

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I'd like to show you a copy of the work I'm selling," said the agent. "It is something that interests every human being—How to Live a Hundred Years."

"Facing a Problem." "Have you ever thought about Johnny's future career?" asked the boy's teacher. "He has decided to take an elocutionist."

"I know it," replied Mr. Upjohn. "I'm blind if I can decide whether I ought to develop it or try to whip it out of him."—Chicago Tribune.

In Self-Defense.



"Willie, how did you get that black eye?" "Keepin' a little boy from gettin' hoked."

"What little boy?" "Afe."

Hat Rack Gossip.

Came to Umbrella—I hear you were out in a hard storm. How did you get through?"

Umbrella—Oh, I stood up under it all right, but when it was over I simply collapsed.—Detroit Free Press.

A Considerate People.

"They are such considerate people in Chicago, you know," said the old lady, as she returned to her village after a shopping excursion to that metropolis.

"You got your right change every time, did you?" was asked.

"La, yes, and I must tell you how they treated me in a brick-a-bat store. I went in there to look at some Indian relics and the clerk took the greatest pains to show me everything. I finally mentioned that when my dear husband was crossing the plains twenty years ago he was killed and scalped by the Indians, and that clerk at most went with me.

"He said he was awfully sorry about my husband being killed but as they had the scalplock of the Indian who killed him, and as it seemed to be a sorrowful case, I might have the relic for \$7 to hang on the parlor wall."—Chicago News.

Great News.

"There'll be some great excitement in Russia before long," said the man with the campaign cigar. "But I can't say the exact time."

"Well, I can," spoke up the man with the newspaper.

"When?"

"Why, when the imperial baby cuts his first tooth."

The Proper Way.

SKINNERS CASH GROCERY



Green—How is Skinner getting on in the grocery business?"

Brown—He isn't making his edit. Green—Why, what's the trouble?"

Green—Oh, nothing; he buys it.

Not in His Line.

"I don't know what is the matter with you, doctor," said the person. "I do on either side."

"I can't see, not, parson," replied the physician. "Only a lawyer can do that."

"Wouldn't stand for it. Did you ever make an speech?"

"No, I was going to once, some reason the dinner was postponed."

"Inconceivable. Cutting," sighed Bapleigh. "Only your, doctor."

"When Helene finished in his arms, Adams carried her to his sitting room and laid her down on the sofa. A single

Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He did not look like a French soldier, but rather like an English athlete dressed for a battle with savages—straw hat, gray trousers, gray flannel shirt, a broad leather belt around his waist. In one brown hand he carried a huge cavalry sword, in the other a double-barreled pistol still smoked.

The other young man was dark as the first was fair, and shorter than his friend. He might have been two or three years older. He wore the blue and red-striped trousers of the National Guards, and a gold-headed cap on his head, but beyond that he was as innocent of uniform as his comrade. His shirt had been originally white, but was now black and blood-stained.

The two had been companions for years. The Honorable Walter Gladys, son of Lord Yverly, had met Eugene de Bardinet at Oxford, and there had sworn friendship with him. Since then the two had been nearly inseparable, and thus it came that Walter Gladys was allowed to fight in the front rank of the National Guards against the Reds.

"How far are we from the house now?" asked Walter, panting. "You are sure you know which it is?"

"Yes," replied de Bardinet; "you can see it there. He lives on the second floor at the back."

"He cannot escape us this time, then," cried Walter. "I shall find her at last, and we can have our reckoning with him."

"A short and swift reckoning it will be," replied the captain. "He has done as much as anybody to incite the wretched people to this dastardly insurrection with his speeches, and his writings and his poems. What had he to do with us, this stranger, that he must come to egg the people on to their destruction? Out! he cried to a couple of his men; 'don't lag! Forward!'"

And he dashed on himself in the midst of the smoke and the fashes. Walter followed his friend, and with him rushed through the gateway of the house which he sought. A number of the Reds, driven into a corner, had shut themselves into the lower floor of the building at the back, and there fought like fiends. The Guards rushed in like a swarm of bees, and in less than two minutes there was the silence of death along that lower floor.

"Now upstairs!" cried Walter, who had been foremost in the fighting, and whose face and hands were red with blood, some of which oozed from a great gash in his own face.

He flew upstairs, followed by de Bardinet and half a dozen of his men. The staircase was dark as pitch nearly, and they had to grope for the door. That was soon found, and a few smashes with a musket butt shivered it to pieces.

"I have discovered you at last, then!" exclaimed Walter as he entered the room and saw the old man sitting there with the light dimly streaming about his white face and beard through the partly opened shutter. The Guards were about to follow him, but a motion of de Bardinet's hand stayed them and kept them outside.

"Leave this man with me for a moment," said Walter; "you can reckon with him afterward." He looked around the room, as if seeking somebody.

"Where is she?" he questioned, angrily. "Where is Helene?"

The old man smiled, but spoke not a word. Walter approached with clenched fists and biting lips.

"Will you tell me, you old villain?" he cried; "or shall I have to choke you to get the truth from your throat?"

He had not noticed the little hissing and sputtering sound and the tiny sparks that puffed from the hole in the floor. The old man sat still there smiling calmly. On a sudden a crash as of an earthquake shook the room, and a roar of flame issued from the floor.

The floor heaved and burst upward, the walls shook and fell, the roof crashed away, and quicker than it can be written or read Walter Gladys, de Bardinet, the old man and half a dozen of the Guards were blown toward the sky, to mingle with bricks, mortar, wood and iron in the general destruction.

At the same moment a lull seemed to come over the fighting, and a silence of death hung over the place like a pall, to be followed the moment afterward by unearthly shrieks and blood-curdling groans.

CHAPTER IV.

At the moment when the explosion took place Helene made her escape. She was not molested by the soldiers, and found her way to the street where Mr. Adams lived. The gateway stood open wide. Helene ran up to the first floor, and ringing Mr. Adams' bell, had the door opened for her by that gentleman in person.

"So it is you, Helene," said Mr. Adams. "Poor Jean is dead, then?"

She had been very brave until then, and had thought herself very strong. The dangers through which she had passed had tricked her nerves. Her strength failed her at last, and she fell into Mr. Adams' arms in a dead faint.

Jaston Adams Latrobe, whose every body called Mr. Adams, was born before this century was in its teens, but he looked older than he actually was. He was a tall man, standing over six feet in his stockings, built like a painter, and as lithe and snappy. His clean shaven, face was of a severely classic mold, pale, and furrowed by wrinkles. The sharp gray eyes were piercing with a placid intensity.

New Orleans was his birthplace, his mother a Kentuckian, his father one of the prominent members of the French colony. Both of them died in one fatal week from yellow fever, and left him, barely twenty, the inheritor of a comfortable fortune.

He might have lived at his ease on his plantations near Baton Rouge or at Lake Pontchartrain, but his ever restless spirit kept him on the move. He came to Europe to study, took his degree at Vienna, and then traveled from one country to another, finally settling down in Paris. During the fighting which just had ended, he sided neither with Red nor with blue, and left no room for a moment.

When Helene fainted in his arms, Adams carried her to his sitting room and laid her down on the sofa. A single

glimpse assured him that consciousness would in a few moments return. He opened his window and admitted a current of fresh air. Then he sat himself down by Helene's side, and waited quietly.

"Poor Jean died, then, as he lived, sane to the end," he said to himself; "a fitting close to a restless and mistaking career. Revenge as a purpose in life is always a mistake. The benefits it brings can only be reaped by others; all risks come straight home. Poor Jean's life and death are a sorrowful example."

He rose and walked up and down the room, gazing on the ground in front of him as though intent there to find the solution of an enigma.

"Woman was intended to rule man," he said to himself; "and I want a woman who can rule man. I have tried to find one, and failed. Such a one has to be trained, schooled in her purpose in life as a child is in its A. B. C.'s." He looked at the girl lying pale and unconscious on the sofa, and smiled.

"Here is one who will serve. The school from which she comes was a proper preparation ground for my more academic teaching. She will be hand some when she grows to womanhood. Her mind is simple and supple. It will bend to my precepts like a reed." Tall, too; and the figure will develop with time. Yes, she will be handsome; and I know those eyes of hers—they were given her to enchain men. Ah, Gratton!" he added to himself. "This is worth all the rest of the paltry intrigues. She is about seventeen now. Six or eight years of my training will fit her to send men to the scaffold or to ruin kings."

Helene opened her eyes and looked about her in a vague astonishment. She rose, gazing fixedly at Adams. The strain on her nerves had been so intense that she remembered not for the moment how she had come there, and as he approached she shrank back with a half-stifled cry.

"You don't remember, then?" he said, with a good-humored smile. "I am Mr. Adams."

"Of course," she whispered. "How foolish of me to be frightened."

With the thought of where she was, the memory of her loss sprung upon her for the first time with an overpowering weight and the tears started to her eyes.

"Poor father!" she sobbed. "And he said he was not my father; but he was my father, nevertheless. Poor father!"

Adams knew that Jean Lemare was not Helene's father, but the old Revolutionary had always kept the girl's paternity a strict secret within his own bosom. Adams thought it was best at that moment to allow her to have her little cry; then he walked to the door and called, "Jeanette!"

An elderly woman, with a simple, motherly face, her gray hair topped by the white cambric cap of the French housewife, answered him. He pointed to Helene.

"Take her to your old room and make her comfortable. Take great care of her. When she feels better she can return to me. I promised Jean to take care of her." Adams muttered. "He said that her relatives were intent on ferreting her out. Well, they shall not find her if I can help it. I will keep my word to Jean in that. It suits my purpose as well as his."

Shortly afterward he was summoned to the hospital to assist in caring for the wounded. As the building was across the street from where he lived, he made no objection. His professional pride was aroused by one case which had been given up by the other physicians as hopeless.

The wounded man was in a sad plight. Blood oozed from a gaping wound at the back of his head, two ribs were broken, as was also his arm, and besides he had a concussion of the brain. "I will save him," said Adams after an examination, "though it will be a race with paralysis and death. Get a stretcher and carry him to my place."

This was done, and Helene being present, Dr. Adams installed her as nurse to the wounded man. After giving her directions what to do he quitted the room, leaving Helene in charge of Walter Gladys—the man who had risked his life to find her, and from whom to keep her was his great purpose.

CHAPTER V.

Shortly after midnight of the same day, in a room on the second floor of a house in one of the side streets of Paris, sat a man in the thirties, of middle height, thin and wiry, clean shaven and red-haired, dressed in a gown and slippers. A knock came at the door and then the hurried words:

"It is I—Henri Sainton. Open the door quick."

The man arose and admitted the newcomer.

"Oh, it is you!" he exclaimed rather peevishly. "Is it over?"

"Shut the door!" panted Henri. "For heaven's sake, shut the door! I have escaped by a miracle. I was ordered to be shot, and was shot; and if they catch me they'll shoot me again."

Bernard Quayle looked him over from head to foot quietly.

"Oh!" he said at last, in a quaint tone which had a trace of contempt in it, "you were shot. You are very much alive, however. What saved you?"

"This," answered Henri, pulling a little black packet from his pocket.

"What?" answered Mr. Quayle, grimly. "The proverbial Bible, I suppose?"

"No," was Henri's reply. "A pack of cards. There, you can see the bullet in the center of it."

"But Helene," questioned Quayle on a sudden, "what about her? Is she dead?"

As he put the question a cruel and greedy glitter shot into his eyes, and his lips pursed as if to a snarl nearly.

"I don't know," answered the young Revolutionary, seemingly surprised by the abruptness of the question.

"What do you mean?" was the hot, further question. "You don't know? Surely you understand me. You were told especially to find out all about her fate."

"I mean that I don't know," Henri returned, gruffly. "A man can't do in a night as if he were in a drawing room."



Miss Nettie Blackmore, Minneapolis, tells how any young woman may be permanently cured of monthly pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"YOUNG WOMEN:—I had frequent headaches of a severe nature, dark spots before my eyes, and at my menstrual periods I suffered untold agony. A member of the lodge advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I only scorned good advice and felt that my case was hopeless, but she kept at me until I bought a bottle and started taking it. I soon had the best result in the world to change my opinion of the medicine, as each day my health improved, and finally I was entirely without pain at my menstruation periods. I am most grateful."—NETTIE BLACKMORE, 23 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Painful Periods

are quickly and permanently overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The above letter is only one of hundreds of thousands which prove this statement to be a fact. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality, — if it is painful something is wrong. Don't take narcotics to deaden the pain, but remove the cause — perhaps it is caused by irregularity or womb displacement, or the development of a tumor. Whatever it is, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is guaranteed to cure it.

If there is anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

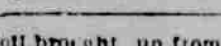
Details of Another Case.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and carelessness is the cause of most of the sufferings of women. I believe that if we properly understood the laws of health we would all be well, but if the sick women only knew the truth about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, they would be saved much suffering and would soon be cured.

"I used it for five months for a local difficulty which had troubled me for years, and for which I had spent hundreds of dollars in the vain endeavor to rectify. My life forces were being sapped, and I was daily losing my vitality.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me completely, and I am now enjoying the best of health, and am most grateful and only too pleased to endorse such a great remedy."—MISS JENNIS L. EDWARDS, 604 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women.



Soil brought up from a depth of 128 feet in one of the Belgian coal mines is said to have grown weeds unknown to botanists.

The elephant is very wise. It has been known when annoyed by flies, to break off a branch of a tree and use it as a switch or fan.

"Natur abhors a vacuum," therefore, she fills sum beds with saw dust.

The man who dies the richest is the one who leaves the least here and takes the most with him.

Many paupers have lived to be one hundred years old; but no millionaire has attained that age.

The Penna Almanac is \$3,000,000 Home.

The Penna Lucky Day Almanac has become a fixture in over eight million homes. It can be obtained from all druggists free. Be sure to acquire early. The 1905 Almanac is already published, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Do not put it off. Get one to-day.

The vanity of mankind is enough to lam them, even if they were angels in every other respect.

It doesn't pay to hate anybody. If you can't love or respect a fellow critter, pity him and let him went.

About the only advantage an idle man has over a dead one is in the funeral expenses.

We use Pile's Cure for Consumption in preference to any other cough medicine. —Mrs. B. E. Ender, 412 F street, Washington, D. C., May 20, 1901.

What a man is willing to buy he is willing to sell. This accounts for the vast amount of corruption in the political market.

There is lots of people in this world who take a joke just as children do kaster ills, because they can't help it.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year. THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE. Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP. BEST FOR THE BOWELS.