

A TRAMP AND HIS PAL

THE TRAIL THAT ONE MADE TO GUIDE THE OTHER.

It Enabled "Appetite Bill," After His Term in Jail Was Done, to Unerringly Follow His Partner From Cincinnati to Houston.

"We have a good many tramps up in our part of the country," said a sugar planter, "and I've made something of a study of their peculiarities. The old idea that they carve marks and signs on fences that can be read by all other members of the fraternity is pure nonsense, of course, but I have known several instances in which one tramp would leave a trail, so to speak, for the guidance of a partner who might not put in an appearance for months. "The first case of that kind I ever encountered was rather amusing. I was riding, one spring day, down a road that passes through my place, when I noticed a typical hobo industriously carving a sort of hieroglyphic on a big post standing near the fence. The mark consisted of a square and triangle side by side, and he was just putting on the finishing touches as I arrived. "My curiosity was at once aroused, and I determined to find out if possible exactly what the thing meant, so I proceeded to collar the fellow, and after a little vigorous bluffing he told me he was putting up directions for his partner, who would be along some time in the fall. He assured me that the marks meant nothing in particular, except that he had passed and was going in the direction of the point of the triangle. "His partner, according to the story which I dragged out of him piecemeal, was doing a six months' jail sentence for slugging a policeman in Cincinnati and when he got out on Sept. 1 would strike south, following a trail of carvings on water tanks, depots, barns and fenceposts. When the first tramp struck a good place to loaf, he proposed to stop and wait for the other to catch up. "What's your partner's name?" I asked. "It's by rights William Sparks," said the hobo, "but everybody calls him 'Appetite Bill' on account of his always being hungry. He carries a sack to pack grub in and has red whiskers and a funny looking wart on one side of his nose. "I was satisfied from my prisoner's manner that he was telling me the truth, so I took him up to the house, gave him a good dinner and sent him on his way rejoicing. "Now for the sequel," continued the planter. "One afternoon in the fall I was driving home from the station when I passed a very dilapidated hobo with red stubble on his chin and a gunny sack under his arm, and some instinct told me that Mr. Sparks, alias 'Appetite Bill,' had at last arrived. He seemed to be looking for landmarks, and when he reached the big post I saw him stop, scrutinize the carving and then start off with a new and confident step. That settled it, and I drove ahead and intercepted him at the house, half a mile farther on. "Hello, Bill!" I said. "How's your appetite this evening?" "Appetite?" he stammered and gave such a violent start that he dropped his gunny sack. "Why, yes," said I. "Perhaps they didn't feed you very well at Cincinnati." "At the word Cincinnati he turned livid and glared around with such evident intention of bolting that I made haste to explain. "Don't be alarmed," I said. "I met your side partner a few months ago, and he told me to look out for you." It took me some time to dissipate Bill's suspicions, but when I finally succeeded in convincing him that it was all right he told me a most interesting story of his journey across the country. "A professional hobo will follow the track of another hobo with an accuracy that is curiously suggestive of woodcraft. All the way down from Cincinnati Bill had never once lost the trail, and before he left I gave him an addressed postal card and got him to promise me he would put it in the mail at whatever point he caught up with his partner. Less than a month later I received the card, bearing a Houston (Tex.) date mark; so I presume it was there they met. "Both of these tramps could read and write, and I asked Sparks particularly why his friend didn't use some brief message in place of the hieroglyph. He replied that it would attract too much attention, and other hoboes would be likely to add misleading words, while the little square and triangle passed unnoticed. "Since then I have encountered two other nearly similar cases, in each of which a tramp was leaving a cipher trail for a crony to follow when he got out of jail, and I infer that the practice is tolerably common. At any rate it is a curious feature of tramp life which I have never seen mentioned in any of the numerous papers and magazine articles that have appeared on the subject during recent years."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A CONFIDENTIAL CASE.

It Brought Out an Honest Confession About a Stolen Hog.

"It has long been a matter of argument," said the old lawyer, who was in a reminiscent mood, "whether a lawyer should defend a man that he knows to be guilty. There is an argument on both sides, and I do not suppose it will ever be settled to the satisfaction of all. "A good many years ago I had a case that set me to thinking, and I haven't yet determined what my duty was in the matter. At that time I had a small practice in a little town in the western part of the state. Upon my return to the town one day, after having been away a few days on a matter of business, I was called upon to defend a worthless character who had been arrested for hog stealing. "At that time every one kept at least one hog to be killed in the fall and salted down for use in the winter. One of my neighbors had butchered a hog a few days before, and the party that I was called upon to defend had been charged with theft of it. "The case was about to be called when I arrived, and I asked for a little time in which to consult with my client. This was granted, and taking him to one side I said: "Now, see here, the best thing that you can do is to make a clean breast of the affair to me, and then I will know just where I stand. Whatever you may confess to me I will treat as sacredly confidential, and I will do my best to clear you." "I didn't steal his hog," protested the prisoner. "Then where did you get the carcass that was found in your possession?" I demanded. "From your back porch, boss," he answered with a grin. "Then I remembered that just before going away I had left orders to have my hog killed, and I could only gasp. However, I went to work and cleared my client of the charge he was under and took the carcass of my own hog as payment for services rendered, but I had hard work treating what he told me as sacred and confidential."—Detroit Free Press.

ELASTIC APPOINTMENTS.

Original Way in Which an M. C. Pleases His Constituents.

A noted M. C., familiarly known as Joe, is one of the thirteenth men in congress, and the patronage at his disposal is made to do effective work in his home district. Not long ago he requested of a certain chief in the interior department an appointment as laborer for one of his constituents. The request was promptly complied with, but, much to the surprise of the chief, as promptly declined. The member was sent for. "What does this mean?" demanded the official. "The man you were so urgent to have named as a laborer declines the position." "Yes, I know," replied the M. C. "I advised him to." "You advised him to," echoed the chief. "What was the matter? I gave you exactly what you asked for, didn't I?" "Yes," responded Joe. "I have no fault to find with the appointment. The case is like this: My constituents follow me down to Washington hoping to get soft berths in the government service. There are a dozen here now and 'ot places enough to go around. I secure the appointment for one, he asks my advice, and I tell him to decline; his job at home is better, so he goes back satisfied. I appoint another. He declines at my advice, but he has been paid, he is flattered and content, and so on through the list. You see, a man learns a thing or two after 20 years in Washington, and I have learned to make one appointment do for a dozen supporters."—Saturday Evening Post.

Holding the Ladder.

A workman in Cooper institute, having occasion to ascend a ladder to do some repairing in one of the public rooms, called to an old man whom he happened to see standing by watching him. "Here, old fellow, hold the ladder for me, won't you?" The "old fellow" started forward and held the ladder for the workman while he climbed up and did his work. "That unpretentious and willing old man," says The Independent, "was Peter Cooper." It was just like him. Peter Cooper's aim in life and in the beneficent institution founded by him might well be characterized by the words "holding the ladder." Thousands of rightly ambitious men and women owe the possibility of their advancement to Peter Cooper. He has held, and still holds, the ladder, and hundreds upon hundreds of successful and grateful climbers as they rise bless his memory. We cannot all build such piles as Cooper Union, but we can hold the ladder somewhere, somehow, for somebody.

Our First Emperor.

At the time when the war with Spain had been brought to a successful close a number of statesmen were discussing the future of the country over their cigars in Washington. At last one enthusiast exclaimed, addressing himself to the most prominent member of the group, "In my opinion we are drifting directly toward imperialism and you, sir, should be the first emperor." "Not if I know it," drawled the great man; "I am not fool enough to want to be the first emperor of a nation of such good shots."—Harper's Magazine.

Evidently.

Dasherly—It cost him \$1,000,000 to put his Chicago son-in-law on his feet. Flasherly—Dear me, but those Chicago people have large feet.—Kansas City Independent.

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When things are "the best" they become "the best selling." Abraham Hare, a leading druggist, of Belleville, O., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have handled in 20 years. You know why? Most diseases begin in disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, hence cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system. Puts new life and vigor into any weak, sickly, rundown man or woman. Price 50 cents. Sold by Kiesan Drug Co.

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The private and personal blessing one enjoys while taking Rocky Mountain Tea is wonderful. A great maker of human happiness. Ask your druggist. Works wonders while you sleep, brings bright eyes, red lips, lovely color. Rocky Mountain Tea makes people happy. 35 cents. Ask your druggist.

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Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements.

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Agents wanted for the best typewriter on the market.

the "Pittsburg Visible;" writing in sight at all times; exclusive territory given. Address, Bindley Hardware company, Pittsburg, Pa.

Leather Belting.

The average life of first class leather belting, running indoors and under ordinary conditions, is ten years. Belts subjected to acid fumes would last a much shorter time than that, and, on the other hand, in especially favoring circumstances a belt might last much longer. There was taken down in New York not long ago a leather belt that had been running 24 years. This, however, was something unusual.

As is the case with pretty much everything that is made and sold, leather belting may be bought secondhand, and secondhand belts coming into the market naturally enough through the substitution of belts of one width for those of another, and so on. Secondhand belts that have not been much used sell for not very much less than new belts. Their price decreases, of course, according to the wear to which they have been subjected. When a leather belt ceases to be useful as a belt, it is likely to be sold to be cut up into boot heels, what there is left of it after that going to the scrap heap.—New York Sun

His Useless Half Dime.

"It isn't safe to start out without a pocketful of pennies any more," remarked a member of the house the other day. "Yet I can remember that when I came down into this section of the country in army blue in 1863 a 5 cent piece was very small potatoes. We were camped awhile out there in Virginia, and my headquarters were in the big plantation home. A son of the house and myself became good friends, although he was 5 and I nearly 35. One day in lieu of the candy which I had forgotten to bring him from the nearby town I gave him a silver half dime. I had forgotten all about the incident, when some two weeks later he came into my room and, opening his hand, held out to me on his little pink palm the silver piece I had given him. 'Heh, Mr. Captain, you can have it back,' he said plaintively. 'It won't buy nuffin.'"—Washington Star.

Huskin's Generosity.

The late John Ruskin gave away a great deal of money during his life. Many years his annual income from his pen alone was \$30,000, but he lived on less than a tenth of that amount. Indeed, he used to say that a gentleman ought to be able to live on \$5 a day. If he could not, he deserved speedily to die.

A Way Out of It.

"A pretty lot of children you are for a minister to have!" exclaimed a West Side pastor whose children were misbehaving at the dinner table. "Then why don't you change your business, papa?" asked 4-year-old Nellie.—Chicago News.

A LUNATIC'S IMITATION.

It Lacked Finish and Got Himself and a Thief into Trouble.

A Paris correspondent tells an interesting story of how a shop thief was captured recently at the Bon Marche in circumstances that in all probability are unique. One of the private detectives in the pay of the establishment noticed a man who, with the most barefaced effrontery, was appropriating articles of every description. The individual indeed seemed to make little or no attempt to keep his operations secret. He simply walked from counter to counter and filled his pockets with whatever attracted his fancy. With the strangeness of the man's proceedings there was nothing to be done but to have him arrested, and he was given into custody. His indignation was extreme. He protested that it was most unjust that he should be interfered with in this way when other people who were behaving in exactly the same manner were left unmolested, and he pointed to a stout gentleman of most respectable appearance who he asserted had been laying his hands on all sorts of goods without resorting to the formality of paying for them. The policeman to whom he had been given in charge had been accustomed to listening to unconvincing explanations and took his prisoner to the station. A few minutes later the stout gentleman, also in the care of a policeman, arrived at the same destination. The detective, whose curiosity had been aroused, had watched the personage and had found it to be true that he was perpetrating theft after theft with the utmost dexterity.

After a short investigation he was recognized to be an expert and notorious shoplifter, whereas the prisoner first arrested proved to be a lunatic but recently discharged from an asylum, whose mania took the form of imitating any person who might happen to strike him. The professional thief was beside himself with rage at what he described as the bad luck of getting into trouble through the vagaries of a madman.

GLASS BULB BOMBS.

Scared the Man Who Used Them, but Vanquished the Burglar.

"Of all the outlandish weapons ever employed in a fight," said a business man of the south side, "I think I brought the most fantastic on record into play one night last week. My family is away on a visit at present, and I am keeping bachelor hall out at the house. On the night to which I refer I was aroused at about 3 a. m. by a noise somewhere in the region of the dining room, and, thinking I had shut up the dog there, I jumped up very foolishly and came down stairs in my nightclothes without so much as a pocketknife. "When I opened the dining room door, I was startled to see a big, rough looking man bending over the sideboard at the far end of the room, and after we had stood there en tableau for a moment the fellow made a rush at me. I leaped back into the hall and glared around for a weapon. On a table near by were a dozen incandescent light bulbs, which I had brought home to replace some that had burned out, and purely by instinct I grabbed one of them and threw it at the burglar. It hit the door casing close to his head and, to my amazement, exploded with a noise like a young lyddite shell. "I suppose it was a still greater surprise to the other fellow, for he let out a yell and broke for the rear, followed by a rapid fire bombardment of 16 candle power incandescents, which I continued to chuck at him as long as he remained in range. They smashed against the furniture with a series of crashes that alarmed the whole neighborhood, and I have been gathering up fragments of broken glass ever since. "The burglar must have thought I was chasing him with hand grenades. It was the first time I ever knew incandescents made such a row when they broke. An electrician tells me it is caused by the air rushing into the vacuum."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

House Work. Seems easy to a man, but there is a great deal of lifting and reaching to do; a great many trips up and down stairs to make in the course of day's house work. It's hard where a woman is well. For a woman suffering with some form of "female trouble" it is doubly torment. There are thousands of such women struggling along, day by day, in increasing misery. The back aches, the head aches, the nerves are unstrung. But the work must go on, dusting, sweeping, scrubbing must be done regardless of pain. And yet we wonder why a woman is tired and irritable, when she has nothing to do but take care of the house. Every day swells the long list of the thousands of women who have found a complete cure of their disease in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the periods, dries encrusting drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It quiets the nerves by feeding them. It gives vitality and vigor to the womanly organism. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," and it contains no opium, cocaine, or other narcotic. Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." If you want to experience the cure which other women have found in "Favorite Prescription," do not be deceived into accepting some so-called "just as good" remedy. "Improving Every Day." "For a number of months I suffered with female trouble," writes Miss Agnes McGowan, of 1235 Bank Street, Washington, D. C. "I tried various remedies, but none seemed to do me any permanent good. The doctors said it was the worst case of internal trouble they ever had. I decided to write to you for help. I received a very encouraging reply, and commenced treatment at once. I had not used your 'Favorite Prescription' a week before I began to feel better, and as I continued, my health gradually improved. It is improving every day." Cure constipation and its countless consequences, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure. A small pill, a small dose, and a sure cure.

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