

IN DAINTY DISSECTING ROBES.

"I've the Loveliest Brain," Says One Fair Young Lady Student.

WOMEN WHO WIELD THE SCALPEL.

Cadavers Have No Honor for Them and They Excel the Men as Enthusiasts in the Study of Anatomy.

She walked up the street, as daintily as a bit of femininity as ever shrieked at a mouse. From the top of her brown curly head to the toes of her tiny tan-colored boots she was as gentle and soft as a kitten.

something very wrong. One delicate young girl has a skull for an inkwell on her desk. She dips up the writing fluid through the stalk of a cyclone socket.

NOT IM POLITELY DRUNK.

The Limp Youth, the Tricky Westerner, and the Detective.

The young gentleman in faultless evening dress who leaned across the bar in a fashionable Broadway cafe was thoroughly intoxicated, but he was not of a festive mood.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. The westerner looked him over, and smiled appreciatively toward the bartender, making no response to the apology advanced by the other.

"I do not make myself too bold," went on the youth, "I should like to ask you if you are from the west. Understand the question. I am thinking of going out there to live, just in order to get away from ruinous existence here in New York. I am very inquisitive on the subject at this time, and so I have dared to hope that you might be willing to tell me something of the country."

The westerner seemed stunned by this long and ornate speech. He looked hard at the inebriated young man for a moment and then burst out laughing. "Say, I'll tell you what I'll do with you," he said. "I'll play you odd or even on the number of one dollar bills."

The young man instantly took a roll of bills from his pocket and asked the bartender to give him one for a ten.

The first bill the westerner called off. Upon examination it was found that the final number on the bank note appeared to be 1, and this made the westerner the winner. Just as the young man was passing his money over, the stranger stepped up and asked to look at the bill.

"The last figure on that bill is eight, and the young fellow wins. The mark after the eight, is not a figure, but a partially obliterated bracket that occurs on every greenback made.

The trick is a very old one. Our friend here with the broad brimmed hat would guess odd all the time, y'know man, and you in your innocent condition of mind would let him get all your money away from you."

Then turning to the westerner, the stranger, who was in reality the private detective of the place, said, very sternly: "Get out of here and stay out, or I'll have you up the river inside of a week. You are a swindler."

"O, my dear sir," interposed the fashionable young man, touching the arm of the detective, "perhaps you do our friend an injustice. At least, if he must go, why here he hesitated as though in search of some plan by which he might ameliorate the swindler's evident discomfort, why, at least permit him to join us in a good-night glass of wine."

As the youth hung limply across the bar, the gentleman that had observed his entrance a few moments before made a further remark to his companion as follows: "His father was a magnificent soldier; his mother a woman among a thousand. Even the devil of drink can't rob him of his inheritance from them of invariable gentleness of heart and chivalry of manner."

STOLEN FRUITS. Miss Franchise—"I can't bear the attention of men boys." Miss Caustique—"No, I suppose not. You have no time to waste in flirting now."

That Saline Hardie is the greatest girl for getting barrels at second hand. "Isn't she?" I understand she's going to marry a widower.

"But why do you want to marry her?" "My dear fellow, my dear fellow, that's an excuse—not a reason."

"What are our young men coming to?" Some one exclaims in pain. Just how your own girls And you will ascertain.

LAST OF POOR BILL CHICK.

A Bit of Life from the Camp at Stinking Water Gulch.

THE FUNERAL SERMON CUT SHORT.

Bill Wyman Did His Best But Was So Drunk He Fell into the Grave—The Story of a Buryin'.

A Des Moines lady, who is now in Montana, writes for the Iowa State Register the following description of a death and burial in the camp she is visiting.

The silent messenger came to camp last night, and who can tell whether the soul he bore away was as white as snow? Whether the circumstances of life would not have dragged our own boasted standard of morality into the same depths of forgetfulness and despair?

The beginning was made years ago back in the states when Peace left the pretty little frigid and a rival came to sit by his hearthstone and steal, little by little, the joy he had known.

Soon the end came and he wandered alone, drifting from one camp to another until he reached Stinking-Water gulch, and here he lay down to die. Eighteen years of a storm-tossed sou'wester little to mourn, and yet there were some who remembered when "Bill" Chick wore a white shirt and would have scorned a patch on his trousers.

Now he would have been grateful for even a patch to keep out the cold and make him feel he could at least be respectfully genteel.

He wandered aimlessly into camp late at night, cold, wet, foot sore and drunk. With the recognition that somehow always lives in a miser's heart—that there is a divinity never entirely crushed, no matter how forsaken by the poor wretch himself, they took him into the cabin and cared for him.

True, there was only a rough blanket and some pine boughs for a bed; the hinges of the door were loose and creaking; in fact, the whole cabin was a picture of neglect, and possibly, filth. But we could only feel the spirit of human sympathy and charity for a soul about ready to step over into another world, another life, without bitterness, remorseless, penitence, and worse than all, mad with the delirium of his own sinning.

When the last breath was drawn, and dreamless sleep had come, and there was nothing that their rough hands yet willing hearts might do, the human nature sought a natural outlet, and their pent up emotions loosened all restraints, and the sad commentary before them was no check to their appetites.

So a huge jug of "oh-be-joyful" yielded to their greedy thirst. They made a night of it, but Bill slept on, and morning came. Soon the tidings spread throughout the camp and there was an eager interest to join hands and relieve the boys of any suspicion or imputation of hedonism.

A generous little rivalry sprang up and helped elaborate the plans for a final scene. One benighted companion of the previous night's revels proudly boasted he had "slept with the corpse and kept off the mice and chipmunks."

The pretty and sweet-smelling pine of the mountain trees made white smooth boards which were fastened into a casket and one poor woman of the town took a cherished bit of tinseled lace and fastened around the edge, and tucked black braid over it to hide the defects and make it a little "softer looking" like.

A wreath of the glowing pointed pine flowers was twined around his head, and all the bright flowers of the mountain side contributed to fill up a pillow for his head.

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MIDDLE-AGED MEN, Do you look out on life's highway and see a scared and ruined past, forward to a future dimmed and unfeeling, and to the silent tomb your happy release? Are your kidneys, stomach, urinary organs, liver or blood in a disordered condition? Have you carried marital relations to excess, leaving you weak, nervous and debilitated?

OH, MEN! If you need help, delay no longer. "He who hastens is lost." Now is the golden moment to seek for health. Speedy, satisfactory, safe and permanent cures guaranteed.