

UNMASKED.

We had danced together beneath the gleam Of the warm gaslight from the chandeliers...

THE PRETTY DIPLOMAT.

I know her by her empire gown, Her wrinkled gloves, her stylish jacket...

the means—to defend himself before any court in the country?

"Oh, he pleaded guilty and got his dose already," sneered Justice Parker.

lie dead—their bodies already bloating in the humid, sulphurous air.

A Post-Mortem Identification.

Beside the dead body of Justice Parker are gathered mourning friends.

Here and There.

THE AFFAIRS OF MEN BRIEFLY DISCUSSED.

Another poker scandal has arisen in theatrical circles, and a lawsuit is promised between Nat Goodwin and W. J. Scanlan.

IN LITTLE HELIGOLAND

The History of the Rock in the North Sea.

How The Island Came into England's Possession—Its Inhabitants and Their Life—Lord Salisbury's Pawn.

MAN AGAINST CYCLONE.

HOW A MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE A TRAMP SAVED THE LIVES OF A FAMILY AND WON A PRETTY BRIDE.

Looks Like a Tramp.

But an hour high the sun still beat fiercely down on the "long transit" of the Union Pacific railway.

We must get the team home somehow.

And instinctively she glanced at the unprepossessing stranger.

On one side of the willows stretched

a piece of yellow wheat stubble. On the other lay the road, a thread of sand almost as yellow.

"No, I won't; that now. I know that pair of brutes."

"They'll fling yer, fling yer into the ditch sure, yer or foot high."

From the direction of the town a light

double-seated wagon, drawn by two broncs, came down the road.

"Thank God it is Saturday—my children attend that school."

The horrid mass of electric lifts and sways over the open space between the Platte river and Spring creek.

"Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! Up sprang

the startled birds, scattering in all directions. A bunch of them wildly drive before the swift broncs.

"I reckon so," replied the colonel.

He has the earmarks. They are a strange breed. They usually want the earth, however, and that is where he differs from the rest of them.

"Jump out too, you, ma'am," says

the stranger. Henrietta follows this advice. Deftly loosening various buckles, the stranger seizes the reins.

Acts Like a Hero.

The humid night gave way to a dawn portentous of another scorching day. Despite the threatened heat, the Martin family, or such of it as was comprised with the omission of Mrs. Martin, decided upon a picnic to Spring creek.

Not Entitled to One.

"I thought you had got a new trial, Bill," called out a friend of the prisoner whom the sheriff was putting on the train for Joliet.

Not for Sale.

"I was just thinking whether it would be possible to build a yacht of paper."

An Unselfish Friend.

"Epoch: Bronson—What an unselfish man Brown is! Always sacrificing himself for the sake of some friend."

A Palpable Failure.

"St. Joe News: Is he a good artist? Guess not. I hear he failed to draw a pension."

What the Wits Say.

"Washington Post: 'Yes, William,' remarked the Boston girl, under the circumstances and owing to the indisputable fact of our existing betrothal, I deem it eminently fitting and proper that we should allow our souls to float away in an ecstasy of osculation."

Family Chat.

"Terr Haute Express: Tommy—Paw, what does 'fabriate' mean?"

Made Him Suspicious.

"From the Lawrence American. 'Love,' he said, after she had promised to be his, and he had slipped the little band upon her pretty finger, 'Love, tell me, tell me honestly, have you—'

The Amende Honorable.

"From the New York Sun. Reporter (mistaking the English interpreter of the Japanese embassy for a Japanese. Englishman indignantly—'Sir! I am no Jap. I am an Englishman born and bred.'"

The Dear Country Grows on Them.

"From the Texas Siftings. Jones: 'So Patti has returned to Europe after making her farewell tour.' Smith: 'I hardly think it was a genuine farewell tour.'"

Didn't Contract the Bill.

"From Town Topics. Mr. Skin: 'Didn't I tell you, sir, that I wouldn't be responsible for any bill contracted by my son?'"

The Usual Question.

"From the San Francisco Examiner. 'What did hubby do while his wife was away?' asked the dear creature on her return."

A Friendly Tip.

"From the Washington Post. 'You had better be careful about your remarks concerning Mr. Blank,' said one congressman. 'He might challenge you.'"