

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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"JIM."

"Mordant" she called him. In a novel book His fond mother found the name she gave to him; I don't like it, for I'd kinder took A sort of notion favor'ble to "Jim." But when she looked up at me from the bed, Half-dead, but happy, an' she said: "I want That you shall name him, after all," I said: "Why, blame it all, of course it is Mordant." She knew the way I felt about such names, An' this was a sacrifice, for she Had often heard me say that honest "James" Had just about the proper ring for me; But though 'twas disappointin', still I thought She was the one that had the right to choose, An' I—there wasn't any question—ought To reconcile my wishes to her views. He was so delicate—so teeny small, But smarter than the cracker of a whip; I don't believe he ever cried at all— Somehow he'd pucker up his little lip An' look at you until you was ashamed Of all the sins you knew he knew you'd done. I often thought he grieved because we'd named By such a name a helpless little one. An' thinkin' that, when we two was alone, I called him by the name I liked so well; His mother would 'a' grieved if she'd a-know'n, But neither Jim nor me would ever tell. We never told. He'd laugh an' crow to hear Me whisperin' so happily to him: "Yer name's Mordant, old boy, when mother's near." But when there's only me about it's Jim." We never told our little secret, and We never will. We never, never will; Somewhere 'er yonder in a flow'ry land, A little baby's toddlin', toddlin' still, A-seekin' in the sunshine all alone The God that gave an' then that sent for him, Mordant's the name carved on the little stone, But in my heart the name is always Jim. —Chicago Record.

A DOUBLE DEATH.

AS I look back now it seems to me that I must always have been in love with Bertha Maxwell. Certainly I know that if I try to fix the time when it became an accepted fact, upon which I thought while awake, and dreamed a thousand tender dreams while sleeping, I find it quite impossible to do so. As a matter of fact, we had grown up together. Herbert Maxwell, the banker of B—n, and my own dear old governor, who was a retired colonel and lived on his pension and a small but convenient income, which, alas! is now mine through his death, had been lifelong friends. And so when my father returned from 20 years' service in India, it was taken for granted that he would settle down in B—n and pass the evening of his life with the dear old chum of his boyhood. Whether these two, as they sat over their evening "grog," laid plans and wove schemes for the united fortune of Bertha and myself I have never quite known; but the ill-concealed grief my father displayed when certain untoward events came between us, and for a long, dreary, hopeless time blotted the sun from our sky, led me to believe so. At any rate, Bertha's budding girlhood and my awkward boyhood were spent together. We played tennis, we went fishing, we took long walks through the beautiful country which surrounded B—n, and so we insensibly grew into each other's lives, and became a daily necessity to each other. At this time Bertha was to me the most beautiful of human beings—indeed, she is so still—and never for a single moment has anyone else seemed quite so fair or so lovely. Her figure was lithe and graceful; her step, when she walked, buoyant with overflowing health; and her cheeks dyed with that rich hue so often seen in those of southern birth: while her eyes were at once serene and thoughtful, or brimming over with mirth and mischief. She had a thousand little ways peculiar to herself, all of which, I now know, endeared her to me. However, I must come to my story, for if I run on about Bertha I shall never cease. The hair is frosty about my temples now, and my step is not so quick as it once was, but a little lady who now walks beside me through the same green lanes often looks up archly in my face and says: "Dad, you do like to talk about mother!" And so I do. Well, the time came for me to go away to complete my education. When we parted—I remember it as if it were yesterday—Bertha kissed me over and over again. It was, however, only as a young and innocent girl she kissed me; and as she stood in the doorway between my father and hers, waving a tearful farewell, it was to a chum and a playmate of childhood—only that her "adieu" were given. Four years passed swiftly away. I occasionally saw Bertha, and I, at least, knew that the camaraderie of our childhood was at an end. Bertha had grown into the most quietly creature in the world, and had taken her place, quite undisputed, as the belle of B—n. Her manner with me was as charming as ever, but there was a slight constraint at such times as we were altogether alone; not the constraint of formality, but that of diffidence. For my part, I found that instead of decreasing her attractions to me, my absence had served to enhance them. To me she was then, what she ever has been, the one woman in the world. Every day I resolved to put my fate to the test, but hesitation, born of timidity, prevented me, and the time passed away without my ever giving utterance to the words

of love and passion which I longed to speak. But if I hesitated, there were others more bold—indeed, Bertha, at every "garden party," or other social function in the neighborhood, was always the center of a group of devoted admirers. Among them all Royal Phelps was preeminent alike for his handsome person and for a certain fascination of manner which made him popular with men and women alike. He stood over six feet, had fair hair and blue eyes, and an athletic frame in which grace and strength were equally apparent. Bertha, while appearing to share the general admiration for him, never seemed quite at ease in his presence, and it was perhaps this evident constraint whenever he was present which led my father to chaff me pleasantly one evening after dinner by saying: "Charlie, my boy, you had better not let your bird of paradise remain uncaged much longer, or some one else may catch it!" And then the dear old fellow laughed and winked at me mysteriously, as though he were quite in the know. I think it was the presence of Royal Phelps and many suggestive hints about his devotion to Bertha which finally determined me to put to the test my chance of happiness with her. It was a bright and lovely day in June, and a large party had assembled upon the spacious lawn in front of our "bungalow," as my father always called his house. Bertha had never seemed to me so fair, so altogether worthy of my love and my life. Early in the afternoon, for she had come before the rest, to aid us in arranging for our numerous guests, I had seen her color rise as I made some slight remark about her appearance, and as our hands met I thought hers trembled. Was it my imagination? Or was she, too, like me, longing to acknowledge her love? "I shall not be with you long, Bertha," I said, hoping thus to prepare the way for my proposal. "I shall be leaving for Hong Kong within a month to take up my appointment." "Yes, yes, Charlie, I have heard it all from father; he says you passed your 'exams' with flying colors. I am so glad." "Glad! glad of the fate which banishes me from England, and from—" But she did not let me finish the sentence. "No, of course not that; it will be awfully lonely without you, and the old place won't seem like itself a bit; but still, you're a man, and you have got to make your name and way in the world, and I'm glad that you are making so good a start." "I could look forward to my life in the east, Bertha, dear, with a great deal more joy if the prospect were not so lonely." Bertha's eyes fell before my ardent gaze, and I fancied that her lips trembled, and I hastened to put an end to the tension we were both under, when a rollicking voice broke in upon us: "Ah! here you are, Bertha! What, and Charlie, too! Ah! I hope I am not de trop. Shall I come again? Ha! ha!" and Royal Phelps' laugh rang out clear and loud, but with a touch of cynicism in its ring. "Not for the world," replied Bertha, crimsoning to her hair; "we were just arranging the games for the day, and now you can help us." And so the golden moment passed, and the word I had been longing to speak remained unspoken then, and alas! remained unspoken for many bitter years. Tennis, and gossip, and tea, and laughter, and merrymaking soon sped the afternoon. I had succeeded with the aid of Bertha's cousin, Eva Winthrop, in beating Royal and Bertha at tennis, and had then given myself to the duties of hospitality. At last, however, I found myself free, and went in search of Bertha, resolved to endure my uncertainty no longer. I approached the library window, and had almost entered the room when I heard Bertha's voice. It was clear and cold and positive: "No! I have told you how impossible it is. I should wrong you and myself. I cannot marry you, because I do not love you!" I was about to beat a hasty retreat from my false position when Royal's words chained me to the ground: "It's for that proud brute, Charlie, I suppose, I'm thrown over! Oh! well, take him; but, curse him, I'll—" "You forget yourself; I have not said I love another, certainly I have not said I love Charlie. We are old friends, that is all, nothing more. He is no more to me than you—" But I could stay to hear no more, and with heart beating I gained my own room, and hid my grief from the curious eyes about me. And so this was the end: "He is no more to me than you—" Oh! cruel words! And I—ah! there, to me she was more than all the world beside. "Governor, if you don't mind, I think I'll spend the next few weeks in London. I've a good deal to do before sailing, and if you will run up with me we can be pretty much together until I leave." "All right, my boy, I shall be delighted; but I thought—ah, well, never mind what I thought. I shall be ready whenever you are." And so the next day we slipped away to town, I leaving a brief note for Bertha, saying I hoped to see her again before sailing, though I knew full well that I should not dare to see her with those words still ringing in my ears: "He is no more to me than you!" I will not dwell on the days my dear old father and myself spent together in London. They were the last I ever spent with him. He died three months after I left England. We were as brothers together then, and he entered into all my plans with greater zest than myself; and when at last I told him how and why I had come to resign all thought of Bertha, his dejection seemed as real and as deep as mine.

Dear old dad, next to my wife, he was the best chum I ever had; and I can see him now as he stood waving his umbrella on that foggy day when the Oriental carried me away from home and all I loved to China. Of my life in Hong Kong I need not speak in detail. It was a combination of hard work, which soon led to promotion, and such sports as are to be found in the island. Having been a "blue" at Oxford, I was soon well to the front in cricketing circles; and, singularly enough, it was my interest in cricket which led to consequences—to Bertha and myself—as far-reaching as they were sad. I had been chosen as one of the eleven to represent Hong Kong against Shanghai, upon the sad and memorable occasion when the Bokhara was wrecked on the return voyage, and, with a few exceptions, all hands were lost. By what seemed to me the merest fluke at the time, I managed to cling to a plank, and after being tossed about, till nearly dead, by the surf, was thrown ashore thoroughly exhausted. The news of the catastrophe cast a gloom over the entire European population, and it was cabled home that all were lost. Before the news was corrected Bertha was married—and married to Royal Phelps. Her father, shortly after the death of mine, had succumbed to pneumonia, and Bertha with her mother had—greatly to their surprise—been left in comparative poverty. So that when Royal renewed his suit Bertha had yielded, and to gain a home for her mother, had consented to an early marriage. And when the news reached England that I with two others had been saved from the Bokhara, Bertha was already the wife of another. I shall never forget the effect upon me of the news that she was no longer free. The meaning seemed to have been taken out of life, and for me there was no joy in the present, no hope in the future. Two dreary years passed away, and I came home, having resigned my appointment in the east, resolved to settle down in England, and devote myself to those literary pursuits for which I believed myself to be better suited than for public service. I had no intention of settling in B—n. The place was too full of sad suggestions to prove inviting to me. I was compelled to go down there, however, shortly after my arrival, to attend to the disposition of certain family belongings, and it was then, for the first time since that fateful afternoon, that I again saw Bertha. How changed she was! Not that she was less beautiful; but her proud face was, oh! so sad. It seemed as though she had gone through a world of sorrow since I last saw her. Her greeting was one almost too painful for either of us, and when she said: "We all thought you were drowned; you are as one risen from the dead." I realized that she would never have been the wife of Royal Phelps but for the news of my death. What I saw and learned in B—n made me resolve to stay there, for the present at least. I do not know how I came to suspect it, but the suspicion grew, and at last became absolute knowledge, that Royal Phelps was turning the life of the only woman I had ever loved into misery. I had always known him to be of a reckless disposition, but I had not dreamed that he was addicted to gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery. I did not see him often, and I scarcely ever saw Bertha; when I did, her face was so sad—so silently and uncomplainingly sad—that it was all I could do to look at it and remain quiet. As for Royal, he had grown gross in person and coarse in manner, and scarcely ever seemed quite sober. And so the days passed; from a distance I watched my proud, beautiful darling pine and fade, till I feared that death might step in to interfere where I was powerless. Thus things went on, till one night I was summoned by a message from Bertha's mother: "Come quickly, we are in great trouble." I went, and found the doctor there before me, and learned that an hour before Royal had come home drunk, and upon meeting his wife had first abused her, and then struck her a cruel blow, which had left her senseless at his feet. He had then sallied forth again, leaving his wife, for all he knew, dead. There was little I could do but creep back to my solitary misery and spend the night in agonizing reflections upon the past. But, when the day at length broke, I had resolved that the man who had robbed me of my darling, only to maltreat and make her miserable, must answer for his brutality to me. There is, however, a higher power than any we can wield, which often intervenes in the affairs of man when least expected; and, before I ever saw Royal Phelps again that power had placed him forever beyond the reach of earthly retribution. While still half wild with drink, he had mounted to follow the hounds, and a few hours afterwards was carried home—dead. We never speak of those dreadful days, now long passed. In the old home—to which Bertha clings with tenacious affection—we are living a life as nearly perfect in happiness as ever falls to mortal lot. The old light has come back to my darling's eyes, the old-time buoyancy to her step. As I write these lines, upon lifting my eyes I see her and a smaller Bertha laughing and playing upon the lawn together, and I know that if the news of my death was the beginning of misery for her, she is, at least, happy forever.—St. Paul. —John Huff died at Hyden, Ky., at the age of 99, leaving 78 grandchildren, 142 great-grandchildren and 14 great-great-grandchildren. His immediate family was a large one. —In the ant hills of South Africa have been found suspension bridges passing from one gallery to another and spanning a gulf more than six inches wide,

SHE HAD HUSTLED. Her Life Had Been Full of Action, and Her Memory Was Good. "I want you to state to the court exactly what your occupation has been during the past five years," said a lawyer to a buxom-looking lady of about 35 years, who was on the witness stand. "Well, let me see," said the witness, reflectively, with half-closed eyes. "I've hustled, I can tell you that to begin with. Five years ago I was running a railroad restaurant in Wyoming, but I gave it up 'cause the trains stopped stopping there for meals. Then I opened up a newsstand and cigar store out in Shooting Iron, Dakota, but it didn't pay very well, so I sold out and took up a quarter section of land and thought I'd go into the sheep business, but that sort of thing was too lonesome for one of my disposition, so I gave it up and opened a boarding house in a mining town, and that was lively enough, until the bottom dropped out of the camp because of the mines petering out. Then I published and edited a newspaper for six months, and spent the next six months as my own lawyer fighting the libel suits I had on hand. Then I opened up a dressmakin' establishment, but that was too confinin', so I gave it up and started out in the Christian science business and done well at it for awhile, but I found that I could do better teachin' dancin', so I went into that for the winter, and the next spring I opened up an employment office, but it didn't pay very well, so along in the fall I started out as a singin' evangelist, and during the winter I married a revival preacher, but I left him when I found that he had another wife, and I opened up a bakeshop in a new town in Arizona, but the town didn't grow as I thought it would, so I sold out and opened up a real estate office in Colorado, but hard times struck the state, so I went to New York to sell stock for a coal mining company, but I found I could do better lobbying in Washington, and I went there, but the climate did not agree with me, so I went to Minneapolis as a book agent, and on the way there I married a man in Chicago, who said that he was a rich publisher, but he lied, and I left him after three months and went down to New Mexico to open a sanitarium for consumptives. Then I started out and went through nine states as a magnetic healer and trance medium, and I made big money at that until I got converted at a Moody meeting and joined the Salvation army, but I—" "I guess that will do," interrupted the lawyer. "All right," responded the witness, "but I ain't half through yet. I tell you, but I've hustled."—N. Y. World. PERFECT BREAD. Some Suggestions Which May Be of Value. The only flour which gives to us a bread which may truly be designated as the "staff of life" is that which is rightly called "entire wheat flour." This contains not only the starch, the carbonaceous part of the wheat, which so largely predominates in white flours, but the nitrogenous principle as well. To fail to supply this flour to our children, the consumers of so large a proportion of our bread stuffs, is to fail to supply them with healthily constructed bones, muscles and nerves, while to people generally it is almost as important. But if prejudice, or habit, or taste demands a white flour, see to it that it is of a rich, yellowish white, and so rich in the nitrogenous principles that it will receive and retain the imprint of the hand when closely pressed within it. Perhaps all the kinds of flour that called "graham" is the most difficult to obtain of a really good quality. Farmers who send their own wheat to mill and receive it back again get good graham flour; but seldom, if ever, do we acquire it under other circumstances. By many it is preferred to any other kind, and to many it is invaluable, the husk acting mechanically in helping to break up the effete matter and so helping it in its passage through the intestinal canal. Next let the lard and the butter be of the very best (do not use that abomination called "cooking butter"), and use both cold and hard whenever possible. The manner of mixing some of the fancy breads necessitates the use of softened—not melted—but butter, but plain bread requires hard lard or butter. As to yeast: Compressed yeast is good; liquid yeast, good, old-fashioned potato yeast, is much better; hop yeast is excellent also when used very judiciously, but no receipt can convey an absolutely correct formula for making it. There are hops and hops, and some are more bitter than others, and great judgment is necessary to its proper construction and use or the bread will be bitter also. Care is needed also in the use of compressed yeast. If much is used, much haste should be used also in lightening the bread; much compressed yeast and a slow fermentation makes the bread taste rank. Less yeast of any kind is required in summer than in winter for the same amount of flour.—Washington Home Magazine. Saving Vestiges of Beauty. A clever device for utilizing the beauty that remains in fine lace curtains that have seen their day is to cut out the rich raised work rings and wreaths from which the delicate net has worn away. Apply them to squares of velvet or satin for use as cushion covers. Applied on olive or metallic green velvet, or some soft wood brown shade, the effect is rich and elegant, especially when further set off with a fringe of lace and the back of the pillow made of silk of corresponding tone.—Leisure Hours. Broiled Beef Juice. Broil one-half pound of round steak one or two minutes on each side, cut in small pieces, squeeze out the juice with a lemon squeezer; salt slightly and serve.—American Queen.

A PICNIC IN TINTOWN. One Which "De Lord Doan Seem Ter Prove Of." The little church in Tintown was going to give a picnic to raise money to pay off Elder Tidings. There had been meetings of committee for a solid week arranging as to where the flock should go, and as to what each should furnish, and as to who should be manager-in-chief of the affair. Some suggested that they should have a flatboat and go up to Towhead island, and others said: "No, we'll des walk up de river till we gits hungry 'nuff ter eat an' den drap down." "What's de matter wid havin' it right hyar to home in our own chutch?" said Rev. Jenkins. "Dat's de very thing," exclaimed a chorus of voices. It was finally arranged that each woman who attended the church picnic was to take a well-filled basket, covered with heavy paper, a card inside bearing her name. The baskets were to go to the highest bidder, and the purchaser was to eat with the "good sister" that brought the basket. All of the darkeys in Tintown were at once caught with the spirit of the scheme, and arrangements were begun at once, and what preparations they began to make for it. It is hard to beat a southern ducky when it comes to cooking, and cakes, pies, chicken and other good things began to find their way into the baskets. The night for the picnic at last came around, and the little tin church was thrown open for the occasion. Uncle Mosby, a pious looking old deacon, was selected to sell the baskets. Uncle Mosby always looked pious when there was anything going on around the meeting house, but Uncle Mosby had been in jail once for taking a sack of meal from a mill door. Darksy old and young, children and all, came crowding into the church. Such laughing and moving up to the pulpit where the baskets were to be sold. Uncle Mosby arose, and as he waved his hand for silence said: "Dis hyar picnic is fer de ben'fit uv de chutch, de cookin' is guaranteed, highest bidder gits de grub, cash down, mine yo'." An old negro at this point arose and said that he would cut a white cake with a ring inside, 15 cents cash down, and the ring guaranteed. The first basket brought 20 cents, but Uncle Mosby gave them to understand that no more would go at that price. The bidding became better. It was just here that a new feature was introduced. Jim Drake, a drunken steamboat rooster, came in, displaying \$4 or \$5, and began to bid. An old sister by the name of Jane Lanem, yelled out: "He can't eat wid me." Several others made this same statement but Jim held his ground, and said: "My money is des as good as anybody's money." "Yo' money is Satin's money!" yelled Aunt Jane. "Yes, an' yo'd like ter hav' ol' Satin plaster'd all over yo'!" said Jim. Uncle Mosby waved his hand and said: "Dis hyar picnic am gwine ter be run on principuls uv respect, an' bein' yer ain't in no respectubul condishun, Jim, yo' can't buy no grub." "Ize jes er bout as 'spectberul ez yo' wuz when yo' stale dat sack er meal, yo' ol' lyn' hippercrit." Uncle Mosby went for him, and squashed a basket over his head. Chicken and "pop" flew in every direction, and four or five joined in the fracas. The women yelled and some one turned out the lights. Jim, the rooster, escaped in the darkness, and took a basket with him as he went, and when an old negro struck a match Uncle Mosby and Elder Jenkins were fighting over in a corner, each thinking that the other was Jim. When peace was restored it was discovered that seven baskets were missing, and that the cake with the "gold ring" was also gone. No one knew where they had gone. Uncle Mosby slowly pinned the collar of his shirt, scratched his head, and said: "So fur ez Ize concern'd de picnic is adjourn'd. Le Lawd doan seem ter 'prov uv 'em jes now." Reaching for one of the large baskets he started for the door, saying: "Peace on urth—good will ter men. Good-night."—Louisville Dispatch. Delicious Desserts for Summer. Heavy puddings should be given up entirely during the hot weather. Fresh fruit, if obtainable, may take their place, otherwise a bowl of whipped cream, a caramel, custard, an old-fashioned rice pudding, Bavarian cream, cold farina custard, floating island or dandy pudding will answer every purpose. To make an old-fashioned rice pudding, wash two tablespoonfuls of rice; add to it two quarts of milk, half a cup of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a grating of nutmeg. Cook one and a half hours in a slow oven, stirring occasionally for at least three-quarters of an hour, then bake, allowing a thin crust to form. Serve cold, with or without cream. A delicious orange puree may be made by peeling nice, juicy oranges and removing all the white skin. Then with a sharp knife cut down the thin sk'n at the side of each carpel, taking out just the pulp, being careful to reject the seeds. At serving time put a portion in a glass, add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and about two of shaved ice. Serve at once.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal. Much Impressed. Some persons never can make an investment in any article of apparel without finding an excuse for calling everybody's attention to it. Occasionally this proceeding meets with a merited rebuke. "What do you think of that pair of shoes for three dollars and a half?" asked a man of this sort, exhibiting his latest purchase to a friend. "I think it's a good deal of leather for the money," replied his friend, walking around him in a wide circle and looking at the shoes in profound astonishment.—Leisure Hours.

HUMOROUS. —"Hicks—'Have a good time out riding this evening?' Wicks (neophyte) —'Not so good a time as the people who were watching me.'—Boston Transcript. —"He is one of the leading lawyers of the town." "Gets pretty big fees, eh?" "I should say so. Why, it is almost as cheap to buy the grand jury as to hire him."—Truth. —"Are you one of the striking miners?" asked the woman at the door. "Yes, mum. I'm what dey call a pioneer. I struck 30 years ago and I've never give in yet."—Detroit Free Press. —Not Spiritual Methods.—"Even a fly can do good by getting a man awake in time to attend church." "Yes, but it doesn't put him in the proper frame of mind to go there."—Chicago Record. —"They say people in this country spend more money on bicycles than on bread." "That's queer; bicycles can't be eaten." "I know; but then people can't show off with a loaf of bread."—Chicago Record. —A Consistent Woman.—Mrs. Gilfoyle—"Mrs. Bargain Hunter is a thoroughly consistent woman." Mrs. Kilduff—"Is she?" Mrs. Gilfoyle—"Yes; she is. She has marked her five o'clock teas down to 4:57."—Puck. —"Do you always say your prayers at bedtime, Mary?" asked the Sunday-school teacher affectionately. "No, miss, not regular, I don't," was the reply. "Why, Mary, are you not afraid to go to sleep at night without asking a blessing?" "Not when I sleep in the middle I ain't, miss."—Household Words. CONVICT'S SELF-DENIAL. Saved Tobacco He Received in Prison to Sell for His Family. Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue Ryan had a queer caller the other day. He was a middle-aged man and carried a heavy valise. He said the valise contained tobacco, which he was anxious to sell, so he could give the money to his family. He was afraid he might be breaking the law and asked Mr. Ryan for advice. The latter asked his caller where he got the tobacco, and the man said: "For several years I have been a convict in the penitentiary at Michigan City. I was sent up from Indianapolis, and my wife and children still live here. My wife—poor woman—is in poverty, and my children are not big enough to do for themselves. I have been looking out for over a year to this trip home. I knew that my family had no money and that they were sufferin', so I just 'bought a plan to help them out when I got home. You know that every convict is allowed tobacco at regular times. If I do say it myself—and it has caused me an awful lot of sufferin'—I have denied myself my tobacco and hid away the plugs as they came into me, so that I could sell them when I got out to relieve my wife and little ones. The tobacco that I have been saving so long is in that valise. There is not a plug in there that isn't as good as the day I got it. I have wrapped them up in tin-foil, so they have kept moist and preserved their flavor. Now, I want to be a law-abiding man from this day on, and I want to know how I can sell this tobacco without violatin' the law, just for the benefit of my wife and children, who need it so bad, the Lord knows, after these years of neglect." There were tears in the man's eyes when he had concluded his story, and there was a suspicious moisture about the deputy's eyes. "Before you can sell this tobacco," said the deputy, "you will have to give a bond with acceptable surety for \$2,000, and you will have to put a six-cent government stamp on each plug." The man's head dropped and he looked sick at heart. That would mean the failure of his merciful enterprise. "Ordinarily that would be the case," said Mr. Ryan, "but I tell you, my man, I don't think that the government would get after you if you would dispose of this to your friends." A great weight seemed lifted off of the man's mind as he dried his eyes, lifted his valise and trudged off with it down the stairs into the street.—Indianapolis News. Modern Knighthood. Knighthood is a cheap commodity in these days. It is modern royalty's substitute for largesse, and, in the historic week that is before us, it will, of course, be scattered broadcast. Though all men sneer at it, there are few who do not covet it. If report speaks truly, 250 applications for the honor have already been received by the authorities at court, and it is likely that most of these fevered, outstretched hands will be allowed to grasp the dingy patent. After all, a title is still a title. The provincial mayor delights to think that, into whatsoever house he enters, his name will be announced with the very same prefix as would be the name of the best-embazoned baronet, and that his wife will be as good, colloquially, as a marchioness. Even now, the number of those who are not knighted exceeds the number of those who are. Time, doubtless, will reverse these figures. It is quite possible that in the next century a form of application for knighthood will be sent out annually to every household, and be thrown with other circulars into the waste-paper basket. Further still in the future, knighthood may be one of the lighter punishments of the law. "Forty shillings or a knighthood" sounds quite possible.—London Saturday Review. Natural Advantages. Teacher—What kind of a bird did Noah send out of the ark? Small Boy—A dove. "I am surprised to find that the smallest boy in the class is the only one to know." "Please, teacher, his father keeps a bird store."—N. Y. World. Home Again. Gavin—Hello! Back from the seashore so soon? Bailey—Yes, I want to get a little rest before returning to work.—Up-to-Date.