

HOW OLD HICKS SAVED THE STATE

A farmer out in Renville, whose name was Grandpa Dix, had never dared to plant his corn without consulting Hicks.

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

Denis MacMurrugh, newly arrived, was standing in front of the post-office, near the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, gazing about with bewildered indecision.

In his own home he had been accustomed to take off his hat to every woman he met on the country roads, and to wish them the "top of a morning" or the "luck of the day."

Presently there was a slight ripple in the stream, and some of the eddies wavered under the momentary impulse of curiosity.

The crowd snickered a little at the gentleness applied to the wretched, barefoot creature on the sidewalk, but their mirth was quickly checked by the blazing fire which was turned toward them.

"Out upon yez for a pack of bloodless spalpeens! Here, ma'am," thrusting his hand into his pocket and drawing out a handful of small coins, "it's all I have, ma'am."

The policeman was a plucky fellow, but he drew back involuntarily from the storm he saw gathering on the face before him.

Denis had listened impatiently, but the first wonder and incredulity had gradually given place to whimsical resignation.

"An' officer to protict the law," he repeated, and for the first time he seemed to notice that the man was dressed differently from the others around him.

"Ye're jist over, I take it?" the policeman said, as they moved down the sidewalk.

"From the old country, ye?" "I knew it from your tongue. An' ye're from the north of Ireland, too, county Fermanagh."

"So it's a Fermanagh mon ye are," he said more graciously. "From what part?" "Ballygad. Michael Flynn's me name, an' it's cousin I am to the Bradys o' Kintal, an' they're cousins to the Coggans o' Erne, an' they're cousins to the MacMurrughs themselves."

"I have now, I used to go home at night on a Grand street horse car. I stood on the rear platform and threw pennies and nickels at the newsboys and bootblacks who used to run along after the car."

"Your business methods are called peculiar," was suggested. "You pay your employees \$1 a day, it is said, and look them in the store at night to prevent them from going out and getting drunk."

"What can you do?" I ask. "I got \$10,000 a year with Clafin," he says proudly. "I can do anything."

He was eccentric and proud of it. He wore a \$12 suit of clothes. Often he slept on an iron bedstead in his store. He was an advocate of phrenology.

He employed artists in hard luck to paint pictures for him by the yard. Sometimes he set these artists to work in the Broadway show windows.

The Japanese do not use milk, cows being almost unknown in Japan. Milk, an animal product, falls under the condemnation which excludes everything that has pertained to life from the list of articles used for food.

Denis shook the grasp from his arm and looked down curiously. "So ye've come agin, have ye?" he said, the color beginning to flame back to his face.

Charles Broadway Rous is Dead.

Blind Millionaire Merchant Prince of New York Peacefully Ends Eventful Career.

Charles Broadway Rous, the blind millionaire merchant prince and one of the most eccentric characters in New York is dead.

Success came late in life. He was one of the old regime, and the first time he set foot on Manhattan Island, immediately after the Civil War, he carried an oddly assorted pack of shoestrings, pencils and trinkets to sell Mr. Rous was gifted with an unerring business instinct and was successful from the beginning.

At the height of his success several years ago he was stricken blind. Thereafter he spent fortunes trying to regain his sight. He had a standing offer of \$1,000,000 for a cure.

Three years ago Mr. Rous erected a mausoleum at his country home near Winchester, Va. It cost \$100,000. His remains will be taken there for interment.

"I have now, I used to go home at night on a Grand street horse car. I stood on the rear platform and threw pennies and nickels at the newsboys and bootblacks who used to run along after the car."

"What can you do?" I ask. "I got \$10,000 a year with Clafin," he says proudly. "I can do anything."

He was eccentric and proud of it. He wore a \$12 suit of clothes. Often he slept on an iron bedstead in his store. He was an advocate of phrenology.

He employed artists in hard luck to paint pictures for him by the yard. Sometimes he set these artists to work in the Broadway show windows.

The Japanese do not use milk, cows being almost unknown in Japan. Milk, an animal product, falls under the condemnation which excludes everything that has pertained to life from the list of articles used for food.

Denis shook the grasp from his arm and looked down curiously. "So ye've come agin, have ye?" he said, the color beginning to flame back to his face.

Wearing of the Green.

Some Timely Information About St. Patrick's Career.

And so we come again to St. Patrick's day, and the wearing of the green! And simultaneously to consideration of the Irish people's oddity in choosing St. Patrick for the patron saint on their island.

St. Patrick had rather a knack of bestowing his name on places and conditions, as will be seen from what follows; and it is certainly odd that he was supposed to descend from a blue-blooded family, and that ever since the name Patrick (Patrickian) has meant aristocratic.

In Wales a dreadful shoal, now concealed beneath the waters of Carharron Bay, was once known as the Larn-badig (Patrick's Causeway), over which St. Patrick once walked, and on walking a trip to the Continent he sailed from Llan-badig, literary church of Patrick.

"I have now, I used to go home at night on a Grand street horse car. I stood on the rear platform and threw pennies and nickels at the newsboys and bootblacks who used to run along after the car."

"What can you do?" I ask. "I got \$10,000 a year with Clafin," he says proudly. "I can do anything."

He was eccentric and proud of it. He wore a \$12 suit of clothes. Often he slept on an iron bedstead in his store. He was an advocate of phrenology.

He employed artists in hard luck to paint pictures for him by the yard. Sometimes he set these artists to work in the Broadway show windows.

The Japanese do not use milk, cows being almost unknown in Japan. Milk, an animal product, falls under the condemnation which excludes everything that has pertained to life from the list of articles used for food.

Denis shook the grasp from his arm and looked down curiously. "So ye've come agin, have ye?" he said, the color beginning to flame back to his face.

Denis had listened impatiently, but the first wonder and incredulity had gradually given place to whimsical resignation.

The Making of Chocolate.

The Interesting Process Explained at the Ideal Factory.

Perhaps few people in this country know the importance of a new industry at Litzitz, though its product is being enjoyed throughout the country.

In this manufacture the first process is the roasting which completes the curing of the bean and takes out all the moisture, in some cases as much as 20 per cent of the weight of the bean.

"I have now, I used to go home at night on a Grand street horse car. I stood on the rear platform and threw pennies and nickels at the newsboys and bootblacks who used to run along after the car."

"What can you do?" I ask. "I got \$10,000 a year with Clafin," he says proudly. "I can do anything."

He was eccentric and proud of it. He wore a \$12 suit of clothes. Often he slept on an iron bedstead in his store. He was an advocate of phrenology.

He employed artists in hard luck to paint pictures for him by the yard. Sometimes he set these artists to work in the Broadway show windows.

The Japanese do not use milk, cows being almost unknown in Japan. Milk, an animal product, falls under the condemnation which excludes everything that has pertained to life from the list of articles used for food.

Denis shook the grasp from his arm and looked down curiously. "So ye've come agin, have ye?" he said, the color beginning to flame back to his face.

Denis had listened impatiently, but the first wonder and incredulity had gradually given place to whimsical resignation.

Denis had listened impatiently, but the first wonder and incredulity had gradually given place to whimsical resignation.

Toothsome Peanut.

Something Interesting About the Growth and Harvesting of the Same.

"In its different homes the peanut is also known by the names of ground-nut, earthnut, pindar, goober and ground-pea," says Leslie's Weekly.

"I have now, I used to go home at night on a Grand street horse car. I stood on the rear platform and threw pennies and nickels at the newsboys and bootblacks who used to run along after the car."

"What can you do?" I ask. "I got \$10,000 a year with Clafin," he says proudly. "I can do anything."

He was eccentric and proud of it. He wore a \$12 suit of clothes. Often he slept on an iron bedstead in his store. He was an advocate of phrenology.

He employed artists in hard luck to paint pictures for him by the yard. Sometimes he set these artists to work in the Broadway show windows.

The Japanese do not use milk, cows being almost unknown in Japan. Milk, an animal product, falls under the condemnation which excludes everything that has pertained to life from the list of articles used for food.

Denis shook the grasp from his arm and looked down curiously. "So ye've come agin, have ye?" he said, the color beginning to flame back to his face.

Denis had listened impatiently, but the first wonder and incredulity had gradually given place to whimsical resignation.

Denis had listened impatiently, but the first wonder and incredulity had gradually given place to whimsical resignation.

Denis had listened impatiently, but the first wonder and incredulity had gradually given place to whimsical resignation.