That clock would always do its best
To sit all quiet there.
Until I was my comfyest
In some big easy chair.
Then its striking would begin,
and I'd tell my motherkin
How I'd just begun a chapter, and
It was so fuffractio...
And the end was just ahead...
But she usuruily said.
No. it's late...after eight...
And it's time to go to bed.

And now my bedtime is ba'-past.
But yet that old clock does
The same mean tricks—it's just as fast,
Or faster the it was.
Last night it see, ned to me
The ners half-nour d be
The nicest time of all the day
If mother would agree.
But she smilled and shook her head,
And she kissed me while she said.
Why, it's late—ha-past eight—
And it's time you went to bed!
Burges Johnson, in Harper's Magazine.

-Burges Johnson, in Harper's Magazine.

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* MYSTRANGE PATIENT.

About two years ago there came to me a tall, handsome fellow, who gave the name of Mr. George Griffiths. He had a fearless eye, a cheerful, even genial, expression, a well-molded, equiline nose, and a splendid mustache trimmed and tended, evidently, with scripulous care. There was no obvious reason, certainly, why he should require my services. There was no esibility of making him better-look-

"I hear that you are a specialist in dermatology," he began, after I had greeted him with the usual formality. I admitted the soft impeachment.

"Well," he went on, "I want you to perform a surgical feat on me. I want my nose altered."

I expressed surprise, and assured him that, in my humble opinion, his nose was best let alone. But he disputed this proposition, and insisted that he had reason for being weary of the equiline, and for craving a proboscis as unlike as possible to that with which nature had endowed him. See my curlosity, and possibly not wishing to be deemed a madman, he proceeded to explain them to me.

"After several years roughing it in Texas," he said, "I have come back rich, and there is nothing to provent my enjoying myself but the pestering attentions of relatives whom I had hoped to have done with forever when I went away. But I cannot escape them or their importunities, and so, however eccentric you may think me, I must enlist your services. I presume there is no danger in the operation?"

"No danger," I replied, accepting his explanation as that of an eccentric man, whose affairs, after all, were no business of mine, "and very little pain -practically none, in fact. But you must keep indoors for a few days after it is over. When and where shall I arrest. call upon you?"

"Could you not operate here, and now?" he asked.

"Impossible. Your journey home would not be without great risk."

But could I not stay here? Could you not accommodate me for the short time necessary? Doctor, I can pay you liberally for the service. Consider; if I go home, my identity would be again revealed to those from whom I desire

This speech, one would have thought, would have aroused my suspicion, but It did not. The man's frank and open expression disarmed me entirely, and I could but look upon him as I had done previously, simply as an eccentric Individual. It so happened that I had a spare room. I could not regard the question of remuneration with indifference, and so, to cut a long story

For the purpose of more conveniently operating, I suggested, somewhat timidly, the sacrifice of his beautiful mustache. To my surprise, he sented eagerly, and was for the application of scissors and razor forthwith. You would scarcely credit the difference the removal of this artistic hirsute appendage-"the crop of many years," as he jokingly described itade to my patient. It displayed what had been concealed before, his mouth, and the sinister expression of this was such as to effectually nullify the honest geniality of his face. In fact the removal of his mustache constituted as I promptly told him, a sufficient disilse to baffle any number of inquisitive relatives. But he insisted on the nasal operation nevertheless.

Well, I performed it, and ,when ten days later, Mr. George Griffiths left my house, with nothing but a capidly healing and almost invisible scar to blemish the straight nose which now adorned his face, I would have wagered my case of instruments to a ten-cent knife that the most observant of his previous acquaintances

would never have recognized him. About a week after my eccentric patient's departure, the particulars, so far as they are known, of a remarkably brutal murder were made public. The body of a lady named Bates, evidently stabbed to death, had been discovered in a house in a Mott Haven suburb where she had resided with her husand, who had now disappeared, and likeness and description were pw freely circulated by the police. A lef amount of attention to these pubed details was sufficient to convince

me that my patient, Mr. George Griffiths, was the criminal.

I lost no time in communicating what I knew to the police, by whom, it must be said, my story was received with some incredulity. You see, my special branch of surgery is but little known to the public, and it was the opinion of the detectives that the mur derer had left the country some time before Mr. Griffiths had quitted my house.

But last August, happening to be on a visit to Newport, whither I had gone for a brief summer holiday-and having, by the way, largely succeeded in dismissing from my mind the events above related-I was startled to see, seated at a table in the hotel, my no longer mysterious, but now dreadful, acquaintance, Mr. George Griffiths!

My duty, I decided, after a moment's reflection, was plain-to denounce and deliver him to the authorities.

Quickly, therefore, lest he should leave before I could have him arrested, I explained myself as well as I was able to the nearest policeman. He looked and was unbelieving. So, too were the others whom he summoned to hear my story. That part of it which referred to the operation was received with a smile; and the upshot of it was that, so far from effecting my ex-patient's capture, I was myself lightly ridiculed as a madman.

But I could not allow myself to be baffled in what I considered my clear duty-viz., to deliver a foul murderer to justice. I determined therefore to renew my acquaintance with him there and then, to give him no inkling of my knowledge of the truth, and to communicate at once with the New York city police, while continuing to keep him under my own surveillance in Newport.

When, with a polite bow, I approached and spoke to him, he recognized me at once; I could see that, though at first he pretended not to know me We had a social glass together, and spoke of many matters of general interest; I flattering myself that nothing in my conversation or bearing gave him the slightest ground to suspect me

That same night I sent a brief tele gram to the police headquarters in the metropolis, stating my certain knowledge that this man, changed though he was, was the murderer of Mrs. Bates, and suggesting that they should forthwith send to Newport a detective supplied with other distinguishing marks on Mr. Bates' person besides his aquiline nose and heavy mustache.

During the next day I became very intimate with my ex-patient, and, in pursuance of a scheme I had formed, invited him to bathe with me in the ocean's billows. This he cheerfully did, being an admirable swimmer, That very evening an answer to my telegram arrived in the person of a stalwart detective, who informed me that the real Mr. Bates had, as I suspected, the distinguishing marks which could be verified; among them an anchor tattoed on the left forearm, which had myself, of course, noticed while we were bothing together. To satisfy himself, before acting on the warrant he had brought with him, the deteclive. Mr. Hanway, it was agreed, should join our bathing party on the morrow-a simple and not disagreeable preliminary to the contemplated

But alas! for the schemes of mice and men! We called together at Mr. Griffiths'--alias Bates'--room in the morning and found him busy with some correspondence.

"If you will wait for me half an hour or so on the plazza," he said, which your friend will find very pleasant, I'll join you for our swim in about half an hour."

Suspecting nothing we took our eave, and waited for him as he had

But we waited in vain. Whether the features of my friend, Mr. Hanway, were known to him or whether there had, in spite of my care, been anything in my manner to excite his suspicion, cannot say. Suffice it that we remained a full hour on the piazza, and then returned to his room, to learn that he was gone!

Whither, we could never trace, and have never seen him since. From that day to this he has baffled the skill of the police.-New York Weekly.

# A Careless Golfer

Now when the supremacy of the Scot in golf has received at Deal its final knock-or at least that is the view taken of it here-something is due to soothe his wounded spirit. It must be acknowledged that he still holds the supremacy in golk stories. Here is one which I got from a Scot last night in exchange for my suggestion that he must feel as the Englishman felt when the Australians went home with the "ashes." The story is, at any rate, new in the South. A laird and his son were playing on the links at North Berwick. The son sent a ball whizzing past his father's ear. His caddie said, "Ye munna kill pa." Then, after a pause, "Maybe ye'll be the eldest son?"-Manchester Guardian.

# Dog Tales and Tails.

"I have an unusually intelligent dog," said the man who likes to spin yarns when with a party of friends. "He was taught to say his prayers, and if you'll believe me, that dog now wags his tail whenever he sees a minister anywhere near him."

"I have a dog with even more in telligence than that," quietly returned a member of the party. "One day when he got out in the street some mischievous boys tied a tin can to his tail, and if you'll believe me, that dog headed for the nearest saloon and backed right up to the bar."-Balti-



The Tintype Boy.

He looks so very old and quaint.
The little Tintype Roy, who stays
In mother's box that she unlocks
To show us children, rainy days.
His jacket short, his trousers long,
His hat and hair a curious style,
And such a prim, stiff air with him!
I always want to smile.

He lived, oh, many years ago.
A long, long time ahead of me;
And mother sars before her days.
He had this picture taken. He
Had many books to learn, she says,
And scarcely ever saw a toy.
And at his school kept every rule,
Queer little Tintype Boy!

What do you think? I know him well!
His name and mine are just the same.
He comes each night at candle light
And John in every folly game.
I see him in the corner now,
His face all full of smiles and joy.
Why, don't you see my father? He
Is the little Thirtype Roy!
Namie Byrd Turner, in Youth's Companion.

### Little Travelers.

"Oh," cried Bobble, "see the funny

fittle bug on my hand!" Papa looked up from his paper and saw that the little white object that Bobbie was holding was a little seedtraveler. It had circled in through the window and was resting on his hand very lightly, as if it were ready to fly away again.

"That is a little traveler," said papa; and then he blew ever so lightly, and the little whirling thing rose, and being caught by the draft of the window, sailed away again.

"Where is the little traveler going, papa?" asked Babble,

"To find his new home," said papa. You know that his mother has been wise enough to start him in the right way. At first their home was low down in the grass, close to the earth, and there they lived in a small, round yellow house. You call it a dandelion, but it is a little home full of brothers and sisters. Now this seed family have work to do in the world. They must go away and find a place for themselves, where they can bloom, and so make a new home. The mother dandelion knows that if they live so near the ground the seed babies will not be able to catch the breeze as it passes. So when the time for them to go draws near, she runs up on a long stem, and so lifts the whole family up into the sun and air, where the seed children may see the world, and go away to make a home for themselves.

"The wise mother dresses them all in white, and of the thinnest material,

so they will be as light as feathers. "I think she even kisses them good bye as she lets them slip out of the home, and when the breeze comes by they sail up, up, and out of the field and away over the hill until they come to some nice soft earth, and there they fall down and cling to the soil snugly, and hide until all the snow of winter has passed. Then they begin to grow, and make a dandelion of themselves end a lot of little seed babies of their own.

"I am glad we put that seed haby out of the window," said Bobbie. "Now he can find a place for his home."

"Perhaps it will be right under your window," said papa,-H. C. Hill, in Youth's Companion.

# His Little Girl.

Many people live on top floors who | cil and paper. never expect to get any nearer to heaven. But that was not the reason why Tom Cross and his family lived on the top floor. First, at least so Tom Cross claimed, they lived under the roof because he needed the exercise the six long flights of stairs gave him. His wife, Maggie, was a sickly, pale, little woman, and never came down stairs. So Tom had to run up and down and do all the errands and marketing. And it agreed with him, for in all the ward there was no finer specimen of manhood than big, six-foot

But what Cross did not say was that they lived on the top floor because the roof permitted his wife to get at least some of the fresh air she needed so much. A home made hammock and a few flowers betokened the place where the poor invalid inhaled the miserable substitute for invigorating mountain air.

And then, of course, there was the necessity, for, with all his strength, Tom Cross earned very little as truckdriver. He was a good man in his calling and no exception to other truck-drivers in the use of forcible and convincing language, and was not thought capable of emotions. But Annie, his little daughter, knew differ-

In the morning before going to his work, he would take the little tot on his knees and sing to her innumerable times, "Good-by, little girl, good-by." And Annie felt that a big heart was in the big body of her father.

And on that morning they had sung again, "Good-by, little girl, good-by," and Annie had watched her father jump on his truck and drive around the corner, waving his hand to her. Tom Cross looked splendid, handling his horses like a master, and Annie, proud of her great, big, rough father, leaned too far out of the window, lost her balance, and-

Tom Cross had turned the corner and did not see the little heap on the pavement stones. It all was driven into him with the brutal force of direct evidence when he returned at night and almost stumbled over the little body lying in the small room. He listened to the story, his right hand resting on the curl-framed forebead before him, attended to his wife's

wants-and went to the roof. The wife was nonplussed and was glad to admit a neighbor, who came to offer help and comfort.

"And where is the father?"

"I'll call him;" and Maggie, weak and frail, dragged herself to the trapdoor of the roof.

The night was cool, and Maggie just peeped out from the scuttle.

Yes, Tom was there. He was sitting on the stone coping, his feet dangling over the side of it, looking unseeingly ahead of him. And more, he was not mourning, not brooding, but

singing: "Good-by, little girl, good-by!" She heard him distinctly, and hurried back to the room.

"He's upstairs-praying," she an nounced to the visitor, consoling herself with the hope that a lie under these circumstances would not be scored against her.

It was long after, and Maggie was lying on the bed, when he came to the room. He made her comfortable, straightened the pillows-and went back to his outet. Ittle "pal," but he had ceased singing. He stepped very close to the little handful, bent to her lips, and just whispered, "Good-by, little girl, good-by."

Trucks and horses do not wait for little girls. Next morning, and all the mornings thereafter. Tom Cross drove his team around the corner; but he never sang the old refrain again.-Ladies' Home Journal.

### Homer in Business.

For some time Homer had known that money is useful—one can buy such nice things with it. Next he learned that having pennies given one by grown-up folk is not the same thing as to earn them by doing some work. Homer thought he would like to be a wage-carner.

So at the breakfast-table he asked father for work.

"Hum-m!" said Mr. Barber, looking thoughtfully at the small figure of his "Nearly every day men come into my office looking for employment, and now you want work! What could you do. if I may ask?"

"Oh, I could do most anything," said Homer, hopefully. Father thought a little. The desire to work is such a fine one that it

ought to be treated seriously, even in such a small person. "Very well," he said, finally. "Do you remember the kindlings that a man unloaded yesterday over the back fence? Well, you may carry them to

When I come home tonight I will pay you." Homer worked bravely, but how tired he did vet! You see, he was very little, and even laborers much older get tired of their work sometimes,

the wood-shed and pile them up neat-

But he kept manfully at it. At night Homer sat on the gate-post, waiting for his father, and proudly led him to the wood-shed to see the neat plie of kindlings.

"The work is cartainly well done, sald Mr. Barber. "I will pay you promptly, as soon as you send in your

"BH? What's that?" asked Homer, puzzled. "It is the custom in business," ex-

plained father, "to present a bill, a written statement of goods sold or work done, together with your charge. We must be business-like, of course." Homer was a trifle disappointed, for he had expected his wages at once. But still hopeful, he asked his father to explain a little; and then he was bard at work again, this time with pen-

At the end of fifteen minutes he presented this "bill":

Mr. A. B. Barber, Dear Sir.

You O me 17 cents for carrying Yours with love, Homer. "This bill," said father, "is not exactly like others that I have seen, but there is something about it that I like, after all!"

The bill, passed round at the supper-table, seemed to please everybody. Indeed, grandma smiled and smiled until she bad to wipe away a tear!

Homer's eyes were sparkling. Father counted out seventeen cents-one dime and seven shining new pennicsand laid them on the table.

"Will you kindly write me out a re ceipt for this money, Homer?" he said. "What's a receipt?" demanded Homer, a little tired of "the law's delay."

"A receipt is a written statement that you have received your money. It will insure me against having to pay this bill a second time," said Mr. Barber, gravely.

Again Homer toiled over a pencil and sheet of paper, until he finished this receipt:

Dear Father, I've bin pade,

Homer "Don't you think," asked mother, in low voice, "that we ought to correct the spelling?"

"No," said father, quickly. "He will learn to spell soon enough, and I intend to keep these papers just as he wrote them. There is more in them than the spelling."

And he did keep them. Just a few days ago Homer, now a grown-up business man, with boys and girls of his own, came to visit his father and And father, now a whitehaired old gentleman, generally called "grandpa" nowadays, opened a drawer in his desk, and took out that very "bill" and "receipt," which he had kept, oh, ever so many years! The papers were yellow with age. He told them all how Homer earned his first money.-Emfeigh Merwin, in Youth's Companion.

# A Human Target

"I notice here that a preacher in Worcester spends most of his spare time at revolver practice."

"Well, say, I guess I'd hate to get up and leave that man's church before the sermon was ended."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LOTS FOR SALE

"Lots for sale," Low—of what Lots of trouble, like as not, Lors of tuss with "equities," Titles, deeds and lawyers fees. Lots of talk with architects— Every man the job expects. Lots of tiffs with carpenters, Masons, plumbers, plasterers. Low of what? Lots of tiffs with carpenters, Masons, plumbers, pinsterers.
Lots of unexpected bills,
"Little extras,"—bitter pills.
Lots of city taxes due—
Gas and water, sewer too.
Lots of advertising, then
Try, and try, and try again.
Lots of folks with half a mind,
And a dozen faults to find.
Lots of worry, pains untold,
Till the peaky thing is sold.
Lots of fine experience.
But of profit—not five cents.
"Lots for sale"—and who will buy?
Lets of people; no more 1!
—Pack.

# FUN FOR

-Pnck.

Mary-Will Helen join our box par ty tonight? Jane-No, poor girl; she can't talk above a whisper.-Indianapolls Star.

The Clergyman-My little man, do

you go to church every Sunday? Bobby-Yes, sir. I'm not old enough yet to stay away.-Life. The Customer-Aren't you afraid of dying an old maid? The Hairdresser

-Not a mite. I dye one nearly every day,-Philadelphia Record. Casey-Phat a lot av railroad vrecks an' auto axidents! Hogan-

Begobs, yis! Yez hov to die early or yez'll be kilt.—Harper's Bazar. "Hello, old chap!" remarked cabbage, "you're looking good." "Yes," rejoined the watermelon, "but I'm feering rather seedy, just the same,"-

Chicago News. "You're dreadfully untidy again Mary! I don't know what the baker will think of you when he comes.' "The baker don't matter 'm. The milkman's bin!"-Punch.

Mrs. Askitt-I heard you had a sur prise party at your house yesterday. Mrs. Tellit (absently)-Yes, my hus band gave me \$10 without my asking for it.-San Francisco Call. Titewood-I thought you said you

wouldn't charge me anything for the little legal question I asked you? Lawyer-I didn't. I charged you for the answer.-Cleveland Leader. "Did your husband find that golf

improved his health?" "Yes; it improved his health. But unless he learns to play better it will spoil his disposition."-Washington Star. "Talking about scientific curiosities

have discovered one thing about an engine which is a flat contradiction." What is that?" "That it is hottest when it's coaled."-Baltimore American. "Few people know how to love

wisely," remarked the man who comments on things. "And when a man gets real wise he doesn't love," replied Senator Badger.-Milwankee Sentinel. "I used to like the smell of cigar smoke before we were married, but

now I despise it." "Well, I bought an altogether different brand of cigars then than I am able to do now."-Houston Post, Chimmie-Say, kid, yell; but don' yell yer head off. Wot you tryin' ter

lady, an' if she hears my voice she peratic tenor.—Chicago News "How long does it take to empty this hall?" asked the lecturer, looking about the auditorium. "I don't know exactly," replied the janitor; "but if

do, anyhow? Tommy-Dat's a rich

you wish, when you begin lecturing I'll time 'em."-Yonkers Statesman. First American Millionaire-What n the world are you going over to see all the English cathedrals for? Sec ond American Millionaire-I'm putting up an automobile stable, and I'm looking for something handsome in

design.-Life. "The race is not always to the swift," said the Sunday school teacher impressively. "Can any one tell me why?" "Because sometimes their gasoline tank explodes," promptly replied the up-to-date little boy.-Balti-

more American. "Yes," said the condescending youth, "I am taking fencing lessons, 'Good," answered Farmer Corntossel "I allus said you was goin' to turn in an' do somethin' useful. What's your specialty goin' to be-rail, stone or barbed wire?"-Washington Star.

"Senator, I congratulate you. I un derstand you have been vindicated." "Triumphantly, Johnson. At the first trial the jury disagreed. At the sec ond trial my lawyers found a flaw in the indictment, and the case was thrown out of court."-Chicago Trib-

Aunt Jane-This is the dear dogg that I wanted to show you, Carrie She's the sweetest creature. To see her with her pupples is to witness the perfection of motherhood. Carrie-How sweet! Where are the puppies? Small Boy-She's eat 'em all, miss!-

Officer-Ye're undher arrist fer ex cadin' th' shpade limit. Chauffeur-My autometer only registers twelve miles an hour. Officer-Thin we'll alther th' charge to cruelty to animals, fer ye've decayed me into gallopin' me harse tin moiles an hour fasther than wor absolutely nicessary.-Judge.

"That barber seems to be doing t rushing business." "Yes. He has invented a hair tonic that smells exact ly like gasoline." "But-er-I don't see the point." "It tickles the vanity of his patrons. They go around smelling of gasoline, and this gives the impression that they own automobiles."



Prune Sauce.

Soak the prunes over night; in the morning boil until they will slip from the stones easily; when used slip them from the stones and serve with rich cream. To one pound of prunes, when put on to stew, add the juice and thin yellow rind of an orange; when done, that is, when the stones are loose, sweeten with plenty of sugar. This sauce is excellent with rabbit or veni son.

### Cakes.

Mix thoroughly, two cupfuls of buck wheat flour, a little salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder: then add milk and water of equal parts, to make the batter the proper consistency. Add a little molasses, which will improve their color. Fry on a griddle (soapstone preferred) and place in the center of the platter.

### Casseroled Kidneys.

Casseroled kidneys make a very good luncheon or supper dish. Slice a small onion and fry it in butter until a golden brown. Add a generous spoonful of chopped parsley, and fry the kidneys for several minutes. Add a cupful of stock, a little seasoning fluid extract and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Season with salt and tabasco sauce, cover the casserole tightly and cook in a very moderate oven for two hours. Mushrooms may be added if liked. This greatly improves the dish

### Home-Made Yeast.

Boil six large potatoes in three pints of water. Tie a handful of hops in a small muslin bag and boil with the potatoes; when thoroughly cooked drain the water on enough flour to make a thin batter; set this on the stove or range and scald it enough to cook the flour (this makes the yeast keep longer); remove it from the fire, and when cool enough, add the potatoes mashed, also half a cup of sugar, half a tablespoonful of ginger, two of salt and a teacupful of yeast. Let it stand in a warm place until it has thorough ly risen, then put it in a large-mouthed ing and cork tightly; set away in a cool place. The jug should be scalded before putting in the yeast. Two thirds of a coffeecupful of this yeast will make four loaves.

Hash. The ordinary beef hash, which is hated by everyone living on boarding house fare, will change its entire character if brend crumbs instead of potatoes are used in its make-up. The potatoes minced together and moist ened become soggy and make this dish heavy and unpalatable. Use bread crumbs grated from a loaf that is too stale to serve on the table. The proportion is a cup of these to every two cups of meat. Season thoroughly with salt and pepper. A tiny pinch of thyme or summer savory is a good addition. Use milk as moistening, but not too much. An egg, though unmay take 'n' educate me fer a swell necessary, will make the hash richer. dix three cups of finely chopped nam with the same amount of toasted bread crumbs, add two eggs and one-half cup of milk. Pack in a baking pan, cover the top with cracker crumbs and bake for half an hour. This is nice served as a breakfast dish with a poached egg on each side.

Useful Hints. Red cabbage is a vegetable which if used rightly is very good. It is no longer the fashion to serve ovsters with lemon quarters.

If you have a jardiniere of ferns, b sure to give them plenty of water. Charlotte Russe is one of the easiest as well as one of the best desserts ever

An apple and cress salad, which is a Norman preparation, may be welcome at this season.

Plates decorated with Mother Goose pictures and nursery rhymes are now made to please children.

French dressing is much improved for some salads by the addition of a tablespoonful or two of catsup. A good authority on Wilton and Ax-

minster carpets tells us that they

should never be swept with a straw A French cook recommends the use of a bit of butter when boiling fresh vegetables. It whitens the water and

makes the vegetables more tender. Some housekeepers put a peeled onion inside a fowl that is to be kept for any length of time. This absorbs germs that would otherwise infect the

Canaries are fond of green food, and when lettuce is scarce a substitute is offered in a little of their favorite seed planted in small flowerpots and al

lowed to grow. And if only one or two rugs can be bought at first, choose soft, rich tones. which will harmonize with everything, and patterns which are good, but not very striking, and you will never tire

of them. Sour oranges may be utilized in a too thin, and remove the skin, leaving the pulp in small triangular pieces. Serve on lettuce or crisped watercress, with French dressing, or white mayon-

When the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, was going to take possession as lord lieutenant of Ireland, he was driven by a storm onto the Isle of Man, where a Rev. Mr. Joseph a poor curate, entertained him as hospitably as his means permitted. On his departure the duke promised to provide for him as soon as he became viceroy. The curate waited many months in vain, and at last went over to Dublin to remind his grace of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the duke, he obtained permission to preach at the Cathedral. The lord lieutenant and his court were at the church, but them remembered humble host till he pronounced his text, which, it must be acknowledged, was well chosen, "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The preacher was at once invited to the castle and a good living provided for him-

(From the Chiengo Journal, Nov. 6.

When Commissioner Garfield went to the Chicago packers and asked permission to inspect their books, the condition was needs that no information be might obtain therefrom would be used in court proceedings against them.

Mr. Garfield gave this pledge, it is

stated, and the packers allowed him to study their business in all its details Now it is announced, the results of his study have been turned over to the

Government department of justice to

be employed in legal prosecution of the packers Commissioner Garfield would not have ventured to give the pledge that was demanded by the packers without Instructions from Washington. He pledged, not his own word, but the Government's. It is not his good foith.

but the Government's, that is in ques The Journal has no concern for the packers, except as they are citizens of Chicago. If it can be proved that they are guilty of engaging in a conspiracy in restraint of trade, they ought to be

punished. But their guilt, if they are guilty, must be fairly proved. They must be given a square deal.

Since the Government has elevated its vision to such a height as to overlook the pest of defiant criminal trusts almost within the shadow of the capltol dome, in order to fasten itself a thousand iniles away upon Chicago, the Government and the President cannot be too careful to avoid suspicion that they are more anxious to prosecute Western offenders than of-

fenders in the East. Some of the methods already employed in this case have not been par-ticularly distinguished for decency. When the Government enters a man's house and takes his private papers, when it drags the wives of packing house employes into court and puts them under heavy bonds, it is hardly dignified, not to say honorable, nor even respectable,

# Ancient City Unearthed.

What is supposed to be the ancient Agysimba of Ptolemy, has been discovered in southern Rhodesia. Ruins of a city of considerable ex-tent in which the houses were of stone have been unearthed in the Umtail district. There are ancient forts and altars near the city, and all bear the impression of extreme age. Evidently the forgotten city was built by some race other than the one now dwelling near the ruins. The stones of houses, walls, and altars are laid without cement and resemble "cyclopean" structures found in Central America. The archacologists are now arguing as to whether this was indeed the city spoken of by Ptolemy or one still more ancient, built by a lost race which once inhabited this portion of Africa and arrived at a considera ble degree of civilization .- New York

Big Profits in Seaweed. In the event of the British Chemical Co., of Clydebank, Glasgow, obtaining from the Hebrides a sufficient quantity of tangle-ash and kelp from which to manufacture lodine. which is the principal product extracted from kelp, they do not intend to continue getting an additional supply from Norway or Ire-Encouraged by the success which has attended their efforts to revive the kelp industry in Tires. North and South Uist, Benbecula and Barra during the last three years, the company have decided to extend their operations to Lewis and Harris. Nearly £3,000 has been distributed to the Island of Tirce alone this season, and considerably more than that sum has bee paid to kelpmakers in the other islands mentioned. amount of exertion involved in tangle-gathering and tangle-burning is very small, and an average family can earn a pound a day at the work -London Mail.

# Historic Tree Near Baltimore.

A gigantic chestnut tree with a girth about 25 feet, and under whose branches in 1777 Washington and Lafayette held a council of war and ate their meals while camping on the place when the American army was marching from Baltimore to Philadelphia, is one of the many objects of interest shown to visitors on the Mc-

Cormick farm, near Baltimore. This is not a tradition, but a well-authenticated fact, as is abundantly attested by the archives of the Mc-Cormick family.-Baltimore American.

Lip Grafted.

Dr. C. S. Durand, of Chattanooga, has just completed a surgical operation, which caused considerable comment in that city. The operation was performed on Charles Skillern. The dreaded malady cancer, had destroyed the whole lower lip. Dr. Durand took the case under his treatment, and successfully grafted a new lip from the inner side of Mr. Skillern's cheeks. Mr. Skillern is now out on the streets delicious salad. Slice the oranges not after a confinement of a few weeks, and the results of the operation are scarcely noticeable.

> The Balden Produce Company of Winfield, Kan., is feeding 14,000 chickens for the market.