

HAD \$1,000 BUT WAS HUNGRY.

How a Lucky Tramp in Chicago Got the Name of Being an Honest Man.

"I've slept under a shed with the thermometer 'way below zero," said the tramp, "and I've gone two long days with nothing to eat, but I'm telling you straight that when I once had \$1,000 in my pocket I was worse off than at any other time I can remember. I had just been let out of the bridewell in Chicago, and was begging on the streets and being turned down on every hand, when I picked up a \$1,000 bill on the sidewalk. I thought it was a dollar, and you bet I made a hustle to get down a side street. When I dodged into a doorway and made out that I was a thousand dollars ahead of the game the sweat started from every pore and my knees knocked together. I was regularly seasick for ten minutes, and my heart thumped away until I thought it would break out."

"That \$1,000 meant a heap for me, you understand, but I was so excited that it was two hours before I could do any planning. The first thing was to buy a new suit of clothes, and I entered a store and picked them out. When I exhibited that \$1,000 bill the clothier ran to the door to call a policeman. I got away by a close squeeze, and then realized the situation. Tramp I was, I couldn't get it changed at a bank nor use it to make me more comfortable. If it had been a ten I could have had lodgings and a bed, but I'm telling you that I walked the streets as hungry as a shark, and slept at a police station and in lumber yards."

"Under the circumstances the bill might as well have been a piece of brown paper. I tried all sorts of dodges to get it busted, but it was no go. Every time I showed it I ran the risk of arrest. I offered a butcher \$100 to get it changed, but he refused to have anything to do with it. I'd have sold it for half price and been glad to, but there was no such thing as making a deal. Finally, in despair, I went to one of the newspaper offices and looked up the advertisements for the week past. The loser had advertised, and I went to his office in a big building and gave up the bill. The reward was \$50, but he counted out ten dollars on top of that and said:

"I wouldn't have believed there was such honesty in the world. You could have kept the bill as well as not." "He took down my name and all that, and gave the affair away to the reporters. They wrote me up as the 'Honest Tramp,' and had my picture in the papers, but you may guess I didn't enjoy it over much. I had \$60 in place of \$1,000, and as for honesty, it was all bush. I returned the bill because I had to, and I'm telling you that I'm not looking for any more big finds. Something with a figure '2' on the corner will just about fit my vest pocket."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

COULD NOT KILL THE HOBO.

Rusty Rufus Was on the Pilot Milk-ing a Cow After Running Into a Herd.

"It was way back in the '70s," said an old engineer. "I was pulling the 'limited' east from Council Bluffs to Chicago over the Rock Island. The night was bitterly cold. We had gone about 20 miles out, and had stopped at a night office for orders, and had started up again, when the fireman reached over and said: 'There is a hobo on the pilot; saw him get on at the depot.' 'Sure?' I asked. 'Go out on the running board and see if he's there yet.' The fireman did as he was ordered to do, and returned with the information that the hobo was still there.

"Well," said I, "it's a bitter cold night, and if he can stand it out there I am willing he should ride with me." And on we went toward Chicago, with old '211' barking like sixty at the low joints ahead! and forgetful of our 'head-end' passenger on the pilot.

"By and by, by the faint glimmering of the headlight, I thought I saw ahead what seemed to be a bunch of cattle on the track. As we approached it the bunch seemed to grow larger. It was now too late to do anything, so I just pulled her wide open and old '211' hit that bunch of cattle 'kn-kif.' To paraphrase the language of Tennyson, who glides into raptures of admiration over the charge of the Light brigade at Bala-klava, there was just simply cattle to the right of us, cattle to the left of us, but none any more in front of us. After it was over our thoughts reverted to the hobo on the pilot. 'Go out and see if he is still there,' I said."

"Well," said an old brakeman, under whose feet the frosts of many winters had cracked as he wended his way in the dark over many a long train of box cars, and who had been listening to the story. "Well," said he, "was he killed?"

"No," replied the engineer. "There he sat, as large as any hobo could sit, on the pilot with an oyster can milking one of those durned cows."—Topeka Capital.

**Samoa's Inveterate Beggars.** An American who visited the Stevensons in Samoa relates that the Samoans have a practice of begging. They boldly ask for whatever they may covet wherever it may be found. The novelist came tired of this practice and there-said one day to a Samoan friend...

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

A Budget of Valuable Suggestions for the Aid of the Busy Housewife.

The passion for old-time things has brought into fashion the homemade rag carpet, but there are more artistic ways of having it woven than the everlasting stripe. A handsome carpet is a solid centerpiece of maroon. The warp should be colored the same shade as the rags, and all may be colored at home, if desirable for economy's sake with diamond dyes, and to utilize both light and dark rags a very handsome border is made of shaded red and orange woven in the old-fashioned stripe. Another style is to have a very heavy warp used twice as thick as for ordinary carpet; color it several desired shades. This produces a very pretty checked carpet, weaving in the rags in stripes.

No variety of greens is more valuable than the dandelion, and when properly cooked it is tender and finely flavored. Wash thoroughly, put into boiling water and cook for one hour; drain, cover with salted boiling water and cook two hours longer. Drain again, cut up fine, season with one tablespoon of butter and one tablespoonful of sauce; Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs until smooth; add one saltspoonful of salt, one-quarter as much white pepper and two table-spoonfuls of thick cream. Beat thoroughly, then gradually add one cupful of vinegar; stir until dressing is the consistency of cream.

Apple jelly equal to the finest quince, currant or crab jelly is made in the following manner: Take apples, wipe and slice them; use seeds, skins and all; add sufficient water to cover and cook until soft; strain through a cloth, taking care not to squeeze. To every pint of juice allow half the juice of a lemon and a pound of sugar. Boil the liquid 35 minutes over a quick fire before adding the sugar. Allow all to come to the boil again, then remove. The pulp remaining in the cloth may be squeezed through it, and with lemon and sugar added in the same proportion as in the jelly makes a most excellent marmalade.

For mutton steak purchase two pounds of mutton from the shoulder; this can be had for half the price of steaks. Have the butcher trim it carefully and chop with two knives until fine. Add one-fourth of a pound of beef suet chopped fine. Make into a steak to fit your broiler, and broil over a clear fire. Season when done with a teaspoonful of salt and a fourth as much paprika. Place on a hot platter, dot with butter, using a tablespoonful. Pour around it tomato sauce.

To prevent things in the oven from being burnt or becoming too brown, a basin or pie dish of water should be put on the lower shelf so that the steam can rise. Mildew is cured by dipping the article in sour buttermilk and laying them in the sun to dry. Never throw away beef marrow, save it, and let it be chopped with suet when making a boiled pudding. Cinders, if saved and wetted with a little water, make a very hot fire for ironing days.—Troy Times.

SLEEVES IN SUMMER.

The Latest Are Made to Counter-balance Tightness of the New Skirts.

Sleeves are becoming an objective point in the costume. This is probably due to the extreme tightness of the skirts and the desire to increase the width of the shoulders as a counter-balance. Plain sleeves are becoming only in a perfectly-formed woman, and hence the efforts of the modistes to introduce them have failed. Among the sleeves seen on eight imported gowns, the first sleeve is that of an apricot-colored satin. It is cut in a point upon an epaulette of mousseline de soie. The bottom is cut out in points upon a puffing of mousseline. There is a vine of embroidery at the top and at the hand. The second sleeve is that of a plain cashmere gown, and is made elegant and becoming by tucks. The third sleeve is that of a wool challie. It is cut in two plaits on each side under a rosette; the top is open upon a plaiting of mousseline de soie, with small ruches. The fourth sleeve is that of a silk poplin gown, with guipure insertion and ruches of mousseline. The fifth belongs to a tailor-made gown, and the sixth is that of a mauve wool, cut into several parts and fastened down by buttons. The seventh sleeve is that of a gray popinette gown, the edges finished with ruches of mousseline de soie. The last sleeve, of black satin, has the upper part covered by guipure, which is framed by loops of ribbon.

Sleeves will in the near future form a still more important part of the gown than they do even now. As to the tight skirts, there is something almost shocking about the swathing lines which now so unequivocally reveal the entire figure of a fashionable woman. She has divested herself of every possible morsel of inside drapery which it is given her to discard, and wears her frocks "neat," to quote a big man milliner, over combinations or long woven vests which reach to the knee, where they are joined by lace or silk flounces.

Of course, this new skirt, fitted as it is without a single wrinkle over the back, when trailing a foot or two in length over green lawn or velvet pile carpet, is all very well; but how about the half-attempted, half-accomplished version of the country dressmaker, who just mis- the right curves and...

One of the Old School.

"Bah!" cried old Testyman, angrily, as he finished the report of a case in which a school-teacher had been fined for thrashing one of his pupils. "Bah! things have changed since my time, I assure you. Boys were boys then, and not afraid of a good licking, and they got one pretty often, I can tell you. Why, sir, I've had my back scarred with weals for six months at a time."

"You must have looked a pretty picture, I should think," remarked a fellow clubman. "I was," said Testyman, briefly; "a picture by one of the old masters." And the old fellow chuckled grimly as he toddled away to the card-room.—Ally Slipper.

**Subsequently Confirmed.** "I always form my opinion of a man from my impression at first sight of him," observed Rivers, "and seldom here to change it. Now, that fellow who has just gone out—I took an instant dislike to him when he came in, and nothing will ever make me think differently of him." "I noticed he had a bill against you," remarked Brooks.—Chicago Tribune.

**Somewhat Ambiguous.** A gentleman lately dismissed a clever but dishonest gardener. For the sake of his wife and family he gave him a character, and this is how he worded it: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of my garden than any man I ever employed."—Tit-Bits.

**Proof Positive.** Tommy Brown—Is your big sister engaged to Mr. White? Susie—No, an' I guess she don't want to be. Tommy Brown—Did she say so? Susie Green—No, but she knowed he was comin' to-night, an' she cut onions at supper.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Invitation Declined.** Jason—Come home and take dinner with me to-night, old chap—will you? Thayer—Why—er— Jason—Oh, but you must come. My wife's had some fool friend there every night for two weeks, and I want to get even.—Judge.

**The Real Insult.** Maj. Goodfellow—So he called you a liar, a drunkard, a card sharp and a chicken thief, did he? Maj. Hottubun—He did, suh! but when he went further and said I was not a gentleman, I drew on him to wunst, suh!—Puck.

**Just Before the Battle.** Mrs. Jones—Your mother was telling me to-day that when you were born your grandmother predicted that you would marry wisely and happily. Jones—What a good joke on my grandmother!—N. Y. World.

**A Delicate Compliment.** Mrs. Matchmaker—Mr. Wise, I take it from your interest in my daughter Pearl that you're a gem connoisseur. Mr. Wise—It's due, madam, to my great admiration for mother of Pearl. —Jeweler's Weekly.

**Making a Sure Thing of It.** Miss Pinchbrow—Do you think it is possible to get a good idea of Europe in six weeks? Miss Fiddleback—Oh, no! I should stay eight if I were you.—Puck.

**The Bare Facts.** A little babe, beyond a doubt, Is held until his hair comes out; And, later on, in manhood when His hair comes out, he's bald again. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

**THE SAME OLD STORY.**



Mrs. Fly—What do you mean by coming home in this condition? Mr. Fly—Couldn't help it, m' dear. I shipped and fell into a glass of beer.—N. Y. Evening Journal.

**More Wonderful.** "Yes," she said, "I have a daughter who is married to an earl." "Humph!" he returned. "That's nothin'. I've got five daughters married to men they picked out themselves, and I don't have to support any of 'em."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**A Bad Art Effect.** "I can't go out to play golf with Miss Booster any more." "Why not?" "The stripes in my golfing suit are horizontal and hers are perpendicular."—Chicago Record.

**THE BEST OF ALL.** For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" is pleasant to the children teething—is pleasant to the

Beauty and Utility.

We can't have roses all the year—So nature has things planned; But strawberries—as fondly dear—May be preserved and canned. —Detroit Free Press.

**Conceit.** Mrs. Spatts—I wouldn't marry the best man living if I had it to do over again. Spatts—I wouldn't ask you again.—Brooklyn Life.

**Impossible to Doubt.** "How do I know this is 15-year-old whisky?" "Here is the written guarantee, sir, of the man who invented the process for aging it."—Chicago Tribune.

**Hope for Him.** Goslin—I lose my head so readily, daughter know, Miss Amy. Miss Amy—How fortunate! One of these times you'll get another.—Harlem Light.

**She Couldn't Throw.** Mabel—They say she fairly threw herself at him. Jack—I don't believe it. She would have missed him if she had done that. —N. Y. Journal.

**Her Side of the Question.** Upon his wheel he scours the country, His wife at home bicycling loathes; For next day 'tis her dirty duty To scour the country off his clothes. —Judge.

**Dangerous Sometimes.** She—I suppose you are aware, Fred, that an engagement is a serious thing? He—Oh, yes. Why, some of them lead to marriage.—Town Topics.

**The Philosopher.** "The big chair trust has been perfected." "Well, there's still the ground to sit on."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Usually the Way.** "Tommy," said the teacher, "what is meant by nutritious food?" "Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.—Tit-Bits.

**Reverse Effect.** "So they finally froze Johnson out of the company, did they?" "Yes. And I never saw a hotter man in all my life."—Indianapolis Journal.

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Table with columns for WESTWARD, STATIONS, and EASTWARD. Lists train schedules for Sunbury and Lewistown.

Train leaves Sunbury 5 25 p. m., arrives at Selinsgrove 5 45 p. m. Trains leave Lewistown Junction: 5 24 a. m., 10 12 a. m., 11 0 a. m., 12 30 p. m., 5 22 p. m., 7 07 11 58 p. m., for Altoona, Pittsburg and the West.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division. NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY. Trains leave Sunbury daily except Sunday: 1 41 a. m. for Erie and Canadawaga.

5 45 p. m. for Kenova and Elkhira 9 25 p. m. for Williamsport Sunday 5 10 a. m. for Erie and Canadawaga 9 45 a. m. for Lock Haven, Tyrone and the West. 11 0 p. m. for Holliston Kane Tyrone and Canadawaga.

5 45 p. m., 9 35 a. m. 2 00 and 5 48 p. m. for Williamsport and Hazleton. 7 0 a. m., 10 30 a. m., 2 05 p. m., 5 45 p. m. for Shamokin and Mount Carmel. Sunday 9 35 a. m. for Wilkes-barre.

Trains leave Selinsgrove Junction 10 0 a. m., week days, arriving at Philadelphia 3 00 p. m. New York 5 33 p. m. Baltimore 3 11 p. m. Washington 4 10 p. m. 5 34 p. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 9 30 p. m. New York 2 33 a. m., Baltimore 9 45 p. m. Washington 10 55 p. m. 8 43 p. m., week days arriving at Philadelphia 4 50 a. m., New York 7 13 a. m., Baltimore 2 30 a. m. Washington 3 29 a. m.

Trains also leave Sunbury: 2 27 a. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 6 52 a. m. Baltimore 9 35 a. m. Washington 7 45 a. m. New York 9 35 a. m. Week days, 10 25 a. m. Sunday, 7 50 a. m. Week days arriving at Philadelphia 11 48 a. m., New York 2 13 p. m., Baltimore 1 15 a. m., Washington 1 00 p. m. 1 55 p. m., week days arriving at Philadelphia 5 23 p. m., New York 9 30 p. m., Baltimore 6 0 p. m. Washington 7 15 p. m. Trains also leave Sunbury at 9 50 a. m. and 2 25 and 9 31 p. m., for Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

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