

LONG DISTANCE TEACHER.

Kansas City Man Conducts Big Sunday School in Chicago.

George F. Moore, traveling auditor of the Chicago and Alton railroad, every Sunday comes all the way from Kansas City to superintend the Sunday school of the Washington Park Congregational church in Chicago. He arrived in the city at 9 o'clock the other morning, tired and grimy after his 487 miles' journey.

"Just time to get cleaned up before Sunday school," he said as he turned on the water for his bath. He posted himself on events of the week as he changed his clothes. An hour later he was superintending the work of his 21 teachers and 400 scholars. At 6 p. m. he started on his return trip, a fifteen hours' journey. The next day he was at his desk in Kansas City, having traveled 974 miles.

That has been the Sunday programme of Mr. Moore since Jan. 1. It will continue to be his practice as long as his headquarters are in Kansas City.

"I expect to be in Kansas City or in St. Louis three-fourths of the year," said Mr. Moore. "I shall, however, continue to act as superintendent of the Sunday school because I like the work. Were it not for an efficient staff of teachers I should not attempt to direct a school on the long distance plan. The instructors have ideas of their own for keeping up interest. One charming woman gives her boys carnations and roses after school. In the Bible class for boys prizes are offered for deportment, punctuality, text work and collections."

Mr. Moore has his own ideas on conducting a Sunday school. Here are some of them:

The first step is to love children and the work.

Our scholars take home their lessons and try to follow our hour a Sunday school teaching in their everyday life.

Never chide a child. If he does wrong, talk to him gently and appeal to his sense of honor as though he were a grownup. Commend him for every good action.

Upright punctuality and regular attendance. Encourage my teachers to give their scholars vacations in the summer—when they have earned them.

My best teachers know something of the world and are not too "bookish."

I don't believe in paid teachers any more than I do in paid choirs. Those who don't love the work should stay out of it.

My teachers recruit their scholars from their respective neighborhoods.

I always have in reserve several substitute teachers.

Thumb Nail Photographs in Vogue.

Diamond studded teeth were such a barbaric absurdity the caprice never went beyond a few silly pates who wanted "something new," but the thumb nail photograph really is coming into vogue now that it has been taken up in London by the engaged girls, says the New York Press. The nail first is manicured by a special process, then coated with a sensitized solution. Next over the nail a flexible film is imposed and secured by tiny clips at either side of the finger. This is treated just as the ordinary photograph is treated, and, if successful, the features stand out in bold relief against the delicate pink of the nail. But, alas, the nail grows, and with it the picture, elongating the features, so in time it becomes necessary to cut off the top of the head of the beloved one. The girl is left without the picture of her fiancé until another film is exposed. The wearing of diamonds in the thumb nails was tried by an actress, but found to be painful and dangerous.

Big Young Woman of Maine.

Brunswick's fat woman is famous far and wide, but Bluehill, Me., claims to have a young woman coming along who will soon rival the best of them, says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal. It is solemnly asserted that, although she weighed only six and a half pounds at birth, she had achieved a weight of 211 pounds at the age of two years! This remarkable young lady, whose name is given as Miss Carrie M. Carter, is now eighteen years of age and tips the scale at 467. Her bust measure is given by the truthful correspondent as eighty-two inches. He also adds the interesting information that in the good old summer time she goes in wading with the other children and enjoys life generally.

Hard Blow For Japan.

The patriotism of the Countess Marguerite Cassini, niece of the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, is beyond question, says a Washington special to the New York World. Countess Cassini had a marvelous gown, newly made of embroidered Japanese crepe that cost a large sum. The story recently became public that on the day Russia declared war on Japan the countess contemptuously gave the gown to the cook at the embassy.

The Japs' English Pilot.

[The first foreign aviator who the Japanese ever employed was one Will Adams, an Englishman, who in 1903 was cast ashore in a storm while piloting a Dutch fleet—"Japan In Transition."] Old Will Adams, in Yellow seas, Running some Dutchmen before the breeze, Caught by a squall that whipped the decks And strewn the tide with a mile of wrecks. Was tossed ashore where the chopsticks grow Over three hundred years ago.

And when the people restored his life He would fain go home to his English wife, But "We will provide thee a score," said they, "Build thee a palace and gardens. Stay And teach us the English tricks you know!" More than three hundred years ago.

Well, pilgrims visit his shrine today, And schoolboys honor his name at play, For his was the soul that first began The English lesson in old Japan, And what Will taught that those years ago You must ask the bear if you want to know.

—London Globe.

Pity the Poor Bachelor.

Laying all jokes aside, what excuse has an old bachelor for living? Possibly the better one is that he can't help it or that he continues to exist. These observations are made from the old bachelor's point of view, which seems to be the point from which the old bachelor is viewed. There are other viewpoints from which he appears to better advantage, particularly at first glance, but when the halo of sentiment which he has gathered around him has been blown away even these points do not offer enticing views. The fact remains, however, that he still exists and still has natural force enough to develop a halo of sentiment that is more or less attractive to the opposite sex, if not really magnetic, and strong enough to draw attention to him, and respectful attention too. The bachelor ought to know why he is as he is, and no doubt he does, but for some reason or other he has not been entirely successful in satisfying the public that his reasons are good and sufficient. It is up to him, therefore, to set public opinion right concerning himself.—Pittsburg Gazette.

An Eccentric Lord.

Matthew Robinson (Lord Robey), a prominent but eccentric Englishman of the eighteenth century, became famous for his long beard and his pronounced hatred of medical practitioners. In regard to the former it is said that upon one occasion when going to an election he stopped at an inn where the country people, who had assembled from miles around, took him for a Turk and through this mistaken idea almost worried "me lord" to death. His dislike for physicians was carried to such an extreme that he left a codicil to his will which was to the effect that a favorite nephew was to be disinherited should he (the nephew) in the last illness of the lord let his sympathies cause him to send for a doctor. This having been made known to the nephew when his uncle, the lord, was in good health, it is needless to add he allowed that person's spirit to take its flight without calling in any of the "infernal surgical fraternity."

Grotesque Humor.

The story of the French humorist who was presented with a silver ornamented coffin by a grateful undertaker whom he mentioned in his latest story is not without a parallel in the Lincoln's Inn store of anecdotes. The late Mr. Edward Karslake, Q. C., while canvassing at Colchester in the seventies, is said to have asked an elector to make him two trunks. "But I'm not a trunk maker," said the disappointed tradesman. "What are you, then?" inquired the candidate. "I'm an undertaker," was the answer. "Very well, then," said the learned gentleman, "make me a coffin instead." When the coffin arrived at his London residence there were members of his family who strongly objected to giving it house room. "Very good," he rejoined, "I'll have it sent to my chambers. It will serve as a receptacle for Beavan's reports."—London Globe.

An Example of Stern Bravado.

For stern bravado, says the United Service Magazine, it would be hard to rival the feat of Ensign Gillis, who saw a stray torpedo coming slowly, but surely, toward the anchored torpedo boat Porter in the Spanish-American war. He sprang overboard, turned the nose of the torpedo in a safer direction and screwed up the firing pin tightly, so that it would not operate. Then, trending water, he saluted Lieutenant Fremont and reported, "Sir, I have to report I have captured a torpedo." "Bring it on board, sir," commanded Fremont, and Gillis actually did so, swimming with it to the ship and fastening tackle to it.

Proved Her Responsibility.

A curious incident occurred at a railway station at Kingstown, near Dublin. A wealthy lady one day demanded a ticket on credit, saying that she had forgotten her purse. The clerk naturally refused to accede to her request, whereupon the enraged lady went straight off to her bank, drew out a hundred pounds in gold and, returning to the station, shoved the sovereigns through the pigeonhole of the booking office in front of the astonished clerk. "There," said she; "that will teach you that I can be trusted with a return ticket to Dublin!"

Never Surrender.

There is no defeat. Don't admit it for a moment. Never surrender. When the last second comes, make the last thought hopeful, the last breath brave. The man or creed that tells you it is too late speaks hopelessly and in ignorance of the great mystery, for we are the great mystery, fragments of a fate, a future, not within our comprehension, beyond the speculation of the thing that dies.—Schoolmaster.

Fitting.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said the least master after the dinner was over, "for introducing you inadvertently as 'Professor.'"

"That's all right," replied the principal speaker of the occasion. "The title fits me better than 'doctor' does. I profess to be a doctor, but I get mighty little practice."

Getting Out of It.

Mrs. Unhappy (after the quarrel)—When we were married you said you'd be willing to follow me to the end of the world, and now—Mr. Unhappy—Now I desire to call your attention to the fact that the world has no ends. It is round.

When one meets the tipping problem face to face he understands what is meant by the saw "All things come to him who waits."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Curiosity of Somaliland Women.

An English lady traveling with her husband in Somaliland writes: "We were honored by a visit from the wife, infant and mother of the chief of a neighboring zereba. They had never seen any European women before and came to see what a mem-sahib was like. They examined everything, from my hairbrushes to my boots, and were especially charmed with my big pith sun hat. With some hesitation they asked if I would mind letting down my hair. One's coiffure in camp is very simple, and the removal of a few hairpins gratified their curiosity. Then they pressed Cam, my maid, who has short curly hair, to do the same. We had to give up all explanation at the difference, and finally they accepted the ayah's theory that long and short hair was the English distinction between married women and maids and that when Cam married she would grow her hair long. The Somal woman has her hair—or, rather, curly wool—dressed only twice in her life, once when it is plaited in myriads of tiny plaits no thicker than twine, and once again when she marries, when it is inclosed in a blue bag."

The Magic in the Letter R.

"Did you ever notice," asked the observer of things nobody else ever notices, "what a lot of magic there is in that little letter R?"

"For instance, an all into a rail, a gale into a grain, a fog into a frog, a fall into a trail, a hose into a horse, a lead into a herd, a hen into a hern, a heath into a heath, another kind of hart, a pat into a part, a cat into a cart, a spit into a spirt, a flat into a first, a bow into a brow, a peal into a pearl, a peach into a preach, a bench into a breach, a wing into a wring, a stove into a starve, a gab into a grab or a garb, a skit into a skirt, a sting into a string, a tuck into a truck, a boil into a broil, a mine into a miner, a bush into a brush, a line into a liner, a bag into a brag, a bay into a bray; a payer into a prayer, a band into a brand, a cow into a crow, etc., world without end."—Baltimore American.

Ruskin's Impulsive Generosity.

One day, walking near Radley, his attention was caught by a group of little girls playing in the road, and he went and talked to them. One of them specially attracted his attention. He asked her why she was playing in the dust. Had she no garden at home? Did she love flowers? What was her name? And she replied modestly, with wonder in her eyes. On reaching home he gave orders to his solicitor to look out for and buy a cottage with a garden in Radley and have a deed of gift made out in the little girl's name, which was done accordingly, and she, full of wonder, with her astonished parents, entered at once into possession of it.—From "Ruskin in Oxford."

A Man Is What He Eats.

I have seen some of the uncooked fruits and nuts people. I don't say I saw the right ones. Like enough, I saw only those who, for the good of the cause, should never have been allowed to wander forth into society. They are and all professed loudly to be in the rudest physical health. It seemed to me they lacked the proper scenic accessories. A floral pillow with "Rest" on it in immortal letters, say about a dozen, and a sheaf of wheat tied with purple satin faced ribbon over there would have seemed more natural and suited their complexion better. As to their mental vigor, after I had heard them talk awhile I gave right in to their most cardinal doctrine: A man is what he eats. If he eats beef he becomes of the beef beef; if he eats nuts he becomes—but enough.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Shamrock.

The Trinity legend of the shamrock appears first in literature in 1727, in Caleb Threlkeld's "Synopsis Stripium Hibernicarum." Under the heading of "Trifolium Pratense Album" occurs the following passage: "This plant is worn by the people in their hats on the 17th day of March yearly, which is called St. Patrick Day, it being a current tradition that by this three leaved grass he emblematically set forth to them the mystery of the Holy Trinity. However, when they wet their Seaman-eyes, they often commit excess in liquor, which is not a right keeping of a day to the Lord, error generally leading to debauchery."

How Cossacks Catch Fish.

The Cossacks on some of the rivers in Russia have a singular method of catching the funny tribe in winter. They cut a long trench across a river when frozen and run a net from one bank to the other; then, riding several miles up the stream, they form a line across the frozen surface and gallop their horses down toward the nets. The fish, hearing the noise and clatter of hoofs, become frightened, dart with a rush downstream and are thus entangled in the net.

The Cause, Not the Effect.

Little Lucy Brown, while running in the yard one day, suddenly tripped and fell. Her mother, being attracted by the child's screams, rushed out, crying: "Why, Lucy, what's the matter? Was it an accident?" "No," replied Lucy, between her sobs, "it was a brick."—Little Chronicle.

Rivers in Korea.

On the western coast of Korea the tides of the Yellow sea are higher than anywhere in the world outside the bay of Fundy, and while the rivers of eastern Korea are clear streams, that run swiftly from the mountains, those on the western side are great brown, muddy rivers, up which the thirty foot ocean tides surge many miles.

Unlucky.

The burglar noiselessly opened the jewel case and examined the contents. "Ah," he said to himself, "madam ought to have known better than to invest anything in opals. They are unlucky." And he transferred them to his pocket and quietly climbed out of the window again.

A Cruel Pun.

A certain young man told his girl the other night that if she didn't marry him he'd get a rope and hang himself right in front of her home.

"Oh, please don't do it, Harry," she said; "you know father doesn't want you hanging around here."

An Encore.

Tommy—What's an "encore," auntie? Auntie—An "encore" is when you are asked to go over the same thing again. Tommy—Then my teacher is always encoring me at lessons.

Willing to Help.

"But," said Miss Hoxley's father, "how about supporting my daughter? Have you considered that thoroughly?" "Oh, yes," replied the suitor, "I'm willing to help."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The unspoken word never does harm.—Kossuth.

Doctors Do Taste Drugs.

"Do doctors know how how their own medicine tastes?" was a question put to a group of physicians.

"To be sure," said one, "but we have hard work to convince our patients that we do. If you only knew how this beastly stuff tastes, doctor, you wouldn't ask me to take it—that is what they say. And they are hard headed people, too, who say that, people who are by no means raving in delirium. It's hard ever to convince them that a doctor has a tasting acquaintance with his medicine."

"How did you find out about it?" is one of their trump questions. "You have never been laid up with all the diseases in the dictionary. How did you learn what the different remedies taste like? It never occurs to the average patient that tasting drugs is a part of the medical student's education and that no man is qualified to practice until he has learned the flavor of the medicines he expects to prescribe."—New York Times.

Ancient Beards.

The ancient Jews considered it the greatest insult that could be offered to a man to pluck his beard. It was a notion of the Mohammedans that, though Noah reached his thousandth birthday, no hair of his blessed beard fell off or became white; but the Mohammedans had no more authority for that than for their belief that the devil has but one solitary long hair for a beard.

It was, as some say, in order to distinguish themselves from the ancient Israelites that the followers of Mohammed cropped the beard; but Mohammed, as we know, sanctioned the dyeing of the beard and preferred a cane color because that was the traditional hue of Abraham's beard. More than that, have we not the common Mohammedan oath, "By the beard of your prophet," as well as the supplication, "By your beard, or the life of your beard?"

The Big Bell of Burma.

One of the sights of the Shwe Dagon pagoda in Burma is a gigantic bell of bronze, weighing forty-two and a quarter tons and said to be the third largest bell in the world, the largest being in Moscow and the next largest in Mingin, also in Burma. After conquering Burma the British undertook to carry to the great Rangoon bell to Calcutta as a trophy, but dropped it overboard in the Rangoon river, where it defied all the efforts of the engineers to raise it. Some years later the Burmese, who had not ceased to mourn its loss, begged to be allowed to recover it. Their petition was granted, and by attaching to it an incredible number of bamboo floats the unwieldy mass of metal was finally lifted from its muddy bed and triumphantly restored to its place.

Bismarck's Regrets.

Shortly after 1870 Bismarck was complaining that life had brought him no happiness or love. "But," said a friend, "you have made a great nation happy." "Yes," replied the prince, "but many people unhappy. But for me three great wars would not have been waged, 80,000 men would not have perished, and parents, brothers, sisters, widows, would not now be mourning. That I have to settle with God. But I have had little or no pleasure from what I have done; on the contrary, much vexation, anxiety and toil."—London News.

Sound of the Human Voice.

No man knows the sound of his own voice. He hears himself through two channels—the outer ear and the eustachian tube. He hears his friend through the ear only; hence he would rather listen to himself than to his friend. Try your voice in a gramophone. At first you will not recognize it, but you will immediately identify that of your friend.—New York Press.

The Dear Friends.

Mabel—What a perfectly exquisite new bonnet, dearest? Ethel—Oh, I'm so glad you like it. I was so afraid you wouldn't. Are you sure you like it? Mabel—Sure? Oh, perfectly. I always did adore that shape. Why, I had three just like it—when it was in fashion.

Not Yet.

"Henry," whispered the bride of two hours, "you don't regret marrying me even yet?" "No, darling," replied Henry, "not even yet."

Superfluous.

Teacher—Thomas, mention a few of the proofs that the earth is round, like an orange. Tommy Tucker—I didn't know we had to have any proofs, ma'am. I thought everybody admitted it.—Chicago Tribune.

On the Menu.

Cannibal King—That missionary made an awful fuss, didn't he? Head Chief—Terrible, sir. His struggles were frightful. Cannibal King—Well, serve him as a piece de resistance.—Town Topics.

Honest.

"Do you think him an honest statesman?" "Sure. I've known him to buy thousands of votes and pay for every one of them."—Detroit Free Press.

Interested.

"Do you admire Besthoven's works?" "I never visited 'em," answered Mr. Cumrox absentmindedly. "What does he manufacture?"—Washington Star.

Lincoln's Opinion of Himself.

In the "Memoirs of Henry Villard" he author tells of the time Lincoln spoke to him of the growth of his ambition since the days when he was clerking in a country store, and his greatest desire politically was to be a member of the state legislature.

"Since then, of course," he said laughingly, "I have grown some, but my friends got me into this business (meaning the canvass). I did not consider myself qualified for the United States senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure," he continued, with another of his peculiar laughs, "I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but, in spite of all, I am saying to myself every day, 'It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it.' Mary (Mrs. Lincoln) insists, however, that I am going to be senator and president of the United States too."

"These last words," adds Mr. Villard, "were followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition. 'Just think,' he exclaimed, 'of such a sucker as me as president!'"

Acute Vision of Birds.

Birds have a very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is also more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man. Consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees, showing great uneasiness in consequence, a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of objects. Several birds, apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground, can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.

The Old Time Skipper.

Members of the wardrobe on an American man-of-war often allude to the captain as the old man or the skipper. The latter is not, as many suppose, a slang term, but a sound word, of excellent etymology and valuable as conveying within itself an interesting bit of commercial history. Skipper is simply skipper, and it comes down from a time when every commander was as well part owner of vessel and cargo, or, literally, the skipper. There are still scores of local shipyards along the Atlantic coast, some of them the outgrowth of private yards where the "vessel owners" of years ago built their own ships to carry their own and their neighbors' crops to market.

The Greek Year.

The Greek year consisted of three seasons only. Prometheus enumerates them: "They had no sign," says he, "of winter, of flowery spring, of fruitful summer." In ancient Germany a similar division of the year prevailed, for Tacitus makes the caustic remark that among the Germans winter, spring and summer have a meaning and a name, but to that people the name and blessings of autumn are alike unknown. It is not likely, then, that our Saxon forefathers were acquainted with the last named season, and our very term autumn is an echo of the Roman tongue.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Velocity of Raindrops.

Of course we all know that it would be an utter impossibility for storm clouds to form and rain to fall were it not for the forty odd miles of atmosphere that lies above our heads. But, supposing it were possible for human beings to exist in an atmosphere that only rose to a level with their mouths, and that storm clouds could form in the region outside such a low grade atmosphere, then every raindrop would prove as fatal to earthly creatures as if it were a steel bullet fired from a dynamite gun.—London Nature.

Comfort For the Sheep Stealer.

The prisoner sensibly observed, "I have only this to say, my lord—that it seems rather hard that I should lose my life merely for stealing a sheep."

"Prisoner at the bar," replied the judge, "pray understand, you are not going to be hung for stealing a sheep. You are to be hung in order that others may be deterred from stealing sheep."

—A. C. Plowden's "Autobiography of a Police Magistrate."

Japanese Applause.

The Japanese show their appreciation of an actor's playing in a more substantial manner than by merely applauding. They throw various portions of their dress on the stage, and at the end of the performance the favored person claims the money that the donors repurchase them with, the prices for the various articles being fixed rates.

All Things Fitting.

"No," said the lumber dealer, "we don't sell all woods here—only the parts cut directly from the trunk."

"And what," asked the customer, "do you do with the limbs?"

She Knew the Reason.

At the dinner table one evening some one remarked that a certain lady had a thin, falsetto voice. Little Maude was acquainted with the person referred to, and she cried out abruptly: "Oh, I know why! Because she's got a false set of teeth!"

Wise.

"Did Jerrold get anything out of his rich uncle's estate?" "Well, rather; he married the daughter of the attorney for the estate."—Puck.

A Thall Wedding.

In many parts of India Hindoo girls are wedded not with a ring, but with a teeket or thall. At the wedding of the daughter of a leading native, Mouleim, there were present among the numerous guests a Hindoo maiden and her lover, whose suit had not so far progressed to his satisfaction. While the wedding ceremony was in progress the young man suddenly went up to her and before any one suspected what his object was pulled out a thall from his pocket and quietly tied it round her neck. Of course there was a hubbub as well as parental lamentations over this dramatic episode, but so great is the veneration for the thall among Hindoos that no one dared to remove it from the neck of the astonished maiden. All concerned, therefore, required to the Marriage temple, where the act was ratified, and the maiden who went to the wedding of her friend fancy free left the scene as the legal wife of a bold and successful husband.—London Telegraph.

Steering Coin.

The origin of "sterling" as applied to coined money is thus given in "A Short Treatise Touching Sheriffs' Accounts," by Sir Matthew Hale, 1683: "Current coin of the realm is of gold or silver, with an alloy of copper, at least from the time of Henry I., and this alloy gave the denomination of Sterling to those coins."

"Spelman supposes it to take that name from the Esterlings, who came over and reformed our coin, to that alloy of this opinion was Camden. Possibly in those times a Penny was called a Sterling, without any other reason than the use of the times, as other names grow, for the old Act of Henry III. tells us that Denarius Anglie Sterlinus dicitur a denarius, or penny, and because this was the root of the measure of silver coin; therefore all our coin of the same alloy was also called Sterling."

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The Cure that Cures

Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incontinent Consumption is

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WANTED—SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE in this country and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established business house of solid financial standing, salary \$1 weekly, with expenses paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expenses advanced; position permanent. We furnish every thing. Address, THE COLUMBIA, 69, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AUDITORS' REPORT

Of the Finances of Winslow Township for the Fiscal Year Ending March 14, 1904.

J. S. JOHNSTON, Supervisor.
Am't audited duplicate for 1903 \$1,219 92
Unaudited duplicate for 1903 137 72
\$1,357 64

Cash rec'd on work duplicate 818 72
Amount returned to Com. 35 80
Amount excursions 25 29
Amount citizens labor 1,184 00
\$2,063 71

Amount cash received from J. M. Norris, Treasurer 30 00
Amount cash received from J. M. Norris, Collector 25 00
Am't rec'd on work duplicate 818 72
\$87 72

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