

Cause for Consternation.

The inexperienced district school teacher had exhausted all other expedients for the maintenance of discipline. Going out into the school yard, she broke off a good-sized yard that was growing there and administered primitive punishment to Jimmy Kelley.

There were strange expressions of horrified amazement on the faces of the children, and when school was dismissed at noon they gathered in excited groups and talked in whispers. Finally the teacher's curiosity could stand it no longer. Calling Henry Thomas to her, she demanded the cause of the discussions.

"Why—why—why, teacher," he stammered, "that—that switch you licked Jimmy with—that was the tree we all set out last Arbor day."—Harper's Magazine.

Saving Trouble.

"Have you read the platforms of the different political parties?"

"What's the use wastin' time doin' that?"

"I should think you would want to find out how to vote intelligently."

"How to vote intelligently? My grandfather found that out years ago, so what the use of my botherin' about it?"

Cautious.

Hobson—I understand that you patronize Slips the tailor. Does he suit you?

Harduppe—Not unless I pay him something in advance.

HAIR CAME OUT BY HANDFUL

58 Lewis St., Nashville, Tenn.—"About three years ago I had the malaria fever, and when I recovered my hair was falling out so that the doctor told me to cut it off. My hair came out by the handful, and I had dandruff so that I had to scratch it out every week, and my scalp itched so that I pulled my hair all down trying to scratch it. I tried and and and but they failed to do any good. At last I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"First I combed my hair out, made a parting on the side and rubbed my scalp with the Cuticura Ointment. The next morning I washed with the Cuticura Soap and water, and continued until the third application gave a complete cure." (Signed) Miss Nellie M. Curran, Dec. 6, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Mixing the Names.

Mayor Bacharach of Atlantic City, at a dinner at the Marlborough-Blenheim, told of a summer girl:

"On the beach in the moonlight," he said, "a youth clasped a maiden passionately to his breast and murmured: 'Do you love me, darling?'"

"Yes—ah, yes, Reginald," she sighed.

"Reginald" said the youth in a startled voice. "You mean Clarence, don't you, dear?"

"Smiling sweetly, she nestled closer. 'How stupid of me! I was thinking it was the week end.'"—Exchange.

Solemn Warning to Parents.

The season for bowel trouble is fast approaching and you should at once provide your home with King's Diarrhoea Jordin. A guaranteed remedy for Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Flux, Cholera Infantum and all kindred diseases. Numerous testimonials on our files telling of marvelous cures can be had by request. Burwell & Dunn Co., Mfrs., Charlotte, N. C.

Keeping Water Cold.

If you are in the habit of taking a pitcher of iced water to your room on retiring, try this: Procure a square pasteboard box (with lid), sufficiently large to hold your pitcher, and give it two or three coats of varnish on the outside, allowing each coat to dry thoroughly. Place your pitcher of water in this box on retiring, putting the lid on tightly, and you are sure of having cold drinking water any hour of the night.

Tetterine Cures Ringworm.

Wysacking, N. C., June 2, 1908. Enclosed you will find a card which pleases me at once. Tetterine. It is a dead shot on ringworms. W. S. Dudley. Tetterine cures Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, Itching Piles, Ringworm, Scabies on the Face, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Cankered Scalp, Bunions, Corns, Chubins and every form of Scalp and Skin Disease. Tetterine 50c; Tetterine Soap 25c. Your druggist, or by mail from The Shurprinte Co., Savannah, Ga. With every mail order for Tetterine we give a box of Shurprinte's 10c Liver Pills free.

Literary Surgery.

"Did the surgeon, when consulted, write that man he was going to sew up his heart with gold wire?"

For SUMMER HEADACHES

HICKS' CAPSIDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish conditions, etc., 10c, 25c, and 50c per bottle at medicine stores.

Some girls are given away in marriage and some throw themselves away.

BACKACHE AND ACHING JOINTS

Together Tell of Bad Kidneys. "Every Picture Tells a Story." Much pain that masks as rheumatism is due to weak kidneys—to their failure to drive off uric acid thoroughly. When you suffer from backache, aching joints, rheumatism, etc., with some kidney disorders, get Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.

A Maine Case. S. C. Verrill, Old Town, Me., says: "I was afflicted to bed two weeks, and the doctors did not know what ailed me. My back pained intensely, and kidney secretions were very irregular. The doctor said I would never walk again. After taking Doan's Kidney Pills I rapidly improved, until once more in good health. I cannot express my gratitude. Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c a Box Doan's Kidney Pills."

PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

(Copyright by F. L. Nelson)

A \$3,000,000 PLOT THAT FAILED.

All the thieves whom it has been my lot to know intimately I have the kindest recollection of Mose Vogel. There was something intensely human about the man; a whimsical, humorous way, that made you forget that he was one of the most desperate bank robbers ever dealt with by the New York police. He was closely associated with all of the best crooks of the world in his day, and his shrewdness and pluck made him in great demand as a partner, even though it was well known in the underworld that Mose had been born under an unlucky star. He met with more reverses than any crook I have ever known, and as I do not credit, of course, the infallibility of the little Goddess of Luck in guiding the lives of the knights of the dark lantern and Jimmy, I am willing to offer Mose's misfortunes as cumulative evidence of the final futility of crime.

He has long since passed to his final reward, but I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday his sitting in the old Mulberry street station and telling me how he and his gang all cleaned up \$3,000,000 from a Jersey City bank. But I will let him tell the story as he told it to me.

MOSE VOGEL'S STORY.

"It was along back in the seventies," said Mose, "that Dave Cummings, then in the height of his fame as a crook, met me on the Bowery, and we went together down to the old Atlantic Garden. Suddenly Dave turned to me and said: 'I think you are on the level, Mose.' I felt that this was a big compliment, coming from Dave, for he was an independent, high-strung fellow, who would pass up a thousand thieves without giving one the nod of his head.

"I told Dave that I had always tried to be square and to live up to that, wheeze in the copy-books about 'honesty being the best policy.' He didn't ask me to go in with him then or even let out to me what was in his mind. That wasn't Dave's way. But I knew he had his eye on me as a bright lad that was sure to rise in his profession. He did ask me to step down to Murray's with him, saying he needed a little money and was in the mind to have a whack at Murray's game. He had just made a big haul somewhere and had about \$6,000; so I didn't think there was any chance of him going to work right away. But the cards ran against him and in less than a week the whole bank roll had passed into Murray's hands.

"Seeing how things were going with Dave I sort of held myself open, turning down several good offers of high class work. Sure enough he finally hunted me up. He had a newspaper clipping about a big special deposit, \$3,000,000, lying in a bank in Jersey City that he'd planted, and just waiting for somebody to come and get it. It made my mouth water to think of all that money.

"Dave said the work had to be started right away, before the money was paid out and so, after taking a look at my engagement book, I told him I was free to go to work any time. We went right up to Harry Hill's place that night and Dave introduced me to Ed. Johnson and Dago Frank, a pair of A1 western crooks who had worked off several big tricks with Dave already.

"The next day we went by different routes to Jersey City and picked out a quiet boarding house near Union Hill. The real work of planting the bank then began for fair.

"It took a week to plant the bank. It came my lot to locate the vault. I did this by going in to look at a directory. I saw that it was an old-fashioned affair, built in the wall on the east side, near the entrance opposite the directors' room. We decided to go through the wall, and hired a room in the adjoining building, whose floor was several feet above the vault. I represented to the landlady that I was a sculptor recently landed from Italy, and wished to set up a studio, I had to pay about three prices for the room, as the landlady seemed to think that a sculptor ought to have barrels of coin. Well, we came near getting it.

"I sent several blocks of marble to the studio and commenced carving out the busts of distinguished men. Cummings, Dago Frank and Johnson were my assistants. I had a bed in the room and lived there, but my partners slept elsewhere. I had sledges, hammers and steel chisels to use in the sculpture business apparently. We made the attack on the bank through the open fireplace, and the ringing blows that were heard through the house made the tenants believe that the sculptors were very busy fellows. We did not do much work while the bank was open, but early in the morning and late at night pounded away at the stone and brick.

"It was tedious work, as we had to go through heavy blocks of stone which made up the outer wall of the vault. We removed the debris after dark, and let the janitress into the room every day to clean up. The hole in the wall was hidden at such times by a large screen. It took nearly two weeks to get through the stone, and then we found that we were about three feet above the big money box. This was made of heavy iron plates, and on top there were several layers of railroad iron, wedged in place so that they were about as solid as a mass of iron.

THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, 'Always Holds Good.'

(Copyright by F. L. Nelson)

around. They were not up to our game, but they knew me and Dago Frank from a couple of tricks done in other places.

"Dave threw us down in great shape, but I never blamed him for it. He was always on the level, but inclined to take chances. Instead of keeping tab, Dave—so he told me afterward—used to drop into Taylor's hotel and play billiards. He could beat about any one that handled a cue, and would play all night if he could get any one to stay with him. Our work went on, and we reached the top plate of the money box. Then it was only a question of drills, acids and jimmies to get through the plate. A few good luck this would take only a few hours. I could almost feel the crisp bills in my fingers.

"Then came the end, suddenly and swiftly. We were in the pit working by the light of candles, and supposed that Dave was in the building somewhere. I was swinging a sledge, Johnson was holding the chisel and Dago was resting. I heard a slight commotion in the room above and thought that Dave had come in for something. A second later I heard a strange voice shout into the fireplace:

"'Throw up your hands!'" I looked up and saw two policemen's heads and two guns covering us. We threw up our hands. Then I said to Dago: 'Are you healed?' He replied: 'No.' So secure did we feel with Dave on guard that we had all left our guns in the room.

"'I am going to make a break,' I said. 'I'm with you,' said Dago. Johnson only cursed.

"'Come out or I'll shoot,' was the next order, and we climbed out of the hole feeling pretty tough. There were six cops in the room and every one had a gun. A fellow came toward me with nippers and I dashed for the window. I never reached it. A club got to me first. Johnson still cursed. Dago went through the cops like a shot, knocked a couple of them down, reached the stairs, jumped over the heads of several cops, and reached the landing. A fat cop who was too lazy to go upstairs stood in the hall, and before Dago saw him, the cop got in his work with the stick. Dave was in Taylor's hotel playing billiards when this was going on, and when he heard it went under cover. He did everything that was possible to aid us, and even went so far as to fix up a job to get us out of the Hudson county jail. But he didn't have enough coin. The three of us took our fifteen-year stretch at Trenton without a murmur, and Dave gave us all the luxuries that money could furnish there. I'm going on the level now, but it is not like the old times."

CAPT. M'HORNEY'S STORY.

Capt. Edward McHorney of the Jersey City police department, who was the principal factor in the capture of the First National bank burglars, was one of the bravest men who ever won a silver shield. Captain McHorney died a few years ago from a disease that was indirectly the result of the injuries received during the struggle with Mose Vogel, and shortly before death sealed his lips told me this story:

"The capture of Vogel, Dago Frank and Johnson was due to the curiosity of a woman. Her name was Mrs. Francis, as I recollect it, and she ran a boarding house over Narew's oyster saloon, which adjoined the bank. One of the thieves—Vogel, I think—hired a room from her on the second floor, which adjoined the bank on the east, and opened a studio as a blind.

"Every morning regularly Mrs. Francis was called into the studio by the sculptor to clean up the place. The floor she always found covered with marble dust and chips of stone, and an elegant screen stood in front of the fireplace. The sculptor always sat near the screen with a big apron on and chatted pleasantly with his landlady.

"Things went on for a week or more in this way. The sculptor kept hammering away, and Mrs. Francis enjoyed her morning call. It was along about housecleaning time, and Mrs. Francis started in one morning to clean the windows on the sculptor's floor.

"In passing through the hall with a step ladder it struck her that it would be a good opportunity to see the sculptor at work. She heard him pounding on stone in the room, and cautiously put up the ladder in front of the door. The fan light was open, and it was this trivial oversight that threw down three of the best men in the business. How they came to overlook the fanlight I never could understand, as everything else in the room—keyholes, cracks and windows—were carefully covered.

"Mrs. Francis peeped inside. No one was in sight. She could see the blocks of marble, but no one was hammering on them. The sound was very distinct, and she wondered what it meant. She could hear voices, too. When her eyes lit on the open fireplace and she saw a piece of stone y from it into the room she fell off the ladder. The noise in the room stopped. Mrs. Francis picked herself up and hurried away as rapidly as possible. She peeped over the banister and saw some one open the studio door.

"In a moment the hammering was resumed, and Mrs. Francis hurried to police headquarters. I was in charge, as Chief Edward S. McWilliams was in Philadelphia. Mrs. Francis told me her story. I knew at once that a gang of burglars had planted the bank. From the time that they had been at work I knew they must be close to the money. I rang for Detective Mike Bowie, and we went together down to

Exchange place, where we could pipe the bank.

"Mrs. Francis told me that four men were in the gang, and after a long wait we saw two of them come out of the boarding house. In a few moments the two other fellows came out, and they all crossed the ferry to New York. I knew one of them. He was the best looking one in the gang. I had played several games of billiards with him at Taylor's hotel, and was beaten every time. I found out afterward that he was Cummings.

"Bowie and I crossed over to Narew's saloon, and got a small colored boy who worked there. We took him into the boarding house and pushed him through the open fanlight into the studio. The kid jumped into the hole in the fireplace, saw the condition of things there and came back scoured half to death.

"Then I waited at the house until three of the gang came back. They seemed to be in a hurry, and went to work in the vault late in the afternoon. Cummings did not return. I knew the trick was about to come off, and I had been left outside to watch.

"I sent Bowie to the station house for the men, and when they returned, after making sure that Cummings was not on the lookout anywhere, I sent two men to the roof of the house, and the rest I placed on the stairs. Bowie and I, with four big nery men, made for the room. The sound of the hammering was very distinct, but I could not tell whether the three men were in the hole or not.

"I stood flat against the studio door, and placed Bowie and two policemen behind me. It was a ticklish moment, and I'll admit I felt a little uneasy, as men of the kind we were going up against are very handy with guns. I gave the signal in a low voice, and we threw ourselves against the door. It was important that the locks and bolts should be broken at the first effort, so that the gang would not have warning.

"The door flew open, and I landed on my hands and knees in the middle of the room. The place was empty, and I jumped for the fireplace with my revolver in my hand.

"Bowie, one of the stoutest-hearted boys I ever knew, got there ahead of me and shouted to the gang to throw up their hands, and knees and I heard them whisper to each other, but could not tell what they said. I knew that they would not give up without a battle and I felt relieved when one of the policemen shouted: 'Here are their guns, Cap.' They were unarmed, and I knew I had them all safe. The three fellows climbed out of the hole with as ugly expressions on their mugs as I ever saw. One of them kept swearing all the time. They kept their hands above their heads, but I could see that they were sizing up the game as they crawled into the room. Before we had a chance to grab them, one fellow gave me a vicious kick in the abdomen, and started for the window.

"My men would have killed him if I had not called them off. Another of the thieves made for the door. He was a black-looking devil and had the courage of a lion. Why he was not killed I never could understand, but I suppose we got a little careless when we found out they had nothing to shoot with and gave them more of a chance. But we got the handcuffs on them and landed them in the station house.

"There was a sequel to this capture which created even greater excitement than the attempted bank robbery. The thieves 'squealed' at their trial and said that Captain McWilliams and Detective Doyle, who was McWilliams' confidential man, were in the scheme to rob the bank and were to be rewarded with a share of the proceeds for giving them protection.

"The trial of Captain McWilliams and Doyle was the most sensational one ever held in Hudson county. The thieves told of their various meetings with Doyle. A diary was produced containing a record of the conversations with him and the convicts swore out a very stiff case. A point that was made to count strongly against Captain McWilliams was his absence in Philadelphia when the trick was to have come off, but all the jury would not believe the testimony of the men who had been thieves all their lives in preference to men of good reputation and the jury failed to agree. McWilliams spent a fortune in his defense, gave up the police business and became a detective at the Astor House. Doyle was ruined and drank himself to death.

Strange Facts About Animals.

There are many strange facts about animals which no one has ever seemed able to understand.

A fly, for instance, will crawl to the top of a window pane, fly back to the bottom, and crawl up again. Hardly ever does it fly up and crawl down. Hens scratch for food always with the sun behind them, so that its rays will reflect on the tiny particles. Yet a blind hen, for whom this reason does not hold, always manages to get the sun behind her when she scratches.

Cats hardly ever lie with their feet to the fire. In most cases they lie instead with their left side turned towards it. Dogs, however, invariably lie with their forepaws to the fire. A mouse overlooks a perfectly safe food supply to enjoy the peevish pleasures of an unlimited store.

Why does a dog always turn round two or three times before he lies down? It is because his remote ancestors had to scratch around in the leaves or long grass for a bed before they could find a convenient place in which to lie.

Some Heat Required.

Kitty—My brother Cornelius has been calling on Miss Chilleigh for over a year.

Marie—Is he going to marry her? Kitty—I don't know. I'm afraid she's rather too cool to make Corn pop.

The Reason.

"You can never get a shoe maker to become a socialist."

"Why not?"

"Because his sole purpose is to support his users."

GOV. WILSON AGAIN OPPOSING SMITH

WILL STUMP STATE AGAINST HIS OLD-TIME ENEMY FOR U. S. SENATE.

MR. WESCOTT IS CANDIDATE

The Democratic Presidential Nominee Announces the Itinerary For His First Whirl Through the Western States the Latter Part of September.

Sea Girl, N. J.—Governor Woodrow Wilson intimated that he probably would take part in the senatorial fight in New Jersey in which former United States Senator James Smith, Jr., is again a candidate. Two years ago he spoke throughout the state in opposition to Mr. Smith.

In announcing a list of Western speaking engagements the Governor left but three open dates between now and the New Jersey primaries September 24. His attention was called to the fact that if he intended to participate in the senatorial fight he would have but three days.

"That's enough," he said. Judge John E. Westcott, who nominated Mr. Wilson at the Baltimore convention and is now a candidate for United States Senator, called at the summer capital. Governor Wilson declared that he understood Judge Westcott would remain in the senatorial fight. Similar word comes from Representative William Hughes and State Senator Gebhardt, who also are candidates for United States Senator.

Governor Wilson announced the itinerary of his first trip to the middle West as follows: Sept. 17, Sioux City, Ia.; Sept. 18, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.; Sept. 19, Milwaukee; Sept. 20, Columbus, O.; Sept. 21, Pittsburg.

Thorough Job of Burglary.

New York.—One of the most thorough jobs of wholesale burglary ever accomplished in New York city was discovered when the police were called to an 11-story loft building at 113 University Place by the sounding of a burglar alarm from the ninth floor. When the police arrived, it was found that the burglar had been through every one of the first eight floors which were occupied by clothing manufacturers. They had gone through all the stock rooms and offices and had removed several truck loads of merchandise. It was impossible to obtain any accurate estimate of the total loss but the police believe it will reach \$50,000.

Tots Saved From Fiery Death.

New York.—Sixty-two persons, forty-eight of them children, were saved from death in a row of burning tenements in Degraw street, Brooklyn, by four policemen. All of the sixty-two had been overcome by smoke and carried half conscious to the street. The principal loser in the fire was the International Provision Company whose four-story packing house was also swept by the flames and damaged to the extent of about \$150,000.

Roosevelt Will Tour Texas.

Houston, Texas.—Announcement was made by progressive leaders that Theodore Roosevelt will make a circle of Texas early in October or soon after his appearance before the senate campaign contribution investigation committee in Washington. He will probably appear before the committee about October 3. Immediately after he will start through the South, coming as far West as Texas.

Proud of His Hanging Record.

Gulport, Miss.—Frank Johnson, known as "Johnson the Hangman," who claims the record of having hanged more men than any other follower of his occupation in the United States, was acquitted on his second trial of the charge of larceny. Johnson lost much of his greswome work when executions in Louisiana were centered at Baton Rouge, the capital. He says he has hanged 43 men.

Two Army Officers Killed.

Stevanage, Eng.—Two more British army officers lost their lives while flying. Captain Patrick Hamilton had taken Lieutenant Stewart with him as a passenger in his biplane. The two officers had flown for a considerable time when a strong wind suddenly sprang up and in endeavoring to make headway, one of the wings of the aeroplane collapsed. The machine fell to the ground from an altitude of 250 feet and was destroyed. The bodies of the officers were found in the wreck.

Hears of Conspiracy.

Washington.—A champagne "conspiracy" on the part of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and 40 other railroads was charged before the Interstate Commerce Commission by a firm of dealers in wines. The firm complained that the railroads discriminated in favor of California's champagnes by charging only \$2 per hundred pounds on such shipments from California to New York while they fixed a charge of \$2.25 on champagnes shipped from New York to the Pacific coast.

Mean Brute!

She—"I see that the Massachusetts legislature is going to impose a yearly fine of \$50 on all bachelors." He—"Well, it is worth it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

By Contraries.

"You never get what you want in this restaurant," said the irritable patron. "You can if you know how to order," replied the sad, sarcastic man. "If I want something cool I ask for a cup of hot coffee and if I want some thing warm I call for iced tea."

Must First Pass Ordeal.

In Central Africa there is a tribe that only bestows the privileges of citizenship and marriage upon a man when he has climbed down a precipitous cliff.

The KITCHEN CABINET



HE THAT will have a cake out of wheat must needs tarry at the grinding. —Shakespeare.

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

The one who presides over the kitchen must learn to take scrupulous care of all utensils. The life of a kitchen utensil depends upon its care, besides much of our delicately flavored food loses its fineness if prepared in dishes that are not immaculately clean.

If one has ever tasted fish in a dish of choice preserves that has been opened with a can opener not properly cleaned after it has been used to open fish, the need is obvious. The manner in which dishes are washed is often the test by which other household duties are performed.

All utensils subject to rust should be carefully dried before putting away. If one is to close the house for a vacation, see that the stove and iron, steel and other rustible things are carefully greased.

The ice cream freezer is often utterly ruined by allowing the salt water to stand in the pail, rusting the hoops and spoiling the hardware.

Sieves and graters are best cleaned with a small vegetable brush, shaken dry and allowed to stand near the heat until well dried.

The Dover egg beater will soon be useless if put into the water, cogs and all. The beater should be washed carefully without wetting the cogs, then dried in the heater.

Cracker crumbs used for covering of dishes when baking are better if melted butter is used than if bits of butter are dotted over the dish.

Bread crumbs are better for covering food for trying than cracker crumbs, which are more absorbent.

Milk will not scorch so easily if the dish is rinsed in cold water before using.

To polish windows, dip a cloth in dry starch and rub over the glass, then polish with a dry cloth.

Chop suet in a cool place, mix with flour, and it will blend better in any dish used.

Coffee Jelly.—Cover a half box of gelatine with a half cup of cold water, let it stand a half an hour, then add two cups of boiling water in which a cup of sugar is dissolved; add three-fourths of a cup of coffee well strained. Str until it begins to thicken, then turn into molds to harden.

A COLLECTION OF SANDWICHES.

An unusual way of serving olives at teas and receptions is to cut the olives from the stones, chop fine and mix with salad dressing. Spread this on thin slices of buttered bread, form the sandwiches and cut in squares. Stuffed olives are very good prepared in this way.

There is something about a sardine sandwich which is especially appetizing. Bone the fish and mix with a little lemon juice and salad dressing or with chopped hard cooked eggs. A sour pickle chopped fine instead of the lemon is a pleasant change.

Veal Sandwiches.—These are almost as good as chicken and if the veal can be cooked with some chicken bones or a little chicken stock, they can hardly be told from chicken. When the meat is tender, put it through the meat chopper, season with salt, pepper, and add a little salad dressing to make it sufficiently moist. Spread on buttered bread.

Egg and Curry Sandwiches.—Put through the fine knife of the meat chopper three yolks of hard cooked bread eggs and a teaspoonful of bread crumbs. Season with a tablespoonful of curry powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of Worcester-shire sauce and moisten with a little lemon juice. Spread on buttered slices of bread. Garnish with nasturtium leaves and blossoms.

Ham Sandwiches.—Put a pound and a half of ham, cold boiled, and a small sour pickle through a food chopper, add a tablespoonful of made mustard, a dash of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix thoroughly and spread on buttered bread.

Why It Has Lasted.

Linon that was wrapped around mummies 4,000 years ago and is still as good as new has been found in Egypt by Prof. Flinders Petrie. It is assumed that the linen has never during the 4,000 years since it was first used been sent to a laundry.

Mean Brute!

She—"I see that the Massachusetts legislature is going to impose a yearly fine of \$50 on all bachelors." He—"Well, it is worth it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

By Contraries.

"You never get what you want in this restaurant," said the irritable patron. "You can if you know how to order," replied the sad, sarcastic man. "If I want something cool I ask for a cup of hot coffee and if I want some thing warm I call for iced tea."

Must First Pass Ordeal.

In Central Africa there is a tribe that only bestows the privileges of citizenship and marriage upon a man when he has climbed down a precipitous cliff.

Domestic Combat.

E. Trowbridge Dana, grandson of the poet Longfellow, who was recently married in Cambridge with a beautiful ritual of his own composition, said the other day to a reporter: "If all couples gave to marriage the profound thought and reverence that my wife and I gave to it there would be fewer mismatings."

"The average married pair, it sometimes seems to me, are like the Blinkses."

"Pa," said little Tommy Blinks one day, "what's a weapon?"

"A weapon, my son," Blinks answered, "is something to fight with."

"Then, pa," said little Tommy, "is ma your weapon?"

Cost of Living Reduced.

The King Fruit Preserving Powder will keep perfectly fresh all kinds of fruit, apples, peaches, pears, berries, plums, tomatoes, corn, okra, chicken, wine, etc. No air-tight jars needed. Used more than 25 years from