

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTER.

Subscription rates table with columns for duration (One Year, Six Months, Four Months, Two Months) and price (\$1.50, \$1.00, .75, .50).

Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how they stand on the books in this office.

A man can save fuel, light, and his health, by going to bed early.

It is thought by many persons that the gold production of the Leadville (Col.) district in the near future will exceed its former output of silver.

In the olive shades of the Tivoli that Horace loved and that Felicia Hemans sang there is now an electric generating plant operated by the water delivered from the old Roman aqueducts.

A new method of getting a convict out of prison has been discovered in France. A Socialist who was sentenced last November for a year's imprisonment for writing a libelous article against a public official was elected to the Chamber of Deputies by a Paris constituency.

Probably few readers are aware of the fact that modern industry has already got a foothold in the Arctic regions, and that mines are worked on a large scale and a railroad regularly operated in such high latitudes.

Towns in Florida have a great boon in the so-called paving clay found near Bartow in the State and elsewhere further South. It is not solely clay, but a combination of sand, clay and oxide of iron.

The Philadelphia Record quotes a traveler in Japan as saying that, in spite of their advance in civilization, the Japanese retain much of their primitive simplicity. They always leave their shoes at the door of a house when they enter and walk inside in their stocking feet.

The American Agriculturist says: "Poultry is attracting increasing attention all over the country. For the labor and capital invested, it is beyond question the most profitable branch of agriculture. It has received less attention and encouragement than almost any other industry."

SNOW SONG.

If a body meet a body Coming through the snow, Must a body greet a body If he will or no?

If a body meet a body Coming through the snow, Must a body greet a body With a smile, oh!

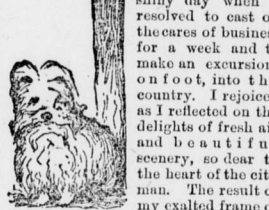
If you meet a weather prophet Coming through the snow, He is always sure to mention "Ha! I told you so!"

If a body meet a body Coming through the snow, Must a body greet a body Lover, friend or foe?

—Isadore Baker.

THROUGH A CAT.

BY HARRIS GREENWOOD.



It was a beautiful, sunshiny day when I resolved to cast off the cares of business for a week and to make an excursion, on foot, into the country. I rejoiced as I reflected on the delights of fresh air and beautiful scenery, so dear to the heart of the city man.

As I entered I was confronted by two people, who were gazing at me attentively. One was a young man, with strongly marked features, and the other a sweetly pretty young woman. I explained to them that I would be satisfied with the most simple food and bed, if they would take me in for the night.

"You are heartily welcome," the young man replied, "my wife and I will endeavor to make you comfortable." He then introduced himself by name, and informed me that he was the owner of the little farm and mill, after which he provided me with dry clothes, and when I re-entered the room I found that his wife had meanwhile prepared a good supper.

"It's a fact," said he, nodding his head and taking his wife's hand. "Now that you have aroused my curiosity, you must gratify it." "It's a long story," he replied. "However, if you are willing to remain up another half hour I'll tell it to you. I am the son of a well-to-do farmer, whose property was situated about three miles' distance from here."

my own canoe. After her fashion, perhaps, she was good to me. She sent me a birthday present regularly, and when I introduced my chosen bride to her (here he looked at his wife fondly) she approved my choice, but stipulated that we wait five years before marrying.

"The time passed by faster than I expected, and I was, I can assure you, happy when four had gone by, and as the end of my probationary term drew near I reminded my aunt of this. She replied that she was happy because I had borne the trial so satisfactorily, and promised on our wedding day to give me \$3000 to buy a farm with. You can imagine how delighted I was. I could have embraced the whole world indiscriminately, and little did I think that my aunt would be absent at the time of the happy event.

"I had just decided upon a place which I thought would suit, and had returned to my quarters, when a messenger hurriedly handed me a large official-looking letter. I tore it open with trembling hands, and found that it contained the news that the previous night my aunt had been murdered, her house set on fire, and it was surmised that she had also been robbed. I immediately informed my betrothed, and then proceeded to bestow the last honors due my aunt.

"Then he proceeded to give the details of the crime. He had rifled the desk of its contents, and stuffed all the documents and bonds into the brown coffee pot. He then set fire to the house and departed, carrying the pot with him. It was easy enough to make his escape unperceived, as the house stood at some little distance from the town. He made his way to a little wood close by, and there, at the foot of a mighty oak, past which a small stream flowed, he buried the treasures under one of the knarled roots. As he proceeded through the wood, after resting an hour, he was suddenly seized from behind by some one, who cried, 'I've got you at last!'"

"Of course, the murderer thought his crime had already been discovered, and fought with the energy of despair. He would probably have escaped, had not a second man joined the first—whom he had wounded—and the two overpowered and secured him. The simple explanation was that a gamekeeper had been searching for some time for a determined poacher, and when he saw Sanderson sneaking about he thought it was the man he was searching for.

"The truth of the man's story was verified by the police commissioners, who found the treasure in the old coffee pot at the place he had described. After a few necessary formalities the papers were handed to me, and I came into possession of the property with which I bought this land. Before leaving W—, however, I begged the superintendent to give me the white cat that had been the indirect means of restoring me to my inheritance. I shall always care for the dear old beast till her death."

"I could not refrain from stroking the big cat, which lay purring and blinking contentedly on her master's knee. My hosts showed me the greatest hospitality, and I parted with them next day with regret. However, my first unceremonious visit was the precursor of many more, and I now count this charming couple among my best friends.—Home and Country.

An interesting case was heard in the Circuit Court at Ashland, two natives of Switzerland being the opposing parties. Shortly before Wontz, the defendant, came to America, a murder occurred. He read a description of the murder in a newspaper, and three men were arrested and afterward acquitted. Wontz claims that shortly after the murder he saw three men, whom he believed to be the murderers. After emigrating to America he settled in Ashland County, and found among his neighbors another Swiss, whom he declared was one of the three men. The latter brought suit for \$500 damages. He swore that he was 100 miles from the scene of the murder when it occurred. The jury brought in a verdict of six cents damages.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

MURDER OF EMIN PASHA.

THE STORY FROM THE LIPS OF THOSE WHO KILLED HIM.

United States Agent Mohun Captures the Assassins and Cleverly Extracts a Confession From Them.

THE details of the murder of Emin Pasha, whose death stirred the whole civilized world, are first made public in the Century. The story is told by R. Dorsey Mohun, United States agent in the Congo Free State. Two of the murderers of Emin were discovered by Mr. Mohun's sergeant, who had been a member of Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin. They were arrested, and a confession was skillfully drawn from them by Mr. Mohun. The murderers were hanged last May. The leading points in their confession are as follows:

Ismailla began by stating that he had been in the service of Emin Pasha, having been loaned to him by Said to take charge of his caravan on the march from the Unyoro. I asked him if he had been well treated on the road, and if he had any cause of complaint to make against Emin Pasha. He answered that he had none; that he had always been treated with the greatest kindness, and that the Pasha had frequently given him pieces of cloth for himself and for his three women; that he liked the Pasha very much, and had no feeling of hatred against him. Mamba broke in, saying that he also liked the Pasha, and that he was very sorry he had died.

Mamba then turned to me and said: "I did not want to help to kill the Pasha; but I knew that Kibonge was a much bigger chief than my master Said, and that if I did not obey he would probably kill me; so I told Ismailla that I would do as I was ordered."

Ismailla, continuing, said: "I then went back to Kinena's, and on the veranda of the chief's house Emin Pasha was seated, surrounded by a few of his soldiers. He was writing at his table, and many birds and bugs were scattered around. These he had caught coming from the Aruwimi. The first letter, which Mamba had brought, was in front of him, and he was laughing, and seemed in cheerful spirits at the thought of leaving next morning for Kibonge. Kinena came up with a few women who were carrying guns. Kinena had in his hand the letter which I had given him. He stopped near the Pasha, and began reading to himself. When he had finished he said: 'Pasha, as you are going to leave to-morrow morning for a twelve days' march, don't you think you had better send your men into the plantations, and get bananas, manioc, and peanuts for the long march which you have before you? Tell your men to get all they wish; and I hope that you won't think of paying me for them, as it is my present to you, and is in return for the many little things which you have given me and my women since you have been my guest.' The Pasha looked up, and thanked Kinena very much. He then told one of his orderlies to have the bugler call the men, which was done.

"When they arrived, Kinena said: 'Tell the men to leave their arms on the side of the veranda, because if they go into the plantations carrying guns, the women working there will become frightened and run away.' Thereupon Emin's men, numbering thirty or forty, placed their guns on the veranda, and departed. The plantations were an hour's walk from the house. During the time it took the men to go to the plantations Kinena talked to the Emin, expressing his regret at his departure. Mamba and I were standing next to the Pasha, and at a sign from the chief we seized him by the arms as he was sitting in his chair. He turned and asked what we meant. Kinena looked at him, and said: 'Pasha, you have got to die!' Emin turned, and exclaimed rather angrily: 'What do you mean? Is this a joke? What do you mean by seizing me in this manner? What are you talking about my dying for? Who are you that you can give orders for a man to die?' Kinena replied: 'I do not give the orders. I receive them from Kibonge, who is my chief; and when Kibonge gives an order to me I obey it.'

"Three of Kinena's men came and assisted us in holding Emin, who was struggling to free himself and to get at his revolver lying on the table; but his efforts were fruitless, and we forced him back into his chair. Then Emin told Kinena that it was all a mistake, as he had just a letter from Kibonge that morning saying that he should have safe conduct to his village, and that the letter was on his table in front of him. Kinena replied: 'Pasha, you read Arabic, don't you?' "Yes." "Then read this," holding the second letter close to Emin's eyes, as the Pasha was nearly blind. "Emin read the letter, and saw that it was true. Drawing a long breath, he turned and said: 'Well, you may kill me, but don't think that I am the only white man in this country. There are many others who will be willing to avenge my death; and let me tell you that in less than two years from now there won't be an Arab left in the entire country now held by your people.' I asked Ismailla if Emin showed any signs of fear, and he said that he showed none; but when he spoke of having care taken of his daughter, two years of age, he trembled slightly. "What did he say about his child, Ismailla?" I asked. "He said: 'My child is not bad; she is good. Send her to Said ben Abedi at Kibonge, and ask him to look out for her.'"

A Tale of Two Countries. An interesting case was heard in the Circuit Court at Ashland, two natives of Switzerland being the opposing parties. Shortly before Wontz, the defendant, came to America, a murder occurred. He read a description of the murder in a newspaper, and three men were arrested and afterward acquitted. Wontz claims that shortly after the murder he saw three men, whom he believed to be the murderers. After emigrating to America he settled in Ashland County, and found among his neighbors another Swiss, whom he declared was one of the three men. The latter brought suit for \$500 damages. He swore that he was 100 miles from the scene of the murder when it occurred. The jury brought in a verdict of six cents damages.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Curious Occupation. Liverpool boasts a woman who can earn a good living by reading character from old gloves. This curious occupation is called "manicology," and all that anybody has to do who wishes to give it a trial is to dispatch a pair of cast-off gloves, together with a few postage stamps, to the enterprising "manicologist," who will forward in return a full and particular account of the sender's character, disposition, and "prospects in life," as disclosed by the gloves.—New York Times.

MURDER OF EMIN PASHA.

THE STORY FROM THE LIPS OF THOSE WHO KILLED HIM.

United States Agent Mohun Captures the Assassins and Cleverly Extracts a Confession From Them.

THE details of the murder of Emin Pasha, whose death stirred the whole civilized world, are first made public in the Century. The story is told by R. Dorsey Mohun, United States agent in the Congo Free State. Two of the murderers of Emin were discovered by Mr. Mohun's sergeant, who had been a member of Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin. They were arrested, and a confession was skillfully drawn from them by Mr. Mohun. The murderers were hanged last May. The leading points in their confession are as follows:

Ismailla began by stating that he had been in the service of Emin Pasha, having been loaned to him by Said to take charge of his caravan on the march from the Unyoro. I asked him if he had been well treated on the road, and if he had any cause of complaint to make against Emin Pasha. He answered that he had none; that he had always been treated with the greatest kindness, and that the Pasha had frequently given him pieces of cloth for himself and for his three women; that he liked the Pasha very much, and had no feeling of hatred against him. Mamba broke in, saying that he also liked the Pasha, and that he was very sorry he had died.

Mamba then turned to me and said: "I did not want to help to kill the Pasha; but I knew that Kibonge was a much bigger chief than my master Said, and that if I did not obey he would probably kill me; so I told Ismailla that I would do as I was ordered."

Ismailla, continuing, said: "I then went back to Kinena's, and on the veranda of the chief's house Emin Pasha was seated, surrounded by a few of his soldiers. He was writing at his table, and many birds and bugs were scattered around. These he had caught coming from the Aruwimi. The first letter, which Mamba had brought, was in front of him, and he was laughing, and seemed in cheerful spirits at the thought of leaving next morning for Kibonge. Kinena came up with a few women who were carrying guns. Kinena had in his hand the letter which I had given him. He stopped near the Pasha, and began reading to himself. When he had finished he said: 'Pasha, as you are going to leave to-morrow morning for a twelve days' march, don't you think you had better send your men into the plantations, and get bananas, manioc, and peanuts for the long march which you have before you? Tell your men to get all they wish; and I hope that you won't think of paying me for them, as it is my present to you, and is in return for the many little things which you have given me and my women since you have been my guest.' The Pasha looked up, and thanked Kinena very much. He then told one of his orderlies to have the bugler call the men, which was done.

"When they arrived, Kinena said: 'Tell the men to leave their arms on the side of the veranda, because if they go into the plantations carrying guns, the women working there will become frightened and run away.' Thereupon Emin's men, numbering thirty or forty, placed their guns on the veranda, and departed. The plantations were an hour's walk from the house. During the time it took the men to go to the plantations Kinena talked to the Emin, expressing his regret at his departure. Mamba and I were standing next to the Pasha, and at a sign from the chief we seized him by the arms as he was sitting in his chair. He turned and asked what we meant. Kinena looked at him, and said: 'Pasha, you have got to die!' Emin turned, and exclaimed rather angrily: 'What do you mean? Is this a joke? What do you mean by seizing me in this manner? What are you talking about my dying for? Who are you that you can give orders for a man to die?' Kinena replied: 'I do not give the orders. I receive them from Kibonge, who is my chief; and when Kibonge gives an order to me I obey it.'

"Three of Kinena's men came and assisted us in holding Emin, who was struggling to free himself and to get at his revolver lying on the table; but his efforts were fruitless, and we forced him back into his chair. Then Emin told Kinena that it was all a mistake, as he had just a letter from Kibonge that morning saying that he should have safe conduct to his village, and that the letter was on his table in front of him. Kinena replied: 'Pasha, you read Arabic, don't you?' "Yes." "Then read this," holding the second letter close to Emin's eyes, as the Pasha was nearly blind. "Emin read the letter, and saw that it was true. Drawing a long breath, he turned and said: 'Well, you may kill me, but don't think that I am the only white man in this country. There are many others who will be willing to avenge my death; and let me tell you that in less than two years from now there won't be an Arab left in the entire country now held by your people.' I asked Ismailla if Emin showed any signs of fear, and he said that he showed none; but when he spoke of having care taken of his daughter, two years of age, he trembled slightly. "What did he say about his child, Ismailla?" I asked. "He said: 'My child is not bad; she is good. Send her to Said ben Abedi at Kibonge, and ask him to look out for her.'"

A Tale of Two Countries. An interesting case was heard in the Circuit Court at Ashland, two natives of Switzerland being the opposing parties. Shortly before Wontz, the defendant, came to America, a murder occurred. He read a description of the murder in a newspaper, and three men were arrested and afterward acquitted. Wontz claims that shortly after the murder he saw three men, whom he believed to be the murderers. After emigrating to America he settled in Ashland County, and found among his neighbors another Swiss, whom he declared was one of the three men. The latter brought suit for \$500 damages. He swore that he was 100 miles from the scene of the murder when it occurred. The jury brought in a verdict of six cents damages.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Curious Occupation. Liverpool boasts a woman who can earn a good living by reading character from old gloves. This curious occupation is called "manicology," and all that anybody has to do who wishes to give it a trial is to dispatch a pair of cast-off gloves, together with a few postage stamps, to the enterprising "manicologist," who will forward in return a full and particular account of the sender's character, disposition, and "prospects in life," as disclosed by the gloves.—New York Times.

MURDER OF EMIN PASHA.

THE STORY FROM THE LIPS OF THOSE WHO KILLED HIM.

United States Agent Mohun Captures the Assassins and Cleverly Extracts a Confession From Them.

THE details of the murder of Emin Pasha, whose death stirred the whole civilized world, are first made public in the Century. The story is told by R. Dorsey Mohun, United States agent in the Congo Free State. Two of the murderers of Emin were discovered by Mr. Mohun's sergeant, who had been a member of Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin. They were arrested, and a confession was skillfully drawn from them by Mr. Mohun. The murderers were hanged last May. The leading points in their confession are as follows:

Ismailla began by stating that he had been in the service of Emin Pasha, having been loaned to him by Said to take charge of his caravan on the march from the Unyoro. I asked him if he had been well treated on the road, and if he had any cause of complaint to make against Emin Pasha. He answered that he had none; that he had always been treated with the greatest kindness, and that the Pasha had frequently given him pieces of cloth for himself and for his three women; that he liked the Pasha very much, and had no feeling of hatred against him. Mamba broke in, saying that he also liked the Pasha, and that he was very sorry he had died.

Mamba then turned to me and said: "I did not want to help to kill the Pasha; but I knew that Kibonge was a much bigger chief than my master Said, and that if I did not obey he would probably kill me; so I told Ismailla that I would do as I was ordered."

Ismailla, continuing, said: "I then went back to Kinena's, and on the veranda of the chief's house Emin Pasha was seated, surrounded by a few of his soldiers. He was writing at his table, and many birds and bugs were scattered around. These he had caught coming from the Aruwimi. The first letter, which Mamba had brought, was in front of him, and he was laughing, and seemed in cheerful spirits at the thought of leaving next morning for Kibonge. Kinena came up with a few women who were carrying guns. Kinena had in his hand the letter which I had given him. He stopped near the Pasha, and began reading to himself. When he had finished he said: 'Pasha, as you are going to leave to-morrow morning for a twelve days' march, don't you think you had better send your men into the plantations, and get bananas, manioc, and peanuts for the long march which you have before you? Tell your men to get all they wish; and I hope that you won't think of paying me for them, as it is my present to you, and is in return for the many little things which you have given me and my women since you have been my guest.' The Pasha looked up, and thanked Kinena very much. He then told one of his orderlies to have the bugler call the men, which was done.

"When they arrived, Kinena said: 'Tell the men to leave their arms on the side of the veranda, because if they go into the plantations carrying guns, the women working there will become frightened and run away.' Thereupon Emin's men, numbering thirty or forty, placed their guns on the veranda, and departed. The plantations were an hour's walk from the house. During the time it took the men to go to the plantations Kinena talked to the Emin, expressing his regret at his departure. Mamba and I were standing next to the Pasha, and at a sign from the chief we seized him by the arms as he was sitting in his chair. He turned and asked what we meant. Kinena looked at him, and said: 'Pasha, you have got to die!' Emin turned, and exclaimed rather angrily: 'What do you mean? Is this a joke? What do you mean by seizing me in this manner? What are you talking about my dying for? Who are you that you can give orders for a man to die?' Kinena replied: 'I do not give the orders. I receive them from Kibonge, who is my chief; and when Kibonge gives an order to me I obey it.'

"Three of Kinena's men came and assisted us in holding Emin, who was struggling to free himself and to get at his revolver lying on the table; but his efforts were fruitless, and we forced him back into his chair. Then Emin told Kinena that it was all a mistake, as he had just a letter from Kibonge that morning saying that he should have safe conduct to his village, and that the letter was on his table in front of him. Kinena replied: 'Pasha, you read Arabic, don't you?' "Yes." "Then read this," holding the second letter close to Emin's eyes, as the Pasha was nearly blind. "Emin read the letter, and saw that it was true. Drawing a long breath, he turned and said: 'Well, you may kill me, but don't think that I am the only white man in this country. There are many others who will be willing to avenge my death; and let me tell you that in less than two years from now there won't be an Arab left in the entire country now held by your people.' I asked Ismailla if Emin showed any signs of fear, and he said that he showed none; but when he spoke of having care taken of his daughter, two years of age, he trembled slightly. "What did he say about his child, Ismailla?" I asked. "He said: 'My child is not bad; she is good. Send her to Said ben Abedi at Kibonge, and ask him to look out for her.'"

A Tale of Two Countries. An interesting case was heard in the Circuit Court at Ashland, two natives of Switzerland being the opposing parties. Shortly before Wontz, the defendant, came to America, a murder occurred. He read a description of the murder in a newspaper, and three men were arrested and afterward acquitted. Wontz claims that shortly after the murder he saw three men, whom he believed to be the murderers. After emigrating to America he settled in Ashland County, and found among his neighbors another Swiss, whom he declared was one of the three men. The latter brought suit for \$500 damages. He swore that he was 100 miles from the scene of the murder when it occurred. The jury brought in a verdict of six cents damages.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Curious Occupation. Liverpool boasts a woman who can earn a good living by reading character from old gloves. This curious occupation is called "manicology," and all that anybody has to do who wishes to give it a trial is to dispatch a pair of cast-off gloves, together with a few postage stamps, to the enterprising "manicologist," who will forward in return a full and particular account of the sender's character, disposition, and "prospects in life," as disclosed by the gloves.—New York Times.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Maud Muller Up to Date—A Good Trait—The Grace of Experience—Not a Truth-Teller, Etc., Etc.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day, Stuffed the manger full of hay. Her hat was there, but not the rake, For that was but a poet's fake.

Slapping the old cow on the side, She laughed until she almost cried. "Just think, old bossy," cried the maid, "I'm having a pair of bloomers made."—Minneapolis Times.

NOT A TRUTH-TELLER. Blinker—"Who wrote 'Man wants but little here below?'" Botts—"I don't know. Some awful liar."—Philadelphia Life.

A NATURAL QUESTION. She—"The subscriptions, you know, are entirely voluntary." He—"Yes; I wonder how much we'll have to give?"—Puck.

MORTAL IMPERFECTION. He—"Jago called me a perfect idiot. You don't think that, do you?" Mary—"No. Nothing human is perfect."—Detroit Free Press.

AN AVERAGE WOMAN. Little Girl—"Does your mother talk much about woman's rights?" Little Boy—"No; she jus' has 'em without any talkin'."—Good News.

NOT A GOOD IDEA. A Friend—"If you love her, old fellow, why don't you marry her?" Bachelor Doctor—"Marry her? Why, she is one of my best patients."—Life.

THE GRACE OF EXPERIENCE. He—"How well Miss Elderberry carries her age." She—"But, then, she has become so accustomed to it, you know."—Boston Transcript.

A GOOD TRAIT. Robbins—"Higbee has one redeeming trait." Mack—"What is it?" Robbins—"He takes his watch out of pawn occasionally."—Philadelphia Life.

PATRIOTIC. Mr. Awtah Anglo—"You Americans have no patriotic airs such as we have." Mr. Amer E. Kan—"Haven't eb? What is the matter with Uncle Sam as a National him?"—Truth.

THE Dullest Spot. Jack—"Miserly has been studying it up, and he says the sense of touch is dullest on the back." Dick—"Strike him for \$10 and see if you don't strike a duller point than that."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS NERVES GAVE THE LIE. Jimson—"I can never put confidence in the word of Gimble again." Weed—"Why?" Jimson—"Because he told me that the chap who plays the cornet in the fourth floor back is a composer."—Life.

UNEQUALLY DIVIDED. Mrs. Upton (from beneath the comfortable blankets)—"Oh, you needn't growl! We all have our ups and downs in this life." Upton—"Yes; but the ups with this kid last two hours, and the downs only last five minutes!"—Puck.

A CHANCE FOR IT. Nurse (to doctor, who has just been called in)—"It appears to be a very complicated case, doctor. Can you make anything out of it?" Doctor—"Well, between you and me, I think I can make a couple of hundred out of it."—Puck.

HOW TO EXPRESS IT. "I'm so sorry supper isn't ready," said Mrs. Dinsmore to her husband when he came in. "I attended the meeting of the sewing circle this afternoon, and I couldn't get away." "Hemmed in, were you?" asked her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

NOT THAT KIND OF A MACHINE. Clerk—"Mr. Brown, of Brown Brothers, wants to know if he can see you at the telephone?" Broker Smart—"Tell him it is hardly possible for him to see me, but he may be able to hear me talk. This is a telephone service, not a kitescope."—Truth.

THE INTRODUCTION. First Gentleman (just introduced)—"By the bye, I did not quite catch your name." Second Gentleman—"My name is Wilkins, I didn't hear yours either." "My name is Bilkins. What is the name of the gentleman who introduced us?" "Give it up. Never saw him before."—New York Weekly.

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE TOMMY'S CASE. 6.30 a. m.—Tommy arises. 6.35—He complains of a headache. 7—Quite sick, but able to eat a hearty breakfast. 7.30—Getting worse very rapidly. 8—He develops signs of fever. 8.15—Complications of toothache and sore throat. 8.45—He fears he will die. 9 (school time)—High fever, aches all over, and sobbing with pain. 9.15—Little Tommy is out in the yard wrestling merrily with the neighbor's boy.—Chicago Record.