USSELL SHERMAN.

Was an Excellent Scholar, but Not Especially Manly.

BY OLIVE EDNA MAY. rican Press Asso-10, by Amer ciation.]

Russell Sherman led his class at the rmal school. He was a hardworkz student, spending all his surplus ne in odd jobs by which he could y his way while obtaining an edution. He roomed alone, having no imate associates and taking no part the athletic games of his fellow nts. "I like Sherman," said Tom ake, one of the students, "but he's nost too delicately organized for a y and has all the sensitiveness of a cl. I caught him emitted hen some one said something to him hurt his feelings. Think of a fel-w fifteen years old crying?" One day Blake while walking across

campus saw Sherman shrinking ray from Jim Potter, a bigger boy,



THIS TIME IT WAS A CAKE. ho was following him up with inched fists. Tom hurried on and and Potter hiss between his teeth:

"Sissy!" "What's the matter between you "None of your business," said Pot-

"What is it, Russell?"

'He sits next me in mathematics id wanted me to 'pony' him this orning at recitation. I couldn't. The

"Russell, instead of answering the ult with a blow, shrank back. His

was scarlet, and his eyes were "I wouldn't stand that if I were b), Russell," said Blake. "It's better get thrashed than to take the lie."
(1 don't want to fight any one," re-

ied Russell in a trembling voice. "I ly want to be let alone."

"Well, take that for a parting gift," id Potter, and he slapped Sherman's Blake, who had been curbing his in

gnation, could no longer stand this illying of the strong over the weak. aking a rush for Potter, he tried strike him, but Potter was too quick r him and, avoiding the blow, plant-its mate on his cheek. A number made their speeches. Last came Sher-man with the valedictory. He had fulfilled the expectations of his teach boys just out from recitation saw ers, his standing being higher than had ever been reached in the school before.

e fracas and, running forward, sur-unded the combatants. "A ring, a ring. Blake and Potter stripped to the

each other: "How young he is! His voice hasn't even changed." The boy acquitted himself well and received What's it about?" asked one of the

"He's fighting for Sissy Sherman," id Potter. The eyes of all were turned toward

terman, who was valuely endeavoring repress tears. He started to go vay; then, as if ashamed to leave a that was on his account, he turnback and stood on the outer edge

where boarders were taken. On ascend-ing the steps he saw a girl in a white dress dart into the house. He thought the circle. The combatants were between sixen and seventeen years old. Potter s heavier than Blake, who was ther tall and slender. Blake had the vantage of a good cause, while Potr soon learned that he was without

dwindled. Sherman had brains, and the pre-eminence of brains over mus-cle is fully recognized in the twentieth century. But he possessed a certain kind of pluck that no other boy in the school displayed. He was the only boy there who was earning his own edu cation

donor. He racked his brains to dis-

cover what friend he had that would thus favor him, but could not think

of any one. One person occurred to him as the possible giver-that was

Russell Sherman. But the ple had been tied up with a very narrow blue

silk ribbon instead of a string, the ends being tied in a bow. Blake knew that no boy would ever the up any-

thing with a bow. No: some of his

"Going to win the valedictory?"

per he saw another gift on his table. This time it was a cake. Again Blake questioned the maids and others in the house, but no one

could, or, rather, would, tell him who had left the gift.

Meanwhile Russell Sherman was dis-

inguishing himself in his classes, con-inually gaining honors.

Graduation day came, and the boys

soon as he started to speak persons

in the audience began to whisper to

more enthusiastic congratulations than

The graduating class separated.

some to go the next autumn to college, others into business. During the sum-

mer Tom Blake went to a farmhouse

are usual on such occasions. The world admires strength, but loves

weakness.

sent it to him.

"I don't know."

"Why?

much."

don't'

'I hope you will."

cepting It.

The day after the fight Tom Blake saw Russell Sherman coming across By THOMAS R. DEANE. the campus toward him, but Sherman [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-ciation.] I courted Jeannette abroad. There is when he reached a fork in the cemen walk turned aslde, going in another direction. Blake saw plainly that the no better field for lovemaking than traveling about, with nothing to do but boy he had fought for shrank from meeting him. At first he didn't like this action on the part of his protege. enjoy oneself, or, rather, oneselves, for as "it takes two to make a bargain," so He thought that Sherman should have ome up to him frankly and thanked him for standing by him so far as to fight for him. But Blake was a think-

it takes two to make love. Jeannette and I met at Sorrento, where we sat in a pavilion in the midst of an orange ing sort of a boy, and it occurred to grove looking on the bay of Naples spread out several hundred feet below him that if the tables were turned, if some boy bigger and stronger than he had fought for him, how would he feel toward that other boy? He could us. Spoony young men are always talking to spoony young women about fickleness, and I found a convenient not quite put himself in such a posi-tion, for he had good strength for his age and was not fearful. Nevertheillustration in the ever changing hues of the Mediterranean. Besides, there

something in the Italian climate to less he could excuse Sherman on the ground that he had needed protection from a bigger boy, had secured it and would naturally feel demeaned by acquicken love. quicken love. It is soft and balmy, yet the skies are bright and blue. Then in Rome we dawdled through the Forum and sat on the stone seats Blake went on to his room and, glancin the Coliseum just as youths and maidens did some eighteen centuries ing at his study table, saw something on it, flat and round, wrapped in white

A GLASS EYE.

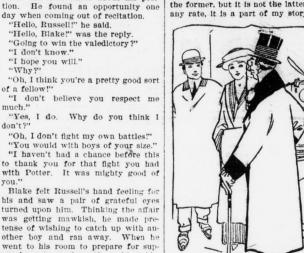
It Turned the Scale In a Matter

of Love.

before, except that the Roman couples of those days were there to see gladipaper. Taking off the cover, he came to some oil paper, which contained something soft. Removing this wrapators kill one another or wild beasts feed on lean Christians. But we were under the blue sky of Italy, and, as I have said, the Italian climate quickens "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I won-der how that came here." love He ate half the pie, then bethough himself who had left it there. Nu-merous inquiries failed to elicit the

said Wackford. From Rome we drifted into Florence and stood at evening looking over the stone coping of the Ponte Vecchio at the placid Arno flowing beneath us while the last rays of the setting sun gilded the neighboring hills. And-as I think I have remarked before-the speak of it.' Italian climate is conducive to love. But I didn't say that about the English climate. The English climate is conducive to-let me see-the Eng-lish climate is conducive to colds, sore throat, rheumatism, the blues. I won-

throat, rheumatism, the blues. I won-der that the English people ever marry for love, and I fancy there is less mar-rying there on that account than in any land on the face of the earth. It may seem that this is not only disaunts, sisters or cousins must have He thought that when he met Sherman again he would say something to make him feel easier about his posiagreeable, but a digression. It may be the former, but it is not the latter. At any rate, it is a part of my story, for





TP MY GAZE WAS FASTENED ON HIS GLASS EYE Jeannette and I parted in Florence,

having plighted our troth on the ele vated Piazza Michelangelo overlooking the city. We were sitting be-neath one of half a dozen statues of David, each being the original statue, and came together again in England. What a change, not only in the eli-mate, but in us-I mean in Jeanette! In Italy she had been responsive to my slightest whisper. Indeed, the slighter the whisper the better it ac the corded with our mellifluent surroundings. In England I, being hoarse, was oliged to speak to her with the of a megaphone, and she, being deafened by a cold, could scarcely hear me. Instead of leaning her head against my arm and looking up at me with a happy smile, as she had done in the Italian moonlight, speaking of po-ets and painters, she sat regarding me

nothing of this, however, till supper with watery eyes, saying that she wished it would stop raining. This story goes to prove that what writers on the development of civilizatime, when he saw the same cirl site of the same site site in a superior table and trying to hide her face from him. After supper he met her in the hall. He stopped tion say about the effect of climate on peoples is true. In Italy Jeannette and

I was about to whisper something ten-der in her ear when she shuddered. "What is it?" I asked concernedly. "That plate in the ground. It says that on this spot Lady Jane Grey, Catharine Howard and others were executed." We arose and walked away

We arose and walked away. Crickenback continued to hang about Jeannette, and I saw that with her it was a case of interest versus love. I wished that I might find some method

the losing of the girl he loves.

leally.

Rotten rov

tilation ?"

of turning the scale in my favor. I have usually been considered to have about me something of that resource for which we Americans are distin-

oice. guished, but who ever heard of a man

able to think dispassionately about anything concerning the winning or

1 met Wackford in London. He had ust come over. Wackford and I have been bosom friends since we were little kids. A man in love needs some

Death valley!" With a choking cry Hedges melted from my side. I heard the stamping of his mule and then the sharp clatter one to talk to, and I talked to Wack-ford. I told him the whole story. He listened to me attentively, sympathetof small hoofs among the stones

"What you want" he said when I 'Once in India I heard it and"had finished, "is some device by which you can save the young lady from her-

self-and for yourself, understand?" gether I was left alone with the inter-mittent sound of the bell. I stood listening, listening, until at "That's it exactly." "Very well. You show me this Crookedback, or whatever his name is,

ast my feet moved toward that spo The very next afternoon I drove with Wackford in Rotten row, and we saw in the gloom where my burro was picketed. I felt for and found the re-maining bag of ore which Hedges had Crickenback. You can meet anybody left to my share, and I flung it acros that belongs to the upper classes in the back of the beast with eager hands A great clearness was in my mind, and in my heart was a yearning pity for the poor-the poor of the world, at "Why, the fellow wears a glass eye!" "How do you know?" "Can't I tell the difference between a glass and a real eye? Of course I can. whose feet I longed to pour my sack of gold—and I hastened forward eager to give all that I had to charity.

There-see the sun shining on it! Do you suppose he has told her about it?" "Don't know. I never heard her The next time I was with Jeannette asked her, "Did Lord Crickenback around the bend of a huge bowlder l came upon the temple in the wilder ever speak of any misfortune, any muness.

tuary lamp hanging within the thry building. It tinged the gray rocks with a strange, unearthly coloring and "Oh, nothing; at least nothing that it's my business to tell you." "I insist upon knowing." gave to the white walls of the temple I demurred for awhile, then told her hat Wackford had said about his

lordship's glass eye. "I don't believe it," she said. "You'd better ask him," I replied. "Ask him? Do you suppose I would do that?"

Every time I saw Crickenback after that my gaze was fastened willy nilly on his glass eye. I wondered if it had the same effect on Jeannette. I asked Wackford when he was going to give me the device he had referred to, and he replied:

"Don't know. Did you tell her about his glass eye? I admitted that I had, and Wackford

Why do you ask?"

turned the subject. Whatever was the cause, Lord Crickenback from this time seemed to be losing ground with Jeannette. As he lost I gained. Then I perked up and played indifferent. This was followed by a coldness between Jeannette and me in which she seemed saddened, and eventually came a reconciliation. I determined to strike while the iron was hot and made it a condition of my forgiveness for her defection from me to Crickenback that we should be mar-

ried at once. We were married in London, Wackford being my best man. I insisted on a wedding trip to Italy, but since it was not now the season for visiting the far south we contented ourselves with Lake Como. While out in a boat one evening, pulled by an Italian oarsman who could not understand Eng-

lish, I asked my wife to make a clean breast of her part of the coming of Lord Crickenback between us.

was not in love with him," she said, "but a title to a woman is very tempting. I thought how nice it would be to be called Lady Crickenback and introduced to the real English

nobility "And why didn't you do it?" I asked. "Because I loved you, of course." "How did you happen to come to a decision that you would rather have be and love than a title and no love?"

"You insist in knowing?" "Yes, I do." "Well, it was the glass eye."

"You don't mean it!" "Yes. For my life whenever I saw him after you told me he had a glass eye I couldn't keep from looking at it whenever he was with me. At last it grew so repulsive that I had to send

him away ford called on us. "By the bye, Wack," I said, "by giv-



By CLARISSA MACKIE.

dwellings. "I was crossing a bleak stretch of Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-ciation.] Hedges and I toiled up the dry bed wild ground, rank with parched grass and weeds, when I first heard the tem-ple bell-the same bell that you heard

Furnace creek and left Death valley. "Hark!" said Hedges in a strang last night and from which I ran away "It seemed as if all the poor down-trodden, plagae stricken natives of India called appealingly for alms. It

Across the hidden jagged ranges came a sweet musical cho. It was repeated again and yet again to my

astounded ears. "It's a bell," I almost greated at him, "a bell here—a cl b h bell in

"Come on!" he shouted back at me

was still lying in the parched grass, and a pariah dog was licking my face. The stars shone overhead, but the temple was gone-marble walls and floor, luring bell-all gone!" Hedges buried III voice died away in the darkness, and when the sound of hoofs ceased altohis head in his hands and was very "And what did you do?" I asked aft-

er a long silence. "I raved like a madman," returned Hedges, lifting his head fiercely. "I ran into the city and found a man whom I knew, and he put great forces to work and discovered nothing. No one had seen or heard of such a temple, and they believed I had been drinking and been set upon by robbers. "I would be breaking stone now if I had not had a rich relative who lent

me the fortune to replace the stolen me the fortune to replace the stolen gems. I am repaying him now." "Of course I am rulned," I said. "Half of what I have is yours, Pe-ter, and you can pay me back," he said outlety. The bell rang softly as I approach-ed, and every chime fell straight on my plitying heart. A faint red glow was reflected on the rocks ahead, and quickly. I held up my hand. "I couldn't, Hedges. You know I am grateful. I

am engaged to marry Ethel Lambert, as you are aware. I have nothing but The red light came from the sanc

a delicate rosiness. My knife ripped a hole in the can-vas sack, and then, staggering because

Things and

"He isn't a bit mercenary," I said hastily, hastily, "only I haven't got the face to take Ethel from her luxurious home into the poor quarters I can now af-ford, and so"-"So you'll both be miserable forever

after," interrupted Hedges dryly. "Let's go back to San Francisco and see Professor Lambert before you do

mattered little that the jewels were not my own. I tore them from my belt with feverish impatience and

threw them into the alms basin, and

they disappeared. Then something happened, and I went down, down! "When I regained consciousness I

we resumed our journey the next day and several weeks afterward found me dressed once more in civi-lized garments, shaven and shorn, ring-ing the professor's doorbell. I did not ask for Ethel, though my eyes were aching to see her, and so I was taken through the house and into the long passageway that led to the laboratory.

Professor Lambert was a metallurgist. I found his gray head bent above some fragments of greenish metal on

the table. When he had warmly greeted me 1 told my unlikely story, knowing it was scarcely credible, yet when I had con-cluded the professor took me by the hand and led me into a back roc Then he told me the story of how he had experimented with bell tones, hoping to carry out a theory of his own that some day he might produce a bell whose tones might find a response in human hearts. He hoped to attain a pltch of tone whose vibration might strike a chord of human sympathy in every heart, that the hearing of it might promote good fellowship and love and end in universal peace-a very

pretty theory. The one casting he had made had resulted in producing that strange bell whose call was to sacrifice, to give all in response to its command. Startled at the production and still uncertain as to its value, he was shocked to awake one morning and find that his assistant had disappeared and with

him the bell. Secretly he had pursued the man. His agents had trailed the thief from My eager search among the rocks was

ountry to country, and even after I had fallen senseless in the little chape and had been thrown into outer dark-ness by the adventurer the detectives

had fallen upon the temple and carried it and the thief triumphantly to San Francisco and justice. A train of burros carried the stage

TWAIN SAVIOR OF YANKEE PARLOR

Missourian Changed Dread Center Table's Style, Says Ade.

SUNDAY PLEASURE FOR BOYS.

Enforced Reading of "Lives of the Saints" (on Subscription Only) Sugceeded by "Innocents Abroad" "Huckleberry Finn," Hence Hence the Boom Asserts Chicago Humorist.

A new benefit conferred on mankind, and especially American boyhood, has been discovered by George Ade in the June Review of Reviews. The newly unearthed boon was the forcing on the awe inspiring parlor center table of literature that was good, yet light. and not of the sort to cause anguish to fill the youthful soul on Sundays.

Mr. Ade wrote in part as follows: "Mark Twain should be doubly blessand a twin should be doubly bless-ed for saving the center table from utter dullness. Do you remember that, center table of the seventics? The marble top showed glossy in the sub-dued light that filtered through the lace curtains, and it was clammy cold even on hot days. The heavy mehoelace curtains, and it was claiming over even on hot days. The heavy mahog-even on hot days. any legs were chiseled into withing curves from which depended stern geo-metrical designs or possibly bunches of grapes. The Bible had the place of

boors and was flanked by subscription books. In those days the house never became cluttered with the ephemeral six best sellers.

Style Painfully Uniform.

"The book agents varied, but the ook was always the same-many, pages, numerous steel engravings, curpages, numerous steel engravings, cur-lycue taffifeces, platitudes, patriotism, poetry, sentimental mush. One of the most popular still resting in many a dim sanctuary was known as 'Mother, Home and Heaven.' A ponderous col-lection of 'Poetical Gems' did not in-yolve the publishers in any royalty en-tanglements. Even the 'Lives of the Eventdents' and 'Wohe Duck of the Tresidencies' and 'Noble Deeds of the Great and Brave' gave every evidence of having been turned out as piece-work by needy persons temporarily lacking employment on newspapers. 3 "Let us not forget the 'Manual of Denartment and Social Usages' from Deportment and Social Usages,' from which the wife of any agriculturist could learn the meaning of R. S. V. P. and the form to be employed in ac-knowledging an invitation to a levee. "Subscription books were dry picking for boys; also they were accessible only on the Sabbath after the weekly scouring. On week days the boys favored an underground circulaty

ing library, named after Mr. Beadle and the haymow was the chosen read-ing room. Just when front room lit-erature seemed at its lowest ebb, so far as the American boy was cerned, along came Mark Twain.

Joy Succeeded Horror.

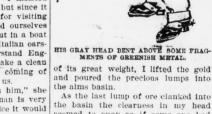
Joy Succeeded Horror. "Can you see the boy, a Sunday morning risoner, approach the new book with a dull sense of foreboding, expecting a dose of Tupper's "Prover-bial Philosophy?" Can you see him a few minutes later when he finds him-self linked arm in arm with Mulberry Solars or Buck Fanshaw or the con-Sellers or Buck Fanshaw or the convulsing idiot who wanted to know if Christopher Columbus was sure enough dead? No wonder he curled up on the haircloth sofa and hugged the thing Sunday school. "The new uniform edition with the

polite little pages, high art bindings and all the boisterous woodcuts care-fully expurgated can never take the place of those lumbering subscription

"While we are honoring Mark Twain as a great literary artist, a philosopher and a teacher, let the boys of the sevand a teacher, let the boys of the sev-enties add their tribute. They knew him for his miracle of making the sub-scription book something to be read-and not merely looked at. He con-verted the front room from a mauso-leum into a temple of mirth."

Couldn't Walk.

Couldn't Walk. Wifey-You told me the other day we must avoid all luxuries and con-fine ourselves to absolute necessities only. Hubby-That's so, my dear. only. Hubby-That's so, my dear. Wifey-Well, last night you came home from the club in a cab. Hubby-Yes. but that was an absolute necessity.-



and poured the precious lumps into the alms basin. As the last lump of ore clanked into the basin the clearness in my head seemed to snap as if some one had struck me a sharp blow. I felt my-self sinking, sinking to the marble floor. It seemed years before I felt its cooling touch on my cheek, and then all was dark

then all was dark. . . When I awoke stars were shining out of a black sky, and I heard a hoarse whinny from the burro near

by. I was lying on my back, and my temples throbbed dully. The white temple had disappeared.

unavailing Thus I found myself a beggar at the gate of Death valley. I knew that Furnace Creek ranch

P

Im away." When he returned to London Wack-was somewhere-it must be near, and without foed and with only a small canteen of water I set forth on a journey that I knew must end in must end in

athy of the spectators. Rus d Sherman, though not physically

rong or manly, was respected as the ad of his class, and the head of the ass is class property to be treated Therefore nd respected as ake, who was defending Sherman, as considered to be fighting for the mor of the class. Besides this, many the boys had been bullied by Potter, d they would be glad to see him own sex.

Tom Blake and Edith Sherman are now studying at a co-ed college. It locks as if they would study in proxwned. Half a dozen rounds had been fought

hen Blake, just as Potter was aiming well directed blow at him, slipped d fell. Potter fell with him and, imity for the rest of their lives. AMERICAN MOTHER DEFENDED

er him with his fist, when Sherman

"On the Job" and Not Favoring So-ciety, Says Doctor. shed at him, seized him by the hair The recent convention at St. Louis of the American Medical association produced a new champion of Ameriid pulled him over. Some of the larboys interfered, and the combat-got up. Then, after a brief rest, its got up.

ey began another round. can motherhood in Dr. Charles G. Stories of schoolboy fights usually ve a victory for one or the other of a fighters, but in most cases they Kerley of New York, who denied that the modern woman is neglecting her mother's functions for the exigencies of her social and civic life, saying: "I deny that the high strung, fine grained young American mother-the intinue till both are tired out. Such as the case in the battle between lake and Potter. About the time the sectators were thinking of stopping 'modern neurasthenic woman.' as half

e fight a teacher was seen in the stance coming toward the scene of e struggle, and in another minute t a boy was to be seen on the

After this Russell Sherman kept to self more than ever, if that could He had the respect of his fellow idents in everything except pluck

was not considered manly-that is far as fighting his way was con-rned-but with the decline of the 1 military spirit that for centuries we first place to the strongest and cavest respect for brute strength has

her and asked: "I beg pardon. Aren't you a sister f Russell Sherman?" I had loved; in England the marriage question became one of practical ad-

"I am Russell Sherman." vantage. I found that I was not as much in love as I had thought I was And then it all came out that Edith Russell Sherman, having been denied admission to the normal school, had until Jeannette indicated that she was meditating giving me the grand bounce. This brought me to my senses. donned boy's apparel and entered as a boy. As soon as she had been grad-uated she returned to the dress of her Young Lord Crickenback, who never

appeared without a very large flower in his buttonhole, a very small slik hat on his head and a monocle on his right eve, was the man who taught me that. despite my present watery surround-ings, I did not wish to surrender Jean-

nette. Why had I not continued to keep her in Italy, or why did I not insist on the knot being tied before coming to this land, where there is no sentiment, only interest? This Lord Crickenback had nothing whatever to recommend him except that he had a title. Even with his title on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean I could nave snapped my fingers at him. Jeannette did not break with me think she would have done so had not the sun occasionally broken through the clouds to remind her of those happy days she had passed with me at

baked literary critics have dubbed her -is other than the finest specimen of mother in the world. I deny that we Sorrento, at Florence and at Rome. On such days I noticed a sudden dem-onstration of a dormant love for me doctors or any one else have the right to demand that simply because she happens to bear children such a splen. that had not entirely died within her. she I wished on such sunny days that there were some places where one could go similar to the Piazza Michelangelo at Florence or the Corso in Rome. But there are no such places in London. The most enjoyable is Hyde park, but the sun doesn't shine long enough to dry the benches. And a wet bench is no place for spooning. One bright day I took her to the Tower, and we sat to-

gether in the courtyard of the old pile.

ing me the fact of C denth. The next is 1 met Redges. He was rating slowly toward me with eyes fixed on the ground. Behind him trailed a park scale. His bag of ore had disman. ing a glass eye you fixed me up with Jeannette."

"He has two now." "What do you mean by that? Is he trailed a pa

"No; he has left off his monocle and "Medford." he almost sobbed as I

"No; he has left off his monocle and nas taken on a pair." I looked at Jeannette, and Jeannette looked at me; then we smiled. "You wanted me to suggest some-thing," said Wackford, "to break the glass eye, which is synonymous with eyegiass. You owe me one." "Meddford." he almost sobbed as I trudged paiafully into view. He slip-ped from his mule and ran toward me with outstretched hands. "What is the matter, eld man? Why didn't you follow me that hight? I had to go. You see, I had heard the bell before." I stared at him from hopeless eyes, and he read the truth.

The Prettiest Feet.

professor save

A Swiss professor named Redorta states that not one woman in a score has a perfect foot owing to the wearing of high heeled boots and pointed toe shoes. Russian, German, Ameri-can, Austrian and Dutch women, he says, have broad feet, while those of

Classified.

He Was.

He nodded understandingly. "I will tell you my experience. Peter, after you have eaten. I have food here and Englishwomen are too narrow to fulfill classical and healthy conditions. The women of the Latin races, excluding materials for a fire. I will make some coffee."

Frenchwomen, have the best formed and therefore the prettiest feet, the "Where have you been?" I asked. "I found the ranch. I left my sack there and loaded with food to return

for you. Don't say another word until you have rested." The suggestion has been made that

Late in the afternoon when the sun was drawing down behind the dark range Hedges told his story:

he stammered. "Yes," I said thickly.

"Five years ago, before I met you, Medford, I traveled for a large dealer in precious stones. I went to Calcutta The heart of man is never as hard on the track of a pair of magnificent pigeon blood rubles, the property of a gambling maharajah, who was hard pressed by his creditors. "Owen Flannagan! Are you Owen Flannagan?" said the clerk of the

"These I bought, together with sev-"Yes, begorra," replied the prisoner, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I'm eral other splendid stones, the com-bined value of which was \$200,000. "I walked into Calcutta from the owin' everybody!"-London Mail. maharajah's palace just as dusk was

place t men walked in solitary places with gold or silver or precious stones th with Fliegende Blatter. temple might be found.

"Your gold ore is in that sack in the corner," concluded the professor, with a smile. "And now suppose you go down and see Ethel."

Eager as I was to meet my sweet heart, I waited long enough to tele phone the strange story to Hedges, pa tiently waiting in the hotel to share his golden store with me, before I went to claim my happiness.

Chinese Woman In Government Job. "You didn't-you followed the bell?" Miss Tye Leung has the distinct of being the first Chinese woman receive a federal appointment in t! "And your gold-the ore?" "I gave it-gave it to the poor of the world," I said bitterly. "I had to do United States, having been named as sistant to the matron in charge of the new immigration station on Angel is land, San Francisco, Hundreds of Ch. nese men and women are detained i this station every week pending their admission to the United States, and it was decided that a Chinese woman

would be of great assistance to the existing staff. Miss Leung was rec-ommended especially for the position by the occidental board of foreign misdons. She is well educated and speaks both English and Chinese fluently

Misleading.

"That is a fat, prosperous looking envelope. Does our salesman send in

a big bunch of orders?" "Not exactly. That envelope con-tains a receipt for his last check, his expense account for this week, a re-quest for a salary raise and a requisi-

tion for some more expense account blanks."-Louisville Courier-Journal. His Objection. Artist-Why do you object to this miniature? Nurich-It looks like me l'il admit, but it's too stingy. I make one life size.-Lippincott's. Bette

Cause Enough. "What made him angry when he was

telephoning to the lawyers about his father's will?" "He was cut off."-Buffalo Express.

The Kind It Was. "Walter, this chuck steak I ordered is like wood." "Yes, sah. Dat am woodchuck steak."-Cleveland Plain Dealer



A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofinge Spouting and Conoral Job Work,

Stoyes, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!



JOHN HIXSON NO. 119 E. FRONT ST.

is, in the popular vernacular, 'on her job all right.' "

Genius begins great works. Labor alone finishes them.-Joubert.

did creature should be treated as an animal. The educated young Ameri-can mother is not neglecting her nurs-ing function or any other duty. She

goats' meat prices should be taken away from the provisions list and quot-ed in the butter market.-New York Tribune. as his head.-Lamartine.