

MOST EXPENSIVE TIDBIT.

Peanut Bud Paste of China Costs an Enormous Sum.

China, possessing the oldest aristocracy, may naturally be expected to furnish the most expensive luxuries. And she certainly does in so far as costly food is concerned. Compared with the peanut bud paste of China, such dishes as nightingales' tongues or starbursts at Christmas are merely trifles. This paste, a combination of peanut buds and gingers, is brownish in color, and is to be obtained in small jars. The price is \$10 an ounce, more than half its weight in gold, an almost sufficient guarantee that it is eaten very sparingly. Peanut bud paste is said to have a flavor for Oriental palates 10 times more exquisite than that of birds' nest soup. At the base of the kernel of a peanut is a small cone-shaped formation, usually surmounted by two microscopic leaves. The nuts are first roasted, then these minute growths are carefully extracted. They are so small that many thousands of them are necessary to fill a small tea cup, but when a sufficient number are collected they are put into a mortar and ground into a fine flour, which is afterward mixed with ginger jelly and rubbed down to a smooth paste.

Sweden's Regular Army.

The regular army of Sweden on a peace footing is composed of 34,329 enlisted men, 3,729 officers, 1,635 musicians, 840 engineers, and 623 members of the staff, making a total effective fighting force of 39,114. Of these 6,891 are cavalry and 3,432 artillery.

Test For Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headachs to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. **CASCAH'S** helps nature, care you without a grip of pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just ten cents to start getting your health back. **CASCAH'S** Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has **C. C. D.** stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

A woman may not be musical and still be always harping on something.

Brooklyn, N.Y., Nov. 15.—A medical authority says: "There is hardly a family anywhere in which **Garfield's** does not often take the place of the Family Physician, for practically everyone suffers at times from disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels. Certainly, from no other medicine can such good results be obtained. This herb remedy makes people well and thus greatly increases their capacity for enjoying life; it is good for young and old."

A fellow may have a turning point in his life without being a crank.

MRS. H. F. ROBERTS

Says to All Sick Women: "Give Mrs. Pinkham a Chance, I Know She Can Help You as She Did Me."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: The world praises great reformers; their names and names are in the ears of everybody and the public press helps spread the good tidings. Among them all Lydia E. Pinkham's name goes to posterity."



MRS. H. F. ROBERTS, County President of W. C. T. U., Kansas City, Mo.

with a softly breathed blessing from the lips of thousands upon thousands of women who have been restored to their families when life hung by a thread, and by thousands of others whose weary, aching limbs you have quickened and whose pains you have taken away.

"I know whereof I speak, for I have received much valuable benefit myself through the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and for years I have known dozens of women who have suffered with displacement, ovarian troubles, ulcerations and inflammation who are strong and well to-day, simply through the use of your Compound."—Mrs. H. F. ROBERTS, 1404 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine. Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass.

Capsicum Vaseline

Put up in Collapsible Tubes.

A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain allaying and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and into each and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Price, 15 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail.

No article should be accepted by the public unless the name carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

CHEESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., 17 State Street, New York City.

GREATEST GUN BARGAINS IN YEARS. \$18.00 GUN FOR \$11.95.
Owing to the very excellent reputation we find we have **GIWS**, **SMELLS** and **SPRINTING** goods are proposed to make some which will save you every article as rep. The above gun is a Remington-Union Remington pattern frame, a gun exactly as the picture above (from a photograph) shows for \$18.00 sent to any part of the U. S. on receipt of \$11.95 balance C. O. D., subject to inspection. We are the largest and cheapest sporting goods house in the world, forty-five years in business; reference, any bank or express company. Complete Gun Catalogue mailed free.

SMELZER ARMS CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Thrown From His Cab and Killed.

The following is a most interesting and, in one respect, pathetic tale:—
Mr. J. Pope, 42 Ferrar Road, Streatham England, said:

"Yes, poor chap, he is gone, dead—horse bolted, thrown off his seat on his cab he was driving and killed—poor chap, and a good sort too, mate. It was him, you see, who gave me the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil that made a new man of me. 'Twas like this: me and Bowman were great friends. Some gentleman had given him a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which had done him a lot of good; he only used half the bottle, and remembering that I had been a martyr to rheumatism and sciatica for years, that I had literally tried everything, had doctors, and all without benefit, I became discouraged, and looked upon it that there was no help for me. Well," says Pope, "I can't believe me, for it is a miracle, but before I had used the contents of the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which poor Bowman gave me, I was a well man. There it is, you see, after years of pain, after using remedies, oils, embrocations, horse liniments, and spent money on doctors without getting any better, I was completely cured in a few days. I bought another bottle, thinking the pain might come back, but it did not, so I gave the bottle away to a friend who had a lame back. I can't speak too highly of this wonderful pain-killer."

Rub the inner casing of windows that show up and down hard with a little hard soap; treat bureau drawers in the same way.

Speedy Unloading of Baggage.

An ingenious time saving appliance for transshipping mails and baggage in connection with the cross-channel service has been brought into operation at Dover, England. The appliance is in the form of an endless traveling platform and is worked by electricity. It brings packages of any weight ashore at the rate of one in 15 seconds. Some of the packages unloaded recently weighed seven hundred weight, and required four men to lift them, but they were brought ashore as easily as a handbag. The transshipment was performed in less than half the usual time.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with **PURMAN** Fadeless Dyes. Sold by all druggists.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh of the Genitalia.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reliable physicians, as the damage they will do is too great to be repaired by any possible good they may possibly derive from them. **Hall's Catarrh Cure**, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying **Hall's Catarrh Cure** be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle. **Hall's Family Pills** are the best.

Among the 282 medical journals published in the United States twenty-eight are devoted exclusively to hygiene.

WORLD'S LARGEST TABLELAND.

On It Is Located the Greatest Part of Thibet.

The bulk of Thibet is the Chang, or Great Thibetan plateau, the highest as well as the largest tableland on the earth. An idea of its elevation may be obtained from the statement of Captain Hamilton Bower, one of the most highly regarded of recent authorities: "From the end of June until the middle of November the average altitudes of our camp were over 16,000 feet, the lowest being 14,621 and the highest 18,760 feet. During the period already referred to the enormous stretch of country crossed by Captain Bower's party did not show a single tree and only two species of shrub, and these rarely exceed six inches in height."

Belgium Imitates China's "Cash."

A year ago the Belgian government has resolved to imitate the Chinese "cash" by issuing nickel coins with a hole bored through the middle. It is now announced that the new pieces of 5 and 10 centimes will be ready in a fortnight.

Mexican Postal Drafts.

The postal drafts exchanged between Mexico and the United States amounted to \$33,000 in Mexican money during the first six months of this year.

In the recent German military movements automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles entirely replaced horses in the general staff service.

When You Order Baker's Chocolate or Baker's Cocoa

Baker's Chocolate or Baker's Cocoa examine the package you receive and make sure that it bears the well known trade-mark of the chocolate girl. There are many imitations of these choice goods on the market. A copy of Miss Parloa's choice recipes will be sent free to any housekeeper. Address Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

The Discovery in Palestine of valuable mineral treasures making it probable that there will soon be an industrial awakening of the Holy Land.

In India a box of 720 safety matches imported from Sweden or Belgium can be bought for three cents.

HUNTING THE BOWHEAD

A WHALE'S TEETH WORTH A FORTUNE IN THESE DAYS.

Costly Clothing Manufactured From the Arctic Bowheads—They Have Teeth About Fourteen Feet Long at the Front of Their Mouth—One Set Worth \$20,000.

"There is a certain class of general information not to be found in printed books, and frequently the most intellectual person or even an extensive traveler will surprise you by his ignorance on some subjects," said a seafaring man, as he sat under an awning on the poop deck of a coastwise schooner lying at anchor in the bay. The old salt was in a talkative mood. Cigars had just been passed around and the jovial and weather-beaten sailor readily acceded to the requests of the crowd to go on with his yarn.

"Probably many of the ladies who appear on the streets of Charleston today attired in elegant silks and satins," he continued, "are not aware that the material from which their costly clothing was manufactured came from the teeth of the Arctic Ocean bowhead whales, and that hundreds of men are every year risking life and limb to supply the ever-increasing demand for this expensive article. Possibly you may not know that the bowhead whales are to be found only in the Arctic ocean and that they are the only whales from which the well-known whalebone is taken. This bone is the same that was formerly used in umbrellas and corsets and was not until a few years back thought to be of any special value. A great many people think this whalebone is the bone of the fish's body, whereas it is only its teeth. The body bones are not, nor have they ever been, used in any manner whatever. These teeth are about fourteen feet long at the front of the mouth, and gradually taper back until only a few inches in length. The longest are about eighteen inches in width and half an inch thick, the other proportionately smaller. The bowhead whale's tooth is of a very fine fibre so tightly woven together as to closely resemble a solid substance. The whale has only an upper set of teeth, which are not used for masticating the food. The big fish takes in great quantities of water through its mouth and spouts it out high in the air through a small opening on the back close to the head. One edge of the tooth is fringed by some three or four inches of unwoven fibre, which serves to strain the water as it comes through, thus catching the small bugs and insects of which the monster's food consists. The bowheads are the only species that have this sort of teeth. The teeth of all other species are of ivory. Some ten years ago a Frenchman named Jehu La Coste discovered that the fibre of whalebone could be woven into a much finer grade of silk than that of any previously put on the market. Immediately the price of whalebone rose to a very high figure, and is still increasing every year. There are, on an average, 2000 pounds of this bone to a whale, which brings \$12 per pound, wholesale. The teeth of a single whale are worth about \$20,000. When the teeth are taken from the whale the carcass is cut loose from the ship and allowed to float away. No Arctic whalers care for the oil; the sperm whalers, who go down in the South seas, supply the oil market.

"A poor sailor's life is a thankless task at best, but the brave fellows who go up in the Arctic regions and undergo the terrible sufferings and hardships of the frigid climate, of which the world knows and hears nothing, have to sing their praises themselves, if their praises are sung at all. Whale fishing is one of the most hazardous occupations a person can pursue and there are probably more lives lost every year in this industry than in any other occupation in the world. This statement is true in regard to the South Seas, where the weather is always mild and pleasant, but more especially does it apply to the frozen waters of the Arctic Ocean. Going out in small boats chasing whales frequently from eight to ten hours in weather often as cold as 15 deg. below zero, is not so pleasant. But in spite of all this there is a certain fascination and a subtle charm about it that makes the life of a whaler the most difficult thing imaginable to swear off after once getting into it.

"I spent five years in the Arctic Ocean and Behring Sea as third mate aboard a whaling ship from San Francisco. Just now I recall a particularly bitter experience. One morning about 10 o'clock, while cruising along the coast of the Northwest Territory we discovered a school of whale some two or three miles off our lee bow. Immediately all seven boats were lowered away. The weather was bitterly cold, 23 deg. below zero, and a very dangerous, choppy sea had been fanned up by a biting wind from the north. After we were out about half an hour the breeze began to increase and the sea so high that I had to take down the mainsail and jib of our whale boat and set the storm sail. Presently we saw a whale "blow" directly off our weather beam, about a half mile away. Instantly I brought the tiller to starboard and eased off the sheet. As soon as the wind got astern of us our little boat leaped forward like a frightened deer. Almost before we knew it the whale loomed up in full view only a few yards ahead. The monster fish presented a formidable appearance as he lay up close to the surface, spouting fountains of spray high in the air. Only a portion of his head and back was visible, but it was enough to convince us that we

had a worthy foe to contend with.

The whale had evidently not seen us, as he still lay very quiet. I decided to take advantage of his ignorance of our close proximity and sail clear over his body, allowing the harpooner to strike as we passed over. This was a perilous thing to do, but we did it and got over safe and sound, but what followed close upon this daring feat to boat sailing shows where the danger of whale fishing comes in.

"As we skimmed over the big fish's back the harpooner presented him with the shaft and an electric bomb at the same time, holding the former in his right hand and the latter in his left. The first thing that I can distinctly recall as happening after we landed safely on the other side was a terrible crash, mingled with a loud yell of pain from one of the crew. I felt myself suddenly shoot upward into the air and then land with a splash in the water. I was heavily loaded down with clothing, and how I contrived to keep myself afloat as long as I did is a mystery. After a few minutes I began to grow weak from exertion, and had almost despaired of making any further efforts to save myself when suddenly I felt something grasp me by the arm, and the next thing I knew I was in the bottom of another boat, piled up with several figures as wet as mine. This is all I can remember plainly, for as soon as I was taken out of the water into the cold air I began to grow drowsy. I fell asleep and when I woke up I was in the engine room of the ship with a man at each of my wrists rubbing vigorously, and the skipper standing over me. Imagine my feelings at once more getting into a good, warm bunk. I soon sank into a delicious sleep, and as the icy waters of the Arctic splashed against the good ship's sides and the cold north wind whistled through her pitch pine spars, I lay dreaming of home and friends thousands of miles away.—Charleston News and Courier.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Samuel Peck, farmer, of Rush county, Ind., and his son Edward, while plowing in a field recently, captured a double headed snake. The reptile was perfect in every way with the exception of the heads, which were joined ferri-like. Each had two eyes and each was provided with a mouth.

The mule drivers who take their animals across the South American Andes always cover the eyes of the mules with a poncho while they put on the heavy loads. If they could see, they would be unmanageable; but blindfolded they meekly accept their burdens and start on the journey without protest.

An English gentleman's daily reading area covered no fewer than five newspapers in the morning, together with five in the evening. Sandwiched between the two batches of journals he was in the habit of reading some four or five periodicals, "humorous, illustrated and social. Moreover, he devoured two novels from the circulating library per week, so that altogether his powers of concentration must have been as great as they were abnormal.

St. Andrew was taken as the patron saint of Scotland because his cross (the cruz decussata—X) appeared in the sky to Achaulus, King of Scots, and Hungus, King of the Picts, the night before their battle with Athelstane, King of the Saxons, early in the 10th century (Achaulus died 919). The northern kings vowed to adopt the cross as their emblem, and the saint as their patron if they won a victory; and being victorious, they kept their vows, and worshipped at St. Andrew's shrine.

A mare, the property of an English farmer, has given birth to a foal with characteristics. The hind legs are perfect, but on one of the forelegs is a cloven hoof, while on the other there is a kind of double hoof. One of its ears resembles that of a cow. The foal is alive and doing well. A remarkable turkey was hatched at East End farm, Stomham Aspell, Suffolk, Eng. the other day. It had two bodies, four wings, four legs and an abnormal head. It had only a short lived existence.

There is an extraordinary young man now traveling about the country. His name is R. H. Mack, and he is seemingly possessed of a wonderful power, by which he defies the law of gravity in one way, and that is in regard to his foothold on the earth. When he doesn't want to be lifted off his feet nobody can move him. He weighs only 120 pounds and when he does not wish to be lifted he places one finger on the neck of the man who wants to lift him and another on the wrist. The mysterious force then begins to work, and, try as he will, the experimenter always fails to move Mack an inch. If he puts his hands on the head of a small boy the boy sticks to the earth, no matter how hard any one may try to lift him. Mack has demonstrated his power before some eminent scientists including Charcot in Paris and Virchow in Berlin, but they could give no reason for the young man's strange power.

Had Children to Burn.

A group of children having a strong family likeness were playing together on the sands at Seabright with perfect disregard of the sunshine beating down on their heads. An old lady with an umbrella and a dog passed by and complimented their fond father.

"Ah, so they are all yours? But aren't you afraid their health will suffer in this horrid glare?"

"Not at all," he replied. "You see I have children to burn."—New York Times.

REQUIESCAT.

Johnny, in his restless roving,
Found a lot of liquid love;
John, the maple syrup loving,
Thought the glue was s'rup, too.
J, no longer now is roving—
He is stuck upon the glue. —Life.

HUMOROUS.

He—Some doctors say kissing is dangerous. She—Well—er—it always does seem to affect my heart.

Mrs. Muggins—Did you ever keep a diary? Mrs. Buggins—Gracious! No. I can't even keep a clock.

Tommy—Pop, what does it mean to walk with a measured tread? Tommy's Pop—A foot at a time, I suppose.

"They say love is blind," remarked the Wise Guy. Ah," chuckled the Simple Mug; "that's maybe the reason why lovers make themselves spectacles."

Nell—We were standing in the moonlight on the edge of a precipice, and he said if I refused him he would throw himself over. Belle—Oh, that was just a bluff.

"I like your nerve," gasped the beautiful girl, struggling against the inevitable. "And I like your cheek," chuckled the young man as he continued the oscillatory exercises.

Fay—How do you like my new gown? May—It's very pretty. "Do you really think so?" "Yes, indeed; I was just crazy to get one like it when they came into fashion two years ago."

Wigg—Mrs. Henpeckle has a wonderful mind. Wagg—Yes; and an in-exhaustible one. She gives Henpeckle a piece of it every morning, and yet the supply never seems to run out.

"You say you love my daughter," growled the old man. "Have you ever heard her sing?" "No, sir," was the trembling reply. "Then how do you know you love her?" demanded the long-suffering parent.

Student—How would you advise me to go about collecting a library? Professor—Well, I'll tell you how I managed it. When I was young I bought books and lent them; now I borrow books and keep them.

"No, doctor, I won't wear plain spectacles. If I am compelled to wear glasses I'll try goggles." "But, my dear sir, there is nothing fashionable in goggles." "Oh, yes, people will think I run an automobile."

Miss Ann Teek (giddily)—I wonder if there are really any microbes in kisses. Miss Kostigue—What a thoughtful, unselfish creature you are. Always worrying about something dangerous that may happen to other girls.

Bobbs—What are you carrying a gun for? Slobbs—I'm going house-hunting. Bobbs—That's a pretty poor joke. Slobbs—No joke about it. You don't know what these real estate agents might do to you if they catch you unarmed.

"Which is one of the slowest things on earth?" asked a school inspector of a boy the other day. "Influenza," remarked the boy. "Influenza," said the inspector, "how do you make that out?" "Because it's so easily caught," promptly answered the boy.

ALARMING THE YOUNG MAN.

Took a Girl Home and Now He Wants Some Advice.

It was the second time that the hero of the story had accompanied the young lady home. She asked him if he wouldn't come in. He said he would. Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down, and left the room.

She was hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and dropping down beside the young man, said:

"I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with our Sarah, he should have my consent."

The young man started with alarm. "She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother, "and whatever is for her happiness is for mine."

"I haven't," stammered the young man.

"Oh, never mind; make no apology. I know you haven't much money, but of course, you'll live in my house."

"I had no idea of—," he began.

"I know you hadn't, but it's all right," continued Sarah's mamma, reassuringly. "With your wages and what the boarders will bring in we shall get along as comfortably as possible."

The young man's eyes stood out like hotpegs, and he rose and tried to say something.

"Never mind about thanks," she cried; "I don't believe in long courtships. The 20th of May is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

"But—but—" he gasped.

"There, there. I don't expect any reply," she laughed. "I'll try and be a model mother-in-law. I believe I'm good-tempered and kind-hearted, though I did once follow a young man a hundred miles with a broomstick for agreeing to marry my daughter and then backing out of the engagement."

She patted him on the head and sallied out.

And now the young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or jump off the nearest bridge.—Tit-Bits.

At Nothing.

"I see your part is described as that of a villain who will stop at nothing."

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "That description is a sad reminder of the frequency with which my salary is liable to halt at zero."—Washington War.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Its Beauty and Its Surpassing Power of Flight.

Henry Hales thus speaks of the "winged jewels" of our gardens.

The brilliant little humming bird. They are called the gems of bird life. They are more. No gems in any diadem sparkle as they sparkle. They flash with a radiance and brilliancy not equaled by any other of nature's brightest jewels, even among the gaudy butterflies. Every change of light or movement reveals a new color on their iridescent feathers, changing like the glint of light on a diamond, but with stronger effect in color. Not known outside of the American continent and its islands, what a surprise they must have been to the early explorers. And they still keep surprising us as new species are discovered. Not many years ago 150 species were supposed to be about the number; now it is nearly 400—about as many as all the species of birds breeding in the United States. What a variety of lovely forms and delicate, fantastic, eccentric freaks in feather, as well as in color—like the unique tropical orchids. Nature seems to exhaust herself in fascinating, delightful oddities. Had they been known in the old-world, fairy-lands, we think they must have figured as aerial sprites, so quickly do they present themselves, so quickly disappear.

We of the chilly north must be satisfied with this one representative of this numerous little family and be thankful for that; and as there is a great similarity in their habits of living, flying, building and feeding, our little ruby-throat must, in a degree, stand as a deputy for all his southern brethren, whom he visits every winter. He sips the charming flowers of the tropics, returning in the spring. He arrives in Florida early in March, gradually going north as the flowers open before him, then going farther north, passing the northern boundary of the United States about the 1st of June, breeding as far north as the Saskatchewan plains, west to the Missouri valley and Texas. Some of them remain in Florida.

The flight of this little bird is more remarkable than that of the eagle. We can understand the flapping of the eagle's immense wing supporting a comparatively light body. But our little bird has a plump body; his wings are not wide, but long, so he must move them rapidly to sustain his weight; and this he can do to perfection. The vibrations of his wings are so rapid as to make them almost invisible. He can use them to sustain himself in mid air, with his body as motionless as if perched on a twig. In this way he can sip the nectar of the delicate, fine stemmed flowers without alighting for a moment. He never alights while so engaged. He moves from flower to flower with a graceful and rapid movement, sometimes chasing away a bee or humming bird moth of which he is very jealous; nor is he much more favorably impressed with any small birds that seem in his way. He knows his power of flight, and he has no fear of any other bird.—St. Nicholas.

What Is a Runaway Horse?

They have nice horses and cattle out West, but they have little ways of their own. For instance, a broken horse out West has points of difference from a broken horse in the East. Some of the saddle horses caused me most unafflicted misery when I had to ride—and it was the same thing with the driving horses. I used to spend my Winters in the East, and when I went back to the ranch I would of course want to hear the latest news about my neighbors—who'd been hanged and the rest. My foreman from Ann Arbor, who wanted to see the Bad Lands and had hired a team, which ran away, smashing things up and breaking the professor's arm. He said that the professor had made a remark which made him look like he didn't mind his saying that he had fallen into a den of sharks—because he knew sharks didn't have dens, and, besides, he didn't charge the professor for the use of the team; what made him hot was the remark that he had foisted on the professor a team of runaway horses. "He had no right to call them that," said the foreman. "One horse had only been driven twice, and could hardly be called a confirmed runaway, and the other—well, there were lots of times when he hadn't run away."—Forest and Stream.

His Prize.

An amusing story, which may perhaps be entirely true, is told of a short sighted but energetic member of the Russian secret police.

He was walking through a little-frequented street of St. Petersburg one night, when he spied, high up on a lamp post, a placard.

"Aha!" he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant, and alert for action. "That's one of those incendiary notices about his majesty the tsar! It must come down at once!"

With some difficulty, being of a stout build, he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. He bore it to the ground, and there, peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read two Russian words, the English equivalent for which is the well-known legend, "Wet Paint."

Easy to Pick Out Your Own.

Tenderfoot (on Texas ranch)—I should think it would be a lot of trouble for a man to pick out his own cattle from among so many.

Cowboy—Oh, that's an easy matter. The trouble begins when he picks out some other man's cattle. S—?—Chicago News.