

SHOW YOUR PLUCK.

Never like to see a feller... Show a lack o' manly pluck...

Half the soul-enthralin' troubles... That a skeered-up mortal sees...

Weakness never won a battle... Cowardice can't score a pint...

In a word, despairin' brother... When the clouds obscure your sun...

A Stratagem That Failed.

By P. Beaufoy.

THROUGHOUT the entire course of my criminal career... which has included all sorts...

most expensive in the hotel, but that detail did not trouble me at all... seeing that I did not contemplate waiting...

Early in September, 1885, I found myself sitting in my den in St. Giles... discussing the state of our mutual finances...

We lunched in the great hostelry... my chum, of course, taking his meal at the servants' table...

"Hev'rythin's played out and hover-dome," he remarked in a gloomy tone... "and that's the bloom'n' truth..."

Messrs. Stoner & Sons' establishment was a huge double-fronted shop... containing more wealth in the shape of precious stones...

"I quite agree with you," I replied... "but I fancy that I am on the verge of effecting a coup..."

When I had sustained the farce long enough I shrugged my shoulders disconsolately and observed: "Really, I don't care to decide on anything without consulting my wife..."

"He leaned back and peered at me cynically... 'Twould suit me down to the ground, gov'nor..."

"We could send around an assortment by one of our people, if you like, sir," he remarked affably...

"By a means which is simplicity itself," I returned slowly... "and if you will listen for a few minutes I think you will agree with me..."

"Thank you very much, sir. The messenger shall wait on you at the time you name." He bowed politely...

"All right, gov'nor; fire away and hunkoff your tale, as the song sez," he muttered...

"How me, gov'nor," he muttered... "if you ain't a werry Nerpoleon o' dooplicity..."

"I propose to take a suite of rooms at the Hotel Recherche," I began... speaking in a slow, deliberate voice...

"It's in the sittin' room. Hev'rythin's as right as a trivet, gov'nor... and if the job falls through it won't be along of any want o' forethought..."

"I see," he replied, nodding his large head... "and when the chap comes round with the stuff you'll just knock him on the head..."

"Good!" I cried; "and now there is nothing to be done but to await the arrival of Messrs. Stoner's man..."

"Your surmise is perfectly correct except in one detail," I made answer; "I shall not knock him on the head..."

At a quarter past five a waiter entered and informed me that the jeweler's assistant was below... "Show him up," I replied smartly...

"Oh, are you goin' to dispose of the stuff?" he asked, as he eyed me narrowly... "Nothing will be easier. Our friend Groby, at Amsterdam, will discount the stones for us..."

Marvelous progress has been made in marine architecture and equipment within the past few years... "Good afternoon, sir," he said softly...

"Er—look here," I said, addressing the youth; "just examine this brooch... Is not the stone badly set?"

He obeyed silently. Whilst he was untying the string Basting walked into the room and busied himself with some imaginary work in order to account for his presence...

"Ow are you goin' to dispose of the stuff?" he asked, as he eyed me narrowly... "Nothing will be easier. Our friend Groby, at Amsterdam, will discount the stones for us..."

Nearly half the boys in New Orleans are catching lizards and making good pocket money by doing so... "Er—look here," I said, addressing the youth...

"Ow are you goin' to dispose of the stuff?" he asked, as he eyed me narrowly... "Nothing will be easier. Our friend Groby, at Amsterdam, will discount the stones for us..."

He was all attention in a moment, and Basting, having overheard the preconcerted signal, crept up behind him, pressed a chloroformed handkerchief to his nose, and dragged him to the ground...

"Ow are you goin' to dispose of the stuff?" he asked, as he eyed me narrowly... "Nothing will be easier. Our friend Groby, at Amsterdam, will discount the stones for us..."

The young man struggled helplessly for a few seconds, and then with a heavy sigh became unconscious... Without a moment's delay I grabbed the stones and placed them in the small bag...

Domestic Training For Girls.

By Mrs. Coulter, of the Utah Legislature.



OUR girls need domestic training at school because they have, with new school methods and the present social life, little time at home for such work...

War, the Geographer.

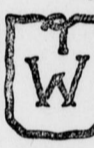
By Frank Munsey.



BEFORE these troubles in Venezuela how many of us thought of the country save as a patch of color on the map? How many were cock-sure as to the spelling of Caracas?...

Manhood Higher Than Money

By Edwin Markham.



WE are making remarkable progress in wealth-gathering, yet one thing is certain—we shall reach no enduring greatness until we make manhood stand higher than money...

Permissible Recreations and Amusements

By Hamilton W. Mabie, Author and Critic.



PLAY is as much a man's duty as work. Our taste for play and the intelligent selection of proper forms of recreation have never been sufficiently developed...

The Funny Side of Life.

HIS SUIT. She smiled upon his suit, Oh, lucky, lucky lad! She smiled upon his suit, And yet he was not glad.

AS WE TALK. Hoax—"I just heard some news that seems too good to be true." Joak—"That's too bad."—Philadelphia Record.

THE RESPONSIBILITY PLACED. "So their marriage was a failure." "Not at all. Marriage is all right. It was the man and the woman who were failures."—Philadelphia Press.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.



Lawyer—"What is your business?" Witness—"I am a conductor." Lawyer—"Railway, musical or light-nig?"—New York Journal.

HAS HIS DOUBTS. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well," said the man who quotes. "Not at the bottom of an oil well, I'll bet," snarled the man who had invested.—Baltimore Herald.

IMPROVED. Purchaser—"So this is an improved typewriter?" Agent—"Yes; if you don't know how to spell a word there is a key that will make a blot."—Philadelphia Record.

HOMER'S GOOD POINT. "I see that Andrew Carnegie thinks Homer didn't amount to much, after all." "That's queer. Surely Homer must have had one good point in Andy's estimation. He didn't die rich."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CRAFT WINS. "How did you ever manage to get on the good side of that crusty old uncle of yours?" asked Pan. "Fed him the things he liked when he came to visit us," replied Nan. "The good side of any man is his inside."—Chicago Tribune.

TEST OF ALTRUISM. Little Willie—"Pa, what's an altruist?" His Father—"A man, my child, who carries his umbrella all day without using it, and then is glad it didn't rain on account of the people who had no umbrellas with them."—Judge.

EITHER WAY. "How sad Miss Foriston looks," remarked the guest sympathetically. "Yes, poor thing," replied her hostess, "she was disappointed in love." "And who is that awfully sour looking woman?" "Oh, that is Mrs. Ketcham. She was disappointed in marriage."—New York Sun.

HIS FALL. "Speaking of bad falls," remarked Jiggers, "I fell out of a window once and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought of every mean act I ever committed in my life." "H'm," growled Jiggins, "you must have fallen an awful distance."—New York Sun.

THE EASIEST WAY.



Maid—"Phwat name did ye say, sor?" Visitor—"Herr von Vanderscmerctoochehelm." Maid—"Yes, sor. Will ye please walk up stairs an' an' bring it wid ye?"—Scraps.

A NATION'S BLUFF. "Do you want war?" asked the prime minister. "Certainly not," answered the king. "Then why do you assume such a defiant and bellicose attitude?" "Because I have reason to suspect that the other country is even more averse to war than I am."—Washington Star.