

Stillwell, were taken to farm of Chas. J. Post to pick apples, unguarded.

Kansas City, Mo.—Gertrude Mun-agle, 26, suicided. Left note, "Life isn't worth living when you're ugly."

Oshkosh, Wis.—Young pupils in schools will be furnished glass of milk every morning at 10 o'clock at suggestion of hygiene instructor.

Washington.—Capture of town of Fresnillo, Zacatecas, by revolution-ists under Malera, reported in state department advices.

New York.—Reported that billion-dollar mortgage, largest in history, will be placed on property of Penn-sylvania Railroad.

Colchester, Conn.—Com. Charles A. Brand, 45, U. S. N., retired, who served in Spanish-American war, sui-cided. Ill health.

Grand Junction, Col.—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ross, 63 and 61, cremated when their home burned. Cause un-known. Loss \$5,000.

Managua, Nicaragua.—Slight ac-tivity of Santiago volcano caused sev-eral violent earthquakes.

Murphysboro, Ill.—Ralph Coffey, cattle buyer, killed when gun acci-dentally discharged while he was crawling through a fence.

Shanghai.—Chinese war office promises steps will be taken against brigands who killed 300 people and burned two mission churches.

Cambridge, Ill.—Howard Smith ar-rested, charged with obtaining money under false pretenses.

Peoria, Ill.—Blarney Kluevner, Re-publican candidate for sheriff, dead. Heart failure.

Kittaning, Pa.—Miss Cora Bowser received \$10,000 at end of 13 years for loan of \$1 to W. H. Morrow.

Detroit.—Police located John Kow-alski, wife deserter, when he demand-ed in letter that wife send some of his favorite soup to his boarding house in Allegheny, Pa.

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Minnie—George proposed to me last night. Lillian—Doesn't he do it awkwardly, though?

Lord Dallyrot in Slangland



Feeling a biggish bit out of sorts, don't you know, I went forth to seek an apothecary's, in order to obtain a panacea for my illness. No drug establishment could I find, upon my word, and the first fellow whom I interrogated did not seem to com-prehend my needs. At length a friend of his came to my rescue thusly:

"This gink means a pill foundry, a toothbrush studio, a soda jerking joint. He's trailing one of those snares where they put the sawbone's Latin prescription to music while you're lamping the postcard bazaar. Say, mister, do you pipe that electric blinker which flashes DRUGS? Well, that's the dope parlor. Swarm onto it before they run out of horse lini-ment.

My word!