"We sent our advance man into Chiwago with \$2,200-all our 'spare money' - with instructions to get \$2,000 worth posters, held C. O. D. at an express office, and bill the town. The Wednesday before we were to open in Chicago we got a telegram that the man was drunk, not many bills posted, and the money going. I jumped for Chicago. located the advance man, rescued the \$330 he had left, and did the best I

"Saturday night I met the troupe at midnight. We were to open at the old Haymarket on Sunday afternoon. We put up at a West side hotel. The star and I were having a bottle of beer in bis room when we saw a firedown the street. The Haymarket was burning,

"Well, the theater was not hurt much, only the top of the building burned off, and the street was full of debris. We went right on with the show, but nobody came because they thought the theater had burned down. Anyhow, we went broke.

Three of us moved to a cheap North side hotel, and started hunting work. It was nice weather, but by some singular coincidence the day I reached amy last quarter and owed the hotel \$5 and the landlord was looking hard at me every time I passed him the thermometer dropped down to eight degrees below zero and stuck there.

"I was wearing a heavy, prosperous looking overcoat over a summer suit and hustling for a job managing some show. The day the cold snap came I decided to spend a dime of that final moarter for a shave. In the barber schop some one stole my coat. The Abermometer was still falling.,

"I dug up from the actor's trunk one of his property coats, made of cheese wioth, painted. It was a short, bulldog coat, with big buttons, and it made a replended front, but I never cross the Clark street bridge, even in August, without shivering.

"Two days after, having dined once with a friend and the rest of the time constructively. I was getting ready to leap into the river, only it was frozen over. I determined to make one last desperate play for work. I hustled downtown. The wind was blowing a gate and I was half frozen. As I ducked my head and hurried along past the county building there came a wild gust of wind. Something struck my trousers leg, flapped around against it, and sauck there. I started to kick it off, but still it stuck, and, reaching down, I pulled it off. It was a \$10 bill.

That gust of wind changed my Inck I got three hot drinks inside myself real quick, went after a job, got it, busimess began to pick up, and I'm doing real well, thank you."

#### ROTHSCHILD AND WATERLOO. . me Member of That Famous Family

Made Six Millions by the. Battle. There is probably no more pictur-. rsque and unique bit of financiering in history than that by which Nathan Rothschild made \$6,000,000 as a result of the battle of Waterloo, says Les-Se's Weekly. Rothchild had followed. .Wellington during his campaign against . Napoleon, and at Waterloo the "hian of money" sat like a soldier in a shower of rain and bullets, watching the bat--4le. As soon as he observed the argrival of Blucher and his rout of the Prench, Rothschild set spurs to his horse and rode swiftly to Brussels, A carriage whirled him to Ostend, and the next morning he was at the Belgian coast. The sea was so rough that he had to pay \$500 to a boatman to carry him across the channel, and be landed at Dover in the even-.ing. The next morning he was in London before the opening of the stock exchange. It was known that be had come direct from Wellington, and must have the latest news. He had outstripped all the couriers and messengers of the nation. There was me felegraph then. In answer to the anxious inquiries for the news of Wellington, Rothschild discreetly said. nothing of the battle of Waterloo. In-\*sstead, he sighed, and told of Blucher's m previous defeat at Ligny, and said that a result there could be no hope for Wellington. The gloomy report caused a panic on the exchange, and when the market reached the bottom Nathan Rothschild bought everything that he scould find money for-all being done quietly through his brokers. Then

What They Really Were. Spartions. They tell me that some woval dwellings are surrounded by guards standing so plose together as

came the news of the battle of Water-

loo, England's victory, the final defeat

of Napoleon. Securities of all kinds

went up with a rush, and Nathan

Rothschild, being well stocked at small

cost, made great profits-about \$6,000,-

000. He was one of the five sons of the

scriginal Mayer Anselm Rothschild,

who began his career in a little money

loaning shop in Frankfort Germany,

and founded the richest family in the

world.

to resemble a fence. Smarticus - A sort of picket fence. I suppose; yet in reality they are only palace aids .- Baltimore AmerFOUGHT AN ODD DUEL.

An Obnoxious City Swain Inveloied Into a Teap by One of His Rorat Hiyala.

Espent six weeks of my young manhood day, in a certain rural neighborhood in Vermont," said a Michigan capitalist, as he smoked his cigar in a Detroit hotel the other evening, "and as I was a fair-looking chan of 23, with good clothes and plenty of money, I was an object of adoration with all the girls for seven miles around. At the same time, all the young fellows wanted to punch my head, and for a time I had the

whole community pretty badly unset. "Of course I enjoyed the situation, and being a fair boxer, I knocked out the young farmers as fast as they tried to corner me. There was one girl among the two dozen I got struck on, and I should certainly have laid my heart at her feet, and she might have been my wife to-day but for the trickiness of a farmer's man. He loved Lucinda as well, and he 'laid' for me. One bitter winter's morning he came over to the house and challenged me to a duel. We were to touch tongues to an ax which had been left out over night, and the one who 'hollered' first was to be the loser.

"I had never gone into the science of frost, and I was just fool enough to try it. My rival got a chance to touch his tongue to vinegar before the test came, and he gave that cold ax a lick without results. Then I seized it and put out my tongue and was undone. It seemed, as if my tongue was nailed fast, and as if knives were cutting at it, and they had to heat two quarts of milk to bring about a separation.

"For the next three days," continned the capitalist, according to the Detroit Free Press, "I couldn't speak plain nor eat solid food, and my true love just cuddled up to that smart 'hired man and gave me the coldest sort of shake. It was 'agin' me all over the neighborhood that I had licked a cold ax and hollered, and the man who drove me five miles over the hills to reach the railroad never spoke to me until the journey was finished. Then he looked at me in a contemptuous way and said:

"Young man, if you ever expect to amount to anything in this world. you'll go home and practice lickin' a cold grindstone till it draws the brains up out o' your feet."

#### WHY THEY RETREATED.

Graphic Word-Painting of the Memorable Germo-Venezuelan Exchange of Hostilities, Etc.

In Fort San Carlos, the Venezuelan garrison were pluckily withstanding the steady fire from the German warships. Shell after shell had exploded around them, men wounded or dead lay here and there, yet manfully they stuck to their guns and knew, no fear, relates the New York

"Do your worst!" cried Gen. Bello, hoarsely, shaking his powder-stained fist at the flame-belching ships riding beyond the bar.

And, though the brave Venezuelan knew it not, the worst was already coming his way.

From the smoke-clouded gun-deck of the German flagship "Brave Bill" Pilsener, gunner's mate, had climbed to the bridge, where the squadron commander in vexation was pacing back and forth,

"I beg to report, sir," he began, saluting and speaking with the peculiar Williamsburg accent, "that I have a scheme to put them Venezue-

lans outer commission." "Vell, vass iss?" returned the commander, impatiently.

"Why," explained the gunner's mate, with a cruel, devilish light in his eyes, "we've got 16 cases of limburger cheese and nine barrels of sauerkraut left in the hold, and I would suggest that we load some of our shells with the stuff."

The German commander recoiled at first from so diabolical and uncivilized a method of warfare, but he was bent on victory, and in the end he yielded to the idea.

Behind the defiantly thundering walls of the fort brave Gen. Bello was making an encouraging speech to his men.

"Remember the customs receipts." he concluded, in a burst of patriotism, and a cheer went up from the powder-coated throats of his men. Just then the first of the lim-

burger and sauerkraut charged shells from the flagship's main battery exploded over the fort. As the thick, dense odor settled down around them, the patriots, panic-stricken, drew their outlasses, and, cutting their way through it, fled frantically from the fort to the clear ozone of the hills beyond.

Local Protest. Stranger-Why was that reader rejected by the school trustees?

Amber Pete (of Engle Eye)-Wal, stranger, there was a story in it about a man being left on a tall chimney and saving himself by unraveling his sock.

"Well, that teaches the younger generation the advantage of persever-

"I know, but we don't wear socks out here."--Chicago Daily News."

Two Ways of Saying It. "We cannot see our way clear" is correct; so is "We cannot see clearly our way." "Clear" in the first phrase qualifies -"way;" "clearly" in the second qualifies "seeing."

Quit When It In Over. Don't prolong a quarrel. Make one hard fight and then quit-win or lose. -Chicago Daily News.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Miss Davlington - That's Mrs. Royal Pusher, the social climber!" Mr. Whitting top ..... is old Pusher, the step-ladder."- Town

Topics. Miss Withers of Indians Arthur to

afraid to propose to me." Belle -"Of course he is, and there are thousands of others just like him."--London Tit-"Hello, Lathers! What's the matter?" "Been shaving myself." "What

did you cut that notch in your chin for?" "To remind me not do it again." -Indianapolis News. The Question .-- "Will be consent to be a candidate after all those defeats?" asked one politician. "That is not the question," returned the other. "Wift,

he consent not to be?"-Washington

Star. "Bjones says he doesn't believe onehalf of what he hears nor one-tenth of what he sees." "Good; and those who hear and see Bjones don't believe any of what he says."-Baltimore

"Yes, gentlemen," said the professor in philosophy, gravely, "you should be content with what you have." "I am." said the precocious freshman. "It is what I haven't got that I'm dissatis; fied about." -- Columbia Jester.

A young man conducted two ladies to an observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late, the eclipse was over, and the ladies were. disappointed. "Oh," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret! I know the astronomer well. He is a very polite man, and I'm sure he will begin again."--London

What Uncle Reuben Says .- Dar' am times I like Uncle Rastus fur his common sense, and dar' am times when I call him a fool fur his ignerence, and wish he had stayed at home. He am wise or ignerent accordin' to whether he agrees wid me or not .- Detroit Free

# THE TICKET-TAKER'S WOES.

Troubles of the Man Who Collects the Pasteboards at the Theater Door.

"Tickets, please," said the man at the door of one of the down-town theaters one cold evening, relates the Chicago Tribune. "Help yourself," said the patron of

the playhouse, as he pulled open his

coat. "I am too cold to get at them." The ticket taker reached his hand into the man's waistcoat and extracted the small envelope with the necessary bits of pasteboard. After tearing off the seat coupons and giving them to the chilled customer the blocked line

began to move again. "This is the first time that I ever had. to go through a man's pockets," said the doorkeeper. "I have had all sorts of experiences at theater doors, but this was not included among them."

A thousand persons who enter any of the theaters present their tickets in almost a thousand different ways. Some are embarrassed. They leave the seat coupons in the hands of the man at the door. Many of them hand them to the head usher and rush on as if there was no time to be lost, and are caught in a mad race to the seats that they suppose belong to them. -

It is not at all difficult to decide by the manner in which they offer the tickets whether or not they are regular attendants at the theater. Women who are not accustomed to visit the playhouses seem to take it for granted that tickets must be shown before they will be permitted to enter. The escort, many times rushed and confused, fails to find the tickets on the first search, and his women friends stand blocking the way while he examines his pockets.

The tickets are usually presented in the envelopes in which they have been inclosed by the man at the ticket window. This means that the man at the door must tear the envelope open before he can examine the tickets. The delay on one means the waiting of 50 in the line behind. Others have them ready and pass in without a stop in the

line, but these are the exception. Tickets are taken from handbags. suit cases and the inside bands of hats. One woman had to be allowed to visit the retiring room the other evening before she surrendered her tickets, but she finally found them.

The holders of the tickets sometimes want to talk to the taker. A man who is tearing the coupons of a hundred tickets a minute cares little for the condition of the weather, but he must be polite, and so he smiles and says something and wonders.

# Toyman Tricked.

Mr. Jones kept a toy shop, and among various things sold fishing rods. For the purpose of advertising them he had a large rod hanging outside, with an artificial fish at the end of it. Late one night, when most people were in bed, a man who was rather the worse for his night's enjoyment happened to see this fish. He looked at it, and then went cautiously up to the door and knocked gently. Jones did not hear this, so after the man had knocked a little louder he responded at the window up above.

"Who's there?" said Jones. "Don't make a noise," said the man, in a whisper, "but come down as quietly as you can."

At this request our friend thought there must be something the matter. So after dressing and coming down as quietly as possible, he proceeded to ask what it was.

"What is the matter?" he inquired. "Sh," said the man. "Pull your line in, quick; you've got a bite."-Tit-Bits,

Taking No Chances. Mr. Younghusband Why don't youtry your hand at cooking, dear? Mrs. Younghusband-Well, I will if you will promise to continue to love me.-N. Y. Herald.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Architects estimate the weight of a crowd on a floor at an pounds to the purpose the square inch.

Senator Clark's first corner was in baking powder. He had all the stuff in sight in one of the early Montana mining camps.

A man from Pittsburg was introduced to Representative Littlefield, of Maine, the other day. "I spoke in l'ittsburg last fall," said Littlefield. "Yes,". replied the Pittsburg man. "I ran for office there and I was beaten by only 7,000." "Heavens!" said Littlefield. "I am not usually so fatal as that. I spoke out in Omaha in 1900 for 'Dave' Mercer and they didn't beat him until

Senator Platt was fingering a giltedged book that had come to him in the mail. He seemed so much interested in it that Senator Quay asked what he was reading. "This," explained the New York "boss" as he turned the pages slowly "is a reprint of a curious volume much thought of by William Penn and his followers, but which I am told is scarcely known among their descendants." "And what is it called?" asked the Pennsylvania statesman. Platt tossed it on Quay's desk. It was the bible.

George H. Vanderbilt has just added to his estate at Asheville, N. C., a small tract of land for which he paid the owner, a negro named Johua Moore, \$2,250. The land would have been dear at \$50, but the negro refused to sell at a less price than the amount he finally received. Moore's wife was the real engineer of the deal with the multimillionaire. The nine acres which the modern David coveted were deeded to her 20 years ago by Edwin Hardy, a white man in whose employ she had been for many years. She had one child-a girl-before she married Moore, and the land was to go to her children. This daughter has just become of age and she wanted the money. Moore would, no doubt, have sold long ago if he could have made title. He says he got only a small portion of the money, his wife and her daughter getting the lion's share.

A good many pages in the house and senate are industrious collectors of autographs. Congressman Shattue, of Cleveland, always has some harmless practical joke in mind, so the other day when he met one of these autograph fiends he said: "I just passed Liliuokalani, the former queen of Hawaii, on her way to the senate. You ought to get her name in your book." A moment later, album in hand, the lad was dashing through the corridor trying to locate the dusky queen. In the woman's reception room of the senate he approached a portly colored woman, decked out in flaming attire, a big red hat and a plentiful supply of jeweiry. "Would you please give me your autograph?" asked the page. "What you mean chile?" inquired the supposed queen indignantly. "Ain't you Queen Lilinokalani?" "No. indeed, honey. Tse Martha Washington Syfax. from Virginia, and I'se looking to my member. Mr. Rixey, of Culpeper county."

# WISCONSIN'S BUFFALO.

#### Efforts Being Made to Establish a Trust for Raising the Animals.

Wisconsin will be able to boast of one of the most peculiar of all trusts before long. This will be the "buffalo trust," a venture for the preservation of the noble animals which once swarmed the American plains, but which are now all but extinct, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

A tract of 500 acres just west of Kenosha will be the home of the trust herd. Maj. Gordon W. Lillie, famous as "Pawnee Bill." is fostering the project, and early this spring will bring here the first herd of wild buffalo ever brought east of the Mississippi river.

Maj. Lillie has something more in mind than the mere preservation of the monarch of the plains. He expects to utilize the herd to assist him in furnishing the meat supply for large cities, the Chicago trade being particularly aimed at. It is said he has a million dollars back of the project, and that his associates in the venture are bound to make the new "trust" go.

Old Daniel Wells, a former millionaire resident of Milwaukee, was the former owner of the land that has been bought by Maj. Lillie and his associates, and it is one of the finest pieces of property on the lake shore. Its buildings were built years ago in the form of a southern plantation. The little cottages which were formerly used as the homes of tenants will become the homes of the Indians who will be brought from the plains. In these modern wigwams, far from the home of their sires and the campfires of the past, will live representatives of the Chevennes, the Arapahoes, and the Kiowas.

For the last ten years Maj. Lillie and others have been at work getting into a single herd all the buffalo in the world, but the task is now practically completed, and the major has a single herd consisting of 365 animals. All of these will be brought to the east, where they will be in easy touch with the markets of New York and Chicago. In getting this herd together Maj. Lillie has recently bought the famous "Good Night" herd in Texas and the Alvoid herd in Montana. The only animals of the race now to be found outside of this herd are in the parks of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Yellowston and Cincinnati.

Accounted For. Bandford-I never allow myself to become angry or lose my temper with

a fool. Merton-That probably accounts for your always being on such good terms with yourself .- N. Y. Herald.

HE MADE GOOD.

Taylor, in the Chicago Tribune.

the outside.

pulled his coat tail.

body in the car?"

or a savage?"

on him.

THE MANAGEMENT TO SELECT TOTO

Careless Conductor and Sees the Thing Through.

The conductor, having collected the

fares from the inside passengers,

opened the front doors and stood in

the doorway collecting from those on

A long, lean man, wearing a stern ex-

pression of countenance and a high

silk hat, who was sented near the for-

ward end of the car, reached over and

please see what boor is holding those

doors wide open and freezing every-

"Conductor," he said, "will you

"What's that you say?" demanded

the conductor, turning and glowering

"I say, will you be good enough to

find out who is keeping those doors

open and turning this car into an ice

box, and will you kindly say to him

for me that I think he's either a donkey

The conductor finished collecting his

"You're one of these thin skinned

dudes, I reckon," he said, "that can't

stand a breath of fresh air. You ought

to do your traveling in a nice little

carriage, with a hot brick for your

a hog car, where you'd feel more at

home. Do you think it's any worse to

rob a man and lock him in a refriger-

ator than to make him pay for riding

the doors every time I want to collect

a fare on the platform, do you, and let

"Want to argue the case a little, do

you? Suppose you let the motorman

run the car. That's his business.

Couldn't you watch the passengers in-

side through windows in the doors as

well as you can when you hold the

doors open and stand with your back

this fuss about, you dandified, stuck

"Do you think it's worth making all

"I do, you wild Piute of the stock

yards. That's why I am making a fuss

about it. A man ought to have a little

sense, even if he is a street car con-

ductor. I watched you do that thing

four times before I kicked. If you do

it again while I'm on this car I'll report

you to the president of the road. I

happen to know him, and I've got your

"Better not say it. If you do I'll re-

port that besides being a boor and a

surly brute you insult the patrons of

"I'd like to meet you alone some-

"Not more than once. Your next

"Just tell me who you are and where

"My name is Gwilliams, and you'll

where. I'd punch your head for you."

forward movement would be in the di-

I can find you, and I'll risk it anyway."

find my address on this card. Office

hours from nine a. m. till four p. m.,

when I'm not conducting a case in

court. Find me at my home in Lake

Forest at any other time. If you get

into any kind of trouble and need a

"It won't take much more from you

Then the long, lean passenger

"Hitherto, my friend." he said, "I

have been conducting this discussion

with gentleness and moderation, but

if you hold those doors open again to

collect fares from passengers on the

front platform while I am in this car

I'll jerk you back so quick you'll

make a streak of smoke in the atmos-

The conductor looked around the

And when two men got on at the

front end of the car at the next cross-

ing he went outside to collect their

There is always a possibility that

the person whom we regard as a

proper object for sympathy may look

upon himself in another light. This

interesting and instructive surprise

often awaits the well-meaning bearer

When Mrs. Hastings learned that

her old friend. Mrs. Warren, had be-

come "stun deef," she went, with a

"It must be an awful cross, Laviny,"

she wrote on the slate which Mrs.

Warren presented to her as soon as

"'Tain't either!" snapped the af-

flicted one, who, though deaf, was by

no means dumb. "Folks that have

got anything to say can write it on

that slate. And Henry Warren, that's

had to put a curb on his tongue for

upwards o' 30 years on account of the

high temper he took from his mother's

folks, is now able to say anything he

likes and no feelings hurt. I count my

deafness a real blessing. How's your

Energy Gone Astray.

"Well, Uncle Timothy," her moth-

er asked, after the lady had finished

her Listz, "how do you like Gerald-

"I dunno yet," the admiring old

man replied, "but, by gum! It seems

too bad she didn't chop wood or some-

thing to show how strong she is, in-

stid of tryin' to much a pi-anna that

must of cost a hull lot o' money."-

ine's playing?".....

Chicago Record-Herald.

rheumatism?"-Youth's Companion.

Her Blessing.

car, but he saw no sympathy in any

slowly arose and pointed a long, lean

to get into a little trouble, right

here!" exclaimed the conductor.

this line by swearing at them."

on of a hospital."

lawyer, by the way, I am-"

finger at him. -

phere."

of the faces.

of condolence.

long face, to see her.

she was seated.

the car run itself?"

to the passengers?"

"Report and be-"

"Think I ought to go out and shut

"And you ought to be conductor on

fares, closed the doors and then turned

Canler. It was a cold morning and the Halsted street car wasn't any too warm. The car was fairly well filled with passengers, and several were smoking on the front platform, writes C. W.

veluable English pointer, which was lost from a plantation near here. recently, was found in Joyceville, a amall village in Mecklenburg county, 150 miles away. As to the manner inwhich he disappeared from the plantation there is a story, says a Crewo (Va.) correspondence of the New York

AN INTELLIGENT POINTER.

Tale of a Knowing Dog That Was

Made Jenious by Another

the control of the co

A northern man brought the English pointer to Virginia from the Genesee valley for a couple of weeks' quail shooting. On the plantation at which he put up there was another dog - an. old liver-colored pointer--who once had been known as the best bird dog in the county, but had outlived his reputation, and except under the most favorable conditions was of little ser-

On the day the northerner arrived both dogs were taken into the field. In a very short time the native had the humiliation of seeing himself beaten in his own country and at his own game by a stranger. The new dog found three covies to his one and beat him quite as badly on the single birds. In the afternoon the old fellow's work became so ragged and he ran over so many birds in his eagerness to outdo his rival that his owner finally sent him home.

The "best bird dog in the county" crept through the pines with his tail drooping-his colors struck, his heart. broken. When evening returned to the house in the evening the vanquished champion deliberately picked a quarrel with his rival and was further humiliated with a whipping by his mas-

The next morning both dogs were missing. Places for them to sleep had been made on a back porch. Nowhere were they to be found on the plantation, nor had they been seen by anyone in the neighborhood. The next afternoon the old dog returned, tired out, but, calm and cheerful. The new dog was not with him.

The men set out on horseback to run himdown if possible. No trace was found until they reached Jetersville. ten miles from here. There a planter declared that early on the day before he had seen two pointers, one liver-colored and the other white, trotting along a road leading to Blackstone. The white dog was five or ten yards ahead of the other and apparently was being chased. Whenever he attempted to stop or turn the liver-colored dog closed in on him. Between Jetersville. and Blackstone the planter's story was corroborated a score of times. White men and colored had seen the two sanderers; sometimes in the fields, sometimes on the highway or skulking through the pines. But the white dog was always a little way ahead and apparently greatly defected. At the falls of Nottoway, which are at the extreme eed of the county the trall was lost and the men were compelled to return home without the dog

What became of him after his vigitant jailor left him has learned, but the evidence against the old liver-colored native is too convincing to be set aside. He deliberately drove his rival from the plantationand not satisfied with that chased him. clean out of the county.

# DIDN'T KNOW HIMSELF.

And When His Work-n-Day Wife Spoke to Him He Didn't Know Her.

Congressman Jenkins, of Wisconsin, who recently introduced a measure looking toward the governmental seizure of the coal mines, was talking the other day about the vanity t that inflates some men when they achieve success in life, says the New York Tribune.

"In my boyhood," he said, "I remember how, a man from my town was elected to a minor political office, and got so puffed up about it that he would hardly speak to anyone on the street.

"One day a blacksmith, who had electioneered for this man, entered his office and extended his hand. But . the other failed to see the hand, and said: 'I don't remember you, sir.' "The blacksmith looked around. A

half dozen men were present, and to these he addressed himself. "'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this here reminds me of the mayor that they

elected once in my wife's town. They elected, more for a joke than anything else, an old ragpicker to the mayoralty. They made him buy a frock coat and a white tie and a plug hat, and they persuaded him to ride around in a falltop baggy. It was a change. I tell you. "Well, his wife met him at the

house door on his first day in office, and he passed her by without looking at her. He was grand, you see, in his plug hat and white tie, but she only had on her working clothes and her sleeves were rolled up. "Why, James," she saxs, nearly crying, "why, don't you know me, James?" "How can I know you, Mary," says he. "how can I know you when I don't know myself now?"

"There are other men besides that ragpicker mayor, the blacksmith ended, 'who don't know themselves.' ' And he grinned at his embarrassed audience and walked out."

Co. One Given Satisfaction. There are 57 different metals, but If a man has plenty of gold he doesn't have to worry about the other 56 .-Chicago Daily News.

What Do They Mean?

When some people want to praise a baby, they say, "Why, you wouldn't know there was a haby in the house!" -Atchison Globe.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Beition habdemadair \$8.00.