







handled cane with an air of importance. If is physique, voice and face were designed to aid him in his attempt to create an impression. He was tall and broad-shouldered, had big features and an aggressive black mustache, and his voice was deep and aonorous, He looked like a man who might try to

bulldoze another of lesser frame. The clerk looked up at him with a bland smile, but made no pretense of ooking at the key rack, as is his casom when he wants to learn whether a guest is in his room or not. Neither hd he look at the register nor at his ist of the day's guests. He simply

"Mr. Henry Wilson, did you say? There is no such person stopping 5455'42

The inquirer looked a little taken back, and a frown passed quickly ver his face. When he spoke, the tone of his voice suggested that he felt the clerk had estimated him properly. but he was impelled to make an attempt to change the clerk's theory. "Is that so?" he asked in surprise

that was evidently assumed; "when did he leave?" "I don't remember his having been

here," said the clerk, in a tone full of meaning.

"Oh, pshaw; you must be mistaken, said the man, fretfully. "Why, I am cortain he was here a week ago. 1 have a telegram from him asking me to meet him on last Wednesday. Unfortunately, I was out of town when the telegram arrived, and it was not forwarded. Wilson is the big millionaire contractor from Chicago, you know."

The last sentence was spoken se

to be an author when I grow up. I'm gathering the material for my book now. It's going to be all about how dudes and such like propose, and the lies they tell, and what the girl says. I hide behind the curtains or under the sofa every time I see one of sister's fellers begin to look sneaking. I can tell 'em every time. I'm experienced. Well, the other night 1 laid for Mr. Puttihead. He was pretty badly rattled, and when he got about to the point he muttered and stuttered and gobbled so that I couldn't make head nor tail of what he said. I forgot myself, and stuck my head out from under

the sofa. "Louder, please!" says I. "I didn't eatch that last remark."

ter screamed bloody murder, and pa rushed in and hauled me out into the woodshed, and, oh, if he didn't raise my coat in great shape! That is all I know about girls at

## Teeth of the Negro.

for the brilliant whiteness of his teeth - a quality which is not inherited by his descendants of the present day. Nowadays the teeth of the negroes do not seem to be nearly as good as those of his white brother. The reason is to be found in the change of food. The slaves had plenty to eat. but the food given them was of the simplest kind. Pork, meal, potatoes, and such vegetables as they raised themselves, formed their bill of fare. Now they eat all sorts of indigestible stuff, outdoing the white people in this direction, showing a particular fondness for

rein. Practically the only danger there that it is caused by the action of the is lies in the risk of the horse getting wind on the wires and given it no

# DWARFS IN MOROCCO.

which can easily be avoided.

Stunted in Growth Because of Poor Food and a Rigorous Cilmate.

The existence of a race of dwarfs on the Atlas range, about which there was an animated controversy last year. has received unexpected confirmation. Walter B. Harris, who has just returned from a journey in southern Morocco, communicates the facts to the London Times. While traveling along the foot of the mountains he saw thirteen or fourteen persons, none of whom were over four feet six inches in height, natives of the upper mountain regions. The Moors describe them as "a wild people, living in built houses in the rocks and snow, hunting mouflon with extraordinary agility and given to shooting anyone penetrating to their domains." He attributes their small stature not, as some have asserted, to the fact that they are the remnants of the troglodytes, but to the circumstances in which they live. He believes them to be "merely a certain collection of Shleh tribes, who, through the high altitude at which they live and the extremes of climate they are subject to, from their poverty and inability to raise crops, from the scarcity and bad quality of such food as they are able to collect, have, in the lapse of centuries, become of almost extraordinarily stunted growth." On his return journey to the coast Mr. Harris visited the artificial caves of Ain Tarsilt, which, from the height of the roofs and the

"Harry, you're cruel. You know Mr. Fleming was going out there for the color, and I thought it would be a good his fore legs entangled in the bridle, chance to continue my outdoor work." "Fleming! That prig! Well, I didn't

know before that he was going. I see there is still more reason why I should go now-and stay."

"But I forbid you doing any such foolish thing." "To tell the truth, Grace, I thought

of staying all the time-of going into some other business there." "Why, you never told me of it be-

fore.' "Well, I never thought of it till after I left you last night. Then it occurred to me I might go into the sheep or cat-

tle business or something like that." "At Maniton?"

"Why not?" "It's a summer resort."

"So much the better. I'd only be there in the summer, anyhow. "Harry, you're a trifler."

"Well, I can peel an orange, anyhow -if you'll allow me," Woodson exclaimed, taking from her hand the one

she was making a sad mess of. "Harry, I can never forgive you for doing this," Miss Baxter concluded, after a moment's contemplation of the whirling blur of green through the car window

"Well, I never could have forgiven myself if I hadn't-and there it is," he asserted, dispassionately, laying the pulpy, broken sphere of the orange be-

fore her. It is quite a jaunt from Manhattan to Manitou.

What color there was! The earth seemed hung in some rarer medium than common air. The yellow cactus

see anything. Excuse me, but I don't believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your career; I don't believe in your independence. You're simply spoiling the nicest girl in the world with it. You see things blue and purple because he does; and he-well, he sees things that way because some fellows over in Paris do, and I don't believe in it. There,

2,80 5,60 6,90

10.00 8,00 2,00 10,06 20,00 35,00

40.00 75.00

But it was not arranged that he should finish what he had to say. He had looked down to the ground where he sat as he spoke of Fleming. When he looked up Grace was several feet away from him, hurrying down the

"I'm a brute--a miserable brute?" Woodson remarked to himself with considerable force as he watched her striding toward the half-dry creck.

There was a plum thicket along the creek, and after watching Grace disappear within it Woodson set about picking up her sketching kit. This done, it occurred to him that it would be a proper pennance on his part to wash her brushes-he had always hated dirty brushes so. Gathering them up,

When he got there he could see no signs of Grace. Could it be that anything had happened to her? The thought made him eatch his breath for a moment. He knew she was impulsive-capable of any rash move in a moment of excitement. Then he heard a stirring in the plum thicket and came face to face upon her in a little opening, crying softly to herself.

"Grace!" he called. "Why, what's the matter? I know I'm a brute, but I didn't think you'd take it so."

"Oh, can't you help me?" she pleaded, and began groping about and feeling nimlessly with her hands.

He saw that her hair was loosened and that her wrists and face were scratched and bleeding in a dozen places.

"Why, what's the matter?" he queried again, as she came groping toward him and stumbled against him. "Can't you help me at all?"

"Of course, I can, small girl; you're all right. Nothing shall touch you," he reiterated as his arms closed around

"Oh, silly, can't you see I've lost my glasses?" she exclaimed, pulling away from him and flushing red among the greenery. But he held her tight.

"You don't want them; you see better without them, blue eyes. Confess now, you never really saw before. Give up trusting in those wretched glasses and trying to be independent. Come, see your career through my eves.

But still she held back at arm's length, really defiant. She seemed ready to cry and then smiled instead.

"You'll get my glasses if 1 promise?" He nodded.

Suddenly throwing her arms about . his neck, she said: "I always liked your eyes," and

pressed a kiss on either lid. "May be you were right about my art," she added, seriously. "But-this needn't in-

"Interfere! Why, I'll tell that man that I've decided not to take his cattle and we'll turn the whole herd into

Then he reached over and carefully disengaged her glasses from the twig where he had seen them hanging when he entered the thicket .-- G. Mel-

Slippery Tracks.

An electrical journal asks whether

wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bell, thus including sounds both in the wires and the poles. When this humming has been going on birds have mistaken the sound for insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside as they do upon apple and other trees. CARING FOR THE FLOWERS. Do not crowd the plants in window boxes

ROTATION is advised in the flower garlen as well as in the vegetable garden. Br sure and set the young plants in fresh loose soil and do not forget to firm the earth close about the plants. WHENEVER this is practicable do your transplanting after sunset and just before a rain. Remember that short stocky plants make the most vigorous

further thought. But it is not true

that the singing is caused by the wind,

and if you are at all observing you

will notice that often the humming

sound is to be heard these cold winter

the action of the cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the Well, sir, Puttihead fainted and sis-

present -- National Tribune.

The old-time colored man was noted

## mornings when the smoke from chimneys goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds and when the frost on the wires is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fringe. The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and according te an Austrian scientist, quoted by the Detroit Free Press, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric emperature, and especially through