THE "HOME, SWEET HOME" HOUSE,

Still stand the maples at the gate.

The dark fir-trees beside the door; he bob-white calls his pensive mate As sweetly as he did before. No more the footpath breaks the lawn, Its course is overgrown and dim; My father never treads upon The spot for years so dear to him. I still behold my mother's face, Her singing voice drifts down to me; But vacant now her waiting place, Where she had always loved to be. No hand can stay the crumbling walls,

The fearless weeds and mosses start; And every piece of Home that falls Resta heavy on my homesick heart, -Roscoe Brumbaugh, in Lippincott's.

AN EXPERIMENT: IN REALISM

-d ----- D-@-d ----- D-

How the Jimmy - - -Supplemented the Pen.

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON.



F you have over tried to ing rather queerly at the closet, as if write a story in which a he thought it might be profitably invesburglary forms a vital part tigated. I had a rather bad minute of the plot, you will agree just about this time, and felt greatly that for this sort of work- relieved when he went silently from theoretically, at least-there the room, leaving the door open behind

should be no time so fitting as the him. For some minutes afterward I midnight hour; no place so prolific of could hear him walking down the halls spinal shiverings as a bare, dimly lit and through the uncarpeted rooms of room in a rambling, deserted old the old place. I was just beginning house, where cold draughts, and ceric, to hope that he would find his investiunaccountable creakings conspire to gation so barren of results as to cause add just the right flavor of ghostliness him to leave the house in disgust, when to the situation. It was exactly upon his footsteps now sounded in the hall this theory that I rented such a room leading to my room, and an instant in such a house in a lonely suburb of later he was with me again. He looked San Francisco, and on a certain bitter about him; then walking over to my cold evening in December prepared to table, he picked up my unfinished manpass the night there. uscript, contemplated it a moment, and My desire was to work up a vivid thrust it into his coat pocket. Then

account of a burglary in all its fasgoing over to the coal box he scooped cinating details-depicting the entrance up a generous shovelful of coal and of the burglar, the feelings of the un- threw it upon the fire, which had nearfortunate individual whose lot it was ly gone out. After which he calmlyto be the victim, and all that sort of almost luxurlously-drew my chair up Naturally, I spared no pains to the fire, laid his pistol on the table thing. to make my environment as suggestive within easy reach, and proceeded to as possible. On the table at which I read my manuscript. He was clearly intended to sit while recording my im- a most extraordinary burglar. pressions of the situation, I placed a At first the unexpectedness of hi onded magazine pistol. The blinds I singular actions dazed me; then the had drawn so closely that from the boldness of them fairly took me off outside the room must have seemed my feet. I watched my felonious to be in darkness. My only light was friend narrowly, noting with pardona dark lantern, which I had bought able pride that he semeed interested in that day from a benevolent-looking my story. Then a sudden wild idea Hebrew patriarch, who recommended seized me. Why not enlist the aid of the lantern most highly. He evidently my degenerate guest in the noble cause

of literature? Indeed, could anything had mistaken my calling. I did not at once feel in the mood be more appropriate? Surely, I reasfor writing. And so, as there was a oned, it does not necessarily follow comfortable fire going in the old-fash- that no good can come from a burglar. loned grate, I got out my pipe and And this one seemed unusually intellismoked until the midnight hour-with gent. The more I thought of the idea all the weird, fantastic images that it the more it pleased me, the more it salls up in the imagination-was almost took hold of me. Still I hesitated. at hand. At such a time and such a The thing was undeniably dangerous. place, sterile, indeed, were the imagina- To be sure, I had obtained my knowltion that did not feel itself aroused. 1 edge of guns on a cattle ranch, and was soon scratching away quite mer- felt that I could shoot about as fast rily. I had been working thus for and as straight as nine burglars out of perhaps twenty minutes, and had just ten. But what if this burglar hapreached the point where the burglar is pened to be the tenth? I had just due to make his entry on the scene, about come to the conclusion that I when I fancied that I heard a faint had better lie low until my knight of scraping sound at one of the windows, the dark lantern had departed, when It startled me for the moment. Then something occurred that suddenly I concluded that it was nothing, con- changed my plans. As the burglar gratulated myself on having brought finished the manuscript, he yawned my imagination to such a responsive and laid it back on the table with the pitch, and laughed at myself for hav- muttered remark: "Nobody but a ing been frightened by a monster of blamed idiot would act like that burglar!" my own creation. I resumed my writing. But I had Those were unfortunate words not completed a dozen lines when him. For no sooner had he delivered something occurred which was not himself of this caustic and unmerited down on my program. It was a repe- aspersion on my powers of charactertition-this time unmistakably real- ization than I sallied forth with blood of the sound which had startled me a in my usually tranquil eye. He few moments before. In a flash I shot reached as if for his pistol. "Cut it out the slide of my lantern to, picked up |-quick," I snapped, with as much inmy revolver, and slipped quickly and cisiveness and determination as a mild noiselessly into a closet. I pulled the and peaceable author could reasonably closet door almost shut-just leaving be expected to muster. Then I picked a sufficient opening to enable me to up his gun and placed it in my pocketsee what was going on in the room after which I addressed myself again without myself being seen. I did not to my burglar. "Now, my good friend," have long to wait. The window at I said, pleasantly, "seeing that you which I had first heard that faint, have expressed dissatisfaction at my scraping sound was slowly, carefully conception of your calling, I shall be shoved upward. The blind was then indeed grateful to you if you will give me some idea of what a true burglar is cautiously thrust aside, and a masked face appeared in the opening. For a like. You will find my fountain pen an exceptionally smooth writer." moment it glanced warily about the room. Then, apparently satisfied with The burglar regarded me for a mowhat he saw, the prowler raised the ment with puzzled face. "I'm not a blind and climbed in softly through burglar any more than you are!" he then said, with a short, snappy laugh. the open window. This was realism with a vengeance. His statement almost made me drop I shifted my feet silently, and took my pistol. But I never took my eyes a new grip on my revolver. For a off him. Then a sudden idea occurred moment I thought of sallying forth to me. "Take off your mask!" I from my hiding place and giving battle commanded. to my nocturnal visitor. On second con-Off came the black cloth. One look sideration it seemed better for me to reat that thin, scarred face, with its main where I was and await developcrooked mouth and restless, shifty blue council. ments. Then if the burglar did dis- eyes, convinced me that if ever a cover my hiding-place, I would have a burglar lived, here was a choice specidecided advantage. men. But I determined to humor him. While these speculations had been "That may be," I said. "At any rate. forming in my mind, the burglar had will you have the kindness to place on pulled an ugly-looking pistol from his paper-and perhaps hand down to a pocket, examined it, and put it back. grateful generation of authors-a true Then with the slide half closed he bedescription of the most exciting burgan to finsh his lantern about the room. glary you have ever committed?" He was in truth a burglar to satisfy He looked at me in apparent astonthe requirements of the most sanishment. "Why," he replied, smiling ruinary youth who ever reveled in a broadly, "I'm a writer myself. I just lime novel. He was short and squat fixed up in these togs for a bluff. I'm of figure, shabbily dressed, and posout for the same thing you are. I tessed of a gait which for pure burglarthought this old place was deserted. busness far surpassed anything I have That's why I came here. I'm an Amever seen on the stage. He wore a herst man," he said, with a tinge of solled muffler about his throat, for pride that was either real or else exthe night was bitter cold. Now catch- ceedingly well done. "Class of ninetying sight of my watch-which, in my four." excitement. I haid left lying on the But the farce had proceeded far table-he slid over to the table, picked enough.

But I had seen his sharp eyes mons uring the distance between himself and my pistol-hand, and I was prepared. Springing back quickly, I avoided his grasp, and dealt him a chopping blow on the head with my heavy pistol. He went down like a log. I was sincerely sorry that the neces

sity for violence should have arisenand up to a certain point in our interview I had even hoped that I was about to secure some bits of realism that would be real contributions to the common literary fund. But as matters now stood, there seemed but one thing to do. So I bound the burglar hand and foot with some rather feeblelooking rope that I found in the closet where I had been hiding. Then going to the window, I blew shrilly upon the police whistle with which, in my strenuous endeavor to attain the realistic atmosphere, I had previously equipped myself. Before many minutes a couple of blue-coats were on the scene-and a little later the patrol wagon was clattering over the pavement with my burglar inside. At that moment he probably did not know just what was going on. No doubt, however, the true situation occurred to him later.

. And now for the sequel-which concorns itself with the fate of the manuscript and of the burglar. The fate of the manuscript, like that of the burglar, was cruel. After many trips across the continent, it was finally accorded an entire pigeon-hole in my desk, where it will probably rest to the end of my days. And the question of why an unavailable manuscript should be preserved and given an entire pigeon-hole brings me to the second part of my sequel. Shortly after the arrest of the burglar he was identified as one Nicholas Ware, a man wanted by the police in half a dozen cities. The aggregate reward offered for his arrest amounted to some two thousand dollars, and as the chief of police was a man of small experience in such matters, we divided the money. All of which, I humbly submit merely goes to show that the pen is

mightier than the jimmy .- The Argonaut.

Brave Man Papa.

Evelyn is the little daughter of a Marshall County family, relates the Chicago Chroniele. She is very timid. Her father, finding that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

"Papa," she said, at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'fraid?" "No: certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse ain't you fraid?" "No. of course not?" "When you see a dog ain't you

fraid? "No!"-with emphasis. "When you see a bumblebee ain't you

fraid?" "No!"-with scorn. "Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?" "No!" with loud laughter. "Oh, you silly child."

"Papa," said Evelyn, solemnly, 'ain't you 'fraid of nothin' in the world but mamma?"

An Irving Story.

Sir Henry Irving tells that at one time visiting Shakespeare's birthplace he had a slight experience with a rustic of the vicinity. Being in a quizzical frame of mind, Sir Henry addressed a few questions to the fellow, and in reply obtained some illuminating information, according to the Buffalo

"Let's see, he wrote, did he not?"

"Well, I think it was the Boible."

Meaning of Storthing.

How Does a Fly Light?

"It's odd," said the casual diner in

the quick lunch restaurant, to his

neighbor, a stranger, "and it's an old

query, but did you ever stop to thin!

how it is that a fly lights on the ceil

ing? Now, a fly, you know, naturally

flies with his legs hanging down. He

flies from the table, for instance, up te

the ceiling and there he halts for a

moment to wash his face, but presto,

"Oh. yes, he did summat."

"What was it he wrote?"

"Dunno,"

Times. Pluck and Adventure.

A STRANGE POCKETBOOK.

ARAH CALDWELL was a little girl thirteen years old, o'clock, and was just going to sleep when, toward the close of when he heard what he thought was the Civil War, she had a a pig grunting and sniffing outside the perilous drive, and yet one door. which I am sure any of you

boys and girls would envy her. One night, after she had prepared her les- lion. He shouted, and Mrs. Dickert sons for the next girl and had little ran out with a rifle, with which she thought of any adventure it might hold hit the animal on the head and caused In store for her, her father asked, it to loose its hold. "Well, little woman, how would you like to drive with me to morrow to Louisville?"

Now, Louisville was thirty miles from the little Kentucky town in which they lived, and there was at that time no railroad between the two places. The drive was one full of danger, Sarah knew, for the guerillas, a des perate band of plunderers and high-

waymen, who did so much harm during the war, were constantly waylaying travelers, robbing banks and raiding the little towns. So when her father proposed the drive her feelings were a mixture of surprise, doubt and delight. Our little heroine was always ready for adventure; and having the greatest confidence in her father's ability to defend her, if necessary, she seized the chance to go to the city with him. She cared not to know his errand, but felt instinctively that it was an important one, for he was a busy lawyer, a judge and president of the bank of their town.

So, unquestionably, Sarah prepared that night to start early the next morn ing. She noticed her mother was unusually busy sewing on the dress she was to wear, although she knew of no stitches necessary to be made on it Yet she did not wonder, but with child-

ish confidence of the coming day's pleasure. You children who travel so frequently these days, in which trains run everywhere at all times, cannot appreciate the keen delight of a boy or girl forty years ago, whose trips from home were red-letter days. The next morning found Sarah up for an early start. It was late spring and the day a glorious one. The drive lay over the "State Pike," and led past grassy fields and woods full of great beech and oak trees, whose tender green leaves were peeping forth. The country is so exquisitely roaming that often at the top of a gently sloping but high hill a great panorama of beauty lay before them. Along the roadside ran gray stone fences, and now and then an only chipmunk would bob up ing profusely. A gentleman who stays from a crevice between the stones and, at the farm and is an enthusiastic scurrying along, disappear as if by angler, asked to be shown the place, magic. The noisy bluejays were discordantly crying in the trees, and the busy woodpeckers industriously hamhad the gratification of catching the mering, while from time to time a gorgeous redbird would fly by, and all

fish in a few minutes with an artificial bait. It turned out to be a fine pike the birds seemed inspired by the splenmeasuring two feet one and one-half dor of the morning to sing their sweet 686. 'There can be no doubt,' adds the doc-Watching eagerly all this, and un tor, 'as to the truth of the occurrence,

heeding any danger that might lie in their way, our travelers reached Boston Tavern, midway between their town and Louisville. It still stands at the foot of Boston Hill, and is a long, low, rambling structure, closely re sembling the inns of old England. There excitement reigned. The stage coach stood at the door, and its passengers were telling of an attack made

half foot black diamond rattlesnake in a frail wooden box covered with winon them a few miles back by a band of Commercial. That's Shakespeare's house over guerillas who had stolen their mon county and treated the victous -Cleveland Leader, ceptile in a spirit of friendliness that there, I believe," Sir Henry innocently watches and the mail carried by the remarked. coach. Here Sarah's courage wavered, caused more cautious people to shudfor she had heard so much of these "Ees." der. Sister-"What! You engaged to "I caught the snake yesterday afterterrible men. But on her fther's reas "Have you ever been there?" Miss Prettyun? Why, she has no fam- Good to choice. "Noa." soon by lassoing it," said Edwards. ily tree." "I believe Mr. Shakespeare is dead



AN IMPORTANT STEP. Ella-"I suppose May is busy prepar

the rifle and fired pointblank. Fortuning for her welding." ately, he killed the lion at the first Emily-"Oh, yes. She has just se shot. The whole affair was over in a lected her advertising agent."

Mr. Dickert immediately snatched at

The people at Malindi Siding have

been annoyed by a lion that developed

the habit of coming close to the sta-

tion, and was heard in the neighbor-

hood of the railway men's house. A

short time ago the conductor of the

MAN-EATING PIKE.

by a fish.' On my arrival I found the

lad suffering from a severe wound of

the right foot, which required several

with two others, in the River Leven.

wont to do, when suddenly a large

fish jumped out of the water on to

the bank, seized the lad by the foot and

jumped in again. The distance from

ried him home, as the foot was bleed

and said he would try to catch the

inches long, and weighing six pounds.

for I not only saw the lad and the fish,

but I also saw the fish measured and

the gentleman who caught it." "-York-

LASSOED A BIG RATTLESNAKE.

W. B. Edwards, a Shoal Creek farm-

er, came to Joplin with a four and a

On taking his fishing tackle he

fish.

shire Post.

ween the rails near the Gwaal.

were hunting together.

seized him.

few seconds, and occurred close to the bedroom door, where the hungry ani-IMPRUDENT. mal had evidently been waiting. Mr. Ethel-"Is she very extravagant?" Dickert was badly scratched, and his

Helen-"Yes, indeed. She spends so arm was lacerated where the lion much money that she sometimes has little or nothing left for her complexon,"

> YES, THEY KNOW! Bertha-"He had the insolence to imprint a kiss upon my lins."

Ethel-"But then that kind of print-Falls train and several of the passengers saw two young lions playing being doesn't show, you know."-Boston Transcript. Farther up the line, in the direction ONE THING LACKING. of the Zambezi, the lions appear to be much more numerous. Not long ago "There goes a man who says he has the native commissioner at Matetsi is the key to the situation."

reported to have lost fifteen head of "Yes: he was in here a while ago, live stock ,which had been killed in trying to borrow a dollar to get the broad daylight by nine llons which lock!"-Atlanta Constitution.

A GOOD THING.

Mrs. Hicks-"John, I'm sure there's a Dr. G. V. A. Robertson, of Pickering, burglar down in the dining room." reports: "On Saturday I received a Mr. Hicks (sleepily)-"Good! If we call to visit the son of a farmer. The ceep quiet maybe he'll take away that message was: "The lad has been bitten chafing-dish of yours."-Philadelphia

Press.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

stitches. On making inquiries I was Mrs. Jones (reading)-"A man in told the lad had been bathing, along Ohio sells his wife to a blind peddler for ten cents. Isn't that awful?" which runs near to the farm at Sin-Mr. Jones-"It certainly is-anybody nington, and on getting out of the who will stick a blind man is no good." water he sat on the bank, as lads are -Puck.

> NO REASON FOR PRIDE. Fuddy-"Don't you think Frost rather opinionated?"

the water to the edge of the bank was Duddy-"I don't see why he should quite two feet and the lad's foot was e. He is one of the chief men in the three feet from the edge of the bank. A lady who was passing and heard his ries went to his assistance and car-



something elaborate or a plain one?"

HE WAS SATISFIED.

judging from

be a peach!"-

man with the

pay the fiddler

widower, with

must pay alim

productions?"

cago Journal.

never speculat

sold at sixty-eight."

ways short of money?"

yond our means,"

wise?"-Life.

friendly to me?"

now?"

went to seventy-three."-Brooklyn Life.

THE INEVITABLE FRONT.

"I wonder why it is that we are al-

"That's easy, my dear. Because

whenever we get prosperous in one

home, you always insist on our moving

to a more expensive one and living be

"But how can we be happy other

THE KINDEST THING.

Ranter-"I thought this paper was

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Sheep.

fortune of

salary of

o le a suc

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tood to be

draws a

is to make

one almost

laily paper.

globe.

4 00

up the watch, and after a moment's "Will you kindly explain to me in scrutiny he dirust it into his pocket what way you expect your literary with a grunt of satisfaction. He conexperience to be enriched by purioin tinued his search of the room, but ing my watch?" I asked, politely, wish-

could find nothing else worthy of his ing to bring matters to a head. attention. Once he scemed to be look- | For reply the burglar sprang at me.

suring her that they would be too busy escaping after this robbery to molelow. Can you tell me how long?"

them, she was eager to start again He must have felt great uneasiness but his dughter felt that her father was all bravery and that nothing could harm her under his care.

And nothing did harm them although along the path through a big woods lay mail strewn by the escaping guerillas.

The storthing, which has deposed They reached Louisville in safety. In King Oscar from the Norwegian throne, spite of the fact that they were to be is, being interpreted, the Great Court, there but for the day, Sarah's father and should be pronounced to rhyme took her to a hotel. On reaching their with "courting." The second part of room, he gravely told her to take off the word is identical with our "thing." her dress; and not being accustomed however, as the Scandinavian lan to questioning him, she wonderingly obeyed. Reaching out his hand for the guages, in common with Anglo-Saxon, dress and opening his knife, he began have the same word for "thing" and counc'l." In modern English a track to rip the skirt from its lining; and to of the second sense survives in the our little lady's astonished eyes appeared bank note after bank note. word "hustings," which came to mear the public platform upon which a can amounting to thousands of dollars. Her didate appeared at election time mother had carefully sewed them in though originally the "husting" was her skirt the night before, that the the council at which the candidate wat money which her father had to take selected, the "house-thing" or hous-

from his bank for deposit in the city might be carried in safety from the guerillas.

This was the end of an adventure but the very beginning of a romance for that day Sarah met the young man whom in after years she married; and the long drive, which might very easily have proved so disastrous to her, was In the end worth a good husband and many years of happiness .- From Mary Caldwell Laurens' "A Strange Pocketbook," in St. Nicholas.

he is upside down. How does he do KILL WHALES WITH LANCES. it? Does he grab hold with his front The tug Wyadda has arrived at Neah hands and swing himself under? Does Bay with a whale captured yesterday ten miles off Flattery by six canoeloads of Neah Bay Indians. When the Wy adda reached the Indians they were killing the monster with lances.

Another tugboat had been lying by during the chase, which was a long one. Members of the crew state that

it was a most interesting sight to watch the maneuvers of the Indians nasty sea, several conces being fast- style.

"My sister-in-law was walking along I path when the snake struck at her. It was coiled up in the grass alongside the path. It sets its fangs into her dress and fell back to the ground. This attracted her attention and she

called to me to come and kill it. She was carrying a little child in her arms at the time.

"I saw what it was, and had my sis ter get out of the way, as it was preparing to strike her again, and then I got a little rope and made a lasso, which I dropped over its head. It was easy after that, and I just set my foot on its neck, reached down with a pair of pincers and pulled out its fangs. Don't you want to buy it?" he added to the stream of questions fired by each

interrogator. Edwards appeared to have no fear

of the snake. Failing to find a pur chaser, he sought to effect a bargain by giving the crowd a better view of his snakeship. He deliberately lifted

one of the boards from the top of the box, exposing his hand and wrist to the lightning stroke of the snake, had

the reptile chosen. Evidently his faith in the tooth pulling was perfect. But as the lid was raised, and the snake

twisten around into position to strike, forming the coil that has meant the death of hundreds of people, the crowd, not having the same faith, drew back in apprehension of an attack. But the snake made no effort to leave the box. The snake is a splendid specimen of

the black diamond rattler. It measures four and a half feet in length and is larger than a man's wrist. Nine rattles and a button constitute the rattle box attachment, showing the age of the reptile to be ten years. Last year Mr. Edwards killed a diamond rattler on his farm that measured six and a half feet in length and had sixteen rattles .-- Joplin (Mo.) Globe,

An ingenious Greene County (Mo.) line of it." farmer has rigged his farm wagon up and the great dexterity with which with a gasoline motor, and runs into they handled their frail craft in the Springfield several times a week auto Philadelphia Press.

y tree." Brother-"Oh, I guess she has-and adging from her appearance it must e a peach!"-Columbus Dispatch. IN OTHER WORDS,	Medium 4.75 Common to fair. 2.50 Lambs. 550 Veal. extra 500 Veal. pool to choice. 350 Veal. common heavy 330
"Those who dance," remarked the nan with the quotation habit, "must ay the fiddler!"	PROMINENT PEOPLE.
"Or, in other words," said the grass vidower, with a sigh, "those who wed nust pay alimony."-Chicago News,	Admiral Toge draws a salary
SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL. She-"Do you go to the opera much?" He-"Never." "But I understand your wife to say	\$3000 a year. Chauncey Depew is said to be a cessful horticulturist. The Kaiser owns eight automot all big touring cars.
ou were passionately fond of Italian roductions?" "So am I. I love macaroni."-Chi-	a good horse trader. King Alphonso of Spain draw
ago Journal. MIGHT HAVE WON MORE.	salary of \$1,400,000 a year. William Jennings Bryan is to n a two-years' trip around the globe.
"And you promised me you would ever speculate again." "I know it, but it was such a temp-	everything except to edit a daily pr

Roughs

Extra

daily tation. I bought steel at sixty and fewer than 3900 newspapers and 1000 etters. "Oh, Algernon, how could you; if

Paul Morton as the new head of the Equitable Life will receive \$80,000 a year salary.

John Plerpont Morgan's recent tour in Italy partook of the nature of a royal progress.

William McKinley and W. T. Walsh were playmates in Ohio and went to the same school.

King Edward sent a magnificent wreath for the funeral of the victims of the French submarine disaster.

On his recent visit to Paris the Shah of Persia was fanned, night and day, by relays of perspiring attendants.

Prince Henry of Prussia has just purchased for \$30,000 through an igent a wonderful Maine tourmaline

Editor-"So it is. What's the matter It is a curious fact that Mr. Gully, ormer Speaker of the British House Ranter-"I made a speech at the ban of Commons, at one time was very despondent as to his future. quet last night and you don't print a

Governor Folk, the terror of the Editor-"Well? What further proof Missouri boodlers, is described as be did you want of our friendship?"ing a rather small man with a round. big head, snapping eyes and thin lips, closing tightly over a wide straight

he do a corkserew curve and catch with all fours, or sixes? Or how does he do it."-New York Press.

The Professional Gossip.

many followers. The "gossiper" colects all the news, tittle-tattle, jokes and stories he can get hold of, and then goes from house to house retailing

he makes a very fair income.

In Arabia the trade of "gossiper" has

them. If he has a good manner, and can adapt his recitals to his audiences,