STORIES FROM THE STREET

Bright Boy, Who Caused Trouble by His Method of Procuring a "Property" Hat.

Mingled with the People of Chili—Postmasters' Salaries—Governor and the Expressmen—Could Make a Lemon Pie.

A mild-mannered citizen, who didn't know whether he had a grievance or not, wandered into this office the other day. A few weeks ago, dressed in his Sunday best, with a new silk tile, he gladly escorted his little daughter to a Sunday-school entertainment, given on a Wednesday evening at Plymouth Church. The whole entertainment proved very pleasing, but a little play, the part of a friend, in which a tramp figured, pleased the children most of all. After the exercises were over the mild gentleman was unable to find his hat in the vestibule where he had left it. Stationing himself at the outer door he asked each gentleman if he was sure he had the right hat. Some answered him pleasantly and some gruffly, while others grew facetious. One good deacon advised him to watch for any man who went out with two hats on, while another vowed he had seen Deacon B—— sneaking out the back way with it under his arm.

Finally all had gone, as he thought, except the janitor and his two children, and he was dreading to start out in the raging snow-storm bare-headed, when two of the young men, who had taken part in the little drama, appeared. He told them of his

plight. One of them, "the tramp," remembered that at the last moment before the entertainment commenced, he had discovered that no hat had been provided for his make-up and had sent a boy out to hunt one up. Perhaps the boy had gone only as far as the vestibule and had seized the mild gentleman's hat. Would he step back and examine? The gas had been turned off, but they groped their way back to the stage and by means of lighted matches were enabled to overhaul the valise containing the wardroke of the tramp and there, wrapped inside of an old "razgedy" coat, was the victim's Sunday-go-to-meeting hat, battered and disfigured out of all semblance to its former glossy self, for the boy had been very successful in making it resemble, on such short notice, the hat of a tramp.

"I don't care," said the mild-mannered citizen, when he had finished his tale of woe. "I don't care so much for the ruin of the hat as that it necessitated a long round about walk home through the darkest streets with my little girls, as with such a headgear it was impossible for me to appear in a street car. I don't blame the boy, but I would like to ask him if that was acting 'the part of friend.'"

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"I was a very near neighbor to Chili for a number of years," remarked Maj. W. D. Kittell, of the Kahn Tailoring Company, "as I was located in the province of Tarapaca, Peru, then adjoining Chili, but now a part of that country. I lived at Iquique, having gone there in 1875, and remained until the great earthquake of 1877 shook me out. I was one of the firm of Wallace, Kittell & Co., amalgamators of silver ore. We had leased nine old Spanish mines which had been worked about 1740, but had long remained neglected. In those early mining operations the finest of the ore was selected and the refuse would be dumped at the mouth of the mine. It was this refuse we thought we saw money in, as it averaged all the way from $10 to $60 a ton. The cost of working it was so great, however, and the difficulties so numerous that the venture proved unprofitable. We had another enterprise there. We condensed pure water from the sea water and sold it to Iquique, where there is no water unless they bring it from the mountains eighty miles away, as no rain falls on that coast.

"The great enterprises on that coast are in the hands of the English, and all the revolutions have Johnny Bull in them somewhere, and always on a commercial basis. I have a personal knowledge of that fact. Iquique is the outlet for iodine and enormous quantities of saltpeter. There were two firms there controlling the saltpeter trade, Gibson & Co., of London, with a capital of $9,000,000, and Gildermeister & Co., of Berlin, with a capital of $4,000,000. These firms, as did all other shippers, paid to the government an export duty of 40 cents on the hundred pounds. About this time a citizen named Peroli, who had been one of the Cabinet of a former President, thought out a plan for a nice little revolution. That was in 1876. He come to an understanding with these saltpeter firms if they would furnish him with funds he would, when he took charge of the government, reduce the export duty one-half. After this arrangement was entered into the shipment of saltpeter stopped altogether and the revolution went on. Peroli and his adherents seized the Peruvian war ship Huascar and ran down the coast to Arica. There the coal gave out. Coal, which is all imported from England, is usually sold at $15 a ton in gold. An English vessel had come in with coal and the revolutionists took what they wanted from the British captain, giving him a voucher for it. He let them have it after entering a formal protest. He was perfectly willing to be robbed, as he knew his country would see to it that he got full pay and a bonus, no matter which side won. The English minister at Lima was notified, and a British war ship, the Shah, was sent after the Huascar. It fired a number of nine-inch steel shots through her, the Huasca surrendered, and was turned over to a English consul, McNair. The Shah returned to Callao, and inside of six weeks the Huascar was turned over to the Peruvian government, which indemnified the captain for the coal that had been taken. He was not only paid $18 a ton for the coal, but $25,000 additional. That's the way the English do business on that coast. Do not suppose the advance made by the saltpeter men to the revolutionists was lost. They found some way to recoup, you may well believe. The Chilians, like the Peruvians, are a hot-headed, impulsive people. They are polite and hospitable, misinformed as to most of the affairs of the world, call their country a republic because the word has an attractive sound, but know no more of what constitutes a true republic than a pig knows about paradise. There are no honest people in official position; corruption is without limit. The politics of the country largely rest upon the saltpeter-fields, and these are controlled by English capital. These fields are inexhaustible. Rain never falls on them and they look like thawed snow. Those near Iquique are about nine miles from the coast and four thousand feet or more above sea level."

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C. A. Kenyon is responsible for this little story. "I lived for a time," said he, "in a little town out West in which one of the best-known characters was a gentleman named Michaux, a remarkably well-educated man. He was something of a poet and a literary dilletant. He had traveled all over the world, and, though somewhat eccentric, was well received in society, notwithstanding the rumor that he had lost one wife by death and another by divorce. There was a Miss Hax in the place, a very beautiful girl, and he paid her some attentions which were graciously and encouragingly received. One day this gallant met the father of the young lady. 'Mr. Hax,' said he, 'you have a daughter named Mabel.'

"'Mr. Hax assented.

"'You consider her of marriageable age, do you not?'

"Mr. Hax again assented.

"'You have no objection, I suppose to my speaking to Mrs. Hax?'

"The father, who was mopping the beaded perspiration from his brow, said he had none, and hoped he would go to Mrs Hax at once.

"Away he went to the Hax mansion. 'Mrs. Hax,' he began when that lady appeared in answer to his knock, 'you have a daughter.' The good lady was so flurried she could scarcely answer. Evidently he was going to make a formal demand for the hand of the daughter. 'Your daughter Mabel is beautiful and I, Mrs. Hax, am eligible. The trembling mamma leaned upon a chair for support.

"'Now, Mrs. Hax, I wish to ask you a question. Can Mabel make a lemon pie?'

"'Yes, she can,' said the good lady, wondering what would come next.

"'May I see her?'

"'Certainly,' and Miss Mabel was called in.

"'Miss Mabel,' said the visitor, 'I have come to make a special request—I hope you will not refuse me. Will you—will you—accompany me to the picnic to-morrow?'"

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"It used to be that postmasters were paid according to the amount of stamps they sold," remarked a visitor in the postmaster's private office yesterday, "and now they are paid according to the amount of stamps canceled at an office. This change was brought about by the fact that little postmasters all over the country increased their salaries in an illegitimate way. I knew of a number of postmasters who were storekeepers, and bought goods in this city, who paid their bills in postage stamps."

"Yes," said another visitor, "and years ago I knew of two wholesale houses on Meridian street that helped a little postmaster way down in Maine to a better salary by getting all their postage stamps of him. I suppose they bought them at a discount.

"At the time when postmasters were paid a commission on the sale of stamps," said Postmaster Thompson, "the postmaster of a small town in Arkansas evolved a shrewd scheme to increase his compensation. There is no limit on the amount of request stamped envelopes—envelopes upon which is printed the words 'if not delivered return in five days, etc.'—that will be furnished, the presumption being that every order is genuine. This postmaster was in collusion with some parties to take these stamped request envelopes, and he doubtless furnished them at a discount. The printed request was for their return, if uncalled for, to his postoffice. It was afterward discovered that when he delivered these envelopes to his fellow conspirators they blotted out the printed request with a bronze stamp and then could resell them at a discount below regular price. The postmaster kept this up for some time, but finally the government caught on. He was removed from office and punished. It is a long lane that has no turn, and when Uncle Sam is on the track of an offender he rarely escapes. I saw some of the envelopes and the bronze strip improved their appearance."

"Postage-stamps," resumed the postmaster, after a pause, are not to be used as currency, but people don't appear to understand that, and nearly every day some person comes in here with stamps they have received in payment of debts. Sometimes these stamps are of large denominations, 4, 5 or 10-cent. In such cases people ask to exchange them for 1 or 2-cent stamps. They are much surprised to learn we cannot do this, and others are equally surprised to find that we cannot give currency for them."

"What's the postmaster's salary in a first-class office like this?" inquired an inquisitive gentleman.

Postmaster Thompson blushed, but did not withhold the information. "In a first-class postoffice like this," said he, "the salary of the postmaster is based on the amount of business the office does. In this office $200,000 in business a year, receipts that practically all come from sales of stamps, gives a salary of $3,600. In order to give the postmaster an additional $100 a year the office must sell $60,000 additional in stamps. The next increase in his salary of $100 would require an additional $70,000 a year, or to give him $3,800 the sales would have to amount to $350,000 a year. It will be a long while before the salary of the postmaster of Indianapolis reaches $4,000 a year, as this office will have to do a business of $450,000 a year."

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A lady living on North Alabama street has a young nephew who visits her occasionally. He is very inquisitive, and everything he discovers he carries to his parents for information. In climbing about in a tree while visiting his aunt last fall, he discovered a large cocoon, and upon being told that next spring a butterfly would come out of it, he was delighted, and laid it on a shelf, with the injunction to his aunt to save it for him when it made its appearance. The incident was forgotten until one evening last week, when the two young men of the house were startled by hearing an excited exclamation from another room:

"Charlie! Will! Come here, quick—quick!"

Thinking from the tone that the house was on fire, they hastily entered the room. The lady was standing in the middle of the room and a beautiful butterfly was circling about her head. The warmth of the room had brought him from his retreat about three months too soon, and instead of finding himself among blooming flowers and sunshine he found himself flitting about a chandelier, while outside the mercury in the thermometer was reaching for zero. After being admired for some time he was captured and put to a painless death by one of the young men, and word was sent to the boy to come and see his prize.

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"The Journal's account of the visit of one of its reporters to a spiritualist," said a gentleman yesterday, "reminds me of a little story the truth of which will be recognized by a number of persons in this city. A somewhat noted medium was giving seances night after night, and receiving along with the dollars paid her some remarkable manifestations. Well-known persons who had passed over to the summer land could come back at her request and talk with relatives and acquaintances on this shore of time. A sporting gentleman hearing of this had an idea. He induced a former patron of the madame to take him along, he wanted to investigate. Everything was arranged, the conditions were favorable and the sporting individual intimated that he had a friend on the other side he wanted to confer with. The spirit friend was a sport who had passed over a few months before. The medium assured the investigator that the spirit was present.

"'Johnny,' said the sport in a confidential whisper, 'I'm here for business; what I want is a straight tip as to the winners of the Guttenberg races.'

"This inquiry created a laugh and the medium declared that the spirit had gone away offended. At least the question was not answered."

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Going! going! gone! A few years ago auction-houses were a feature on Washington street. They were located in the best blocks and did a flourishing business, selling all manner of commodities, stocks of boots and shoes, dry goods, clothing, etc., as well as household effects, wrecks upon the ocean of life of ventures that had failed to come safely to port. Now the auction-houses are passing away and soon the places that once knew them will know them no more forever. Their methods are of the past and the present generation does not take kindly to them. Yet there is a wild exhilaration in buying goods at auction that can be found in no other style of purchase, and there are a few elderly people who mourn the passing away of these institutions, where every article held up to be sold was painted in the most glowing colors by the auctioneer and made an object of inestimable value. Several things have conspired to put a quietus upon the auction trade. For one thing there are fewer business failures than once characterized this city, and when a merchant fails now his competitors usually see to it that the stock is not sacrificed. Household goods find their way to second-hand stores and this cuts off a great amount of what otherwise would be auction stuff.

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"It may be said for this office," said Maj. Roberts, the Governor's private secretary, "that it is now doing what has never been done before in the way of investigating applications for pardons. We go to the neighborhood where the crime was committed, and make a personal investigation among his neighbors and learn everything possible to know regarding the crime and the perpetrator. The Governor says he intends to put a Westinghouse brake on the business, and that no one, no matter what influence may be brought to bear, shall get out of prison until he has thoroughly informed himself, and is fully persuaded that clemency will not be misplaced. The pardoning power should not be in the hands of the chief executive at all. Indiana should have a board of pardons, to which all applications should be referred. Much of the Governor's time would then be spared for other duties of more importance to the general welfare of the people of the State."

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Governor Chase was girdling the Circle the other day when he happened upon two ruffianly darkies having a make-believe fight. One of them held elevated above his head a fence rail, and addressing the other, said: "Look heah, niggah, I'll split yo' head open if you monkey wif me."

Just then the Governor, like the policeman in the novel, stepped in between the two men, and, patting each on the back (a Governor always pats during election ides), he said, with one of those hearty Danvillian laughs, "There, there, boys, you musn't quarrel. You wouldn't kill a Governor, anyhow, would you?"

"Wouldn't if we seen one," answered the man with the fence-rail.

"Well, I'm one," continued Governor Chase, "and you're my boys; so be good."

The Governor passed on smiling, leaving the expressmen in open-eyed wonder

FRATERNITIES AND ORGANIZATIONS.

Knights of Honor.

The grand officers of Indiana Knights of Honor will, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, visit Washington Lodge to witness the degree work as exemplified by the team of Washington Lodge. The members of the order are invited to be present.

Indianapolis Commandery, No. 12, Uniform Rank, have elected the following officers for the ensuing term: P. C., W. W. McCoy; C., M. M. Reynolds; first V. C., P. E. Baker; second V. C., J. P. Knanaline; secretary, J. A. Alaxander; treasurer, E. J. Lakin; senior aid, E. N. Shimer; junior aid, C. W. Miller; guardian, D. D. Burlston; sentinel, J. F. Reeder.

Wheatley Lodge celebrated its eighteenth anniversary last evening with the following programme: Orchestra, Young America Club, Elmer E. Smith, leader; lodge statistics, C. E. Koerner reporter; musical sketches, Messrs. Minor, Hess and Senger; address, A. D. Miller, P. D.; violin solo, Master Eddie Koerner; musical sketches, vocal solo, Mrs. Fannie Styers; dialogue, Misses Maggie and Pearle Cogswell; comic songs, Harry Willis; musical sketches, orchestra; social and refreshments. The hall was well filled, and the audience all enjoyed the entertainment. The lodge was organized Feb. 12, 1874, with fifteen charter members. It now has 141. The contributions to the widows' and orphans' fund have been $15,984. Twenty-two deaths have occurred, and the beneficiaries have received $44,000. The lodge has paid to sick brothers, $5,260.

Knights and Ladies of Honor.

Washington Lodge will confer the degree upon two applicants to-morrow evening.

Martha Lodge will make important changes in its by-laws at its next meeting.

Grand Vice-protector Haught and several members of Washington Lodge visited Phœnix Lodge at its last meeting.

The resident officers of the Grand Lodge and lodge deputies, together with a committee from each lodge, will meet to-morrow evening at the hall of Washington Lodge on business of the order.

The members of Washington Lodge gave Mrs. Laura Marriott, vice-protector of that lodge, a very pleasant surprise party at her residence, No. 103 Columbia avenue, last evening. Refreshments were served.

The members of Pleasant Lodge, of Brightwood, to the number of thirty-five, visited Washington Lodge last Monday evening in a body to witness the degree work. Remarks were made by Organizer Deputy Henry Wessel, Lodge Deputy Charles Reahling and J. C. Burkline, of the Grand Lodge committee on law, who accompanied the delegation. Pleasant Lodge is the largest and most enthusiastic lodge in the city.

Chosen Friends.

Eureka Council has made a gain of several young people.

Delta Council initiated two candidates and entertained the visitors in its old-time way on Tuesday evening.

Venus Council entertains all the other councils on Tuesday evening next. A fine programme has been arranged.

True Friend Council gave a fine social Tuesday evening, giving their friends a treat in oysters, coffee and dancing.

Alpha Council had two initiations Saturday evening, after which the members were entertained with recitations and refreshments.

The councils are now sending in their reports, and they show the order in a very satisfactory condition. The auditing committee of the Supreme Council has just finished auditing the books and find them in perfect shape.

Crescent Council will entertain all the councils in the State the middle of March, when the initiatory work will be rendered by Union Council team of Brightwood. It is working hard to surprise the Grand Council delegates with their efficiency.

Grand Councilor Luther has issued his fourth letter, and the members can now make $100 in cash if they wish to work for the order. Prizes are offered to the councils bringing in the most members. The supreme councilor has also offered a handsome gold souvenir to those bringing in five members by June 30.

Order of Equity.

The supreme secretary is now away from the city on business for the order.

Taylor Council, No. 3, admitted several new members on Friday evening.

At the last meeting, five new members were admitted to Friendship Council.

At the South-side Council meeting, next Wednesday evening, a number of new members will be initiated.

Indianapolis Council on Saturday evening held a grab-bag and valentine social, which was largely attended.

Equitas Council meets the second and fourth Wednesdays. Several new members were admitted at the last meeting.

Hoosier Council will give on Thursday, Feb. 18, a musical and literary entertainment. All members in the city are requested to attend. Refreshments will be served.

The Oriental League.

Thirteen new members were received into Indianapolis Council, No. 1, last week.

Supreme Conservator Walrad visited Greenfield Council, No. 6, and instructed the officers in the work.

Indianapolis Council, No. 1, will give a public entertainment about the last week in this month. Besides recitations and musical selections, the farce, "A Regular Fix," will be presented.

Grand Army.

At the social and entertainment to be given by Anderson Post at their hall on to-morrow, Monday, night, an exhibition of the Edison phonograph will be given. The Young America Club will furnish the orchestral music. The celebrated Babcock and Tuttle quartet will also appear. The McCorkle family will also take part in the programme.

Building Permits.

Building permits were yesterday issued to the following persons: Mike Derleth, repairs, 31 Downey street, $75; Mary E. Cain, repairs, 605 North Mississippi street, $100; Desdemona Howland, repairs, Hill avenue, $400; W. J. Basse, cottage, 98 Virginia avenue, $1,100; Charles Mayer & Co., addition to store building, 29 and 31 West Washington street, $5,825; Willis Bivitt, frame house, English avenue, $1,000; J. M. and Anna Seger, addition, 176 North Illinois street, $2,400; Margaret Applegate, cottage, Woodside avenue, $1,050.

WAS A HORRIBLE MISTAKE

Embarrassing Blunder in Making Out the Cast for an Amateur Show.

How Mrs. Beckwith Brown Was Persuaded to Accept an Important Part — Lucky Way Out of the Difficulty.

F the indefinite number of clubs in Indianapolis not a few are histrionic in their purpose. One of the beauties of an amateur play is that it doesn't usually matter much whether the parts are cast with any view to fitness or not, just so they get popular people in the play who have acquired some reputation for acting. Thus it happens that committees in charge frequently make out the casts without a very thorough knowledge of the play, and this habit gave rise to a rather embarrassing situation the other night. One of the numerous dramatic clubs expects to produce a play in the near future and Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Bronson Jones and Mr. Lavender Robinson compose the executive committee in charge. The half dozen people who know this story will recognize these names chiefly because they do not fit. The committee met early in the week to make out the cast. Each member supposed that all the others had read over the play, and did not care to expose the fact that he had not. All had engagements within the next hour, and it was unanimously voted that there was no time for a joint reading of the play. They turned to the dramatis personæ and at once began making out the cast. The ladies came first, and the second name was "Mrs. Biddle, a high-bred, high strung young society woman."

"Oh, I know just the one for that," exclaimed Mrs. Tomlinson Smith. "Young Mrs. Beckwith Brown will suit the character to a T."

All agreed with enthusiasm. Mrs. Tomlinson Smith must have surely read the play and knew all about it. Moreover, Mrs. Beckwith Brown was a beautiful young woman of marked histrionic ability and able to do honor to any role, no matter how difficult.

"I shall see her at Mrs. Belden's party this very night," said Mrs. Tomlinson Smith, "and I know I can persuade her to take it."

She did. A couple of hours later she had Mrs. Beckwith Brown cornered in the ladies' cloak-room. "Now, my dear," she said sweetly, "we are so anxious to make the play a big success, and we've got you cast for Mrs. Biddle, a young society woman. You'll help us out, won't you? Really, I don't know what we shall do if you refuse; but we just won't take no for an answer!"

Mrs. Beckwith Brown really didn't know about undertaking anything else. She was chairman of five or six committees, which had doings to arrange for as many various organizations in the immediate future, and she had at least seventeen papers to prepare and read before as many different clubs, and all before April 1, when the fool-killer would be due for his annual visit. However, if they positively couldn't get anybody else able to carry the part she would make the effort, but she knew this life of manifold duties would drive her to an early grave or to the insane asylum.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" bubbled Mrs. Tomlinson Smith. "Positively, we don't know another woman in town who could begin to carry the part as you can. Now you must come to Mrs. Bronson Jones's to-morrow evening. The committee and all the rest of the cast will be there and will have a joint reading of the play. It seems cruel to rush things so, but you know, we have to give it in two weeks, and there is very little time to prepare the costumes and study the lines. So sweet of you to help us, darling. I'm so delighted. I must run right down and tell Mrs. Bronson Jones and Mr. Robinson that we've captured you!"

"Oh! I do hope I'll have time to learn the lines!" exclaimed Mrs. Beckwith Brown. "Hadn't I better have Beckwith telegraph for one of the books to-morrow so it won't come too late!"

"Oh, that's all arranged, dearest! I had Tomlinson telegraph early this morning and will leave them at Mrs. Bronson Jones's to-morrow evening. Oh, I just know you'll do beautifully!"

The next evening the committee met in Mrs. Bronson Jones's cozy library, but the only member of the cast that appeared was Mrs. Beckwith Brown, accompanied by her husband. The others had made engagements they could not break before being notified. They decided to read the play aloud anyhow, and to Mr. Tomlinson Smith was assigned the task. He was a delightful reader, and brought out all there was in it. The play proved exquisitely funny, and as it was all new to the members of the committee they became deeply absorbed in it. The merry jests of the playwright met with responsive laughter. Had a disinterested observer been in the library he might have noted that as the reading went on the interest of Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith Brown became more and more intent, taking at last such a watchful turn that they were unable to appreciate all the sparkling humor of the piece. When the laughter became hilarious on the part of the others it was reflected in their faces only by a rather puzzled smile.

When the reading was somewhat more than half over Mr. Beckwith Brown seized the opportunity of a pause between acts to say rather stiffly that he was very dubious about his wife taking part. She had so awful much on her hands that he had very grave fears lest her health might break down.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Brown!" interrupted Mrs. Tomlinson Smith. "We cannot hear to anything of the kind. This play is just delicious, and we must have Mrs. Brown to make it go!"

Mr. Beckwith Brown was squelched, and Mrs. Beckwith Brown said never a word, but had any member of the committee thought to watch her a moment he might have observed a look of, fury in her eye and a vicious biting of her pearly teeth upon her blood-red lips, but apparently she did not care to trust herself to utterance, and she held her tongue while the reading proceeded. The reading was finished, and the gabble of "Splendid!" "Isn't it funny?" "Big hit!" etc., broke loose. Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith Brown did not join in. Mrs. Beckwith Brown sought the hat-rack, while Mr. Beckwith Brown, very stiff and very cold, besought Mrs. Bronson Jones's attention long enough to say good night. Mrs. Bronson Jones, a dear, innocent little woman, hurried into the hall and begged them to stay. Refreshments would be in in a moment, and it would be so much fun to discuss the play over a bit of punch and deviled ham sandwich. No; Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith Brown must hurry home, and they did not bother much about excuses. Would Mrs. Jones kindly say good night to the others for them? They knew their poor Henry must be frozen, perched upon the box of their carriage, and they must hurry.

"I—I wonder what's the matter with the Beckwith Browns?" asked innocent little Mrs. Bronson Jones, rather breathlessly when she got back to the library. "They seemed so queer! I—I think I remember they looked worried once or twice while the play was being read. I—I wonder if Mrs. Brown didn't like her part?"

"What was her part?" asked Bronson Smith.

"Blest if I know," chipped in Lavender Robinson. "What was it, Mrs. Smith? You captured her for us. Isn't she leading lady?"

"Why, of course she is," replied Mrs. Tomlinson Smith. She plays Mrs. Biddle."

"Great Scott!" cried Mrs. Tomlinson Smith's husband in horror. "That ain't the leading lady. I don't believe there's any Mrs. Biddle in the play! I don't remember her, though there's plenty of her scape-grace husband."

A scramble was made for the dramatis personæ page, and there was the name, big as life, second one on the list: "Mrs. Biddle, a high-bred, high-strung, young society woman." Then came another scramble through the play to find out where she came in. The found it at last. It was in the last act. "Enter Mrs. Biddle (R. C.)" The context showed that her husband was making love to another: "Mrs. Biddle—(shrieks) John! (Swoons away and is carried out. L. C.)" That was the last of Mrs. Biddle!

"Oh, murder!" shrieked Mrs. Tomlinson Smith, writhing in misery between a laugh and a cry as the pathetic ludicrousness of her own position struck her. "And—and—" she gasped, "she wanted to telegraph for a book so as to have time to study her lines! Oh! I'll die! I'll die! I know I shall!"

"Very commendable in her," said Mr. Tomlinson Smith, solemnly. She might yell, 'Beckwith!' instead of 'John!'" Tomlinson Smith is a brute.

It was funny, of course, but it was also serious.

As great luck would have it, one of the leading characters declined next day. They cast Mrs. Beckwith Brown for the part, and then made a clean breast of it, explaining how the horrible mistake was made through pure ignorance of the play. All is now serene, and the drama will be produced in due time. RUSSEL M. SEEDS.

HOW TO GET EVEN.

A Pointer for Them That Love to Investigate the Mysteries of "Pat Hands."

Kansas City Star.

If A, B and C sit down to a social game of poker, and A should lose all his money to B, who in turn should be skinned by C, then A can sue C and recover the money which he lost.

This is the latest rule on gambling of the Kansas City Court of Appeals, and, of course, is applicable only to the State of Missouri. As a general rule suits which arise out of gambling have no standing in the courts of this State, but there is a law on the statute books of Missouri which provides that any person has the right to recover money or property which he may lose at any game or gambling device.

The case in question came to the Court of Appeals on an appeal from the Circuit Court of Vernon county. Three of the inhabitants of that county named, respectively, Brooks, Clinton and McMahon, indulged in a little game of draw. Brooks lost $800 in money and checks to Clinton, who was promptly relieved of it in a jackpot by McMahon. The next day Brooks asked McMahon, who, in the meantime, had cashed the checks, to return his money. He was referred to Clinton, who had won from him, as being the person liable. He failed to obtain satisfaction, and so entered suit against McMahon.

The court said that the persons engaged in the game undoubtedly knew that the money would necessarily frequently change hands in the course of betting on straights, bluffs and fulls, and according the loser would finally be loser to him who came out winner. The specific identity of the money in circulation would make no difference.

25 CENTS for a box of Beecham's Pills, worth a guinea.

Florida and the Southeast.

Dixie Flyer Sleepers—Nashville to Jacksonville, Fla., without change, over Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railway via Chattanooga, Atlanta, Macon. Berths engaged through from Louisville over the Lookout Mountain Route. Apply to or address B. F. NEVILLE, Passenger Agent, 194 Clark street, Chicago.

NEWGARDEN'S AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

Sale Commences Monday, Feb. 15.

Four-inch plain and fancy black and colored ribbons, 9c per yard; two-inch picot edge, all silk, ribbon, 2c per yard; elegant velvet roses, 23c per bunch; fancy feathers, worth 25c to 75c, now at 5c. Our entire stock of trimmed goods at your own price.

This is no advertising scheme, but facts. One inspection will convince you that all goods are being sold at one-fourth their original value, as this stock must be closed out. Sale to commence Monday, Feb. 15.

NEWGARDEN'S OCCIDENTAL MILLINERY, 45 West Washington Street.

DREADFUL SKIN DISEASE

Afflicts a Well-Known Merchant. Itching and Burning Terrible. Doctors and All Remedies Fail.

Tries Cuticura. Relieved by the First Application and Entirely Cured in Five Weeks.

About eighteen months ago a small speck appeared on my ankle; it resembled a fish scale; it became larger, and I consulted a physician who pronounced it psoriasis or moneid disease because it resembled money. I applied an ointment, but it spread until at last it covered almost my entire body. My suffering was something terrible, burning and itching sensation continually until it became almost unendurable. I suffered tortures especially at night, and for two months I was compelled to sleep with gloves on. I became desperate. I would have given anything to be relieved of the itching sensation. I tried a number of remedies without any relief. I was requested to try Cuticura; this I did, and to my great surprise, I was relieved after the first application. I used the Cuticura, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Resolvent according to directions for about four or five weeks, when I was entirely cured. But what a relief it was to me after the suffering I went through. I cannot speak with too much favor for the Cuticura Remedies, and I would recommend it to all those who are suffering from the same disease that I have suffered. JOHN T. MELODY, of Melody Brothers, Wyandotte, Mich.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, internally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities, and thus remove the cause), and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp, and restore the hair), cure every species of agonizing, itching, burning, scaly and pimply disease of the skin, scalp and blood.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c; Soap, 25c; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

I CAN'T BREATHE.

Chest pains, Soreness, Weakness, Hacking Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy and Inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it for Weak Lungs.

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OUR ALTERATION SALE

Booms the trade. The past week has been a big one for us. The present week we will double our sales. We shall need all the room we can get in a few days, when the song of the hammer and saw will be heard in our big storerooms. Until then we keep up the agitation.

For this week we offer choice of any Medium or Heavy-weight SUIT in our stock (plain worsteds excepted) for

$11.65.

This sale will continue only this week and is the last offer of the kind we shall make this season. After that all these $25, $22, $20, $18 and some $15 Suits will be marked back to their original figures.

At the same time we offer all our $12, $10 and some $15

.·. SUITS AND OVERCOATS .·.

— FOR —

$8.65

Thus placing a remarkably low figure on nearly all the Clothing in our stock.

IN OUR Boys' Department

We offer this week only, choice of all our $8, $7 and $6 Boys' two-piece SUITS for

$4.33

And all our $5, $4.50 and $4 two-piece SUITS for

$3.27

IN OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

We have cut the prices of all our Men's and Ladies' Shoes from 25 to 40 per cent.

Twenty per cent. reduction on all Slippers and Oxfords and Boys' and Misses' Shoes, and 35 per cent. off on all Fancy Oxfords.

MODEL

DO YOU KNOW WHY WE SELL TROUSERS SO CHEAPLY?

$12 Trousers at $7
10 Trousers at 6
9 Trousers at 5
All others - - 4

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The wonderful cures produced by the *oxygen treatment* are attracting the attention of scientists throughout the world. The famous Dr. Paul Gibien, director of the world-renowned Pasteur Institute, says: "Oxygen destroys almost instantly the germs of disease," and is perfectly harmless to the patient.

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