

Dusk, and the day is done,  
Homeward I turn;  
Bright as the setting sun  
Its fires do burn.

Dusk, and the shadows fold  
On the hill's breast;  
Dark 'gainst the feeble gold  
In the far west.

Dusk, and the waking stars  
Glimmer on high  
Like candles newly lit  
In the gray sky.

Dusk, and I see your face,  
Soft lips apart;  
Waiting to find your place,  
Near to my heart.

—Beth Slater Whitson in Ainslee's.

# WANTED: A WORRIER.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Mrs. Heath's anxious voice drifted down the hall, down the stairs.

"Did Caroline take an umbrella?"

A cheerful, sixteen-year-old voice drifted back up the stairs, up the hall.

"I don't know. I'll count 'em."

"I know she didn't," groaned the anxious voice in the period of waiting, "and she had all her best clothes on, as she always has when it's cloudy."

"She never! Here's four in the umbrella stand. But don't you go to worrying, marmie; it only looks like rain."

Mrs. Heath resumed her darning and her worrying. She was a tiny woman who should have been pink and white and smooth, unworried. Faint care lines, as it was, crisscrossed her gentle face. Umbrellas was but one item of her daily program of anxieties. She was the family worrier—all the possible and impossible calamities that might or might not happen to seven lusty Heaths happened to them in her imagination.

"That lovely hat! Caroline is so care—Mercy, I'm sure I smell smoke!" She hurried to the head of the stairs.

"Mig! Mig!"

"Yes'm," against the cheerful young voice.

"You there?" Mrs. Heath was mildly addicted to needless questions. "I smell fire. Is the baby anywhere near the matches?"

The baby was five and utterly un-reconciled to his mortifying title.

"He's in the same room, but he's on the floor, and the match—"

"Then it's Thyrsa. She's probably lighting the fire with kerosene. Run, Mig, quick!"

"I will. I'll put her out—never you mind, marmie!"

There was a scurry of light feet followed by clumping little ones. It was the baby who reported, a moment later.

"Nothin's burnin' 'cept the fire," he shouted at the top of good lungs.

"Well, it's a mercy! Something else will burn one of these days, with everybody so reckless. We shall wake up some morning and find ourselves burned to a crisp. I wonder where I dropped that needle? Now some one will step on it and have lockjaw! I shan't take a minute's peace until I find it."

She took very few minutes' peace, day or night. Did Griffith II. read his Latin over the second time before he went to school? Had Griffith I. remembered to order coal? Was Thyrsa coming down with another carache? What if the new neighbors turned out to be the wrong kind? What if the dressmaker got Mig's dress too short—or too long—or the sleeves skimpy? What if a hundred other dreadful things happened?

The seven other Heaths enjoyed life in a healthful, untroubled fashion that to the little family worrier appeared incomprehensible. The weight of the cares they ought to feel and the worries they ought to worry added to her own full quiver until the burden grew almost too heavy for her slender shoulders. It happened that this particular afternoon was destined to be the fateful one. Quite suddenly and un-remediatedly the half-mended stocking dropped from Mrs. Heath's fingers.

"I'm too tired to worry about another thing!" she said with a curious air of finality. "Somebody else must do it now—I've done my part." Her tired eyes had a strained look. She was conscious of a sudden desire to change places with the baby, so that she might cry. She put her hand to her head. If anything should snap—she had never been afraid before that anything would snap.

"I've got to stop worrying," she said aloud. "Henrietta Heath, you listen to me. When I say 'three' you stop!" She had left her little straight-backed sewing chair and sunk into Griffith I's soft rocker. "One—two—" she counted slowly, "three! Have you stopped, Henrietta Heath?"

"I have stopped," nodded Henrietta Heath from the depths of the great chair. She closed her eyes in relaxed abandonment of earthly cares. But unconsciously she worried on because she was not worrying. Some one must worry—a helpless family could not be left in the lurch like this. She must find some one to take her place.

"I'll advertise," she thought, and got paper and pencil.

The wording of the notice gave her little trouble; it was odd how her pencil flew from line to line. Things one might suppose to be difficult and unusual appeared simple enough now to her. She read the advertisement aloud. It sounded well.

"Wanted: A working worrier for a family of seven. Only competent person need apply. Permanent situation for the right one. References. Address: Henrietta Heath, Crescent Terrace."

The Pineboro Evening Call went to press at noon. It was too late for today, but none too early for tomorrow. Mrs. Heath, in the calm conviction

of doing the right thing in the right way, put on her things and departed leisurely for the printing establishment of the Evening Call.

"I wish this advertisement inserted in tomorrow's paper," she said to the polite person who came forward to meet her. "I am sorry it could not have been—It is too late for today, I suppose?"

"M—m—yes, certainly, madam." The polite person was reading the little slip of paper. He looked up unsmilingly. When he spoke his tone was solicitous.

"The paper has gone to press. We could only get out an extra. If there is great hurry—" He waited.

Mrs. Heath shook her head slowly. "Tomorrow will do," she said, "but not a day later. And I shall be obliged if you will give it a prominent place."

"On the first page, madam. Give yourself no worryment."

Of course she would not do that. Worryments were behind her now. But it worried her. The helpless family—the helpless family! "Only till tomorrow," she comforted herself.

The next day, just before tea time, Mrs. Heath was summoned by Thyrsa to the parlor. A stranger in a black dress rose at her entrance. There was only time to note the extreme gravity bordering upon sourness, of the stranger's face before a nervous voice spoke.

"I came in answer to your advertisement in today's Call."

"Oh! Oh, yes, you are a—a—" Mrs. Heath faltered in palpable embarrassment.

"Worrier—yes. Professional. Forty years' experience. Thirteen years and a half in my last place—lady died, man in the asylum. I can't refer you to them, but—"

"Yes, oh, yes, I'd like references," Mrs. Heath faltered weakly. This professional worrier abashed her strangely. In this presence she herself seemed such a novice—amateur. The stranger went on, in a matter-of-fact tone:

"In my place before last I worried for a family of six—Mrs. Elbertus Lee, Derry Bridge. Family numbered only three in the place before that, but the work was hard, very hard. I have worked in only three places." The latter was said in a tone of pride. To have worried—professionally—for forty years in but three "places" appeared occasion for pride. Mrs. Heath was only thirty-four. She blushed uncomfortably.

"Well, if you think I'll suit, I'm ready to begin at once. We can give each other a trial anyway, but I want one thing understood at the start—"

"Yes?" hesitated Mrs. Heath.

"And that is that I'm not to be interfered with. I'm to do it all."

"There are seven. Seven is a good many—"

"I am perfectly competent to do the worrying for seven. It must be left entirely to me. I suppose the seven includes you?"

"Dear, no!" The little amateur worrier had never worried about herself. It had not occurred to her.

"Eight, then. Names, please? I wish to get acquainted with my cases before I begin work, and any little hints that you can give me—"

"Griffith I, Griffith II, Caroline, Mig, the twins, the baby," recited the wife of one and mother of all the rest in a rather tremulous voice. A sob seemed to be tangled up in her throat. Was she giving them all up to this solemn, sour person in black? The solemn, sour person wrote the names in a small blank book, with capable flourish.

"Have you any preference as to which one I worry about first?" she inquired, snapping the covers of the book together. "We are losing time—I should like to begin at once."

"The baby," faltered the baby's mother. He was a good one to begin and end with. "At this very minute—"

"Oh, I'm afraid he's playing with matches, or falling down the cellar bulkhead!" worried the professional worrier in a businesslike manner. She entered upon her work with a perfect acquaintance with its requirements—her tone, her look, her motions were all in harmony with her calling.

Mrs. Heath found herself watching her with fascinated gaze. It was as if she was watching herself from a little distance. The anxious lines and creases in the stranger's face filled her with horror, for they might all be in her own face. She put up her hand to feel and see. They were there!

A network of fine lines threaded the forehead of the other woman. More lines ran down her cheeks—more still from the corners of her mouth. Henrietta Heath, in a little whirl of panic, ran to her room and peered into the mirror. The face she saw there resembled faintly the lined face of the woman she had engaged to do her worrying—there was no doubt of the resemblance.

Downstairs the girl twin was drumming scales on the piano, and wrong

notes drifted upward discordantly, but the girl twin's mother laughed softly. She went back to the stranger; this was her business.

"Sylvia is practicing wrong," she said.

"I know—I know," snapped the stranger irritably, "but I can't attend to everything at once! I'm worrying about Griffith II. just this minute, for fear he'll slip under the gate instead of waiting at the railroad crossing. I can't worry about two at once with any sort of success. That reminds, I forgot to say that if I am expected to work nights I shall charge double wages. Night work is very exhausting."

"Yes," murmured little Mrs. Heath, as one who knew, "I always worried nights, too. You can charge extra."

The days that followed that advent of the professional worrier were easy days to the weary one released from all care. She grew round and smooth, laughed often, sang little snatches of song. The children exulted.

"Marmie's growing young!" Mig boasted. "See, papa, how lovely she is!"

"Yes," Griffith I. agreed with unctious, and added little praises of his own in mamma's ear.

Caroline, the baby, all the others, admired enthusiastically. Only the hired worrier worried now in the household of the Heaths. Then like a bolt from cloudless sky came the end of this satisfactory arrangement.

Henrietta Heath at her peaceful, unworried mending one morning, beheld the worrier standing in the door with unwonted excitement evident in her whole bearing.

"I've come to give warning." She spoke rapidly. "I can't wait to give two weeks' notice. I belong to the union, and they've ordered me to quit work."

"Is it a strike?" demanded Mrs. Heath, though uselessly.

Whatever it was, it could not matter. The old worries loomed blackly right ahead. Like arms of a deadly squid they were closing around her. She groaned already in their clutches.

The person in the doorway had apparently not heard the question.

"I'm sorry I can stay to finish worrying about the baby's tooth that's coming in crooked, but you'll have to finish it out. Miss Caroline's stooped shoulders came next on my list—I planned that and Miss Sylvia's runover heels for this afternoon." She took out her memorandum and consulted it with knit brows, muttering items under her breath: "Master Griffith's cowlick, Thyrsa's ears, thin places in sitting room carpet—m—m—m—ink spots on table cloth—m—m—m—her voice trickling into indistinctness. Suddenly she folded the paper and extended it toward Mrs. Heath. "It may be a help," she said gravely. "I've always made it a practice to work from a prepared list—dear knows I'd have died long ago if I hadn't! It's a wearing business—wearing." New lines seemed to appear startlingly in her wizened face and she sighed deeply. An awful terror gripped Henrietta Heath—this was herself standing facing her in the doorway! This was the way she was going to look and to sigh!

"Good-by," the worrier said, and turned away. But the other woman called her—shrieked after her:

"Come back! Come back and get your list! Take it with you—I don't want it. I tell you I'm not going back to worrying. I won't! I won't!" She tried to get out of her chair—to throw away the list of worries. It grew heavy, like a leaden list, in her hands. It grew hot and burned her.

"Why, marmie!"

It was Mig standing over her. She was in Griffith I's great easy chair.

"You screamed out in your sleep—you must have had an awful dream."

"Awful!" shuddered marmie. "Mig"—she lifted her face to the girl—"am I wizened? Do I look old and sour and dreadful? Tell me quick!"

"Why, marmie! Why, what are you thinking of? You look dear."

The little mother swept the little daughter into her arms, laughing joyously while. "Then I woke up in time—I mean I went to sleep in time. Just in time, Miggin's!"

Mig's face, expressive of utter bewilderment, came out of the dizzy embrace. Her errand upstairs recurred to her.

"I came up," she panted breathlessly, "to tell you the baby's torn a great hole in his rompers—awful! And Sylvia's practicing 'G' flat instead of 'A' flat—I can't make her stop. And Thyrsa's broken the biggest plate—"

"Mig, listen to me! There are worse things than holes and 'G' flats and broken platters. You go downstairs and be thankful your mother has found it out in time. Here—kiss me first. Now run." But she called after the light-retreating little figure. "Miggin's!"

"Yes? What say, marmie?"

"You are sure it isn't wizened yet?"

"Marmie, the idea! It's dear—dear—dear."

Henrietta Heath ran to her mirror and gazed at herself in its unflattering depths. She began to pinch and knead the sweet face there.

"I'll pinch 'em out—I'll knead 'em out," she said. "Then I'll start again, smooth!"

Downstairs the girl twin practicing her discordant little scales seemed to be playing a tune.—Woman's Home Companion.

## Out of the Rut.

"In a way, the function was refreshingly novel."

"How's that?"

"The genial host was dead sore and his amiable wife exhibited a palpable grouch."—Washington Herald.

# PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

## DAMAGE SUIT LOST

Man Claims He Was Injured In Wreck of Which No One Else Ever Heard.

A wreck in which one whole side of a passenger coach was knocked out and some of the train derailed, was described on the witness stand at Uniontown by John Brija of Adelaide, but the Pennsylvania railroad, on whose track the disaster was supposed to have occurred, never heard of the wreck.

Brija claimed \$5,000 damages, but after hearing the evidence the court gave binding instructions for the defendant. Brija suffered a broken leg, a broken finger and severe bruises on the body. He was unconscious four days and in the hospital five weeks.

His injuries were as claimed, but there was no evidence beyond his own statement that they were sustained while riding on a Pennsylvania railroad train.

## SEES GUSHERS IN DREAM

Oil Man Marks Spot and Vision Becomes Reality.

"I had a great dream," said Jacob Fennel of Fennelton to his wife one morning, as he awoke and looked out of the window. "I saw two oil derricks out there on the hillside, and the oil was spouting up hundreds of feet and running away in the gully in a great stream."

Fennel marked the spot where he had seen the gushers in his dream. Then he induced operators to develop the lease, and to day 10 of the biggest wells in what is the best pool ever struck in Butler county are yielding 500 barrels a day. The famous gusher brought in by Drs. Wm. R. and John V. Cowden is located exactly where Fennel, owner of the farm, saw it in his dream.

## NEW COKE PLANT PLANNED

Company Organized and 40 Ovens Will Be Built Immediately.

The Peerless Connellsville Coke Co. was organized at Greensburg by the election of the following officers: Wade Echard, Uniontown, president; P. W. Simon, Connellsville, secretary, and James M. Doyle, Connellsville, treasurer.

The stock is held by Connellsville and Greensburg capitalists, and work has already begun on the construction of a coking plant near Donnelly and Mayfield plants of the H. C. Frick Coke Co. Forty ovens will be built immediately.

## HOTEL WRECKED BY GAS

Fire Follows Explosion in Parkers Landing Hostel.

The Globe Hotel at Parkers Landing was partially burned and later wrecked by an explosion of natural gas, in which the proprietor, John B. Stoner, was badly burned about the face and arms.

Volunteer fire companies had the fire under control a half hour later, when there was a second explosion that wrecked the building. G. A. Needle and Paul Stetler, firemen, were in the cellar, and were covered with debris, but not dangerously hurt. The loss is \$10,000, covered by insurance.

## Huge Reservoir for Coke Company.

To supply water for their five big plants the Jamison Coal & Coke Co. will erect a mammoth reservoir northeast of George station. One hundred and fifty acres of farming land have been purchased. The acreage comprises the entire Mellon farm and parts of the Sowash and McCarthy farms. The Jamison plants are now supplied with individual reservoirs.

## Make Demand for \$10,000.

Ten thousand dollars or death is the demand sent to R. Frediana, a Brownsville merchant, in a letter. Frediana turned the letter over to County Detective Alex McBeth, who will take up the case with the police of Cleveland, O., where the letter was mailed, and with the New York officers. Frediana is directed to take the money to a designated place in New York.

## Big Gas Well Struck.

A gas well has been struck at Polk, Venango county, having a pressure of 1,000,000 feet a day, at a depth of 500 feet. The company owning the well was organized in Reynoldsville one month ago by J. H. Kaucher, W. W. Wiley, F. A. McConnell, Levi Schuckers and C. C. Benscoter. It is the only well in this section and the company controls 700 acres.

## Black Hand Convicted.

After being out 18 hours the jury at New Castle trying Sam Esposito, an alleged Black Hand leader, upon two robbery charges, returned a verdict convicting him upon one charge and acquitting him upon the other. The maximum prison sentence he can now get will be five years.

## Accuses a Preacher.

Eli McKnight, a former Methodist Episcopal preacher, was arrested on a charge of illegal liquor selling by Constable J. J. Miller of Greensburg. He gave bail of \$500.

South Sharon School Board awarded the general contract for the erection of the new high school building to A. Wishart & Sons of Sharon, for \$59,400. Albert Wales & Co. were awarded the contract for brick and stone work. It will take a year to complete the building.

At a meeting of the First Presbyterian congregation of Sharon a call was extended to Rev. A. J. McCartney, pastor of the Westfield Presbyterian Church of Lawrence county. Sharon church has been without a pastor for nine months.

## DOUBLE TRAGEDY

Shooting Follows Return From Johnstown to Home of Dead Man's Mother.

John Miller, 26 years old and single, shot and killed his sweetheart, Mrs. Rose Pier, 24 years old, and then committed suicide at the home of his mother, Mrs. Rebecca Miller, in Walnut Grove, a suburb of Johnstown.

Miller and the woman had just come home from town quarreling on the way. She sat down at a table and he picked up a shotgun and practically blew her head off. He then shot himself, the charge carrying away the front part of his head. A lover's quarrel is the only known reason.

Mrs. Pier, the woman killed, formerly lived in Pittsburg. She was the wife of William Pier, but had separated from him. Mrs. Rebecca Miller, it seems, was in the house when the couple quarreled, but ran out when the shooting began.

## SWINDLES LAND OWNERS

"Fake" Tax Collector Operates Successfully in Washington County.

Representing himself to be an officer of the law, an unknown person has been collecting taxes from property owners of South Strabane township, Washington county.

The stranger went to the residence of Mrs. Freedom Moller of East Washington, who owns a small tract of land in South Strabane, and demanded \$8.14 tax. The woman was sure the tax had been paid, but when he threatened attachment proceedings she gave him what he demanded.

Later at the office of the county commissioners she ascertained that her tax had been paid and that no one had been authorized to collect from delinquent taxpayers.

## New Bank Opens.

West Alexander's second banking institution has been organized. The promoters are Atkinson, McClay & Co. The bank will be located in the Blayne building, with W. B. Gilmore and Miss Mounts in charge. There was talk of another national bank, but it is understood that it did not meet the approval of the comptroller of the currency. It was then decided to charter the new institution as a state bank.

## Four Italians Hanged.

Four Italians were hanged at one time in the yard of the Lancaster county jail, Oct. 3. They were Antonio Delero, Stephen Carlu, Siverco Rodelli and Jos. Celione, and the crime for which they paid the death penalty was the murder of a fellow countryman, Plato Albamese, who was killed for offering resistance when the four attempted to rob him.

## To Establish Y. M. C. A.

An effort is being made at Apollo to establish a Young Men's Christian Association. Ministers and church workers have appointed committees and the town is being canvassed for funds. The First Presbyterian Church has offered its old building as headquarters if sufficient money is raised to equip it.

## Charged With Slander.

W. C. Fletcher, a lawyer of Altoona, has been arrested and held for court on a charge of slander made by Mrs. G. A. Ickes, wife of a physician. Ten thousand dollars damages is asked. The case originates from assertions said to have been made by Fletcher during a court trial, reflecting on the character of Mrs. Ickes.

## Returns Stolen Articles.

Conscience stricken, a thief who two weeks ago stole \$65 and valuable papers from Sheriff Louts when the latter was stricken with sudden illness in his office at the court house, at New Castle, returned the property. The money and papers were shoved through the letter box in Loud's front door.

## Railroad Rates Cut.

The Waynesburg and Washington railroad, between Washington and Waynesburg, announced that beginning next Tuesday the passenger rate will be two cents a mile. This means the fare between Washington and Waynesburg will be 58 cents instead of \$1.

## Diphtheria Epidemic in Berlin.

Berlin has a diphtheria epidemic. Fourteen cases are reported. The supply of anti-toxin was exhausted and a messenger was dispatched to Somerset. Before he returned Miss Rae Buckman, daughter of George Buckman, a member of the Legislature, died.

## Old Log Cabin to Be Preserved.

W. F. Chamberlin of Dayton, O., is in Canonsburg to arrange for the preservation of "The Old Log Cabin," which now stands on the campus of old Jefferson College. The project is in the hands of the Phil Gamma Delta Fraternity.

The barn of Jesse P. Miller, near Beallsville, was destroyed by fire with all its contents, entailing a loss of almost \$4,000. The barn was filled with the unthreshed grain crop of Charles Arnold, who rents the farm.

## Foreigners to Be Disarmed.

An order to disarm foreigners in Butler and vicinity has been given by Chief of Police Joe Angert. Every man found with a revolver or silletto will be arrested and held for Criminal Court. There are nearly 8,000 aliens in Butler and its suburbs, nearly all of whom carry guns.

## Organize Coke Company.

The New Haven Coal & Coke Co., capitalized at \$125,000, has been organized at Uniontown, with J. G. Harris, president; T. J. King, secretary and treasurer.

## HAD A YELL COMING TO HIM.

Georgia Convict, After Long Term, Had Not Forgotten How to "Root."

The visit of C. Griffith and his New York American leaguers to the federal prison at Atlanta on the occasion of their southern practice trip this spring furnished a telling illustration of the intensity of the American interest in baseball. I was among the newspaper correspondents that accompanied the party, and all through the corridors and workshops we marked the yearning with which the prisoners' eyes followed the leaguers, some of them moving their lips as they tagged off the various diamond heroes filing by—Griffith, Chesbro, Elberfeld, and Jim McGuire. Dr. Nye, the Bertillon expert of the prison, explained that though conversation is forbidden and newspapers are excluded, the prisoners in some mysterious way manage to learn the baseball scores each day and even become familiar with the names and achievements of renowned players.

As we were passing through the barber shop, an employe made such excited gestures with a razor that Dr. Nye stopped and whispered: "That fellow has been in prison 26 years and his time expires at noon tomorrow." Then, struck by a sudden idea, he suggested to Griffith that if he wanted one stanch rooster at the next day's game he should write out a pass for the ex-murderer, forger and counterfeiter.

Griffith, of course, made out the pass, and we looked for the released convict with some eagerness. There was no difficulty in noting his arrival. He came from the top row of the grand stand to a seat back of the visiting-bench in three bounds, emitting yells of peculiar ferocity, and immediately began a vicious roast of the New York team: "Rubes!" "Lobsters!" "Yer can't put 'em over!" "Back to Hackensack!" "They bought the empire!" "Run, you ice wagon!" He had every classic anathema, ancient and modern, at tongue's tip, and he so rattled New York's pitching trio that the big leaguers were defeated.

"You're a fine sort of a fan, you are," jeered Griffith bitterly after the game. "Had my way, you'd get ten years more."

Excepting for the loss of his voice, the ex-convict appeared to be rejuvenated as he sat there red-checked, throbbing with life, grinning happily. Not until Dr. Nye explained did he appreciate his blunder. "Cap'n," he apologized in a wheezy whisper, "take my oath, I never even knowed who was playin'. Yes, sir," he asserted earnestly, "that's gospel. What I let go—he tapped his chest—"has been inside a me 26 years, an' it had 'em come out." Dr. Nye nodded at the somewhat appeased Griffith with understanding sympathy: "It was either this or a spree for him, and the ball game'll do him more good."—Allen Sangree, in Everybody's.

## London Breakfast Parties.

The old custom of giving breakfast parties is being revived, and although "every one" in the social world is supposed to be at Cowes, or elsewhere in the country, there has been quite a burst of matutinal entertaining.

The king revived the fashion of our grandfathers by giving a series of informal breakfast parties in the early part of this season. This lead has been followed in some quarters. The invitations are for 10 a. m., and the number of guests is generally limited to half a dozen, or eight at the most. Bacon is avoided, and the menu consists of various kinds of egg dishes, tea, coffee, mineral waters, and occasionally lager beer, fish and fruit.

London is never empty, even "socially" speaking, in August, as the fashionable restaurants can testify, and probably many people would be surprised to learn that numerous members of "smart" London clubs take a morning dip in the Serpentine, in very democratic company, before attending these informal parties.

The custom of giving breakfasts still survives at Oxford and Cambridge, but at the latter university the old custom of beer drinking in the morning is gradually dying out.

The dons, however, still give elaborate breakfast parties to honored undergraduates, and at all the public schools the "breakfast party" given by masters of houses still retains its importance.—The London Express.

## Photographing the Mirage.

The photograph represented a palm grove, a lake and a caravan of laden camels and white-robed Arabs, moving in stately file across the pale desert.

"That is a picture of a mirage or fata morgana," said the traveler. "I took it in the Sahara, not far from Timbuctoo. There was really nothing there but sand, wastes on wastes of sand; but my dazed eyes saw that mirage and my camera saw it, too."

"This is the only mirage picture I have ever got. I have tried in Ceylon, in Egypt and in Morocco to photograph various mirages, but always in vain. There are scarcely six mirage photos in existence."—Minneapolis Journal.

## A Record Breaker.

The Magistrate looked severely at the chauffeur.

"That makes two people you've killed in my jurisdiction," he said.

"Besides five crippled," suggested the chauffeur. "Why, that's a peach of a machine. They just can't get away from it."

"What did you say the make was?" inquired the Magistrate, who liked an occasional spln himself.—Los Angeles Herald.