

# The GIRL and the BILL

## SYNOPSIS.

At the expense of a soiled hat Robert Orme saves from arrest a girl in a black touring car who has caused a traffic jam on State street. He buys a new hat and is given in change a five-dollar bill with "Remember the person you pay this to," written on it. A second time he helps the lady in the black car, and learns that in Ton and Jessie Wallington they have mutual friends, but gains no further hint of her identity. He discovers another inscription on the marked bill, which, in a futile attempt to decipher it, he copies and places the copy in a drawer in his apartment. Senator Portol, South American, calls, and claims the marked bill. Orme refuses, and the detective, who which Portol is overcome. He calls in Senator Alcatraz, minister from the state, to vouch for him. Orme still refuses to give up the bill. Orme goes for a walk and sees two Japs attack Alcatraz. He rescues him. Returning to his rooms Orme is attracted by two Japs who direct a forcible exchange of the marked bill for another. Orme finds the girl of the black car waiting for him. She tells him the bill. Orme tells his story. She recognizes one of the Japs as her father's butler, Maku. The second inscription on the bill is the key to the hiding place of important papers stolen from her father. Both Japs and South Americans want the papers. Orme and the "girl" start out in the black car in quest of the papers. In the university grounds Alcatraz notices the hiding place is located. Maku and another Jap are there. Orme, Maku and the other Jap escape. Orme finds in Maku's pocket a folded slip of paper. He takes the girl, whose name is still unknown to him, to the home of a friend in Evanston. Returning to the university grounds Orme sets in conversation with a guard at the life-saving station. They have a motor boat in trouble in the dark sea on the lake. They find the crippled boat. In it are the Jap with the papers and "girl." She jumps into the boat, but the Jap escapes. "Girl" explains her presence in the boat. Orme saves a car for the girl and finds Maku on it and trails him in hope of finding the Jap who has the papers.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Orme followed, and when Maku turned west again at the next street, swung rapidly after him and around the corner with the full expectation of seeing him hurrying along half a block away. But no one was in sight. Had he slipped into one of the near-by buildings?

While Orme was puzzling, a noise at his elbow said, "Hello!"

He turned with a start. Flattened in a shadowed niche of the wall beside him was Maku!

"Hello!" the Japanese said again.

"Well!" exclaimed Orme sharply, trying to make the best of the situation.

"You must not follow me." The Japanese spoke impressively.

"Follow you?"

"I saw you in a mirror at the other end of car."

So that was it! Orme remembered no mirror, but the Japanese might apply the word to the reflecting surface of one of the forward windows.

"You lit a match," continued Maku. "I saw. Then I come here, to find if you follow."

Orme considered. Now that he was discovered, it would be futile to continue the chase, since Maku, naturally, would not go to his destination with Orme at his heels. But he said:

"You can't order me off the streets, Maku."

"I know. If you follow, then we walk an walk an walk—mebbe till nex' week." Orme swore under his breath. It was quite clear that the little Japanese would never rejoin the man who had the papers until he was sure that he had shaken off his pursuer. So Orme simply said:

"Goodnight."

Disappointed, baffled, he turned eastward and walked with long strides back toward the car line. He did not look to see whether Maku was behind him. That did not matter now. He had missed his second opportunity since the other Japanese escaped him in the university campus.

Crossing Clark street a block north of the point at which he and Maku had left the car, he continued lakeward, coming out on the drive only a short distance from the Pere Marquette, and a few minutes later, after giving the elevator boy orders to call him at eight in the morning, he was in his apartment, with the prospect of four hours of sleep.

But there was a final question: Should he return to the all-night restaurant near the car barn and try to learn from the cashier the address which Maku had sought? Surely she would have forgotten the name by this time. Perhaps it was a Japanese name, and, therefore, the harder to remember it; if it were a peculiar combination of letters, the very peculiarity might have fixed it in her mind. And if he hesitated to go back there now, the slim chance that the name remained with her would grow slimmer with every added moment of delay. He felt that he ought to go. He was dog-tired, but he remembered the girl's anxiety. Yes, he would go; with the bare possibility that the cashier would remember and would be willing to tell him what she remembered, he would go.

He took up his hat and stepped toward the door. At that moment he heard a sound from his bedroom. It was an unmistakable snore. He tiptoed to the bedroom door and peered within. Seated in an arm chair was a man. He was distinctly visible in the light which came in from the sitting room, and it was quite plain that he was sound asleep and breathing heavily. And now for the second time his palate vibrated with the raucous voice of sleep.

Orme switched on the bedroom

lights. The man opened his eyes and started from the chair.

"Who are you?" demanded Orme.

"Why—the detective, of course."

"Detective?"

"Sure—regular force."

"Regular force?"

The stranger pulled back his coat and displayed his nicked star.

"But what are you doing here?" gasped Orme, amazed.

"Why, a foreign fellow came to the chief and said you wanted a man to keep an eye on your quarters tonight at the least noise."

Orme smiled reminiscently, thinking of the snore. "Tell me," he said, "was it Senator Alcatraz who had you sent?"

"I believe that was his name." He was slowly regaining his sleep-numbed wits. "That reminds me," he continued. "He gave me a note for you."

An envelope was produced from an inside pocket. Orme took it and tore it open. The sheet within bore the caption, "Office of the Chief of Police," and the few lines, written beneath in fine script, were as follows:

"Dear Mr. Orme: You will, I am sure, pardon my seeming overanxiety for your safety, and the safety of Portol's treasure, but I cannot resist using my influence to see that you are well protected tonight by what you in America call 'a plain-clothes man.' I trust that he will frighten away the yellow peril and permit you to slumber undisturbed. If you do not wish him inside your apartment, he will sit in the hall outside your door."

"With all regard for your continued good health, believe me, dear Mr. Orme, Yours, etc., etc."

"PEDRO ALCATRAZ."

In view of everything that had happened since the note was penned, Orme smiled a grim smile. Alcatraz must have been very anxious indeed; and yet, considering that the minister knew nothing of Orme's encounter with the Japanese and his meeting with the girl, the sending of the detective might naturally have been expected to pass as an impressive, but friendly, precaution.

The detective was rapidly losing his self-assurance. "I had only been asleep for a moment," he said.

"Yes?" Orme spoke indifferently.

"Well, you may go now. There is no longer any need of you here."

"But my instructions—"

"Were given under a misapprehension. My return makes your presence unnecessary. Goodnight—or good-morning rather." He nodded toward the door.

The detective hesitated. "Look a here!" he suddenly burst out. "I never saw you before."

"Nor I you," replied Orme.

"Then how do I know that you are Mr. Orme? You may be the very chap I was to keep out, far as I know."

"Sure enough, I may be," said Orme dryly, adding: "But I am not. Now go."

The detective narrowed his eyebrows. "Not without identification."

"Ask the night clerk," exclaimed Orme impatiently. "Can't you see I don't wish to be bothered any longer?"

He went over to the door and threw it open.

"Come," he continued. "Well, here they are—as the detective did not move—here's my card. That ought to do you."

He took a card from his pocket case and offered it to the detective, who, after scrutinizing it for a moment, let it fall to the floor.

"Oh, it's all right, I guess," he said. "But what shall I say to the chief?"

"Simply say that I didn't need you any longer."

The detective picked up his hat and went.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Orme as he closed the door. "But I wonder why I didn't notice his hat. It was blue and in plain sight."

He went to the telephone and spoke to the clerk. "Did you let that detective into my apartment?" he asked.

"Why, yes, Mr. Orme. He was one of the regular force, and he said that you wanted him here. I called up the chief's office, and the order was corroborated. I meant to tell you when you came in, but you passed the desk just while I was down eating my supper. The elevator boy let you in, didn't he?"

"Yes. Never mind, it's all right. Good night."

But when Orme examined his traveling bag he found that some one had evidently made a search through it. Nothing had been taken, but the orderly arrangement of his effects had been disturbed. His conclusion was that Alcatraz had bribed the fellow to go much farther than official zeal demanded. Doubtless the minister had paid the detective to hunt for a marked five-dollar bill and make a copy of whatever was written on it—which would have been quite a safe proceeding for the detective, if he were not caught at the task. A subtle man, Alcatraz; but no subtler than the Japanese.

Dismissing the incident from his mind, Orme again made ready to return to the all-night restaurant. He

paused at the door, however, to give the situation a final analysis. Maku had lost something. After hunting for it vainly he had gone to the city directory for information which appeared to satisfy him. Then what he lost must have been an address. How would he have been likely to lose it? Orme's fatigue was so great that he repeated the question to himself several times without seeing any meaning in it. He forced his tired brain back to the first statement. Maku had lost something. Yes, he had lost something. What was it he had lost? Oh, yes, a paper.

It was futile. His brain refused to work.

Maku had lost a paper. A paper? "Ah!" Orme was awake now.

"How stupid!" he exclaimed.

For he had entirely forgotten the paper which he had taken from the pocket of the unconscious Maku, there on the campus! He had thrust it into his pocket without looking at it, and in the excitement of his later adventures it had passed utterly from his memory.

Another moment and he had the paper in his hand. His fingers shook as he unfolded it, and he felt angry at his weakness. Yes, there it was—the address—written in an unformed hand. If he had only thought of the paper before, he would have saved a deal of trouble—would have had more sleep. He read it over several times. "Three forty-one North Parker street"—so that he would remember it if the paper should be lost.

"I'm glad Maku didn't write it in Japanese!" he exclaimed.

## CHAPTER IX.

Number Three Forty-One.

When Orme was aroused by the ringing of his telephone bell the next morning and heard the clerk's voice saying over the wire, "Eight o'clock, sir," it seemed as if he had been asleep but a few minutes.

During breakfast he reviewed the events of the preceding evening. Strange and varied though they had been, his thoughts chiefly turned to the girl herself, and he shaped all his plans with the idea of pleasing her. The work he had set for himself was to get the envelope and deliver it to the girl. This plan involved the finding of the man who had escaped from the tree.

The search was not so nearly blind as it would have been if Orme had not found that folded slip of paper in Maku's pocket. The address, "three forty-one North Parker street," was unquestionably the destination at which Maku had expected to meet friends.

To North Parker street, then, Orme prepared to go. Much as he longed to see the girl again, he was glad that they were not to make this adventure together, for the reputation of North Parker street was unsavory.

Orme found his way readily enough. There was not far to go, and he preferred to walk. But before he reached his destination he remembered that he had promised Alcatraz and Portol to meet them at his apartment at ten o'clock.

His obligation to the two South Americans seemed slight, now that the bill had passed from his hands and that he knew the nature of Portol's actions. Nevertheless, he was a

man of his word, and he hurried back to the Pere Marquette, for the hour was close to ten. He was influenced to some extent by the thought that Portol and Alcatraz, on learning how he had been robbed of the bill, might unwittingly give him a further clue.

No one had called for him. He waited till ten minutes past the hour before he concluded that he had fulfilled his part of the bargain with them. Though he did not understand it, he attached no special significance to their failure to appear.

Once again he went to North Parker street. Three forty-one proved to be a notion shop. Through the window he saw a stout woman reading a newspaper behind the counter. When he entered she laid the paper aside and arose languidly, as though customers were rather a nuisance than a blessing. She was forty, but not fat. Orme asked to see a set of studs. She drew a box from a show case and spread the assortment before him. He selected a set and paid her, offering a ten-dollar bill. She turned to a cash register and made change—which included a five-dollar bill. Orme could hardly believe his eyes. The bill which she placed in his hand bore the written words: "Remember person you pay this to."

He turned it over. In the corner was a familiar set of abbreviations. There was no doubt about it. The bill was the same which had been taken from him, and which he had last seen in the possession of Maku.

What an insistent piece of green paper that marked bill was! It had started him on this remarkable series of adventures. It had introduced excitable little Portol and the suave Alcatraz to his apartment. It had made him the victim of the attack by the two Japanese. It had brought the girl into his life. And now it came again into his possession just at the moment to prove that he was on the right track in his search for Maku and the man who had the papers. The queerest coincidence was that the bill would never have come into his possession at all had it not been for his first meeting with the girl—who at that very time was herself searching for it. The rubbing of his hat against the wheel of her car—so a little thing as that had hinged the events following.

"This is strange," Orme addressed the woman.

"It doesn't hurt it any," said the woman, indifferently.

"I know that. But it's a curious thing just the same."

The woman raised her shoulders slightly, and began to put away the stock she had taken out for Orme's benefit.

"Who paid this to you?" persisted Orme.

"How should I remember? I can't keep track of all the persons that come in the store during the day."

"But I should think that anything so queer as this—" He saw that he could get nothing from her except by annoying her.

The woman glared. "What you a botherin' about? Why don't you leave well enough alone?"

Orme smiled. "Tell me one thing," he said, "do you know a Japanese that lives hereabouts?"

"Oh," said the woman, "so you're one of the gentlemen he was expectin',

eh? Well, it's the front flat, two flights up."

"Thank you," said Orme. He walked out to the street, whence a backward glance showed him the woman again concealed in her newspaper.

At one side of the shop he found the entrance to a flight of stairs which led to the floors above. In the little hallway, just before the narrow ascent began, was a row of electric buttons and names, and under each of them a mail box. "Aa" had a card on which was printed:

"Arima, Teacher of Original Kana Jiu-Jitsu."

Should he go boldly up and present himself as a prospective pupil? If Arima were the one who had so effectively thrown him the night before he would certainly remember the man he had thrown and would promptly be on his guard. Also, the woman in the shop had said, "you are one of the gentlemen he was expectin'." Others were coming.

Prudence suggested that he conceal himself in an entry across the street and keep an eye out for the persons who were coming to visit Arima. He assumed that their coming could do something to do with the stolen paper. But he had no way of knowing who the athlete's guests would be. There might be no one among them whom he could recognize. And even if he saw them all go in, how would his own purpose be served by merely watching them? In time, no doubt, they would all come out again, and one of them would have the papers in his possession, and Orme would not know which one.

For all he was aware, some of the guests had already arrived. They might even now be gathering with eager eyes about the unfolded documents. No, Orme realized that his place was not on the sidewalk. By some means he must get where he could discover what was going on in the front flat on the third floor. Standing where he now was there was no momentary danger of being discovered by persons who would guess why he was there. Maku might come.

Orme looked to see who lived in "Aa," the flat above the Japanese. The card bore the name:

"Madam Alla, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium."

"I think I will have my fortune told," muttered Orme, as he pressed Madam Alla's bell and started up the stairs.

At the top of the second flight he looked to the entrance of the front apartment. It had a large square of ground glass, with the name "Arima" in black letters. He continued upward another flight and presently found himself before two blank doors—one at the front and one a little to the side. The side door opened slowly in response to his knock.

Before him stood a blowsy but not altogether unprepossessing woman of middle years. She wore a cheap print gown. A gipsy scarf was thrown over her head and shoulders, and her ears held loop earrings. Her inquiring glance at Orme was not unmixt with suspicion.

"Madam Alla?" inquired Orme.

She nodded and stood aside for him to enter. He passed into a cheap little reception hall which looked out on the street, and then, at her silent direction went through a door at one side and found himself in the medium's sanctum.

The one window gave on a dimly lighted narrow space which apparently had been cut in from the back of the building. Through the dusty glass he could see the railing of a fire-escape platform, and cutting diagonally across the light, part of the stairs led to the platform above. There was a closed door, which apparently opened into the outer hall. In the room were dirty red hangings, two chairs, a couch, and a small square center table.

Madam Alla had already seated herself at the table and was shuffling a pack of cards. "Fifty-cent reading?" she asked, as he took the chair opposite her.

Orme nodded. His thoughts were on the window and the fire escape, and he hardly heard her monotonous sentences, though he obeyed mechanically her instructions to cut and shuffle.

"You are about to engage in a new business," she was saying. "You will be successful, but there will be some trouble about a dark man. Look out for him. He talks fair, but he means mischief.—There is a woman, too.—This man will try to prejudice her against you." And all the time Orme was saying to himself, "How can I persuade her to let me use the fire escape?"

Suddenly he was conscious that the woman had ceased speaking and was running the cards through her fingers and looking at him searchingly. "You are not listening," she said, as he met her gaze.

He smiled apologetically. "I know—I was preoccupied."

"I can't help you if you don't listen." Orme inferred that she took pride in her work. He sighed, and looked grave. "I am afraid," he said slowly, "that my case is too serious for the cards."

She brightened. "You'd ought to have a trance-reading—two dollars."

"I'd take any kind of reading that

would help me, but I'm afraid the situation is too difficult."

"Then why did you come?" Again the look of suspicion.

"I came because you could help me, but not by a reading."

"What do you mean?" Plainly she was frightened. "I don't put people away. That's out of my line. Honest!"

"Do I look as if I wanted anything crooked done?" Orme smiled.

"It's hard to tell what folks want," she muttered. "You're a fly-cop, aren't you?"

"What makes you think that?"

"The way you been stuzing things up. You aren't going to do anything, are you? I pay regular for my protection every month—five dollars—and I work hard to get it, too."

Orme hesitated. He had known at the outset that he was of a class different from the ordinary run of her clients. The difference undoubtedly had both puzzled and frightened her. He might disabuse her of the notion that he had anything to do with the police, but her misapprehension was an advantage that he was loath to lose. Fearing him, she might grant any favor.

"Now, listen to me," he said at last. "I don't mean you any harm, but I want you to answer a few questions."

She eyed him furtively.

"Do you know the man in the flat below?" he demanded.

"Mr. Arima? No. He's a Jap. I see him in the halls sometimes, but I don't do no more than bow, like any neighbor."

"He's noisy, isn't he?"

"Only when he has pupils. But he goes out to do most of his teaching. Is he wanted?"

"Not exactly. Now look here. I believe you're a well-meaning woman. Do you make a good thing out of this business?"

"Fair." She smiled faintly. "I ain't been in Chicago long, and it takes time to work up a good trade. I got a daughter to bring up. She's with friends. She don't know anything about what I do for a living."

"Well," said Orme, "I'm going to give you five dollars toward educating your girl."

He took a bill from his pocketbook and handed it to her. She accepted it with a deprecating glance and a smile that was tinged with pathetic coquetry. Then she looked at it strangely. "What's the writing?" she asked.

Orme started. He had given her the marked five-dollar bill. "I didn't mean to give you that one," he said, taking it from her fingers.

She stared at him. "Is it fony?"

"No—but I want it. Here's another." As he took a fresh bill from his pocketbook he discovered to his surprise that the marked bill, together with the few dollars in change he had received after his purchase in the shop below, was all that he now had left in his pocket. He remembered that he had intended to draw on his funds that morning. His departure from New York had been hurried, and he had come away with little ready cash.

Madam Alla slipped the bill into her bosom and waited. She knew well enough that her visitor had some demand to make.

"Now," said Orme, "I am going to use your fire escape for a little while."

The woman nodded.

"I want you to keep all visitors out," he continued. "Don't answer the bell. I may want to come back this way quick."

"This is straight business, isn't it? I don't want to get into no trouble."

"Absolutely straight," said Orme. "All you have to do is to leave your window open and keep quiet."

"You can count on me," she said. "Perhaps you know all about the place down there, but if you don't, I'll tell you that the fire escape leads into his reception room."

Orme smiled. "You seem to be acquainted with your neighbor, after all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Avoid Suspicion.

"When you're walking through your neighbor's melon patch, don't tie your shoe."—Atlantic Monthly.

cessant and petty sacrifices. The serpent is revered as sacred and fed as a domestic pet. Marriage is a question of etiquette and is arranged by the parents. A live goose is given as a betrothal gift, as a symbol of fidelity and long life. Filial piety is cultivated to a remarkable degree, a son considering it his duty to follow his father to prison or exile. Sacrifices of pigs, sheep and goats are offered to the deities, to which they pray for rain or fair weather and the removal of plague and misfortune.

Preferred the Money.

A feeble old man tottered into the barroom of the Bellevue-Stratford, says the Philadelphia Times, asked for a drink of whisky and laid a ten-cent piece upon the bar. The bartender, in kindly tones, told the old man it would cost him 15 cents for a whisky at that hotel. Fumbling about in his pockets, the aged man failed to produce another nickel, so he tottered toward the door. His heart touched with pity for the old man, the bartender laid a nickel of his own

on the counter, and told the old man to come and take his drink. Eying the nickel for a moment, the stranger put it into his pocket, and saying, "Thank you, I'd rather have the money," he walked from the room.

Fatal Mistake.

Glady's—Edith is so sorry she took Herbert's ring back to the jeweler to have it valued.

Penelope—Why, Glady's—Well, the jeweler kept it, as he said Herbert hadn't been in to settle for it.—Exchange.

An Industrious Queen.

"Only when I have my secretary come and read the new plays and the critics of new books. During that time I make fine needlework, mostly for our churches. I work first in silk and embroider that in gold with precious



He Read It Over Several Times.

# By BANNISTER MERWIN Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.—Addison.

TO CURE A COLED IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROWN QUININE Tablets. Immediately refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GILROY'S signature is on each box. 25c.

When the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something.—Browning.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder. It is the perfect powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Dress satisfactorily. For Free trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

I honor any man anywhere, who, in the conscientious discharge of what he believes to be his duty, dares to stand alone.—Charles Sumner.

Sore Throat is no trifling ailment. It will sometimes carry infection to the entire system through the food you eat. Hamlin's Wizard Oil cures Sore Throat.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right thing, but enjoy the right thing.—Ruskin.

The Easier Way.

"Your wife and you seem to get along so beautifully together. Don't you ever have any differences of opinion?"

"Oh, yes, every day, but I don't let her find it out."

A Way of Getting Even.

Hewitt—When I asked the old man for his daughter's hand he walked all over me.

Jewett—Can't you have him arrested for violation of the traffic regulations?

Music Hall Losing Vogue.

Music halls have increased very little in the last few years. Some have gone back to drama. Others have been run partly with drama. Others have gone over to picture entertainments. The picture houses have immensely added to their own by new buildings.—London Stage.

Down With 'Em.

Young Lord Fairfax, in a brilliant after-dinner speech at the club house in Tuxedo, praised women.

"Down with the misogynist," said Lord Fairfax. "Down with that cynical type of male brute who says with the Cornish fisherman: 'When 'em's had 'em's had, and when 'em's good, 'em' only middin'.'"



"You seem to be acquainted with Your Neighbor, After All."

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Peasant Schools in Russia.

The Russian ministry of agriculture has established fourteen schools in different parts of the country for the training of instructors in the "koustair," or peasant industries. These lines include weaving, carpentry, cooperage, wood carving, sculpture, pottery, tanning, fur dressing, making agricultural implements and carriages, metal working and varnishing. In Vladimir province a school had been established for instruction in toy making, and in Kasaan for making musical instruments.

Orenburg shawls, the silk and cotton laces and embroideries, the work in hammered brass and copper, and especially the Russian enamelled jewelry and ornaments, are among the products.

Some Korean Superstitions.

The wildest superstitions are rife among the natives of Korea, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. Everything is ascribed to the good or evil influences of invisible spirits, whom they strive to propitiate by in-

# Big Assets

Four hundred thousand people take a CASCARET every night—and rise up in the morning and call them blessed. If you don't belong to this great crowd of CASCARET takers you are missing the greatest asset of your life.

CASCARETS are a bar for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Millions boxes a month.

WONDERFUL!

She—I wonder if the waiter speaks the new language—what do they call it? Esperanto?

He—Oh, yes! He talks it like a native.

A Generous Gift

Professor Munyon has just issued a most beautiful, useful and complete almanac. It contains not only all the scientific information concerning the moon's phases, in all the latitudes, but has illustrated articles on how to read character by phrenology, palmistry and birth month. It also tells all about card reading, birth stones and their meaning, and gives the interpretation of dreams. It teaches beauty culture, manicuring, gives weights and measures and antidotes for poison. In fact, it is a Magazine Almanac that not only gives valuable information, but will afford much amusement for every member of the family, especially for parties and evening entertainments. Farmers and people in the rural districts will find this Almanac almost invaluable.

It will be sent to anyone absolutely free on application to the Munyon Remedial Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.—Robert Greene.

Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar equals in quality most 10c cigars.

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Young Lord Fairfax, in a brilliant after-dinner speech at the club house in Tuxedo, praised women.

"Down with the misogynist," said Lord Fairfax. "Down with that cynical type of male brute who says with the Cornish fisherman: 'When 'em's had 'em's had, and when 'em's good, 'em' only middin'.'"

Peasant Schools in Russia.

The Russian ministry of agriculture has established fourteen schools in different parts of the country for the training of instructors in the "koustair," or peasant industries. These lines include weaving, carpentry, cooperage, wood carving, sculpture, pottery, tanning, fur dressing, making agricultural implements and carriages, metal working and varnishing. In Vladimir province a school had been established for instruction in toy making, and in Kasaan for making musical instruments.

Orenburg shawls, the silk and cotton laces and embroideries, the work in hammered brass and copper, and especially the Russian enamelled jewelry and ornaments, are among the products.

Some Korean Superstitions.

The wildest superstitions are rife among the natives of Korea, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. Everything is ascribed to the good or evil influences of invisible spirits, whom they strive to propitiate by in-

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.—Addison.

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When the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something.—Browning.

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I honor any man anywhere, who, in the conscientious discharge of what he believes to be his duty, dares to stand alone.—Charles Sumner.

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