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THE GREAT ELIXIR.

Over the door appeared a weatherworn sign that read: "Jules Grogande, Baker." In one of the windows, painted upon a sheet of cardboard, was another sign: "Home Made Bread by the Best Modern Machinery." There was a third sign in the window beyond the doorway and this was marked upon a bit of writing paper and said: "Fresh Gingerbread Every Day."

When you opened the door the top of it struck a brass bell suspended from the ceiling and made it tinkle merrily. Hearing the sound Mme. Leontine Grogande would come from her little room back of the shop and stand behind the counter and ask you what you would like to purchase.

Mme. Leontine, or Mme. Tina, as the children called her, was quite short and quite fat; and she had a round, pleasant face that was good to look upon. She moved somewhat slowly, for the rheumatism troubled her more or less; but no one minded if Madame was a bit slow in tying up her parcels. For surely no cakes or buns in all the town were so delicious or fresh as those she sold and she had a way of giving the biggest cakes to the smallest boys and girls who came into her shop that proved she was fond of children and had a generous heart.

People loved to come to the Grogande bakery. When one opened the door an exquisite fragrance of newly baked bread and cakes greeted the nostrils; and if you were not hungry when you entered you were sure to become so when you examined and smelled the delicious pies and doughnuts and gingerbread and buns with which the shelves and showcases were stocked. There were trays of French candies, too; and because all the goods were fresh and wholesome the bakery was well patronized and did a thriving business.

The reason no one saw Monsieur Jules in the shop was because his time was always occupied in the bakery in the rear—a long low room filled with ovens and tables covered with pots and pans and dishes which the skilful baker used for mixing and stirring, and long shelves bearing sugars and spices and baking powders and the sweet smelling extracts that made his wares taste so sweet and agreeable.

The bakeroom was three times as big as the shop; but Monsieur Jules needed all the space in the preparation of the great variety of goods required by his patrons, and he prided himself on the fact that his edibles were fresh made each day. In order to have the bread and rolls ready at breakfast time he was obliged to get up at 3 o'clock every morning, and so he went to bed about sundown.

On a certain forenoon the door of the shop opened so abruptly that the little brass bell made a furious jingling.

An Arab dashed into the room, stopped short, looked around with a bewildered air and then rushed away again and banged the door after him.

Madame looked surprised but said nothing. She recognized the Arab to be a certain Ali Dubh, living in the neighborhood, who was accustomed to purchase a loaf from her every morning. Perhaps he had forgotten his money, Madame thought.

When the afternoon was half over he entered again, running as if fiends were at his heels. In the centre of the room he paused, slapped his forehead despairingly with both palms and said in a wailing voice:

"They're after me!"

Next moment he dashed away at full speed, even forgetting to close the door, so Madame came from behind the counter and did it herself. She delayed a moment to gaze at the figure of Ali Dubh racing up the street. Then he turned the corner of an alley and disappeared from view.

Things did not startle Madame easily, but the Arab's queer behavior aroused in her a mild curiosity, and while she stood looking through the glass of the door and wondering what had excited the man she saw two strange forms glide past her shop with a stealthy motion and proceed in the same direction Ali Dubh had taken.

They were also Arabs without a doubt, for although their forms were muffled in long cloaks, the turbans they wore and the glint of their dark, beady eyes proclaimed them children of the desert.

When they came to the alley where Ali Dubh had disappeared, the two strangers were joined by a third, who crept up to them with the sly, catlike tread Madame had noted and seemed to confer with them. Afterward one turned to the east, a second continued up the street, and the third stole into the alley.

"Yes," thought Madame, "they are after Ali Dubh, sure enough. But if they move so slowly they are not likely to catch the poor fellow at all."

Now, Madame knew very little of her queer customer, for although he made a daily visit to the bakery for a loaf and a few cakes, he was of a gloomy disposition and never stopped for a chat or a bit of gossip. It was his custom to silently make his simple purchases and then steal softly away.

Therefore his excited actions upon this eventful day were really remarkable and the good lady was puzzled how to explain them.

She sat late in the shop that evening, burning a dingy oil lamp that swung in the centre of the room, for her rheumatism was more painful than usual, and she dreaded to go to bed and waken Monsieur Jules with her moaning.

The good man was slumbering peacefully upstairs—she could hear his lusty snores even where she sat—and it was a shame to disturb him when he must rise so early. So she sat in her little room at the end of the counter, trying to knit by the light of a flickering candle, and rocking back and forth in her chair with a monotonous motion.

Suddenly the little bell tinkled and a gust of air entered the shop, sending the mingled odors of baked stuff whirling and scurrying about the room in a most fragrant manner. Then the door closed, and Madame laid down her knitting and turned to greet the newcomer.

To her astonishment, it proved to be Ali Dubh. His brown cheeks were flushed, and his glittering black eyes roamed swiftly over the shop before they turned full upon Madame's calm face.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You are alone!"

"It is too late for trade. I am going to bed presently," said Madame.

"I am in great trouble and you must help me," returned the Arab hastily. "Lock your door and come with me into your little room so that no one can see us through the street windows."

Madame hesitated. The request was unusual and she knew nothing of the Arab's history.

But she reflected that if the man attempted robbery or other mischief she could summon Monsieur Jules with a cry. Also her interest had been aroused by Ali Dubh's queer behavior during the day.

While she thought the matter over the Arab himself locked the street door and hurried into the little room, where Madame composedly joined him a moment later.

"How can I help you?" she asked, picking up her knitting again.

"Listen!" said the Arab. "I must tell you all. You must know the truth!" He put his hand in a pocket of his loose robe and drew out a small flask. It was no bigger than two fingers and was made of pure gold, upon which strange characters had been richly engraved.

"This," said the Arab in a low, impressive voice, "is the Great Elixir!"

"What does that mean?" asked Madame, glancing at the flask doubtfully.

"The Great Elixir? Ah, it is the essence of vitality, the water of life, the greatest thing in all the world."

"I don't understand," said Madame.

"Not understand? Why, a drop of the priceless liquid which this golden flask contains, if placed upon your tongue, would send new life coursing through your veins. It would give you power, strength, vitality, greater than youth itself. You could do anything, accomplish wonders, perform miracles if you but tasted this precious liquid."

"How odd!" exclaimed Madame, beginning to feel bewildered. And then she asked: "Where did you get it?"

"Ah! This is the story. That is what you must know," answered Ali Dubh. "It is centuries old, the Great Elixir.

"There is no more of it in all the world. The contents of this flask came into the keeping of the ancestor of the chief of my tribe, whom we call a sheik, and has been handed down from father to son as an heirloom more priceless than diamonds. The chief of my tribe, its last owner, carried the flask always hidden in his breast.

"But one day, when he and I were hunting together, a mad camel trampled the sheik to his death, and with his last breath he gave the Great Elixir into my keeping. The sheik had no son, and the flask was really mine.

"But many other Arab sheiks longed for the treasure and sought to gain it. So I escaped and wandered over the world. I came here, thinking I was safe from pursuit. But they have followed me."

"All the way from Arabia?" asked Madame.

"Yes. To-day I saw them. They know my lodgings. They are secretly hidden near, and before morning I know they plot to kill me and secure the Great Elixir. But for a time I have escaped them. I came here unseen. You must help me. You must take charge of the Great Elixir and keep it safely for me."

"Nonsense!" cried Madame, becoming aroused at last.

"Do not say that, I beg of you," exclaimed the eager Arab. "You are honest; I know you are! And they will never suspect you of having the golden flask."

"Perhaps not," said Madame, "and then again they may. My business is to tend the shop and I am not going to get myself killed by a lot of desperate foreigners just to oblige you, Monsieur Ali Dubh! Take your Great Elixir to some one else. I don't want it."

For a minute the Arab seemed in despair. Then his face suddenly brightened.

"You suffer from rheumatism, do you not?" he asked.

"Yes, it's pretty bad to-night," she replied.

"Then I will cure it! I will cure your pains forever if you will keep my precious Elixir in secret until I come to reclaim it."

Madame hesitated, for just then she had a very bad twinge indeed.

"You think you can cure my pains?" she asked.

"I know it!" declared the Arab. He put his hand in a pocket and drew out another flask, a mate to the one containing the Great Elixir; only this was made of solid silver instead of gold.

"This flask," said Ali Dubh, "contains a positive cure for rheumatism. It will not fail. It never has failed.

"Take it and use it to make yourself well. Five drops in a bowl of water are enough. Bathe well the limbs that ache, and all pain will be gone forever.

"Accept it, gracious madame, and keep for me the other flask in safe hiding until my enemies have gone away."

Madame was a practical woman and it seemed an easy thing to do as the Arab desired. If she could get relief from those dreadful pains it would be well worth while to undertake a little trouble and responsibility by caring for Ali Dubh's other and more precious flask.

"Very well," said she. "I agree."

The Arab's face flushed with joy.

"Good," he cried, "I am saved! Guard well my precious flask, the one of gold. Show it to no one, not even to your good husband. Remember that diamonds and rubies could not buy the Great Elixir, the marvellous Essence of Vitality. As for the silver flask, I give it to you freely. Its contents will cure all your ailments. And now, good night, and may Allah bless you!"

Swiftly he stole from the room, unlocked the street door and vanished into the darkness. And Madame sat looking thoughtfully at the flasks.

Presently she remembered that the front door was yet unlocked. So she trotted out into the shop, bolted the door securely, drew down the curtains and put out the dim light that had burned over the counter. Then Madame returned to the little room and looked at the two flasks again.

Aside from her rheumatism the good lady had one other physical weakness; she was color blind. That is, she could seldom distinguish one color from another, and was quite liable to think blue was green and green was yellow. Many people have this trouble with their eyes; but it had never bothered Madame, especially in waiting upon her customers.

Now, however, when she came back into her room and gazed at the two flasks upon her table, she had no idea which one was of gold and which of silver, for the weakness of her eyes prevented her from telling them apart by their color.

"Let me see," she murmured, "this must be the flask which the Arab first drew from his pocket. No—this was the one."

But the more she hesitated the more confused she became, and in the end she told herself honestly that she had not the faintest clue to guide her in knowing which flask contained the Essence of Vitality and which the cure for rheumatism.

And the pains were now so bad that she was anxious to cure them without a moment's delay.

The engraving on the two flasks was nearly the same; and if some of those queer foreign characters really differed Madame did not know it. Also in size and shape the flasks were exactly alike. Truly Madame was in a fine quandary, and there seemed no way of getting out of it with safety.

She had almost decided to hide both flasks until the Arab returned when several sharp twinges of pain caught her and made her long most earnestly for relief. If she went to bed now she would be sure to suffer all night, and in one of the flasks was a sure cure.

"I'll guess at it, and take the chance!" declared Madame, firmly.

And then, choosing at haphazard, she hid the silver flask behind the mirror and put the gold one in her pocket. Afterward she picked up the lamp and walked as silently as possible through the short passage to Monsieur Jules's bakeroom.

The big place was still and dark and the little lamp brightened only a small part of it. But Madame did not care for that. Those pains were getting extremely hard to bear and she had even ceased to care whether or not she had selected the right flask.

Taking a brown bowl from the shelf she drew it nearly full of water and then placed it upon a corner of the long, white mixing table, beside the lamp. Next she took the golden flask from her pocket.

"How much did the Arab say to put in the water?" she wondered, pausing in perplexed thought. "I declare, I've actually forgotten! But he said it was sure to cure me, so I may as well use all the flask contains. For, after I am cured, I shall not need any more of it."

Reasoning thus, Madame removed the stopper and poured into the bowl every drop of that precious elixir which Ali Dubh had prized more than life itself, and which his wild countrymen had come all the way from Arabia to America to possess. For generation after generation the priceless liquor had been preserved with jealous care, and now the baker's wife was rubbing it upon her limbs in an endeavor to cure the pangs of rheumatism!

She used very little of the contents of the bowl, after all. The touch of the elixir upon her skin, although it was diluted with so much water, sent a glow of exhilaration throughout her stout body.

The pains were suddenly eased, and Madame began to feel as light and airy as a fairy, in spite of her great mass of flesh.

It occurred to her that she would like to dance; to run and shout, to caper about as she used to do as a girl. But soon her shrewd common sense returned, and she told herself this was but the effect of the wonderful medicine, and that the wisest thing that she could do was to go to bed and sleep soundly while she might.

Being still somewhat bewildered, the good woman picked up the lamp, and, leaving the bowl containing the elixir standing upon the table, mounted the stairs with lighter steps than she had known in years.

Five minutes later she was in bed, snoring as loudly as M. Jules himself.

COREAN GHOSTS DAMMED.

Precautions Taken to Prevent Spooks From Running Down Hill.

In this age of spooks and disembodied influences that swirl and gibber about the heads of unseeing mortals in flocks instructive light upon the care and culture of spirits may be gained from the Coreans. These people dam up the walls of their tombs so that the spirits of the dead may not run down hill and thus become a terrible menace to the living.

A Corean chooses always for the site of a tomb some steep hillside, high above the floor of the valley, that the imps of darkness coming up through the middle of the earth may have a hard climb uphill after they have emerged from the ground before they reach the burial place of the deceased.

The tomb closely resembles a saucer with the cup inverted and set down in its middle. The edges of the saucerlike dike about the central circular mound are raised sometimes to the height of four or five feet and carefully turfed so as to resist the washing effect of the winter rains. Thus the spirit of the deceased, buried deep under the central mound, is effectually dammed in and mewed up by the encircling wall of earth.

If by chance during flood time the retaining wall of the tomb should give way and be carried down hill the faithful Corean son or brother of the deceased hurries out with his wooden spade and rebuilds the dam as speedily as possible. He fears lest the restless spirit within the tomb should be washed down hill with the earth and then the lives of all the living kin would be forever blighted. For nothing is so horrible in Corea as a spirit that has escaped its tomb and wanders in vengeful mood about the habitations of the living.

TIPS IN JAPAN.

There the Innkeeper Is Not Forgotten When the Guest Goes Away.

"If our hotel keepers should ever be told of the Japanese method of tipping we would all have to take to the woods," said a Far Eastern traveller. "In a Japanese hotel you give the proprietor the biggest tip of all when leaving and grade the other tips accordingly.

"When your bill is handed to you it is customary to wrap up in a separate piece of paper an amount approximating about one-fifth of the whole account and give that to the worthy innkeeper, together with the regular amount required of you by his account, which you enclose in the folded bill. Then you wrap up smaller sums in smaller pieces of paper and parcel these Christmas packages out among the servants who have waited on you.

"This tip to the boniface is called *chodai*, or tea money, and the Japanese explain its usage after this manner of reasoning:

"All hotel charges in Japan are forced by law to be very low, so that even the very poor man who finds himself on the road at night can get food and shelter for a nominal sum. The rich man has to pay no more than the beggar.

"Since the hotel man could not make a living if this order of things were allowed to exist, without some saving grace, some recompense must be made to the hotel keeper for his enforced generosity. Therefore if a guest can well afford to give the host something more than he asks he not only provides for those less fortunate than himself, but he fends himself against the evil day when he may have to ask a beggar's board and bed. It is not charity to the inn keeper, but merely provision against possible hard times.

"But if a man whom the worthy host believes to be well able to afford a generous *chodai* leaves the hotel without paying the same, woe betide him should he ever return to that hostelry again. He will get last chance at the communal bathtub, will get the most draughty room in the house and in a hundred ways be made to feel that he is the most miserable of men."

THE NAVY'S CALL TO OLD TARS

RETIRED MAN OF WAR'S MEN WHO RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG.

A Rush of Former Sailors to the Navy Department When the Latest Cuban Trouble Began Just as in the Spanish War—Meetings of Old Comrades.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—When it was announced that the battleships were getting ready to start for Cuba a stockily built, ruddy faced old man walked into the Navy Department. He was Henry Thompson, chief boatswain's mate, retired.

At the age of 69 he had come to offer his services once more in case of trouble as a United States man-o'-war's man. Rolling, pompous old Admirals met him as he shuffled through the corridors of the Navy Department and instantly recognized him and clapped him on the back and shook his hand and roared greetings at him. His sea service goes away back of the "days of the old Ticon'," and he had served alongside some of those same white whiskered Admirals when they were dandified middies.

It took the old chap a couple of hours to get out of the Navy Department. The old time officers stationed in the building in high billets were bound to corral him in shadowy corners and buzz him about the days of the flown time when, man aft and man for'ard, they served alongside of each other, careless youngsters on far stations, and the world their oyster.

Before going away Thompson was told that if the descent upon Cuba grew into a big thing he'd be replanted in his chief bo's'n's mate's billet on one of the good battleships for a sure thing, and those who gave this assurance meant it.

This was the second time Thompson had come to the front after being retired when work for the navy loomed up. The navy was short handed when the Spanish war broke out. When Thompson heard of the shorthandedness he trudged to the Navy Department and asked for duty. He got it, and he was on the bridge with Schley when the battle of Santiago was fought.

The Spanish war at an end, Thompson returned to his Washington home. That home is on Capitol Hill.

There's a flagpole in the little front yard of the home. Promptly at 8 o'clock, or eight bells, every morning Thompson's neighbors see the old man raising the Stars and Stripes, while the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" proceed from a large phonograph placed in one of the front windows. At sundown the old flat foot hauls the flag down.

There is something fine about the way these former navy men for'ard, old, middle aged and young, come forward and record themselves as ready for instant service on every occasion when trouble seems to impend. A great many of them live in Washington, and these, of course, are the first to drop by the Navy Department to leave their addresses.

Some others who live elsewhere write to the Department giving their whereabouts and offering to ship at a minute's notice. But the average man-o'-war's man possesses a deep and dark skepticism as to the fate of letters addressed to the Navy Department. So many come right down to Washington for the sole purpose of asking for service.

It is a great thing for the navy that these men do this. They say at the Department that the navy would have been in a serious plight for seasoned men in the petty officers' billets at the time of the Spanish war had not such a raft of the former men for'ard who had quit the service come to the front and shipped.

In all cases these offers involve sacrifices on the part of the men making them, and in some cases big sacrifices. At the outbreak of the Spanish war, for example, former man-o'-war's men came forward and shipped for the scrap as electricians who were making salaries up in the thousands as electricians ashore.

There was a nice sense of gratitude in this, by the way. These chaps were ex-apprentices who had learned the rudiments of the electrician's business as seaman gunners at the expense of the Government. Their apprenticeship in the navy over, they had left the service and followed the electrician's calling so successfully that many of them had gained high billets in that line in civil life. When trouble came for the Government they felt as if they owed a debt to Uncle Sam and so they quit their jobs and gave the navy the benefit of their services.

Prosperous ex-man-o'-war's men in many other lines freely abandoned first rate jobs "on the beach" when the announcement was made that seasoned men were imperatively needed to man the ships of war that were being fitted out. Middle aged men with families are just as alert in signifying their desire for service for'ard if their services are needed as former apprentices out of the navy only a few months.

A few days before the flying squadron left Norfolk in the Spanish war a fine, hearty old peg leg of the old navy turned up at the Navy Department. He had been a quartermaster in the service for about a generation.

He was retired on a pension when his left leg was cut off by being caught in a coil of rope while his last ship, one of the old timers, was being docked. To ask to be assigned to the flying squadron he came to Washington all the way from a town in Iowa, where he was living with his daughter and a rich son-in-law, and living surrounded by every imaginable comfort.

He hadn't been in the corridors of the department three minutes before the grizzled officers who had been shipmates with him in the gone years caught sight of him, and the reception they gave the old chap was something prodigious. At one time he was surrounded by four Admirals, six Captains and three Commanders, all of whom had sailed with him and learned many a trick from him many years before.

"Why, you old scoundrel!" cried one of the Admirals, as he bore down upon the red faced old peg leg, who was standing at attention with his fingers at his hat in salute and a grin on his salt cracked countenance, "what the——"

"Here t' ship, sir," replied the old peg leg as the Admiral grabbed his paw. "I know that one o' me sticks," casting an eye down at his wooden leg, "is carried away like, but, sir, there's plenty o' handiness in me yet, an' I thought——"

"Why, blast it all, man," roared the huge, enormously tall Admiral, "don't you see that we're both old back numbers and not worth our salt horse and scouse at sea? Why, damme, I'm so old that they won't let me go to sea, although I've begged 'em! And I've got my two legs! How the dev——"

"Old, sir?" said the ancient peg leg, solemnly. "You're a heap older nor I am, sir. You always was at least two year older nor me. Lemme see, when you was a middy with me on th' old Colorado, makin' you 'bout twenty-one year old, I was apprentice, an'——"

The old peg leg suddenly broke off, as he saw another Admiral with a mighty waistband coming toward him.

"Yonder comes Soupy, sir," he exclaimed. "Excuse me, sir. I mean here comes Admiral Blank. I'd 'a' knowed him anywhere," and a few seconds later Soupy, the fat Admiral who had borne that nickname in his middy days, was shaking the old man by the hand.

Then for ten minutes young clerks and messengers passing through that corridor were startled to hear the immense roars of laughter that came from the corner of the hall where the two dignified Admirals had the old peg leg held up.

"D'ye mind, sir," was one of the things the old flatfoot said to the fat Admiral, "th' time when, like all o' th' middies o' them days, yer fust wint up ag'in th' saki at Yokohama, an' I had t' cover ye up with a tarpaulin at th' landin' t' keep th' skipper from seein' yer, an'——"

"Sh-sh!" the fat Admiral broke in, holding up a warning hand. "Some of these young officers around here might hear you," and then the fat Admiral was poked in the ribs by the tall Admiral, and the roars of two of the highest men in the navy broke the dignified calm of the corridor again.

But the old peg leg could not, of course, be shipped on account of his missing leg, and he went back to his comfortable home in Iowa in a state of keen disappointment.

About the same time another very old flatfoot turned up at the Bureau of Navigation, bent upon shipping for the affair in Cuban waters at his old rate, that of gunner's mate, or any old rate, so they would let him ship. He came to Washington from the prosperous duck ranch he was running somewhere in Delaware.

There was no chance for him to ship for the reason that his hearing had been badly damaged by the explosion of a big gun on board his last ship, and he had been retired for that reason, after more than thirty years service.

The first man he ran into at the bureau of navigation was a white haired Captain with whom he had served two full cruises, one on the Mediterranean and the other on the Asiatic station, when the Captain was a middy. The two had a great cugger-muggering, which, however, was rendered a bit difficult for the Captain for the reason that he had to shout what he had to say into the old shellback's ear trumpet.

When the old man for'ard told the Captain that he wanted to ship for the fighting then impending the Captain shouted into the ear trumpet:

"Why, confound it, Spike, you're so infernally deaf that you wouldn't be able to hear mess gear piped!"

"An' I mind th' time, sir," replied the old timer quietly, his eyes twinkling, "when you couldn't hear mess gear yourself. That was th' time, sir, when you an' Tommy G——," naming another famous Captain, "got t' scrappin' that day in th' boiler room o' th' old Swatara—at Kobe, I think that was—an' Tommy put y'r light out by landin' on y'r eye, an' I was chuckin' water on you t' fetch you aroun' when mess gear was piped, an' divvle a bit did ye know whether it was mess gear or pipe down or all han's abandon ship."

The captain chuckled over the recollection, and he made an effort to have his old shipmate shipped in spite of his infirmity, but the thing couldn't be done and the shellback had to go back to his duck farm in sore misery of spirit because he hadn't been allowed to ship.

While advertisement is, of course, not made of the fact, it is pretty well known that quite a considerable number of deserters went back into the service when the Spanish war began. These were seasoned and crack men who had jumped ship inadvertently without really meaning to desert—fellows who had overstayed their shore liberty and who found that their ships had pulled out without them when they came to.

They were, of course, carried on the rolls as deserters, but when they turned up and announced their desire to serve in the emergency a way was found to let them in because they were sorely needed.

THE AUTO TO AN OLD FOGEY.

Definition Constructed by an Aged Professor and Rejected by Publishers.

An aged professor of a fourth rate college has recently collected a list of newly coined words with their definitions. Like everything else that the professor has written, it has not yet found a publisher. Perhaps the failure of this attempt at dictionary making will be clear by taking the definition of a sample word, "automobile." It is as follows:

Derivation: from the Anglo-Saxon words, ought and to; combined with the Latin, *mobilis*; meaning, ought to be mobbed.

1. An automobile assumes the function of a horse and wagon—without the horse.

Like a wagon it runs on four wheels—sometimes on two; when running on two it is not so safe as a wagon.

Like a wagon, you can put anything in it, from a cabbage head to a millionaire. It is used for both purposes—judging from its speed.

A wagon runs over people, an automobile runs over more, and hits them harder. A man may be run over several times in his life by a wagon, but never more than once by an automobile.

Like a wagon, it has a crank; a crank in a wagon is used to decrease its speed; a crank in an automobile increases it.

2. Like a horse, an automobile eats, but not oats. It costs to feed either.

A horse smells horsy, but an automobile smells worse.

Like a horse it must have a driver. An automobile driver is called, a "chaffer" (chafe-er; one who chafes). A chaffer runs as close to everything as he can without hitting it, pedestrians not excepted. A chaffer runs away after he has chaffed too close; the pedestrian, never.

Like a horse, an automobile balks. When a horse balks, it changes its mind—sometimes; when an automobile balks, if you want to get home, get out and walk.

3. An automobile is like a criminal in that it runs away when it has done something it ought not to. "Be sure your sins will find you out," does not apply to automobiles.

4. Like saloons, automobiles are licensed. Saloons pay for the privilege of taking human life; so do automobiles, but not much. Both are often fined for exceeding the speed limit, but they do the same thing over again.

A judge will not close saloons because he likes whiskey. Most judges ride in automobiles.

5. Automobiles are not appreciated by this generation. When men have become accustomed to their ways, they will like them better.

A Very Close Choice.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

Col. Perry, the auctioneer, lived near Urbana when he was a young man, and he was paying attention to two sisters who lived on the adjoining farm. He liked them both, and could see little difference between them.

At the proper time he asked the father for the hand of one he thought he admired most, giving the name, of course. The father did not object, and as an accommodation he promised to secure the necessary marriage license when he went to Urbana the next time.

When the father returned with it, the young bridegroom found to his astonishment that it was made out in the name of the other sister.

"How much will it cost to change it?" asked the Colonel.

"About 75 cents," replied the father.

After meditating a few minutes, the Colonel answered (he says):

"Well, I can't see the difference. I'll just take her," and so he did, and he's perfectly satisfied, explaining his position in this manner:

"I wouldn't take $1,000,000 for her, nor would I give a dollar for one just like her."

IN MEXICO.

Some Everyday Happenings as They Look in Literal Translation.

The language of Mexico is becoming more like that of the rest of the world. To be sure, one says to the chambermaid, "Will your Grace do me the favor to bring me some hot water?" or to the mozo (errand boy or man) "Will your Grace carry this note to Mr. X.?"

It is still a fact that Señor Villaseñor y Matamoros (Mr. Lord of the City and Slayer of Moors) lives perhaps on the Thousand Frightful Marvels street. He takes a coach to the home of a friend who lives on The Bridge of Roosters street.

The friend, Señor Salvador Mirabel (Mr. Saviour Look Beautiful) has just returned from a trip to Europe, and Mr. Lord of the City and Slayer of Moors has not seen him for several months. The greeting is warm and the two men embrace each other while exchanging kisses and patting each other on the back.

After the greeting is over their conversation starts out with somewhat the following inquiries: "How is her Grace, your most excellent mother?" or "It delights me much to know that all goes well with the most worthy father of your Grace."

A beggar shambles along the street of the Fountain of the Body. He sees a well dressed gentleman about to turn the corner from Waterfall street. The beggar doffs his hat and prepares to ask for a donation.

"May the Lord fill your heart with pity, caballero. An alms for the Lord's sake."

The man is a good Catholic, so he reaches in his pocket and gives the beggar a coin with the remark, "May you walk with God," while the beggar makes the consoling reply, "God will repay your Grace."

Two peons who have just been paid off on Saturday night go to the cantina of A Night of Delicious Dreams, the best of friends. They drink pulque and tequila until they arrive at the point of the delicious dreams. They continue until the dreams become vicious dreams.

Under the influence of the vicious dreams the men cease to be friends and become mortal enemies. They draw their knives and one stabs the other to death.

A spectator runs out on the Heart of Jesus street and turns the corner to Love of God street to call a policeman. The policeman seeks assistance from a comrade whose post is on John of God street. The victim of the stabbing is hustled off to a hospital on the Sepulchres of Holy Sunday street while his friend goes to jail on Sad Indian street.

The Mexicans have a wide field for their imagination in naming streets, so that no one but an experienced coachman has a speaking acquaintance with the streets of the city. A stranger just arrived reflects that it would be well to observe the names of the streets as he rides along on the street car. To his astonishment he encounters a new name at every street corner. False Door, Canoe, Holy Spirit, Rat of the Bishop, Bull street and Street of the Moors pass rapidly before his vision.

Recently the Mexican Government decided to initiate a reform in street nomenclature. It numbered the streets north and south and east and west from two given streets which intersect the city at a central point. Signs were tacked up at the corners: East First street, North Fifth street, &c. The old names of the streets were left on, however. To add to the confusion, the old numbers, which began at 1 at each block, were left while the new numbers were continuous the entire length of the street. The people cling to the old names and the new ones are ignored almost entirely except in Government documents.

Now the Government is making another effort to establish the renaming of the streets. It purposes to obliterate all the old names and numbers in hope that they will be gradually forgotten. No doubt this will be the case and another feature of old Mexico will have gone into the past.

NOISES NIGHT AND DAY.

The Day Worker Contrasts His Lot With That of the Night Worker.

"Night workers who want to sleep late mornings complain of the disturbing noises in the streets by day—the fish horns and the scissors bugles, the organ grinders and the old clothes men, and they want the Board of Health to get busy and stop them; but I tell you," said a flat dwelling day worker, "that where the Board of Health wants to step in is to stop the disturbing indoor noises between 10 P. M. and midnight.

"The night worker who goes to bed late, say at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, can at least go to bed in peace and quiet, and I should think that if he once got going he ought to be able to keep on sleeping; but the day worker who wants to go to bed early gets no such chance at all.

"Talk about a few fish horns and scissors bugles and that sort of thing, somewhere out in the street, compared with pianos, phonographs, and high soprano voices in the same house, and above and below and all around you! Why, I think the night worker must be a selfish person. He wants the world turned upside down so that he can sleep mornings.

"Doesn't he know that there are 17,000,000 day workers to one night worker, and that they can't sleep nights? Tut! tut! What the Board of Health really wants to do is to pass a law prohibiting the use of pianos and phonographs and high soprano voices after 10 P. M.; and then it might be well enough for them to get after the fish horns and bugles."

GETTING EVEN WITH LAWYERS.

Where the Overshrewd Have Fallen Into Traps of Their Own Making.

From the Rochester Herald.

Overshrewd lawyers often furnish their adversaries with weapons. "Did you see this tree that has been mentioned by the roadside?" an advocate inquired.

"Yes, sir, I saw it very plainly."

"It was conspicuous, then?"

The witness seemed puzzled by the new word. He repeated his former assertion.

"What's the difference," sneered the lawyer, "between plain and conspicuous?"

But he was hoist with his own petard. The witness innocently answered:

"I can see you plainly, sir, among the other lawyers, though you are not a bit conspicuous."

In another witness a blow directed against the character of a witness forcibly recoiled.

"You were in the company of these people?" he was asked.

"Of two friends, sir."

"Friends; two thieves, I suppose you mean."

"That may be true," was the dry retort; "they are both lawyers."

The blow that destroys the effect of an adverse examination is occasionally more the result of accident than of conscious effort. In a trial not long ago a very simple witness was in the box, and after going through his ordeal was ready to retire. One question remained.

"Now, Mr. ——, has not an attempt been made to induce you to tell the Court a different story?"

"A different story to what I have told, sir?"

"Yes. Is it not so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon your oath, I demand to know who the persons are who have attempted this."

"Well, sir, you've tried as hard as any of 'em," was the unexpected answer.

It ended the examination.

Tons of Eels From the Juniata.

Lewistown correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Many tons of eels have been taken from the Juniata River during the last few days. John Pennington, a cripple from this city, placed an up to date eel basket in the river 1,000 yards east of the Lewistown dam and in one night he took 2,500 eels, weighing from one-half to five pounds each, from this basket. This is only one of the many baskets in the river.

The eels are put in boxes alive and kept well into the winter and sold for 12 to 15 cents a pound and find a ready market.

At the Pennington camp there are fully two tons of eels in the boxes.

FIVE TIMES IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR

And Five Times Out of It—A Nervous Man's Attempt to Have His Teeth Fixed.

"One of my regular bolters dropped in this afternoon," said a dentist. "Bolters? Why, they're the men who arrange to have their teeth fixed, get into the chair, become panicstricken at the first sight of the dentist's tools, jump up, grab their hats and then incontinently and everlastingly run for it.

"This bolter made his fifth runaway this afternoon. And I thought I had him to-day sure. His face wore a look of the grimmest determination when he came in.

"'If I get stampeded to-day and start to run I want you to shoot me like a dog, sir,' he said to me, sternly and without a symptom of a smile. 'Nor are you to accept any excuse whatever. Remember that. I want this job started and I'm going to have it started.'

"Then he got into the chair, hanging on to himself hard, every muscle stretched and tense with determination.

"The first part of the job was to be some drilling. I adjusted a drill and switched on the current to start the drill going. My bolter was regarding me through the slits of his eyes, and then I saw the cold, tallowy drops beginning to bead on his forehead.

"Just as I got the drill to buzzing my telephone bell rang. My man in the chair sat up suddenly.

"'By ginger!' he exclaimed, 'that bell reminds me. I promised to see that fellow at 3 o'clock, and here it's ten minutes past 3 now!' and he bounded out of the chair and grabbed his hat off the rack.

"'Here, wait a minute!' I called after him as he leaped for the door. 'You told me, you know, not to accept any excuse——'

"'Can't help what I said, young man,' he said hoarsely, with his hand on the knob, 'I'll call you up and make another appointment with you later,' and he was out of the door and down the hall at a canter.

"That, as I say, was the fifth time this bolter jumped me.

"He came in and made arrangements for the overhauling of his teeth more than a month ago.

"'Want to start at once—to-morrow afternoon, if that'll be handy for you,' he said. 'Want to get the blamed thing off my mind. What time to-morrow afternoon can you begin to butcher me?'

"He turned up on the following afternoon, pallid and sad, at 3 o'clock. He's an elderly, military looking man with white hair and snowy mustache. He served all through the civil war, I'm told, and was under fire scores of times.

"When he got into the chair I began to fiddle around and sort out my tools, accidentally on purpose letting him catch sight of some of the worst looking of them, so as to try out his nerve. He looked the tools over out of the tail of his eye and I saw his chest begin to heave.

"'By smoke!' he suddenly gasped, and I hadn't put a hand on him yet, understand, 'that rheumatism in my arm is positively brutal this afternoon. I'm in no shape this afternoon to have you start off with my teeth,' and he was out of the chair and reaching for his hat. 'I'll ring you up in a day or so, when this infernal arm stops jumping, and have you make another appointment with me,' and away he went like a man hustling for a train on a fifteen second margin.

"A week later, after calling me up on the phone, he came again.

"'Feeling good to-day?' I asked him.

"'Fine!' he replied, heartily. 'Immense. Tip-top. Want to get this confounded thing going, too, while I am feeling so good.'

"Then he climbed into the chair, and I began feeling around with the pick among some of the teeth that needed filling.

"While I was doing that there was a light rap on the door leading into the reception room. I opened the door and a woman whose teeth I was attending to stood there.

"'Doctor,' she said to me, 'if you can't begin on me within the next ten minutes I shall not be able to have a sitting to-day, for I must meet some friends at the train in an hour, and——'

"My bolter was out of the chair and at my side in two strides.

'Doctor,' he said, with a courtly bow for the lady, 'I willingly surrender my time to this lady. I couldn't think of interfering with the plans of a lady,' and before she could murmur a word of refusal of his generous offer or I could stick in any kind of suggestion he was gone.

"The next time I got him I contrived to get a rubber impression of his teeth, but when that part of it was over he was pretty nervous and fidgety.

"'Before you do anything else,' he said to me, 'I think I'll run out and get a drink to sort of quiet my nerves,' and he got out of the chair and took his hat from the rack. 'Be right back in a minute.'

"'But,' I said to him, 'I've got some fine old bourbon here and carbonic water to go with it, and——'

"'Bourbon!' he sniffed, disdainfully. 'Much obliged, doctor, but I never touched a drop of bourbon in my life—can't abide even the smell of it. Rye for mine. Be right back,' and out he went.

"Of course he didn't return, and it was more than a week before I was called up again by him to make another appointment.

"He came at half past 2 the next day, and I was clawing away at a bad crown on one of his lower teeth that had to be removed when he grabbed my wrist and pulled my working hand away from his face, and then he sat up with a start.

"'By Jonah,' he ejaculated, 'I clean forgot to draw a cent out of the bank, and here it is close on to 3 o'clock and I haven't even got carfare with me, and I forgot to get those theatre seats for my wife, too, and if I don't hustle for the bank I'll have to walk home, by crickets, and ——' and he was galloping down the corridor like somebody running after a street car.

"And then he turns up to-day and the sound of the buzzing drill stampedes him once more, and he seizes upon the tinkling of the telephone bell to rig up that whopper about the man he had to meet because it meant money for him.

"Sooner or later, of course, he'll stick. His wife will keep right on bullying him about his teeth. I don't know how dentists would make a living if it weren't for the women.

"Women, of course, have about four times the nerve of men when it comes to enduring pain. Every surgeon, and certainly every dentist, is familiar with this fact. Scientific people maintain that women are naturally more obtuse than men. That may well be, for women stand seances in the dentist's chair without a whimper that men absolutely howl over.

"Some old fashioned dentists say that the reason for this is that women have much less imagination than men. A woman, for example, is rarely stampeded by the mere sight of the dentist's tools, whereas men most frequently are.

"It is possible, of course, that there may be just a bit of vanity in the woman's greater res