

THE FUEL HOUR.

When a woman is but a thing
For a man to fondle and pet,
Let her dance and sing—
Her hour is not yet.

The Elimination of Jimmy the Lift.

AY, Cap! There was more than a shade of annoyance in the tones of Detective Sergeant Brannan, and the Captain looked up, "Jimmy, the Lift is back again."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Captain, or something that sounded like that.

"They let him off the Island two days ago," Brannan continued, in explanatory fashion.

"Well, what did he say?" asked the Captain, who had acquired some of Brannan's annoyance.

"Oh, he claims he's going to reform," says he's going to get a job and work on the level."

"Yes, he knows that by heart. How many times have we had him in here, do you think?" the Captain asked, with evident curiosity.

"I don't know. He had a record before I came to Headquarters, and I've brought him in regular every holiday and every other chance I got for ten years," Brannan spoke in weary tones.

"And to my remembrance," the Captain took up the narrative, "he's been tried about ten times and cost the country a barrel of money and has been sent up only once."

"That's it. First conviction this time. Been doing business right along, but we can't get him with the goods. Blessed nuisance," Brannan delivered judgment with disgust.

"Well, bring him in that time you see him," said the Captain. "Well, see if we can't think up some game to get rid of him."

"That is why Jimmy the Lift," suddenly ceasing his arduous task of working himself into the midst of a crowd on a Broadway car, looked up to find the well-known features of Detective Sergeant Brannan set benignly above him.

"It was a shock to Jimmy," because just then he was engaged in private business in which he did not wish any of his acquaintances to participate. It is to be suspected that that business had to do with the stout gentleman who had carelessly put a comfortable roll of bills into his waistcoat pocket after paying his fare.

"Why, hello, Sarge!" There was every accent of pleasure in Jimmy's voice, although it is to be feared that his eyes expressed something else.

"Nice, bracing weather, isn't it?" "Yes, quite; but if people ain't strong they oughtn't to be out in it," Brannan had a fund of sarcasm when necessary, and Jimmy felt that he was being made the target of it.

"Now, that's unkind," he said soothingly. "You know I ain't doing a thing."

"Well, anyway, the Captain wants to see you," retorted Brannan, a remark that gave little room for discussion, and made it sufficiently evident to Jimmy that it was intended he should follow when Brannan began edging to the door. He followed, but injustice welled within him, and all the way to the yellowish white building in Mulberry Street he protested his innocence.

"Sorry, old man, but I can't help it," was all that Brannan would say. "The Captain's wanted you had all day."

"Good Lord! What he does he want me for? I ain't doing nothing." But Brannan would only elapse into deeper silence.

There was much for Jimmy to think about when he got to the Central Office at last. He knew the place well, for he had been there many times, but he never had been treated in just the fashion that marked his reception in this instance. There was a marked deference among those who had dealings with him such as he had never known to be employed toward a mere pickpocket before. He was kept in the outer room while Brannan saw the Captain. Then the Captain walked out and looked at him in silence and then he was taken out and down into the basement and locked in one of the strongest cells.

"Good Lord, what is it?" he asked in awed tones, as Brannan looked all about the cell to see that it was secure and that there was nothing in it which might be used to aid in escape or anything else.

"You'll find out in the morning," was all that Brannan would say, as he walked out and gave the policeman in charge instructions to keep his eye on that cell.

So Jimmy sat on his cot away into the hours of the night, his shifty eyes trying to centre themselves on some place in the cell and his thoughts trying to collect themselves into some harmonious condition. It did not decrease his wonder any when his jailer gave him such a dinner as he had never before enjoyed in prison and responded only with mysterious silence when he ventured to ask questions. He went to bed at last, but his mind kept working, and there were but few moments when he slept soundly.

It was a haggard Jimmy, then, who was taken up into the long room in the Central Office next morning to face the detectives assembled there. He had not been able to eat much breakfast, although a sumptuous one was provided. He did not feel any better either—for the mystery was

deepening—when he found himself standing with men whom he had considered far above him in his chosen field of life. He grew positively faint when one detective after another, men who had known him for almost a score of years, came up and scrutinized him closely as though they had never seen him before. When he was finally led up to the room to be placed under the hands of the man who keeps the measure of the heads of those who are at odds with the law he was almost too weak to walk.

"Say, you've got mine," he mumbled to Brannan.

"I know," returned Brannan gently, as he placed him in the hands of the measurer, "but that was only a pick-pocket."

"Jimmy's" brain was working as it had never worked before when the examination was finally over and he was taken down stairs again and led into the Captain's room. This was another honor he had never known before, one accorded only to the men who do momentous things. He was overwhelmed. His sharp eyes tried to dig into the brains of the impassive Brannan and the equally impassive Captain, but they could not. The Captain gave him one long, searching stare, then took up some papers on his desk and looked them over, glancing up now and then at Jimmy.

"Great Heavens, Captain, what is it?" he faintly cried, when he could stand it no longer.

"Come, now, don't give us any of that. You'd better make a clean breast of it and throw yourself on the mercy of the court." The Captain spoke sternly.

"But I ain't—"

"Shut up!" said the Captain. "We know what you've done."

"So Jimmy" said, his brain awfully while the Captain's eyes seemed to search him through and through. Detectives brought in other men, and he was stood up with them, and a man came in and looked them over and picked him out, saying:

"That's the man!"

It almost fell to the floor. His eyes were starting from his head, every bit of strength in his body seemed to be coozing out when they let him drop into a chair.

"I'm surprised at you, Jimmy," finally spoke up the Captain, when the others had gone. "I thought you stuck to the pickpocket game. I wouldn't have looked for you in this Harrison deal if everything wasn't such a cinch against you."

"The Harrison case!" Jimmy gasped. He had read all about it in the morning newspapers the day before—how a sneak thief caught in a house shot down a man, and the whole police force of the city was on the lookout for his slayer.

"Cap, you're kidding," he finally gasped, though his tongue seemed double its size and his mouth and throat were parched.

"Not a bit of it. No use trying to skin out of it," said the Captain. "We've got plenty of evidence, and you've been identified by the man who saw it done. Sorry, but I guess you'll have to go to the chair."

"God above, Cap, you know I didn't do it. You know I couldn't do it. It ain't in my line. I never knew how."

"Jimmy" was groveling on the floor, gripping the Captain's knees with his hands. The policeman only looked at him sternly and rang a bell that brought a policeman.

"Take him down to court and ask them to bind him over another day as a suspicious person," the Captain ordered. The policeman lifted him up and half dragged him out through the office. He managed to walk after that as they went out and up the street and took a car leading down the Bowery. The policeman had put on handcuffs that bound the two together, though it was scarcely noticeable to others on the car.

They stood on the rear platform. There were tears in Jimmy's eyes as he passed places that he knew. He was just beginning to realize the horror of the whole thing and the possibility that he might, after all, be sent to the electric chair—for he knew the police could do strange things when they had a mind bent that way.

He had just reached the conclusion that he was in a very serious situation when something happened. He felt the handcuff that held him to the policeman give on his wrist. He looked down. The steel band was open. He waited a moment until the policeman looked the other way. Then he gave a quick jerk, was off the car like a flash, and was racing down the Bowery. Before anybody had time to raise a cry he was through a dark doorway that he knew led to freedom.

Somewhere, perhaps, an unhappy man is wandering longing for the Bowery. Maybe detectives in other cities are puzzling their wits over the work of one of the cleverest pickpockets that ever stole a woman's handbag. But New York knows Jimmy the Lift no more and Sergeant Brannan and the Captain smile whenever his name is mentioned.—New York Times.

In Johannesburg. Housewives who complain about the "price of things," may bless their stars that they are not in Johannesburg. From a letter recently received is taken the following: "The hens at Madra provide us with so-called 'fresh eggs,' which we get retailed to us at \$1.08 a dozen; new-laid eggs, when you are fortunate enough to get any, are from \$1.70 to \$1.90 a dozen. Somehow the hens very much neglect their obvious duty here. Mutton is sold at thirty cents a pound, hungry-looking fowls \$2 each, and turkeys about \$15 each."—Chicago News.

Widowhood. The sparkle which goes out of widowhood partly returns to widowhood.—New York Press.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



WHEN BEDTIME COMES.

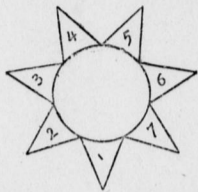
Just when I'm having such good times
I never had before,
With all my playthings spread around me
On table, chairs and floor;
When it's dark under the sofa back
And black dark under the stair,
And I wonder what strange animals
Perhaps are lurking there;

Outside the window by my crib
I see the sky all red,
Where the poor old sun, like me, I s'pose,
Has been carried off to bed.
He never sees the fireless dance,
Or hears the whirring mill;
He never sees the rockets dart
Straight up from Signal Hill;
He never sees the star eyes wink
Open, one by one.
I wonder now who says to him,
'It's bedtime, son.'
—Youth's Companion.

THE STOLEN LACE.

A workman reared a young blackbird, not shutting her into a cage, but letting her fly in and out at the windows. When she was a year old, one spring morning she appeared with a mate, who, seeing how bold his wife was, ventured to perch on the kitchen window-sill, though he could not make up his mind to come any further. The hen-bird chose the kitchen dresser for her home, and built a beautiful nest between two plates which stood on it. The good woman of the house wanted to use her plates, and in taking one down she pulled the nest to pieces. But the blackbird was determined to have her way, and built another in the same place. This time she was left alone. One day the woman, who took in washing, went out for a little while, leaving some lace which she was ironing on the table. She missed it when she came back, and after a time found that Mrs. Blackbird had taken a fancy to it as a bed for her little ones. It was nicely woven in and out, and she was sitting on it in triumph. Leath to disturb her

points to 5 or 1, and there let it lie. Continue in this way, placing letters on vacant points and jumping as in checkers. The letters are to be taken in regular order, and the puzzle is to so place



them that they will still spell the word "redeem" when read around the circles.—New York World.

A GARTER SNAKE'S STORY.

Said Mr. Robin to himself one sunny fall morning: "I'm so glad I decided to build my home beside this girls' college. Girls are always good to birds, and college girls aren't afraid of anything—not even of cats. If I should ever get in trouble I'd just as soon call on a girl to help me as not. There's a dandy girl lives right in front of my house. Her window is near the ground, and she gives me all the crumbs she has left from her spreads." Just then Mr. Robin spied a small garter snake sunning himself. Mr. Robin grew quite excited. "Why, dear me, what a big, fat, long worm! Seems lazy, too! I guess I'll take him to Mrs. Robin. No, I guess I'll eat him myself. Mrs. Robin is getting too fat. I only measure one inch more around the waist than she does. The man of the house should always be much the larger—he owes it to his family." Mr. Robin pounced down on the garter snake, and swallowed the surprised reptile's head, neck and three or four inches of body. The garter snake did not like being swallowed

FIND HER SWEETHEARTS.



Two young men are watching this young lady. Where are they?

pet and yet afraid of offending the lady to whom the lace belonged, the laundress went to its owner and begged her to come and see where it was. I am glad to tell you that, after admiring the little sitter and her home, the lady allowed the bird full possession of the stolen goods till she had reared her young. The male bird did his duty by his family in bringing food for them to the window, whence the hen fetched it. In return for this she would often carry to him some of the food which her friends in the kitchen put upon the table for herself.—The Christian Register.

TRICK WITH PENNY.



Balance a card on your finger with a penny on it and take away the card, leaving the penny. This can be done by striking the card a fair, smart blow with the middle finger of the unengaged hand.

THE STAR PUZZLE.

Print the letters of the word "redeem" on six bits of cardboard; place a letter on any vacant point, as on 2, and jump it over either of the adjacent

STORY OF A HERMIT PRINTER.

His Paper Printed in a Barren Place, Miles From Human Habitations.

Captains Spencer and Shaw, the local United States inspectors of steam boilers and hulls, on a recent trip up to the headwaters of the St. John's River unearthed probably one of the most unique newspaper plants in the State of Florida. The plant was discovered in the midst of a wild, barren country. Captains Shaw and Spencer ran upon the hut in which it was located accidentally. It was the only house, such as it was, within a radius of many miles, and naturally the inspectors thought that they would pay a visit to the tenants. When they entered the front part of the house it seemed as if the place was not occupied, but on going back into a rear room, which had been transformed into a print-shop, they came upon an old man of unkempt appearance, who was bending over a printer's case, evidently busy setting type. The old man had long matted hair, that hung down on his neck and partially concealed his face. His clothes were frayed out and worn. The old man was of kindly visage, however, and stopped in his work to give the visitors a welcome. It required only a few questions to get him started telling about his print-shop. He said that he was getting out a magazine.

He said that the publishing of the paper was his life work. He had settled down in the wilds, bought a small printing outfit, second hand, and spent his days alone at the case or at a desk putting his thoughts into shape. The paper is published once a month at the subscription price of fifty cents a year. The lone printer is unmarried and there is no other human being within several miles of his habitation.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

WISE WORDS.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—Napoleon I.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turn them up.—James A. Garfield.

The crowning fortune to a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness.—Emerson.

Never don't do nothin' which isn't your fort, for if you do you'll find yourself splishin' around in the kumawl, figuratively speakin'.—Artemus Ward.

Never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—Sidney Smith.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every student and pursuit is the quality of attention. I never put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self.—Charles Dickens.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

I never did anything worth doing by accident. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished.—Thomas A. Edison.

Mirth, Not Misery, Loves Company. I have always doubted the proposition that "misery loves company," and have believed that such a statement was first put forth by some arch-hypocrite whose misery was but a pretense, and who was becking some other sham sufferer into a quiet corner where they could both be jovial on the sly.

However slight my knowledge of universal misery may be, I can attest from personal experience that my own misery claims solitude, and slips away all by itself, and turns the key upon the curious world, asking nothing so much to be "let alone." I do not care to weep in company, nor would it cheer me to have a chorus of other weepers to sob in unison with me. Rather would I remain in unmolested wretchedness until my tears had vanished, and my eyes and nose assumed normal appearance.

'Tis mirth, then, and not misery which pines for company. Fun cannot thrive alone, and flourishes only among congenial spirits. Our laughter must be shared, our smiles responded to, and every glance of merriment needs recognition to make it worth the while.—Caroline Ticknor, in The Atlantic.

Picking and Choosing.

Dr. John Bascom, ex-President of the University of Wisconsin, was noted at the university for his absentmindedness. Many stories are told of him in this regard. One of them concerns a reception that he once gave to the students of the freshman class. Lemonade was served in the course of the evening, and when the maid—an innocent creature fresh from Ireland—handed the tray to her master he put out his hand to it, and then, forgetting what he was about to do, he let his fingers play aimlessly for several minutes among the glasses, while he talked warmly upon some subject that much interested him.

But the maid misunderstood Dr. Bascom's hesitation. She thought that she would help him out of it.

"I think this is the largest, sir," she said, and she thrust into his hand the glass that contained the greatest quantity of lemonade.—New York Tribune.

The Cost of Improvements.

Rents are going up rapidly in Atchison. It is said that every time a woman hangs a new curtain up, and improves the appearance of the house in doing it, her landlord decides that he deserves more rent.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

The Silent Man.

Under some conditions a man can make more noise in the world by keeping his mouth shut than in any other way.—Chicago News.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.



CLEANING WHITE FUR.

Make a lather of soap and water with a small piece of soda dissolved in it and a tint of blue. When cold, wash the fur in it, and if not quite clean, take a fresh lather, and a third, if necessary. Draw the fur to and fro in it and shake it about in the water until quite clean. Then rinse in fresh cold water and hang up to dry in the wind, if possible. Shake the fur frequently, and when dry brush and comb it very gently and carefully. See that the brush is absolutely clean.

FAULTY BREAD.

From the appearance of the bread we think the whole trouble lies in the imperfect mixing of the ingredients, particularly the yeast and flour. The kind of yeast is not stated. If a dry yeast be used it should first be softened in a little lukewarm milk or water, then stirred into the rest of the liquid to be used in making the bread. Add the salt, sugar and shortening, if these be used, add then stir in the flour. When all the flour has been added knead the dough from ten to twenty minutes to bring out the elasticity of the gluten and to insure the even distribution of all the ingredients.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

HOW TO SPLIT PAPER.

Paper can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheets. It may be convenient to know how to do this sometimes, as, for instance, when one wishes to paste in a scrapbook an article printed on both sides of the paper.

Get a piece of plate glass and place it on a sheet of paper. Then let the paper be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little skill the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed.

The best plan, however, is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, quickly and without hesitation, pull the two pieces asunder, when one part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth.—The Household.

QUITE THE THING.

It is noticeable that nowadays on well appointed tables it is becoming more and more the thing to serve a variety of fruits with a dressing as a salad in place of the more commonplace lettuce, celery, etc. Grape fruit, with mango grapes seeded, or with green plums and bits of angelica apple and celery on a bed of white lettuce hearts, with creamy dressing, apple and orange in nests of curled celery, with mayonnaise dressing, are among the varieties served by way of a salad course. But the ingenious housewife can easily devise others quite as wholesome and appetizing. There is also a reaching out for novelties to replace salted almonds, which have been eaten so long that people have got rather tired of them. Salted English walnuts, pecans, brazils, green pistachios and hazelnuts are now served, sometimes with almonds mixed in with them, often without.—New York Tribune.



Compote of Oranges—Peel and cut six large oranges into slices, remove the pits, sprinkle three tablespoons of granulated sugar over them; put stand one hour, drain off the syrup, put it over the fire; add the juice of half a lemon and boil slowly five minutes; let cool and just before serving pour the syrup over the oranges and send to table in a glass dish.

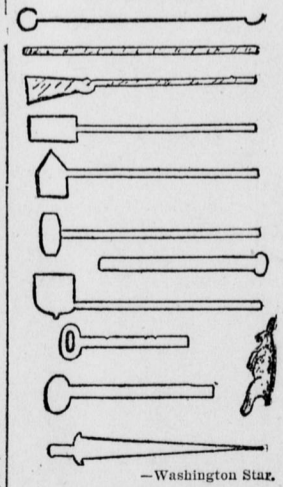
Tomato Sauce—Put one cupful of tomato and half a cupful of water in an agate pan over the fire; add two cloves, one slice of onion, one bay leaf, half a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; cover the pan and let simmer ten minutes; rub one tablespoonful of corn starch in a little cold water, add it to the tomato, stirring until thickened; cook five minutes longer, strain and serve.

Mincee Veal with Tomato Sauce—Mince one pound of veal; put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan; when hot add the minced veal, one small minced onion and one green pepper minced; when brown add two tablespoonfuls of flour; then add one cupful of broth or water; one teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper; let simmer for five minutes and add half a cup of tomato sauce.

Chocolate Fromage—Boil four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate in one cup of water; add half a cup of sugar and one teaspoon of vanilla; have soaking one ounce of gelatine in one cup of cold water one hour; add it to the chocolate and boil a minute; pour into a bowl and when cold mix it with one pint of whipped cream; turn into a form and let stand in a cool place several hours; serve with vanilla sauce.

Plain Milk Soup—Put two quart of milk over the fire with one teaspoon of sugar and one teaspoon of salt; rub half a cup of sifted flour in cold milk; when smooth stir it into the scalding milk, and stir until thickened and boiling; add a dash or two of nutmeg and a little pepper; beat the yolks of two eggs; add a little of the hot soup to them; then return all to the fire and stir one minute; do not let boil; if liked a slice of onion may be cooked in the milk when removed; serve with wafers.

JACKSTRAWS.



—Washington Star.

They Read Newspapers.

A Western railroad man who spends nearly all of his advertising appropriation for newspaper space is quoted as saying: "No one man out of every five I meet ever saw the fine booklets I got out and distributed, but four men out of every five are newspaper readers."