Told Out of Court

"Prisoner," said the Maryland justice, as the case was closed, "you have been found or to lay the enemy low, by a bullet that I pass sentence?"

"I has, sah," answered the prisoner, as he rose up. "It was all a mistake, jedgeall a mistake. I didn't dun reckon to steal no pig from Kurnel Chilvers. What I was son, an' how dem two animals got mixed up am so interested in war stories!" and de constable found de meat in my cabin am gwine to bodder me 'till I come out o' jail an' lick de ole woman fur not keepin' better watch at de doah!"

The old man was being cross-examined by an eminent counsel. The latter had used him rather hardly and the old man was be- It was a brick." ginning to look a little worse for wear, when the lawyer said:

"You say you are a doctor?" "Yes, sir; in a way, I am."

"What kind of a doctor, may I ask?"

"It's good to rub on the head.

strengthen the mind, sir." What effect, for instance, would it have

if I were to rub some of it on my head?" "None at all, sir; none at all. You must have something to start with, you know." The lawyer curied up a little and the old tolerable condition to the plous elitor, so, man felt proportionately better.

to

of burnside whiskers and gold-rimmed spec- ents" for enlightenment and the result was tacles, was arraigned in the Jefferson Mar- a lengthy "fashion letter" from "Tremont," ket court on a charge of intoxication, réports the New York Sun.

"What have you got to say to the charge?" the magistrate asked. "Were you drunk?" Ahem!" replied the prisoner, after some hesitation. "The question is rather embarrassing, but, of course, I do not want to appear to contradict the policeman, who, in-deed, was very kind."

"How did it happen?" inquired the magistrate.

"Some kind of new drink, you know Really, I don't know the name of it, but it was dreadfully mixed, and also very seductive. I am sure, your henor, that you would know it if I could only describe it properly."

you get it?"

"Where?" the prisoner repeated, in a surprised manner. "Why, you know, of courseright over here-it's peculiar that I can't re- to name or describe. For party or evening

"I don't know the least thing about it, retorted the magistrate, with emphasis, and his manner became severe. "How many of those seductive drinks did you have?"

"Really, your honor, I cannot tell, but I am sure you-"

The magistrate brought down the gavel on the desk with a enap that made the prisoner jump

"Beg pardon, your honor," the latter hastened to say, "but I only meant to say that you may safely presume that I had five or six, or maybe it was six or seven, or it might even have been seven or eight, or-"

"That will do," the magistrate interrupted him. "I know one thing now, which is that I shall have to fine you \$5, and I am sure

you know that you have deserved it." "Really, I don't know," the prisoner managed to say while the policeman dragged him out of the court room. "But no doubt you know all about it."

The Colonel's Romance him alone.

Chicago Times-Herald: "Colonel," caid the things that the man who hates to kick romantic girl, "tell me how you got that scar doesn't deserve to get, When a woman ends by not marrying a upon our left cheek. Oh, I just know it must be a thrilling story. Was it made by a bul- man it is always either because he has got let or a saber thrust? I prefer a saber too wise or else because she has got to It seems so much more like the foolish. knighthood of old. You can't see a bullet Every man who is in love has times when coming, and there is no way to escape it or he envices the ancient Britons. When an combat it. But when your enemy rushes at ancient Briton saw a woman he wanted he you with his uplifted saber there is the pos- went for her with a club and brought her sibility of parrying his blow and cutting home slung over his shoulder.

him down. That seems much more manly, even if the victor in the fray does receive a wound or two, than to just be laid low guilty of stealing a pig belonging to Colonel cannot be seen. There is no bravery in Childers. Have you anything to say before shooling a man, but there is something knightly in meeting another face to face

with a sword. Your scar looks like one that was left by a gleaming blade, and I know that your enemy must at least have been rendered hors de combat. Tell me all about arter was a hawg belongin' to Majah Daw. It colonel-when it happened, and how. I

"Yes," he replied, "I agree with you fully about the sword and saber business. There isn't much bravery in shooting a fellow, and there is something knightly about standing up and thrusting and parrying with a blade

But I got this wound while acting as an innocent bystander at a Chicago strike rist.

Thirty Years Ago

The Henry County (Mo.) Republican con-"I make 'intments, sir. I make 'intments." tinues its republication of interesting mat-"Oh, ointments. And what may your oint-ments be good for?" ter from the columns of its early-day prede-cessor, the Clinton Advocate. From the installment in the current issue the following In one of the March (1870) issues is taken: of the Advocate the editor complained of the slim attendance at the churches, which he attributed to the non-arrival of the spring fashions from St. Louis. This was an inwith a view to encouraging his feminine readers to attend divine services, he turned An elderly man, wearing an exquisite pair to one of his "corps of special correspond-

who happened to be in St. Louis at the time. It was published in the issue of April 14, and is interesting now chiefly because of the great change in styles since that time. Each article of feminine adornment was described separately, beginning with hats. After this came "chignons and switches," one of which, "a swell new waterfall," Tre-mont described in detail. "It was round measuring two feet in diameter and weighed three pounds. It was composed of brown wool yarn covered with hair that once adorned the end of a cow's tall. The retail price was \$5. The switches are composed of the same material and have the exact appearance of horses' tails amputated close to the body of the animal. No lady is well "I am sure I wouldn't," the magistrate dressed who has not attached to her head replied. "I am no expert. But where did one or the other of these wonderful articles." Dresses were worn short upon the street with panniers and other ornaments which the fashion writer confessed he was unab'e

member the name of the street. But you dress "trails" were being worn. "Dresses know it, judge, I am sure." are cut low, and chemisettes of lace, ruche. etc., are made visible thereby. Hoop skirts still maintain their enviable position, and, though still encircling the same precious forms, are far less conspicuous and troublesome to outsiders than formerly. The fashionable size is seventy-two inches at the bottom and as large or larger at the top. The new patent adjustable bustle is now a neccessity and is as universally worn as switches and palpitators." The fashion in high-heeled shoes had reached its extreme. According to "Tremont" the swell ladies of St. L-uis were wearing shoes with hee's four inches high and one inch wide, requiring more skill to walk in than a pair of roller skates.

A Bachelor's Reflections

New York Prees: No girl ever jilted a man that he didn't live to be glad of it. The devil invented heresy so that the

churches would be so busy they would let In this world the kicker always gets the

Quickly

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Examine the Package

In view of the many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of "Baker's Chocolate " which have recently been put upon the market, we find it necessary to caution consumers against these attempts to deceive and to ask them to examine every package they purchase, and make sure that it has on the front a yellow label, with our name and place of manufacture.



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