

Route No. 1.
Henry Leebinger has a new incubator.
Lombard Bros. are hauling grain to Columbus this week.
Fred Lamp visited at the home of Anton Hengler Sunday.
Frank Arai has a new windmill, Charlie and Adolph doing the work.
Joe Schumacher purchased a team of horses at the horse sale Monday.
There was a surprise party at the home of Adolph Mueller Friday night.
John Leebinger and Herman Giger cashed a force of teams hauling hogs Monday and Tuesday.
Otto Ewert, Edward Ahrens, Peter Hengler and Arthur Ahrens were hunting ducks last Sunday.
Miss Etta Moore of Omaha arrived last Saturday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Moore.

Route No. 4.
Ducks and geese are getting quite plentiful these days.
Mr. Newman, who has been on the sick list, is getting along nicely.
Farmers will start their spring work if the weather continues favorable.
Joe. Heston came down from Clear Water and will farm the M. Seibler place this year.
Adolph Schultz has moved on the old Murray place and will work for Joseph Poffel this summer.
A large crowd gathered at the home of John Podrasa Monday night and enjoyed an old fashioned dance.

J. A. Kilborn loaded his household goods and stock last Friday and left for Spalding, where he will farm this summer.
Robert Rupprecht moved on the Jos. Dieckman farm, on route No. 2, and August Harnes moved on the farm vacated by Mr. Rupprecht.
Workmen are repairing the house on the old Stevens place, vacated by J. A. Kilborn, and when it is completed will be occupied by Butler Bros.

There was a surprise party at the home of John Hilliard last Wednesday evening to remind Mrs. Hilliard that it was her fifty-second birthday. A good time was reported by all present.

Advertisements.
The following is a list of unclaimed mail matter in the post office at Columbus, Mo., for the period ending March 31, 1905. Letters: One E. Brown, W. N. Cole, Lester G. Johnson, Fred Thomsen, M. M. Postle, Miss Agnes Spence, Miss Maud Spencer, Miss Hilliard, Miss Mary, Miss Vina Fuller, Walter Kramm, Wick Knottel, Ralph Bingham. Parties calling for any of the above will please say "advertised."
CARL KRAMER, P. M.

Real Estate Transfers.
Becher, Hochberger & Chambers real estate agents, report the following real estate transfers filed for record in the office of the county clerk since our last report and up to and including March 2, 1905.
H B Robinson to Geo. G. Gatzert, south 1/2 lot 7, blk 6, m. k. 10, Columbia, wd. 2500 00
J W Oster to Fred S. Larson, lot 10, west 1/2 lot 11, blk 7, Smith's add to Columbia, wd. 1500 00
Elin H. Hillson to John Bush, blk 10, lot 4, blk 8, Gorman's add Columbia, wd. 850 00
P E McKillop to Fred H. Davis, part no. 25-26-27, wd. 7000 00
P E McKillop to Farm Land Co., et al no. 25-26-27, wd. 8000 00
P E McKillop to John Bush, blk 10, lot 12, blk 8, Gorman's add, Columbia, wd. 6250 00
P E McKillop to Farm Land Co., et al no. 1 and 2, blk 13, Leebinger's add to Humphrey, wd. 300 00
Herman G. Wegmeyer to Valtin Gehr, no. 25-26-27, wd. 2700 00
Valtin Gehr to Fred S. Larson, wd. no. 25-26-27, wd. 1000 00
E F Ewing to P E McKillop, lots 12, 13, 14, blk 8, Gorman's add, Columbia, wd. 10000 00
Hilo Bismark to P E McKillop, wd. no. 25-26-27, wd. 12700 00
By Leebinger to Fred S. Larson, wd. no. 12-13-14, wd. 10000 00
Ed Aher to P E McKillop, ad no. 2-20-19, wd. 6000 00
P E McKillop to H F Prang, same no. 6120 00
Edo Tober to John Bush, part lot 5, blk 13, G. M. Hill, Columbia, wd. 1 00
J H Warden to C K Warden, et al no. 24-25-26, qtd. 1 00
H W Landis to Louis Leebinger, wd. part no. 2-20-19, wd. 1 00
W J Leebinger to H W Landis, same no. 1 00
H F Leebinger to C K Hill, lot 1, blk 2, blk 10, Busher Place, Columbia, wd. 200 00
Wm Webster et al to Joan Welch, pt. 3-21-22, wd. 2000 00
Mary E Miller to Wm Warden et al, pt. 3-21-22, wd. no. 2-20-19, wd. 700 00
H B Robinson to Fred S. Larson, lot 1, blk 10, Columbia, wd. 125 00
H Hochberger to Geo. Stell, all blk 10, wd. 600 00
H B White to John Starck, lot 2, blk 10, Columbia, qtd. 15 00
A. H. Winkler to Mary A. Hill, lot 10, blk 10, Gorman's add Col., wd. 1 00
A H Winkler to L. K. Miller, lots 11 and 12, blk 10, Gorman's add. 1 00
Joe B. Paprocki to John Paprocki, wd. no. 12-13-14, wd. 2200 00
J B Hoffman to Wm King, wd. no. 14-15-16, wd. 1150 00
J B Hoffman to L. Dehn, et al wd. no. 14-15-16, wd. 1150 00
A. H. White to W. G. Ross, lot 5, blk 10, Columbia, wd. 1 00
H O Onda to John Onda, lot 7, blk 4, Highland Park, Columbia, wd. 100 00
J W King to Hy Hochberger, w 1/2 lot 1 and 2, blk 4, Busher Place, Col., wd. 1000 00
John Darrach to D. Hara, lots 3 and 4, blk 10, Columbia, wd. 2500 00
Adolph Gehr to Nick. Blason, no. 25-26-27, wd. 2000 00
Henrichs Woman to C A Rowman, pt. 3-21-22, qtd. 7000 00
C A Rowman to Otto Schmidt, pt. 2-21-22, wd. 6000 00
Wm. Heston to Mary A. Hill, lot 10, blk 10, Gorman's add Col., wd. 200 00
E B Hold to Hy Leebinger, pt. 10, H and 12-13-14, wd. 6000 00
John Held to A F Richard, wd. no. 24-25-26, qtd. 6000 00
Ed. Bismark to H. H. Bismark, wd. no. 25-26-27, qtd. 10 00
C L Gorman to L. Gorman ad 24-25-27 wd. 12000 00
M J Walker to J. Fisher Jr. wd. 27-28-29 wd. 12000 00
J W Right to Geo. Gatzert, no. 25-26-27, wd. 7200 00
D T Debbins to John Boyer, pt. 7 and 8 blk 10 Leebinger's add Humphrey wd. 1200 00
L Gehr to Wm. Albert et al wd. no. 25-26-27, wd. 6250 00
Geo. Heston to Fred. Abbigdon No. 24 25-26-27, wd. 1200 00
F F Duffy to I H Britton and Bro no. 25-26-27, wd. 6250 00
Alb. Lamp to Joe Hengler pt. 23-24-25 qtd. 1 00
J J Gullman et al to Joe Hengler pt. 23-24-25 qtd. 4000 00
Joe Hengler to Alb. Lamp No. 24 25-26-27, wd. 11000 00
H B Robinson to C E Sheldon 65 acres in Columbia township. 2500 00

LEFT HIM GUESSING

INSPECTOR HAD NO ANSWER TO CUB'S RETORT.

Inspector Relates How He Got Beautiful Setback from the Young Quartermaster of a Western Post.
"In an interchange of reports, friendly or for blood, one can nearly always find some sort of answer in rebuttal," said an army officer of the quartermaster's department, "but I got the finest flooring at a western post the other day you ever heard of."
"This cub in the quartermaster at the western post. Rather a classy young fellow, too, only eccentric. I suspect that what ails him is that he's a bit of a genius."
"About two years ago this young officer had a bad fit of sickness after his return from the Philippines, and it affected his head. In fact, he had to take sick leave for six months and go to an institution where people are treated for nervous prostration. At the end of his six months he was examined by a board of army surgeons, pronounced quite sane again—they gave him a certificate to that effect—and he was restored to duty in the quartermaster's department. He was assigned to duty at this western post."
"He isn't much of a bookkeeper, and his accounts got all picked up a while ago, and so after a lot of futile correspondence the quartermaster's department fired me off to straighten the cub's accounts out."
"When I finished the job of straightening his accounts I proceeded as per orders to read a little piece or two from the riot act to him."
"You've got to take a brace, son," I said, "or they'll be coming down on you like a thousand of bricks. They won't stand for another bunch of messed up accounts from you. You've got to get right down to it and keep these things straight if you lose a leg at the job."
"Well, he's a decent boy, and all that, but when he proceeded to give me an argument about this gentle little lecture I couldn't help but call him. His idea of it was that the quartermaster's department's established method of having post accounts kept was all wrong, too laborious, involved, complicated, and so on, and he said he'd like to have the job of revising the department's old-fashioned methods, as he called them. This particularly riled me."
"You're dreaming, youngster," I said to him. "Dreaming or daft."
"Then utterly forgetting that the young fellow had been out of his head in a sanitarium for quite a spell—of course I never would have made the remark if I'd remembered that—I added:
"Fact is, you're crazy as a loon."
"The whelp knew that I wouldn't have said that had I remembered about his experience, and so he gazed at me without a bit of resentment in his expression."
"Is that so?" he said to me. "All the same, I'm the only man on this reservation who has got a certificate that he is absolutely sane."
"I suppose that wasn't a hot one!" I took me right off my pins. There wasn't a word to be said in reply to that, and the only thing I could do was to slouch away and make for some quiet spot where I could think it over."

Deserved His Liberty.
The smartest lunatic who ever escaped from an English asylum seems to be a well-known Hadley man. Wearing a silk hat and a frock coat, he walked into a newspaper office in Hadley and, after writing a thrilling story of how to elude the vigilant attendants at the Staffordshire county asylum, asked the editor to publish it. According to his story he waited for a foggy night and then, after loosening the screws in his cell window, descended to the ground by a rope ladder. He then visited Stockport and the poor law officers to look over the lunacy law. After learning that a lunatic could not be apprehended after 14 days of liberation unless a fresh order should be made out against him, he gave himself up to unrestrained celebration of the new year. He explained in his story that the asylum system was too prisonlike and that it discouraged and displeased him.

Use for Laurel and Sunflower.
People who live in damp localities, particularly near undrained land, in France have discovered a simple remedy for damp situations. Successful experiments have shown that it is possible materially to improve the atmosphere in such neighborhoods by the planting of the laurel and the sunflower. The laurel gives off an abundance of ozone, while the sunflower is potent in destroying malarial conditions. These two, if planted on the most restricted scale in a garden or any ground close to the house, will be found speedily to increase the dryness and salubrity of the atmosphere.

Great Chilean Salt Deposits.
The salt deposits of Chile are the greatest in the world. The Salar Grande mine in the province of Tarapaca, about 60 miles south and east of Iquique, covers an area of 90,000 acres to the depth of 25 feet. This body of salt is nearly pure and contains more than 14,000,000,000 tons, or enough to supply the world's demands for many decades. There are several other deposits in the interior that cover two or three times the area of the above.

Tree Dentistry.
Many methods are being tried for the preservation of old and historical trees in the east, some of which are intensely interesting. On the estate of John J. Little, at Bala, Pa., is a very old sycamore, the trunk of which had become decayed. The cavity was filled with stone and cement and around its base was then built an outer stone wall, so arranged that the water would drain away from the trunk of the tree.—Popular Mechanic.

FAVORS REVIVAL OF PRUNELLA.

Young Woman Criticizes Material of the Present Day Shoes.

The young woman looked at her feet thoughtfully. "I wish," she said, "that some new material for making shoes could be invented or discovered. I should not like to have it made of wood pulp, because our feet are already too nearly wiped off the earth, but I wish it could be something besides the skins of animals. I don't like to think about all that killing. Besides, shoes aren't satisfactory any more. The old French kid that I wore when I was a child can scarcely be found nowadays. Dealers assure you that they are giving you French kid, but it proves to be something greatly inferior. Calfaik—which is now usually called 'matt kid' or 'gun metal kid,' wears well and looks well, but it is so porous that it makes the feet cold in winter and hot in summer—lets in the atmosphere, whatever its temperature may be, and makes the feet suffer from it. The material that is called vici kid is stiff, loses its shape quickly and cracks and peels in a very short time. I believe some kind of cloth could be invented which might serve. Our grandmothers used prunella. They had smaller and more shapely feet than we have, too."

Russian's "Presence of Mind."
Anecdote Illustrates Callousness of the Czar's Officials.
A grimly humorous anecdote is told by the distinguished patriot, Prince Serge Dmitriyevich Urosov, in his book entitled "Memoirs of a Russian Governor," a translation of which has just been introduced over here by the Harpers. Prince Urosov writes:
"One of my nearest collaborators in Bessarabia, von R—, the oldest councillor of the provincial administration, and a very kindly man, liked to tell sometimes of his presence of mind. Twenty years before he was called upon to present at the execution of a Jewish criminal. The condemned man hung the required number of minutes and was taken down from the gallows, when the physician was supposed to confirm his death. But it appeared that they had forgotten to cut off his long, thick beard, so the noose did not kill."
"Imagine yourself in my position," said Rohren; "the doctor told me, Jew would come back to life in five minutes. What was I to do? To hang him a second time I held to be impossible, and yet I had to execute the death sentence."
"But what did you do, then?" I asked, and received the memorable answer:
"I had him buried quickly before he regained consciousness."

Advice to Girls.
This bit of advice from an older woman may sound hard-headed, but most girls need it. "Never put anything in a letter that couldn't be published in a newspaper. No newspaper is going to publish your letters, of course, but that is a good rule to follow, nevertheless. A love missive that has grown cold is about the most foolish thing ever beheld by the eyes of man. One's first young love affairs seldom amount to much, anyway, and it's just as well to treat them as a joke. Of course, it's more fun when you are serious, but it's an excellent idea to show as much intelligence as possible. If it is vitally necessary to your heart's happiness to write dearie letters, or signatures, do so without beginning or signature so that if by chance they fall out of the young man's pocket your sentiments won't be advertised publicly."

Erie's Shamrock Grows in Seattle.
Among the many natural resources of the state of Washington new things are coming to light every day. No less wonderful than the fact that the botanical growth of the state is enriched with one more especially valuable acquisition, for to behold and behold the shamrock, the real thing, has been discovered within the limits of the city of Seattle.
Poor Pat, your claim and mine of relationship to the plant and monopoly of its nativity to our dearly beloved land, has been lost forever! But in surrendering our title of exclusive right to this brave little patriotic emblem of Ireland there still remains the one consolation that it was discovered growing here by a son of the soil who hails from near the beautiful Lakes of Killarney.—Seattle Times.

Rabbit That Could Swim.
William Zimmerman, a telegraph messenger of Dubois, Pa., recently demonstrated that a rabbit can swim when it must.
Zimmerman caught a rabbit on the island north of the Boulevard and brought it to the Pennsylvania freight depot. Br'er Rabbit made an especially lusty kick and escaped from Bill's enfolding arms, fleeing among the freight cars with Bill and several other youths in chase. Headed off on all sides the little creature dived between the wheels of a moving locomotive and with a flirt of his short tail jumped into Sandy creek, which he swam like a duck, and quickly disappeared toward his home in the bushes.

In the Present.
"And before I accepted him," Miss Pansy was saying, "I asked him if he would love me when I was old."
"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Bright, "why, if he proposed to you he had already proven that, hadn't he?"

His Difficulty.
"You wrong me," said Flooding Pote, "when you say I ain't willin' to work. I'm jee' dyin' to work."
"Then what's the trouble?"
"I'm too conscientious. Whenever I get a job I'm so anxious to fill it well that I gits stage fright."

Effort vs. Effect.
"He writes excellent verse."
"Why, he told me all of his efforts were serious."
"That's what makes them funny."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE BLAMED THE GOVERNMENT.

Unobliging Man Saw No Reason for Putting Himself Out.

"Say," remarked the post office clerk who was off duty, as he watched a friend affix two stamps to the corner of an envelope, "why don't you put those stamps on horizontally instead of vertically? Don't you know you would save a lot of work for us stampers if you put your stamps beside each other instead of under each other? We always have to make two strokes when canceling vertically pasted stamps by hand, and they don't work well through the stamping machine either."
"Is that so?" queried his friend, as he took another envelope and proceeded to affix two stamps to it in a vertical position. "Then, by the great horns spoon, why doesn't the government sell its stamps in horizontal lines? Look at these. Here I bought 25 cents' worth of two-cent stamps and they come to me in vertical lines. If I buy five twos I get them attached one to the bottom of the other. Do you think I'm going to the trouble of tearing each stamp off just to please a government clerk by pasting them side by side? Guess again."

Ancient and Modern Fiction.
Really Little Difference in the Methods of Writers.
The historian Froeman once said: "I never let a man die at the end of a chapter." The modern serial, or continued story, exemplifies a like theory of pausing at the very brink of an absorbing event. We consider a year-long serial one of considerable length; yet in France, in 1810, the first two parts of the Astree, one of the most celebrated Gallic novels, were published four or five years before the third part, and several more in advance of the fourth and fifth parts.
About the same time flourished Mlle. de Scudery, memorable as the author of the first romance of any note written by a woman. She composed and published by installments novels of a length unknown to the readers of today. Every story was originally issued in batches of small octavos, sometimes running to a score or so. She has been described as "the most pitiless writer of fiction that the world has ever known."
The same Seventeenth Century, says Harper's Weekly, illustrates, again, the willingness of French writers to abide their time. The poet Malherbe wished to console a friend on the death of his wife. By the time the poem was finished, the gentleman had been consoled, remarried, and was himself dead!

Oriental Toy Fish.
William H. Heimback of Allentown, Pa., an expert breeder of fancy fish, has recently sold a lot of Japanese fringetails and some Chinese fantails for \$10 each. Several of the fringetails, with bodies less than three inches long, have tails four inches long. The parent stock was imported from the orient, but Mr. Heimback has succeeded in raising about 500 of the fish in an elaborate hatchery he built adjoining his home. The tad, in addition to being expensive, requires infinite patience and care. The fish must be kept and bred in still water, which is supplied with oxygen by means of old plants prepared chiefly from China. The breeding of these top fish, of which single specimens are worth from \$5 to \$10, is said to be the acme of piscatorial culture. A well stocked five gallon aquarium is worth about \$150.

Their Favorite Mottos.
Many well-known men have favorite mottoes which they endeavor to live up to, and, curiously enough, some of them are particularly applicable to their professions. "Speech is silver, silence is golden," is the maxim which Sir George Lewis, the famous lawyer, always bears in mind. "Tell the truth and shame the devil" is Mr. Labouchere's very appropriate motto; while Sir John Fisher adopts the significant words: "The frontiers of England are the coasts of the enemy." John Buras is very fond of the saying: "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion;" while the British premier gives the text of St. Paul as his motto: "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient."

A True Friend.
A true friend will tell one his faults, is a saying we often hear, but a true friend, if he is wise in the knowledge of human nature, will tell his virtues. The fact is that in this busy world of ours, with its keen struggle and sharp competition, we are pretty apt to be told our faults by those who are not our friends, and to be brought face to face with our mistakes and failures so often that we sometimes lose hope and courage. Whoever has a word of honest praise for another, world as it is, holds something which is that other's due, and hasten to pay it. The word of blame may be a goal, but the word of hearty commendation will be "something to live up to" through many a trying hour.—The Parish Visitor.

Famous Beauty a Woodcarver.
Lady Colebrooke, famous alike for her beauty, accomplishments and skill as a political hostess, possesses a wonderfully complete carpenter and woodcarving shop at Abington, Lanarkshire. Here she has not only turned out some clever pieces of work but has also taught some of the village girls on her husband's estate how to fashion wood with hammer and chisel. Lady Colebrooke is a clever sculptor, too.

As Times Change.
"Politics is getting to be wonderful interesting," said the observer.
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is mighty interesting. 'But between you and me it isn't near as much of an investment as it used to be.'"

Just a Hint.
Miss Elderly—I painted this portrait of myself some weeks ago and—Collings (looking at the picture of a young girl)—What a good memory you have!—Transatlantic Tales.

READY WITH ADVICE

Words of Wisdom from the Soured One.

Gentleman Temporarily Off the Water Wagon Referred Disparagingly to Object Which Offended His Sense of Beauty.
There entered a downtown barber shop, a day or two ago, a man who had climbed down from the water wagon to make room for those who desired seats.
He came in and looked about him generally. The boy came up to him to take his coat and hat, but he continued to just look about him and size things up. He wore good clothes, and the eight-day growth on his countenance didn't harmonize, but if he wanted a shave he didn't seem in any rush about it. He just looked around.
In the third chair was a man with one of those big beaky, drooping walrus mustaches. That mustache seemed to catch the eye of the soured one. He walked over to get a better look at it.
"Why d'ntch cut it off?" he inquired of the barber. Then he put a similar query to the man in the chair. "Why don't you have him chop it off, so you'll look like somebody?" he suggested.
The man in the chair looked around at him: "What are you talkin' about?" he asked.
"You know very well what I'm talkin' about," says the soured one. "I'm talkin' about that wild grass. Why don't you have the man go over it with his scythe?"
The barber was disposed to be good natured with the visitor, as he seemed harmless enough, and probably came in to get work done. Therefore he made no effort to chase him away.
The stranger went on to observe: "It wouldn't take a minute for the man to clip it off."
"Say, what are you talking about?" demanded the one in the chair again. "What do you want with such a thing anyway?" went on the other one irreverently.
The man in the chair merely gave him a look of disgust, but the other one kept right on: "I'll pay the man to clip it off for you if you want me to."
The owner of the mustache demanded once more: "Say, fellow, what are you getting at, anyway?"
"Aw," snapped the pickled one, "you think I don't know what it is, eh? I know what it is all right, if I want to tell. It's a mustache, that's what it is. Why don't you have it cut off?"
And then he walked out without even getting a shave.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Could Have Had It, Andy.
A writer on a morning daily says a Wall street man is responsible for this: "Did you ever hear of a man losing \$100,000,000 in cold cash because he'd forgotten to ask for it?" asked a veteran stock exchange man. "Well, there is such a man," he continued, "and his name is Andrew Carnegie. When the Laird of Shibo sold out his steel interests to J. P. Morgan he got \$300,000,000 in 5 per cent. bonds for his properties. You know that, don't you? Shortly after the steel corporation was put into working order Carnegie and Morgan were on their way to Europe on the same steamer. Suddenly Carnegie said: 'John, don't you know I think that I ought to have got \$400,000,000 instead of \$300,000,000 for my holdings?' Morgan looked at him with that cold and sinister expression he always carries on his face when he is about to say something particularly soothing, and replied: 'Well, Andy, you could have had it.'"

The Beggar "Talked Shop."
"I've asked more than a hundred people for the price of a cup of coffee to-day," said the beggar, approaching a man in Thirty-third street the other evening. "And how many cups of coffee did you give?" inquired the victim, heading over a dime.
"Honest," replied the beggar, "that's the first dime I've got to-day. I took in a whole lot of pennies and a few nickels, but that's the first dime. Every time there's hard times on folks in the first to feel it. People's alms generous to us when they've got money, but when they're pinched we poor folks is most alms turned down. An' it ain't right. We got to live somehow." And the beggar shuffled off as happy as the ordinary man who is allowed to talk shop for a few minutes without being interrupted.—New York Globe.

Champion Layer.
"What are you going to do with that log-headed turtle?" asked the tourist in Florida.
"Going to send it to President Roosevelt," responded the old waterman.
"H'm! Don't you think it would be more appropriate to send him a bear?"
"No, I'm going to send him this old turtle because she is so opposed to race suicide. Just laid 399 eggs, by gosh."

Weather or Not.
A Germantown woman discovered one morning recently that her maid Nora had broken the thermometer that hung in the reception hall.
"Well, Nora," sighed the mistress of the house, in a resigned way, "you've managed to break the thermometer, haven't you?"
"Yes, mum," replied the maid, in a tone equally resigned. "And, now, mum, we'll just have to take the weather as it comes!"—Harper's Weekly.

A Calm Avowal.
"So," remarked the old-time friend, "society has at last welcomed you with open arms!"
"No," answered Mr. Cumrox; "I am still endeavoring to welcome society with open backbones!"

On the Pier.
"Don't you think it is a crazy thing for us to come down here to look at that lot of poor fish in a big net?"
"Perhaps so. The whole affair is conducted on in some methods."

WHERE PRICES RUN HIGH.

Mother's Suggestion Helped George Out of a Predicament.

The late Henry O. Havemeyer, said a sugar jobber of New Orleans, "jumped in a marked degree the kindly virtue of charity."
"On my last visit to New York—it was some months before the panic—I spoke harshly of a millionaire who had been accused of double dealing in a banking transaction."
"Said Mr. Havemeyer: 'Let us not condemn this man unheard. Remember that his guilt has not yet been proved, nor has he yet told his own side of the story.'"
"Then Mr. Havemeyer laughed and said that in the most untoward conditions accused men were often able to clear themselves. He told of a young girl who a week or so after Christmas complained bitterly to her mother:
"Mamma, I doubt if I shall be happy with George. I fear he is of a deceptive nature."
"Why, darling, what do you mean?" the mother asked.
"Well, mamma," said the young girl earnestly, "you know that collar pin I gave me for Christmas? He swore to me that he paid \$25 for it, but to-day I saw its exact counterpart priced at five dollars at a jeweler's."
"Ah, but, my child," said the mother, "you must remember how very religious George is. Undoubtedly he bought the pin at a church fair."
Murdered by a Statue.
The death of Kenneth, the half-mythical king of Scotland, was one of the most curious and remarkable in history. It seems that Kenneth had slain Christened, a son and Malcolm Duff, the king and brother of Prunella; she, to be avenged, caused Wilton, the most ingenious artist of the time, to fashion a statue filled with automatic springs and levers.
Finished and set up, this brazen image was an admirable work of art. In its right hand Wilton placed a sword and in the left an apple of pure gold, finely set with diamonds and other precious stones. To touch this apple was to court death. It was so arranged that any one guilty of such vandalism would be immediately riddled with arrows shot from loopholes in the statue's body.
Kenneth was invited to see the wonder, and, like King (and just as Prunella hoped) tried to pluck the limitations fruit. He was instantly riddled with poisoned arrows, dying where he fell.

The Stampless Man.
"Did you ever stop to think how helpless a man is without postage stamps?" inquired the man with the armful of packages the other day. "We use stamps lots of times without thinking about it—don't realize how many things we mail from day to day. But awhile ago I started to mail a big bunch of Christmas packages, and wanted about 50 cents' worth of stamps. The hotels were all sold out or nearly so. I stopped at three drug stores without finding a single stamp, and then I made for the post office substitution down in the arcade. There was a line of people there half a block long. I couldn't wait there and I went on down to the post office. The line there was just as long.
"Well I finally got my stamps but it took me about two hours altogether. I never had any idea a man could waste so much time just over the postage stamp problem in a town this size."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Exorbitant.
The summer resident looked sharply at Mr. Jameson's guileless moon face, and then at the mild and none-too-sprightly horse he was offering for sale.
"Don't you think \$150 rather a stiff price to ask for a horse like that?" asked the summer resident. "How old is he?"
"He's only just thutty," said Mr. Jameson, calmly.
"Thirty years old, and you expect to get \$150 for him!"
"I don't know as I expect to get it," said Mr. Jameson, without rancor, "but it seems as if I'd ought to have full as much as that. It don't come to but five dollars a year, and he's cost me a good deal more'n that most years."—Youth's Companion.

Reason for Grief.
"You look unhappy."
"But you once said that if your husband ever accumulated a million you would be perfectly happy?"
"I know it, but Mrs. Nezdore's husband has accumulated two millions."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Modern Householder.
The Cook—You have borrowed my savings, you wear my best hat when you go out and I've only half enough to eat at that, so I'm going to leave.
Mistress—Why, I told you that we should treat you as a member of the family.—Transatlantic Tales.

Its Danger.
Nurse—Please, ma'am, I can't find little Franz anywhere. We've looked all over.
Mistress—Did you look to see if he's been gathered up by the vacuum cleaner?—Transatlantic Tales.

Georgia's Future.
Atlanta Majah—Col. Okora is a discerning epicure and bon vivant, I understand.
Atlanta General—Yes, sah. He's the best judge of luncheon in the city, sah!—Cleveland Leader.

Fortune to Child and Dog.
Romeo and Juliette are two of the most interesting personages in Paris. Juliette is the only daughter and Romeo the favorite dog of an eccentric but very wealthy widow who died a couple of years ago. By her will Miss Cleary left her fortune to be invested in government bonds, the income derived therefrom to be divided equally between her little daughter and her bull terrier, Romeo. Romeo and Juliette, fortunately, are the greatest friends, the dog invariably taking his meals at his little mistress's table.

Accounting for It.
Goodly—You don't mean to tell me that BRUXE is down and out financially?
? Why, the last time I saw him he told me he was rapidly mounting the ladder of success and—
Wise—H'm! probably he absent-mindedly stepped off the top rung.
Master of His Own Destiny.
"Why do you get up when your clock rings?"
"No. But I have the satisfaction of knowing I am sleeping late of my own free will, and not by accident."

SMILED AT THE WRONG TIME.

Overabundant Sense of Humor at Times Proves Costly.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," was written, the author took no thought of the atrocious case of the earth who cannot see themselves in anything approaching a ridiculous light.
It is related that the present czar of Russia, returning once from a long journey, was weary and in no mood to be trifled with. As he was passing through his apartments he slipped on a bearskin mat that lay on the polished floor. Clutching at one of his attendants, he nearly brought himself and his support to the floor. Baron Knidoff, at the time a confidential adviser, could not check a smile which his monarch turned just in time to observe. The next day Knidoff was dismissed from his office, and lost the \$50,000 attached to the post.
Another ruler who is not to be trifled with is William of Germany. Gough Milbanke, a clever but bluff Scot, who was an expert in colonial administration, was once taken up by the Kaiser, who wished his advice on eastern affairs, and had decided to give him an important position to guard German interests in China. At one of their conferences the Kaiser made an absurd suggestion as to eastern diplomacy. Milbanke laughed. The emperor wished him a frigid good night, and never received him again.
Another Scottish administrator, Duncan McVea, was advising the late pleasant but touchy king of Portugal, who had planned to put the shabby government of the Cape Verde islands in the hands of this skillful manager. The king became much excited, and made a ludicrous botch of his English, which was usually excellent. McVea smiled audibly, and was promptly ordered away. He was never appointed to the governorship, which carried a salary of \$25,000.

The Thirsty Veteran.
The pitiful poverty of the army veterans, on whose behalf Earl Roberts makes an appeal, has developed in some of them a subtle keenness in securing for themselves those little luxuries which would obtain in the ordinary way. An aged hero of the Crimean war and Indian mutiny, who resided in a remote village in Scotland, was one day interviewed by a party of gentlemen on an outing. They listened with interest to the story of the old man's share in the above-mentioned campaigns, and, after thanking him for his aged warrior suddenly remarked:
"There's another thing, gentlemen, that I can recall to mind." "Ah, indeed! What is that?" eagerly asked the tourists, expecting to hear a most interesting reminiscence.
"Gentlemen," said the veteran in impressive tones, "I well remember that I was just as thirsty during the whole of the battle of Balaclava as I am now!" The party took the hint.—Dundee Advertiser.

Famous Character is Dead.
An interesting personality has just passed away at Brighton, England, in William Oliver, marquis de Louville. Of striking though somewhat eccentric appearance, the marquis was in his younger days an exceedingly handsome man. Both the early and latter part of his life was spent in England, but for many years he resided in France and Italy, and was a master of the languages of both countries. Of a naturally amiable disposition, he was quick to resent affront. A skillful shot, and a more skillful swordsman, he was the hero of several exciting duels, while his remarkable encounter with a certain prince in Hyde Park some years ago, when he left his carriage to horseplay publicly the defamer of a lady with whom his name was then associated, is still fresh in the public memory. As a writer of verse he was far above the average, as the several editions of his book, "Entre Nous," will testify. Among the numerous songs published under his name perhaps the most successful was "The First Kiss," which ran into some thing like 100,000 copies.

A Tragedy.
A Mr. Noome King was questioned about the oddity of his Christian name.
"It is this way," he said; "my mother made a point of giving all of her children unusual names. I was three months old before she found one for me that she liked. One day, while out shopping, she saw on one-half of a swinging door the word 'Noome,' while the other half bore 'King,' her own name.
"Noome King," she noted mentally, not perceiving that the letters spelled 'no smoking' when the doors were closed; hence my lifelong affliction."—Harper's Weekly.

Man's Endless Quest.
As a great preacher once said: "Man is continually looking for his lost inheritance of happiness, which the allegory of the Garden of Eden prefigures. He knows it exists for him somewhere, and he is ever knocking, knocking—generally at the wrong door, of silliness, greed, ambition, just all sorts of foolish doors; and we call his mistakes seeking by a name, 'Sin.'"

Oil Fuel for Warships.
The British admiralty is considering the possibility of supplanting coal with oil in the "mosquito" fleet, the swiftest of England's war boats. A fleet of naval tank steamers would keep the depots supplied.

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