

JOHNNY'S COMPLAINT.

Things ain't what they used to be Since baby's in the house, We got few gumshoes 'round, an' gee!

COULDN'T LOSE HIM.

The boy came at 7:30 p. m. and stayed. I did not want him. I knew that the moment might come when his presence would be positively obnoxious, yet I could not get rid of him.

"Does it take long?" I inquired (with polite interest, I hope; how I longed to stick my crevel needle into him.) "Le—" (the Boy's mind had wandered.) "To learn her all around?"

My heart sank. The Man who had looked up hopefully turned to the frontispiece once more. If he would—would absorb the conversation, there might still be a chance. Yet, if the Boy found himself too well entertained he might stay forever.

"I have made up my mind," he replied. "I'll help him to lever the door open," he said. "It wants stronger hands than yours; I can post that letter besides."

"The climate is pleasant and healthful for roaches, tarantulas, scorpions, centipedes, snakes and alligators. The soil is adapted for raising foul odors and breeding diseases. In short these islands are a God-forsaken, cannibalized, Aguinado-infested blot on the face of this great earth, being mis-placed on this for some other planet."

Physicians' Fees.

Cases in Which Great Fees Have Been Demanded—Specialties—Dentists. A recent judgment upended against the estate of Walter C. Browning, a prominent physician, has attracted much attention.

It is poetry," said the Man. "The nicest verse I have ever seen." He looked regretfully at the clock and at the Boy and me. "I am afraid I must go," he said.

Large as some of these fees may sound to the lay ear, there is nothing in the estates of the deceased which shows an income disproportionate to the higher prices of the community. When the appraisers of the estate of Dr. D. Hayes Agnew filed their inventory it was \$177,107, and the final adjudication of the estate of Dr. William Pepper was announced in the orphans' court as \$595,185.

Outgrown. Tess—Is that Miss Waite? She's getting awfully big and stout, isn't she? Jess—Yes, ridiculously so. Why do you say that? Tess—Her first name is "Birdie."

Escaping from Siberia.

How Russian Convicts Manage to Secure Freedom—The Signal in the Window—Unfortunates to Whom Liberty is Not a Blessing—Unlabeled—Help from Sympathetic Visitors. Recent developments in Russia have served to direct public attention anew to the state of affairs in the vast Muscovite realm.

When the hospitable night sheds her cloak of secrecy over the world the convict, leaving his place of concealment, steals up to the lighted window and, pushing it open, takes the plate and jug and refreshes himself for the next stage of his long, dreary march to liberty.

Young Fiero was ordered to bed by the attending physician, and to bed he went—very much against his will—and remained there two weeks. A harness was placed over his shoulders to hold his head in place, the examination showing that the cervical vertebra had been dislocated and a ligament in the neck fractured.

At First Sight. "I loved you," he raved, "from the first night I had your father's rating in Bradstreet's."

Clothes of Silk that are Spun Upon the Body.

Probably no country on earth is more interesting to the traveler on the lookout for queer things and unusual experiences than the Silvas of the Amazon, and here is a story about an Indian tribe of that region told that can hardly be beaten.

These caterpillar-covered "niggers," as Dr. F. A. Marsh, who was of our party, called them, sleep on their backs at night and are careful not to turn over in their sleep. That would be a sad calamity. When we came to their village there were ten Indians, men and women, in the act of raising silk caterpillars by this unique process.

When our party left this interesting people they were busy with plans for further utilizing the worms. It was decided that the silk worm council that when they had more worms than they themselves could use they would put a few hundred upon the heads and necks of some prisoner taken in battle.

OLD SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.—M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which she always takes. Try them. Only 25c. at Green's drug store."

A New Stage of the Boer War.

The transference of the seat of government of the South African Republic from Pietersburg to Leydsdorp in the Zoutpansberg by the Vice-President, Gen. Schalk-Burgler, indicates the beginning of another and probably the last stage of the South African war.

The Free State burghers under President Steyn and DeWet have evidently decided to make the northeastern and the eastern part of their country the fields of operations, combining with the Transvaalers a general plan of operations against the British communications along the line.

Mr. Widener is one of the most prominent whips in the country, and has won many prizes at the various horse shows. At a recent horse show he was rendered unconscious, and on being removed to a hospital it was ascertained that his skull had been fractured.

That Old Story. The Kicker Talks About Thomas Jefferson's Inauguration. "Yes," said the man in the corner, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "I know all about how Tom Jefferson was inaugurated a hundred or more years ago."