

JUSTICE.

I sit on a cloud in the sunshine, just over the changing scene. Watching old time roll onward, from Autumn to Springtime green.

I see some in greedy striving—they seek for the thing called Gold— And the woe of their wretched doings from the tongues of the poor is told.

I see some with wily cunning—they prey on both rich and poor— And there in the motley scrimmage I watch both the scamp and boor.

Then the light of the orb above me falls clear on the distant path And I look on the end of sorrow—the end of distress and wrath.

I see all the tangles straightened, the wrongs of the poor made right— The rich to their level humbled, the weak with their meed of might.

—Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

An Awkward Situation.

Ambition to get leading parts induced me to throw up a good position in the North of England to join a manager starting at Salisbury.

One morning, however, over a melancholy pipe in the grassy hollow below Old Sarum, a ray of hope dawned upon me.

Apart from proof of Mr. Atherstone's good feeling for his letter contained news that I read with surprise and pleasure—not without reason, as the following extract will show:

"I want you to undertake a commission that requires tact and discrimination. It is private inquiry, and has to be carried through at Shrewton Court, Merivale, the seat of Lord Mountfalcon, within a few miles from Salisbury.

On again hearing from the art dealer I wrote to Lord Mountfalcon asking permission to visit his picture galleries. By next post I had the most courteous of replies, according to my request.

The Shrewton collection would be famous if only for its Florentine and Venetian masterpieces. While absorbed before them a light footfall behind aroused me.

"I have seen you before; was it not Charles Surface at Exeter?" From theatricals Lord Mountfalcon's talk glided into matters of pictorial art, in which he was evidently an enthusiast.

"I must now leave you. On no account miss the small blue galleries. There is a portfolio of Rembrandt etchings that must have special value in the eyes of a practised draughtsman.

"Yes, a large number," replied his lordship, "very representative, from Hilliard and Cooper to Ross and Moulle. My portrait by Moulle I regard as fine as anything painted by Cosway.

I had known Mr. Samuel Crackenthorpe, and we were no longer on speaking terms. We had become intimate at Exeter, where he was then a lawyer's clerk and a small money lender.

thorpe's manner was polite, even to obsequiousness.

I had looked at water colors, bronzes and prints and now asked for the miniatures. They were contained in three large cases, placed upon a table in the smaller chamber of the blue gallery, and unlocked at my request.

The light being less strong in the northern than southern division of the gallery, I entered the brighter chamber. There I looked at the miniatures side by side. I was aghast for a moment lest they should become displaced.

My feelings can be conceived. I searched in vain. Everything else had been untouched. Amid bewilderment, a terrible idea occurred to me. I knew Crackenthorpe's malevolent nature.

Lord Mountfalcon listened to my statement with the greatest calmness and patience. In reply, he said most likely I must have inadvertently dropped

THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE.

Truly The Light is Sweet and a Pleasant Thing it is for the Eyes to Behold the Sun.—Eccles. XI:7.

Life is sweet, brother.

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother. Who would wish to die? A Romany child would wish to live forever."

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and the stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother, and if I could only feel that I would gladly live forever."—From "Lavenro," a story of the Gypsies, by George Borrow.

ped the picture among the prints or other things on the tables. The keeper and a footman were then ordered to make a search through everything. It was perfectly fruitless. The nobleman, whose eyes had never left me, said:

"What explanation have you? I learn that you have been alone with the works of art more than half an hour, and during the time no one has been near the gallery.

"It is a matter of opinion, my lord," I returned, looking hard at the keeper. "A noise I heard warrants my belief that some one secretly did enter."

"Do you want to throw suspicion on me?" exclaimed Crackenthorpe. "It would not be the first time you have falsely charged me with dishonesty."

The nobleman waved his hand and said to me: "It is very painful to me, but I have no alternative. You must be searched."

"Forbear, my lord," I calmly replied; "spare me such humiliation."

"Hear me for a moment only," cried the keeper. "I assure you he is a man of disreputable character, and creeping closer to me, Crackenthorpe struck my breast pocket and hissed out, 'What have you there?'"

I knew full well, Heaven knows, but what could I do?

"I have no property of Lord Mountfalcon," I said, "and Mr. Crackenthorpe knows that perfectly well."

"Disprave his charge, then, by producing what your pocket contains," was the answer. "I can have no more delay. If you again refuse what is demanded one of my servants must ride off to Salisbury for a constable."

Surveying the whole situation, I answered:

"Allow me a private interview, Lord Mountfalcon, and I can give you such an explanation that must remove all suspicion."

What the nobleman's answer might have been I know not. At that moment a wild, mocking cry came from the garden.

"What is that?" exclaimed Lord Mountfalcon, anxiously; "surely I know that sound."

In an instant he had quitted the gallery. Soon confused voices, intermingled with the angry tones of the master of the mansion arose in the corridor. Something unusual had taken place. In a few minutes Lord Mountfalcon, strangely pale, entered and laid the missing miniature on the table. He said to me, with extended hand:

"I deeply regret we have caused you so much anxiety. Hear my explanation. A niece of mine, unfortunately of weak intellect, gained admission in some inexplicable manner to the gallery. The noise you heard doubtless came from her entrance or departure. A gardener observed her unattended and following the young lady saw her cast something into the rosary. It was the portrait taken from the table where you had deposited it. I deeply regret you should have been placed in such an awkward situation.

I bowed and prepared to depart. Lord Mountfalcon would not hear of it, stating he wished to see me in private.

"By the way," he added to Crackenthorpe, "it is a mystery to me how Lady Hester could have obtained entrance here. By means of that locked door she is entirely cut off from this side of the mansion. Has the door been unlocked since my orders?"

"I have no knowledge of it," faltered the keeper, turning pale.

Lord Mountfalcon crossed to the door, and it opened on the handle being turned. What transpired I did not learn until an hour later.

As I sat over my luncheon I began to see my way to the possibility of obtaining a clew to the history of the miniature in my pocket. Atherstone had given me some facts, but I had been sensitive about disclosing them. It was not long before I was closeted with the owner of Shrewton Court. In the lull of conversation his lordship observed in a quiet tone:

"Was it solely an interest in art which brought you to Merivale?"

I answered in the negative. "I thought so," was the reply. "Now we have established friendly relations, may I ask why you at first so firmly resisted my demand of your being searched?"

"Because, my lord," I answered, "I have such a terrible witness of guilt in my pocket."

"What was it?" observed the nobleman.

"Only this!" I replied, handing over the replica.

Silence in the room was only broken by the faint ticking of a small French clock.

this fac-simile of the miniature you asserted I had in my pocket?"

"Yes."

"Who painted it?"

"Mr. Moulle."

"Where?"

"In my sitting room."

"Who obtained his services?"

"I did."

"At whose request?"

"A lady came to see the galleries after Lord Mountfalcon went off to the Mediterranean."

"Her name."

"Miss Wincaunton."

"Where did she see the original miniature?"

"At Moslem, the jeweller's, in Piccadilly."

"What story was told the miniature painter to blind him?"

"That his lordship's sister secretly wanted a copy."

"How came Miss Wincaunton to wish for a copy?"

"Because she so admired the likeness."

Three months afterward Mr. Atherstone and I witnessed the ceremony of the marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, between Lord Mountfalcon and the beautiful Lady Susan Brewster. A rival, Miss Wincaunton, had insinuated the nobleman was in love with her, producing as proof the miniature she had obtained under such mean and crafty circumstances. Lady Brewster returned Lord Mountfalcon's picture in a fit of anger, believing the falsehood, and broke off the engagement. On Mr. Atherstone communicating the facts of the case Lady Susan became reconciled to her old lover.

After the ceremonial was over Mr. Atherstone took me out for luncheon. Later on, dallying with a cigar and a bottle of claret, the art dealer said:

"I think we are in duty bound to drink to the health of the bride and groom."

We did it in bumpers.

"By the by," continued my old friend, "I shall run down the week after next to Shrewton Court, for Lord Mountfalcon told me he had fitted you up capital quarters as the new keeper of his art galleries."—Waverley Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Japan has few millionaires and practically no multi-millionaires.

Steamship working hours are four on and eight off to the end of the voyage.

The German army is using paper kettles which are said to be of Japanese invention.

Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, has the greatest mineral tonnage of any port in the world.

Some steamships serve broken bits of butter-spread candy along with the afternoon tea aboard ship.

The first national English Thanksgiving was on Sept. 8, 1688, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The Japanese "Hello!" at the telephone is "Moshi moshi!" or "Aho ne!" with the accent on the "ny."

Icebeats have long been in use, and now a German inventor has patented a simple sail vehicle which makes fair progress over good roads.

Counterfeiting is still a considerable industry in Calabria. It is good for in Naples to bite all silver coin before accepting it in payment or in change.

Oil well machinery and supplies distributed from Los Angeles, a large amount of it being manufactured there, reaches the sum of over one million dollars a month.

The development of the water powers in California has helped boom the state by bringing in new industries and helping old industries with plenty of cheap electric power available.

The Virginian railway has ordered 1000 50-ton steel gondola cars from the Pressed Steel Car company, and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas is in the market for 2200 cars of various types.

An 11,000-ton ship running 15 miles an hour will consume 150 tons of coal per day. A 30,000-ton ship going 30 miles per hour will use up 1100 tons. Haste makes waste at sea as well as elsewhere.

Travellers at sea like to talk of the steadiness of ships—other than the one they are on board of—and to give remarkable examples of freedom from shake and sickness. One fact remains: When the sea kicks up the voyages on any craft, however large, soon learn that they are not navigating on a billiard table.

In a turbine steamer the rhythmic thumping of the pistons disappears and instead the engines give out a thin soprano song that rises or falls in key with the speed, sometimes suggesting a continuous squeal from the struggling giants of steam striving to escape from their close confinement inside the big iron jackets which of themselves give no hint of power.

His Challenge.

The Judge. "Now, prisoner, do you wish to challenge the jury?"

The Prisoner. "Well, gov'nor, I don't mind taking on little four-eyes over there."—The Tatler.

A ten-year-old clove tree will produce about twenty pounds annually.

A LADY'S MAN.

On Monday I was Julia's knight, On Tuesday Stella's cavalier, On Wednesday I with deep delight Gave all my time to Guinevere; On Thursday eagerly I gave Attention to the wants of May, On Friday I was Clara's slave And Adeline's on Saturday.

And now I have no doubt you'll say, (I'm sorry to be 'neath your ban) That my affections sadly stray— That I'm a very tickle man. Oh no! that's not the truth at all And you misjudge me every way; I just respond to duty's call— I'm in an escort bureau's pay! —Nathan M. Love, in the New York Sun.

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM

"Do you ever meet your wife in town?" "Sometimes, when I don't see her coming."—Houston Post.

"Does he go out between every act?" "No; just merely comes in between every drink."—Boston Herald.

Mrs. Benham—"You have torn my train!" Benham—"That's all right; your train is long enough to be in two sections."—Judge.

Blobbs—"That girl has a beautiful foot; such a high instep." Slobbs—"Yes, but she can come down on a fellow pretty flat-footed."—Record.

"Why do people read the advertising section in the magazines?" "Say, I guess you never tried to read the other section!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bobbie (to Featherstone)—"Did you know that you were a relative of ours?" Featherstone—"Since when?" "Mother says that you are our weak brother."—Life.

"Those two statesmen are so angry they won't speak." "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "that's better than starting a controversy."—Washington Star.

The girl (rather weary, at 11.30 p. m.)—"I don't know a thing about baseball." The Beau—"Let me explain it to you." The Girl—"Very well, give me an illustration of a home run."—Life.

Daughter—"Mamma, can't I have a little money for shopping this morning?" Mrs. Malaprop—"No, dear; there's the taxes to pay, and I expect the taxidermist around any moment."—Boston Transcript.

"Instead of boycotting beef why don't you accustom yourself to eating the cheaper cuts?" "There are no cheaper cuts. There are only the expensive, the more expensive, and the unattainable."—Chicago Tribune.

"Dingley is awfully out of sorts since the Administration turned him down." "What does he say about it?" "He says he wishes the waters of oblivion could roll over him." "Then why doesn't he run for Vice President?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Aunt Hetty—"What's the matter, Eben?" Uncle Eben—"Well, of all the brazen things I ever saw, this city paper has deliberately copied that patent medicine ad. about St. Hoskins being cured of influenza by using Judge Dopehard's Pills that was in last week's 'Hardscrabble Clarion'."—Judge.

Mrs. A.—"I do love lobster, but I never have them at home, because it seems so inhuman to kill them by putting them in a kettle of boiling water." Mrs. B.—"Gracious! I never kill them that way. It would be too horrible. I always put them on in cold water and let them come to a boil."—Boston Transcript.

Lady (to committeeman-room clerk, who hands her a small bill announcing a forthcoming political meeting in England)—"But is it possible for ladies to go to these meetings?" Clerk—"Why not?" Lady—"I thought they were more or less of a rough nature." Clerk—"Well, m'dam, we've taken every possible precaution to keep out the suffragettes."—Punch.

Decidedly Mean.

The Rev. William H. Leslie, a Congo missionary, was talking in the saloon of the Vaterland, about a mean Belgian ivory trader.

"The man was so mean," said Mr. Leslie, "that I can only compare him with Saunders MacPherson of Peebles."

"Saunders visited his rich cousin, Frazer, in New York, staying seven months. Frazer one day led him into a cigar shop, saying:

"Come in and have a cigar, Sandy."

"Frazer bought two ten-cent cigars, gave one to Saunders, and proceeded to light up. As he did so, Saunders said to the salesman:

"These cigars sell at three for a quarter, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," said the salesman.

"Then," said Saunders, laying down a nickel and at the same time opening his cigar case, "I'll take the third one, if you please."—Washington Star.

The Legs Scared Him.

"There's a commuter in the Grand Central station, pointing to a robust colored man, 'is a good railroad porter spoiled."

"You see, he was on a Pullman car and was doing well until a man with two wooden legs became a passenger in his coach. That night the traveler put his artificial underpinning beneath the berth he occupied. When Sam came along to collect the shoes he pulled out not only footwear, but also three feet of leather tops and steel springs, together with metal joints and ball bearings. The sight so worked upon the superstitious fellow that he fled in terror. He resigned his place. Now he is handling baggage."—New York Press.



My dear, these slippers are never so comfortable as when they are made with Munyon's Paw Paw Pills. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUNYON'S, 834 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wearily of Womanhood. "I wish I had been born a man; it is the one regret of my life," declared Mrs. Lillian Duncanson, president of the Political Equality League, before the members of the literary round table of the Chicago Culture club recently. "I am tired of being a woman, of being told to put on a pretty gown and smile in order to influence some alderman to see things in the light he should see them—as women see them."—Chicago Tribune.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c

Women Hunters. It is hard to say how far Roosevelt's African hunting trip and the notoriety that has surrounded it are responsible, but big game hunting in Africa seems to be enjoying a boom, and women as well as men have fallen under the spell. Mrs. Malcolm Drummond, formerly Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, is one of the most recent recruits to the jungle. Her husband is rated one of the wealthiest of all the South African millionaires, and in former seasons Mrs. Drummond's beautiful residence in Carlton House Terrace has been a center of the season's gayeties. But now Mrs. Drummond has turned her back on the drawing rooms and the ball rooms and set her face toward the veldt, and already she is on her way to South Africa. She and her husband will start in from the south, trekking from Rhodesia up to the Victoria falls and thence, if all goes well, pushing forward through country almost unexplored until they reach British Central Africa and Uganda, the hunting grounds of Roosevelt.—New York Press.

Why There Are No Fresh Eggs. We are aware that when fresh eggs come rushing from the farms in enormous quantities they are as promptly shot into cold storage just as they come, while the stale eggs, already in storage, are put out to the customers. The fresh eggs are whisked out of sight, so as not to "break the market." There is an abundant natural supply for the season, but because it is withdrawn from the consumers the artificial shortage is maintained, with relatively high prices—and for stale eggs in the fresh egg season.—New York Press.

Old King Coffee knocks subjects out tolerably flat at times, and there is no possible doubt of what it did. A Mich. woman gives her experience: "I used to have liver trouble nearly all of the time and took medicine which relieved me only for a little while. Then every once in a while I would be suddenly doubled up with an awful agony in my stomach. It seemed as though every time I took a breath I would die. No one could suffer any more and live. "Finally I got down so sick with catarrh of the stomach that I could not turn over in bed, and my stomach did not digest even milk. The doctor finally told me that if I did not give up drinking coffee I would surely die, but I felt I could not give it up. "However, Husband brought home a package of Postum and it was made strictly according to directions. It was the only thing that would stay on my stomach, and I soon got so I liked it very much. "Gradually I began to get better, and week by week gained in strength and health. Now I am in perfect condition, and I am convinced that the whole cause of my trouble was coffee drinking, and my getting better was due to leaving off coffee and taking Postum. "A short time ago I tasted some coffee and found, to my astonishment, that I did not care anything about it. I never have to take medicine any more. I hope you will use this letter for the benefit of those suffering from the poisonous effects of coffee." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.