

I lingered o'er a checker game a night or two ago; The one who played against me seemed to have no ghost of show; I had a bunch of lousy kings that strutted all about; And bullied my opponent's men, who dared not venture out. 'Way over in a corner shrunk a timid little man Who staid right in his station ever since the game began. He watched my crowned heads marching by with banner and with song. And seemed to be discouraged over standing still so long. But pretty soon an opening occurred two blocks away. And not another moment did that little fellow stay. He bounded o'er the board and took three kings in one fell swoop. Then landed in my king-row with a wild, ecstatic whoop.

You've known these quiet fellows that just sat around and thought And never made a noise while the others raged and fought; The whole community had come to think of them as dead. Or else so very near it that their hope of fame had fled. The chaps with recognition for their position pose and strut. And seem to overlook the man who keeps his talker shut. But some day, when 'most every one is looking 't'her way, This quiet fellow sees a chance to break into the play. He reaches out and grabs things that the others had ignored. He puts into the life-game all the energy he'd stored Through all the years of silence. So you'd better not forget The still man in the corner, for he'll reach the king-row yet! —S. W. Gillian, in Los Angeles Herald.

Circumstantial Evidence.

THE Carews had quarrelled. There was no doubt about it. A prolonged fit of "sulks" indulged in by Mrs. Carew because her husband had forgotten a certain commission she had charged him with had culminated in verbal warfare following the removal of the cloth after dinner, and this was followed shortly after by the removal of the master of the house. The act had been preface by a statement on Harry's part that if she was going to sulk all the evening he would go out and amuse himself, and then, hardly giving Millie time to get in a last word Mr. Carew had dashed into the hall, snatched hat and stick and quitted Laburnum Villa, closing the front door behind him with a vigor that shook the whole house.

each other under the ornamental gas bracket. "I must have a few words with you," said Millie. Miss Forbes, without answering, led the way into an empty sitting room, then coldly addressed the visitor. "What have you to say to me?" "Are you engaged to Mr. Carew?" burst out Millie. The girl flushed hotly. "Yes, but who are you, and why do you ask?" "Because I have every right to ask. Because he is deceiving you. Because he is my husband." "Your husband?" Doris stared at the strange young lady who made this astounding statement. "Oh, no! you must be mistaken." Millie thrust the letter before the other's eyes. "You know your own letter, don't you? Well, I found it half an hour ago in my husband's great coat pocket."

When perfectly convinced that she had driven him off the premises, Millie repented with the thoroughness that marked all her actions; she ran into the hall and opened the front door, in the vague hope that Harry was within calling distance, but there was nothing but darkness to be seen, and she reluctantly closed it again. And Harry had gone out without his great coat—he would catch cold, be very ill, perhaps die, and she would be responsible; the tears came into her eyes at this train of thought, and she felt herself the wickedest woman in London.

"There must be some mistake. Have you got the envelope?" "Harry Carew, of the Acanthus Club, is my husband; he married me a little over a month ago," replied Millie, producing the envelope. "I can't believe it," said Doris, slowly, but she had grown very pale; "it seems so impossible—and yet—"

As she stood remorsefully gazing at the garment Harry ought to have been wearing she saw it lacked the top button, and remembered during dinner Harry had said something about a button coming off his great coat. Millie carried the coat into the dining room and fetched her work basket. The button should be put on at once. She laid the coat on a table for greater convenience, and as she did so a letter slid out of the inside breast pocket. Millie picked it up. "Henry Carew, Esq., Acanthus Club, Earl street, W. C., was the inscription, in a feminine hand, and the postmark was on that day, and Harry's excuse for forgetting his commission had been pressure of work at the office; yet he had found time to visit the club. Who was his correspondent?"

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"He certainly ought to tell me; it doesn't look like a business letter," said Millie to herself, and then somehow the letter came out of the envelope. She was only looking for the signature, but the heading first caught her eye, and it was, "My darling Harry." After that it is needless to say she read the letter. The address was 6, Queen Anne Villas, Wellington Road, Kensel Rise.

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"My darling Harry — Your bracelet came by this morning's post; it's just lovely. But you mustn't be so extravagant. Be sure and come this evening to be thanked and scolded by your loving sweetheart. Doris Forbes."

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Milly turned very white and held her breath. What did it mean? She looked again at the address, at the envelope, examined the postmarks. There could be no mistake; the letter was genuine, addressed to Harry, received and read by Harry — Harry, who had married her a little over a month ago.

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Presently she rose to her feet, shaking with emotion. That was where he had gone, to see this Doris Forbes; well, she would follow him, expose him to the innocent girl to whom he was obviously passing as a single man. Sternly repressing a longing to cry, Millie went upstairs and put on her hat and cloak; she would not let herself think of the future, but kept firmly before her the thought of exposing Harry to the girl he was deceiving. With the evidence of his double dealing in her pocket she came downstairs, and leaving the great coat still lying on the table, lacking its top button, she opened the front door and slipped quietly out of the house.

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suggestion that her visitor was crazy might be incorrect. "He's Paul Carew, the junior partner of Stephens & Co., the wool brokers," asked the young man. "Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Carew, eagerly, and in her excitement ungrammatically added, like the monks when they spotted the thieving jackdaw, "that's him!" "But still," continued Miss Forbes's Harry, speaking more to himself than to his eager audience, "that doesn't explain how he got—why, I don't believe this is my coat!"

A UNIQUE WOMAN'S MISSION. Where Deserted Wives and Widows Are Taught a Trade. On the top floor of the New Era building, Halstead street and Blue Island avenue, is one of the most unique institutions in the city. It is known as the "United Hebrew Charities' Workroom." The presiding genius, or more technically, the superintendent, is Mrs. Louisa Mitchell.

He was feeling in the pockets of his overcoat with a puzzled expression, and looking at a season ticket pass drawn from the ticket pocket. "That's Harry's ticket! You've got on his coat," cried Millie, a ray of light illuminating the puzzle, "and he's got yours—but they're exactly alike." "Of course they are," said Harry Carew; "Harry and I patronize the same tailor. He must have been at the club to-day, though I didn't see him, and the waiter mixed up our coats."

This workroom has a unique mission among the poor Jewish women of Chicago. It aims to give employment to deserted wives and dependent widows, who have children to feed and clothe. It seeks to make them self-supporting by teaching them various kinds of needlework. And lastly it endeavors to educate them in the decencies of life, to raise them in their own esteem, and to give them that desire for a certain social standing so essential to the happy woman's make-up.

"You know my husband?" "I should think I do. Why, we're first cousins, and have been great chums till a year ago, when we quarrelled over some trifling matter, and haven't spoken since. I heard he recently married. Hasn't he never told you of his cousin Harry Carew? Fancy that!" "Well, Harry," said Doris, "you've never told me you had a cousin of the same name as yourself."

Every day the rooms are filled with women whose poverty and helplessness are known to Superintendent Edward Rubovits of the United Hebrew Charities. They come at 9 o'clock in the morning and leave at 4 in the afternoon. These hours allow them to complete all their housework before leaving home, and to return in time to prepare the evening meal. The tasks given them are not hard, and in payment each receives seventy-five cents a day. The only drawback to the workroom is that it can accommodate no more than fifty women at a time. The committee must, therefore, perform its duties on principles of scientific charity and according to the means at its disposal. It cannot be generous. It can only be just. In commenting on this Superintendent Rubovits says:

Harry went home with his relation by marriage to fetch his own overcoat and return his cousin's, and then left with a message to his old chum that he would call on him on the morrow at his office and "make up" their quarrel, and presently Mr. Carew returned and Millie made full confession of all that had happened since his departure. So, the moral of it is, never judge by circumstantial evidence. — New York News.

"Our applicants appear in a different attitude from that adopted by those who petition non-Jewish charitable institutions. They demand, where others ask. It is true that our donors were more liberal. The peculiarities may have their origin in that maxim of the Bible: 'For the poor shall never cease out of the land.' And, therefore, the liberality, on the one hand, is greater, and the demands from our people on the other hand, are more persistent.

How to Be Popular. Happiness is never out of place except at funerals. Even then it is better to check it with your coat at the door than to leave it at home. If you have it a stroke of luck see that an account of it is thoroughly circulated. The reputation of being lucky is a powerful magnet if you want a large following of friends. Wear an air of prosperity at all times, even while availing yourself of the bankruptcy law. No one (except your creditors) will think less of you for looking prosperous at such a time.

"Our manner of procedure is easily explained. A case appears and the application is taken. Then an investigation is made. This is done for the purpose of learning the history of the case and to ascertain the causes that prompted the person to ask for assistance, and also to enable the members of the committee to form an opinion as to what extent aid should be furnished. Such investigations frequently lead to detection of intended fraud, sometimes to unworthiness.

One of the most important requisites to attain popularity is to dress well. Your jewels may be imitation, but you must have a good tailor. Few can tell the real from the false in the matter of gems, but even a "Buttons" will sneer at your back if your coat has not the proper cut. When you converse let it be lightly about nothing in particular. Remarks that indicate deep thought, sincere sentiment or strong feeling are bad form, and won't be tolerated by fashionable people. If you don't know how to talk without saying something, learn how to listen effectively. There are always plenty of people ready to be enrolled among the friends of a good listener.

"On this latter point I wish to say that the women who are taken into the workroom are all respectable and upright morally. We do not, as a rule, undertake our investigations with the preconceived idea that we shall discover its object to be unworthy. When we do discover it to be such, it is quite accidental, and very disappointing. In that case, of course, the applicant is refused aid. When we have cause merely to suspect that something is wrong, we give the woman the benefit of the doubt until something further develops.

Didn't Know Enough to Retreat. Among the amusing features of the recent nautical war, one incident is recounted by Adjutant-General Thomas Barry, Chief of Staff, as one of the most unusual conflicts in the history of war. Among the points defended by the Army was a signal station on Montauk Point. Here was stationed a horse battery, intended to cover the Signal Corps and also intended to be able to withdraw in case of serious attack. This latter duty was not fully comprehended by the gallant artillerymen. Accordingly, when the Kearsarge, the Alabama, the Brooklyn, the Olympia and all the other big ships of the fleet sailed up and opened their batteries on the signal station, bringing into play every gun, from the 13-inch to the rapid fire ones, the defenders of the shore displayed no intention of retreat.

"Every worthy case is taken up promptly and all possible assistance is granted. The work furnished is chiefly that of making men's neckties for the wholesale establishments. The big manufacturers furnish the material, and pay from fifteen to twenty-five cents a dozen for having the ties made up. — Chicago Chronicle.

Justice. The difference in human opinions resulting from the lack of an absolute standard finds no more perfect example than the practical attempts of men to define justice. One judge at law will sentence a man to a year's confinement in prison for an offense considered by another judge worthy of, say, ten years. The one makes allowance for mitigating circumstances; the other looks at only the offense. Which is the more just? Considering the definition of the word justice, a word best paralleled by equity, surely the beauty of the right dwells with the milder judge. — New York News.

A Hygienic Floor. A germ-proof house is the latest addition to the hygienic terrors of life. It is not yet actually in existence, but medical congresses are busily and even hopefully paving the way for its advent. When it arrives, and we are all thoroughly scientific and uncomfortable, our homes will be single-storied, without stairs, built on gravel soil, destitute of cellars, with concrete and blocks of earthenware "pierced for ventilation" placed under the floor, and the ordinary bricks "will be superseded by glazed and tightly fitting hygienic brick." The roof will be tiled, not slated, and the windows will reach from top to bottom of the walls. The dining table will be of polished mahogany, the chairs cushionless or stuffed with medicated wool. The walls ought to be made of a cement that takes a high polish, can be stained to any color, and washed frequently. Curtains and draperies of all kinds will be abolished; pictures will be permitted only when let into the cement wall; for artistic touches we shall be depending on "plants of the India rubber and eucalyptus type." In no room will there be corners to harbor dust and bacteria, and the skirting will always curve into the hardwood parquet floors, instead of striking them at right angles. — London Chronicle.

Sucking Poisonous Wounds. Among all people the sucking of the wound has ever been considered the most effective remedy of immediate application for snake bites. In Africa a cupping arrangement is employed in emergencies of the kind to draw out the poisoned blood. The ancients followed the same methods, and when Cato made his famous expedition through the serpent-infested African deserts he employed many savage snake charmers, called "psylli," to follow the army. They performed many mysterious rites over men who were bitten, but the efficacy of their treatment appears to have consisted in sucking the wounds. — London Express.

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OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

An Improvement Suggested. The automobile. To take no chance, Should always carry An ambulance. — Washington Star.

Scarcely Courteous Himself. Newrich—"I have no time for any thing common." Wigwag—"No; not even common courtesy." — Philadelphia Record.

True Disinterestedness. While clearing the kitchen Jane picked up a stick and was about to throw it out of doors. "Oh, don't throw that away; that's mamma's stick to whip me with," cried the small boy of the house. — New York Sun.

An Omen. Wealthy American Father-in-Law—"I find, Count, you did not tell me the full extent of your debts." Count Boylon de Bakkovitsnek—"And you did not tell me, Sarc, ze full extent of Mademoiselle's temper." — Chicago Tribune.

Not Ready to Return. "Ah," he sighed, "I was happier when I was poor." "Well," they answered coldly, "it is always possible for a man to become poor again." But somehow the idea did not seem to impress him favorably. — Chicago Post.

A Horticultural Sweetheart. "Did Biffkins ever tell you about his love affair?" "Oh, yes. When he first met the girl he thought she was a peach, and she soon became the apple of his eye, but he learned that she didn't give a fig for him, so it soon became a case of sour grapes." — Toledo Bee.

No Joke Either Way.



"It must be horrible to be buried alive." "Well, it's no joke to be buried dead, either." — Ainslee's Magazine.

The Poet's Explanation. "What do you mean by 'embers of the dying year?" asked the poet's wife. "Why, Nov-ember and Dec-ember, of course, my dear," replied the long-haired one with a fiendish grin. — Chicago News.

Special Inducements to Liberty. "What are your rates?" asked the prospective victim of the lady fortune teller. "I can't afford to tell you anything but disaster for fifty cents," replied the lady, "but for \$1 I'll agree to tell you a good fortune with no bad luck in it." — Ohio State Journal.

Good as Any. Managing Editor—"Well, what's the trouble?" Assistant—"The beauty editor is away, and a woman writes to know what to do with a wrinkle in her forehead." Managing Editor—"Tell her to putty it up and forget it." — San Francisco Chronicle.

A Complexion Improver. Mrs. Earlybird—"This is a pretty state of things. Here I have to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning to let you in." Mr. Earlybird—"All on your account, my dear. I read in a paper the other day that nothing improves a woman's complexion so much as early rising." — New York News.

Columbus and the Hoe. Columbus was pleading his cause before Ferdinand and Isabella. "Westward, ho," he exclaimed, "is the course of my voyage." "Ah," interposed the fair Queen, "then you are the original 'Man With the Hoe.'" Crestfallen at this comment, the great navigator took out his maps and began to mark 'em. — New York Sun.

Exceedingly Strange Conduct. Carr—"Meekton was arrested last night while taking a spin on his new automobile." Motorleigh—"What for?" Carr—"Acting suspiciously." Motorleigh—"How's that?" Carr—"Why, he wasn't going more than six miles an hour, had his lamps lighted, kept sounding his gong at all crossings, and hadn't even run over a dog." — Puck.

Yale's golf team beat the New Haven (Conn.) Country Club by 29 holes to 2. Paul Dushie will umpire and Matthew McClung referee the Harvard-Yale game. Katherine A. has trotted the fastest race on record for a two-year-old at Lexington, Ky. W. J. Clothier, of Harvard University, has won the intercollegiate tennis championship at Philadelphia. Martin J. Sheridan has equalled the world's record (his own) with the discus at the Belleville (N. J.) games. James R. Keene has engaged Jockey Lucien Lyne for next season at a salary of \$20,000, the highest ever paid on the American turf.

Fourteen yearlings and two-year-olds are being sent to Newmarket, England, by Messrs. J. R. and F. P. Keene, in charge of M. M. Allen, who will train them there. The Jockey Club of Paris has withdrawn the licenses of the American jockeys, Milton Henry and J. Rieff, excluding them from riding on any French racecourse. Rhythmic, the blina trotter, who was recently cut down in a race at Lexington, has won \$21,250 in purses this season. This is the largest amount captured by any trotter.

John M. Ward, the once famous baseball player, is becoming quite as famous in golfing circles. He has won many valuable prizes and is now the champion of Staten Island. A Western statistician has taken the trouble to arrange tables that show that in the United States there are more than 14,000 football teams, and something over 200,000 players. As yet this statement has not been disputed. A formidable invasion of the British Isles by prominent American athletes next spring has been determined upon by Ernest Hjertberg, the Columbia trainer. Hjertberg has a financial guarantee sufficient to cover all the necessary expenses of his team.

Odd Bridal Customs. There used to be a custom of strewing flowers before the bridal couples as they went to the church and from the church to the house. Suppose the way with fragrant herbs were strewing. All things were ready, we to the church were going, And now suppose the priest had joined our hands, Is a quaint old verse that refers to this custom. The Persians introduce a tree at their marriage feasts laden with fruit, and it is the place of the guests to try to pluck this without the bridegroom observing. If unsuccessful they must present the bridal couple with a gift a hundred times the value of the object removed. In Tuscan brides wear jasmine wreaths, and there is a legend that a once reigning duke, who at great expense procured this flower for his own particular garden, gave orders to his gardener not to part with any flowers or clippings; but the gardener, who was in love, took a sprig to his sweetheart as a gift. She, being abroad, planted it and raised from it several small plants, which she sold to the duke's snavious neighbors at a great price. In a short time she had saved sufficient money to enable her lover and herself to marry and start housekeeping, and so the Tuscan has a saying that "the girl worthy of wearing the jasmine wreath is rich enough to make her husband happy."

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds. — N. W. BARDELL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900. The experience that makes a man poorer should also make him wiser. Money refunded for each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES if unsatisfactory. Repentance is too often embodied in the words: "What will people think?"

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