Playbills and Sentiment.

By Carl Williams.

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Literary Fress. The janitor's little girl murmured a word of thanks for the penny bestowed upon her and scampered back downstairs, while Elizabeth returned to the parlor with the mail which the child had just brought.

It was a comfortable little city apartment, and only the typewriter table in one corner betrayed the fact that it was a work as well as a play room Through an arch an absurdly small dining room with the table laid for one proclaimed it to be the home of a bachelor girl though Elizabeth Belknap's dainty femininity gave no suggestion of spinsterhood either from

choice or circumstance.

The coffee percolator steamed on the table unheeded while she ran through her letters—a check for a story, two manuscripts, a paper and a thin, flat

package bearing a foreign stamp.
Elizabeth frowned over one letter, smiled over another, patted the check lovingly as she thrust it into the drawer of her tiny desk and ripped the cov-ering from the package. Out fell a playbill, a glaring thing of red and blue letters on yellow paper, bearing the list of artists appearing at a Ro man music hall.

of the names was marked with an inky cross, and in defiance of postal regulations Nell Stanwood had written on the margin: "Do you remember we saw her at the theater the night be-fore I sailed? It's a small world, after

Elizabeth smiled at the remembrance. Four other girls and herself had given Nell a going away party the night before the latter sailed to study in Italy. They had wound up the evening at a vaudeville theater



"IT IS FROM THE HOME," HE EXPLAINED where the little dancer of the glaring programme had appeared. Now, Nell in Rome had seen the same act and had remembered their last night together. Was she homesick?

It was several moments before Eliza-

beth opened the newspaper, the old home paper and "as good as a letter," so Jack Hardy had often declared. Not an item of news worth the telling escaped publication in the Blairsville Beacon, for even with detailed information as to newly painted fences the mation as to newly painted fences the editor found it difficult to fill his yawning columns.

The Beacon was Hardy's compro mise with his conscience, for he had declared when Elizabeth had determined to leave Blairsville for the greater opportunities of the city that he would not write. He had not written, but after the first week the Beacon came regularly, addressed in his strong, masculine handwriting, and Elizabeth always smiled a softly triumphant smile whenever the copy ar-

There had been an "understanding" with Jack Hardy until the stories she loved to write had so frequently found publication as to awaken in Elizabeth an ambition to get in personal touch

Hardy had frowned upon the suggestion of removal to New York. He could not leave Blairsville because his own and his mother's incomes were derived from the lumber business which his father had left, and Hardy knew that to go to the city meant beginning all over again the fight for a competence.

There had been heated words over Elizabeth's determination to leave, and she had been given her choice of a career or marriage. She had elected in favor of the career. She had prosper-ed in the great city. She had told herelf over and over again that she had done the only sensible thing, and yet— Today there was an inclosure with the Beacon, a playbill announcing in flamboyant language a week's engage-ment at the opera house of the Rice & Edunett Empire steel convent

Bennett Empire stock company.

Éizabeth smiled as she read the familiar repertoire. The Rice & Bennett empany was almost an institution in Bhairsville. Twice a year they played for a week in the town hall, and every one who could afford it attended all their performances. It was the one their performances. It was the one real dramatic treat of the season, for the few other attractions that made Blairsville were traveling magicians, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies and an occasional "medicine show." The

Rice & Bennett company was to Blairsville what grand opera is to the cities. Last year she and Jack had attended the spring performances together, but in the fall she was gone. How time had flown! The Rice & Bennett company would open their spring engage-ment the following week, and Jack had sent her a hanger. An odd lump came in her throat as she returned to the

table and her neglected coffee. When she started to tidy up after the neal she thumb tacked the Italian poster to the wall of her tiny private hall. The wall was bare, and the yel-

gave a smart touch to the hall, like hotel labels on a steamer trunk or suit

> Elizabeth sat down to the typewriter. but presently there came an insistent ring at the hall door. Tony, the rosy faced Italian, who supplied the ten-ants of the house with ice, displayed two rows of gleaming teeth as he ex-plosively announced "Ice!" Elizabeth held open the door for him while he lifted the cake from the dumb waiter and placed it in her refrigerator.

But the smile faded from Tony's face as he turned to leave. With an inarticulate cry he sprang at the post-er, fingering it lovingly and scanning very word of the beloved Italian.

"It is from the home," he explained, blushing, when the first shock of sur-prise had passed. "It is to there that I take—a what you call—sweetheart?
Ah, to the Salone Margherita, me an'
my Marie. Marie she cannot leav-a da
pop—da fard'. I come-a to America to
make-a mon. It is ver' lonely, signora.
Scus-a mi."
He should be well as to there were the second of the secon

He shuffled haltingly from the apart-ment, his jovial face drawn with home-sickness and thoughts of the distant

Elizabeth went back to her work. On the floor the Rice & Bennett playbill still lay neglected, but now it caught her attention, and she picked it up to read, even as Tony had done with the other, every word of the familiar ane wondered if Jack would be go-

ing. If so, who would be in her place?

Mrs. Hardy did not care for the theater, and it was not fair to expect Jack to go alone. She smiled at her jealous thoughts and sat down resolutely before her typewriter, but she found that the thread of the story which had started so well was lost. She could not force her mind to con centrate upon the adventures of an imaginary heroine. Her attention per-sistently wandered to the playbill on the floor.

She could see the opera house without even shutting her eyes. The roller skating craze had somewhat revived its original glories. The common wooden chairs were in place now only when some theatrical performance was given. Probably there were "Rules and Regulations" tacked up on the walls with "Beacon Job Print" in large type beneath the phrase, "By order of the management." She could hear the ragged strains of the three piece orchestra, and she knew that Will Taber and Ren Blake would husle importantly through the stage entrance. They were always the "and others" on the programme, the army in "Under Two Flags" and "A Celebrated Case," the miners in "The Danites," etc. It was all so vivid that she seemed really to be there. With a choking laugh at her new emotions she ripped the story from her typewriter and slipped in a fresh sheet. and slipped in a L.

John Hardy, Blafrsville:
Please get seats for all next week. I
am coming home tomorrow.

ELIZABETH.

Then she gazed about the cozy little flat. It would be very different in Blairsville, and she knew that in sending that message she had virtually announced her surrender, but she hummed a blithe little song as she put on her hat and prepared to take the telegram to the office. When she came to the narrow hall she stopped and took down the Italian poster and, with the one from home, placed it in the drawer

of her desk.
"You've carried your messages," she whispered to them as she smoothed the folds, "but I want to keep you-for remembrance and warning. To Tony and me you meant home. I'm more fortunate than Tony, for I'm go ing home-to Jack."

Thackeray and the Cabman

Thackeray loved to relate jokes on himself, and one he especially enjoyed was about a Reading hackman. The author was unacquainted with the town, and the moment he emerged from the railway station he told a hackney coachman to drive him to the nearest hotel. The driver closed the nearest note. The driver closed the door ceremoniously, mounted his box, and they started. In half a minute the cab was at a standstill, and Thackeray saw the cabman at the door, bowing to him to come out. He did so without a word and found that he was at the portico of the station hotel, which he had failed to see was not a dozen yards

But he handed the man a shilling nd was entering the hotel, rather leased with his own sang froid, when he was amazed to see the cabman tak-ing off his coat and offering to "fight him for the other sixpence." It ap-pears that on that day a resolution of the Reading town into operation empowering hackney coachmen to charge 18 pence for any distance within the township. This was its first fruits! It is unnecessary to add that the cabman got his money and Thackeray a good story to tell at the clubs.

An Episode In Court

"You are charged with snatching a woman's pocketbook." "I know it, judge. But I wouldn't do such a thing, hungry and broke as I

"Too conscientions, I suppose?"
"No. I don't pretend that. But why should I snatch a woman's pecket-thous. What would I want with a couple of car tickets, a powder rag, a piece of chewing gum and a dressmak-oris address?"

er's address?" Once more a shrewd criminal over-hot his mark. His familiarity with the contents convicted him .- "ashington Star.

Why He Was Suspicious

"There is something suspicious about that," remarked the young man named Brown as he hung up the telephone re-

"Why, I just called up the home of a girl who has led me to believe that I am the warm favorite and that there are no others on her list. She wasn't at home, so the party who answered the ring said, but it gave me a jar when she added, 'Shall I tell her you called, Mr. White? "-New York Press.

Wlgg (relating experience with burglar)-The fellow was an amateur, for when I pointed my pistol at him he

stood petrified with fear. Wagg—Then you're mistaken about his being an amateur. If he was petrified it's clear that he was a hardened criminal.-Boston Transcript.



THE ENGLISH WHITE LEGHORN. English Leghorn cranks call the American S. C. White "the fantail but-terfly." People who live in crystal palaces should never throw mud at other people's pretty, perfect chickens when their own look like a cross of giraffe and ostrich. There, Tommy Atkins!

A female's photograph, accidentally found, often causes a divorce, but one would hardly think that the innocent looking rooster herein portrayed would be casus belli to start a scrap among the S. C. W. Leghorn fanciers of mer rie England.

But it was as a flaunting red rag to the Johnny Bull breeders, and now they are divided into the minority fighting for the beautiful typical bird and the majority tooting for the "Toot-

ill" strain of mongrel monstrosities.

American Leghorn fanciers, looking across the big pond with longing eyes at Crystal palace cups, will not go ainbow chasing after digesting our Leghorn tale.

Compare our picture of a Crystal palace first prize winner with the American standard.

This bird has a narrow back, hollow breast, knockknees and flat, coarse shanks. He holds his tall at sixty degrees, the blade of comb is trimmed, and there is such a break at the shoulders and end of saddle that the nead and tall appears at the shoulders.

ders and end of saddle that the nead and tail appear as if stuck on.

"Comb?" "Don't mention it." The English Leghorn comb exceeds the Mitorea's. It is generally a half circle, nearly always flop, and the blade fits close to the neck. The blade gots so massive that it twists and types so massive that it twists and turns, so they just cut it off or slice a piece off underneath. One writer says, "Their combs are so large as to bow down the neck of the poor bird." What practical reason there can be for breeding such



ENGLISH WHITE LEGHORN

combs is difficult to understand, for when they flop over to blind the bird or begin to drag him down the British ancier simply slices the whole thing

England's crack paper, the Feathered World, directs a reader to cut off the comb half an inch from the head and to apply a redhot iron to stop the blood. Rather medi-evil. Sort of Bloody Mary

'Fraid Tommy Atkins couldn't be a trimmer over here. It's a hot place for trimmers, whether they do the stunt in a Pennsylvania billion dollar. You are as capitol or a back yard hen pen. The immer gets trimmed.

What surprises most is the weight. Fo win the minimum is: Cocks, eight

dottes to the standard eight and a half poultry and pet stock. Now buy, if you pounds, Minorcas to nine, Barred Rocks to nine and a half, Langshans to ten, Cochins to eleven and Light Brahmas to twelve, but imagine a Leghorn rooster of eleven pounds and a hen ten. What's the trick? Oh, they just cross with Light Brahmas, thus destroying the Leghorn shape and laying qualties and breeding a pure Leghorn parody with feather leggings and fuzzy toes.

Journally and pet stock. Now buy, if you get caught.

The winter shows proclaim the fact that Brahmas, Cochins and Games are getting more and more to be fancy. This shows that the people are learning two things—first, the hen of quality and breeding a pure Leghorn parody with feather leggings and fuzzy toes.

Don't think because heat dries

droppings that you're safe. They breed mites and cholera. Don't forget to clean the pigeon ouse. Be particular about ticks. A little creoleum in the bath for vermin

Don't believe all you read about poul-

The causes of hard crop are generally overfeeding, irregular meals, dried grass or straw or long timothy hay, sudden change of feed, constipation, stoppage of entrance to gizzard, lack of water, grit and green food.

To empty crop first give hen a table-spoonful of clive oil and place where she only has water. If reduced in twenty-four hours, follow with a tea-spoonful of oil and when empty give two five grain capsules of venetian two five grain capsules of venetian red. If a failure, take a funnel, insert was the less pronounced was his tenddown past onening of windpipe and

fill crop slowly with water, having care not to smother hen. Then turn hen with head down, slowly knead crop, but be careful that contents do ot gush out too fast and see that hen as chance to breathe, or she may

smother.

This filling and gradually reducing contents is often a success and may be used for soft crop if simply turning then with head down does not work. If this plan fails the hen's legs and open crop. Operate as follows: Clip feathers off of upper part of crop. With keen point scissors make inch lengthwise incision in skin over upper crop. Make three-fourths inch cut in crop where are few veins. Gradually empty crop. Run finger down to re-move any stoppage to gizzard. Drop two charcoal tablets into the opening If fowl has diarrhea insert two five-grain capsules of venetian red or coal tar disinfectant. Sew crop across with white silk, tying each stitch separate ly. Bathe with a weak dilution of carbolic acid. See that nothing for-eign is under outer flap of cut. Sew skin in same manner, being careful not to join to crop. Place invalid in detention ward, serve soft feed sparingly for five days and collect your fee. As it is against the law to practice without a license, this is "sub rosa."

ROOSTER APPROVES SENTENCE.

The most amusing and unusual co-incident we have witnessed occurred in the York (Pa.) courthouse while we were studying law in that city. The late Judge Latimer presided.

A rawboned six foot fellow in high top boots and red shirt was boots and red shirt was called up sentence for chicken stealing. The sters were there as evidence. Just as sentence was pronounced a rooster crowed. Judge Latimer pounded; the tipstaff made an extra squirt of tobacco juice at the receptacle, missed, as usual, and shouted "Silepson" by threatened contempt of court could obstacles come nearer and nearer to-hardly still the crowd. The prisoner gether, and then the sea must under-was led before the box to plead to stand that the land sends toward it ond sentence was pronounced, when again from under the clerk's table tose that triumphant "Cock-a-doodle-lo!" The judge and whole areasts. shouted laughter in unison, and, with a year's sentence hanging over him, the prisoner cracked a smile. Good for the rooster!

We all crow when a midnight head wringer gets it in the neck.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS. If your hens lay very thin shelled ggs, mix ground oyster shell in the

There are sixty poultry papers in the United States, and their combined circulation is said to be \$00,000.

It has been figured that Toulouse geese pay better than hogs. They hearly live on grass and are easily

The only way to get good eggs for hatching is to own good breeding stock or to buy from those who know how

to produce such eggs. It is stated that 150,000 incubators were sold in 1907. And yet they say the business is only in its infancy! What a big kid to keep in long dresses!

To tell ducks and drakes by their uacking just remember that the drake ings soprano and the duck alto. Per-aps this is the reason the drake has a ig head and the duck small.

Buying eggs at the store for hatch-ng gives poor results. Pay a decent price for decent eggs to a decent man:

Let us remind you that show birds do not always bring prize winners. The birds you see mated at the shows are not often mated for breeding. Don't be left in buying. Save money

You are asking if you can raise tur keys on a town lot. Certainly. We have raised them on a plot twentyfive feet square, but many say you can't do it. You can make such people take water if you study up.

To win the minimum is: Cocks, eight pounds; hens, six and a half; cockerels, seven and a half; pullets, six. Some prize winning Leghorns reach eleven pounds.

Now, you fantail, butterfly breeders, take notice. You think there's something doing when you build Wyandolf of dottes to the standard eight and a half pounds, Minorcas to nine, Barred Rocks and chickens from city bird stores just accept this little tip. Run your eye down the columns of the poultry journals and you'll find them advertising for old common pigeons, all kinds of poultry and pet stock. Now buy, if you are "minny" enough, but don't cry if arbutus which had been left for me by an old colored man—"fer the tall lady

We would advise our English kozens ing over back yard fences can be eradi

We would advise our English kozens who anticipate introducing them in Yankeedom to label their prize medley "Made In England;" otherwise they may be victims of the pure food laws or some of our Harvard professors may proclaim their very awkward bird a direct descendant of the great auk.

DON'TS.

ing over back yard fences can be eradicated the millennial 'dawn will move up a notch.

It's a blessing we do not all think allke or we'd stay most awful dumb. Our chickens would all be dunghills, our pigeons would be doing the old stunt of decorating the barn shingles, the turkeys would be triple half breeds, the ducks would be bowlegged. breeds, the ducks would be bowlegged Don't expect a chick from every egg.
There are often sells in high priced shells.
Don't skimp on feeding young stock.
Shove them hard if for soft broilers

Don't expect a chick from every egg.
There are often sells in high priced be lean as Job's turkey that stood against the pyramids to gobble if some one hadn't thought out something better. May our gray matter increase

In Another Voice.

As the pastor of the Zion's Hill church looked down at his parishion-ers, to whom he had been giving thirty-five minutes of sound doctrine, his face took on a less benignant expres-

"Bredren an' sisters," he said, "I try fence. Go slow in selecting and buy for time, not simply for discount. Time here is not tick.

"Bredren an' sisters," he said, "I want to warn you against one ting, an' dat is t'inkin' ebery man dat don't hab jes' de same views you got is a no-

Gout the Foe of Consumption

Sir Dyce Duckworth in his address to the faculty of medicine said that many persons were constitutionally predisposed to rheumatism and gout but an important characteristic in such cases was the antagonism of the tis-sues to the bacilli of tuberculosis. SEA AND LAND.

The Way They Meet and Clash and Finally Harmonize

In "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Velma Swanston Howard, is the following pretty description of how sea and land meet:

You see that sea and land can meet in many different ways. In many places the land comes down toward the sea with flat, tufted meadows, and the sea meets the land with flying sand, which piles up in mounds and drifts. It appears as though they both disliked each other so much that they only wished to show the poorest they possessed. But it can also happen that when the land comes toward the sea it raises a wall of hills in front of it, as though the sea were something dangerous. When the land does this. the sea comes up to it with fiery wrath and beats and roars and lashes against the rocks and looks as if it would tear the land hill to pieces.

But in Blekinge it is altogether different when sea and land meet. There the land breaks itself up into points and islands and islets, and the sea divides itself into fiords and bays and sounds, and it is perhaps this which makes it look as if they must meet in pappiness and harmony.

Think now first and foremost of the

sea! Far out it lies desolate and emp-ty and big and has nothing else to do but to roll its gray billows. When it comes toward the land it happe across the first obstacle. This it in diately overpowers, tears away everything green and makes it as gray as stripped and plundered as if it had fallen into robbers' hands. Then the obstacles come nearer and nearer to-gether, and then the sea must underless high, moderates its storms, lets the green things stay in cracks and crevices, separates itself into small sounds and inlets and becomes at last so harmless in the land that little boats dare venture out upon it. It certainly cannot recognize itself, so mild and friendly has it grown

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A Display of Courtesy "In Memory of

Old Virginia."
All the seats were taken in the car
thich I entered one morning in early April. An old colored man sat next the door. It is not often in these days that I see that type of black man. I used to see that kind on the old Virginia plan-

tation, where he was "Ung Lige" or "Ung Sambo" to all the household.

His days were devoted to useful toil and his evenings to his banjo and the old plantation melodies that no one

can ever sing again as musically as they were sung then.

"Take this seat, mistis," he said, rising promptly. "Mistis" sounded very "homey" and pleasant to me. It had been so long since I was "mistis" to anybody.

anybody.
"Thank you, uncle," said I. "Keep
your seat. I would just as lief stand."
"Scuse me, please, mistis, but 'tain't
fitten fer you ter stan'; you mus' set."

ne admonished respectfully.

I took the seat, thanking him for his courtesy. Soon a departing passenger eft a vacancy. "There is a seat for you," I said to

the old man.

"Between the ladies, ma'am?" He hesitated.

"Yes." I said. He bowed apologetically to right and left and took the vacant place. Just before leaving the car I slipped a sil-

before leaving the car I supped a su-ver plece into his hand, saying, "Un-cle, get you a nice luncheon with this —in memory of old Virginia." "Thank you, my mistis," he said, opening his hand to look at the little

an old colored man—"fer the tall lady with a long blue coat an' white hair— in memory of ole Virginia an' dem old time days."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Get In the Sunshine

Quit your frettin'. It's as easy For your face t' smile as mine. Get a quick divorce from worry— Get in th' glad sunshine.

If y' think th' land needs fixin'
There's a chance y' may be right,
But sometimes what looks like mixin'
May be just a faked up fight.
Y' can't fix it with a hammer
If it lacks an O. K. sign.
Spurn th' poor, sad faced wind jammer
Get in th' glad sunshine.

If th' man next door is tellin' That we're goin't' th' dogs, Guessin' he's a glum dyspeptie Is like rollin' off o' logs. It's th' safest bet a-goin' That th' weather will be fine In this land—it's all in knowin' Get in th' glad sunshine.

If th' fortune teller whispers
That a dark man's on your trail,
It may be a man with money,
So you'd better reef your sail,
An' th' loud voiced prophets' wallin'
O' calamity's no sign
That this grand old country's ailin'—
Get in th' glad sunshine.

--John N. Beffel in St. Louis Republic.

A Queer Mania

Many strange characters are to be found in the infirmary. In one of the southern counties of the state an old southern counties of the state an old southern counties of the state an old man was kept at the county house. He had a hobby for accumulating strings. Anything that he could make into a string was stolen by him. By some means he got possession of a knife, and the infirmary officials were soon missing harness. He cut in all seven double sets of harness and two saddles before they discovered him. saddles before they discovered him. He was scoided and punished, but at the end he said, "Well, I have lots of strings." The officials finally hit upon the plan of putting balls of cord in a locked drawer, leaving an end sticking out. He would spend a good part of the day getting this out, and then he would wind it up and secrete it in his room. They would always find it and fix it for him the next day.—Columbus Dispatch.

Tress. Her husband cannot without he permission take a bit of meat or a drop of milk." Generally "they rank much above the average of the negro races."—London Spectator.

COSTLY MATTRESSES.

The Kind That Are Used on the Big Plate Glass Wagons.

Probably about as costly a sort of nattress as any is one that is made not to sleep on at all, but to spread on the long, broad table or platform of the wagons built for carrying plate

These mattresses, which are made of curled hair, are very thin, scarcely thicker than a comfortable, and must made with the greatest care to inure perfect uniformity of thickness A lump anywhere would be likely to break the plate of glass resting upon it, and there would be still greater danger if the weight of two plates of glass was rested on the lump at once.

A mattress for a plate glass wagon costs, according to size, from \$60 to \$75. In use the corners of smaller

plates carried on it cut into the ticking covering, and sooner or later it has to be made over. Simply to make over such a mattress costs from \$20 to \$25. On the table topped and mattress covered glass wagons the biggest plates are carried with confidence and safety. The table is built to remain absolutely rigid, and the thin but uni-

form mattress protects the plate from Before plate glass store fronts had come into common use, when the handling of a big plate was counted as a good deal more of a job than it is now they used to carry a great pane of glass in a sort of frame, which was put on the wagon with the glass in it. At its destination this frame or sup-port was worked carefully across the sidewalk to the store front, where the glass was dislodged from it to be set,

and altogether the setting of a great plate of glass was then quite an undertaking.

Now, with the setting of such plates a common daily occurrence and with men skilled in the handling of them, they simply carry a big plate out and lay it on their mattress covered table topped wagon and carry it to where it is to go and there slide it off, to rest it for a moment on blocks on the side-walk, and then they pick it up and

carry it to the window front. Then they run under the lower edge of the glass lifting straps, by which men standing inside the window as well as men standing outside can lift on it when the glass is put into place in the window frame. There again it is raised on blocks until the straps can be withdrawn, and then the blocks are taken out and the glass secured in place, all this being done with great care, but still with comparative ease and quickness and with certainty and in these times great panes of glass are thus moved and set on all but the windiest days.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

VALUE OF PUBLICITY.

Steve Brodie, the Bridge Jumper, as a Self Advertiser.

Curiously enough, the man who, in my opinion, had the keenest intuition of the value of publicity and used it to the greatest personal advantage when we consider his humble begin-nings and the limited sphere of his endeavor, never really knew how to read and write. I knew him first as a you street urchin, making his living by selling newspapers, blacking boots, run-ning errands and doing such odd jobs as fell in his way, and it was chiefly through selling newspapers, whose headlines alone he was barely able to decipher, that he gained that knowledge of what Park row calls "news values," which one finds in every train-ed and efficient city editor.

It was on the strength of this knowledge that this bootblack went one day to a well known wholesale liquor dealer on the east side and proposed that he should establish him in a saloon on lower Bowery. The liquor dealer was aghast at his presumption until he learned his scheme; then he capitulated at once, and within a few days the pa-pers had been signed and twenty-four hours' ortion secured on rickety and hours' option secured on rickety and. from nearly every imaginable pe view, undesirable premises near Canal street and directly under the noisiest and dustiest and officet part of the elevated railroad. This done, the boot-black made his way to the very center of the Brooklyn bridge, climbed hastily to the top of the parapet and, heedles. of the warning shouts of the horrified onlookers and the swift rush of a pant-ing cop, dropped into the seething wa-

ters below. It was an unknown youth with an earning capacity of a few dollars a week who disappeared beneath the surrace of the East river, but it was an enterprising young man, an east side celebrity, in fact, all ready for the division of the publicity and with an assured income and possible fortune in his grasp, whose nose reappeared very shortly above, the wide constants. shortly above the muddy surface of the water and who was helped by willing and officious hands into a rowboat, where dry clothing awaited him, to-gether with hearty congratulations on the fact that he alone, of all those who had attempted to jump the bridge, had escaped with his life. The next day the name of Steve Brodle was flashed from one end of the country to the oth er, and within a very few hours after his discharge from custody—he was arrested on the charge of trying to take his own life—he was standing behind his own bar, serving drinks to the crowds who came to gape at Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, and to pour their money into his coffers.—James L. Ford in Success Magazine.

"Ever notice." asked a salesman fo a greery house that makes a business of supplying the big New York hotels

Hottentot Women.

Among the Hottentots women hold a better position than they do anywhere else in Africa. "The married woman," says one traveler, "reigns supreme mis tress. Her husband cannot without her -London Spectator.

THE ENCHANTED MESA.

Story of Great Disaster Which Wiped Out the Population.

The story of the enchanted mesa vas but a tradition when in 1541 the spaniards first visited the pueblo of Acoma, in what is now Valencia cour ty, N. M. Powerful tribes inhabited the region. These tribes or nations were constantly at war with each othwhich accounts for the fortified character of the villages of the na tives. The Queres, whose descend-ants now occupy Acoma, held this re-gion and dwelt in small fortified towns, the capital of which was Acoma. It was not, however, the Acoma of today, but a city perched upon the top of the great rock now called Mesa Encan-tada. It was the magnificent city of the nation, and there dwelt the great men of the tribe, together with their families

families.

The rock then, as now, was unscal-The rock then, as now, was unscar-able, save at the one point where a narrow and precipitous trail led up the dizzy height. While not the most convenient dwelling place, for neither water nor vegetation was to be found upon the summit, it was safe from the attacks of foes. One man at the top of the trail could defend the city against the warriors of the entire west. One day, while a large number of the inhabitants were at work in the fields on the plain below or attending to the affairs of the tribe in the various neighboring villages, something within the rock or in the earth beneath it awoke to life and motion. There was a heaving, a squirming and a shivering of the great rock, and, with a mighty noise, it parted in twain, and a portion

fell in fragments to the plain below.

Such persons as were carried down in the debris were crushed to death. A worse fate remained for those left prisoners on the top of the mesa, for that which fell carried away the nar-row trail, the only means of ascent and descent. The stranded ones perished from thirst and starvation. The present Acoma family are the descend-ants of disaster. Ethnologists who visited the top of the rock some years ago found unmistakable evidences that it had once been the site of habitation. The story of the disaster had previous to that time been discredited and considered but an idle Indian legend. The discovery of the ancient ruins, however, seemed confirmatory of the tale. and it has since been credited .- Denver Field and Farm.

DOG INTELLIGENCE.

The Clever "Malamutes" That Carry

the Mails In Alaska.

The Eskimo begins to train his dog for sledge work before it is a month old. One of the most interesting features of Eskimo villages are pupples tied to the pole of a tent. They pull on the rope with all the support

on the rope with all their puppy strength in the effort to break away and join in the frolics of their elders. Not until a dog bred for mail service is one year old is it put in training for the trail. It begins by running ten miles with the team; then it is dropped out. Next day it runs the same dis-tance. Greatelly the distance is in out. Next day it runs the same distance. Gradually the distance is increased until it reaches its fifteenth month of life, when it becomes part of the regular service. The life of a mail dog is from three to four years. No greater punishment can be inflicted than to lay a dog off from service. When unruly they are often threatened with a lay-off, and with almost human intelligence they seem to understand the disgrace it implies in the eyes of their fellow workers on the eyes of their fellow workers on the trail. All fight to be leaders. A con-stant spur to an unambitious dog is the "outsider," who will quickly take away the leadership not only in the mail service, but in teams maintained chiefly for the pleasure of the sport. The intelligence of the malamute is remarkable, its scent wonderful, its in-

stinct, as a rule, unerring.

Some dogs are better trail followers Some dogs are better trail followers than others, as some are better leaders. In a bilzzard the best of them lose the trail, but invariably find it. When on the trail they never eat but once a day, then at the end of a journey. After feeding, like weary children, they fall asleep and are never quarrelsome. It takes on an average, twenty pounds of food a day for a team of eleven dogs on a hard route.—Lida Rose McCabe in St. Nicholas.

Big Tips For Little Favors. "It is surprising," said a veteran Pullman porter, "how big a tip a por-ter sometimes gots for doing a porter sometimes gets for doing a very

little thing." He added:

"A passenger once tipped me extra
because he said I did not leave his shoestrings coiled up inside his shoes after I had blacked them. He said nothing made him madder than to slip on his shoes in a hurry in a sleeper only to find that he had to take then off again because the shoestrings were inside. Ever since that time I have been careful not to leave shoestrings inside of the shoes I black, and more than one passenger has thanked me for being thoughtful. But it wasn't me that did the thinking. The tip did that for me, and I never forgot it."-Les lie's Weekly.

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