THE GREEN FLAME.

A Story of What Happened In Death Valley.

BY CUTHBERT BAKER. 1910, by American Press Asse

"Father, tell us a story about some thing that occurred when you lived "A true story about something that

really happened?" "Yes; a real true story!" shouted

several children at once.
"Very well. I'll tell you what hap-

pened to Aaron Winters and his wife, Rosie, in the Death valley region."
"Death valley! That must have been an awful place."

an awful place."
"That's why they called it Death
valley. It was so hot that people
couldn't live there. Aaron and Rosie
didn't live in the valley, but in a gulch called Ash meadows, not far from the mouth of the valley. But even at Ash meadows it was desolate and lonely
The couple lived in a little hut on the side of a mountain. The country was wild and rugged, so wild and rugged that no one else would live there. Their cabin was a hundred miles from the nearest neighbor. Agron Winters was a hunter, and that's why he lived away from other people. Hunters must live where there is game, and when settlers come in the game moves

away.
"Aaron often considered the feasibil-"Aaron often considered the reason-ity of taking his wife to a more cheer-ful region, but he knew no trade but that of hunter. And how could he make a living except when there was game? Besides, having always dwelt away from men, how would be get on with them? If he had means to make him independent that would be an-other matter. He had nothing but his cabin and the game he killed. He longed for funds to enable him to

er funds in a country where no man would come to settle? True, he could have all the land he cared to take possession of, but it wasn't worth anything. I have often thought that this might have been another cause to keen him there. Perhaps he thought that some day settlers would come in and he could sell his mountain side for enough money to enable him to get



MIXED IT WITH THE CHEMICALS. away. But if that was what he was waiting for he was doomed to disappointment.

ountment.

"One day a desert tramp came along and asked for shelter overnight. He was the first human being that either Aaron or Rosie had seen in many a long day, and you may be assured the couple made him welcome. A desert tramp is not likely to be a very intellectual or well bred fellow, and this one certainly was not. He was burned almost black by the sun, and his clothes were dirty and ragged. But he could talk to them, and that's more than their cats or their dogs could do. And just think how the sound of an-other voice than their own must have delighted them!

"Rosle got up a good supper for the tramp, which he ate as though he had passed through Death valley, where flesh nor vegetable that a man could live on. After supper, while Rosie was clearing the table and washing the dishes, Aaron gave the tramp a pipe and some tobacco, and the two sat down for a smoke and a chat. Aaron didn't care what his guest talked about so long as he talked, and Rosie at her work enjoyed the sound of a voice, rough and uncouth though it was, as well as her husband. "The tramp had visited many regions and naturally talked about the

and naturally talked about them. He had been at Salt lake and told them that the water was so dense that per-sons battling in it would float on its surface like a boat on water. He had been in Colorado and told them how the gold was stamped out of the rock. The last place he had been was Ne-yada. There are borax deposits in that state, and he told Aaron how they

looked. "Now, Aaron had often been in Death valley and had noticed something there that looked like what the tramp He asked how one might ax deposits, and the tramp d him that there were certain chemicals which when combined with borax would burn a green flame. Aaron also asked the tramp what borax was used

for, and he told him, as you all know, that it was used for washing purposes and that a little package of it was worth about 10 cents. Aaron thought that if this was the price what he seen must be worth thousands of dol-

"The next morning, after the tramp's departure, Aaron talked over with Rosie what had been said about the borax deposits. He thought it was possible that what he had seen in possible that what he had seed to be at least the cycle if he went there he had no means of discovering whether what he had least least the least leas

seen was borax or ordinary soil.

"Rosie, dear," said Aaron, 'I would like you to go to a town where you can get these chemicals for testing borax, but it will require a week or two, during which I shall have to stay here alone. Then when you come back we shall have to make a trip to Death valley, and offer all one traphs, there walley, and after all our trouble there isn't one chance in a dozen that what I have seen there will turn out to be

"'I really think, Aaron,' replied the wife, that the chances don't warrant the trouble, but I'm worn out with this desolation and am yearning to see people. I feel as if I must have one of my own sex to talk to, even if only

Well, sweetheart, go, but don't stay any longer than to have a good chat, for I'm very anxious to make the

"So the next day Aaron took her where she could get some one to take her on farther and left her to go back to the cabin. As she kissed him good-by she looked at him wistfully and

"'Aaron, I won't leave you again. I know how lonely you are without me, how hard it is for you to have to get now hard it is for you to have to get your meals, and I worry for fear something will happen to you. What would you do while I am away if you should become sick or meet with an accident?

'Never mind about that, Rosie Bring back the chemicals as soon as

you can.'
"'Oh, there's nothing in that, Aaron
"'Oh, there's nothing in that, Aaron Don't think about it. You're sure to be disappointed.'

disappointed."
"They parted, Rosie going on and
Aaron going back to the cabin. It
seemed very quiet there without his
wife, and he wished it was the end instend of the beginning of their separa-tion. After he had cooked and eaten his supper he sat smoking his pipe, thinking about what the tramp had told him. He realized that there was scarcely a chance of what he had seen being borax, but the thought of what would happen if it should be borax sent a thrill all through him. He would be the only person to know it, and no one was likely to come into Death valley to learn of the secret be-fore he had established his legal claim

to all the property he cared to possess.

"In ten days Roste came back with a substance she had obtained from a chemist. But neither she nor Aaron thought much about this, they were so glad to meet again. After a day or two glad to meet again. After a day or two
Rosie spoke of it and asked her busband when he was going to Death valley. He said he dreaded to go, for he
felt sure he would have his trouble for
nothing. But Rosie said that since
they had the materials they might as
well make the trip and she would go
with him.

"So the next day Rosie spent the

"So the next day Rosie spent the morning preparing a lunch of antelope steak—this was all there was, since they lived only on game—and in the afternoon they set out for the valley.

"They reached their destination some time before sunset, and, having precured some of the substance they had gone for, they mixed it with the chemicals. But they did not wish to ignife it till night came, because they might not be able by daylight to tell whether or not the flame was green. whether or not the flame was green. More than an hour must elapse before it would be dark, and they spent the interval in suspense, so much depended on what they hoped for, Aaron pended on what they hoped for, Aaron did not care so much for himself directly. It was of Rosie he was thinking. For years he had kept her in a wilderness, and now if this substance were borax he could take her wherever she cared to go. While he was thinking of this the wife's mind was full of dread lest her husband, who d built great hopes on this matter.
ould be disappointed.
The sun set, darkness came, and yet

nters delayed to apply the match. 'Why don't you light it, Aaron?

"Aaron made no reply. None was needed. His wife knew he dreaded the disappointment that both felt was almost sure to come. They had had no careful description of the appearance of the substance the tramp had seen, and even if they had there might be resemblance without the substances being at all alike. What folly to expect that they were the same!

"Then Aaron scratched a match and held it to the combination. It blazed up in a bright flame.
"'It burns green, Rosie!' he shouted.

'We're rich!' "So they were for people who had

been so poor. They sold their property for \$20,000.

"But they were not city people and would not enjoy a city life. Therefore the fortune they acquired was all they needed to make them common the common that it is that Kauf appreciated, and so the two, though they had never met, became fast friends.

One day Kief was offered a leave, Kiefer had not been absent from the common that the common that is the common that the common that the common that is the common that the com heappy. They bought a ranch in Nevada, where they enjoyed a country life and had all the neighbors they wished

beard it, and I think it's about as it happened. The west is full of such so tardily offered and make the mos wonderful cases of people without money, even in rags, lighting upon was good for a man's soul, and bearing the soul and soul "That's the story, my dears, as I money, even in rags, lighting upon something of great value to make them rich. It was not riches that Aaron Winters and his wife required to make them happy, but sufficient means to enable them to leave the Death valley region."

Actor Fields' Joke on Tax Man. Lew Fields, the actor, appeared at the tax department in New York city the other day and, tackling Tax Commissioner White, demanded: "You said you had \$20,000 here for me. Now show me" When Mr. White recov-ered from his surprise he ascertained that Fields had been assessed for that amount and was endeavoring to ex-plain he didn't possess it. "Not a chance," Fields said. "I spend it faster than I get it. Ask Mrs. Fields."

Airebin Evouseione During the sportsmen's exhibition to be held at Vienna is to be run an excursion airship around the city, fare

\$20 the round trip.

Cramped. Friend (looking over Brown's unfurnished flat)—And what is this passage-way for? Brown—Passageway! Great Scott, this is the dining room!—Boston

It is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.—

KIEF AND KAUF.

A Story of Two Friendly Telegraph Operators

By TOM CARLTON.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press ciation.] Kiefer of telegraph station 12, Buller's survey, was bored. His station was not a busy one, and he longed for some one to talk to. He called up Kaufman of a neighboring station whose acquaintance he had made over the wire some time before. "Kauf, are you busy?"

"No. Are you?" "Yes. I'm busy holding my chair down."

"I'm reading a novel"
"Who's it by?"

"Maria Edgeworth." "Good gracious! You don't read wuch stuff as that, do you? I thought Maria Edgeworth wrote for women

and children."

After a few moments this came: " don't read much fiction. When I do usually read Hardy, Hall Caine and such authors. "What's your favorite athletic

"Basketball." "Don't you go in for football?"

"I never learned the game." "When we meet some autumn I'll tell you something about it. Nothing pleases me so much as a fine punt. I think you'll like it too."

"No; I don't think so. I'm not much on athletics anyway. Pictures and music suit me better."
"I'm with you there. I'm fond of

both. I play the violin. Do you play

any instrument?"
"The harp."
"I love the harp. But with the ex ception of street musicians I've generally found the girls take to the harp rather than men. I've always fancied that the girl I should tie up to would

play the harp."
"That so? I should like my partner to play the violin."
There was a slight pause, after which Kief asked, "Aren't you coming

up this way soon?"
"Don't think I'll ever get off. If I do

I'd like to go in the fall so that you can show me how to kick football.
You seem to be so bent on doing so." "And you can instill into me a taste for Maria Edgeworth and that sort of



"WELL?" INQUIRED THE GIRL AT LAST. feminine reading. That's the only thing about you I fancy I won't like if

we ever meet."

"Oh, you'll find me manly enough!
Don't fear for that."

At this juncture Kauf said that

me one was coming, and the dia logue ceased.

This is a sample of the chars the two operators had over the wire, but a very small one. They got to telling each other their joys and their sorrows. Kief said one day over the wire "I wish, Kauf, I could express sympa thy as well as you. I feel it all, but I

in three years. He had not wanted to be. But with that bit of ribbon just ticked from the instrument before his Suppose he had no friends to go to and his instincts were not toward would come back refreshed in mind and body. He loved the sand views of station 12, for they signified home, but the changeless monotony of the four sides had grown a little oppress-ive since the arrival of 13.

Before ticking back an acceptance to the home office he let his finger fall ouching the hand of his friend, as it

"Hello, Kaufman!" he called, "Are you in for a vacation too?"
"A week," came back the prompt an-

swer, "commencing on the 23d." "The 23d! Why, mine ends on that date, and it's two weeks. But I under-stand. I've been here three years and you only three, months, and now it's a dull time they're going to let you control the section while I'm away and

der the knife before a mirror and pressed the spring which should re-lease the knife. But the spring failed to work, and the would be suicide dethen I'm to do the same for you. Too bad, though, for I'd thought we might go off together. Odd, isn't it? I feel you're the best friend I've got in the about the only one, for that matter—for we've wired no end of personal gossip and ambition, and our tastes run about the same way, and yet I've never seen you and don't the guillotine until the end of his life. know whether you're short or tall, Queer Custom.

Comanche Pete—Yeh, pard, I knowed

'Im. He died with his boots on. Foreign Tourist—Deah me! How very
singular! Is that one of your—aw lean or fat, heathen or a Y. M. C. A. or whether your mustache is still to sprout or your white hair is dropping from old age. Queer world, isn't it, Kauf? But say, I believe I'll run down and spend my vacation with fads out here?-Chicago Tribune.

HER REVENGE.

you. There's no other place I can think of and we can see how each other looks and talk and smoke and".

There was a quick, protesting click "Don't you do it, Kiefer. What is you

dations, and—and I'm so busy, and"—
There was a call from the home office, and with a hurried explanation to

Kaufman he flashed in an acceptance

of the proffered leave of absence, took and answered the call, made a few final arrangements, then bent over to

continue the conversation, hesitated

and swung back from the instrument.

and swung back from the instrument. "I won't do it," he chuckled, "Kauf's likely ashamed of his looks, baidbeaded or fat or one eyed or something and don't want me to know. I'm going to visit him on the next train, and I'm not going to give him a chânce for any more excuses. Ashamed! Grent Scott! Don't we like the same books and music and everything else? What do I

sic and everything else? What do

just drop in on him so suddenly and affectionately that he can't help take

ing me in his arms."

So when the through freight slowed

"Well?" the girl inquired at last.

answered Klefer dazedly.

"Is-is Kauf in? How's Kauf? Well? T-tell Kauf I'm out here to see him."

"I'm Kauf-Adalia Kaufman," said the girl. Then the utter blankness in the face before her seemed to restore the girl's equanimity, for she smiled.

"You're Kief, I suppose—er—Mr. Kle-fer, I mean," she said. "Didn't I wire

"I wouldn't take it," miserably. "I-

Lord Soutney's Guillotine.

house in the Rue du Luxembourg at Paris. The machine was of ebony in-laid with gold and silver, the frame-work carved with artistic skill; the

knife, sharp as a razor, was of polished

and ornamented steel. Preparing for death, his lordship had his hair cut close, and, clothed in a robe of white

silk, he kneeled upon the platform un-

cided to give the guillotine to a mu-seum instead of making a second at-tempt to end his life. It is said that he made an annual pilgrimage to see

Queer Custom.

"Bon't you do it. Riverer. What is your name any way the whole of it? Riverer is so so unceremonious and blunt. But about the vacation. You mustn't rist me now-mustn't. Why, it's mapossible! 1-1 haven't the accommo-How a Woman Punished an Innocent Man.

By MURIEL E. GRAY.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press As ciation.] Johanna Seifridge was unfortunate in love. She was wooed and won by Ben Tillotson, a dashing sailor lad. She loved him devotedly, but he was at heart a mean, overbearing man and treated her cruelly, especially when under the influence of liquor. His wife's ardent love was turned to bit-ter hate. One of his voyages having lasted four years without tidings from him, his wife concluded that he had

found a watery grave.

Johanna at this time was but twenty-two years of age and a very attractive young woman. She longed to meet some one who would heal the wound, occasioned not by the loss of her husband, but by her disappointsic and everything else? What do I care how the old chap looks? He ought to know my regard rises above such petty considerations. And I believe he thinks just as much of me. His personal confidences prove it. I'll ment and suffering on his account. It was not long before she met George Trevor, a man socially her superior. He had a fine way with him that was very attractive to women, and Johanna bent the knee before him. He was without fortune and had got an idea that Johanna had some money at the water tank Kiefer swung him-self into the caboose with a generous outfit of tobacco and books and a brand new pack of cards ordered up stored away. It was this and not Jo-hanna herself that tempted him.

As there are people who are color blind, so there are people who are blind in the mater of character. Joby the freight conductor. And this same friendly conductor when they reached telegraph station 13 obligingly slowed the train so Kiefer could drop hanna was one of these character blind persons, Trevor fooled her with the greatest ease. A few flowers, which he never paid for, and a drive into the white, yielding sand, the fa-miliar, unvarying landscape of his own station.

"Accommodations," he chuckled as or two, at a livery man's expense, were quite enough to give him the victory, doorway of the little building. "It's he strode eagerly toward the open doorway of the little building. "It's got two rooms like my own, and that's plenty of accommodations for any rea-sonable man. But perhaps Kauf was a delerium of happiness intensified by the memory of her past misfortune. Then Trevor suddenly ceased his visits without even taking the trouble to used to a big house at home. Helio!
Window curtains and flowers at the end of the house, and—Lord!"
For a young woman, pretty and neat-

that she had no money.

Six months passed, during which the young widow fretted without tellly dressed and with lips and eyes that were meant for smiling, but that just ing any now were sober with inquiry and connever da ing any one. Some said she would never dally with the little god again, sternation, had suddenly appeared in the doorway. Klefer had not seen a girl in over three years, and such a girl as this one appeared to him never. His mouth opened and shut without



"I SHALL TAKE HER TO HER HOME."

either way until tomorrow. Now, if I'd brought some food I might walk the fifty miles or start off one way or the other to meet a train, but it's been her friends knew her feelings.

the other to meet a train, but it's been eight hours since I had breakfast, and fifty miles— You see," deprecatingly, "I felt so sure that Kauf—I beg your pardon, Miss Kauf—Kaufman, I mean—I—I doesn't seem possible there isn't any real Kauf after all the talking—wiring—we've done."

"You've camped outdoors a good many times, I suppose, Mr. Klefer. All western men have."

"Of course," inquiringly. Then, with an odd note of eagerness coming into his voice, "you mean I can camp right here by the track until a train comes! It won't be presumptuous after—after my density?"

"I control only the station, Mr.

counsel as to her feelings toward her my density?"

"I control only the station, Mr. Kiefer, and you have a right to camp anywhere you please out of doors. But what I wish to say is that I'll be glad to have you take supper with me and all your meals until the train comes. At home I was considered a very fair cook. We can talk about books and such things."

The next day the down freight was four hours late, and when it began to slacken speed in answer to his signal Kiefer released a hand which he had caught suddenly on the first appearance of the train into the sand's level horizon.

"Til go and fix up my station some." slice of the train into the sand's level horizon.

"Til go and fix up my station some." he said, his voice tremulous with the nawed wonder in it, "and maybe have another room put on. The company will stand that much, I think. Then I'll run back and transplant the flowers and take over your things, and—and the day before my vacation expires I'll wire for a parson to meet.

Token the knew was very little, slick, what he knew was very little, let, o, found it difficult to understand his fabree. She was not demonstrative. I'd she told blim that she must be consent with the must be consent with end of the must be consent with her present treatment or give ber up. Not being a very doministrative person himself and having grown very found of Jonana, he accepted the situation.

Token Token Was very little, so the properties of the situation of the must be consent with her present treatment or give ber up. Not being a very doministrative person himself and having grown very found of Jonana, he accepted the situation.

Token Token Was very little.

pires I'll wire for a parson to meet us here. You'd better send in your regiments the second in your ceremony should be a public affair in us here. You'd better send in your resignation at once, Kauf."
"And announce my promotion, Kief," she finished softly.

Lord Southey's Guilletine.

ceremony should be a public affair in a church. Her women friends noticed that she took no interest in collecting a trousseau and wondered why she should care to make a display in the matter of the marriage ceremony. But

The most eccentric action of an eccentric man was Lord Southey's cool arrangement for suicide by means of a guillotine. He had a magnificent one erected in the drawing room of his house he had been twice gruphed a woman who had been twice gruphed. a woman who had been twice crushed in love would bear berself when tak-ing a third risk. The hour was set for high noon. At the appointed time Jo-hanna appeared in traveling costume. She met the groom at the chancel steps and the ceremony was the

steps, and the ceremony was begun.
When that part of it wherein the groom is asked "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

was put to him Parke answered in a firm voice "I will." Then the clergy-man asked Johanna, "Will you take this man to be your wedded husband?" The bride, instead of replying with the accustomed "I will," answered harsh

Had a blue bolt from heaven struck the church the astonishment could not have been greater. Having spoken the word, Johanna turned and walked are you defiantly down the broad center aisle of the church

But she had scarcely started when there was another surprise. From the

back of the church came a voice;
"I forbid the banns."

Johanna stopped. Her defiant look
was changed in a twinkling to one of

"The right of escort. I brought her The right of escort. I brought her latters that here, and I shall take her to her home."

John Parke had always been considered a prosale man, but at the moment he spoke these words he looked like a god. The intruder shrank back cowed.

"For goodness' sake".

"But I suppose—(sob)—I ought to—

and took her out of the church.

The guests for a time remained where The guests for a time remained where they were, then began silently to disperse. Not one but felt that a tragedy cellar.—Pittsburg Dispatch. perse. Not one but felt that a tragedy had been enacted before them instead had been enacted before them instead of the happy event they had come to witness; not one but condemned, not one but pitied, the woman who had been driven by barbarous treatment to wreak her vengeance on an innocent sized clock under his wing, says the Clockland, Plain Dealer. He placed

had heard of the affair—and it was a seven days' wonder—said that she had deserved far more than she had received. But one held Johanna blameless. That was the man she stabbed. What ever may have been his inner feelings, his words said that to a woman who had been wronged as she had been wronged there must come an irresistible desire for revenge and that women, since there do not neversely indical minds are the control of the property of the purple of the purp

herself up. For a long while not evher most intimate friend was perneted to visit her. When this frie was at last admitted she found Joh na in a far better condition than had expected, but withal unintelligi had expected, but withal unintelligible. Johanna seemed to be in a state of mental fever. Her friend had expected to find her crushed. She was emotional. Her friend had expected to find her hopeless. But not a word passed between them concerning that frightful seene of which one had been witness and in which the other had acted the principal part. Not a word of regret escaped Johanna's lips, not a word of appreciation for the man who had returned good for evil. who had returned good for evil.

who had returned good for evil.
"It seems to me," said the lady after
the visit, "that Mr. Parke is to Johanna simply as a block of stone. All
the use she had for him was through
him to stab the male sex. But I judge
this merely from appearances. Johanna confided nothing to me."

One morning a payagonese southined

One morning a newspaper contained an item that a man found on the street in a drunken stupor had been taken to a hospital and had died there. The next day John Parke called on

The next day John Parke caned on Johanna and sent up his card. She came down the stairs and entered the room so quietly that Parke, who was standing at a window, did not hear the standing at a window, did not hear the standard and saw her left to really the carriets."—Louisher. Presently he turned and saw her standing near the door, her hands resting on the back of a chair. She was very pale.

'Now that I have the right," he said deferentially, "I have come again to ask you to be my wife." He made a step forward and stop-

ped. She was trembling. She did not speak, though for a moment he thought he saw her lips move. Then she began to sway. She put out her arms to him. He ran to her and caught her only in time to prevent her from fall-ing.

Washington's Size.

Washington's size.

George Washington was big as well
as great. One of the doctors who attended him in his last illness measured the body and found that the great man's exact height was six fee three and a half inches. A man who saw him during his service as presi-dent wrote that Washington looked to be at least six and a half feet tall Washington's tallness, however, was not accentuated by spareness, as in the case of Abraham Lincoln, who was half an inch taller.

half an inch taller.

The average man wears shoes of
No. 7 or No. 8 size. Washington's
enormous boots were No. 11. According to a memorandum written in 1811
by David Akerson, who saw the general several times, his hands were cor respondingly larger than his feet.

Why He Is Disappointed. "I am disappointed." said the doc-ior, "if I don't make a hundred dollars

"Oh, come off." they cried. "What "On, come our they viet." And are you giving us? You know you never make a hundred dollars a day." "I know it," he assented plaintively, "and so I'm always disappointed." —New York Press. BOTH WANTED TO KNOW.

Down the aisle recied a mrn in a pen jacket and sailor cap.
"I got back jus' in time, my dear, didn't 1? In a few min'ts you'd a been a biganist."

Approaching Johanna, Ben Tillotson attempted to put his arm about her. This want to knew at once."

But the Beautiful Daughter Got the Ectter of the Contest.

"Maria," said the choleric father of a beautiful daughter, "who was that young fool who called on you last agent and stayed until indinght? I want to knew at once."

"You shal' know in due time."

Waria, "but first I maria, "but first I ma

The assembled guests, men and women, the clergyman, all except one person, stood transfixed with horror. That to until midnight?"

one person was John Parke. Stepping forward, he placed himself between Tillotson and Johanna.
"G'way!" roared the sallor. "She blongs to me! Wha' right you got to blongs to me! Wha' right you got to "Now, see here".

"Is all because there are so many the person of the property of the person of t

"Now, see here"—
"Is it because there are so many girls who have sensible fathers that

Then the one good man whom Johanna (gurgle)—be grateful—(sob)—because had stabbed for the sins of two other you didn't call him a fool to his face bad ones drew her arms through his for coming to see me. I know you despise me (boo-hoo-hoo), but"-

weak her vengeance on an innocent man.

Tillotson found his way out among the others, every one he passed avoiding him as if he were an adder. Once out of the church he was lost in the crowd on the street. He had been wrecked on an island in the Pacific occan and lived there with the natives, preferring to remain among them rather than return to civilization. He had finally shipped on a vessel that brought him to his own country and arrived just in time to complete the dramatic cilmax of his wife's revenge.

If those who had witnessed the scene in the church mingled pity with their condemnation of Johanna those who had heard of the affair—and it was a seven days' wonder—said that she had drawn, and a seven days' wonder—said that she had drawn, and the clock in the cock," he burst forth. "I've always thought ever since we've had the clock," he burst forth. "I've always the ure it struck thirteen. But no one else in the

ed there must come an irresistible desire for revenge and that women, since they do not possess judicial minds, are as likely to punish the wrong man as the right one. In defense of his position he reminded those to whom he made this defense that no woman had ever been appointed to sit on a judicial bench or serve on a jury.

But as to what passed between him and Johanna on their way from the church to her home or on their arrival there or afterward John Parke spoke no word. The flippant looked upon him with that contempt one naturally feels for a man who has been duped. Others gave him sympathy. To those who had witnessed his splentage of the pun in Britain was the reign of King James I. the "Stuart Solomon." That learned soverign was himself a pageable punster and made few privy councillors or bishops who were not reputed to be good at a quip. It was therefore in his day that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and indicrous romositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit or pronounced in the most solenn manuer at the council table. The greatest authors in their most serioms works. made frequent use of puns.-London

Mistaken Identity.

"Oh, doctor, he growled so savagely
I was sure he was mad even before he

went on in such a biting way."

"I beg pardon, madam, but is it your large dog or your small pet one you are speaking of?"

"Law, doctor, it isn't my dog I am talking about. It's my husband."—Baltimore American. timore American.

A Legal Difference.

A Legal Difference.
The Client—How much will your
opinion be worth in this case? The
Lawyer—I'm too modest to say. But
I can tell you what I'm going to charge you for it .- Cleveland Leader

The Meat Boycott. Stomach said, "You'll eat it." Conscience said, "You won't!" Stomach said, "You need it." Conscience said, "You don't!"

Stomach said, "It's juicy,
Done in first class style,"
Conscience said: "You'll be dead!
The stuff is shaply vile!" Stomach said, "Don't waste it." Consciance said, "Peware!" Stomach said, "Just taste it." Conscience said, "Don't dare!"

Well, at length I ate it.
What can a fellow do?
Twee a ten'er steak in a gravy lake.
I had to Wouldn't you?
Henry George Seed in New York Sun.

be ready to relay the carpets."-Louis-

Miles of Them. Lady (in modern bookstore)—I wish to see all of the latest books. Salesman—Very well, madam. Will you kindly step on board this scenic railway?—Life.

There is record of wheat growing in China as far back as 2000 B. C.

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