# Boys and Girls.

#### LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER.

By Joel Chandler Harris. (Copyrighted, 1895.)

A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD. "That is a funny name for a witch," said Buster John, as Mr. Rabbit paused and began to nod.

"Which name was that?" inquired Mr. Thimblefinger.

"Why, Mummy-Bummy Big-Money," replied Buster John, elevating his voice a

"It's mighty bothersome," assented Mrs.

Meadows, "when you are where people use it, and when you have none except what you can beg or borrow. Thank goodness!

I'm free from al that bother now."

"Yes," sail Mr. Thimblefinger, "I don't see that people have much the advantage of the anguals when it causes to using money.

I'm see that people have much the advantage of the anguals when it causes to using money.

of the animals, when it comes to using money.

of the animals, when it comes to using money. I've seen grown people work night and day for a few pieces of metal."

"Why, of course!" cried Buster John.

"They can take the pieces of metal and buy bread and meat to eat and clothes to wear."

"So much the more wonderful," remarked Mr. Thimblefinger. "What do the people who have more bread and meat and clothes than they can use, want with the pieces of

"So they may buy something else that they haven't got," said Buster John. But Mr. Thimblefinger shook his head. He was not satisfied. "It puts me in mind of a tale I heard once

about a poor man who was the richest per-son in the world."
"But that couldn't be, you know," pro-

tested Buster John.
"Anyhow, that's the way it seemed to me in the story," replied Mr. Thimblefinger.
"But the story is so old-fashioned it would hardly pass muster now. Besides, they tell me that as there's not enough metal to go around, people have begun to make up their-minds that pieces of paper with pictures on

exclaimed the old man. Why that is right in my line of travel. I can land you there without any trouble. It is a little out of my way, but not much.

took up the rich young man on his shoulder and carried him to the boat. Once there he gave the rich young man some wine. This 'On the other side of the town; I have a boat, replied the old man. You are welcome to go with me. It is no seldom that dreams come true that I shall be glad to help this revived him, and in a little while he was able to eat. But he had no opportunity to taik. The wind whirled the boat through one along an well as I can. Besides, I have long wanted an excuse to visit the Island of the Mountain of Gold. I have passed within-sight of it hundreds of times, but have always at the young man's town. again, and lost his appetite for riches. But he worked hard, saved all he could, and was

people."
"Dat's so," said Drusilla. "Kaze time be sailed by one man. In this the case you say 'money' folks'll stop der work an' lissen at you; an' ef you say 'Big-Money' dey'll ax you ter say it agin."
"It's very curious about money," continated Mr. Thimblefinger. "I don't know whether you've ever thought about it much his seat before a light breeze sprang up and his seat before a light breeze sprang up and filled the sail. The skiff glided along the filled the sail. The skiff glided along the water so easily that the shore seemed to be receding while the boat stood still. But the breeze grew stronger and stronger, and the sail bore so heavily on the nose of the boat sail bore so heavil

boil beneath them so swiftly the light boat sped along. The young man clapped his hands as joyously as a boy, and the old man smiled. Presently he leaned over the side of the boat and pointed to something shining and sparkling in the distance. The young man saw it, too, and turned an inquiring eye upon his companion.

"That is your mountain of gold,' said the old man.

"'It seems to be very small,' remarked the other. He ceased to smile and a frown

then in his 9th year, first entered that world of day dreams whose wonders he afterward transcribed so beautifully in his prose and poetry. The school was situated in the old town of Stoke Newington. clouded his face. "The old man noticed the frown and shook his head and frowned a little himself, cough-The quaint, sleepy village, with its avenues shaded by ancient gnaried trees and bordered by fragrant shrubberies, and with its country stillness broken only by the chime of the church bell tolling the hour, seemed ing in the muffler that was tied around his neck. But he said: "The mountain of gold is more than

twenty miles away." 'How far have we come?' 'Some hundred and odd miles.'

faling out, The old man kept an eye on him, but did not lift a finger to warn him. "In due time they came to the island, if it could be called an island. It seemed to them are just as good as the metal and perhaps better. It's mighty runny to me."

"What was the story?" asked Sweetest Susan. "Please tell us about it."

"Why, yes," remarked Mr. Rabbit, "tell us

"In due time they came to the island, if it could be called an island. It seemed to be a barren rock that had lifted itself out of the sea to show the mountain of gold.

The mountain was only a hill, but it was a

"Pure gold," replied Mr. Thimblefinger.

not enough I'll give you as much more

You owe me nothing.

have carried away tons of the stuff long be-

" 'It is all mine! I am rich. I will buy

'Not now-not now,' replied the other

"The old man bowed politely, got in his

and the big black bird sailed round and

"The day passed, and then another and an-

other. The young man was hungry and thirsty, but he was rich. The night winds chilled him, but he was rich. The midday

sun scorched him, but he was the richest man in the world. Every night, no matter

how hungry or weak he was, he crept upon

'You won't accept pay

me a ship.' He walked back and forth, rub-

said the old man.

round overhead.

thank you.

with a grand air.



THE OLD MAN'S BOAT.

about it. If calamus root passes current with some of my acquaintances and catnip with others, I see no reason why people shouldn't play make-believe among themselves and say Susan.

Susan. that pieces of metal and pieces of paper are worth something. In this business people have a great advantage over us. They can put figures on their pieces of metal and paper and make them worth anything, but shining in the middle of the small sland. with us a joint of calumus root is worth just | The actions of the young man showed that so much. It has been worth that since the be considered himself the proprietor of both year I, and it will be worth that right on island and mountain. He broke off a chunk to the end of things. Just so with a twist of gold as big as your fist, weighed it in of catnip. But tell us the story—tell us the story. I may drop off to sleep, but if I do, that will be no sign that the tale isn't inter
"You refuse it?" cried the other. "If it is

"Well," said Mr. Thimblefinger, "once upon a time there was a country in which money became very scarce. The people had a great deal, but they hid it in their stockings and fore I saw you, but I had no use for it. in the chinks of the chimneys and in their are welcome to as much as you can take teapots. The reason of this was that other away with you.' out of the same kind of metal, and they'd the other. 'I shall take it all.'

'"'As much as I can take away!' exclaimed the other. 'I shall take it all.'

'"'But how?' the money off home with them.

"Of course this helped to make money scarce, and the scarcer it was the more the bing his hands together, people clung to it, and this made it still "Then you have no further need of me? scarcer. Naturally everybody kept an eye out in the hope of finding a supply of this

"What sort of metal was it?" asked Bus- for your services, and I can do no more than

"Gold," replied Mr. Thimblefinger. exclaimed Buster John in a disappointed tone.

"Yes," continued Mr. Thimblefinger, "nothing in the world but gold. Those who had the richest man in the world. He could money held on to it as long as they could because they didn't know how much scarcer it would be, and those who didn't have any and to control all the trade on the land. He would be, and those who didn't have any were willing to sell whatever they had for half price in order to get some.

"It was lots worse than playing dolls—lots worse. When children play make believe with dolls, they soon forget about it, but then went to bed in the sea. Two little

when grown people begin to play play make believe with money, they never get over it. The wisest men get their heads turned when their holes. A big black bird sailed round they begin to think and talk about money. They have forgotten that it was all a make | dark, and then sailed away.

believe in the beginning."

Here Mr. Rabbit yawned and said: "You'll the air damp and chilly, but he knew he was rich, and so he laughed at the coid, and. Here Mr. Rabbit yawned and sales have to excuse me if I nod a little here."

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Meadows, "I feel a after a long time, went to sleep. In the morning he awoke and found that nobody had taken away his precious mountain of

little sleepy myself, but I'll try to keep awake for the sake of appearances."
"Don't mind me," said Mr. Thimblefinger, with mork politeness. "Go to sleep if you want to, you fwo. I won't have to talk so crept out of their holes and looked at him.

about there was a young man who had saved me money by working hard, but he didn't we it fast enough to suit himself. He thought so much about it that he would stop in the middle of his work and bit and study

about it for an hour at a time.
"He thought about it so much that he began to dream about it, and one night he began to dream about it, and one night he dreamed that he got in a boat and went to an island, on which there was a mountain of gold that shone and glistened in the sun.

He knew that if he was hungry it wasn't because he was poor, and if he died, he knew he would die rich. So there he was."

" 'How shall we get there?' the young man

been too busy to land there.'

little.

"Well, it's very simple," remarked Mr.
Thimbiefinger. "'Mummy-Bummy' was to catch the ear of the animals, and 'Big-Money' was to attract the attention of the people."

"Dat's so," said Drusilla. "Kaze time you say 'money' folks'll stop der work an' you say 'money' folks'll stop der work an' arked.

again.

"The young man seemed to be very much surprised, but he said nothing. He leaned so far over the side of the hoat to watch the so far over the side of the hoat to watch the so far over the side of the hoat to watch the mountain of gold that he was in danger of alling out. The old man kept an eye on faling out. The old man kept an eye on ages and rooms had a labyrinthine irregulate which charmed the young student and of one of

made him regard it almost as a place of en chantment. It had so many nooks and chantment. It had so many nooks and corners in which one might lose one's self and dream day dreams out of the books, poetry and history, with which it was pretty well stocked. The school room itself was low walled and ceiled with oak and filled with desks and benches that had been backed and hewed by generations of had been hacked and hewed by generations of boys. It was of great size and seemed to Poe the largest in the world. In this room he studied mathematics and classics, while in the playground outside, which was sur rounded by brick walls topped with mortal and broken glass, he spent many of his leisure hours, taking part in those sports so loved by the English school boy. Beyond the grounds the boys were allowed only three times in a week; twice on Sunday when five years of his life, speaking of them after-ward as most happy years and rich in those poetic influences which gave bias to his

"The old man tied up his beard again,

"He went home and soon recovered in hore ways than one. He found his strength

(The end.)

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

The Story of the Unhappy Youth of a Great

Poet and Romancer.

In the playground of an old-fashioned

English school the boy Edgar Allen Poe

to the church belt folling the nour, seemed to the boy hardly a part of the real world, and in describing it in after years he speaks of the dreamlike and soothing influence it had upon his early life. The school build-

in their beautiful home and partly at school in Richmond.

The parents of Poe had died in his infancy. They had both possessed talent, mother having been an actress of considerable repute, and from them he inherited gentle and winning manners, and talent for declama-tion, which combined with his remarkable personal beauty made him a favorite in the Allen home where he was much petted and caressed. The child returned the interest of his adopted parents, and though he was sometimes willful and obstinate, he never failed in affection. To Mrs. Allen especially he always showed a devotion and gratitude that well repaid her for the love and care she had bestowed upon the orphan child.

Though fond of books, especially books of poetry, and loving to be alone in some quiet place where he could indulge in the day dreams that formed so large a part of his life. Poe still had the fondness of a healthy boy for athletic sports, and some of his feats of strength are still found recorded in the old newspapers of Baltimore. Once on a bet he swam a distance of seven miles on the James river against a swift tide; in a con-

test he leaped twenty-one feet on a level, and in other feats of strength he also excelled. He was very fond of animals and was al-ways surrounded by pets which returned his affection with interest, and which, with the flowers he loved to tend and care for, took up many of his leisure hours.

When he was 17 Poe entered the University of Virginia, where he remained not quite a year, distinguishing himself as a student of the classics and modern languages. return to Baltimore he had a disagreement skiff and sailed away. The other continued to walk about the island and rub his hands with his foster father because of some col-lege debts, and though Poe was very much in the wrong he refused to admit it and left the house in a fit of anger and went to live with his aunt, Mrs. Clenm. He had already published a volume of poems, and now being forced to depend upon himself he issued a cond edition. But this brought him neither fame nor money, and after a two years struggle with poverty he was glad to accept Allen had in the meantime died, and in her death Poe lost his best friend, one who had been ever ready to forgive his faults, to be-

lieve in his repentance and to have faith in his promises of amendment. was charmed with the life at West Point and in his first enthusiasm decided that a soldier's career was the most glo rious in the world. The hard study, the strict discipline, the rigid law and order of cadet life seemed only admirable, and he soon stood at the head of his classes. But it was impossible that this enthusiasm should last long. Poe was endowed by nature with the dreamy and artistic temperament of the poet, and discipline and rou-tine could not fail to become in a short time unbearable. When the period arrived cost him \$2,500 the prospective life of the soldier lost the von Scheliha, at charm, and he was selzed with a desire to tion in London. leave the acadamy and bid a final farewell to military life. It was impossible to do three queens. The baron held the five, six, this without the consent of his guardian, eight and nine of clubs and the six of hearts. to carry his point in his own way. This he gentlemen who were in the game dropped did by lagging in his studies, writing poetry by when he should have been solving problems, stayed.

How as very unhappy when he avoic in the some most gistened in the some he avoic in the morning and found it was nothing but a fram.

"When he had been appeared by the some place and the some place and the place and the soul to the morning and found it was nothing the frame place of the soul to the morning the soul to the place and the soul to the morning the first young man was not to the place and the soul to the place and the p

which was best. This little volume had been submitted by Poe, and when the poetry came to be examined it was found also that the best poem in the collection was his. He was not, however, awarded the prize for poetry, that being given to another compelitor whose work the committee thought worthy the secend prize in view of the fact that Poe had

obtained the first.

It was in this manner that Poe was introduced to the world of literature, his previous productions having excited no attention other than that generally given to the work of a clever or erratic boy. The workmanship of these stories was so fine and the genius so apparent as to give them a distinct place in American fiction, a place to which at that time the promise of Hawthorne pointed. Besides the reputation and money thus earned the story brought him a stanch friend in the person of Mr. Kennedy, one of the mem-bers of the committee, who from that time the water, and in a few hours it had arrived was ever devoted to the interests of the

young author.
For the next wears Poe was busy with the composition of those beautiful tales which appeared from time to time in the periodicals soon prosperous, but he never remembered without a shiver the time that he was the richest man in the world."
"What time is it?" asked Mrs. Meadows, seeing that Mr. Thimblefinger still held his of the day, and which speedily



EDGAR A. POE. vas thus employed on editorial work for different magazines and became known as the first American critic who had made criti-cism an art. It was his dream at this time

felt the disappointment keenly always. Through all his disappointments, and he had he still lived much in that dream world which had always been so real to him and much of his best work found there its Inspiration. His exquisite story of Ligeia came to him first in a dream. This world so unreal to many, was to Poe as real as his actual life. Like Coleridge in English literature he had the power of presenting the wis-ions which came to him in sleep or in his walking dreams, surrounded by their own atmosphere of mystery and unreality, thus producing an effect which awed as well as fascinated. No other American writer has ever brought from the dream world such beautiful creations which charm and mystify at the same time and force the most unimaginative reader to believe for the time in the existence of this elusive realm of

Poe's poems have this same character, and found their inspiration from the same source. While engaged in editorial work in New York Poe wrote his first great poem, "The Raven," which was first published under an assumed name. It was not until he recited three times in a week; twice on Sunday when they went to church, and once during the week when guarded by two ushers they were taken a solemn walk through the neighboring fields. All the rest of life lay within the walls that separated the school from the village streets. In this quiet spot Poe spent five years of his life, speaking of them after. America as illustrating the highest poetic genius. From this time, Poe, who had hitherto been ranked among the best prose writers of his native land, now took precedence among the poets. It is indeed as a poet that he is always thought of first. It stick. The late Roscoe Conkling nearly haracter.

In his thirteenth year he left England and eturned to America with his adopted parents, publication of "The Raven" that he produced was much given to whittling about the handle Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Baltimore, and spent the next four or five years of his life partly in their beautiful home and partly at school. eighteen lines, is perhaps next to "The Raven," the peem that has brought him the nest fame. But the number of exquisite a poet. Chief among these is the little idyll, "Annabel Lee," which seems almost a transription of the ideal love which evision. twen Poe and his young wife.

PRATTLES OF THE YOUNGS TERS.

Sammy Short-F hear that your momme s some kind of a crank and has wheels nder her hat. Tommy Long-That's what. She rides a bike.

"Mamma," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie \$15 a month for looking after me?" "No. \$16," said mamma. "She is a good nurse and deserves it." Well, I say, ma, I'll look after myself for \$10. You'll save \$6 by it." Sunday School Teacher-Now, do you understand what the millennium is? Little Girl-Yes'm. It's the nice, quiet, peaceful time that is to come after there has been big wars everywhere and all the folks what

ikes to fight has been killed off.
Sunday School Teacher (seeking to impress the necessity of faith)—And what was the one thing which Jonah needed to make him safe? Bright Scholar-The earth. "Suppose," said little Mabel, the other day, "that our pug should try to follow his would he run down his throat, or

would he just turn a back somerset?" "Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday school "can any of you quote a verse from scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a mo-ment or two a bright boy raised his hand. 'Well. Thomas," said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said: "No man can serve two masters." The question agingly.

ended there.
A little boy in New York whose mother wa endeavoring to teach him to be generous with his sister, has profited by the lesson. The mother would always say to he got anything: "Give half of it to sister." He usually did as he was told, though not a cadetship at West Point secured for him He usually did as he was told, though not through the influence of Mr. Allen. Mrs. always with a very good grace. Recently the little fellow got sick, and it was then that who had his mother's teaching bore fruit. She was endeavoring to administer a dose of castor of when the youngster generously exclaimed: "Give it all to sister, mamma!"

Teacher-Thomas, how is it that James can say his alphabet so much better than you can; he never misses a letter? Thomas-He

oughtn't to, 'cause his father's a postman. RAKED IN THE POT.

A Straight Flush Took Four Queens and 82,500. While returning from Europe recently to attend the wedding of his sister. Howard Gould indulged in a quiet game of draw which cost him \$2,500. His opponent was Baron yon Scheliha, an attache at the German lega-

When the cards were dealt Gould found Gould opened the pot with \$10. Two other but the baron, being a nervy man,

He had seen bobtail flushes filled before; freshly severed slung on a cane,

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#### EVERY CANE HAS ITS DAY

BRIDGE TEETH.

Fashion fets the Pace for Sticks of High and Low Degree.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN THAT LINE

Rare, Valuable and Curious Specimens Pos sessed by Notables-Their Manufacture and Decoration - How They Are Worn.

Styles in canes these days command as much attention as styles in hats or collars, and the man who would be up to date is ever on the look out for the spring and fall to establish a magazine of his own, and for many years one project after another with this object in view the same woods as last season, the Congo, was tried and abandoned. He the Weischel, the rattan, the black bamboo-was never able to start the magazine and all expensive canes. An attempt will be made to introduce also the English ashplant so popular with the English country gentleman, and the Wangee cane.

The latter is known by various names and is the stick with innumerable knots, the valuable specimens having a large division between the knots at one end and tapering quickly to very small divisions at the other This shows that it is the tip or top of the cane, and while a fifty-foot bamboo of a slender growth all the way up will be cut into a dozen or more canes, there can be but one top, and as the tops are so frequently broken in the heavy storms the possession of a perfect specimen of this cane argues at once that a good price has been paid for it. Moreover, it cannot be imitated, and to these two facts it will owe its popularity

CANE OF ROSCOE CONKLING. Fashionable handles will be of natural horn a hippopotamus tooth, the young "point" of a deer or the silver deposit handle so popular last season, and the cost will be \$15 or more. The ashplant, already referred to, is a nice looking cane of cylindrical shape, pale gray in color, something like the plumage of a love, very tough and strong and at the same time light. It is more suitable for a hunting crop than for a cane, and to this use it will probably grade. It has a natural handle, but in the fashionable varieties has a heavy band of silver around the extreme end of the handle and another some little way down the stick. The late Roscoe Conkling nearly gymnasium at 9 West Twenty-fourth street He contended that a man should carry nothing in the way of a cane but one with a natural sure upon the large veins of the hand, be-come injured in the shoulder and back. One such sufferer, he claimed, was the late James G. Blaine. Doctors of standing say there is truth in Mr. Conkling's contention, especially where the handle is of a base metal such as brass or even tarnished silver, since the deposit on the metal rubbing off upon the hand may be absorbed into the system harmfully.

A THREE THOUSAND-DOLLAR CANE. There is one cane in New York which said to be the most valuable in the world. It is owned by Dr. Hailes and is valued at \$3,000. It has for a handle a nugget of native Californian gold, studded with sixtyfive diamonds. It weighs about three pounds In the old days the clouded cane was worth the most money, and several of them have been sold at the famous auction rooms of Christie in London for prices ranging up to \$1,500 for the cane alone without any ornamentation. Today the clouded cane is com-paratively cheap. Fashion has brought down the price, and the exquisite who in years gone must have a clouded cane would find his successor with a Congo or "wounded" cane. This type was brought into prominence by the prince of Wales and has for two years held its popularity with varying handles and decorations. The sticks are saplings of the Austrian and Medlar cak. Seven or eight years ago a Frenchman chanced to notice that a sapling which had been bruised on the young bark showed a series of queer dents on the surface of the wood and placed it to one side to make a cane for himself. A traveler coming along bought it and it at-tracted the notice of a cane manufacturer, who gave the Frenchman an order for a number of sticks similarly marked. He re-ported that they could not be supplied in less than two years, and keeping his secret to himself he "wounded" quite a number of

growing saplings.

Then it was a secret

Congo has come into plentiful supply. TASTE OF SENATOR HILL. The Congo is the cane which Senator Hill affects, with a handle turned into a long crook, though Mr. Hill does not hook cane over his arm in the regulation style, but carries it free, applying it to the use intended. The Congo is also popular with members of the Manhattan and Calumet clubs. The staid Union league men affect a black bamboo with a buck horr bandle, heavily banded and mounted in silver, a good cane to walk with, showy, yet strong, and a formidable weapon at close quarters. This was the kind of cane "Biff" Ellisen carried in the encounter with Broker Henriques which landed him in the penitentiary. haps the Lotus club men have the grea assortment of canes in the world as dividual properties. They are many of them globe trotters and own many curious types. One is a curious rattan, carried by Mr. Davis. It was given to him by a brother member who, in Borneo many years ago, saw one of the Sea Dyacks

no longer and the foresters in all parts com-menced to do the same thing. Thus the

raw material, much of it from South Amer-lea. The scope of the trade may be judged by the value of the raw material imported there is found the mouthpiece for the

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spring which, when pressed, allows a sil-, these covers on may be seen on the surface ver arabesque on the handle to fly up, and cars by observant people as it opens, it liberates a scratcher, which A word as to the man who carries his case under his arms at right angles, threatturn flashes across the vapor of a kerosene ening the yes of all behind him. lamp deftly hid below. Another type is a receptacle for tinder, which is ignited by the concussion of compressed air produced by the sudden driving down of a piston into the cylinder containing the tinder—a device of the last century revived. And still another is one in which the handle can be removed

The handle is a curiously carved ivory which glows when a button in the side of Seringapatam. rule, shows a mouth-piece of a pipe, and by unscrewing the tip of the handle reveals the bowl of a pipe. If a shorter pipe is de-

shorter one. The fashion of using canes with carved handles, and heavily chased metal handles, has evolved a new industry. A woman who keeps a store near Sixth avenue makes quite a little money knitting covers of silk, Among the curious items of novelties are from being torn, or the queven surface to the cares equipped with a lamp. One type has from irritating the palm. Many canes with

shall be done with him? In Germany citizen is not only allowed, but is requested the canebearer resents it, to give the custody of the authorities. T age of reform in this country, and here is much needed one. W. P. P. A Trick at Cards. Here is a very clever trick in whist given a letter to the London Times. Follow the

Indies for one sick knave.

16 Kn."

If you will go through a pack, taking the eight of hearts, the king of spades the three of diamonds, the ten of clubs, and so on keeping to this sequence of suits until you have repeated the above line four times and used the whole pack, you can then cut the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall the cards 40,000 times and they will always fall they will be they will always fall they will be they wil

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to knock the came to a level of safety, and if the camebearer resents it, to give him into This is the

"Eight kings threatened to save nine fine 8 K 3 10 2 ladies for one sick knave.

to the players as described and in comp