

**TWILIGHT.**

The sunset fades, and once again the hills  
Against the sky, majestic and supreme,  
Loom spectrally and half unreal seen,  
And mystery the misty valley fills.  
Melodiously now the mountain rills,  
Unheard by day, take up their lyric  
theme  
Of ecstasy, like voices heard in dream.  
An obligato to the whippoorwill,  
Invisible, the spirits of the dusk

Fly the swift shutles on their shadow  
loom,  
And weave the wonder-fabric of the  
night,  
The wind is but a whisper, sweet with  
musks  
Exhaled from fragrant lips of bud and  
blossom,—  
A whisper—and the one word is De-  
light.

—Frank Dempster Sherman in Scribner's Magazine.

# Through Stress of Competition.

A strange atmosphere of matrimony was approaching the village of Rugglesbury. That is, was compressed within an inadequately small space is true. The foremost van of Blinker's World-Famed Circus held it. Yet the vehicle lumbered none the quicker along the road for all the amorous vapors that floated within its painted sides.

The ringmaster, the clown, and the gentleman who illustrated the haute ecote upon a coal-black steed sat there in moody pensiveness. Unmarried as were all three the disadvantages of their bachelorhood had become acutely evident during a pause in a game of "nap." Owing to a common dearth of funds they had been playing perforce, for the empty glory of points alone. It was perhaps this fact that caused their thoughts to stray in the direction of deeper affairs.

"Traveling about like this," grumbled the clown, "don't give no chances. By the end of a week, when a girl's got so far as to realize that you've a heart under the paint, the orders is—up and away."

"It's different with me," mused the chevalier de l'haute ecote, "but I don't know as it's any better. It's my position and appearance they've got to get over. It takes 'em a good week to learn that I'm not affable in a—aristocratic way."

"Same here," chimed in the ringmaster, "exactly."

"What we want," said the clown, "is to go to work in a more business-like fashion. If we don't strike some idea for quick courtin' like as not we shall go about the country single all our lives."

The ringmaster started up.

"How about a beauty show?" he exclaimed. "Blinker would tumble to it if we had one at Rugglesbury. Good business for him it would be. The point is this, consolation prizes—you know—us."

The amazed look with which the other two regarded him changed gradually to one of fervent admiration. It was some while ere they spoke. When they did the ringmaster staggered beneath an unwonted torrent of compliment. Then, laying their heads together, they spoke in interjections that grew gradually more coherent.

Thus the caravan rolled onwards outwardly much as usual. But in the first van was a whirlpool of ferment and of deliciously maturing plans.

It was a curious coincidence that precisely at this period a corresponding desire should have entered the breast of one of the inhabitants of Rugglesbury itself. There could be no doubt that Job Yardsley, who kept the Maypole Inn, had no right to be a bachelor. A "warm" man, the master of a cosy home and of thirty acres of grazing land besides, ought to find something better to do with his money than to spend it upon himself. Such was the female opinion of the village. Job was frankly callous.

"If you were married, Job," remarked his friend, Sam Evans, the day before the arrival of Blinker's circus, "as likely as not you'd find more oblect in life."

Sam Evans was in the throes of bringing up nine children. Job Yardsley gazed without interest across the bare parlor table.

"So I've heard before," he remarked.

"Besides," continued the other, "it'd be good for business. A nice, clean-looking woman always puts me in mind of good beer, clean tankards, and butter that's fresh. I'll bet your takings would go up. Others feel the same way—that's why."

A quick glance entered Job's eye. It fell upon the untidy looking boy, then it wandered back to rest stealthily on the rim of his glass.

"Ah," he observed, carelessly, "d'aps, or p'r'aps the reverse."

Yet his mind grew strangely impregnated with the idea. Evans had sown a mightier seed than he knew. Its sproutings toward maturity engrossed Yardsley to an unprofitable extent. On the next day a rustic in search of half a pint received its double and the correct change for its half. Ere Job Yardsley could rectify the error the beer was in a haven whence no argument could retrieve it.

Sam Evans chanced to be in the bar.

"Ah," he chuckled, "there's only one reason for that way of goin' on—that's love."

Job started. Perhaps it was. If so, all that remained for him to do was to choose the girl. The coincidence decided him.

It was just after this that the poster announcing the beauty show at Blinker's Circus came flaming into his bar in the manner of the dawn of a new life.

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"Yes," said Job later in the day, you might give it out as official. I'll take the winner of the first prize—and no questions asked afterward."

"Aren't you leavin' it a bit to chance?" objected Sam Evans; "it might be—well—any one."

Job Yardsley flung a knowing leer. "It might," he admitted, "and it might not. I've made my inquiries, Sam," he continued, "no p'les in pokes for me. Every girl in the place has entered. But there's only three as stands a chance—Elizabeth Harmer, Jane Askew and Violet Budden."

Sam Evans pondered.

"That's true," he said, "I s'pose them three has the pick of Rugglesbury's looks."

"I hope it'll be Elizabeth Harmer," said Job Yardsley.

Elizabeth Harmer was the daughter of a dairyman, the reputed owner of a nest-egg. The other two were the offspring of a local carpenter and blacksmith respectively.

"Whichever way it goes," asserted Sam Evans, "the advertisement for the Maypole will be first rate. As for lettin' folks know, you leave it to me. Job, you couldn't have struck a better man for what I might call givin' wind to you notion."

He proved as good as his word.

When Job Yardsley entered the circus tent upon the eventful evening of the beauty competition the murmur that was rising from the packed circle died into sudden silence. As he seated himself in that segment of the tiers which, red-bazee-covered, demanded the most expensive admittance, a wavering cheer rose from the opposite benches. These being the lowest priced held a freight of irresponsible boynood. The hushing chorus of a multitude of mothers with Sabbathically dressed daughters by their sides crushed the untimely demonstration.

Job Yardsley gazed about him in genuine surprise. In whichever direction he turned a small sea of faces looked into his own with a frankly interested stare. Job blew his nose. It seemed to him that the space that separated him from his neighbors was greater than that in other parts of the amphitheatre.

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When, upon the closing of the turn of the usual program, girls singly, in twos and in threes, shyly entered the ring in preparation for the contest Job's heart beat perceptibly faster. A couple of score girls were there below—dark, fair, short, tall. One—he wondered which—was destined to enter his life in the most intimate fashion.

The judges entered. Job started a little as he observed them. He had expected a more widely representative body. In consisted of Mr. Blinker himself in a frock coat and white waistcoat, the ringmaster and the haute ecote rider, the two latter still in the professional splendor of the arena. After a pause a fourth figure hurried to join the group. He wore an olive-green coat, gazing more intently, could perceive that it was the clown—unclowned.

Blinker mounted one of the white painted pedestals that were wont to support the hoop-holders. The other three surrounded him, perched on less elevated structures. In another moment the judging had begun.

Job's heart beat faster yet. He glanced nervously at the four men. The issue was in their hands. And such an issue! Upon it depended his and the Maypole's fate. He awoke to the fact that he was repeating an insane jingle—Elizabeth, Jane, Violet; which? Elizabeth, Jane, Violet, which?

He wiped a damp forehead.

He found himself eagerly scanning the faces of the girls who, rejected and flushed, hurried back to their seats. With still greater anxiety his eye sought out those who remained. Their number had been weeded down to six. They stood in two groups of three.

Job gazed upon the first three. He had not miscalculated. Elizabeth Harmer, Jane Askew, and Violet Budden made up the trio. In the midst of his triumph he knew a moment of anxiety. Elizabeth Harmer overcame at the last moment had stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth. She was concealing her chin.

The ringmaster, the clown, and the haute ecote rider descending from their pedestals entered into conversation with each of the three, pairing off one with each. Job noticed a startled look on the face of each of the girls. Then they began to giggle. The gallant performers looked perfectly at home.

A shout from a small boy among the audience broke silence.

"What are you doin' there, Sally Magin?" it called.

Job's eyes turned upon the other trio of girls. Sally Magin, a snub-nosed, freckle-faced, prominent eared virgin, was the nearest to him. The other two were but little better favored. Job wondered whether a "booby prize" had been included.

Sally Magin turned a flaming face toward her aggressor.

"If that's Tommy Burn that said that, his sister was outed first round," she called back vindictively.

Sally Magin had a temper.

Further discussion was arrested by a loud call for silence from Mr. Blinker.

A dead hush fell. Job turned a last glance toward Elizabeth Harmer and her two companions. His bosom swelled.

### MAUD OF THE MUCK RAKE.

Maud Muller on a summer's day  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.  
Her pa was not a man of wealth,  
All that she had was ruggled head.

Sighing, she said: "Confound the luck,  
I think I'll go to raking muck."  
Because she toiled a wild unrest  
And an eager longing filled her breast.

"Why should I have to work?" she cried,  
"While others scorn me in their pride?"  
"With riches they have never earned,  
Their backs on me are proudly turned."

"The good Lord never planned things so,  
There's something rotten here below."  
"An' Ida Tarbell I will be,  
And whack the plutocrats," said she.

The judge appeared upon the scene,  
Bringing an odor of gasoline.  
He stopped to buzz the girl awhile;  
She was plump, and he rather liked her style.

She knew that she possessed a wad,  
He thought: "How sweet a name is Maud."

He spoke of railroad stocks he had,  
The maiden listened and was glad.  
"In two years, if my luck is fair,"  
He said, "I'll be a millionaire."

"I travel on passes through the land—"  
Maud sweetly said: "Oh, ain't that grand!"

"As far as rebates go, I'll say  
That I regard them as O. K."

"A block of Standard stock I claim—  
No matter how I got the same."  
"Now tell me, Maud, and tell me true,  
Don't I look rather good to you?"

Her face against his breast she hid,  
And gladly answered that he did.

Today she is the judge's wife,  
And lives in style, enjoying life.

And oft she wonders in her pride  
Why people can't be satisfied.

"Why," she complains, "do critics pitch  
So foolishly into the rich?"  
"Why do they ever scold or sigh  
Because the things they need are high?"

"Wise Providence has planned affairs.  
We rich, alas, have many cares."  
"But while we nobly bear the strain,  
Why should the ones below complain?"

"Of all wise words, the best by far"  
Is: "Take things meekly as they are."  
—Chicago Herald.

### BOTH FOUGHT THE SIOUX

**OLD INDIAN FIGHTERS WILL AGAIN SERVE TOGETHER.**

Gen. Bubb and Major Sibley Were With Crook in the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expeditions—The Sibley Scout's Narrow Escape From Capture as He Tells of It.

Brigadier General J. W. Bubb, who has been ordered to St. Paul to assume command of the Department of Dakota, and Major Frederick W. Sibley, the commanding officer of the Third Squadron of the Second Cavalry, now stationed at Fort Snelling, saw service together against the Indians during the campaign of 1876 against the Sioux. Both were at the time young lieutenants. General Bubb had been promoted from the ranks during his service in the civil war, while Major Sibley was then a young officer just out of West Point. They served throughout General Crook's Big Horn and Yellowstone expeditions, and General Miles's campaign through Montana—General Bubb with the Fourth Infantry and Major Sibley, then, as now, with the Second Cavalry, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

One little incident of Lieutenant Bubb's bravery is related by the famous war correspondent, afterward Congressman John F. Finerty, in his book, "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux." The incident occurred in Wyoming in May, 1876. It is thus described by Mr. Finerty:

"Some officers informed us that the ferry between the camp and Fort Pettie had broken down, and that we could not get our mail or send dispatches. The river at that point is so rapid and so full of whirlpools that few men care to swim it and most horses refuse to do so. A wagon driver, together with a sergeant and two private soldiers of the Second Cavalry tried the experiment of swimming their horses over a few days before and all were drowned. It was absolutely necessary for us to cross the river."

"When we reached the ferry we found that it had been patched up in a temporary manner and concluded to go across. When near the Fetterman bank the rope broke, and we should have been swept down the stream at the imminent risk of drowning but for the heroism of Lieutenant and Commissary Bubb, who plunged into the river on horseback, caught a cable which somebody threw toward him and towed us in safety to shore amid the plaudits of the spectators."

Gen. Bubb was engaged in nearly all of the celebrated engagements of that war.

The "Sibley Scout," is famous among Indian fighters as having one of the narrowest escapes from savages on record. It was in 1876 at the time of the Custer massacre, when Lieutenant Sibley was ordered out with twenty-five mounted men to look about the country and see what was going on. Frank Grouard, a half breed and chief of United States scouts, accompanied Sibley. The young officer was fresh from West Point and rather inexperienced in frontier warfare, so cautious General Crook bade him heed the scout's advice should emergency arise, and off the trooper started almost at the same hour when Custer, a hundred miles away, was being cut to pieces by the cutthroats of Sitting Bull.

Mr. Finerty was also on this expedition. He tells first in his book of his meeting with Lieutenant Sibley and later has a page portrait of Lieutenant Sibley and devotes a chapter to "The Sibley Scout—A Close Call." In describing his introduction to Lieutenant Sibley he says:

"Capt. Sutorius introduced me to two officers of the Second Cavalry, Captain Wells and Lieutenant Sibley. Lieutenant Sibley, with whose career I was destined to be linked under circumstances which subsequently attracted the attention of the Continent, and which will long live in the tales and traditions of our regular army, was a young West Pointer, who had distinguished himself under General Reynolds in the attack upon and capture of Crazy Horse on March 17 of that eventful year." Joe De Barthe in his "Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard, Chief of Scouts," also has a full page portrait of Lieutenant Sibley and a chapter called "A Miraculous Escape," describing the incident of which Major Sibley was the hero.

The incident was as follows: The scouting party travelled two days without incident. As they neared the mountains Grouard, who always travelled ahead of the soldiers, suddenly signalled to halt. Signs of Indians were seen. From an eminence commanding a vast area of rolling country little specks could be seen here and there. The glass proved that each speck was a squad of several Sioux in war costume. The specks began to concentrate. They moved toward the trail made by the troops, but without discovering it for a long time. They were entirely ignorant of the presence of the soldiers. After holding a powwow, one of the Indians chanced to ride toward the teltale trail. He found it and returned to the other braves, waving his blanket and gesticulating. It then seemed to the young cavalry officer as though the Indians fairly sprang from the earth in all directions to see what had been discovered. There were swarms of them, but happily they were miles away. Then began the race for life.

The horses were urged up the mountain. On came the Indians. They were seen occasionally, along the canons in the rear. The band had divided and was trying to head off the soldiers and surround them. Suddenly as the soldiers ascended the side of

### FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

The easiest way to reach the top is to get in on the ground floor.—Puck.

"Crossed in love once more," lamented the Hellespont as Leander clambered up the bank.—Princeton Tiger.

"My daughter," said the father, "has always been accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth." "Yes," replied the count, bristling up. "Zat ees what I am."

Gentleman (getting into the carriage): That tooth must come out today under any circumstances. Drive me to the nearest dentist—but go slow!—Fliegende Blatter.

Mrs. de Fashion (to her new Chinese cook): "John, why do the Chinese bind the feet of their women?" John: "So they not trotter round kitchen, and botthere cook."—Life.

Milestone Mike—What sort o' insect would you like to be if you 'ad the chance, Sammie? Sompolet Sam—Why, one o' them rare 'uns wot they keeps in alcohol.—Sketch.

"You say the man is a liar. Can you prove it?" "Well, I can prove that he was a member of the Senate when the Railroad Rate bill was under discussion."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What I regard as most conspicuous about Georgie Gayson," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "is her naivete." "Yes," replied her hostess, "I wonder what made her get a red one?"—Baltimore American.

Then the Robber Ran.—Footpad: Money or your life! Book Agent: Sorry I haven't a copy of my life, sir; but let me show you the Life of George Washington, in full morocco.—Chicago News.

"Does your congressman do much work?" "We don't expect him to work," said Farmer Cornstossel. "We jest hire him to take the blame when things don't go to suit us."—Washington Star.

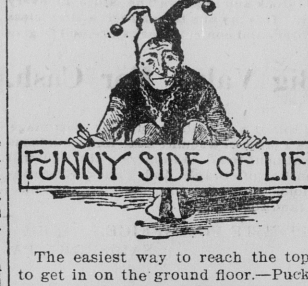
Club Chatter.—The Old Soldier—Yes, sir, and I can tell you that I've had six horses killed under me in war." The Motorist—Pooh! that's nothing. I've had a dozen pedestrians killed under me.—Pick-me-up.

The Flancee: "When a man accuses a woman of saying things that you know very well I never even thought, if he really was a man and had any respect for me, you'd beg my pardon."—Woman's Home Companion.

Infrupted motorist (to Waggoner, who has made him stop)—What the Dickens did you make me stop for? Your horse is not frightened? Waggoner—Now, she's no fear. But I just didna want ma new hat ta be spoilt w' dust frae your auld rumber!—Punch.

"How does Senator Catchit explain the provisions of that bill he introduced?" "He disclaims all responsibility for it. He says in his haste to bring about beneficial legislation he inadvertently substituted for the bill his daughter's graduation essay."—Baltimore American.

The low-browed party with a pistol in one hand passed in front of the pedestrian. "I'm goin' to hold youse up," he said. "T—that's real k-kind of you, I'm sure, answered the pedestrian. "I h-had a sinking s-sensation when I saw you approachin'."—Chicago Daily News.



a gulch and gained a small plateau, a party of redskins sprang at them, firing their rifles and yelling. The men scattered like sheep. Lieutenant Sibley ordered the men to fire even if they did not aim at the enemy, for a rifle made a noise like a cannon amid those hills. Finally the men got together and Lieutenant Sibley ordered a retreat up a slope to a bit of wooded ground which protected them from the fire of the Indians. This was about nine o'clock in the morning. Mr. Sibley describes the situation as follows: "The Indians began to gather about us more rapidly. The situation was growing more serious every minute. My men were doing good work with their rifles. It pleased me to see one man shoot a noted Sioux chief right through the heart. The old sinner never twitched a muscle after the lead hit him. We never knew how many we killed because when an Indian is shot his comrades keep him out of sight. Well, we held them off for four hours, and they were four hours of hot work, I can tell you. My scout then told me that the Indians were on three sides of us. We had one chance left to retreat, and this chance was fast lessening because fresh Indians were coming."

Both Finerty and De Barthe relate the story with much more elaboration and both say that Lieutenant Sibley at first hesitated in taking to flight even under those circumstances, but Grouard convinced him that it meant a terrible death to all and no good could possibly come of it if they stayed.

"I did not like to abandon our horses," relates Major Sibley, "but it was that or die. So the retreat was ordered. I inspected each man personally to see that his equipment was right, but owing to my inexperience and the excitement of the moment I forgot the rations. Only one man in the command took his rations. Only one man in the command took his rations. It was an hour or so before the Indians discovered that we had fled. By that time we were up on the mountain in places so steep that one man had to help the other up. The horses could not follow us. So for the time being the Sioux would not strike us. Grouard took a mountain trail which we followed on foot for fifty hours without a mouthful to eat. Such fearfully vigorous exercise without food nearly killed us.

"Toward the end of this perilous march we all became so weakened that we marched for ten minutes and then would lie down and rest. Several of the most robust men became insane, and one or two never regained their wits. When we reached Crook's camp I slept for twenty-four hours without waking, and during that time the camp was sharply attacked by Indians. Even the roar of musketry did not disturb my sleep in the least. Not a single man was lost on the trip."

Remarking on his experience of plains life, Major Sibley said that it seemed wonderful to him what remarkable instincts the halfbred scout possessed. A scout had led him across a trackless waste on a dark night when the snow was falling and the wind blowing. The horses were continually drifting to windward to get their faces away from the cutting blast.

There was not a landmark to guide the scout. Yet in the face of all these difficulties the scout would lead the troopers, after marching all night, to the exact spot from which they started.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The coach in which the lord mayor of London rides on state occasions has been in use since 1757.

An eagle swooped down and seized and carried away a 10-pound carp that a fisherman had just landed on the bank of the Kankakee river, near Glenwood, Ill.

A trip from New York to Guayaquil by the way of Cape Horn involves a sea voyage of 11,470 miles. When the Panama canal is opened the voyage will be shortened to 2864 miles.

While a large bass was being prepared for cooking at a hotel in Lock Haven, Pa., a small devil fish was found imbedded in the fish. The "find" is being preserved in alcohol.

A two-tailed calf was born in Lawrence county, Indiana, a few days ago. One of the tails sprang from the neck close to the left shoulder. The calf is well and seems in a fair way to live and grow.

A large rat crept stealthily behind a robin on a street in Jersey Shore, Pa., caught the bird's neck in its mouth and, despite the struggle of the bird, got it safely into its hole in the ground.

Among the treasures of the Hapsburgs in the Hofburg at Vienna is a clumsy thimble, engraved "A. V. W., 1684." It was fashioned of a silver coin by some ingenious Dutchman, who presented it to his lady love.

In connection with the suggestion that the picture of John Paul Jones be put on a postage stamp, it is mentioned that only two of our naval officers have ever appeared on postage stamps. But this may be due to the fact that our naval men are so hard to lick.

Jethou Island, off which the steamship Courier foundered, is by far the smallest of the British Channel Islands, and boasts the distinction of being the smallest inhabited island in Europe, having, indeed, only one dwelling house upon it. It has a population of about seven souls.

Never before had he realized how pretty they were. As each listened to a whispering cavalier a blush mantled six cheeks.

Mr. Blinker, after clearing his throat, began:

"The judging being now concluded, ladies and gentlemen, it is my honorable duty to present the valuable prizes. The first prize is here—you can see it for yourselves—a red and white striped blouse. The first prize, ladies and gentlemen, has been awarded with one voice—in fact, I might say magnanimously—to, here he raised his voice, "to one whom I will call the Belle of the Ring. The fortunate lady is Miss Sally Magin."

After a stunned moment of silence a roar went up that shook the canvas roof. But Job scarcely heard it. He felt suddenly faint. His eye wandered from Sally Magin's face, about the ring, then back to Sally Magin's face. She was smiling—directly at him.

The drama of the moment had inspired a gang of young men. Leaping into the arena they began to lead the prize-winner toward the spot where Job covered. Blouse in hand she came, while the occupants of the cheaper seats rocked and swayed in open mirth.

In the meanwhile the two girls who had stood at her side received a hair comb and a straw pin respectively. But the presentation was unnoted. Another shout went up as Sally Magin sank down by the side of Job.

Job with deeply flushed face, sprang to his feet. Utter silence fell once more. Job wavered. The stupendous lush had unerved him. He sank down, and the sinking sealed his fate.

A minute later Sally's arm was through his. Her eyes sought first the blouse and then Job, while the crowd thundered acclamation. Only when it realized that Mr. Blinker had not completed his announcements did the tumult cease.

"We have now come, ladies and gentlemen," he proceeded with a broad smile, "to a stage in the performance which is p'r'aps the most romantic that this palatial tent has ever seen. It is my pleasure to inform you that over and above the awards already presented, we have three consolation prizes. These, ladies, are the biggest on record. They consist of nothing less than three bachelor gentlemen." He indicated his fellow judges.

At a sign from him each placed an arm about his companion's waist. The hissing of a vast indrawn breath sounded from the assembly. "And you, gentlemen, it will interest you to hear that the ladies have accepted their prizes with the graciousness that marks their sex."

The hoarse protests of Elizabeth Harmer's father were drowned in loud murmurs of amazement. The three blushing girls after a struggle with their countenances brought to each a smile that would have delighted a photographer. The evidence of acquiescence was convincing. Romance was in the air.

Mr. Blinker prepared to step from his pedestal.

"It only remains for me to say, ladies and gentlemen, that Blinker's World-Famed Circus will remain here until the ceremony of marriage has been fully completed. The entire company welcomes the charming brides, and that concludes our entertainment tonight."

Job Yardsley found himself in the outer darkness with Sally Magin still upon his arm.

"It wasn't bad, was it?" he ventured, "for—for a lark, you know?"

Sally took a firmer clutch of his arm.

"It's a lark that's got a plain ending," she said. "With all them witnesses I should think damages for breach 'ud come to a bit more than the price of the Maypole."

"I wonder, I do wonder," mused Job dully, "if they bothering circus people knew of my offer."

"Is it likely?" retorted his future wife with asperity.—W. H. Koebel, in the Tatler.

### A Pass to the Circus.

Two attorneys, says the San Francisco Chronicle, were recently taking a constitutional over the hills in the vicinity of the Mission Park site just before the Baraam & Bailey circus arrived. Pausing to view the circus grounds, they were promptly mistaken for circus magnates, and surrounded by a group of awe-struck gamins. Taking the cue, the disciples of Blackstone discussed wisely the proper place for the elephants and the advisability of placing them at some distance from the tigers, and also bemoaned the recent death of two prize monkeys, et cetera. One of the gamins plucked up courage to ask for a pass, whereupon one of the lawyers, with a Carnegie-giving-library air, handed him the following: "Pass three hundred boys under twelve to menagerie and circus promptly at 2 p. m. Sunday, Bailey." What happened to the boy with the ticket at the hands of his two hundred and ninety-nine indignant friends near the gates of the circus promptly at 2 p. m., Sunday is too painful to describe.

### Woman Trained Nurse for Dogs.

Probably the only woman trained nurse for dogs in New York is a mighty clever young woman employed in the dog hospital, where are treated the precious pets of the most fashionable people in New York.

She is an adept in the care of dogs, having raised them and been familiar with their care since childhood. She is devoted to the canine family and seems to possess intuitive knowledge regarding dog temperament.

She often has as many as 100 sick dogs to care for. It is her duty to give them their medicine and in other ways carry out the doctor's orders exactly as a trained nurse would do for human patients.