

"RUSHING" AT AMHERST COLLEGE IS A PRACTICE NOT CONFINED TO FOOTBALL, BUT EXTENDS TO FRATERNITIES.

SOME OF THE ELEVEN FRATERNITY CHAPTER HOUSES AT AMHERST.



AMHERST FRATERNITIES.

One of the Marked Features of This College—Eleven Chapter Houses.

Amherst College, which holds her commencement this week, is distinctly a fraternity college. About 50 per cent of the undergraduates belong to the various fraternities, of which there are eleven chapters, each having its house.

Up to the middle of the '90s no one at Amherst so much as mentioned the fraternities or responded to questioning. "Old Doc" (Dr. Edward Hitchcock, the venerable dean of the faculty) tells how proud he was to appear with his pin at chapel, and how hard he struggled to seem self-contained and uninterested.

It is at the "rushing season" that each chapter puts on its gala dress, and a peculiar and often comical side of fraternity life is seen. Each chapter appoints an official known as the "rushing" chairman, who has charge of the whole campaign of pleading new members.

Many laughable scenes ensue. A smooth faced salesman who had been out of college seven years accepted an "appointment" to a glibly "soph" and then proceeded to take all the dainties on the menu. The "soph" watched with amazement this "fresh" freshman as he went through the menu, not stopping even at cigars.

More often the freshmen themselves receive the loud laugh. One afternoon the usual mob of students, each with his appointment as the Boston crowd on the station. Presently a big, gawky freshman, wearing a "swallowtail" coat and carrying an immense carpetbag, appeared on the car steps.

Every two or three weeks some wayfaring man comes in demanding transportation to America. Usually these characters go away content with two or three francs, which, of course, is spent for drink. A dirty old fellow, whose travel stained appearance indicated an emulousness of man like Stanley and Livingstone, made his appearance one morning declaring he had been drugged the night before and robbed of \$50.

A different freshman is often wiser than he looks. One chapter at least can testify to this fact. The chairman was a born joker, and, finding a "dead" freshman like the above on his hands, decided to work him off on a chum of another chapter.

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

ving a whim, but the man ultimately turned out to be one of the best in his class. By Saturday night most of the men will have been pledged. Up to this time they have been kings; now they are freshmen. Mock initiation reduces most of them to very meek freshmen—of less account to themselves than the dust on which they tread.

COMEDIES OF A CONSULATE.

Continued from first page.

dressed woman who came in about two months ago, carrying in her arms a nine or ten months old baby. Her story was somewhat striking, and, disbelieve it as much as I would, there was a sympathetic place in my heart for the little fat baby blinking at me so innocently.

"This, sir, is an American baby. Its mother is in New-York, and goodness knows where its father is. What shall I do with it?" and she held the bundle of humanity toward me so threateningly that I was on the point of taking it. Though confused at the idea of becoming a father so quickly, I patiently and calmly listened to her story.

"But he says it's an American baby, and told me to bring it to you." I said I would write to learn if the mother lived at the New-York address she left.

"What will the baby do while you're writing? Starve? I haven't anything to feed it." I examined the poor little thing again, and felt very sorry for it. Here it was, not only home-ss and parentless, but countryless. I gave the woman 10 francs and she sorrowfully departed.

I learned some days later that she had been making a round of the fifteen consulates in Rouen with a similar story, and that the baby, instead of being countryless, had within a week been English, Russian, German, Brazilian and goodness knows what else.

Every two or three weeks some wayfaring man comes in demanding transportation to America. Usually these characters go away content with two or three francs, which, of course, is spent for drink. A dirty old fellow, whose travel stained appearance indicated an emulousness of man like Stanley and Livingstone, made his appearance one morning declaring he had been drugged the night before and robbed of \$50.

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

to add that two freshmen at least walked with a humbler tread and believed that there were many things which they knew not of. After the festive initiation the fraternity life begins. "Goat night" (the secret meeting of the several chapters) is held every Tuesday. One old dandy who served as janitor for one of the chapters in the early days relates how he first kept a goat for his house, and how finally all the fraternities adopted this means of impressing the serious side of fraternity life upon the new members, and thus the term "goat night" became universally adopted.

TWENTY THOUSAND NEW-YORKERS GO ARMED.

Continued from first page.

The applicant justified in his request to carry a weapon, he turns the man over to Commissioner Greene, who either signs or vetoes the application. The sum paid for the permit is given to Sergeant Sheldon for the police pension fund.

Although the police captains are far more strict now than in the days of Devery, nevertheless many applications get as far as Inspector Brooks which make this white haired veteran plump hard on his goatee to prevent outbreaks of laughter.

"And why do you want to carry a gun?" he asked the other day of a huge, round stomach, round faced, round fluted German saloonkeeper. "Vor to protect mineself, yes," was the answer.

"Are you not protection enough in yourself?" asked the inspector, surveying the formidable proportions of the man. "Nein! Nein! I no talk of police protection. Dat is it, isn't it? I means dis. I closes mine saloon at ein uh!"

"I closes mine saloon at vun o'clock in der morning. I shuts de door, but de crowd it donts go out. Den I takes mine pistol vrom mine pocket, and puts it by dees clock, and I says: 'Byrs, it list me to go homes already.' Und ven de crowd sees mine pistol, dey go."

The inspector calmly advised the liquor dealer to ask a patrolman to look through the front door about the time he was wont to flourish his pistol, and see if he did not get the same results.

Many a fruit dealer who sells from a pushcart on an East Side street, and who changes the three-cent card to the two-cent card and finally to the one-cent card over the same pile of bananas as business drugs and passersby do not look at his wares, bitterly complains nowadays that he cannot get his pistol permit. Though the license fee and the cost of the weapon are equal to nearly a week's saving, yet he must feel the steel against his hip or he grows nervous.

"They get in the habit of carrying a weapon," said the inspector, "and become frightened if they haven't one handy."

Still others who go but fail to get pistol permits at Police Headquarters are truckmen, printers, waiters, with now and then an actor. All say their vocations keep them out late at night, and thus expose them to danger. Strange as it may seem, not one of the hundreds of musicians who play to the city's theatregoers, to the cafe habitués, in the dancing academies and other places of nocturnal pleasure, have asked for a pistol permit.

"Only a fool would hold up a musician," said one long haired violinist. "We never have anything one could steal, except our instruments."

"When a man proves to us," explained Inspector Brooks, after he had concluded the examination of a bank messenger, "that he is constantly carrying large sums of money through the streets we grant him a permit cheerfully. Collectors, messengers for banks or brokerage houses, night watchmen, and others whom the crooks are constantly studying, in order to catch them off their guard, need to go armed. We want them armed."

Though Brooklyn has long distances and many dark spaces between its lamp posts, few residents of this broad borough carry revolvers. Out of the total of 1,249 permits in force last April, only 152 were held by Brooklyn men. The rest were for dwellers on Manhattan Island, and of these the great majority were Italians. One hundred and seventy-five permits had been granted by the captain of the Mulberry-st. station alone, and under the present system this precinct, with its large Italian population, was still credited with thirty-five. In the Twenty-ninth Precinct, which contains the "Little Italy" of Harlem, one-half the permits have been cancelled in the last month.

BATHING AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

Richfield Springs, N. Y., June 20 (Special).—The opening of the bathing establishment yesterday marked the formal date of the beginning of another Richfield season. During these delightful June days the sufferer from rheumatism and gout finds a bubbling sulphur waters efficacious not only as a present cure, but an assurance against a renewal of the torture later on.

All signs point to a brisk and merry summer. The cottage colony now includes many well known New-York, Philadelphia and Buffalo families. Mrs. G. W. Childs will arrive at St. John Cottage on Monday, and M. and Mme. de Cerkey have leased Kinne Cottage, one of the prettiest houses on the main road. The family of Captain W. B. Swift, U. S. N., is now at Richfield. The Misses Swift contribute much to the musical life of Richfield, and are now arranging a concert for the benefit of the Public Library, which offers all the latest books for summer reading.

Gullenwood, pine embowered and within easy driving distance of Richfield, is annually the summer home of Dunham Jones Crain and family, of New-York. Miss Russell, daughter of Rear Admiral John H. Russell, and sister of Captain Russell, U. S. N., has been the guest of the Misses Crain.

Colonel and Mrs. E. C. Anderson and Miss Anderson, of New-York, are again residents of Richfield for the summer. Their house in Gould-ave., Maple Terrace, is famed for the beauty of its gardens, and Colonel Anderson spends much of his time in rose culture.

Mr. and Mrs. Pedro Ferrer, of New-York, are spending their honeymoon at the Kendallwood. The Tuncliciff Cottage is now entertaining Mrs. C. McCormick and Miss E. Nystrom, of New-York. Edmund Penfold and Miss Penfold, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Frischmuth, of Berkeley, California, are to pass the early summer at the Berkeley, California.

The St. James opened on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wheeler, John R. Dean and family, of Mount Vernon, and Erastus Hicks, of New-York, were among the patrons arriving for the first dinner.

Mrs. Henry C. Potter have added a new boat to the Fernleigh fleet. The flag aloft bears the name of the Narramattah, and yachtsmen pronounce it a splendid craft. The Waltonha Hunt and Golf clubs were organized at Richfield about six years ago, and enjoy the use of grounds which have few superiors in natural beauty. Kinfield organization, they are distinct except in so far as they appeal to those summer residents at Richfield who delight in the most charming of outdoor sports. Dr. C. C. Ransom, of New-York, who is at Bonnie Brae with his family, has been a member of the greens committee since its inception, and will be associated this summer with Hayard U. Living, Jr., of Albany, and Wilmer Cole, of New-York.

COMEDIES OF A CONSULATE.

Continued from first page.

"one American man got it for me." "How did you find your way here?" "I ast to the streets any man ritin on the paper an they direk me here an I come in." "I am sorry for you, but I have no change this morning. If I had two or three francs in change I would give them to you, but fifty francs is the smallest piece I have."

Such experiences as this finally brought me to the conclusion that only one out of one thousand of these cases was worthy. I had made up my mind very firmly upon this point, and was congratulating myself upon my acumen to fathom the pretensions of the unworthy nine hundred and ninety-nine when one afternoon last winter a long, thin, old fellow entered carrying a large bundle under his arm. Evidently, he was a man of business, for he began at once:

"Look here, Mr. Consul, I've been begging. I'm a painter. My wife died. I've been sick a long time. Had to pay out all my money, give up my studio, and I'm just out of the hospital. I'm trying to begin again. If you've got a picture you want enlarged, I'll do it for nothing just to get a start. See, here's my work."

If there is one character among the callers at the consulate with whom I have no patience it is the picture man. His appearance did not indicate a love of drink; his careworn face seemed due rather to much sickness and trouble, and my heart went out to him. His work was well done, and I gave him a photograph of myself to enlarge. Two days later he returned with it beautifully finished. He repeated that he wanted no pay, but I insisted. After some persuasion he expressed himself as willing to accept any old cast-off clothing. I gave him an old suit and an overcoat worth three or four times, perhaps, the price of his picture.

"If you could give me a little note saying how you like the work, and when he along," he said, "I would be glad to have it." I scribbled off a few words upon my visiting card, which he took with a careless "Thank you." Upon leaving he added: "I've a large painting I want to make up a present of it, Mr. Consul, when I touch it up a little." Poor fellow, I thought, he certainly is grateful, and I pressed a five franc piece in his hand.

I returned to my work convinced that at last I had come face to face with the one deserving case of the one thousand.

After a month or so I found in my social visits among the American colony in Rouen a coolingness, and later I learned the cause of it. This scamp had got scores of photographs, hundreds of francs paid in advance for pictures he never pretended or intended to do, and skipped. A friend remarked to me one day:

"You know, all the Americans here recognized that old overcoat of yours, and when this fellow said you had given it to him, telling his pitiful story and presenting your card, every one was willing to pay before the work was done."

Some time later I received a bill of 20 francs for the enlargement of a photograph, sent by one of the city photographers, a friend of mine. The rascal had done to him with my photograph and made him believe I had sent it to be enlarged—a thing not difficult, since it was my likeness.

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

possession of revolvers has long been the cause of murders, where without them a quarrel would only have resulted in a fight with fists. According to police records, 65 per cent of the murders in this city are the result of fights, in which words lead to blows, and blows to bullets. In the detective bureau at Police Headquarters one may see some uncanny kinds of firearms which have been confiscated from "vigilantes." The collection goes back to the earliest days of crime, and in the same case with the modern six shooter are muzzle loading blunderbusses, cumbersome pepper boxes and rusty hinged single barreled Derringers. Each represents some past crime, a murder or an assault, others by the type of "vigilante" who carried a gun by force of habit or as a fad.

THE BLIND GIRL AND THE GOVERNOR.

Continued from first page.

"Look at this reprobate," said the sergeant in charge yesterday as he took down a devilish looking instrument with a single barrel which rested on a sort of slim, narrow box cased in yellow ivory. The sergeant cocked the pistol and there sprang into view a trigger in the shape of a corkscrew. Aiming the weapon at the window he fired, and as the hammer snapped, out flew a long, sharp pointed knife blade, ready for action should the bullet fail.

"And here is another," remarked the bluecoat custodian, as he laid down the dagger pistol, and held up what looked like a miniature Gatling gun. "This is a French invention," he added, as he pointed to the cylinder which had two concentric circles of cartridge cells, twelve in the outer and six in the inner arc. The gun had two barrels, and as the officer pulled back the hammer he said: "First the gun discharges one bullet from the upper barrel, and then two bullets from both barrels."

"Which is good evidence," said Inspector McClusky, who happened by, "that its owner wanted to make his mark in this world or the next."

The police have been more energetic in confiscating weapons from loafers and criminals in the last week than for years. In East Side parks the chains to the cups at the fountains have been so shortened that a "vigilante" in bending down to drink will betray himself by having his pistol protrude from his hip pocket. In resorts frequented by crooks detectives are successful in confiscating revolvers by simply snatching a suspect over the hip.

"No, we can't do as they do out West," said Inspector McClusky, talking about "vigilantes." "There, I have heard, a marshal goes into a place, pulls out a brace of pistols, and orders 'All hands up!' Then it's easy business confiscating every gun in the crowd. We go a little slower, but we are getting them."

Seated around a table a few evenings ago were the Governor and a party of friends. He drifted into a review of this work he has been doing and recalled various incidents that had come under his observation. Some were numerous, some pathetic and all interesting.

"I was deeply touched," said the Governor, "by a little thing which happened at the Blind Institute at Batavia. I was walking through the building when I noticed a golden haired girl standing by a window. She had her back to me. I walked over to where she was standing and said: 'How do you do, my little lady?' I supposed that she was the daughter of some of the officials of the place, as she was the only child I had seen. She turned sightless eyes to me and then I saw she was blind. She was one of the most beautiful children I have ever seen. She said, 'Are you Governor Odell?' 'Yes,' then she said: 'Oh, I have been waiting to see you. I heard you were coming.' Then I took her up in my lap and I said: 'What is your name?' She replied: 'My name is Ruth. Then I said to her, 'I have a little girl at home just about as big as you, but her name is Estelle. The little one said to me: 'Do you know I think I like the name of Estelle better than I do that of Ruth. Don't you?' I had to tell her that I thought Estelle about the prettiest name I knew. Then she told me that she was from Buffalo and was unable to go home for a vacation on account of missing treatment. Finally, when it came time to go I said: 'Is there any message I can take back to my little girl from you?' 'Yes,' she said. 'You can give her my love. 'Is that all?' I asked. 'No,' she said, and then threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. 'Say I sent her a kiss.'"

"The next day I was in Buffalo," continued the Governor, "and I went into a shop and bought the prettiest doll I could find and sent it to Ruth. A few days later I got a letter in which she thanked me for the doll, and told me that she could feel its eyes open and shut when she put it to bed at night. She concluded with 'I have named my dolly Estelle, and I pray God every night that your little girl may never be blind.'"

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

THE BLIND GIRL AND THE GOVERNOR.

Continued from first page.

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover-of-the-cheerful-giver game came in practicing the dead and dumb game. He was armed with the fragment of a pencil about half an inch long, and a soiled note book, in which was written "I am def an dum I have lost my rale rode tikit an pocket book."

office a lover