

Humorous Department.

A RADICAL CURE.
These two married women are very intimate friends, and talk about the skeletons in their respective closets without reserve.

"I am going to ask you," said the younger, "how you cured your husband of staying out late at night. I've coaxed Frank, reasoned with him, and scolded like a termagant, but it has done no good. He seems to think that if he's home for breakfast, I have no right to complain."

"You can't expect that what will cure one man is a remedy for all, but this is how I dealt with Robert. Despite all protests, he had been staying out very late, but one night came home before twelve. I kept the door double-locked and bolted, and always let him in. This night I asked him who was there, and he answered brusquely enough."

"You're mistaken," I replied. Mr. Latem never comes home this early. You imitate his voice very fairly, but he never speaks so plain at night. If you don't go away, I'll call a policeman."

"Open this door," he shouted; "you know well enough who it is. Don't make fools of both of us."

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, in a voice of assumed terror, "what shall I do? Robert won't be home before three. Then I ran to the telephone, and called for police help."

"No?"

"Yes, I did, and Robert heard me. He banged the door once or twice, swore several hundred words, and then hustled down the street. When the wagon was there, and quite a crowd had collected, he came up as though he had been pushed for time, eagerly inquired what was the matter, and congratulated me on getting rid of the untimely caller. Even after we were in the house, he had the audacity to keep up the fiction of a strange man at the door, but he had the grace to say that his business was so arranged that he would not be detained at night any more, and would be at home to protect me. It was a brazen pretence he had made, but he has kept his word."

AN ADVANCE RAILROAD AGENT.

A railroad advance agent in West Virginia, whose business it was to go across the country and win the favor of the residents, struck an intermountain region, and found that that particular county was practically dominated by an old farmer away up the ridge. The road wanted something like one hundred thousand dollars from the county, and the old fellow, whose name was Searles, was willing, on one condition, to help out. He wanted the road to come near his own place. Cushman, the agent, looked over the situation, and after a time promised. "The line," he said, "will run within one hundred yards of your front gate. Is that near enough?" Searles said it was, and an agreement was signed. Then Searles began an advocacy of the bond proposition, and the concession was voted.

Two years later another railroad man happened to be hunting in that county, and he stopped at Searles's house. Their conversation turned upon railroads, and the old man, pointing to a long rifle over the mantel, said:

"The next railroad man that comes into these hills I'm going to shoot him with that."

Mr. Smith, who had not yet disclosed his identity or occupation, asked for the reason. The mountaineer told of the bonds.

"But," said Mr. Smith, "if there was an agreement, the bonds are invalid."

"No, they ain't," the other responded; "he done it. He run it within the prescribed distance. She's within them hundred yards."

"But I don't see any railroad near here."

"Nope. Ye can't. But she's here. She runs through this hill by a tunnel, which starts a mile away. She's inside the named distance, but bein' as I ain't a ground-hog or a rabbit, I can't git direct access to her."

A citizen popped out into his garden at a very early hour, and turning a corner, discovered Patrick in the act of digging up a lot of vegetables. Patrick, seeing the game was up, advanced towards the proprietor and said, "The top of the morning to your honor! And what brought your honor out so early this morning?" "Indeed, Patrick, I just strolled out to see if I could find an appetite for my breakfast." Then, eyeing Patrick with some suspicion, he queried, "And now, Patrick, pray tell me what brings you out so early in the morning?" "Indeed, your honor, I just strolled out to see if I could find a breakfast for my appetite."

"Your crop seems to be considerably in the grass," said a passer-by to a Negro who sat on the fence.

"Yes, sah, General Green's done got it."

"Did you over-plant yourself?"

"No, sah, planted 'bout 'nuff."

"Why didn't you plow it?"

"Wife tuck sick. She does all de plowin' for dis place."

"What do you do?"

"What does I do?"

"I preaches; dat's what I does. Ef Providence comes a long and makes de 'oman sick I kain't help it. I's been called, I has."

"Do you believe the story of the Scotch coachman who learned French and Latin on his box while waiting for his mistress on her social visits?" "Yes, I see nothing improbable in it. I have caught myself using a strange language beneath my breath more than once while merely waiting for my wife to put on her bonnet."

Wayside Gatherings.

The recent census in Great Britain makes the population 39,000,000.

The total forest area in the United States is estimated at 481,764,599 acres.

America has 200,000 telephones—more than the rest of the world combined.

The number of newspapers printed in all countries is estimated at 41,000.

There are two business men in an English town named I. Came and H. E. Went.

During the month of May nearly a million and a half of silver dollars were coined.

Cork, if sunk twenty feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water.

We love ourselves, notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

The man who sits down to wait for a golden opportunity to come along never has a comfortable seat.

Alaska is now the roughest of our territories. It contains eighteen square miles for each inhabitant.

In Italy twenty thousand people live in cellars. Many laborers there average only twenty-five cents a day.

As a rule women have poor memories, but they never forget the people who say nice things about their bonnets.

A well-known artist declares that in 99 cases out of 100 the left side of the human face is more perfect in outline.

An Iowan has invented a machine which, he says, will cut corn and separate the ears and stalks at the rate of 15 acres a day.

A new French camera rotates on its axis and photographs on a strip, so as to give a continuous picture all around the horizon.

There are some men who cannot resist the opportunity to say a smart thing, even though it involve the wounding of a true friend.

A remarkable tree grows in Brazil. It is about 6 feet high, and is so luminous that it can be seen on the darkest night for a distance of a mile or more.

Man is an embodied paradox. As some set-off against the marvelous things that he has done, we may fairly adduce the monstrous ones that he has believed.

When the Siberian railway is completed, the journey round the world will occupy not more than 40 days, and the cost of transportation will not exceed \$400.

Frisbie is the laziest man I ever knew. "What makes you think so?" "He actually seems to be glad that he's getting bald-headed, so that he won't have to comb his hair any more."

"Bridget, what is that child crying so wildly for?" "Sure, mum, he's just drunked all his soothin' syrup, and et the cork, and I don't know what ails him unless it's the bottle he wants to schwallly."

There are 365,000 men employed in coal mining in this country, of whom 135,000 are at work in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. For every 100,000 tons of coal mined one poor miner on the average loses his life by accident.

The Squire—It's no use for you to deny your guilt, Johnson. The chickens were actually found in your coat-tail pockets. Bre'er Johnsing (stoutly)—I kain't help dat, sah. Hain't it pooty tough to hold a poo' niggah responsible fo' what's goin' on behind his back?

The "angry tree" attains a height of from 10 to 25 feet. It is found in California, Nevada and Arizona. If disturbed by contact or moved by the wind, it manifests signs of vexation, ruffling its leaves like the hairs of an angry cat and emitting a sickening odor.

It is a well-known and generally accepted fact that the greatest people are the humblest, and that those who are always trying to assert their superiority, and who are afraid of not receiving respectful treatment from others, have some very good reason why they do not deserve it.

Particular Guest—I have been waiting here nearly an hour for my dessert. Waiter—You ordered a genuine English plumb pudding, sir?" "Of course." "That has to be made, parboiled and hung in a bag for three months before it is served. Be ready for it in 90 days, sir."

It is a mistake to keep all our flowers for the funerals and graves of our friends. Let them have a few to gladden their lives. A few flowers put in the hand while it is warm, will be appreciated more by them, than they will when the hand is cold in death; and they might keep the hand warm a little longer.

In the largest locomotive works in this country, which are situated in Philadelphia, Pa., electricity is used everywhere. An electric crane runs up and down the greatest of the shops, and covers many blocks. By it the largest locomotive is picked up and carried along with ease. It can easily carry a weight of one hundred tons at the rate of 200 feet per minute, and set it down within one-thirty-second of an inch of any spot that may be desired.

The millions of steel pens used in the world are all made by very few firms. Three are in this country, three in Great Britain, and one each in France, Germany and Italy; and all these manufacturers purchase the raw material, which is sheet-steel finely rolled, from a single establishment in Sheffield, Eng. To make this crude stuff into a finished pen, it has to be passed through 14 different processes, after which each pen is examined and tested by an expert.

The Story Teller.

REVENGE AND COMPASSION.

The rain fell relentlessly, the wind that swept in from the Golden Gate was piercingly cold, and the poor wretch toiling painfully up the steep asphalt pavement staggered as he walked, and now and then stopped to steady himself, pressing with his trembling hand against the buildings that he passed. His soiled, ragged clothes were soaking with the wet, and his emaciated features were pale as with the chill of death. When he had reached the summit of Nob Hill he paused and wrapped his arm about an electric light post at the corner, leaning against it for the support his feeble frame needed so pitifully. A quick, firm step sounded on the pavement.

"For heaven's sake give me money to buy food!" said the wretch at the post.

The quick step ceased.

"Why don't you say 'drink,' and speak the truth?" said the man, running his gloved hand down into the pocket of his fur-lined overcoat.

The glare of the electric lights shone full upon his handsome, florid face. The poor wretch caught his breath sharply, and made a step forward. The money which the man tossed into his outstretched hand gleamed a moment.

IN HIS TREMBLING PALM,

And in another rattled noisily upon the stones far out into the street.

"I want no gold of yours," said the wretch, with an energy that shook his whole frame. "I want no gold of yours, Henry Mason!"

The man started; his florid face turned livid.

"Who dares to call me Henry Mason? My name is Derwent—Thomas Derwent," the man said hoarsely, staring wildly about him into the night.

"You are out of reach of help just now, Henry Mason," said the wretch, with a laugh. "I saw the policeman from this beat running in an opium-soaked Chinaman a few moments ago. I believe that my hour of reckoning has come at last."

"Who are you?"

"You knew me well enough 20 years ago," the wretch answered.

"Howard Scott!" exclaimed the man.

"Oh, I thought you would recall me," And the wretch laughed again.

"What do you want?" asked the man, unbuttoning his coat.

His voice was unsteady, and his hand trembling.

"Neither your money nor your life, Henry Mason," said the wretch, bitterly. "They will do me no good now. Listen! You live near here."

I KNOW YOUR HOUSE.

Why on earth I never stopped you before is a mystery. But I think it was more your hard, cold voice than your looks that betrayed you."

Scott pulled a revolver from his hip-pocket. The man caught its gleam in the light and started back.

"Don't move," Scott interposed, calmly. "You are not worth it, and my game is not played yet. Lead on to your house, and dare budge an inch out of the way at your peril. I want a quiet, warm place to do some writing. Perhaps you did not know that I adopted a different profession after you ruined me and helped yourself to my money? I'm a special correspondent when I've life enough to be anything at all. I haven't made much of my life, as you see, but I can write."

"If you want money, tell me how much," Derwent said, hoarsely.

"I told you I wanted no money of yours," said Scott, moving a step nearer. "I shall be paid enough for my night's job to tide over the few weeks of life that are left me. What I want is revenge and the chance to set myself right in the eyes of the world. You have robbed me of my life; I cannot get back. You have stolen my money, as you did that of many others, and have saddled upon me a

DISGRACE THAT SHOULD REST

On your own shoulders. It was you who forged that draft, and not I, and you know it, though I served my term in the penitentiary for the crime. You call yourself a gentleman now, Henry Mason, and I am worse than a dog, but my hour has come. Lead on home."

The wretch had raised his voice almost to a scream, and now waved the revolver in the air. The man walked on, glancing over his shoulder furtively.

"I told you that I should not kill you unless you tried to escape," said Scott, with a sneer. "If you speak to any passerby, however, you are a dead man on my word. Go on!"

The rest of the way was made in silence. Scott was close upon Derwent's heels when he mounted the marble steps of his stately mansion and turned the latch key. Within all was silent. The wretch had counted on this; it was well past midnight. The gentle radiance of the soft lights, the warm air of the elegant house, almost overpowered him, but Derwent heard the click of the revolver in his trembling hand, and pushed open the library door.

"So this is your home, Henry Mason?" said Scott, staring about him.

"Not so loud, man, for heaven's sake!" cried Derwent.

"So this is your home?" Scott proceeded, unheeding. "Not much

LIKE THE PRISON CELL

That was my home for 10 years, thanks to you, Henry Mason; not very much like the rat-holes that make about the only home I know now."

"What do you want, man?" began Derwent, his hand finding his pocket again.

"Pen and paper," said Scott, fiercely, rousing himself and sinking into a

chair at the writing table. "Now do you sit there across the room from me. Move or speak at your own risk."

Scott took the revolver in his left hand, and began to write, yet keeping a close eye upon Derwent all the while. By-and-by he read aloud:

"I, Henry Mason, alias Thomas J. Derwent, do hereby certify that I forged the note upon the Goldthwaite Bank, of New York City 20 years ago, for which Howard Scott stood accused. I declare said Scott innocent. I alone am guilty."

"Come now, and sign your name, straight goods; I know your signature, remember."

"I will give you ten, fifteen, twenty thousand dollars—" began Derwent, eagerly.

"Sign!"

"Fifty thousand—"

"Sign!" and the revolver clicked. Derwent bent over the paper.

"One hundred thousand—anything, everything—"

"Write 'Henry Mason,'

ALIAS THOMAS J. DERWENT,"

said Scott.

The man wrote, staggering back from the table with a groan.

"Now that part of the business is finished. Resume your seat," said Scott. "I want to do some writing on my own book, and these are about as cozy quarters as I can find. You are pretty well known at home, Henry Mason, if you did shunt that forgery off on me, and it will add somewhat to the interest of my telegrams to state that they were written in your own handsomely appointed library. When I have finished I shall use your telephone a moment. The boys at the station know me very well. A special correspondent comes to know a great many people, you know," he said, with a short laugh, "and I shall have no difficulty in getting a man to take charge of you. Whatever else they know about me, they know I am no liar. After that my game is played."

He wrote on busily for an hour. At last he picked up the loose sheets and read aloud what he had written. He had told the truth when he said he knew how to write. The story that he told of his own suffering for

THE CRIME OF ANOTHER

Would have made him famous, so full was it of dramatic power and graphic detail. At the first merciless headlines Derwent groaned aloud, but Scott went on pitilessly, telling the whole dark story of the man's crime.

Meanwhile he sat with his head bowed in his hands, listening. He did not raise his head even when Scott rang the telephone bell and ordered a man up from the station. The house of cards which it had taken 20 years to build had tumbled about his head, and he sat bowed and broken among the ruins. The passing moments seemed hours of agony and despair. In the midst of it all there was a froufrou of skirts in the hall and the patter of slipped feet on the hardwood floor. The door opened softly.

"Is that you, father, dear?" a sweet voice asked, and Scott looked up to see a young girl standing in the doorway. She was a beautiful, sweet-faced young thing, and her dead-gold hair was flung loosely back over her shoulders, and a tender look of sleep was in her blue eyes. "I am so glad you have come, dear," she went on. "I had gone to bed, and was asleep, but

HEARD THE TELEPHONE

And fancied it must be you. I am so glad to see you, you sweet old papa."

Derwent fancied he heard a click of the revolver, and looked up sharply. But Scott threw a newspaper over his left hand and coughed softly behind his palm.

"Oh, I beg pardon, father!" said the girl, springing to her feet. "I thought you were alone."

There was not even a glance at Scott as she turned and left the room. Derwent uttered a stifled cry as the door closed.

"Lucie!"

But Scott sprang to his feet.

"At your peril!" he said, jamming the revolver under Derwent's nose. "Your daughter, I suppose?" he went on.

"Yes," Derwent murmured.

"How old is she?"

"Eighteen years."

"Then she knows nothing of your dirty past?"

"Nothing."

"And believes in you?"

"Yes." And the man groaned.

"Then God help her, poor little girl!" said Scott, fervently.

The heavy tread of the policeman was heard mounting the stone steps. Scott hesitated a moment, then,

WHIPPING THE REVOLVER

Into his pocket, he snatched the closely written sheets from the table and tore them into shreds.

"So my game is ended," he said, with a laugh, as he stuffed the torn bits into the blazing grate. "Open the door and let the man in."

Derwent hesitated.

"Coward!" said Scott between his teeth, but he opened the door himself.

The big policeman looked from one to the other in amazement.

"You, sir?" he said, staring at Scott.

"Yes, Mike," Scott answered. "Gentlemen like that one yonder don't like to be troubled with wretches like me, so I guess you'll have to run me in. A berth in your comfortable quarters is not objectionable, on a night like this."

"What is to be the charge?" said Mike, turning to Derwent with no very good grace.

THE MAN WAS SILENT.

He sat cowering in his chair, dazed and helpless.

"Oh, the gentleman will no doubt be on hand to prefer charges in the morning," interposed Scott, with a laugh. "Let's go, Mike."

"What a horrid wretch that was," said Lucie, coming from the back of the hall and putting her hand through

her father's arm when the door closed.

"What did he want of you?"

"Money, of course, child," answered the father, hoarsely.

"Well, I'm glad that you telephoned for a policeman to take him away if he was troubling you."

A man was reported dead at Police Station No. 10 the next morning. Thomas Derwent went into the little, whitewashed room and stood a moment looking into the pinched face of the dead man whose lips were closed forever. Then, buttoning up his fur-lined overcoat, he went out again, breathing freely.

EVERYBODY KNOWS IT.

IT is long since that everybody has known that J. H. RIDDLE sells the very best quality of Family and Fancy Groceries at the very lowest bottom prices, and too, that he does it without hesitancy or quibbling. They know that he marks his goods at a fair price and that he expects no more. They know that others cannot undersell him and stay in business.

CLAY PEAS.

At J. H. RIDDLE'S you can find a limited supply of Clay Peas, and he would suggest to parties wanting them to lay in their supply now, for later in the season there is always a scarcity which affects the price.

Timothy "Hay in Clover."

When you want Timothy Hay and Clover, you will find it to your interest to see J. H. RIDDLE. He can surely quote close figures and will supply you in large or small quantities on short notice.

Plastering Hair, Lime, Cement and Shingles.

Heretofore J. H. RIDDLE has kept only Cement, Lime and Shingles; but by constant demand he has been forced to add to his building material a large quantity PLASTERING HAIR, which in the future you can expect to always find at his place, and when contractors or large buyers need any of these articles, they may expect special prices.

Fruit Jars and Harrows.

Possibly Fruit Jars and Cotton Harrows should not be put in the same classification; but since the rains have come you will need the harrows, and when the fruit comes you will need the jars, and J. H. RIDDLE has them at bottom prices.

T. W. SPECK.

MY CREED.

I Don't Believe That Everything That Glitters Is Gold.

I DON'T believe in representing my I wares to be tripple-plated when it was bought for single plate.

I don't believe in calling tripple plate jewelry "filled goods."

I don't believe in calling "filled goods" solid gold.

And I don't believe in taking advantage of the confidence a customer reposes in me, nor do I believe that a business built upon avarice, or misrepresentation can be put upon a lasting foundation.

I don't believe in falsifying facts or allying brass with cheek to sell gold.

I do believe that it is my duty as a business man to correctly represent my goods, and deal justly with my fellowmen, and it is to this that I attribute my growing business.

When you want Eye Glasses or Spectacles, remember that I have a full line of the best goods.

When you want an Engagement Ring, remember that I can furnish it.

If you want any kind of Jewelry see me.

When you want a good Watch in either a gold or silver case, I can and will furnish it as cheap as anybody.

If you have a watch that needs repairing, bring it to me. I do honest work and guarantee it.

T. W. SPECK.

W. B. MOORE & CO.

MOWING MACHINES.

THE CHAMPION defies all competition on many working qualities. It will do work no other will do. It has less gearing and consequently easy draft. It makes full cut of blade with horses "off the grass." It costs less for repairs than any of them. With

11 MACHINES

In the field all last season—not a break. The principle that it is built on is different from any other. One and one-half more CHAMPION'S were used in the United States last year to cut the crop than any other make. The BEST finds its way to the front. Now is the time to look about for your new mower. The Champion is the cheapest, because it is the best and costs less for repairs.

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When you want

To PAINT your house

See T. B. McClain

And let him explain