

Have you read in the old Arabian tale Of the merchant who sat in the market- place...

And he dreamed of the gold that would be increased— Of the gorgeous glory of Eastern life...

Order o' First Degree. That's the top notch in these diggin's. "What are they?" "Gentlemen as happened to be standin' round when somebody got hurt mortally..."



Handy Wagon Necessary. Every farm should have a handy wagon, one of the low-down, wide-tire kind. For stacking grain, hauling hay or fodder...

Orchards of All Sizes. While an orchard is young, and growth and development are wanted, the cultivation should be thorough.

Profitable Dairy Cow. Unless the matter has been forcefully called to the attention of the small dairyman, he has very little idea of the outward appearance of what a good dairy animal should be.

Field Peas for Hogs. The South Dakota Station advises mixing peas with oats, two bushels to one of oats per acre, sowing for hogs.

A Good Sheep Feeder. A Wisconsin sheep feeder, who fed a lot bought last February, at the Chicago stock yards and fed them for 39 days...

Poultry Diseases. Scaly legs, which are a scourge in many poultry yards, can be traced absolutely to filth, damp quarters, and neglect.

Clipping the Horse. Clipping in the winter time is generally condemned, especially clipping of the legs, which cannot be protected by blanketing.

A Desire of France. France wants the New Hebrides, and has wanted them ever since 1850, when she annexed their neighbor, New Caledonia.

From the Peroxide Blonde. "Your digestion is badly out of order, madam," said the doctor. "You will have to diet."

From the Peroxide Blonde. "What is the most fashionable color, doctor?" asked Mrs. Nuritch in a bored manner. "Punch Bowl."

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Oiled Clothing and Slickers. Indispensable to the miner. Best waterproof garment used. Don't accept an oiled coat or slicker unless it bears our trade mark.

Tobacco for Soldiers. In all Lord Wolseley's campaigns he made it a rule, where possible, to allow each soldier one pound of tobacco a month...

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.

Divorces in England. Statistics relating to divorce in England and Wales, published a few days ago, are very interesting, chiefly because they show the sweet reasonableness of the English and Welsh people in respect to the divorce habit...

SUFFERED TORTURES. Racked With Pain, Day and Night, For Years.

Portrait of a man and text: Wm. H. Walter, engineer of Chatsworth, Ill., writes: "Kidney disease was lurking in my system for years. I had torturing pain in the side and back and the urine was dark and full of sediment..."

RATS AND THE FARMERS. Many Millions the Cost of the Pests' Depredations.

The Agricultural Department has issued a statement that the brown rat is the most mammalian pest in existence. "If," the statement says, "for each cow, horse, sheep and dog on the farms the farmers support one rat on grain, the loss would be \$100,000,000 a year."

High Cost of Sable Furs. Extraordinary stories are being told about the increasing scarcity and value of sables, which, a London paper says, are beginning to pass down as heirlooms to their descendants.

WENT TO TEA. And It Wound Her Bobbin.

Tea drinking frequently affects people as badly as coffee. A lady in Salisbury, Md., says that she was compelled to abandon the use of coffee a good many years ago, because it threatened to ruin her health...

She further says: "At this time I was induced to take up the famous food drink, Postum, and was so much pleased with the results that I have never been without it since. I commenced to improve at once, regained my twenty-five pounds of flesh and went some beyond my usual weight."

Rascals' Aristocracy.

"The sentence of the court is," said Judge Buckham, "that you be confined in the state prison at San Quentin for the term of two years."

A modest flush, born of the pride he could not entirely conceal, passed over the face of the youth in the prisoners' dock. "San Quentin—and only eighteen," was his glad, unspoken thought.

Jimmy went down stairs scarcely feeling his chains. He strove to appear modest, not to manifest offensively his recognized superiority over his companions, but he was none the less exuberant in spirit, and they were none the less glum.

That afternoon Tansy Mollie came up to the jail to bid him good-by. He saw her in the visitors' room. She was more than ever tender, more than ever worshipping, in her simple, Tar Flat way.

All was rose-colored and scented for half an hour. Then the horizon was speckled with the first cloud of gloom.

"Hello, Jack!" he cried, warmly. "Hello, Jimmy!" returned Jack, quite unmoved.

"Who's here?" he asked, with admirable sangroid. "Oh, the usual run," said Jack, indifferently.

"Where's Bart?" "Bart who?" "Black Bart. I want to meet him. 'Oh, you do, do yer? Got your salt yet?'"

"Over at San Rafael. The next time you utake your mornin' walk, buy a ton or two at the grocery, an' git the man to sprinkle it on yer. Jest tell him you're so fresh you're 'fraid yer'll spoil," and Jack turned contemptuously away.

Jimmy blushed to the roots of his stubble. To crown all, a tall, dignified, imposing-looking man walked slowly by, nodded to Jack, and said, pleasantly: "Hello, Dolan!"

"Hello, Bart!" returned Jack. It was Black Bart, the famous highwayman. Jimmy's discomfiture was complete. For a week this state of affairs continued. His expected happiness had turned to misery.

"Got any terbacker?" asked the man. Jimmy eagerly gave him his whole plug in exchange for a friendly word. "I've been watching you for a couple o' days," his friend said; "your name is Picklock, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir." "I used to know a Picklock in Sonora, in sixty-eight. Him and me was askin' stage drivers the time o' day all that winter. Any relation o' his'n?"

"I don't know. My father was a street contractor in San Francisco." "Same man. Got to be supervisor, didn't he? Yes? Well, I'm glad to see yer, my boy, glad to see yer. How's the old man?"

"He's dead." "No! Ye don't mean it! Never seen a man I'd rather work with. Daisy, the old man was. What he didn't know about a mailbag and express box wa'n't wuth knowin'."

Jimmy felt a sense of pride in his father that was new to him. He inherited reputation, at all events. He determined to appeal to his friends. "What's the matter with all these fellers?" he asked.

"How?" "They won't have nothin' to do with me." "Guess yer been puttin' on airs. Small canaries is a little too proud o' their cage sometimes."

"No, I haven't. I gave 'em straight business every time." "Wat kind of an accident got yer here? Wat did the guilty party as throw'd the blame on you get a hold of?"

"An overcoat." "Oif'n a hatrack?" "Yes." "Daytime?" "Yes." The old man looked disappointed.

"You've made a bad mistake, sonny. The best you kin o' is to mind yer eye, and do wot you can to k'lect it. Wat's a great, big, smart boy like you a-doin' sneakthievin'?"

Ain't yer got no ambition?" Jimmy understood it all now. His crime filled him with bitter regret. If only—if only he had thought and done a burglary!

"Ye see, my boy," his mentor went on, kindly, "ther's suthin expected o' sech as you. A man grown ain't got no right to fool away his time on baby play, if he ever expects to accomplish anythin'."

Ther's Frisco boys no older necer you as is known, an' well known, in Chicago an' New York. Sneakthievin' is mean. It's low-down. Anybody kin sneak, an' no self-respectin' gentelman would think of it. The sneaks here is mostly Chinamen, and I'm glad to see the boys has drawn the line."

"Jack Dolan ain't done much better," ventured Jimmy. "Ain't he, now? There is a boy for yer," said the old man, admiringly. "Didn't ye read the pretty burglary he come over on? Didn't ye read it? As fine a piece of work at his age as ever anybody heard on. And three more before it—every one a credit to him. Jack got 'em in the papers soon's he was sentenced, and it gave him standin'—the minute he got here. He waasn't goin' to let no other feller git credit for his work. Why, Jimmy Hope, the day Jack got here, Jimmy Hope, he says, in this very yard, an' a dozen standers around to hear it: 'Mr. Dolan,' says he, 'I'm glad to meet yer. You has a future before yer. Me boy, or I'm a chump.'"

Jimmy went to sleep that night with renewed hopes. In the yard next day he found Jack in busy converse over the election with two fellow knights. He waited modestly for him to finish, and then pleaded for his aid. Jack was touched.

"I can't do it, Jimmy; I can't do it, nowhow," he repeated. It will cost me the election. But I'll tell you what I'll do—oh, Scraggsy!" he called. Scraggsy, a fat, freckled young burglar, with two merry eyes and red head, crossed the yard in response to the call.

"Mr. Mullony, Mr. Picklock," said Dolan. The two bowed and shook hands. "Glad ter meet yer," said Scraggsy. Jimmy said: "I am honored, Mr. Mullony," and scored a point. Though a craftsman who stood high in his line, Scraggsy was human.

"I want you to put Mr. Picklock up for election, Scraggsy," said Jack. "Get Fat Andy to second him, an' do the best yer can. Don't say nothin' about his record. He's got good stuff in him, and I'll go ball for him; but it's on the q. t. far's I'm concerned."

For three days Jimmy alternated between hope and fear. The voting took place in a large tin box hung at the corner of the cell building nearest the jute factory. At last it was over. Jimmy awaited the result with palpitating heart.

But Scraggsy's face told the story before he spoke. It took only ten black balls to reject, and Jimmy had received twenty-seven. Clearly they would not have any sneak thieves in their number.

At first he despaired utterly. Then he honestly made up his mind to reform; to compensate as best he could for the years preceding, Jack had improved his time, while he, Jimmy, had idled. How, at the industrial school, Jack was studying and getting information, while he had smoked cigarettes and loafed.

How, later, at the house of correction, Jack had by his diplomacy and industry got first position as house servant, and afterward been transferred to the county jail as "trusty," where his position gave him confidential and intimate acquaintance with intelligent men from everywhere.

The result was clear. There was but one thing to do—listen, learn and make up for so many wasted opportunities. And this he determined to do.

When the time came for his departure he went quietly away with high and firm resolves. He had three dollars and a badly fitting suit of clothes, but Mollie had remained in love with him, and she was in affluence.

He became valiantly intoxicated at her expense, beat her black and blue, hit the pipe, and felt like a madman. Then he looked about him. His disgrace still burned, though he said nothing about it to his innamorata. She might pedestal him as high as she liked.

The western addition offered a fruitful field for burglary, and, with newspaper fame in view, Jimmy purchased a revolver, bowie-knife, and slung-shot. Whenever he happened to be caught the knights should know what a mute, inglorious Milton and Cartouche combined they had so inappreciatively scorned.

The first two operations were brilliantly successful. They were neatly done; would reflect pride on anybody. During the third, however, as Jimmy was deftly picking the lock of the silver closet in a mansion on Pacific avenue, he felt himself grabbed by some one in the dark.

The old highwayman's advice came instantly to him; he twisted his right arm free, slipped the knife from his sleeve and struck it into something soft. He heard an "Oh!" and the fall of a body. Jimmy dashed out of the back door while a woman's shrieks were ringing. He had scarcely jumped the fence into the street, however, before brass buttons were hotly in pursuit.

As he ran, he drew his revolver and peppered away like a Gatling gun at his pursuer, the policeman, also shooting rapidly at him. Then a shrill whistle sounded in front of Jimmy and the shooting behind him ceased. Something struck him out of a dark doorway, the left side of his head appeared to cave in, and Jimmy knew no more, but rather less than usual.

Only three months had elapsed since his departure when he passed the iron doors again. But there was no exultation in his manner this time. He was quiet, modest and business-like.

"How are yer, Jimmy?" said Scraggsy, cordially. "Hello, old boy. Read all about it in the papers," said Jack. "Lemme introduce you to the boys."

"I know'd there was stuff in yer; I know'd it," said the old highwayman, fond tears in his eyes as he greeted him. And Jimmy's hopes were realized at last.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Oratory's Finish. "Your son won a prize for oratory while he was in college, I believe. What is he doing now?"

"He's got a job in the union depot, announcing the departure of the trains."—Chicago Record-Herald.