MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE APPEAL STEADILY GAINS
BECAUSE:
1—It [illegible] to publish all the news possible.
2—[illegible] impartially, wasting no words.
3—Its [illegible]ondents are able and energetic.

THE APPEAL.

THE APPEAL KEEPS IN FRONT
BECAUSE:
4—It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans.
5—It is not controlled by any ring or clique.
6—It asks no support but the people's.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. SAINT PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1897. $2.40 PER YEAR.

NICARAGUAN

SCENES ABOUT THE COUNTRY OF THE PROJECTED CANAL.

Something About the Transportation Facilities up the San Juan—Early Explorations Amid Primative Scenes—The Great Lake Fed by Many Streams.

Grenada, Nicaragua, ...—Special Correspondence.—The only practicable route from the Atlantic coast to this antique town, on the northwestern corner of Lake Nicaragua is via the San Juan River and across the lake. It is famous as that of the old Vanderbilt Transit Company, and during the days of '49, when there was such a tremendous rush across the continent to the gold fields of California, was alive with sailing vessels and little stern-wheel steamers. But they did not come to Grenada. Happily for this picturesque abode of Spanish aristocracy, it remained undisturbed by that half-crazed mob. The gold seekers were conveyed from Greytown by steamers to the lake, where they took sailing vessels across to Virgin Bay, the point where the western end of the canal begins, on the same side of the lake as Grenada, but a long way south of it. Thence they went overland to the Pacific, across the narrowest strip between lake and ocean, via the old "transit road," which still exists—the only stone bed road ever constructed in Nicaragua. The Vanderbilt company met with many losses in the several rapids of the river, and the decaying hulls of a number of their steamers may yet be seen on the rocks, where they drifted more than forty years ago. The river steamers of today are not much better than those of '49, being necessarily small, flat-bottomed, stern-wheel affairs. They are four in number, and each makes the round trip twice a month. But on the lake, where improvements are more feasible, the sailing vessels have given place to comfortable steamers. Most of them belonged originally to a private company which was organized in the United States, and liberally subsidized by the Nicaraguan government. Their freight charges were so high that commerce suffered, and finally the government concluded to make the service national by buying out the line, which it did for about $300,000.

Transportation Facilities.

The advantages accruing from the transaction were a considerable reduction in both freight and passenger rates, and the establishment of regular communication with the railway trains from Grenada, on Lake Nicaragua, to Managua, the capital, and from Managua, Momotombo, and El Rayo, on Lake Managua, to the Pacific.

In addition to this "national line," there is the foreign "Compagna de Vapores del Gran Largo" (Great Lake Steamship Company), a large portion of whose stock was purchased by the Inter-Oceanic Canal Construction Company. Its largest vessel, the Victoria, is of 180 tons and goes leisurely around the lake eight times a month, stopping at all ports. The route from Greytown via the San Juan River, to Lake Nicaragua, a distance of 120 miles, seems the natural course for the commerce of this republic, but the fact is that in recent years, since business competition has been keener, merchants cannot afford the delays and uncertainties which attend the river service. The great difficulty is the numerous shallows and rapids of the San Juan, over which, when the water is low, the cargo must be carried on lighters, at great risk of damage to the goods. Since the construction of the new railway inland from Corinto, the Pacific port, the bulk of trade to and from the interior has gone that way, and the river traffic is almost abandoned. This is unfortunate, the route being so much longer from the United States and Europe away around to the Pacific side of the country; but service there is regular and frequent, and, although the charges are necessarily higher, it has obtained the preference. Time was when the river was covered with bongos bringing crude rubber down to Greytown for shipment to England, but reckless tapping of the trees has practically exhausted the rubber trade, and now the only, and very small, work of the native boats is the transportation of fruit.

Up the San Juan.

The dirty, little flat-bottom boat upon which we embarked at Greytown is a counterpart of many that may yet be seen on the lower Mississippi, with its darky crew and wheel in the stern. The pilot was a genuine Sambo, or Mosquito Indian, so called, although the race has a good deal more African than Indian blood, in its mixture of the worst blood of all modern nations. It seems he had been a chief and was considered a sorcerer, possessing the power of hoodoo; therefore the black crew treated him with profoundest reverence bordering on servility. The wink of his small bleared eye was enough to make the knees of the stoutest knock together. His infrequent order were issued in a language which none but the native negroes understand—the mongrel tongue of the mongrel race.

The San Juan River in the neighborhood of Greytown is not unlike the "Father of Waters" at New Orleans, except that this most important river of Central America is rather "more so" in the matter of alligators, mosquitos, and other tropical products. Its low marshy banks fairly swarm with the caymen, lying motionless as if sound asleep, with small eyes closed and huge mouths wide open. But they are not half so sleepy as appearance indicates, and if a young horse, calf, or other small animal ventures too near snap go the great jaws like a trapdoor on springs, and the victim disappears in a twinkling. It is said they will attack full-grown animals, drawing them under water, and, when drowned, devouring them at leisure, and that when other provisions are scarce they subsist comfortably enough upon the flies and other insects that walk unwittingly into their open mouths, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement, not being well up in alligator lore. The early Spaniards named the river El Desaguadero, because it formed the outlet through which discharge the waters of the great hydraulic system of the Nicaraguan lakes. As it nears the sea its force is dissipated through numerous side streams. The Colorado mouth, which opens directly into the Atlantic, now carries off nearly nine-tenths of its volume to the ruin of Greytown Harbor, and the Tauro mouth grows smaller and shallower every year. The latter has a bottom of mud and shifting sand, studded with marshy islets, and nowdays even bongos, which seldom draw more than three feet of water, often find it impossible to pass its narrow channel. The Rio Siripiqui, the first affluent of consequence, rises at the foot of the great volcano of Cartigo, in Costa Rica, and is navigable about twenty-five miles to the hamlet of San Alfonso, beyond which point the journey to San Jose, Costa Rica's capital, must be made on mules. Thirteen miles above the junction of the Siripiqui with the San Juan, the Rio San Carlos comes in—a noble river, broad and deep, which also rises in the Costa Rican hills, and its strong, swift current, between firm, well-wooded banks, can be ascended twenty miles or more.

Early Explorations.

From the accounts of early voyagers it appears that the task of ascending "El Desaguadero," as the San Juan was then called, was more difficult two or three centuries ago than now, or perhaps the vessels of those days were clumsier.

One Gage, who went up in 1670, says it took him sixty days to make the 120 miles between the Atlantic and Lake Nicaragua. "For," says he, "though, while the vessels sail the lake securely and without trouble, yet, when they fall from the lake to the sea, his lavor his opurest—here is nothing but trouble. For such is the fall of the water in many places among the rocks that many times they are forced to unload the frigates and load them again, with the help of mules kept for that purpose by the few Indians who dive about the river and take care of the lodges made to lay in the wares, while the frigate passes through dangerous places to another lodge, whither the wares are brought by mules and again placed in the frigate." The largest rapids are the Machua, where the river spreads out over a wide, rocky, and crooked bed, with great bowlders projecting above the surface of the stream, between which the water rushes with velocity. It was here that the Vanderbilt steamer, Orus, was wrecked, in 1850. Native boatmen are able to ascend it only by keeping close to the northern shore, where the current is least strong, and the boat can be pushed up by main force. Only three miles above these rapids are those of Mico and Los Valos, a few rods apart. Still farther on are the Castillo rapids, the shortest of the series and more like a cascade; and five miles above them are the Toro rapids, nearly a mile in length.

Amid Primitive Scenes.

A few miles above Greytown the region of primitive forest is reached—great trees rising in solid ranks on either side, above a tangle of brush wood, their branches laden with a great variety of parasitic plants, while woody creepers, suspended from above, hang down and stretch from tree to tree, like

(Continued in 7th. Column.)

LOUISVILLE.

FACTS AND FANCIES OF THE BEAUTIFUL "FALLS CITY."

A Reliable Record of the Happenings Among the Afro-American Residents of the Metropolis of Kentucky—Louisville Local Laconics.

The public schools gave a delightful picnic Saturday at Cherokee Park. About 5,000 children were present and from all appearences they enjoyed themselves.

The Sisters' State Auxiliary has made all arrangements for running a special train to the Orphans' Home Sunday, June 20. From reports received a large crowd will go.

W. H. Ross, of Madisonville, State Grand Master, of U. B. F., was in the city Thursday, and visited Union and Adams Lodges. He reports great progress in the order in the state this year.

The conclave of the State Patriarchs at Forest Park, Jeffersonville, June 28, 29 and 30, will be the most successful conclave ever given in the State. Prizes to the amount of $375 will be offered.

G. W. Brown 78 years of age, fell dead at his home, 118 West Green street, Monday afternoon. The case appeared to be rather suspicious at first, and Coroner Hood was called. He found that a paroxysm of asthma had caused the death.

The Mass-meeting of Odd Fellows last Thursday night at Thirteenth and Walnut streets was largely attended, and very able speeches were made by Brothers J. J. McKinley, William H. Ward, Charles H. Duncan, J. H. Taylor, A. S. White, John Young and Grand Master W. H. Ross. All members who were absent missed a treat in Odd Fellowship.

Sam Brooks who shot his wife in a fit of jealousy at their home, on Levering street, near Seventh, Thursday night, is still at large, and the police are unable to find any clew to his whereabouts. The woman is in a serious condition and will in all probability die. The ball entered her left breast, and ranged downward, passing through the lungs. Dr. Lochner the atteding physician says there is very little chance for her recovery.

Killed By An Explosion.

Clarksville, Tenn., June 16.—By the explosion of an overcharged gas cylinder at the Clarksville ice factory this afternoon two Afro-Americans, George Munford and George Dick, were instantly killed, and J. C. Mattill, the foreman was badly injured.

MILWAUKEE.

THE CREAM CITY OF THE LAKES AND ITS NEWS.

Items of all Sorts Gathered Together by Our Ubiquitous Reporter and Served up in Dainty Style for the Delectation of Our Readers.

Capt. C. J. White is on the sick list.

Mrs. S. H. Minor and committee meet at Mrs. H. H. Bland's.

Dr. A. L. Herron has built up a large practice for himself.

Mr. E. B's girl has turned his photo to the fence. Such is life Eddie.

The Literary did not have any exercises owing to the inclemency of the weather.

Mr. Chas. Tucker is able to be out after being laid up for several days with rheumatism.

The Salem Baptist Church is being pushed forward to completion, which will be by the 1st of August.

Ladies don't be deceived, the Masonic entertainment will take place on the 24th inst. and all the 400 will be there.

Master Carey Miles fell on a foot-scraper while playing at school and cut his knee very badly. Aside from a stiff leg he is alright.

Mr. Edward Blackwell won the Manager's prize at the Plankinton for being the neatest waiter during the month of May.

Alderman Laffey has changed the name of Bad Land into Cooney Island. Col. John Slaughter says the first one he hears use the name of Bad Land gets 90 days.

Master Ralph Sanford was the recipient of a box of beautiful Peonys from his former teacher, Miss Robins, in Quincy, Ills.

Capt. Jas. Stewart spent Sunday out in Oklahoma, Mr. Wm. Davis, in Waukesha and Mr. Edward Alexander, out o White Fish Bay.

Mrs. J. J. Miles and children will spend the summer at the Turner Cottage in Batavia, Ills., where she expects to put in her time attending camp-meetings and picnics.

Miss Nellie Pleasant died at the hospital Sunday morning at 2 a. m. She survived her sister Lillie about two months. At this writing we have not heard where the funeral is to be.

Messrs. Wm. Bush and A. Campbell both of Chicago were in the city for a short time. They came up on their bicycles, leaving Chicago at 3:00 a. m and arriving in Milwaukee at 2 p. m.

The Hon. W. T. Green will be the orator of the evening on the 24th inst. at the Masonic entertainment. A great many people are expected from Racine, Waukesha, Kenosha, Fond du Lac and Lake Forrest to attend.

The following named persons voluntarily gave the amounts named to defray expenses of Mr. Windley's funeral: Mr. Chas. Pfisler $25.00, Mr. Dorman, Manager of Davidson $30.00, Mrs. Kellogg, $25.00, for which Mr. and Mrs. L. Young kindly thank them.

Master Bennie Taylor met with a very severe accident. He with some boys was playing a game called duck on the rock, and was struck in the temple with a large stone thrown by one of his playmates. At one time his life was despaired of, but under the skillful care of Dr. A. L. Herron, we are glad to note that he is out of danger.

The following are the ladies who will assist Mrs. S. H. Miner in entertaining the visitors who will attend the Teachers Convention in July. Names of Local Committee, N. E. A. Mrs. R. H. Anderson, Mrs. Henry Bland, Mrs. Gilbert Whitman, Mrs. J. J. Miles, Miss Julia McNamee, Dr. Hernon, Rev. Burleigh, S. H. Minor, Wm. Green, Mrs. S. H. Minor, Chairman; Mrs. Walter Hawkin, Secretary.

The funeral of Mr. Abe Windley was held at St. Mark. The services were conducted by Rev. A. A. Burleigh assisted by Rev. C. D. Cooley and Rev. J. B. Odem. The church was crowded to standing room with hundreds on the outside unable to gain admittance. Rev. Burleigh preached a very able sermon. His text was in the 35th chapter of Job. The floral tributes from friends were simple and beautiful. Never since the funeral of Uncle William Taran about 10 years ago, has such a crowd attended St. Mark. Both Mr. Windley and Taran had many Afro-American and white friends.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Young desire to thank most heartily the many friends for their floral tributes and sympathy shown, also to thank Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, S. Robinson, J. J. Miles and J. B. Buford for their attention and kind advice in connection with the burial of Abraham Windley, who was born in North Carolina in 1855 and died on June 4th 1897 at the age of 42. He left North Carolina with the soldiers when a boy and afterwards made his home in Boston, Mass., for a number of years. From there he came to Chicago where he rail roaded, running from there to St. Louis. He came to Milwaukee in 1855 and accepted a position as elevator man at the Plankinton. Since that time he has operated as nurse until recently, when he accepted the management of the Davidson Bath Parlors, which position he held at the time of his death. He has no living relatives.

ROSCOE CONKLIN BRUCE.

Honored by the Students of Phillips Academy.

Roscoe Conklin Bruce, son of Ex-Senator B. K. Bruce, of Mississippi, who went from the high school at Washington, D. C. two years ago to Phillips academy at Exeter, N. H., has been honored by an election as assistant editor for the next year of Exonian, the Magizine published by the students of that institution.

Young Bruce is a remarkably bright boy. At Phillips Academy he has distinguished himself for scholarship and for oratory. His name stands at the head of the upper middle class. Roscoe will be graduated from Phillips academy with the class of 1898.

An ambitious youth once sent his first manuscript to Dumas, asking the distinguished novelist to become his collaborator. The latter angrily seizing the pen wrote "How dare you, sir, yoke together a horse and an ass?" He received the following reply: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas' anger vanished, and he laughingly penned the following: "Send on your manuscript, my friend, I gladly accept your proposition."

Probably Fatally Injured.

Middlesboro, Ky., June 16.—Special—Ed Goddard an employe of the Mingo Coal Company, was run over by that company's coke engine early this morning, and is probably fatally injured.

CHICAGO.

THE "WORLD'S FAIR CITY" VIEWED BY THE APPEAL MAN.

A Compilation of a Number of Happenings, Social and Otherwise, Among the Afro-Americans of the Second City of This Glorious Union.

The Columbia Club picnic will take place, July 20.

Dr. A. L. Smith will open an office in the city in a few days.

Dr. A. A. Wesley is in Nashville this week doing the Centennial.

Mrs. A. H. Lealtad, 3023 Dearborn street left last week for Cleveland, Ohio, to visit her mother.

Chivalric Division K. of P. picnic a Monon Park, Cedar Lake, Ind., Monday June 21st. Tickets 50 cents.

Mrs. Harry Ferguson presented her husband a fine baby boy last Wednesday. Mother and child doing well.

The nicest picnic ground in the country is at Monon Park, Cedar Lake, Ind. Go there to Knights of Pythias picnic.

Mr. D. P. French, now a resident of Butte, Mont., will be in Chicago in July in time to attend the Columbia picnic.

The train for Monon Park, K. of P. picnic, leaves Monday June 21st at 9:30 a. m. stopping at 22nd, 47th and 63rd streets.

The Royal club, composed of young ladies and men, gave a reception in honor of Mr. J. H. Foster, Thursday evening.

Mrs. Hattie Moore of Indianapolis who has been visiting Mrs. Torian of 1448 Indiana avenue has returned to her home.

Rev. R. C. Ransom, one of the Trustees of Wilberforce University has gone to Wilberforce to attend the Commencement exerciser.

Miss Jessie Williams gave a daucing party at her residence 709 Carroll ave, Tuesday night. It was attended by the elite of the West side.

Mr. Jas. H. Moody left Monday night for Louisville to attend the funeral of his mother Mrs. Royal Moody who died Sunday at the age of 80.

Mr. Chas. Hackley and Miss Barbara Maegle will be married Wednesday evening June 30th, at their residence 4813 Dearborn street, by Rev. J. E. Ford. Mr. Hackley is employed as a chef for W. H. Schimpferman & Co. and draw a big salary.

Dr. James R. White, of Mahbarra Medical College, at Nashville, Tenn., is the house physician at Provident Hospital having succeeded Dr. A. L. Smith whose term of service ended June 1st. Dr. White has had charge of the Emergency Hospital for Afro-Americans a the Nashville exposition.

The bill for the week commencing June 20, will be an entirely new one of the liveliest of the whole season, and made up with the same dash and spirit that has marked all entertainments of the present year. "Mr. Silly's Reception," a continuation of the merry satire which runs through the recent series of Mr. Jack's burlesques, will be balanced by "The Bashful Venus," full of beauty and comedy. The star feature of the bill, however, will be the delicious pantomime of Orange Blossoms, which will be given with all the spirit of gay Paris, in the brightest and most sensational style.

In conversation with a lady the other day, I was somewhat surprised to find how much animosity and backbiting there is generally among the gentler sex. I have not space enough to go into details but it seems that most women delight in gossiping anything they learn that is detrimental to their friends. Instead of trying to shield and protect their honor they seek its distruction. I do not find as much of this among men as women. Today they are friends and confide everything they know to each other, be it good, bad or indifferent and tomorrow there is a spat and they tell all they know about each other. Such things injure both parties and we are forced to believe both, so there you are. Let me give you a piece of advice. Don't talk so much.

SAINT LOUIS.

SOCIAL MATTERS, CONDENSED INTO SMALL SPACE

For the Benefit of our Thousands of Readers—All Sorts of News Items From the City by the Big Bridge—The "Future Great" at the Present Time.

Mrs. Mary McKenzie, said to have been born about 1792 is dead.

The examination of apprentice teachers in the kindergartens connected with the public schools has been completed, and the result will be announced in a few days.

The Attucks, Banneker, Dessalines and Simmons schools gave their annual picnic Wednesday under the management of a committee selected from the patrons of each school.

Nicholas Law, a Pullman car porter 713 North Sixteenth, had slight injuries to his mouth dressed at the City Dispensary Frinay. He said he was in a railroad wreck several months ago, and has been subject to fainting spells since. He fell in his robm and struck his head against the furniture.

James M. Keller, his brother, Wesley and his mother, Mrs. Clara, left here Tuesday night for their old home at Forest City, Ark. They are the remnants of a band of 350 Afro-Americans that left Arkansas in March 1896 for Liberia. The rest of the immigrants either died from mistreatment or from the African fever after arriving. The story of their suffering is terrible to hear They are in poor circumstances, bu ever so much wiser.

HE TAKES FIVE LIVES.

An Afro-American Crazed With Drink Murders Women and Children.

Meridian, Miss., June 15.—News reached here tonight of the murder of five persons in the extreme northwestern portion of Kemper county. A man named Sibly, while crazy drunk on blind tiger whiskey, secured a gun and started out to kill every person he met. The first persons he came across happened to be three women and two children. He shot them down and left them dead where they fell. He also shot at six others who narrowly escaped. As soon as the bloody work of Sibly was discovered a mob was organized to lynch him. Sibly took to the woods, carrying his shotgun with him, and at last accounts the mob had surrounded him and a bloody fight was imminent. The sheriff of Kemper county has gone to the scene with a large posse.

Prof. Reynolds Re-Elected.

Richmond, Ky., June 16.—Prof. C. W. Reynolds, of Springfield, O., was re-elected principal of the Richmond Graded School last night.

NICARAGUAN

SCENES ABOUT THE COUNTRY OF THE PROJECTED CANAL.

Something About the Transportation Facilitis up the San Juan—Early Explorations Amid Primative Scenes—The Great Lake Fed by Many Streams.

Continued from 2nd Col.

the entangled rigging of a ship. Most noticeable among the trees is the tall guyava, and a certain colossal palm with wide-spreading, fan-like branches, the space between the long leaf stems completely filled with orchids, and other bright-colored blossoms. The densely matted foliage affords shelter for myriads of green parrots, toucons, with their absurdly big, top-heavy beaks, and gorgeous tanagers, the latter a sparrow-like bird, with a single blood-red spot upon his velvety black body, just above the tail. One is amazed at the incredible number of butterflies—the great blue or green, or modest gray—sometimes literally filling the air, like a brilliant cloud, apparently emigrating in flocks, as Northern birds do in autumn.

The Great Lake.

This lake is one of the most remarkable sheets of water in the known world. Ninety miles long, by from thirty to fifty miles wide, its elevation above the Pacific, from which it is separated only by a low range of hills, is less than 100 feet. Opposite San Carlos and fronting the San Juan outflow, it is barely seven feet deep for a mile or more in all directions; but elsewhere its average depth is ninety feet.

Fed by several considerable streams, the largest of which, the Frio, has two fathoms of water forty miles above its mouth, the lake has only one visible outlet, the San Juan River. Its banks are beautifully wooded, with some of the noblest trees of the far-famed Nicaraguan forests, and under them, to Nicaragua City, runs the Camino Real, or King's highway, built by the conquering Spaniards some centuries ago. In several places the road winds so close to the lake that passing travelers are sprinkled with its spray—for this inland sea has tides like those of the near-by ocean, and when winds sweep its surface, long, rolling billows break in solemn majesty upon the shore. Wherever one stands upon its banke no land is visible on its farther side, and always the view is dominated by Ometepec, the island volcano—its smooth, unbroken cone, 6,000 feet high, reminds one of Mount Etna, and, like the pride of Sicily, it rises directly out of blue waters into a bluer sky. The islands of the lake are many, and lie mostly in groups, several of them having considerable Indian villages and all serving as retreats for myriads of wild ducks and snow-white herons. Among the loveliest of the islands are Isola and Madeira, each crowned with cloud-piercing mountains. It will be remembered that Mr. L. G. Squire found some remarkable idols and other monuments of an extinct race upon Zapatero, Omtepec, and others of these islands. The old City of Grenada, seat of the Spanish aristocracy of Nicaragua, and long the rival of Leon for the seat of the national capital, stands on the northwest shore of the lake. A few miles away the extinct volcano Mombacho towers skyward, and only four miles distant is the newer City of Rivas, built on the site of an aboriginal city. FANNIE B. WARD.

An Unnecessary Desperate Act.

The president of the Amalgamated Association of Hidebound Misers had a hard-luck story to tell.

"You see," he said, "after the Good Fellows' Club dissolved, I began to save my money. I haven't yet succeeded in getting that supreme confidence in myself that would enable me to carry my money around in my pocket. If I have money in my pocket, I spend it. So I am putting everything in the bank at 3 o'clock each afternoon and going about with but a few cents in my clothes.

"Yesterday I broke my bicycle, and I had to go home on the car. I had just a nickel when I got on the car, and I figured on borrowing car fare back in the morning from my wife.

"When I got up this morning, I found that my wife had gone out. There was nobody in the house but the servants. I hustled down stairs and looked around. The place was deserted. Then I sat down and began to think as calmly as I was able. There I was, two miles from my office, with an important engagement at 10 o'clock, and not even a nickel for car fare. I started to see the servants. Before I got to the door I stopped. I could not permit myself to be humiliated by borrowing money of my domestics. It was too much. I am a proud man.

"I searched the house again. Not a cent. Then I went up stairs, and my eye fell on my boy's bank. I started toward it. Then I sat down again to think. All the old stories about fathers taking money from their children's banks came to my mind. I felt like a criminal. Twice I started toward that bank. Twice I stopped. Then I looked at my watch. It was 9:30 o'clock. I was two miles from my engagement. I took the bank.

"I tried to open it, and couldn't. The rattle of the silver within exasperated me. I took the bank down into the cellar, smashed it with an ax, and took a quarter, resolving to buy the boy a new bank and put a dollar in it before I came home at night. Then I ran for the car. All the way to the corner I kept thinking of the man who took the pennies from his sick little girl's bank and spent them. I almost wished I had borrowed from the cook; but the thought of so humiliating myself was too horrible. The car came along. I got aboard, and took a corner seat, feeling like an Ishmaelite. The conductor asked for my fare. I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out the quarter I had taken from my boy's bank—and a nickel.

"The conductor had neglected to collect my nickel on the trip up the night before."—Buffalo Express.

What the Doctor Said.

Pilger's wife is always telling him what the doctor says. If Pilger has a cold or a pang of indigestion Mrs. Pilger is sure to say:

"Now, George, you know what the doctor says."

Once in a while Pilger gets mad and consigns the doctor to the resort where they try the sulphur cure.

The other day he revolted in a new fashion. Mrs. P. had just flung the doctor at him for the tenth time since dinner.

"Jane Annette," he gravely remarked, "if I were you I wouldn't quote the doctor quite so often. You should try and remember that he once made a statement about you that afterward caused a great deal of trouble for several worthy people."

"When did he say anything about me?" cried the indignant Jane Annette.

"It was a good many years ago," said Pilger, evasively.

"What did he say about me that made trouble?"

"It hate to tell you," hesitated Pilger.

"To whom did he say it?"

"To your father."

"And father never told me!"

"Well, he didn't think it necessary."

"Pilger, if you don't tell me what it was I'll put on my hat this minute and go back to mother."

"I hate to tell you."

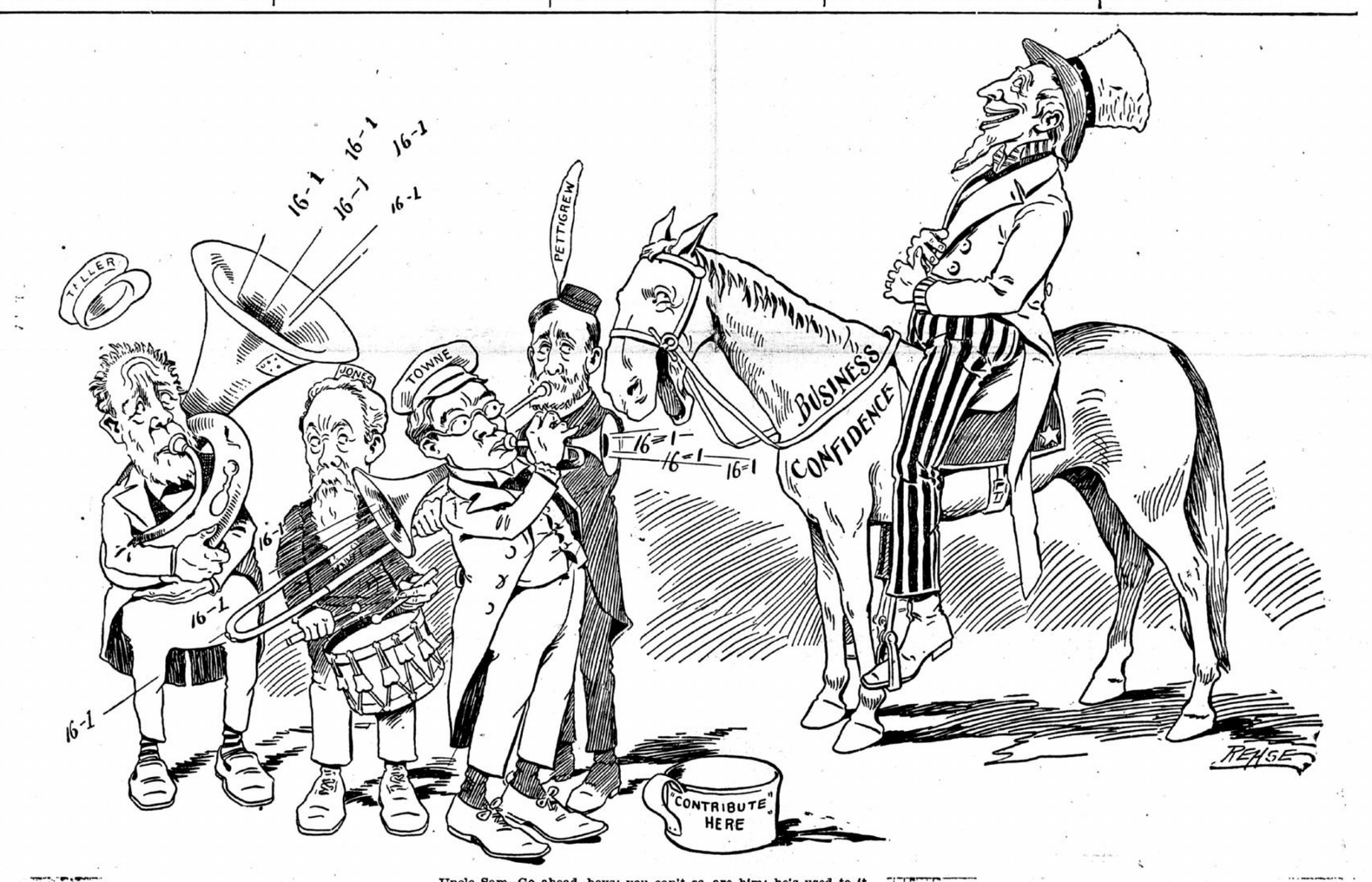
"Tell me what he said about me at once!"

"Well," said Pilger, reflectively, "it was a good many years ago, and it seems hard to blame the doctor now. He did the best he could."

"Go on!"

"The doctor saw you and came down stairs. Your father was waiting for him. He took your father by the hand and said, 'It's a girl,' and——"

Well, Pilger just escaped with his life, but he says it's an honest fact that she hasn't said doctor to him for a whole week.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Uncle Sam—Go ahead, boys; you can't sc are him; he's used to it.

Defective Page