Paid for in Sackcloth and Ashes.

The long Arctic night was drawing to a close. After six months of darkness the rubicund face of Old Sol peeped slyly over the edge of the glacier and wished the frozen north a cheery good morning.

It was a glorious sight, but Mr. Ojibwosky heeded it not. He was just returning from a night at the Eskimo club and his mind was troubled. He had forgotten his latch key. Alas for Mr. Ojibwosky!

He knew she was a light sleeper. Frequently she had awakened after having slept only three weeks merely at the sound of the icebergs crushing some intrepid explorer's ship in the fies. He remembered this as his none too steady footfalls crunched through the snow. She heard him as he was trying to get in through the servants' entrance in the areaway, and stuck her head out of the upper window. "Is that you, Ojib," she demanded.

Mr. Ojibwosky was forced to admit that it was.

"This is a fine time to be getting home," she exclaimed. "What time is it?"

"My dear, it's only quar'er pash February," replied Mr. Ojibwosky, somewhat thickly, however.

But Mrs. Ojib, by consulting her calendar, was already wise to the fact that it was half-past May, and, having no desire to pry into family affairs, we will draw a veil over the scene that followed, after the manner of the good old story writers.

Queen's Many Accomplishments.

Greece, which is looming just now largely in world politics, on account of the Cretan question, can boast of a queen who is one of the most accomplished linguists among European royalties. Queen Olga, who was a Russian princess, being a daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, is, like most of her compatriots, excellent at languages, and speaks not only French, English, and Italian, but also the tongues of her adopted country, Greek and Albanian. The queen also enjoys a unique prerogative among the rest of her sex, for she is probably the only woman who has ever had the dignity of admiral conferred upon her—an honor bestowed on her by the late czar of Russia. Like the present czarina, her Greek majesty has a passion for flowers, and always has her rooms profusely decorated with them; and she is likewise a keen philanthropist.

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