

STORY OF A POTATO.



M. LLE. AGLAE, a milliner by trade, was sitting one fine Sunday morning by the open window peeling potatoes.

Through her fingers, dropped over the edge of the window sill and disappeared into space. It fell with a bang upon a gentleman who was passing beneath, and made a deep dent in his elegant silk hat.

It took him but two seconds to reach the landing on the second floor, when a door suddenly opened and a person rushed out in a great hurry and fell heavily into his arms.

The two men eyed each other for a moment with angry and astonished looks, ready to abuse each other, when both simultaneously uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Anatole!" "Edgar!" Anatole Bandruche and Edgar Pritchton were two old college chums. They had not met since the day when they took their bachelor of arts degree together twelve years before.

"Not by any means! I'm going to charge the clumsy devil with his crime—try to make him pay for a new hat."

"Well, so far as that is concerned, you might as well tackle a corpse."

"And why, if you please?" "Because old Bidoche is an old hedgehog who will kick you downstairs, even if he opens the door for you at all."

"Old Bidoche?" "Yes, the man you are after, for it can be no other than he. All the tenants in the building are always having trouble with him. One might think that he made a point of being as disagreeable to everyone as he possibly can."

"Then do you live in this house?" "No, but an aunt of mine does, and scarcely a day passes without her having a scrap with old Bidoche. If you will allow me I will go up with you; two heads are better than one in a matter like this."

So Edgar and Anatole went up three flights together, and stopped outside a door through which came softly the sounds of a melodious musical instrument.

"This is the room," said Edgar. "He's practicing on his bassoon."

to into the street she was overcome with fear. She hurriedly shut the window so that in case there had been an accident no one would suspect her.

Then she sat down and quietly waited the turn of events. What, then, was her terror when she heard steps coming up her stairs—the steps of men, of two men, heavy and loud.

"They're policemen," she thought, and at the thought her little heart began to beat more quickly, while cold perspiration broke out on her pretty white shoulders.

But just when she expected to hear the men's cruel fists knocking at the door of her little room her face suddenly resumed its calm and peaceful expression.

Still she was afraid to move for some time, fearing, with logical mind, that when the policemen found that the tenants next door were innocent they would come in and accuse her.

After some moments, however, she gained enough courage to conceal the basket of potatoes, which must otherwise have appeared so much against her, and forced herself to put on an innocent expression with which to meet the police.

After waiting a little longer and hearing no noise of steps, but only the bassoon, she became completely reassured.

In order to make assurance doubly sure, she opened her cupboard, and taking out the milk jar, opened the door quietly and crept down the stairs to get four sou's worth of milk from the dairy at the corner.

In this way she hoped to make an alibi, and her case would be too strong for the slightest suspicion. Besides, she wanted some milk to boil her potatoes in, and it was her intention to put in a cauliflower as well.

So she bought her four sou's worth of milk and started on the return journey with her spirit at rest and her milk bottle carefully held in front of her. Suddenly she felt a violent blow on her fingers, and at the same moment her hands, her bare arms, her corsage, face, hair and mouth were covered with milk.

It was the potato that had slipped from Anatole's hand and had landed with remarkable precision right in the mouth of the milk jar.

"Oh, mamma," cried Aglae in despair, "what has happened? Who has done this?" And she ran up the staircase, only to run plump into the hands of Anatole.

Anatole, as a matter of fact, when he saw the potato flying downward, remembered the police ordinance against throwing things out of the window after 10, a. m., and decided to leave Molequin as soon as it was at once possible and possible. He shook Edgar, who had fallen asleep, and, after promising Molequin to return next day and take lessons from him, and hurried hither-skipper out of the door, the bassoonist accompanying him as far as the door.

At the moment when the door opened Aglae was coming up the stairs four steps at a time. Aglae and Anatole found each other face to face. Aglae with her face and hair running with milk and Anatole with his silk hat all smashed in on his head.

BOOTH IN HIDING.

One Man's Life Hung by a Very Slender Thread.

The spot to which Captain Cox led the assassins was an old tobacco-bed covered with broom-edges in a dense thicket of young pines, which was set near any roadway.

Thomas A. Jones, a foster-brother of Captain Cox, and who had been his overseer, lived within half a mile of the Potomac, on a place called "Huckleberry"; and as he had been regularly engaged in conveying spies and blockade-runners surreptitiously across the Potomac, Cox sent for him and placed Booth and Herold in his charge.

Jones daily brought food covered with corn in a basket to the fugitives and called lustily to his hogs as he paid his visits. Each day he found Booth suffering much from his leg, and usually on the ground, rolled in his blanket.

On the third or fourth day after Booth reached the pines it was decided to dispose of their horses, which had become restless from lack of food and proper stabling, as it was feared that their neighing would betray them.

Accordingly Herold and Frankan A. Roby, Capt. Cox's overseer, at that time, led the horses about two miles distant into Zekiah swamp, where it makes a junction with Clarke's Run, and here they were shot. As the place was boggy, the bodies of the dead horses disappeared from view in the course of a week, and were never seen afterward.

The carcasses of these animals, however, came near betraying Captain Cox. A large troop of colored cavalrymen came to his residence for the purpose of securing information as to the route taken by the assassins after they left Rich Hill.

On the general direction of their course early Sunday morning, which was toward Zekiah Swamp. The troopers started for the swamp, and Captain Cox and his son retired to a knoll about one-fourth of a mile in the rear of his house, which commanded an extensive view of the entrance to the swamp in the valley below.

They could easily see the buzzards hovering over the spot where the horses had been killed a few days before, their bodies not having yet sunk in the bog. Captain Cox and his son anxiously watched the cavalrymen approach the swamp. Would they or would they not enter behind the dead horses? Captain Cox nervously questioned, "My son," said he, "if those men enter below the spot where the bodies of the horses are, I shall hang for it."

The colored cavalry entered but a short distance above where the horses lay, and deploying at intervals of fifty feet, beat the swamp from Captain Cox's to Dr. Mudd's, nearly fifteen miles.

Editors and Preachers. The fact that journalists differ among themselves and from the preachers on religion and social questions should not surprise anybody who knows how much the preachers differ themselves on the same question.

Know What They Were After. A millinery establishment at Springfield, Ill., was looted the other night last year's styles were not touched, but everything new was taken.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS. A red-hot iron will soften old putty so that it can be easily removed. Green tea will revive rusty black lace and render it as good as new.

lacrated that his throat constantly grew worse. First he could manage to squeeze some liquid refreshments down his parched throat, mingling them with a few light solids.

HE EATS WITHOUT IT.

JOHN GOETSCH FEEDS STOMACH MINUS AESOPHAGUS.

He Mastheated, Then Shows—Tessera of Part of His Throat Eaten Away by Lye, So That Not Even Water Could Pass.



PHYSICIANS of Omaha reckon it worth going some distance to observe John Goetsch eat his dinner. Goetsch is a patient in a local hospital, and he has a way of his own of eating, which is not less remarkable than unique.

Goetsch, by the aid of physicians, established an artificial connection between his mouth and his stomach, and all the food he masticates reaches its proper destination without the necessity of swallowing it, as ordinary people have to do.

Goetsch's trouble is with the lower portion of his esophagus, which has grown tightly shut, and absolutely refuses to perform the duties of an ordinary esophagus. The difficulty started several years ago at Scribner, Neb., where he was a farmer, grown weary of life, and while in a demoralized condition he attempted to end his troubles by swallowing a box of concentrated lye.

The lye did not operate as Goetsch expected. The tissues were so eaten away and

best judge of their former magnificence. One of them has been cut down by men. It was no easy task. It took twenty-five men five days to even sever the trunk. In this work the axe was of no value, but long ship augers were used. Holes were bored and the filaments of wood between the holes were cut away.

The great trunk, ninety feet in circumference, was smoothed off and a pavilion erected on the top. The amount of wood contained in this tree has been estimated at 500,000 cubic feet, and the rings of the trunk showed it to be more than 3,000 years old.

Another great group is in the county of Mariposa, near and above Yosemite Valley. It is in a depression in the mountains, but at a height of 8,000 feet above sea level. They are like the ones just mentioned, in the midst of pines, spruces and cedars.

It is a pleasure to Americans to know that the government has taken measures to preserve these splendid forests from the hands of the vandals, that they may be the wonder of future generations as well as of this.—Farmers' Review, Chicago.

Montmartre would be quite perceptible. —Westminster Gazette.

A Shot at the Clergy. Policeman X of West 65th street has this shot at a reverend gentleman. He says that recently he heard a clergyman preaching on the value of truth and the thought passed through his mind that there was no one more than a policeman who required to constantly bear this lesson in mind, because the temptations to give false evidence are so great, inasmuch as a policeman's word is taken for gospel.

And then Policeman X — goes on to make a very unpleasant remark. He says that the reverend gentlemen are occupied in looking after persons in their own social position and do not care about any that are below it.—New York Mercury.

Wants to Build an Immense Globe. "Large maps" may be the Lord Salisbury has been recently reminding us by exceedingly desirable for certain purposes but in the opinion of M. Elisee Reclus the need for large globes is even more urgent.

At the close of the game halve your winnings and multiply your losses in discussing how you stand. All good players do it.

Never pay any hold-over debts at the beginning of a new game. Mercenary men have been known to accept money so offered and refuse to play.

When luck is against you call for a new pack, grumble and claim more trouble than ever mortal had before.

When you are winning look at your watch all the time with the remark: "I've got to go pretty soon." Go when you get good and ready.

By following these instructions you will show an intimate knowledge of the game, even if you do not win.

BLACK DIAMONDS. Brazil Exports More Diamonds Than Any Other Country.

Although the greatest diamond mines in the world are in South Africa, Brazil exports more diamonds to that part than anywhere else on earth, says a London paper. The explanation is easy. They are black diamonds and not of the kind used for jewelry.

Black diamond is the hardest substance known. Its utility has not only been realized for about twenty years, and improvements are constantly being made in it. The rough stones are taken and split by machinery in a way that was unknown until recently.

Black diamonds weigh ordinarily less than 100 carats, ranging all the way down to half a carat. The largest in existence was found only a short time ago. Its weight being 329 carats. The diamond was sold to a museum for \$,600 pounds.

LABOR TROUBLES. It was the Divine will that the relations between employer and employed should be softened and ameliorated by mutual kindness between the parties.

MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS. Terpet: "Hear about Medders' Josin' his wife?" Halocde: "Yes, and it's too bad, after havin' had to winter her."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A.: "I knew your father, the old soap boiler, very well." Parvenue: "Ah, yes; soap boiling was one of his hobbies."—Taglicher Anzeiger.

The policeman: "Hi! there, you dago, let up on the nagur. Wot's he been a-doin'?" The Italian: "Lemme alone! I heka de nig. He one Abyssin. His people killa my countrymen. I avacale Viva Italia!"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Mrs. A.: "I am surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do?" Mrs. B.: "The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of 1,009 years."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The poor woman's husband had died, and a couple of neighbors called to offer their sympathy, finding the newly made widow at the dinner table. "Ah," said the widow, "I have been weeping since 4 o'clock this morning, and as soon as I have eaten my dinner I am going to begin again!"—Fleegende Blaetter.

Garrulous boarder: "For ten years my habits were as regular as clock-work. I rose at the stroke of 6; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at 7 I was at work, dined at 12, ate at 6 and was in bed at 9:30; ate only hearty food and wasn't ill a single day." Sarcastic boarder: "Dear me! And what were you in for?" (Awful silence.)—Pick-Me-Up.

Mr. Huggins and Miss Dimple had been discussing marriage in an impersonal manner, when the young lady announced her preference in this way: "The man I marry must be handsome, talented, amiable, courageous, and without a fault of any sort whatever."

SURE-TO-WIN POKER HINTS.

Suggestions for Success, Which is Sure to Follow if the Player Survives. The whole object of poker is to save your own money and to secure some one else's. Win cash and lose on credit is a good general rule, says the New York World.

Therefore, buy only one-half as many chips as you think you will need. When they are gone, owe! Ante only when you are reminded of it. You'll make a chip or two in an evening by following this advice.

If any one hes to owe for chips make sure that you're the first to do so. Then bet against the ready-money players. Get a look at the bottom card if you can. It may alter your draw materially.

Always "salt away" checks in your pockets. No one then can tell how you stand and you can be "sly" from time to time.

Watch the discards carefully but use them sparingly. Excess in these luxuries may hurt trouble.

Sell your chips while you have plenty of them but only for cash. If there is a kitty take a few extra cigars. If you don't smoke yourself "there are others."

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When luck is against you call for a new pack, grumble and claim more trouble than ever mortal had before.

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"MONSIEUR, YOU ARE A FOOL," the floor, the door opened and there, framed in the doorway, stood a little old man, with benevolent smiling face and a large-sized bassoon resting across one arm.

"What do the gentlemen desire?" asked the little old man. "M. Bidoche," replied Edgar.

"Yes, the wretched Bidoche," added Anatole, shaking his ruined hat in one hand and with the other placing the potato on the top of the musician's case.

"M. Bidoche?" replied the old man politely. "I do not know him. I never heard of him."

"What's that? What's that?" cried Edgar. "Are you trying to deceive us?" "Not at all," answered the old man quietly. "There must be some mistake somewhere. My name is Molequin. I am the sole basso in the orchestra of the Theater des Gobelins, and I moved in this morning."

"None the less, monsieur, I repeat you should go to a hatter. There is my brother, who is in the hatter business at Rue des Martyrs."

"Would you like very much to have me go to breakfast in a restaurant with you? En bien, mademoiselle, I shall go to your brother's with my hat only on condition that you come with me to a restaurant for breakfast."

"En bien, monsieur, I shall go with you to a restaurant only on condition that you take your hat to my brother's."

"And I," cried Molequin, who had been attracted by the discussion, but who had said nothing, "and I shall never forgive you for having interrupted my studies unless you will accept a box tonight for the Theater des Gobelins."

"We accept," cried Edgar in his turn. Molequin went back to his room, and the three young people went downstairs.

The breakfast was delicious and the afternoon passed with the rapidity of lightning. The dinner—for one must have dinner—was also very good, and the evening was spent pleasantly at the Theater des Gobelins.

After the performance Molequin joined the three others and the four went to drink beer at the nearest cafe.

In a word this story, though Parisian, ended in a marriage.

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