

# MORE POSTAL INDICTMENTS

## James Tyner and H. J. Barratt Must Face Charge of Conspiracy.

### THIRTY PERSONS NOW INDICTED

Washington, Oct. 6.—Fifteen new indictments were brought in by the federal grand jury for the District of Columbia as the final result of the investigation in the postoffice department. Several of these findings were against persons who have already been indicted. The new indictments involve James N. Tyner, the late assistant attorney general, and his assistant, Harrison J. Barrett; James T. Metcalf, superintendent of the money order system; Norman Metcalf, son of James T. Metcalf; Harry C. Hallenbeck, of the Washington Hallenbeck & Crawford Co., of New York, the firm which for several years supplied the department with money order blanks, and William D. Foreman, who is connected with a house which has been supplying a stamp cancelling machine to the department. There were additional indictments against August W. Machen, George W. Beavers, W. Scott Towers, and State Senator George A. Green, of New York. In some cases there were several indictments against one person.

Three indictments charge Tyner and Barrett with conspiracy, and two additional indictments charge Barrett with conspiracy, while still in office, to receive fees for services rendered or to be rendered in cases pending before him as an officer. All the indictments are founded upon the treatment by Tyner and Barrett of the business of the so-called bond investment companies. The principal charge is that of misconduct in office, in obstructing and preventing the due and orderly administration of the law. It is stated that there were no less than 80 of the so-called bond investment companies to which the opinion of the department was sent, together with the circular intimating that Barrett's services as attorney could be secured.

The charge against Hallenbeck and the Metcalfs is that of conspiracy to defraud the United States. The company of which Hallenbeck is the head had a contract with the United States to furnish the postal service with its money-order blanks. Norman Metcalf was employed as a clerk in the office of the Wynkoop, Hallenbeck & Crawford Company at a salary of \$30 a week. It is alleged there was an agreement between them that there should be no inspection of the forms supplied by the company that on account of that agreement the forms were printed on inferior paper; that only one side of them was lithographed, while the contract called for the lithographing of both sides, and that by other devices the company was enabled to save large sums of money at the expense of the government. It is asserted by the postoffice authorities that the government lost at least \$50,000 in one year by this arrangement. It is also asserted that there was an agreement whereby the contracting company paid young Metcalf 1 cent for each book of forms shipped, and it is stated that the shipments for one year reached as high as 500,000 books.

The new charge against Machen is that of accepting a bribe in connection with the delivery of badges worn by rural free delivery carriers, which were made by Charles J. Heller, of Philadelphia.

There are two new indictments against Beavers, one of them charging him with accepting \$25 each on a number of book typewriting machines sold to the government by Scott Towers, and the other alleging misconduct in the purchase of stamp cancelling machines from W. D. Doremus.

Barrett and Tyner were admitted to bail. The elder Metcalf entered a bond of \$10,000, and a similar bond will be required for Norman Metcalf and Hallenbeck.

Postmaster General Payne expressed great satisfaction at the conclusion of the postoffice department investigation culminating in these indictments. He said that all the evidence secured in the investigation had now been placed before the grand jury and passed upon, and approximately 30 different persons indicted as the result of the probing that has been in progress since last spring. He said it had not been determined whether there had been any administrative reforms needing legislation by congress, but that many reforms had been from time to time suggested as the investigation proceeded.

### Middies Deny Hazing.

Washington, Oct. 6.—Midshipman Alvah B. Court, president of the second class at Annapolis, has written a letter to Captain Willard H. Brownson, superintendent of the naval academy, denying that the class has broken its pledge and indulged in hazing. Captain Brownson, in his reply, says he has confidence in any statement the class may make, and expresses the belief that the class kept faith. At his request Secretary Moody has made the correspondence public.

### Smothered in Pile of Seed Cotton.

Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 6.—Cyrus Johnson, a 14-year-old boy, while playing in a pile of seed cotton near his home, 12 miles from Raleigh, fell into a funnel-shaped hole he had excavated in the mass, and being unable to extricate himself was smothered to death. A younger boy, his step-brother, saw his legs sticking from the cotton seed and dragged him out, but only to find that he was dead.

### BRITISH CABINET NAMES

#### Alfred Lyttelton Succeeds Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary.

London, Oct. 6.—The three weeks' cabinet crisis has ended in a manner more remarkable and dramatic than that of its inception. Mr. Balfour's new ministry affords a measure of the enormous difficulty he has had to contend with in the task of reconstruction, and its composition seems to indicate that the premier himself can have little belief of its durability. The most sanguine supporters of the government express the smallest hopes of such an administration living many months, and the prevalent idea is that there will be a general election before parliament reassembles.

The Duke of Devonshire, who was leader of the Conservative party in the house of lords, it was announced, has resigned the office of lord president of the council, and the king has accepted his resignation.

The new cabinet was also announced. It is composed as follows: William St. John Brodrick, formerly secretary for war, succeeds Lord George Hamilton as secretary for India; Austen Chamberlain postmaster general, succeeds Mr. Ritchie as chancellor of the exchequer.

Alfred Lyttelton, recorder of Oxford, succeeds Joseph Chamberlain as secretary for the colonies.

H. O. Arnold-Forster, secretary to the admiralty, succeeds Mr. Brodrick as secretary for war.

Graham Murray, lord advocate of Scotland, succeeds Lord Balfour, of Burleigh, as secretary for Scotland.

Lord Stanley, financial secretary of the war office, succeeds Austen Chamberlain as postmaster general.

One consequence of the Duke of Devonshire's retirement is extremely unfortunate for the government. It will bring the leadership of the house of lords to the unpopular Lord Lansdowne. No successor has yet been appointed to the Duke of Devonshire, and several minor government offices still remain vacant.

### BATTLE MAY START WAR

#### Fierce Fight Between Turkish and Bulgarian Troops Reported.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Oct. 5.—Serious news has been received here from the frontier of fighting between Turkish and Bulgarian troops at Demir-Kapia, both sides sustaining heavy losses.

In official quarters all knowledge of the affair is denied, but the circumstantial details given seem to indicate that there is some foundation for the accounts of the conflict. According to one report, the Turks attacked the Bulgarian frontier post. Another version says the Turks pursued a number of refugees across the frontier.

It is asserted that the Turks have frequently attempted to provoke hostilities, firing into Bulgarian territory and crossing the frontier to steal horses and sheep. The war office here is working at high pressure, and 24,000 recruits will be called out three months before the usual time. Prince Ferdinand has sanctioned numerous other measures of a warlike nature. All the cavalry with the exception of a single regiment which is stationed at Sofia has been sent into the frontier districts, where are also strong forces of artillery. Vigorous efforts are being made to prevent hands from crossing into Turkish territory.

### SHOT FOR REFUSING TO DRINK

#### John Hudson Used Pistol When Friends Refused Whisky.

Media, Pa., Oct. 5.—John Hudson, of this place, shot four persons at his home here because they refused to drink with him. None of them was fatally injured. Hudson had been drinking, and when he arrived home he found several friends there. He took a bottle of whisky from one of his pockets and invited all present to have a drink. They refused and Hudson became greatly incensed. He drew a revolver from his pocket and fired it point blank at the company. Mrs. John Hudson was struck in the cheek, Miss Rebecca Hudson received a bullet in the shoulder, Charles J. Farley received a bullet wound in the temple, and Mrs. Farley was hit in the neck. Hudson was arrested after a struggle with the police.

### HOSIERY MILL BLOWN UP

#### Boller Explosion at Beverly, N. J., Wrecks Plant and Kills Watchman.

Beverly, N. J., Oct. 6.—The large boiler in the hosiery mill of Turner Birkhead, of this city, exploded with a fearful crash that jarred Beverly, wrecked the engine room and two-thirds of the main building and instantly killed Alfred Stucky, the watchman. The building immediately became enveloped in flames, and damage to the extent of \$10,000 was done before the fire was gotten under control. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

The crash of the exploding boiler was heard and felt within a radius of five miles, and fearful of an earthquake people rushed to their doors. In this city the buildings shook, glass and dishes rattled, and it was not until a bright flame shot up in the west that those who were awakened by the shock realized the situation.

The city fire department soon had a plug struck on the burning structure, and after an hour's work the flames were subdued. Meanwhile the body of Stucky, which had been blown several feet from the building by the force of the explosion, was removed to his home. The body was badly torn, the clothing rent into shreds, and death must have come quickly.

What caused the explosion is not known, since the boiler was recently inspected and pronounced in good condition, but it is presumed that Stucky, who was an old man, turned cold water on the hot crown head without looking at the glass, with the inevitable result.

# CRAZY MAN FOUGHT TO SEE PRESIDENT

## Refused to Leave White House and Was Arrested.

### BADLY INJURED IN STRUGGLE

Washington, Oct. 6.—A desperate hand-to-hand encounter with an armed insane man who was determined to see President Roosevelt occurred in the vestibule of the White House. The man, who gave his name as Peter Elliott, a machinist, of Minneapolis, Minn., was overpowered by the officers and carried to a police van, which had been summoned. He was placed in the van in the custody of two officers. Seeming to realize then for the first time that he was under arrest, Elliott began a furious struggle with his captors for liberty. He drew a revolver from the right side pocket of his trousers and attempted to shoot Officer James Cissell. The officer grabbed his hand and wrenched the weapon from his grasp. Elliott's struggles were so fierce, however, that the two officers in their cramped quarters of the van were unable to overcome him. Officer Cissell then drew his revolver and fired two shots to attract attention.

In the struggle within the police van Elliott had broken a glass panel with his hand, severely cutting his head and face. Officer Cissell sustained a serious cut on his right arm, two inches of flesh being cut out of the fleshy part of the arm. He suffered considerably from loss of blood, but his injury is not serious. The van was hurried to the Emergency Hospital, where the injuries of Cissell and Elliott were dressed.

Several days ago Secretary Loeb received a letter written on letter paper of the St. James' Hotel, this city. The letter enclosed a photograph of Elliott and an incoherent request for an interview with President Roosevelt. The letter was signed "Peter Ell," the statement being made immediately under the signature that the writer was registered at the hotel as Peter Elliott. It was evident to Secretary Loeb that his correspondent was insane, and he issued directions at once that the officers on duty both at the White House and at the executive offices should be on their guard against him. The photograph was turned over to the secret service officers.

Nothing was seen of the man until the president attended services at Grace Reformed Church, when Elliott appeared near the entrance to the church and made an effort to speak to the president, but he was foiled in his endeavor by the secret service officers. He next appeared at the executive offices and was turned away.

At the Emergency Hospital, where his wounds were dressed, Elliott said that he was a Swede and that his home was in Minneapolis. From the hospital the man was taken to the First Precinct police station and incarcerated in one of the detention wards.

The police surgeons, after a careful examination of Elliott, certified that he was insane. An order was issued immediately for his removal to the St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the Insane. Elliott said he came to Washington from Paterson, N. J. He also said he had been in Lancaster, Pa. When locked up at the police station he made a long, rambling statement as to the reasons for his action.

### Sir Thomas Lipton in New York.

New York, Oct. 5.—Sir Thomas Lipton has arrived here from Chicago. He will remain here until Friday, when he sails for home. While he has no present intention of building another challenger, he said that Shamrock III would remain here to serve perhaps as a trial horse should the fortunate day ever come when he should feel justified in bringing over another challenger. There would be no use, he said, in doing so unless he could add another Herreshoff on the other side.

### Victim of Hatfield-McCoy Feud.

Nolan, W. Va., Oct. 6.—William McCoy, a young member of the McCoy family, shot and fatally wounded Everett Chesney, a cousin-law of the Hatfields. The tragedy is the outgrowth of a feud which has existed for 20 years.

### Anti-Slavery Law For Mexico.

Manila, Oct. 6.—The legislative council of the Moro provinces has passed an anti-slavery law which prohibits slave hunting in all territories under its jurisdiction. It also provides for the confiscation of all vessels engaged in the trade.

### Reformed Classis Wins Suit.

Easton, Pa., Oct. 6.—Judge Scott handed down an opinion in the case of Rev. Dr. H. M. Kiefer, the deposed pastor of the First Reformed Church of this city, against the East Pennsylvania Classis, refusing an injunction restraining the classis from endorsing its decree dissolving the pastoral relations between Dr. Kiefer and his congregation, pending a decision on an appeal to the synod. The case is one of importance, and has created much interest throughout Reformed church circles.

### Trying to Make An Apple Corner.

Salem, N. J., Oct. 5.—Foreign dealers and commission men are apparently trying to corner the apple market in South Jersey. Last year the same tactics were used, when they paid \$1 per barrel. This year they offer \$1.50 to \$2. One agent has bought 1500 barrels and put them in cold storage here, anticipating a rise in the market.

# Bunts, His Dog

By MARVIN DANA

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IT was remarkable that the entrance of one man sufficed to arrest the attention of the whole crowd assembled in the chief saloon of Maysville, Ark., but the newcomer was a stranger whose appearance was calculated to provoke interest. He was tall and broad shouldered, and so much of his face as was visible beneath the gray sombrero was keen and resolute. The man was clad in a long frock coat of gray cloth cut low on the breast, as was the waistcoat, to display an evening expanse of tarnished linen. On the bosom of his shirt five splendid solitaire diamonds stood in stately perpendicularity, shining and glistening with a luxurious brilliancy that averted every beholder. On the fingers other jewels proclaimed the riches of their wearer, while from pocket to pocket of his waistcoat stretched a watch chain made of huge bezels.

This gorgeous individual stared about him, seemingly oblivious of the impression his advent had created, then moved to a chair that chanced to be vacant near by, sat down, drummed loudly on the table with his fists and cried in a vigorous voice:

"Hi, barkeeper!"

"That functionary responded surlily, for he was of a saturnine demeanor. 'What ye want?'"

"I'm Jim Bunts from Texas, an' I'm a white man, an' I'm jes' in' through here, an', heh! a sociable critter, I s'ys to myself, says I, 'Let's liquor.' So if all ye galoots will name yer pizen I'll buy it fur ye. I'm takin' old eyes myself. Let her go, Mr. Barkeeper. Here's what!" And Jim Bunts threw down a twenty dollar goldpiece on the table before him.

There could be no question as to the immediate popularity acquired by the Texan. Each person in the crowd ordered the most expensive drink of which he could think, and when the stranger followed up his first liberality by inviting his guests to renew libations at his expense the enthusiasm knew no bounds.

The only exception to Bunts' admirers was Lumpy, a gambler, one of the local "bad" men sitting at the same table, who, after having obtained momentary favor by the purchase of one "drink around," now found himself forgotten before the prodigal hospitality of the newcomer.

The stranger ordered a third glass of whisky for himself, and then, as if incidentally, bade the barkeeper fill all the glasses, whereby a sensation was caused. Immediately after the glass of whisky had been set for him Bunts reached his hand into a cottail pocket and produced therefrom a dog, which he placed with mingled fondness and pride upon the table before him.

This animal was one of the small, hairless Mexican breed, a sort strange to most of those present, and strong curiosity was it once excited. Wherefore the Texan indulged in a second address.

"That 'ere dawg's named Ricketts, 'cause 'e's never grown a nite since 'e was born, an' I've 'bout given up hope of 'is gettin' any more sizable.



"Throw up yer 'ands!"

He ain't much to look at, but 'e was give me by the handsomest woman what ever spent money, an' I love 'im as a sov'nur of her. We'll drink 'er health."

Whereupon all Maysville chorused approbation of the Mexican hairless dog, and became lost in raptures over the Texan's innumerate.

Bunts pushed his glass of whisky in front of Ricketts and the dog proceeded to lap up the fiery spirits.

"Ain't 'e intelligent? Well, some," his owner remarked complacently. Then he continued, "An' now, barkeeper, set 'em up ag'in an' we'll drink the dawg's health!"

But Lumpy, made dangerous by drink, exclaimed loudly:

"I don't drink with no pup! An', what's more, I won't have no cur like that sittin' at table with me."

As Lumpy ended, a change in Bunts' face warned him and he made a swift movement toward his hip. But the stranger was quicker.

"Throw up yer 'ands!" said Bunts, and Lumpy instantly obeyed. Then the Texan gave him a homly.

"Ye've insulted me an' also the woman as gave me the pup, an' also the dawg. I oughter shoot ye. I don't like yer face. But I'll give ye yer worthless life if ye'll ax me parding. Do ye apologize to me?"

"I do," Lumpy hastened to say.

"An' do ye apologize to the lady? Speak up louder."

"Yes," Lumpy responded, raising his voice.

"An' do ye apologize to the pup? Louder!"

"I do," answered Lumpy, and his voice was a shout.

"That's done, then. But no apologies c'n make a gent out of ye, an' I don't drink 'cept with gents. So clear out. Get a scramble on yerself, an' keep yer 'ands up."

Lumpy, his hands held rigidly heavenward, rose and passed out into the street. When he had disappeared, the Texan laid the two revolvers on the table, one on either side of the dog. Then he addressed the company:

"That dawg stays right there, ye bet! Name yer pizen, gents."

Outside Lumpy relieved his feelings by some guttural oaths and set out for the worst drinking hole in town, where he knew he could find the assistance he wished. There he held a whispered conversation with Scratches, a burly desperado whose face had been slashed by a bowie. His last words to the ruffian were:

"Take the Kid with ye. He ain't so scary to look at as ye be."

In the saloon the chair vacated by Lumpy had remained empty. The crowd had a superstitious feeling that seat, but as it was the only empty chair in the room it was natural that when two late comers entered one should seat himself there, while the other half leered, half sat on the table beside it. One of these two was Scratches; the other, a young, rather winsome faced man, was the Kid.

Bunts, now jovially drunk, but in possession of all his faculties, demanded that they drink his health and that of Ricketts. He waved his hand in introduction toward the pup, which now showed signs of excess, for he swayed a little, and his red eyes blinked heavily.

"He is a cute one," said the Kid pleasantly.

Scratches grinned evilly and put out his hand to pat the pup. Ricketts showed his appreciation by a snort and a snap that brought a howl of pain from Scratches.

"Playful, ain't he?" Bunts exclaimed and roared with laughter. Scratches scowled, but controlled himself after a moment and tried to smile.

But the Kid speedily ingratiated himself with both Bunts and Ricketts, patting the dog without hurt, to his master's delight.

Interest in the stranger was now waning. Some of the men left the saloon and in the course of half an hour Scratches was able to possess himself of the third chair. At this juncture

the Kid insisted that the stranger should drink at his expense.

"Three!" he called to the barkeeper. In a moment the drinks were on the table. The Kid seized one glass and passed it to Bunts.

"There's yer liquor!" he cried cordially. "Drink hearty."

But the devoted Bunts could not forget his duty to Ricketts. He delayed a moment to set his glass before the dog. "Take a pull, Ricketts," he urged.

The swaying dog picked up his ears at the smell of the spirits and dropped his nose into the glass. His greedy tongue darted once into the whisky and was withdrawn into his mouth.

Once and only once—that taste was enough. Ricketts stopped swaying, and his eyes opened wide. Then he turned and stared reproachfully at Bunts and whined.

"Now, that's the most cur's thing I ever seed!" the Texan exclaimed. "Never knew 'im to turn up 'is nose before at good liquor. He's sick, that's what."

There was a minute's silence, while Bunts sat eying the dog seditiously. Then suddenly an idea came to him, and he laughed pleasantly. The next instant his hands fell on the revolvers, and in a trice both men were covered.

"Put up yer 'ands!" he cried for the second time that night.

The crowd, startled, looked up and saw Scratches and the Kid, their hands aloft, staring fearfully into the deadly tubes. Then Bunts, now almost sober under the stimulus of his idea, addressed the two:

"Ye're a nice pair of galoots! Strolled in 'ere with the plan of dosin' me with knockout drops an' then walkin' out with me an' then goin' through me! Eh? Huh! Well, I guess ye'd 'a' worked it if it hadn't been for Ricketts, bless 'is little heart! I didn't tumble to yer skin game, an' I'd 'a' swallowed yer dope, but Ricketts ain't no such fool! One taste of them knockout drops was enough for 'im."

But Scratches had regained his nerve and now burst forth in protestations.

"It's a lie! There ain't no knockout drops in that whisky of yer. I swear it."

"Be ye sure?" questioned Bunts sarcastically.

"It's gospel truth I'm tellin' ye."

"Well," Bunts retorted, "I'll believe the dawg quicker 'n I'll believe any ugly faced horse thief such as ye be. But I'll give ye a chance to prove yer words, blast ye! Take yer right 'and down slow to this glass of mine an' drink it."

Then as Scratches made no movement to obey he exclaimed sharply:

"Do as I say or I'll put a bullet through yer! Drink that whisky, an' if ye spill a drop I'll bore ye. Hurry!"

Scratches' face grew white, but he had no choice. Slowly he lowered one hand; more slowly still he raised the glass to his lips. There once again he hesitated until Bunts' command came harshly:

"Drink!"

At one gulp Scratches swallowed the draft.

"Now let me go," he said meekly.

"Ye see it ain't hurt me none."

"Ye jist sit right there an' keep yer 'ands up, an' that other sneakin' little cherub too. Why, gents," he continued to the crowd, "it was that there brat chucked the drops in my whisky."

# Doctor

## Tried but Could Not Relieve Me

### Of Headache, Dizziness, Twitching.

#### Dr. Miles' Nervine Did Relieve and Cure.

"The doctor tried but couldn't relieve me" is a phrase commonly met with in the letters we receive from grateful patients. The reason is plain. The doctor tries to cure the symptom and neglects the disease. In all cases of chronic headache, nervousness, weakness, general debility, dizzy spells, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, morbid feelings, indigestion, constipation, and other ailments, the disease is a nervous one and some means must be taken to strengthen and restore the nervous system. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is prescribed every day and will cure you as fast as thousands of others. Read how quickly it acted in the following case:

"A few years ago I was greatly troubled with nervousness and indigestion. While at work a dizzy spell would come over me and I would be forced to stop and rest. I suffered terribly from headaches and my nervous system was so marked as to cause almost constant twitching of the muscles. My doctor tried but could not relieve me. I finally began the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and continued until I have used four bottles, although I have not had a dizzy spell since taking the first dose. I am very thankful that your medicine has done for me what shall take pleasure in recommending whenever I can."—FRANK P. BENTLEY, Med. Debary, Vt.

All druggists sell and guarantee first-class Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Disease. Address: Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

He'll be a nice one when he gets to growth, I don't think! But now you jist watch that there hyena that drags what my hairless pup turned up to nose at."

There was silence. The crowd had drawn close, waiting expectant for the issue. Scratches sat motionless, his hands aloft, blinking at the revolve Little by little his eyes blinked often and the lids lay shut longer. A sudden trembling seized the man, and his arms shook like aspen. A few seconds more and the wretched creature began swaying in his place. To and fro he swayed dizzily; then at last his form collapsed. He fell heavily to the floor and lay there inert, unconscious.

A hum of approval greeted the event. Ricketts barked joyfully. Bunts addressed the Kid:

"Now, ye miser'le infant, ye'd drag off that pardner of yer's; he drag 'im outside, an' be quick about it. Ye'll be hanged some day, all right. Drag 'im out. He'll come round some time, I s'pose—worse luck!"

When the Kid, unassisted, had dragged his companion across the saloon and out of the door, Bunts again addressed the crowd:

"Strikes me ye're got some cur characters in yer village. But Ricketts us'ly comes out on top in a dawg fight, 'specially with me to back 'im. An' now name yer pizen, gents."

### LIPTON WAS NOT INVITED

Knows Nothing About Proposed Dinner of Seawanhaka Yacht Club.

Buffalo, Sept. 15.—Sir Thomas Lipton passed through Buffalo on his way to Chicago, and was sufficiently courteous to see newspaper men. He was questioned by a reporter regarding the invitation he was alleged to have received from the Seawanhaka-Yacht Club.

"I do not remember having received any invitation, written or verbal," he said. "You say it was the Seawanhaka Club. Why, I am a member of the club. And you say Secretary Stearns is alleged to have invited me. Well, I do not remember anything of the kind. I could not have attended the dinner in any way, for the reason that I am going to Chicago, where I have several friends, and where I intend to remain until Monday; consequently I could not possibly attend that dinner on the 18th."

Sir Thomas added that his illness was not amount to much. It was merely a case of indigestion, and he was better, he said.

### Chief Justice McCollum Dead.

Montrose, Pa., Oct. 5.—Chief Justice J. Brewster McCollum, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, died at his home here after an illness of two years. His last days were painless. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon. A meeting of the bar of Susquehanna county was held here today to make arrangements for the funeral.

### Woman and Baby, Price \$55.

Irvin, Pa., Oct. 5.—Casimir Garvey purchased the wife and six-month-old baby of Michael Evanic for \$55. He is claiming for the money Evanic took her on a shopping tour and awarded invited friends to his home. Herlock Row to celebrate the event.

### Disproved.

Mrs. Knicker—They say a fool has his money are soon parted.

Mrs. Bocker—It isn't so. George is a perfect idiot, and I can't get a cent out of him.—N. Y. Sun.

### Most Bills Are.

Householder—There's something wrong with this bill. It's too big!

Grocer's Clerk—That's why the bill sent me to collect it.—Brooklyn Leader.

### At the Woman's Club.

"Are they very advanced?"

"Extremely. Why, they play tennis and make it a rule that four quarters is a straight flush."—N. Y. Times.

### Appropriate.

Winton—You call his wife awful!

Hinton—Yes; she's always running down people.—Pennsylvania Democrat.