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hief!'

'At a small town on a railway run-ning through Kentucky an express com-pany had been robbed of five thousand dollars. The loss of the money was in-significant when simply viewed as the removal of so many pleces of paper bearing the portrait of a distinguished American, but the necessity to hold up some one in the glaring light of the law as a dazzling example was a mo-mentous consideration. It hay be ob-scrved that a great corporation never knows an evil-doer as an individual, but regards him wholly as an "exam-ple;" indeed, the closest relationship and services that have endured through many years can be forgotten by a great institution when it sets out to establish an example. And I have often wondered why some one has not taken up the business of professional exam ple, to undergo a sentence to prison, for a reasonable salary, to show to the

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world that the great corporation is determined to enforce honesty. Well, five thousand dollars were taken one night from the express office in Spring-dale. The safe was blown open, the town trembled for three days in a de-lightmode average and the agent lirium of excitement, and the agent, with a bruise on his head, lay in his with a bruise on his head, lay in his room at the tavern. At that time I was operating a detective agency in Louisville (truly a despicable calling, I must say), and the division super-intendent of the express company sent for me. A great man was he. Con-sciously impressive, portly, with ani-mal life running like an engine within him. As I entered his private apart-ment he turned in his chair, and, look-ing at me a moment, said:

Ing at me a moment, said: "So you are Captain Blake?" "My name is Blake; yes, sir." "I suppose you have heard of our little affair down in the country." "Yes; I have read an account of it."

"Yes; I have read an account of it." "What do you think?" "It is only now, sir, that I have found it to my advantage to think." "Ah; I see." And after a short pause he added: "Now, I'll tell you what we have done, and then I'll tell you what we want you to do. The agent at Springdale has been arrested." He paused and looked at me as if he expected me to show astonichment, but

expected me to show astonishment, but I didn't. I simply said: "Yes; and he continued: "About six years ago he came to us most highly recommended, strictly sober, and with no bad habits There is no bank in the town, and on numerous occasions he has been en-trusted with large sums of money. He is of a good family, and during many years his father has been cashier of a bank in this sum?

years his father has been cashier of a bank in this city." He leaned back in his chair, stroked his side whiskers and looked at me, and I fancied that I could hear the great engine of health pumping within him. "I authorized his arrest last night," he went on, "and I have a dis-patch telling me that the town is great-by excited. The physician is unable to ly excited. The physician is unable to decide whether or not the blow on the head was self-inflicted, but he agrees that it looks supplements

that it looks suspicious." "Well, said I, "what do you want me to do

have a scheme," he answered have a scheme." he answered. Here have been so many similar fees, you understand, that I believe could convict him upon the testi-ony of the physician and other susagainst myself. He had done a rare thing—had won my friendship. To be continued Saturday. SHE LEFT NO MICROBES. A Chicago Woman's Object Lesson with

Nickel. From the Chicago Times-Herald, From the Chicago Times-Herald. The car stopped, a richly dressed lady got on, and sat down with a toss of her head and a swish of her silken petti-coats. She wore a sealskin cloak and a tiny pink and jetbonnet. Altogether she was such a dainty of fresh loveliness that the eyes of all in the car were upon her. Her checks flyshed and her eyes brightened as she talked to a friend be-side her.

de her.

"I've been to the lecture on microbes," "I've been to the lecture on microbes," she said, laughing, and showing all her dimples, "and just think—how perfectly horrid! Prof. Jones says there are mi-crobes in everything. In the air we breathe, in the water we drink, even on the money we handle." Then extracting her fare from a small

"Bill, there ain't no hoss thief here! "Bill, there ain't no hoss thief here!" "Tell that up at Bear Waller an' up the right fork of the Big Sandy, but don't tell it to us. That feller stole the Wilder Cage's hoss, and we want him." "Who says so?" "Why, Ab, here." And I saw him nod at a fellow standing near, and the light held at an upper window fell upon his mottled face. silver-mounted pocketbook, she delib-erately put the nickel in her mouth, de-murely folded her hands, and waited for the conductor. A pensive, far away look was in the lady's eyes as the dirty piece

was in the lady's eyes as the dirty piece of money was rolled from cheek to cheek, held for an instant between the pearly teeth, then back again under her tongue, till to the relief of all the conductor came along and relieved her of it: "Til bet my old shoes there's no microbes left in that nickel." mottled face "How do you know, Ab?" the jailer

asked. "Why, McGee 'lowed he was the man, and he was with the fellers that got atter him."

mmand outside. "We want that he

"Where's McGee? Let him identify him. And if he's the man, I'll agree

Anecdotes of to hang him myself, and then eat a foot of the rope. No, boys, you are wrong this time. You have hung fellows out of here all right enough, but you'd make a mistake this time, and it ain't exactly



WE WANT THAT HOSS THIEF.

right to make such mistakes. I ricollect they hung the wrong man over at Hover not long ago, and it caused a good deal of talk and some ill feelin'. so 1 advise you to be more particular. Now, if you want to know right bad, I'll tell you what the man is charged lth.

"Out with it," the leader cried. "Why, they do say he killed a man." The light was still held at the win-dow, and I saw the eager and expectant countenance of the leader droop to disappointment.

Buck, is that straight?" "As a rope pullin' a bucket out of a

"All right, then," said the leader. "All right, then," said the leader, turning about, "There air occasions when a feller's got a right to kill a man, but nobody ever had a right to steal a hoss. Boys, let's go down to Tobe's grocery. I understand they air goin' to cut a watermillon, knock a nail keg in the head and wring a dishmedarm there are a start of the star

dishrag down there pretty soon. Come The jailer, his fat sides shaking, stepped back and closed the door, and the man with the key motioned me to follow him.

sachusetts to edit it, by eliminating be-tween 200 and 300 lines which he considered improper. I declined, and then he got Ralph Waldo Emerson to invite me to his house. He was the most persuasive and convincing man I ever met. He nearly persuaded me to permit the elision, tell-ing me the book would be a great success and would bring me a fortune. While I would be with him Emerson would lalmost persuade me, but the instant I was alone I would resolve that the book should be printed as I wrote it or not at all. I finally determined not to permit it to be edited, and so I lost my chance of a for-tune."

tune." The book made Whitman famous, but he never acquired a fortune through it, || || ||

GEORGIA'S DRYEST TOWN. GEORGIA'S DRYEST TOWN. Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, and his staff, went on a little junket the other day to the town of Waycross. In the southern part of the state. On their return the governor preserved a dignified silence when asked if he had had a good time. A prominent member of the staff, how-ever, was not so reticent. "Talk about your dry towns," he ex-claimed, "Waycross is the dryest on earth. They don't even allow carpenters down there to carry spirit levels."

THE BISHOP'S SHARE. THE BISHOP'S SHARE. The late Dr. Thorold, bishop of Win-chester, was once on a railway journey, and at a certain station summoned a pa-per boy to fetch him some light refresh-ment. "Here is a four-penny plece," said the Bishop, "with which you can buy a Bath boun for me and one for yourself." In a few minutes the youth returned, munching a large bun, "Here's your change, sir," he said, handing over two-pence; "there was only one bun left."

MISTAKEN APPRECIATION.

Famous People.

MISTAKEN APPRECIATION. An instance of mistaken appreciation is told of the painter Constable. He was one day leaving the Royal Academy, where he had been busy with his colleagues of the hanging committee in arranging the pictures for the exhibition, and at the door he met Sam, the porter, who had been helping with the mechanical part of the work. work. They had just been moving into place one of Constable's own landscapes, paint-

ed in his characteristic manner and full of the spots of light which he was ac-customed to introduce into his pictures. "Well, Mr. Constantable, sir," said Sam.

"Well, Mr. Constantable, str." said Sam, "that's a picture of yours, sir! Wonder-ful, sir!" "Glad you approve of 't, Sam," said the artist, feeling in his pocket for a shilling wherewith to encourage Sam's taste. "Wonderful, sir!" repeated the man. "I never see snow painted so natural in my life."

AN ENTHUSIASTIC CONSTITUENT. AN ENTHUSIASTIC CONSTITUENT. It sometimes happens that a prophet is most honored in his own country and among his own people, says the Washing-ton Star. For example, there was a party of Texans, Congressman Bailey's loyal constituents, in a Pennsylvania avenue car just the other day. A little girl was with them. The little thing knelt on the sout, her nose pressed against the window pane. She did not see the Capitol at all till just as the car swung around at the foot of the hill. Then, as the great, white building flashed before her, she turned ex-citedly. "O, mamma!" she cried. "There it is. There's Mr. Bailey's office."

THE CROWD VANISHED. Gustave Dore could show invention not only in his wonderful illustrations but also in matters of every-day life. One day a friend at Verora was taking a photographic view of a picturesque old street, and Dore tried to assist by keep-ing off the crowd of idle lookers-on. It was a difficult task, and the more he ges-ticulated and threatened the greater be-came the throng. Suddenly, Dore had a splendid idea. "Walt a minute!" he called out to his friend, "and Fill disperse them." He then took off his coat, threw it on the ground, and, assuming a pitiful ex-pression, he went round, cap in hand, to beg for a few soldi. As he advanced the crowd drew back and melted away, and his friend quickly obtained the negative.

THE PEER AND THE BUTLER. THE PEER AND THE BUTLER. A titled Englishman was a guest at a Washington house, and a dinner party was given in his honor. The host cau-tioned the colored butler to address the Englishman as "My Lord." This he re-membered to do until he passed the spe-cial dish of the occasion, stewed terra-pin. The appearance of the dish is not specially inviting, so, when the butler handed it to him, the Englishman de-clined it, saying sorto voce:

DUPONT'S A WOMAN'S SUFFERING. ateresting Experience of Mrs. Loun bury of Olympis, Washington.

The practice of publishing medical testimonials is certainly not a new one; in fact, the subject is well nigh threadin fact, the subject is well nigh thread-bare, the columns of every paper being full of them. Nevertheless, occasion-ally a case appears of so interesting and remarkable a character as to merit special attention. Of such a character is the experience of Mrs. E. L. Louns-bury, of Olympia, in far off Washing-ton, who now resides at No. 111 Maple Park, in that city. Mrs. Lounsbury's trouble was an ag-gravated case of stomach trouble. She rays: 1 was very weak, could not sit up in bed more than an hour at a time.

up in bed more than an hour at a time, no appetite, eating the juice of rare beef. My husband would have to read to me until two or three o'clock in the norning before sleep would come, my heart was weak and troublesome, gas would collect in my stomach so that a number of times during the day I

would become almost helpless.

I saw the new stomach remedy, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, advertised in the Christian Herald of Detroit, and even now after taking but one box I am a good advertisement for them; I sleep good, have a good appetite, my heart is better, my nerves stronger. I am

is better, my nerves stronger. I am gaining strength so fast that yesterday I walked seven blocks. If this letter will do any good you may publish it in the Christian Herald, as I have many friends who read that

paper. The tablets have done wonders for nic, where hope of recovery was nearly

ne, where hope of recovery was nearly gene. The cure of this lady is but one of thousands ho have been cured of dys-pepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—a common sense remedy, which cures by causing the prompt digestion of the food eatien. They should be taken immediately af-ter meals and their beneficial effects are speedily apparent in the increased strength of stomach and nerves. They cure i abulation of the heart by restrength of stomach and nerves. They cure raipliation of the heart by re-moving the cause: they increase fiesh and appetite by digesting the food he-fore it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nerves. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets not only care indigestion, but they are so safe and pleasant that they are also per-fectly adapted to children and invalids. They are sold by druggists at 50 cents for full sized packages. A useful book on stomach diseases

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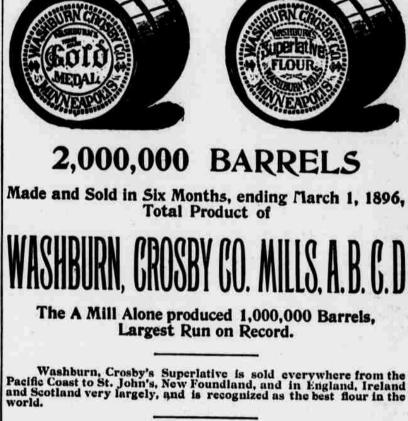
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MEGARGEL & CONNE

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE. The late Judge Rosencrans, of Saratoga county, N. Y., says the Green Bag, pos-sessed a most brilliant intellect, and could if he chose, so charge a jury as to almost certainly defeat a litigant that he de-gired, without giving the most astute law-yer any good ground to take exceptions. A farmer, residing in his county, at one time had, growing outside of his door-yard fence and really in the ground be-honging to he road or highway, a gigan-tic chestnut tree. For years the farmer had honestly supposed that the nuts that frew on this tree belonged by lawful right to him, and he had gathered them ac-cordingly. One day two stalwart butch-ers, out on a calf-buying expedition, came along and began to collect the nuts that there. Naturally the farmer objected to this and went out and forbade them, Words followed, and an altercation en-sumaller man than either of his antagon-its, gave them both a terrible drubbing. They, knowing him to be amply able to respond in damages, brought suit for forses on in be tried before Judge for assault and battery. The forses and on the bet riged before Judge for any was not the owner of the his defendant was not the owner of the his defendan

nuts." The jury brought in a verdict of dam-ages for the plaintiffs in the sum of 6 ents.

MR. VEST'S INQUIRY. MR. VEST'S INQUIRY. Mr. Vest, of Missouri, was making a speech in the senate the other day, says the Washington Post, when first Mr. Peffer arose and began to speak, and then Mr. Sherman, all three addressing the chair at the same time. Mr. Vest looked amazed, and, after a minute's hesitation, called out:

amazed, and, after a minute's hesitation, called out: "Mr. President, Mr. President!" The president paid no attention to Mr. Vest, however, when the Missouri mem-ber suddenly changed his tactics by de-claring his desire to make a parliamentary inquiry. This appeal was not lost on the President.

HOW STEVENS FELT.

WHITMAN MISSED A FORTUNE.

THE CROWD VANISHED.

picious circumstances; and although it is necessary for us to have an example, you understand, yet I should like to know beyond question whether or not he is guilty. I may be over particular, but, the fact is, I want him to make a confession. I may be a triffe soft-hearted, you understand, but I'd like to know.

"Don't you always want to know?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, surely," he quickly replied, "but as a general thing we are willing for the law to settle that point and act accordingly. But down in that part of the country an example is badly need-ed, and if this fellow Haines could be brought to confess, why it would be-well, it would be a good thing for us, you know.'

you know." "And your scheme?" "Is this. I want you to be put into the cell with him, win his confidence and worm a confession out of him." "Rather an old scheme," I was bold

enough to reply. "Oh, I've been told you are a most discouraging man, but I am determined upon this, and I am willing to pay handsomely for your services, and if

you succeed the amount of conpensa-tion shall be doubled." This, of course, interested me, and during more than an hour we laid our plans and talked them over, and when I left him it was with these words: "Tou may depend upon it that I shall do my duty." That evening an officer conducted me

along the main street of Springdale. The sight of the handcuffs upon my along the main street of Springdale. The sight of the handcuffs upon my wrists caught the eyes of the corner loungers, and soon a crowd was fol-lowing us and occasionally I heard the remark: "Got him all right. haven't they?" I heard the words "horse thief, I bet you," and as unim-pulsive.as I am I turned around to con-front a motiled face. The officer, who knew nothing of the superintendent's scheme—who was proud to be made so important—gave me a jerk, and the mob applauded him. By the time we reached the fail the air was full of "horse thief." I had no sooner been shoved through the door into the corridor than the words "hang him" smote my ears like a blow from a mallet, for I knew the ab-horrence in which my countrymen held the stealing of a horse; that, charged with any other crime, a man might hope for some sort of a hearing, but that to be suspected of horse theft was more than likely to mean deaf ears and quick action. The mob was now flerce. The jailer, a fat and humorous old fel-low, stepped out. I stood in the corri-dor, just behind him. Near me stood a man holding a key waiting to show me to my quarters. man holding a key waiting to show me

man holding a key waiting to show me to my quarters. "Boys," said the jailer, "what do you want?" "You know what we want, Buck," replied a lank fellow who had assumed



As the turnkey was fumbling with the lock, I heard the nervous pacing, to and fro, of a man inside the cell, and when I stepped in he turned about, looked at me and, withdrawing his brief attention, with a contemptuous bat of his eyes, said to the jailer:

"Buck, you've been acquainted with me long enough to know that I don't want to be shut in here with a horse-thief." "Oh, you heard them fellers, did you?

Of course, you don't want to be shut up with a hossthief-don't want to be shut up at all for that matter, Jimmie -but there are some things help, and bein' shut up with the first feller that comes along is here first "A great many stories have been told about my distinguished predecessor, Thad-deus Stevens, whose district I have the honor to represent," said Mr. Brosius, of Pennsylvania, "but here is one that is new

help, and bein' shut up with the first feller that comes along is sometimes one of them. Tom, stick that candle up there over the door and leave it there till it burns out so these here gentle-men can see how to entertain each other. That's all right; it'll stick. Well, good night Glad weine over Well. good night. Glad we've got room enough in there for both of you, and if you don't find bed clothes enough, shout

"Stevens was championing some bill in "Stevens was championing some bill in congress which aroused the opposition of the combined southern members. He made a brilliant speech in favor of it, and equalfor more. In fact, whatever you don't see in the dark, ask for." see in the dark, ask for." The shooting of the bolt sent a chill through me, and my fellow prisoner, noticing my momentary distress, gave me a kindly look. "You are not used a brilliant speech in layor of it, and equal-jy brilliant speeches were made on the other side, and the upshot of it was that Blevens was outvoted after a very bitter and passionate partisan debate. "Stevens was still boiling with disap-pointment and bitterness when Tombs, of Georgia, in a taunting way, asked him: "Well, Stevens, how do you feel over courdefact?" your defeat? "'Feel?' snapped back Stevens, 'feel? I feel like the poor man at the rich man's gate, who was licked by the dogs.'"



. HE MADE NO REPLY.

to it," he said. "They may be lying about you as they are about me. It's an easy thing to do." "And sometimes a hard thing to disprove," I replied, sitting down on my bunk, opposite his own. He made no reply, but turned about and resumed his pacing up and down the cell. I was careful not to let him catch me gazing at him, but I sat here studying him closely. And surely I was never impressed more deeply by the bearing and the countenance of a man. There was something about him that was more than graceful, an attraction new to me, unexpected, surprising. I had seen studied suggestions of it on the stage—the handsome, brave, reckless gambler. His features were not regular, his nose was faulty, his chin weak, and yet as a whole his face was stikkingly picturesque. He must have been about twenty-five years of age. The flekering of the light told me that the candle was dying. Hidd he been walking so long in silence, and had I in silence been studying him so long? "We'll soon be in the dark." I said.

Radway's Ready Relief had I in silence been studying interview ''We'll soon be in the dark," I said. ''I hate the dark. But it is in keeping with this miserable hole. Here a sun-beam would be like a bright-haired child strayed into a den of vice." ''Yes," he replied, pausing to look CURES AND PREVENTS Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influen-

matism, Neuralgia, Headache,

at me. "Were you ever on the stage?" I

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

"Were you ever on the stage?" I asked. "No. There goes the light." Blackness fell about us. I heard him stretch himself upon his bed. I lay down to ponder over him, to specu-late upon his character. I wondered if he were really guilty. Before seeing him I would have staked anything upon my belief in his suilt, but now I was uncerain. Time and again I turned over, striving to force myself to sleep. And I muttered charges of weakness

resident. "The gentleman from Missouri will state t," he said, ignoring Mr. Peffer and Mr.

it," he said, ignoring Mr. Peffer and Mr. Sherman. "I believe I was addressing the senate, and had the floor," said Mr. Vest, "but it seems that I have no longer got it. If I can't get it any other way, I rise to a parliamentary inquiry to find out how I lost it." There was a ripple of laughter in the chamber. Mr. Sherman apologized for his interruption, and Mr. Vest continued to hold the fort. AUSTIN ON TENNYSON. Just about the time when Tennyson-then plain Alfred Tennyson, the most popular poet in England-published his Arthurian idylis, Alfred Austin, William Morris and Algernon Charles Swinburne met at Swinford, Austin's beautiful home at Ashford, and entered into a discussion of the new work. Tennyson was handled without gloves by the trio. Austin closing the discussion with the remark: "Why waste breath on a third-rate poet".

"Why poet?"

Austin is an intensive sort of chap, who can be thoroughly uncompromising. He liked Tennyson better after the poet-lau-reate was made a baron.

JUDGE AND MOONSHINER. W. A. Woolwine, of Los Angeles, who was here in the interest of the San Pedro harbor project, says the Washington Star, formerly lived in Tennessee, and tells the following story of Judge D. M. Key, now etired:

A mountaineer who seemed to be half witted was brought into court charged with moonshining 'Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked

the judge. "I don't know what you mean," returned 11.

"I don't know what you mean," returned the prisoner. "Did you or did you not make liquor without paying license?" "Course I did. It's good likker, jedge." "Well, didn't you know it was wrong?" "Course not. Pap made it, an' he wer a good man, a preacher." There was such a vacant look in the man's face that Judge Key believed him to be semi-idiole. Turning to the dis-trict attorney, he said: "I don't know what to do in this case. The man is evi-dently non compos mentis." "Til tell yo', jedge," suggested the cul-prit, "sposin' we jess let this thing drap on both sides."

on both sides. And the case was "drapped."

In the mountains of the South the schools are still maintains of the South the schools are still maintained upon the subscription plan. A traveling man just returned from that section gave a reporter the following account of an examination of an appli-cant for school:

WHITMAN MISSED A FORTUNE. Walt Whitman, the philosopher poet, and William DeVere, the "Editor" in Hoyt's play, "A Black Sheep," were close friends in the days when "Pfaffs" was the head-quarters of "Bohemia," in New York city. Once Whitman said: "Bill, do you know that I once had the chance to become a very rich man?" "Is that so?" was DeVere's answer. "How was it?" "Why, when I wrote 'Leaves of Grass.' I took it to a famous publisher in Boston. He had the work read and agreed to pub-lish and boom it for me if I would permit the attorney general of the state of Mas-PALE AND THIN, BUT COULD FIGHT.



No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, In-firm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

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and its continued use for a new days effect a permanent cure. Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures con-gestions, whether of the hungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous mem-

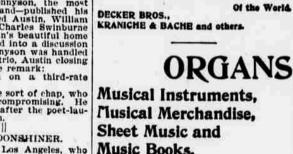
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Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement aced any-one SUFFER WITH PAIN. INTERNALLY-A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasma, Sour Stomach, Nauses, Vomiting, Heastburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhoes, Colic, Flatu-lency and all internal pains.

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clined it, saying sotto voce: "It looks uncommonly nawsty." The builer was so taken aback at the idea of any one refusing such a delicacy that he forgot himself and said: "But it's terrapin, My God." STEINWAY & SON'S . . Acknowledged the Leading AUSTIN ON TENNYSON.

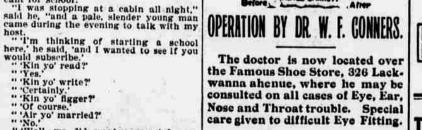


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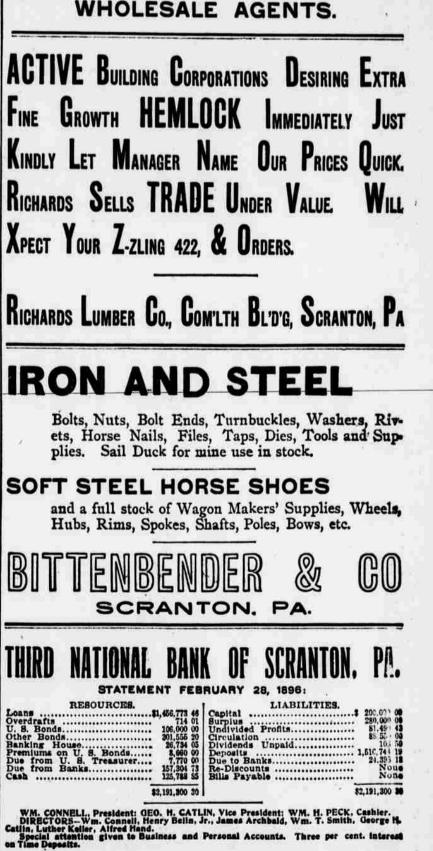




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For sale by JOHN H. PHELPS, Pharmacist, cor. Wyoming Avenue and

"'Alr yo' married?" "'No." "'Wall, we did want a married man nex' time. The las' three teachers has run off with gals, an' thar ain't enuff gals in this hyar neighborhood now. But'l don't "pose none of 'em would want a lean feller like yo'. I don't reckon yo' not bein' mar-ried 'll make much diff'rence. Couldn' ex-pect sich a po'ly feller ter be married. Then thar's one thing. Me and Bill Simp-kins an' Alf Toney is all gwine fer school an' larn ter read an' write. I licked Bill an' he done licked Alf, so I reckon the only one ter settle with is me. We ain' gwine ter bey no man we kin lick. Kin yo' fout?

"'Certainly.' "'Kin yo' figger?'

'Of course.' 'Air yo' married?'

" I studied boxing,' said the stranger. "'Don' know nohtin' bout thet. Does makin' boxes make muscle?" "Try one and see,' was the cool re-

joinder

joinder. "The big mountaineer hit at the little man, and when he regained consciousness had his head in the wood box and his feet sticking up in the air. "Looking about him with a dazed ex-pression, he said: "Young feller, shake. I'll go with yo' some day an' we'll git thet school. An' say, young feller, set me ter work on them boxes, will yo'? "-Washington Star.

Womanly Journalism.