EHLER.

Nelson Dewoody and wife visited friends in town Sunday.

Miss Jennie Montgomery and Miss Anna Beatty visited the former's sister, Mrs. Alex. Henderson, Wednesday.

H. L. Reed and wife visited friends near Marion, Saturday.

Mr. Hubbell, of Cedar Rapids, was here last Friday in the interests of the Cedar Valley Creamery Company.

Thos. Henderson had business in Coggon one day last week.

Mrs. James Knox and daughter, Ethel, of Primghar, who have visited relatives and friends in this locality for some time started for their home Friday morning. They will visit a few days with friends in Manchester.

John Smith, who has been in Nebraska the past week looking over the country, has returned to his home and speaks well of what he saw.

DYERSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kaiser, of near Hopkinton, were in this city last Thursday visiting friends and relatives.

John Vorwald, Jr., and John Ahlers, of New Vienna were in Dubuque last Monday.

Messrs Jim Michael, John Ward and Swain McElain, of Delhi, were in this city last Monday.

Fred Long who lately graduated from Highland Park college at Des Moines has accepted a position in Andrew & Philipp's drug store at Manchester. Fred's many friends wish him success.

Dr. Wilson and wife, of Colesburg, were in town Monday enroute home from Milwaukee where they had been to visit friends.

Theo. Denkhoff who has been on the sick list the past week is able to be around again which his many friends are glad to know.

Ed. and Maggie Rubly, of Petersburg went to Chicago last Tuesday evening where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Rubly.—Dyersville Commercial.

COGGON.

J. I. Henderson, of Prairieburg, called at the Monitor office Thursday.

Mack Savage was a Manchester visitor Monday.

Rev. J. H. Scofield, of Manchester, visited his son, Dr. Scofield, Friday.

Miss Mae Dunlap, of Hopkinton, visited with relatives in Coggon the first of the week.

Mr. John Ehler and wife were callers at the Monitor office last Saturday.

Mrs. Dr. Scofield and sister, Miss Bragdon were in Manchester Friday attending a steamboat picnic.

Mrs. Chas. Reeves and children returned Monday evening from a visit with Mrs. Albert Reeves and Mrs. Amelia Reeves, of Manchester.

Mrs. Jas. Henderson and daughter, Mame, Mrs. Bessie Henderson, of Ehler, and Miss Crebbs, of Cedar Rapids, were in Cedar Rapids Saturday.

Wesley B. Holub, a farmer living one mile east of Prairieburg, shot and killed himself Tuesday morning in the presence of his wife and two children. The deed was done during a fit of temporary insanity caused partly by drink and [illegible]

GREELEY.

Earl Davis, of Manchester, was here Saturday.

Glen Baker spent part of this week in Omaha.

County Treasurer Matthews was in town Tuesday.

Harold Dunham was here from the hub Saturday.

The strikers seem to have the big end of the bargain.

J. E. Davis was here from Manchester, on Monday.

A. C. Marcham and wife and J. C. Matthews and wife visited in Strawberry Point on Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Graham, of Manchester, and a lady friend from Dubuque, are visiting here this week.

Ferdinand Dunham, father of Abner Dunham, of Manchester, was a guest at J. E. Deckners this week.

Miss Everetts, of Manchester, was the guest of Mrs. A. E. Frentress, Wednesday.

Mrs Dave Grove came down from Manchester on Monday to visit her parents, here.

R. L. Kortright was over from the county seat Saturday.

J. W. Roe, of Cedar Rapids, was here last week in the interest of his life insurance company.

Paul Oehler was up from Delhi, on Friday.

I. M. Gibson walked into town yesterday from somewhere. It looks as if the gentleman was out for a house to house campaign in the interest of his candidacy.

Blanche Sherman has gone to Des Moines where she will enter a wholesale millinery store in order to get familiar with the prevailing fashions.

Last Friday the second section of No. 69, south bound, set seventeen fires between Edgewood and Delhi, and only the prompt and hard work of the section men prevented great damage being done.—Home Press.

HOPKINTON.

Misses Lucy Applebee and Mae Hoag, of Strawberry Point are guests of Florence Wilson.

Miss Kate Commerford, of Manchester, is spending the week with her friend, Mrs. W. S. Beels.

Harry Main, J. D. Morgan and J. J. Kirkwood went to the county seat Tuesday to see Pawnee Bill's show and the wonders of the metropolis.

A seven year old boy of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson died Tuesday of acute spinal meningitis. The funeral was held yesterday afternoon from the Buck Creek church.

Al. Hollister, president of the Hollister Lumber Co., was down from Manchester last Saturday. He found time to come in and swap stories with the Leader office.

The Express says that scarlet fever and diptheria have both made their appearance in Monticello, but at present are confined to the home of Mrs. Mary Howie, whose two children are afflicted, one with scarlet fever and the other with diptheria. They are strictly quarantined and every precaution will be used to prevent the disease from spreading.

The passenger train north last Friday morning collided with a team on a crossing just as the train was leaving Monticello, smashing the rig and seriously injuring the occupants, a boy and a young lady. Cars standing on the track prevented the driver from seeing the approaching train. At last reports the injured parties were doing well, though it was first reported that both were injured fatally.—Leader.

FREMONT.

M. Keegan is on the sick list.

The McKeevers had a "bee" Monday hauling lumber for their new barn. Fifteen teams were present and hauled that many loads.

Threshing is still in order in this vicinity.

A large crowd of our young people attended the ice cream social, given by the Catholic young ladies at Masonville Saturday evening.

F. J. McKeever attended the northeastern M. W. A. picnic at Oelwein Thursday.

J. A. Gallery is erecting a new granary.

Geo. Hines received the sad news of the death of his mother, at Ryan, and went there to attend the funeral.

At the democratic convention held at Independence last Saturday the following county ticket was nominated: For representative, L. F. Springer, of Independence; sheriff, E. J. Wilson, of Sumner township; superintendent of schools, Daniel Ryan, of Middlefield township; surveyor, M. W. Dingsley, Rowley; coroner, Dr. Miller, of Independence; supervisor, Thos. Kelsh, of Lamont.

ALMIRA.

We are still in need of rain.

Several from here attended Pawnee Bill's Wild West show at Manchester Tuesday.

Bud Sheppard had the misfortune to get one of his legs broken just above the ankle last Tuesday. While on his way to the timber his team ran away, cutting one of the horses quite badly in the wire fence. It was a bad misfortune all the way round.

Frank Towne and family and Charlie Prabel took in the Monticello fair Thursday.

Al Billings and wife, from near Delhi, visited at Ed Hugh's Friday.

Mrs. Will Aldrich, from near Manchester, visited with relatives here Sunday last.

Several from here attended the Harvest Home at Hartwick Saturday.

Ed Hugh transacted business at the county seat Tuesday.

Mike Busker and wife visited relatives at Strawberry Point last Sunday.

Tom Flannagan Sundayed at home.

Allen Haight, of Ryan, was a caller here Thursday.

People have began to cut corn.

DELHI.

Miss Lizzie Fraser is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mason in Hopkinton.

Miss Opal Stoner, of Edgewood, visited friends here last week.

Quite a crowd enjoyed the Harvest Home picnic at Hartwick Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Haight are the parents of a little girl, born Friday August 16.

[illegible]

E. B. Porter and J. W. Swinburne had business in Manchester Tuesday.

Mrs. Addison Ferry enjoyed a visit with her mother and sister from Independence last week.

A smaller crowd than usual from this place attended the Jones County Fair at Monticello last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Swinburne and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Reeder were shopping in Manchester last Thursday.

Miss Pearl Griffin is visiting her cousin, Opal Stoner, at Edgewood this week.

Perry Thorpe is having a flour and feed store built just south of his main store.

The youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duart, a little girl about a year and a half old, met death by drowning last Wednesday afternoon. The little one was missed but a short time and was found in a tub, containing but a few inches of water. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Salisbury at the house on Thursday afternoon. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

L. Bowman has bought out Paul Rimmer's property on the west side, and moved his family last week. Mr. Rimmer has moved into the Neal house.

John Toomer is home from Wisconsin.

Mrs. Knowles, of Winthrop, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. H Blanchard.

A. D. Barnes, of Quasqueton, was in town Thursday.

Mrs. L. L. Noble, of Strawberry Point, visited recently with her daughter, Mrs. E. B. Porter.

An entertainment under the auspices of the Epworth League for the benefit of the missions will be given at the G. A. R. hall on Thursday evening, Aug. 29th. Admission 10 and 20 cents. Let everybody come.

Dan and Ed Thompson, old time Delhi boys, are in town called by the serious illness of their sister, Mrs. Sweeney.

STRAWBERRY POINT.

Ted Fuehr and wife, of Dundee, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Orin Greenwood took in Pawnee Bill at Manchester the first of the week.

G. A. Draper, a paper hanger of Manchester, was in the city Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Grassfield, and babies, were in the city Thursday, the first named looking after business interests here.

Will Pettit and wife are spending the week in Manchester.

Miles Alderson spent last Wednesday with Manchester friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Barr and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. D. Barr and Mrs. Hesner, all from Thorpe, were among those at Newberry Park last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nate Scofield will have their daughter, Mrs. George Steinhilber and two children of Pocahontas with them next week. Mr. Scofield will meet them at Manchester next Wednesday evening.

Mrs. McCarron, son James and daughter Jennie of Forestville spent the day Thursday with the Old Settlers. James is the democratic nominee for Delaware County school superintendent.

O. C. Clark and C. Ferguson, of Forestville, were Old Settlers with us Thursday. Mr. Clark and family have been residents of Manchester for nearly two years and Ol is now ready to go back to Forestville and the farm. He intends to go back next month and his friends here are rejoicing for then they expect to see him more often.

L. Smith, of Manchester, accompanied his little son and daughter as far as this place last Thursday morning, the two children being enroute to Volga. They were met here by Mr. and Mrs. D. Crane with whom they will visit. Mr. Smith was a pleasant caller with many friends here.

Last Wednesday night the King Bros. & Preston lumber yard was accorded the eclat attended upon a burglarization. The burglars opened the outstde door of the safe and got to the money drawer which fortunately for the owners, was empty. The papers in the safe were undisturbed and all the gentleman got for his night's work was his trouble. It is not known who the burglar was.—Mail Press.

EARLVILLE.

Ed Freeman and family, of East Dubuque visited at his father's, Perry Freeman's home several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Renneth, of Fonda, are visiting at the home of their friend, Miss Mary Young who has been a teacher in the Fonda schools for some time past.

On Wednesday evening the Ladies of the Congregational church gave a social at the home of H. J. Vanfleet which was attended by a very large number of townspeople. The affair was thoroughly enjoyable in every feature, one particularly pleasing feature was the program which was given by several members of the church and Christian Endeavor.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stetson and family, of Manchester spent Wednesday and Thursday visiting friends in Earlville.

A couple of games of base ball were played by our second team and the second teams from Dyersville and Greeley on Tuesday and Friday respectively, the first resulting in a score of 15 to 15 and ending in the ninth inning in a contention between the two nines, and the second resulting in a victory for Earlville by a score of seven to eight.

Fred Flude, of the Springville Leader, formerly publisher of the Phœnix here, was a business caller in Earlville on Friday.

Bud Britton, of Huron, S. D., arrived Saturday to remain for a visit with his cousin, Ray Millen.

On Friday evening, Rev. B. W. Soper gave a most entertaining lecture in the M. E. church on the subject which he is so thoroughly familiar with: "From New York to Liverpool and Scenes from London Life." A large audience was in attendance and it is needless to add that all he said was listened to with deep interest and enjoyment.

Everyone is glad to know that Will Fults is again able to be around and that if no serious change in his condition takes place he will sustain no permanent evil effects from the severe accident which befell him on Carnival day.

A party of eleven, composed of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Tobie, the Missess [illegible] and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clara Staehle, a few days in camp a mile and a half south of town near Peter's Spring for several days last week.

Several attended the Harvest Home picnic at Hartwick, on Saturday at which Rev. Paxton, of the Congregational church delivered the address

There will be an Epworth League Social at the home of J. A. G. Cattron on Wednesday evening, August 28th. Everybody come.

Prof. E. P. Fogg, field-agent for Cornell college was in town a couple of days last week.

A camping party including Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kenny, James Brodie and Miss Ethel, Miss Edith Volt and Henry Staehle, are devoting this week to the many pleasures to be found at Hartwick.

CARD PLAYERS' CRAMP.

What Once Happened to an Old Faro Dealer's Hand.

"Were you ever paralyzed?" said the old timer.

"No, and may the"— began the other.

"Well, you see that right hand? It looks pretty good and strong and it is, but for about three days once it was deader than a frostbitten tomato plant.

"You know of course that I used to make my living playing cards, chiefly dealing bank. There wasn't a day I didn't deal bank or in other games six to eight hours a day. Many a time I have dealt or played longer.

"One night I was dealing bank. It was a good, big game. All at once when I went to slip a card this old right refused to work. I looked at it and the fingers were kind of twisted inward and the hand from the wrist was bent downward.

"This stopped the deal for me, and I told the lookout 'to get busy,' for the players were getting a little 'queered.' He took my place, and I watched the bets.

"I rubbed my right, but it wouldn't straighten out and it kept this way until the next day, and then I went to a doctor. He didn't know me as well as you do, but the first question he asked was:

"'Deal cards a great deal, don't you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do you deal with an elbow movement or with finger and wrist movement?'

"'Why, I don't work my elbow.'

"'That explains it. You have card players' paralysis.'

"This hit me center, and I showed it, but the doctor was good and said:

"'Now, don't get flurried. I'll straighten you up. Just quit dealing awhile, and I'll give your hand a few doses of electricity, and you'll be all right.'

"He did it, and in about three days my hand was straight as a string. But I haven't dealt so much since. There's many an old timer whose dealing hand has quit him. And you say you were never paralyzed?"

"No."

"Well, you ain't played cards much."—Louisville Times.

THE KUKLUX KLAN.

Where and How the Famous Body Was Organized.

When the civil war ended, the little town of Pulaski, Tenn., welcomed a band of young men who, though they were veterans of hard fought fields, were for the most part no older than the mass of college students. In the general poverty, the exhaustion, the lack of heart, naturally prevalent throughout the beaten south, young men had more leisure than was good for them.

A southern country town, even in the halcyon days before the war, was not a particularly lively place, and Pulaski in 1866 was doubtless rather tame to fellows who had seen Pickett charge at Gettysburg or galloped over the country with Morgan and Wheeler. A group of them assembled in a law office one evening in May, 1866, were discussing ways and means of having a livelier time. Some one suggested a club or society. An organization with no very definite aims was effected, and at a second meeting, a week later, names were proposed and discussed. Some one pronounced the Greek word kuklos, meaning circle.

From kuklos to kuklux was an easy transition—whoever consults a glossary of college boys' slang will not find it strange—and klan followed kuklux as naturally as "dumpty" follows "humpty." That the name meant nothing whatever was a recommendation, and one can fancy what sort of badinage would have followed a suggestion that in six years a committee of congress would devote 13 volumes to the history of the movement that began in a Pulaski law office and migrated later to a deserted and half ruined house on the outskirts of the village.—Atlantic Monthly.

Fields of Salt.

At Salton, in southern California, exists a basin of land between 200 and 200 feet below sea level. About 1,000 acres of the depressed area are covered with a deposit of salt, which C. F. Holden describes in The Scientific American as one of the sights of California. The salt is first thrown into ridges by a peculiarly shaped plow, drawn by a dummy engine with cables, and then is piled into conical heaps before being carried to the drying house and crushing mill. The expanse looks like a field of snow. About 2,000 tons of salt are removed each year, but the supply is perennially renewed by the deposits of salt springs which flow into the basin. In June the temperature of the air reaches 150 degrees, and only Indian workmen can withstand the heat and glare.

Tiger's Make Believe Eyes.

Mr. Beddard of the London Zoological society calls attention to a peculiarity of the ears of tigers which he thinks may be classed under the head of "protective markings." On the back of each ear is a very bright white spot, and when the ears are directed forward these spots are conspicuous from the front. Mr. Beddard suggests that when the tiger is sleeping in the dim light of a cave or thicket the spots on its ears may appear to an enemy, looking in, as the gleam of its watchful eyes, and thus save the sleeper from an unexpected attack.

The Wisdom of Experience.

When I was 20, I thought I was 40; when I was 30 I thought I was 50; when I was 40 I thought I was 25, and when I was 50 I wondered if they were going to bring in the high chair at the table and give me the bottle.—W. W. Goodwin, Retiring Harvard Professor, at a Dinner in His Honor.

CARE OF LACES.

Iron lace on the right side first, then on the wrong side to throw up the pattern.

When putting lace pins is to wind it round a card, as they do in the shops.

When ironing laces, cover them with clean, white tissue paper. This prevents the shiny look seen on washed lace.

Use cornflour instead of ordinary starch for stiffening laces. This makes them firm and does not detract from the lacy appearance.

Laces and other delicate trifles should be placed in a muslin bag before being boiled. This prevents their getting lost and torn in the wash.

After "getting up" laces do not leave them to air in a damp place—round the fire when the kettle is boiling, for instance. This robs them of their freshness and makes them look limp.

All laces before being ironed should be carefully pulled out, each point receiving attention. You will be repaid for your trouble, as the lace will look twice as nice and last clean a much longer time

Too Suggestive.

An English clergyman had married a young woman with a reputed dowry of about £10,000, while he himself had "great expectations." Needless to say, every soul in the village knew about it. It was the first Sunday after their return from the honeymoon, and when the sermon was finished the parson proceeded, as usual, to give out the hymn, verse for verse, to his rustic congregation.

All went well until the fifth verse was reached, and the parson began, "Forever let my grateful heart," when suddenly and with some confusion he exclaimed, "Omit the fifth verse!" and immediately began to recite aloud the sixth verse instead. Those who had hymnbooks promptly read the fifth verse:

> Forever let my grateful heart
> His boundless grace adore,
> Which gives ten thousand blessings now
> And bids me hope for more.

BAIT FOR SUNFISH.

One Man's Method of Going Fishing With His Boots.

There is about as much sport in catching the big sunfish as in lifting out the crapple if you can get the former in one of its savage moods. Pelker is a great grafter on sunfish. He has got a dozen different kinds of bait, but he says that it is all nonsense to trouble about digging worms. He declares that beef run through a hamburg steak grinder is just the proper caper for the sunfish at Creve Cœur lake. The tougher the beef the better, as it will cut in long strips like angleworms.

"When the sunfish are biting right smart, it is about all that I can do to be kept in the shop," said Pelker. "I believe me and the sunfish are the most cheering things out. Do you know, I have noticed old time fishermen at Breese's lake wading around in the shallow water, where the sunfish are found at spawning time, as carefully as if they were fishing for trout. Now, it is different with me when I go out with my hamburg steak to feed the golden bellied beauties on. I just tie the line to each leg of my boots, take a little short rod in my hand and stride into the water and go ahead. On the bootleg lines I use red flies. Why, the sunfish come up and get stuck on my fly hooks three or four at a time. That's the way to catch a mess of fish in a few hours.

"I can catch crapple with crawfish tails to beat the band if I cannot get minnows. Crickets are great sunfish and bass bait, while the katydids will make a crapple leave its bed at midnight. Just let your hook sing once with a green katy on, and if there is a crapple within a radius of 10 or 15 feet it will come like a hound at a coursing match. If you get no bite, you can pull your freight up a few car lengths and try a new place. I caught all those big crapple last week with craw tails. I could get no minnows for love or money, so I chased up some crawfish and went in to win. When it comes to catfish bait, just try tripe. It is tough and cannot be pulled off the hook easily."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Forgotten Genius.

The history of wireless telegraphy would not be complete without some mention of Joseph Henry, America's greatest scientist, for it was he who first, in 1842, discovered the oscillatory character of certain electric discharges and who showed that these oscillations produced disturbances which could by suitable receivers be detected at distances of many rods and through intervening buildings, writes Professor Joseph Ames in The Review of Reviews. He even arranged an apparatus on this principle to respond to the lightning discharges of distant storms. The great genius of Henry was never more apparent than in his investigation of electrical discharges and their oscillatory nature. It is a lasting testimony to the ignorance among Americans of their own great men that the name of Joseph Henry was not included in the first 50 selected for the Hall of Fame of the nation.

Wholesale Bathers.

As regards facilities for bathing, which every Filipino demands, there is the open bay, with its miles of clean salt water, ready at any time of the day or year for a free bath. The genuine Filipino is half amphibious, loving the water and swimming like a fish. An example of this may be seen in the large tobacco factories of Binondo, with their 10,000 employees. When the day's labor is done, the thinly dressed workmen, men, women and children, speed laughingly to the bay, plunge into the waiting waves and come out clean, cool and refreshed.—Ledger Monthly.

Was It a Compliment?

It was at the end of her first week in the new school, she having been transferred from down town, that the teacher asked little Wilhelmina how she liked the new school. The little one's face brightened up as she answered:

"Oh, I like it first rate, and I like you too."

"That's very nice; but why do you like me?" queried the teacher.

"Oh, you see," said the little pupil, "I always did like a bossy teacher."—New York Times.

An Indigestible Man.

Kitty—But he is such an indigestible man.

Jane—Indigestible?

Kitty—Yes; he always disagrees with me.—Detroit Free Press.

It was a quarter of a century before the signing of the American Declaration of Independence that the first theater was opened in New York.

Fortune knocks once at every man's door, but misfortune drops in frequently without knocking.—Chicago News.

SARCASM IN SIGNS.

ADVERTISEMENTS THAT AT TIMES BECOME [illegible]

Reminiscences of Men Who Had Seen Worse Days and Irritating Announcements When They Were Hard Up and Out of Employment.

The advance agent met the leading man of another show the other night, and, as they had not seen each other in seven years, there was a warmness about their greeting that was refreshing.

"Dear old Tom!" said the leading man. "I was thinking of you not five minutes ago. Sit down, you dear old fellow! I passed a bakery not five minutes ago, and I thought of you. Why, here's Willis! I was just saying to Tom that I never see a baker's that I don't think of him. Tom and I were poor once! Mighty poor too. I remember that we had been turned out of different homes on the same cold night and met each other for the first time by chance. We shared the comforts of a butcher's wagon that night and went upon a rummaging expedition the next day. We halted in front of a German bakery, half starved and disgusted with life generally. There was a huge sign in the window which said, 'There Is No Cake Like Ours.' We hadn't a penny between us, but Tom stepped in and asked for a sample of the cake. The Dutchman didn't appreciate the humor of the request, so Tom said, 'You may keep your cake, boss; but, say, give me a chunk of bread, quick, or I'll cut out your gizzard.' I'll never forget that cake sign because it took us hours to get away from the police who were attracted to the scene by the baker's cries for help."

"But that was not my only experience with a peculiar sign," remarked the advance agent after a hearty laugh. "The year before I went on the road for the first time I was in as hard luck as ever man was. I had pawned everything in sight and was almost starved. I found an umbrella in the hallway of a down town building, and the janitor told me to keep it. It was a fairly good rain shield, and I immediately carried it to mine uncle. I didn't know this particular relative, although I had formed the acquaintance of hundreds of his people. His place was on Sixth avenue, and he gave me 75 cents on it, which I gladly accepted. As he was making out the ticket he said:

"'Do you want to save it from the moths?'

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'That will cost you 12 cents. Perhaps you would like to have it insured? It is always advisable, but it will cost you 12 cents more,' replied my friend.

"'All right,' I said. 'Take good care of it.' He could have eaten it for all I cared, for I never intended to redeem it. I was about to leave the place when I saw a big sign on the far wall. It said:

"'No extra charge for putting watches and jewelry in the safe in the office.'

"Watches and jewelry! It brought the tears to my eyes, and as I crawled into my 10 cent bed that night I thought of diamond necklaces, pearls and rubies of priceless value and—cake. Oh, the curse of some signs! How they mock the poor!"

They were all silent a moment, but the one addressed as Willis was the first to resume conversation, and he said:

"There's my friend, Big John Smith. Let me introduce him. Since you chaps are talking of signs and hard luck, let me tell you of the time that I had to leave my trunk at the old Stevens House, on lower Broadway, and light out by the shades of midnight to get away from a hotel bill that I couldn't pay. Everything I had in the world was locked up in that trunk, and as I could not remove anything without exciting suspicion I thought it best to keep out of jail by leaving everything behind me. I must have walked the streets at least a week famished and penniless. One afternoon I was passing along an up town street, hoping to die, when I happened to look up and saw a sign as big as my hopes were small. This sign read:

"'We Are Not Daylight Robbers. Trunks! Trunks! From the Battery to the Harlem Bridge to Your Room For 25 Cents.'

"If that sign was not the irony of fate in my case, I do not know what to call it."

"Oh, that's a small affair alongside of my experience," said Smith. "It is only a few years ago too. I had been unemployed for several months, and as I had six little shavers to take care of I did not have much trouble spending the little money I had saved. I didn't seem to have a friend in the wide world to turn to, and I spent my last copper for a paper to examine the employment column. It was about Christmas time, and I dreaded going back home to face the scolding landlord. I recall that I stopped in front of the Harlem office of a newspaper to see the holiday crowd go by, and as I did so I saw a sign that made my blood run cold. It said:

"'There Is No Reason Why You Should Be Idle. Insert a Want Ad. Four Cents a Line.'

"The pronoun was printed in immense letters, and I had the greatest trouble dissuading myself that it was not intended for me, and me alone. Of course it wasn't, but that sign burned into my memory, and I have thought of it innumerable times since."

"Oh, pshaw!" rejoined the leading man after a pause. "I suppose it is impossible to please everybody with public signs. I saw one in Buffalo once which said: 'Attention, blind men. Read this and be cured,' which referred to a new treatment for the blind. All signs cannot be expected to satisfy the ideas of everybody."—New York Mail and Express.

The Drones In a Beehive.

To the drones nature has certainly been very bountiful. They are very large and strong, have a helmet made of enormous black pearls, two lofty quivering plumes, a doublet of iridescent, yellowish velvet, a heroic tuft and a fourfold mantle, translucent and rigid.

While the workers have 12,000 facets to their eyes, the drones are gifted with 26,000; while the workers have 5,000 olfactory cavities in their antennæ, the drones have over 60,000. While the workers are laboring for the benefit of the community the drones sail off every bright morning into space, irresistible, glorious, and tranquilly make for the nearest flowers, where they sleep till the afternoon freshness awakes them.

Then, with the same majestic pomp and still overflowing with magnificent schemes, they return to the hive, go straight to the cells, plunge their heads to the neck in the vats of honey and fill themselves tight as a drum to repair their exhausted strength, whereupon, with heavy steps, they go forth to meet the good, dreamless and careless slumber that shall fold them in its embrace till the time for the next repast.—Maeterlinck's "Life of a Bee."

Bullfighters Afraid of Cows.

It will probably not surprise our readers to hear that most Spanish bullfighters object to fighting cows. The real reason may, however, astonish them. A sportsmanlike objection to persecuting a female animal has nothing whatever to do with it. The fact is that the average torendor is sincerely afraid of a cow.

And he has good reason. The cows of the half wild breed used for the arena are much quicker in their movements than are the bulls. Their horns are more pointed and more formidable. They do not lower their heads to the ground, shut their eyes and charge like a locomotive upon the rails, but are alert and ready to follow every movement of their persecutors. Their warlike tactics have been adapted not to blind, bovine frontal attacks, but to the strategy of active and cunning beasts of prey, of which the human bullfighter is only a feeble mimic. If these cheap idols of the Spanish populace would face young and active wild cows which had just been robbed of their calves, they might perhaps forestall the butcher, but they would, at any rate, do something to earn their laurels.—Pearson's.

An Editor and a Golden Hair.

"One beautiful spring morning an editor found a golden hair lying between the pages of a manuscript," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The moment he reached the page it gracefully fluttered out. Flushed with excitement, the editor caught it. It was not his hair, he argued, therefore it was not his property. Then, again, he thought, the owner probably lost it and might need it. So he put it back. He was a methodical man, and he replaced it exactly as he had found it. He was not many days older when he received a letter proving by the very hair he had so dexterously caught and conscientiously replaced that he never had read or even opened the manuscript of the writer. Could anything have been a clearer case against the editor? Most certainly not. It was conclusive and final, don't you see?"

A Little Drama.

In the morning a workman kissed his wife and children and went to help a hundred others tear down a building.

During the day he slipped and fell.

Then came an ambulance and a hospital and then a bit of black crape on an obscure door.

His children went on without their father.

His wife, whose life had been bound up in that of her husband, grew pale and died.

Helplessness killed the little ones.

Yet in speaking of the accident men said:

"It was not so bad. Only one man was killed."—Chicago Journal.

Frogs as Scavengers.

Frogs are fine scavengers, destroying great quantities of decaying animal substance in springs and brooks and keeping the water pure, thus proving themselves most worthy of kind treatment and preservation. They devour, too, great numbers of insects, including flies and mosquitoes. In spite of their queer shape, they are remarkably expert jumpers and swimmers, and many a boy has learned from them both how to play leapfrog and how to swim.

If a man is treated well at home, he would rather eat at home and sleep at home and loaf at home than anywhere else.—Atchison Globe.

It is never too late to learn, but when a man thinks he knows it all that settles it.—Chicago News.

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