

DOUBLE VISION.

It Affected the Oculist as Well as the Patient.

A well known oculist of New York city tells a story of one of his patients who proved rather more than a match for him. The patient was an old fellow from one of the rural counties of the state, fifty years of age or more, who strolled leisurely into the doctor's office and, after taking a mental inventory of the place, remarked that he was afraid that his eyes were "gitting a little out o' kilter" and he guessed the doctor had better "take a peek at them." He was seated and, as a preliminary, was invited to look through a prism at a photograph.

"Why, now," said he after "squinting" awhile, "this is curious! I see two photographs. What makes me see like that?"

The oculist, who is something of a humorist and inclined to be jocose with certain of his patients, replied that this phenomenon was certainly very interesting and that, while possibly it indicated some slight abnormality, it yet had its compensating advantages. "With double vision you have a great advantage over me, for example," he continued, smiling, "for you will be able to see twice as many beautiful things in the world as I can. You will have twice as many friends. Your family will be doubled. You will have twice as much real estate and two pocketbooks instead of one."

The old man did not say much in reply, but seemed to be pondering it. Meanwhile the oculist completed his examination, and the time came to receive his fee, which in this case was \$10.

Very slowly the old man, still pondering, drew forth a roll of notes and, carefully selecting a five dollar bill, looked hard at it for some moments. Then, proffering it, he said quietly, "Here's your \$10, doctor?"

Spoiled Her Play.

A very promising love affair, if not nipped in the bud, received an ugly jolt through the medium of that "infernal little brother" the other evening at the home of the young lady involved.

An informal card party was in progress, and a young fellow who had been very marked in his attentions to the daughter of the house had her for his partner. In the midst of the play "little brother" popped up with this query:

"Mr. Blank, does sister play cards well?"

"Yes, very well, indeed," replied the suitor.

"Well, then, you'd better look out," shouted the youngster, "'cause I heard mother say that if she played her cards well she would catch you yet."

The Summit of All Art.

The art of arts, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity. Nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness.—Walt Whitman.

Left Out in the Heat.

There was once a man who never attended church, thinking that his wife's regular attendance made up for his own omission. Well, the man died and duly appeared before St. Peter at the gate of paradise.

"Who are you?" the saint asked curiously.

"Why, St. Peter, I am John S. Nicholson of Chicago. I thought, of course, you knew me."

"No; I don't know you," said the saint.

"But, St. Peter, I am Mrs. Nicholson's husband—the charitable Mrs. Nicholson, don't you know, who went regularly to church and was so kind to the poor?"

"Why didn't you do like her?" said the saint.

"Well, St. Peter, I was always so worn out from business on Sunday that I had to play golf to avoid getting neuritis, and, anyhow, I understood that if Mrs. Nicholson went to church regularly it would do for both of us."

"Your wife," said the saint, "was a true, faithful Christian. She came to these gates four years ago, and she went in—for both of you."

His Double Affliction.

In Paris there is a blind man who carries a board bearing this singular sign: "Blind by Birth and by Accident."

"Look here, my good man," said a passerby; "your sign is positively distracting! Can you tell me how you come to be blind by birth and by accident at the same time?"

"Easy enough!" said the old man. "You see, I'm blind by birth myself, and I've bought out a blind man who did business at the other end of the bridge. He was blind by accident!"

Nothing Left to Say.

A lawyer, a very immoral man, was dead. This lawyer was a bad husband, bad father, bad neighbor and generally a bad man morally, though he had been very successful in his profession. For the funeral a new preacher in the town was selected so that he would not know just what kind of man the lawyer had been.

The preacher arrived and asked a man standing by, who was pretty much of a wag, what sort of man the lawyer had been. The wag lauded the lawyer to the skies. The preacher believed all he said, arose and pronounced a poetic eulogy of the departed barterer. When he had heard all he could stand to hear without unpurdening himself to some one present, the judge of the court in that town leaned over to a lawyer who sat beside him and remarked:

"Well, there's mighty little inducement for a really good man to die in this town now."

Scrap Book

She Started Early.

There was a sergeant in an English regiment who was a martinet of the meanest kind, a veritable tyrant, whom the men thoroughly detested. The sergeant decided to get married, and the men of the regiment decided that when the happy event came off it would be a fitting occasion to pay back with interest old scores.

On the eventful day when the happy pair emerged from their quarters they were greeted with a perfect shower of rice and old shoes, but one Tom my had slyly substituted a big pair of regulation Blucher boots, which he threw with such unerring aim that the missile caught the sergeant just above the eye, inflicting a nasty cut.

Directly the ceremony was over the sergeant immediately went to the hospital to have the wound dressed. The doctor, after examining the swollen and discolored optic, inquired how it was done.

"Well, sir," replied the sergeant, "I got married to-day, and—"

Here he was cut short by the doctor, a married man, exclaiming:

"Oh, I see! That explains it. But, by Jove, my dear man, she started early!"

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AGE CAME QUICKLY.

For It Must Have Seemed a Long Time Between Drinks.

This story has to do with the captivity of Governor Isham G. Harris and Senator Bate of Tennessee in the penitentiary at Nashville as prisoners of war during the sixties. After an unaccustomed period of abstinence, somewhat longer than that preserved by the governors of North and South Carolina, the governor and the senator cast about for a means to the alleviation of their consuming thirst. In the course of time an old coffee pot and other necessities fell into their hands, and from their rations they managed to save out a little corn now and then.

From this point it is as well to let Huntsman tell the story in the words of Governor Harris:

"Well, seh, we made three quarts of the finest whisky yo' evch sampled. But what do yo' think, seh? One of the Inhuman yards, seh, found two of them wheab we had secreted them an' took them from us at th' pint of his bay'nit, seh?"

"And what did you do with the other quart?" Huntsman asked.

"We aged it and drank it, seh," said the governor.

"How long did you age it, governor?" said Huntsman.

"'Fo' days," was the dignified response.—Louisville Times.

The Rule of Three.

A man who had been timidly thinking about matrimony for several years and who had finally goaded himself to the point of becoming engaged took his seat at his desk in a rather thoughtful mood the other morning. Finally he turned to the man at the next desk and said:

"I say, old man, can you tell me what is meant by the rule of three? My girl asked me about it last night. Never heard of it before."

"Well," said the man at the next desk, who was adorned with a frayed collar and an incipient bald spot on his head, "if you can wait till you're married and live with your wife, her ancient maiden sister and their mother you will know the rule of three all right."

The Dean's Grace.

A famous dean was once at dinner when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not fewer than six eminent barristers in as many months."

The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks and gave the company grace. "For this and every other mercy make us truly thankful."

A Living Emetic.

A servant who did not find her way very promptly to the kitchen one morning was visited by her mistress, who found her in bed suffering from pain and violent sickness. She explained that she had a cold and had taken some medicine which had been recommended for the children.

"How much did you take?" asked her mistress.

"Well, mum, I went by the directions on the bottle. They said, 'Ten drops for an infant, thirty drops for an adult and a tablespoonful for an emetic.' I knew I wasn't an infant or adult, so I thought I must be an emetic, and the pesky stuff has pretty nigh turned me inside out."

Cheeriness.

Cheeriness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

For-stalled.

"Yes, it is true," said a detective, "that we catch criminals more frequently than we used to. It is true, too, that, knowing the criminal's ways, we forestall him—we take preventive measures that reduce crime enormously."

"We are like," he resumed, "the alert deacon. This deacon was passing the collection plate one Sunday morning. When he came to a certain penurious citizen he noticed that the man extended toward the plate not a hand with a coin displayed between finger and thumb, but a tightly closed fist.

"The deacon frowned at the fist and jerked the plate back from it.

"Give it to me, Mr. Keene," he whispered audibly. "One has just come off my vest."

Who They Were.

One of the women teachers went to the principal of a school in New York the other day. "Mr. Mark," she said. "I think you had better go upstairs. A substitute teacher is on duty up there, and I am afraid she is having a terrible time. The noise is so terrific the children down here scarcely can study."

The principal went up the stairs two steps at a time, and the noise soon ceased. When he returned to the lower room his face was grim. "Miss Henderson," he said, "if you hear any more of those noises let me know at once."

"Indeed, I will," she replied. "It is simply outrageous that parents or grandmothers should bring their children up so they will behave that way. Did you find out who the children were?"

"Yes, I found out," the principal said scowlingly. "He is your nephew, and the other is his son," he replied, and the woman teacher almost collapsed.

GEERS PLANS BIG CAMPAIGN.

Silent Driver Has String of Thirty-three Harness Horses.

From a string of thirty-three harness horses now quartered at the Billings track, Memphis, Tenn., Ed Geers, the veteran horseman, will select his 1910 campaign material. The "silent driver" will have one of the biggest years of his career as a trainer and pilot. Left Shafer, second trainer of the string, says Geers has all sorts of promising campaigners in the stable and several good green animals.

"Demarest has shown more improvement than any horse I ever saw under Geers' direction," says Shafer. "The Harvester is great. He's the king of trotters. Watch him in the races this year for miles in 2:02. The old campaigner Walter Direct, 2:05½, looks as if he would stand training this season and give another flash of his form that once put him in the honor niche as the leading pacing winner of the season.

"Marie N., 2:08½, after gaining the reputation of being the first 2:10 trotter of last season, did not do as well as some of the critics expected, and these same critics would better be prepared this year to do this mare honor. She will do better than 2:05½ next summer or I'll be badly mistaken."

SPANISH MIDDIES COMING.

Dons Will Send Sonder Yachts to Race Americans Next September.

Yachtsmen the country over became deeply interested upon learning that a series of international sonder boat races will be held off Marblehead, Mass., next September between yachts of that type representing Spain and America.

The Eastern Yacht club of Boston some time ago sent a formal invitation to the San Sebastian Royal Yacht club, of which King Alfonso is the head, asking that three Spanish boats be sent to this country in 1910 to race against three American yachts for suitable trophies. An acceptance was received within a day or two, and the committee of the club will proceed at once to make arrangements for the races with a committee of the Spanish Yacht club.

In 1908 the three American sonder boats that raced at Kiel, Germany, went to San Sebastian upon invitation of the yacht club there and were defeated in a series of contests. An informal invitation was then extended on behalf of the Eastern Yacht club to the Spanish yachtsmen to come to Marblehead for a return series.

KETCHEL TO FIGHT AGAIN.

Middleweight Champion to Take on Three Within Next Two Months.

Evidently Stanley Ketchel, the middleweight champion, who has not fought since he was defeated by Jack Johnson, intends to be a very busy pugilist within the next six months. Ketchel has agreed to take on Harry Klaus of Pittsburg in Memphis, Tenn.,



KETCHEL, MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION.

The first week in March for ten rounds. La... will tackle Joe Thomas in Philadelphia. After these two bouts Stanley will go abroad and meet Tom Thomas, the English middleweight champion, in London. As Hugh McIntosh, the Australian promoter, has offered the "Michigan Terror" a good sized purse to try his skill against Tommy Burns it is more than likely that he will journey to the antipodes.

Benbrook Michigan's New Captain.

Albert Benbrook of Chicago, engineer and brilliant player on the University of Michigan football team last fall, has been elected captain of the 1910 eleven to replace Joy Miller. Miller was elected captain in a close race with Benbrook, but was recently barred from the team when it was learned that he had not been eligible to play during the whole of last season.

Want English Archers to Come.

The National Archery association has invited W. Dods and Miss Lugh, the British archery champions, to come to this country next August and enter the American championship scheduled to be held in Chicago. They may meet an American team in a dual contest if they prefer the event to open competition.

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