

CHAPTER X .- Continued.

A temptation to enter assails Dick, but he laughs at the idea-what excuse could he have for seeking assistance? Because a man, or several men, walked by and looked up at the windows of the house in which he boards, he must, forsooth, imagine sledge-hammer blow. It smites the they mean him harm, and seek their astonished ruffian of the Paris fauarrest, when, truth to tell they may bourg on the side of the head and have been flirting with one of the seems actually to lift him off his feet. maids domiciled on the top floor.

He walks on. He has lost track of the two men slums of Paris. Around him tenements arise, from whose windows, in years gone by, has sounded the slogan of the Revolution, the war cry of the blood of aristocrats.

Interesting as this portion of the faubourg might be in the day time. one hardly cares to find himself alone though afraid of being seen by human ied. eyes. Terrible secrets the dens of lower Paris hide.

phere in this vile place.

own. With set teeth and determined mien the fellow is endeavoring to earn the fat reward held out as a tempting bait if he overcomes the American. Of course he counts without his

host. Dick has not his fist doubled up for nothing; he sees his opportunity has come and makes the most of it. As the electric fluid leaps from the clouds in a thunder storm, so that good right arm of his sends out a

He lands with a crash against the side of a building and from that minute conceives the greatest respect whom he followed so far and turns to for the muscular American, who has retrace his steps. For the first time tripped him up as neatly as ever a he notes the fact that he is in the swiftly careering ball did a ten-pin in the alley.

Barcelona has seen it all-he has tried conclusions with this man before, when Dick Denver came out of Commune. Here red-capped men and the encounter first best. Hence Bar-Amazons with streaming hair came celona has been well content to let forth from their lairs to form the his tool have the first show at their mobs that swept the streets of Paris intended victim. Had there been a and reddened the Seine with the dozen men with him foolish enough to long for an encounter with the Yankee of the strong arm, Tordas would be just as willing to let them experiment while he held himself in there at midnight. Shadowy figures reserve, ready to jump in when the flit hither and yon-they act as enemy had become somewhat wear-

His turn has come now, and he leaps forward to the battle. As Dick "Come, Dick, my boy, it's high time turns from sending that right hand you were getting out of this." he says. of his against the second fellow's His hand reaches for a cigar, as head he finds himself suddenly clasphe thinks the odor of one might be ed in the arms of the bull fighter-it a thousand times more agreeable is just such a hold as Barcelona has than that which permeates the atmos- long wished to get upon his old-time enemy, and as his hands meet behind "Just one left-lucky dog that I am. Dick's body he gives vent to a shout Now for a match, and then-bliss." of fierce delight, which, however, ends This, too, is forthcoming. He halts in a shriek, as fate gives him a cruel



to strike a light, and ignites his weed. | blow-fate, aided and abetted by Dick In doing so, his face is briefly illumin- Denver. ed. It is not the first time a man has been betrayed by such an act.

Dick Denvers hears an exclamation close beside him that makes his heart throb faster than its wont-he hears are powerless to beat the enemy off. his name pronounced in conjunction with a Mexican oath. Nevertheless he continues to finish the operation of lighting his cigar-it is only something of an extraordinary nature that intends to hug his enemy until the can upset this man's nerve.

When he has the weed well in hand he wheels and faces the speaker. It in one move. He raises his hand to is, indeed, Barcelona who has come upon him at this moment of all times: nor is the buil fighter alone, since his the end, and with great deliberation companion, the same whom Dick jams it into the eye of the athlete who tracked with such care, stands at his

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you." he asks, as pleasantly as he knows how. The companion of the Mexican

seems amazed. "Mon Dieu! how came he here. I could swear I saw him enter that house. He is Satan himself!" he ejaculates in astonishment.

"But you didn't see him come out; it is my opinion he has followed us here," growls Barcelona.

"Think, monsieur, it will be for nothing; we have taken all the risk for nothing. If I had known-"

"Silence, fool! Accept what the gods have given you. Here is our man: what is to hinder you from earning those napoleons right now?"

the point, understands all that is said. | an all-round wrestler and athlete his even if it is in French. He knows equal has never been known in Old there will probably be a little scene presently-a comedy, surely, perhaps | ing match. Barcelona is hardly in it. a tragedy, when these men attempt to do him an injury, for he is not the one to allow any liberties with his forward to meet him on the way, and person. No one would ever believe with all the power Dick's muscles are Dick Denver understood his life to capable of producing. The collision be in peril, judging from the cool is a fearful one. Barcelona goes over. manner in which he stands there looking at these men.

Truth to tell, one of his first acts stance he were a babe. has been to let his right hand drop back to the pocket where he generally in such a section unarmed: a score keeps a revolver, only to find it of ruffians may rally to the assistance empty. It flashes upon him that he of the Mexican desperado, and then took the weapon out and laid it on the the case will, indeed, be a hard one. mantel in the room after returning He scorns to run, but at the same

This leaves him without weapons. it is true, but not absolutely defenseless, for he has a pair of muscular arms that can send a blow straight from the shoulder with power enough to fell an ox-as Tordas Barcelona whether Dick would do this in any has had occasion to learn in times event is an open question.

aside. I am going down the street. ing after themselves. The first man and the man who dares to lay a fin- still crawls and rolls away from what ger on my shoulder will have to ac- he believes must be a dangerous cept the consequences. Move on, I neighborhood, while Barcelona has

steps forward a pace or two. This the flow of blood from his nose.

When Barcelona makes that fierce onslaught he manages to take Dick so much by surprise that the latter cannot get in his work; his arms and wearon he has none save such as nature gave him.

Barcelona has just begun to set his tremendous muscles, with which he latter turns black in the face, when the cool American checkmates his foe his mouth, takes out his cigar, which from constant puffing is fiery red at encircles him with hands like steel. Hence that shriek, that unclasping of the arms, the mad leap backward. Barcelona is amazed, tortured, be-

wildered, where he was certain of immediate victory he meets a terrible The pain of his eye rattles him, he

loses his presence of mind and forgets the resolve once taken never to invite an attack from the fists of the American ex-horse-tamer again. With a roar of rage and pash combined he rushes at his hated foe, rushes as though he were a hurricane from the West, and meant to annihilate all that dares to stand in his way.

In another instant he strikes a snag. Many a noble craft has been wrecked from the same cause, and history will ever repeat itself. Barcelona is a Dick hears, and, what is more to terrible man in the bull ring, and an Mexico, but when it comes to a box-Of course the snag he runs against is a hard-knuckled Yankee fist, driven strong man that he has always proven to be, as though in the present in-

Dick knows the folly of remaining time leaves the spot and walks quickly down the street, casting a glance over his shoulder now and then to make sure he is not being pursued. If such should prove to be the case it might | this gentleman in a discussion about be policy on his part to run, but

Fortunately his two enemies nav "Gentlemen, be kind enough to step enough to do just at present in lookdrawn out a huge red silk handker-While uttering these words Dick chief, with which he seeks to stanch

brings him on a direct line with the | In all his life he has never experimen, who separate, causing him to enced such a sudden reverse. The pass between. He likes not this idea: pain is maddening, and if he could it is almost impossible to watch both, only see where to run he would be but he has gone too far to back out after his enemy in hot haste, weapon now, and with a sudden movement in hand, eager to do murder, so that strives to get beyond the danger line. he avenged his wrongs; but the af-A hand shoots out it clutches his flicted eve into which the hot end I'd be losin' too much."

of the cigar went, is and of scaiding' tears: it affects the remaining orb, so that he cannot see two yards away, and can only dance and roar in impotent rage.

Dick soon places considerable distance between the enemy and himself. He chuckles inwardly as though amused at the outcome of the little adventure, and believes he is lucky to get off as easily as has been the case. Sauntering does not suit him now, he walks with a quick, firm step, and as he goes, wonders what Colonel Bob will say when he hears what a pretty mess he fell into-Colonel Bob, who declared he must be on hand when the meeting took place between these two inveterate foes.

Now it strikes Dick that there is an unusual excitement around him: people rush forward, shouts ring out. It is "fire!" they cry. He feels his pulse quicken-a fire engine dashes by. Dick is on the run now since he has discovered that the blaze is in the quarter where is located the house at which they put up.

Heavens! the glare seems just around the corner. Dick pushes a way through the gathering crowd, and then utters a cry of dismay, for flames are darting from the windows of the very house in which he left his comrade asleep.

## CHAPTER XI.

Through the Whirlwind of Fire. Dick's first feeling is one of horror. He has seen several fires in his day, where the inmates of the house were placed in extreme peril, some of them being burned to a crisp, and the recollection haunts him still.

What if his friend, who is generally sound sleeper should fail to be awakened until it is too late? To Dick's credit as a man be it said he has not a thought nor a worry for his portmanteau, and what it containsall these things can be replaced, but not so human life, which is precious. When Dick gains a point close to the house he finds himself gazing upon a scene that is horrifying, to say the least. The flames have entire

sheet of fire, and their grasp is death. Here and there at different windows human beings can be seen; they shriek and wave their hands in abject despair. Brave men are endeavoring to rescue them; some will be saved, but others must meet their fate which comes hurrying on wings

control of the flimsy structure—they

have already wrapped it in a winding

While Dick stands there, earnestly looking for his comrade, he hears an exclamation close beside him, while

hand clutches his arm. "Oh. Mr. Denver! thank Heaven you are safe!"

It is Pauline. (To be continued.)

Hatless Man Here to Stay.

"The hatless man is here to stay, said a hatter, "and his coming did not meet with the opposition that the

shirt waist man incurred. "All but the bald heads were hatless men last summer. At the seashore, among the mountains, automobiling, horseback, canoing, rowing, driving, walking, the young men were invariably hatless. Their faces were tanned and the sun had given a bright, coppery hue and a crisp quality to their hair.

"I know a half dozen undergraduates of Princeton who took a crosscountry walk of 200 miles in August without hats

"This new fashion has hurt the hat it my summer sales have been smaller ont sorts. This season has been one than ever before. Still, I don't grieve. I like the idea of going hatless. The fact is. I went hatless myself during my vacation.

"When the shirt waist man appeared everybody derided him. A hoot went up from one end of the country to the other. But the hatless man was received in silence, an approving silence."

No Use for Bargain Hunters.

Fred Sterry of the Palm Beach Power Boat association was talking about the high prices that motor boats and automobiles bring.

"For my part." he said, "I don't object to these high prices. The workman is worthy of his hire. Fine things, rare things, would not be fine and rare if they were cheap.

"I think the laborer is worthy of his hire and I incline to sympathize with a grocer's clerk whom I once knew in the west.

"This young man had a very unbusinesslike scorn for hagglers and bargainers. One day a woman entered the grocery and said:

"'What is the price of your cheapest butter?"

"'Eighteen cents a pound, ma'am, said the young man. 'Oh, that's certainly too dear, said the woman. 'Haven't you any-

thing cheaper?" "'Well,' said the young man, 'we have some soft soap at 6 cents a pound."

**Business Secret Divulged.** 

The character of the late William R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, was being discussed in a New York club.

"President Harper," said a millionaire, "was a happy and illuminating talker. He never lacked a story wherewith to bring out a point.

"He was describing once to me the aged butler of a merchant. The butler, he said, was naive and quaint. For a certain dinner party he was loaned to a neighbor and he said to the serving of the dinner:

"'Shall I press the champagne, sir? At home I have orders never to press

Unhappy. The chronic kicke: was complaining. Yes, he had a good job; the best he ever had. Hours were short, the

taskmaster was humane and the wages were big. "Then, what are you grumbling about?" demanded his friend. "'Bout the wages."

"Aren't they all right?" "Oh! I 'spose they're all right, but can't afford to take a day off."

"Can't afford to take a day off." "Nope; the wages are so blamed big TYPES OF TRADITIONAL IRISH MUSIC



## ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNIN

Points About St. Patrick. His baptismal name is said to have been Sucat.

Little is known of him. He was born at Nemthur. Nemthur, Scotbarton. He was born in

396 and died in 469. His father was the deacon of Calpurnius. In 411 Patrick was captured by the Picts and sold into Ireland as a

After six years he escaped this slavery and devoted himself to the conversion of Ireland.

Then he prepared for the priestgood, entering upon his mission about

It was in the year 441 that he was consecrated a bishop. Of his writings there were his con-

essions and an epistle. One prominent authority says that he only thing actually known of him s that he existed.

And not a word as to his greatest leed of effectually fixing matters so he sons of the Emerald Isle cannot see snakes!

A New York hostess sent invitaions out for a St. Patrick's cotillon, o come in Irish costume. When the white roses. nen arrive they will be given tall hats of bright green silk and shillelahs. The women will be given big bunches of shamrocks tied with flowing green ibbons. The music will be entirely rish airs and some very clever figires have been planned by the leader of the cotillon. One is an eviction figare, when one man occupies the cotage and the other men drive him out by pelting him with imitation rocksubber balls. The Irish jig figure, the Blarney stone, the jaunting car and other figures will be given.

The favors will be tiny silver pigs to hang on chains, shamrocks, canes business undeniably. On account of | of green glass, harps, relics of differwhen fancy dress and romps have characterized the cotillons and balls of the society folk. Japanese cotillons where costumes and favors were Japanese. Folly cotilions, where any sort of costume topped by folly cap and gether.

| bells were worn; country cotillons clown and any sort of bizarre dance. costume or favor have been the rage. -What to Eat.

St. Patrick's Day Card Party. A card party is always enjoyable. and the invitation for a card party land, is now Dum- given on St. Patrick's day might be illustrated in water color or line drawing, with pictures of toads, snakes, etc., jumping into the sea and swimming away.

The scheme for the house decoration should be in bright emerald green, and it is very effective and combines with white nicely. The Irish flag should be a prominent feature, and pots of shamrocks on each table would be very suitable.

The tally cards may be procured in the shape of a shamrock leaf or they could be decorated with water color sketches of Irish poetry, or could be miniature Irish flags. The prizes should be wrapped in green paper and tied with green ribbon.

Appropriate prizes would be Irish landscapes, framed in green; jewelry in emerald settings or in frog or snake designs: St. Patrick's candy boxes, or tiny ferneries with green growing plants.

The refreshment table may be dressed in a variety of ways. Either with white cloth and green decorations, or with green doilies laid right on the oak or mahogany. A gigantic ot of shamrocks in the center, and with low vases containing the green when the laugh is on himself. The blossoms of mignonette or maidenwarch 17. Each guest will be asked hair or asparagus ferns combined with

The following menu carries out the green effect most admirably: Fish Croquettes Served on Mounds of

Parsley.
Fresh Peas in Pattle Moulds.
Potato and Celery Salad Served on Lettuce Leaf with Green Mayonnaise.
Olive Sandwiches (tied with green rib-

bon.)

Small Cucumber Pickles.

Pistachio Ice Cream, Garnished with
Small Shamrocks Cut Out of Citron.

Green "Punch" Cakes in Green Paper
Cases.

There are playing cards with backs decorated with frogs or shamrocks; either would be appropriate. A novel way to determine the first

partners is to have two tally cards made in one piece. Cut this in the center, thus cutting the design. whether landscape or figure drawing, just in half. It is most interesting to see what funny combinations happen when the wrong haives are put to-

or in the dining room should wear

Irish costumes can be hired at the

costumer's. The stores are full of

bonbon boxes, clay pipes and Barney

The menu should carry out the

general scheme. Spinach or green

vegetable coloring will produce any

shade desired, and almond, pistachio

and vanilla added to creams and

cakes will produce variety, while mint

ices, bonbons and crystallized foliage

pots of imitation shamrocks.

FOR THE DAY'S CELEBRATION. | in the hair, and on the breast an Irish harp made of shirred ribbon with Entertainment That Can be Given gold tinsel strings. The maids who serve at the door

With Little Trouble. A clever entertainment for March is to celebrate St. Patrick's day with dainty white aprons and caps, each unique house affair, which can be crnamented with a green ribbon bow. arranged without much fuss and feath-The men can wear green ties and tiny ers or on as elaborate a scale as delrish flags in buttonholes, or typical sired.

A church or charity entertainment can reap a harvest by charging a small fee and additional for meals, or a larger one might include refreshments. s

Portieres and window draperies of emerald green cheese cloth or crepe paper will pay for the trouble, and the cloth can be utilized afterward in housekeeping uses. Irish flags should wave from every available space.

Oxalis can be used to simulate will add daintily to the feast. shamrock, and a pot enveloped in white crepe paper, tied with green, will be a dainty finish to the newel cost or table center. The green and white chains of paper, which one can buy at a novelty store, will come in in just enough to cover and simmer tandy to form a canopy in the dining until a straw will pierce it; drain and room for the table.

The reception committee, if for a large entertainment, can be costumed | cut into two pieces, and it is better to in harmony with the event, the wom- cut patterns from stiff paper, which en wearing white dresses, green belts lay on the citron shape.—The House and stocks, a perky bow or rosette keeper.

moaner rabbit," was the negro's com-

Laughter the Foe of Disease.

Dr. C. W. Brandenburg of the New

regularly prescribes humorous books

to a certain class of patients. When

he was a student in Ohio some thirty

vears ago he was a roommate with

ment.-Chicago Chronicle.

Small cup cakes or cookies iced with white can be decorated with citron shamrocks, hats and pipes. The darkest citron is used for this, and after cutting in thin slices lay wipe dry; then cut into shape with sharp scissors or knife. The hats are

Criticises Congressman's Attire. John M. Pattison, now governor of The attire of Congressman Murphy | that state. The latter, a law student of Missouri does not meet with the was ill and blue one night and the approval of the negro messenger who doctor says: "I read one of Mark stands guard over the private office of Twain's books to him and he laughed the first assistant postmaster general, himself well. Laughter is one of the Mr. Hitchcock. When Murphy came best, most natural forms of exercise to Washington from the Ozarks he I know of. The idea that side-splitwore a homespun suit. He is still ting laughter may retard the healing wearing it. One day he had some of wounds is, I am afraid, a trifle farpusiness with Mr. Hitchcock. "Hol' fetched. I really think that granulaon, boss, nobody but congress can go tion might be gently stimulated inin dar," said the messenger as Murphy stead. Of course, people have burst him significantly and tersely: "Bestarted into Mr. Hitchcock's office. their hearts by laughing, but the in. cause of his great depth." Murphy proceeded to explain, but the | stances were most exceptional." negro interrupted. "Ah kan't help it," Le declared. "Dem's my ohders." Politeness. Murphy showed his card and walked A school teacher wrote the followin, leaving the negro apologizing. He don't dress like a congressman no

ing sentence on the blackboard for the benefit of the young grammar class: "The horse and cow is in the lot."

She waited quite patiently for some one in the class to tell her what was wrong with the sentence. Finally little Sammy, in the back row, held his York Medical college declares that he hand.

"Well, Sammy, tell us what is wrong with the sentence." "Please, ma'am, you should put the lady first," was his reply.

WELL-KNOWN SCIENTIST DEAD. LAST OF FRENCH ARISTOGRACY.

Prof. Samuel P. Langley Succumbs to Attack of Paralysis.

Prof. Samuel P. Langley, secretary sion a civil engineer and architect. Several years ago Prof. Langley conducted a series of experiments with



propriations for flying machines came up incidently in the debate in the house while the army bill was under consideration. Considerable of the scientific work done by Prof. Langley nas related to the sun, its heat spectra and other sources of radiation and te accompanied some of the eclipse observation expeditions. Prof. Langey had been the secretary of the 3mithsonian institution since 1887. He was a member of scientific societies and his published writings include nore than 100 titles.

READING HIS OWN SENTIMENTS.

Good Reason Why Speech Pleased

Senator Morgan. Senator Morgan, the venerable statesman from Alabama, has that valuable sense of humor which ensor to enjoy a other evening, as he tells about it, he oicked up an old copy of the Congressional Record while at home and pening it at random began to read. 'Very soon," says the senator, "I became interested and as I proceeded said to myself, 'This man is making a very sensible talk.' I found myself quite in accord with his views and read along with a good deal of approval until I had finished two oages. I was wondering who could have made such a speech, but was Cafe Noir, with Whipped Cream, Tinted too much interested to look back to find out. But as I turned the page I came upon an interruption, and there was my own name given as the senator making the reply. It was my own speech I had been reading."

RECOGNIZES VALUE OF TIMBER.

Canada Is Preserving Old and Plant ing New Forests. While we permit the invasion of our national forest reserve by choppers who want the timber for copper smelters and while we are but half

awake to the iniquity of the land frauds that have taken over immense tracts of woodland from federal to private control, Canada is putting a limit to the deforestation of the Rockies and is encouraging the planting of trees all over the dominion. Canada has been quick to see the commercial value of her timber and is bestirring herself not only to preserve such as she has but to increase its area. Irrigation has been introduced suitable souvenirs, from Irish potato in Alberta, and on the plains, which are naturally treeless, planting has hats to Irish jaunting carts and tiny been undertaken with a measure of success.—Brooklyn Eagle.

> Twain's Felicitous Introduction. Mark Twain on one occasion introduced Senator Hawley of Connecticut to a political gathering in New York state. Mr. Clemens told the audience that they could bank on the senator's honesty, for although his back yard at Hartford adjoined that of Gen. Hawley he had never lost a single chicken and although he had closely watched the general as he passed the plate in the Asylum Hill Congregational church he had never seen him take one cent out of the plate. In closing he said: "Now, my friends, I have paid high tribute to Gen. Hawley, but I assure you not one word have I said of him that I would not say about myself."

> Simple and Sufficient Explanation. A Washington guide directed the attention of a party of sightseers to a small gray-haired man and said, affectionately: "There goes one of the greatest men in the country. That's Chief Justice Fuller." "Why, he has no stature whatever," whispered one of the ladies. "Nor weight," hastily rejoined another. "And I can't understand," observed a man in the group. "how he has managed to attain so great a height." The guide answered

Statesman Unduly Honored. Congressman Castor of Pennsylvania, who died the other day, was a tailor. When he was first elected a Philadelphia correspondent wanted to write a sketch about him. He asked a Philadelphian who Castor was. "Why," said the Philadelphian, "Castor is a 'britches' builder." Whereupon the correspondent wrote a glowing article about Representative Castor, "who," he said, "made his fortune and acquired much reputation as a builder of bridges."

Princes de Valment Claimed Distinc

tion on Her Deathbed. "The old French aristocracy dies of the Smithsonian institution and with me," cried the Princess de Valknown as a scientist throughout the mont on her deathbed. She was a world, died at Aiken, S. C., Feb. 27. bitter old soul who, born of a long Prof. Langley had a slight stroke of line of uncontaminated ancestors and paralysis on Nov. 22 which affected married to a poble of equally superhis right side. He was gradually re- fine strain, had, through her huscovering from this attack when on the band's death in financial difficulties, advice of his physician he went south to marry her five children to "abomto escape the more rigorous months inable persons" of high character, of February and March in Washing- but with the blight of trade or induston. Prof. Langley was 72 years old. try in their blood. Her last years His whole life had been devoted to were made mournful to her by this scientific work. Though by profes- pitiful descent, and just before her grandlos last utterance, looking with astronomy occupied most of his time. | a bitter smile at her children and grandchildren in tears round her deathbed, she broke silence in the a flying machine at Widewater, Va., following terrible reflection: "We on the Pontomac river, the results of have here," counting on her fingers, which were watched with widespread "representatives of carriage-making, interest. The experiments, however, wholesale grocery, confectionery, coal ended disastrously. It was a singular | mining and the stock exchange, and coincidence that on the day of Prof. all grafted on the old tree of the De Langley's death the question of ap- Valmonts."—New York Herald.

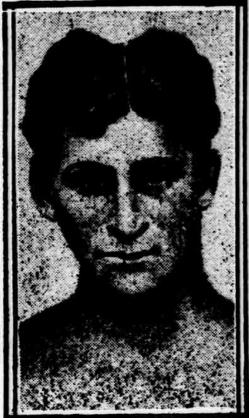
FAULT WAS LACK OF BOLDNESS.

French Military Authority Criticises

Russian Commanders. Gen. De Negrier, at one time commander-in-chief of the French army and a high authority on military matters, has been studying the history of the Russo-Japanese war and has published in a leading review an article in which his conclusions are embodied. They deserve the attention of those who are interested in the subject to which they relate. In Gen. De Negrier's opinion the great mistake to which more than any other influence their unbroken series of defeats is attributable was that of continually acting on the defensive. The French writer does not say so, but this is a criticism which applies with equal force to their operations both on sea and land.-Philadelphia In-

THEORIES IN TENNY'S DEATH. Boxer's Relatives Maintain That He

Was Poisoned. Three theories have been advanced in explanation of the death of Harry Tennebaum, better known as Tenny, the prize fighter, who died at San Francisco nine hours after a gruelling battle with Frankie Neil. The dead



man's relatives charge that he was poisoned; his trainers think he died of epilepsy, and that Autopsy Surgeon Kucich declared that death was due to hemorrhage of the brain, the

direct result of a blow or fall. Which of these theories is correct will require further time to determine. The stomach of the dead boy is in the hands of the city chemist.

One Use for Waterbury Watch. John Wesley Gaines, who has been called "the inventor of perpetual motion in conversation," went to Connecticut some time ago to deliver a speech. He made a hit with the citizens of the nutmeg state and they presented a Waterbury watch to him. Mr. Gaines was talking about it and wondering why they gave him a Waterbury instead of a gold watch. They had read about your habits, Gaines," said a republican friend, and they gave you that watch so that you would be kept so busy winding it up you would not have time to

make any speeches in the house."

Libel on State of Arkansas. C. E. Speer of Fort Smith says while the average Arkansas citizen is good-natured and slow to wrath, there is one story which is sure to make him fight. It is about the stranger who got off at a little Arkansas town and found a gathering of citizens of the place in the public square. "What's going on here?" he asked. 'Is it a fair or a celebration of some kind?" "Nope," said a resident, 'tain't that, but Judge Brown's son is 21 years old to-day and they are going to catch him and put some

clothes on him.—Chicago Chronicle. Should Cultivate a Mustache.

Because of his youthful appearance Congressman Dawes of Ohio has been victim of embarrassing circumstances more than once since his arrival in Washington. The other day he was struggling through a crowd which hung around the main entrance to the house when an assistant doorkeeper called to one of the attaches: "Say, stop that young fellow. Don't let him in there." Explanations followed and Mr. Dawes, looking five years younger than ever because of his blushing cheeks, hurried inside.

Helen Keller Needs Complete Rest. Helen Keller, whose career has been watched for a decade all over the civilized world, has broken down under the severe straft of her studies and her efforts since leaving college in behalf of the deaf and blind. The doctors say that it will possibly be months before she will be able again to undertake the work she has mapped out for herself in behalf of her fellow sufferers. It is said that she is now mentally alert and cheerful, but realizes the necessity for absolute resi