

THE TIP WENT WRONG

LOOKER LIKE A
THOUGH GOOD THING

Woman Whose New Gown Dyeed Her
That She Missed Body of a
Tragedy.

The woman with the washed-out
polka-dot gown, who had only a
friend in the sea, found the tan linen
gown who had called to her.

"What are you looking so blue
about?" asked the tan linen girl. The
washed-out woman said sharply,
"These are blue."

"Suppose you mean my gown?"
she replied. "No doubt you are sur-
prised to see me wearing such a raggy
looking thing—but I'm doing it as a
punishment!"

The tan linen girl looked the washy
gown over. "Are you sins as bad as
that?" she said. "I can hardly
believe it!"

"No womanly woman should ever
bet on a horse race!" announced she
who was being punished.

"Oh, I don't know!" said the tan
linen girl. "I won a hat and a dozen
gloves and two pounds of bonbons on
the Suburban."

"Oh, pouf! I don't mean bets like
that. You never have to pay if you
lose. I mean real money."

"I never knew you were that sort
of a girl!" said the tan linen one.

"No, I am not; that's the trouble.
I don't know anything about it. But
there are worse things. It all began
with this gown—this limp, spotty look-
ing thing you see me wearing. This
is one of those alluring creations that
you see in shop windows on a beauti-
ful blonde wax lady with red finger
nails."

"Just fancy," said the tan linen
girl.

"You wouldn't notice the gown at
all except that you see it from the
street car. You wouldn't see it ex-
cept that it has a big staring price
mark on the wax lady's chest or hang-
ing from her elbow like a theater bag.
This holds you and although you may
have the natural, inborn antipathy for
purchasing goods that are marked in
windows, it fascinates you like a
Japanese crystal."

"In reality it is a regularly cooked-
up trap for catching feminine lobsters,
and there is always a lot more lobster
to a feminine than to the other kind.
You stand staring at the gown and
say to yourself: 'Twenty-five dollars.
Goodness. That's how some women
manage to dress so cheaply. Now I
should go to Charming's and pay forty-
five for one no better.'"

"You don't really think of getting
the gown, but you yield to the tempta-
tion of going in a shop that you've
never been in before. You are met
inside the door by an imposing spec-
imen of masculinity, who smiles and
bows with a certain magnificent un-
bending of dignity and taup almost
carries you to the elevator. When you
are projected on the floor designated
you are met by another man. He
usually looks as though he'd seen bet-
ter days and has that straggly sort of
whiskers that you might call near-
whiskers."

"This man scrapes before you and
call out a young woman, 6 feet high
with a 48 bust measure, who passes
you on to another Juno. By this time
they have you landed in the basket.
You feel positively ashamed to have
come in for such a cheap gown. Fre-
quently all they have to do is to bring
out a \$50 or a \$100 gown at this
stage and you order it."

"If you have the money, you mean?"

"And sometimes when you don't
have it. You find the gowns are made
up without any silk lining. That, of
course, reduces their value, but the
heavyweight girl tells you they are so
light for summer. Then with a sort
of Japanese wrestling tactics they get
one around you in some way before a
tall mirror and pull it down in the
back just as Wardle does when he
sells a coat in the play, and tell you
that all it needs is a little alteration.
"This is just what I needed; to me
I will say that the Juno girl seemed

to convey the impression that I
was going to throw it away when I
reached the other end of the trip. You
know how she gets when she's
thinking. I wanted to see it
before I bought it. It came to me
to be a bargain.

"Friday—the thirteenth!" said the
tan linen girl.

"I thought I'd wear it in the
afternoon, just to get the first new-
ness out of it. I was going to dinner
in the evening and had to get some
gloves and a pair of downpourers for
them. And here's where the tragedy be-
gins. I was riding away from my home
on the Colorado desert on May 19 and
perished for want of water. The
story of his disappearance is graphically
told by Charley Ray, one of the
party as follows:

"We went out on the desert pros-
pecting for gold. An Indian whom we
had employed to show us where to
find water on the desert caught his
foot in the stirrup while mounting his
horse and fell on his back.

"The horse started to run, dragging
the Indian by one foot. As the ground
was covered with jagged rocks the In-
dian would have been killed had not
Adams run up and taken the horse by
the bit. The animal, wild with
fright, reared and plunged. Adams
was twice thrown upon the rocks, and
once the horse's hoofs hit him, but he
still gripped the bit until Mr. La-
mere and I succeeded in releasing the
Indian.

"After the danger was over, Adams
sat down upon a rock and began
laughing, and when asked if he was
hurt, he replied, 'Oh, no, I'm only a
little tired, but I guess you'll have to
help me set this arm.' We then started
for Yuva, Adams riding some 25
miles that afternoon and never once
complaining, though we could see by
his drawn features that he was suffer-
ing intense pain.

"At dusk we camped for the night,
and within an hour the injured man
was delirious and raving like a man-
iac. Some time during the night he
left camp. As soon as we discovered
that he had gone we made every ef-
fort to find him, but could not do
much until daylight, when we found
his tracks in the sand. We followed
the tracks all that day and until about
9 o'clock the next day, when we came
to a hard, rocky place at the foot of
some rock hills. Here we lost the
trail and try as we might we could
not find it again.

"For three days we searched the
hills, but not a trace of the man could
we discover, though we well knew
that somewhere within a radius of
twenty or thirty miles lay the body of
one of the bravest men that ever lost
his life in that great death-trap, the
Colorado desert."—Yuma Sentinel.

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Swiss children make believe that
the pursuer in the game of chase or
tag is invested with an imaginary evil
spirit, whose power is subject to cer-
tain charms. For instance, if they
touch cold iron, a gate-latch, a horse-
shoe or an iron nail the power of the
demon is broken. Sometimes they
make gold or silver their charm.

They play cross-chase, in which the
runner who darts across the patch be-
tween the pursued and the pursuer
becomes the object of the catcher, and
the former one goes free. Again, if
the runner squats he is free, or he
may squat three times, and after that
the charm is lost.

The chaser often disguises himself,
and unless the captive can guess who
he is the captive is banished from the
game. They also play turn-cap—the
chaser wearing his cap with the
lining outside.

Another Swiss game is called pot
of gold. One of the swiftest runners
takes a stick and pretends to dig for
a pot of gold. He works away for a
few minutes, then cries out "I've
found it" and runs away with it at
the top of his speed.

He has the advantage of a few
paces at the start, for while he is
digging the other players are grouped
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The player who catches him gets the
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ject to robbers.

This keeps every player on the
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Games of Tag.

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The Shilling and the Pins.

Place a shilling flat on the table,
then seize it between two pins held
at the extremities of the same diam-
eter. You may raise it without diffi-
culty. Blow against the upper sur-
face and you will see the coin revol-
ving without any trouble.

The Camphor Scorpion.

Take a glass, fill it with water and
place pieces of camphor of uneven
size on its surface, forming the figure
of an animal—for instance, that of a
scorpion. After a short while the
scorpion will start to move in the
water, working its legs as if they
wanted to swim, while its tail
will move like that of a wild
scorpion. This experiment teaches us
that camphor has a tendency to
move on the surface of the water,
caused by the evaporation of the
camphor fumes; this will be accom-
plished without dissolving the cam-
phor; single pieces will not separate,
but follow the laws of cohesion. This
experiment is very surprising in its
effect—try it and see.

When performing feats of magic,
be careful that your hands are warm
and dry.

A Little Hero.

One Sunday several weeks ago two
children wandered away from their
home in the Mehama hills, in Ore-
gon, and at nightfall they could not
be found. Search parties went out
about sunset and ranged the hillsides
and hollows all night long, but the
little wayfarers were not then discov-
ered. Rain fell constantly that night
and during the forenoon of Monday,
on which day the two lads were found
far up a mountain side. The younger
boy was asleep, and the other, who
was only 6 years old, sat by his side.
The latter was indeed a hero. In
spite of the keen mountain storm, he
had taken off his coat and wrapped it
around his brother.

Wanted to Sample Him.

"Do you take this man for better
or for worse?" asked the parson of
the widow who was taking into her-
self No. 3. "Only time can tell," re-

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HOW BRAVE MAN DIED

Adams, a former resident of
Arizona, and a prospector of gold
Brown, who was searching on
the Colorado desert on May 19 and
perished for want of water. The
story of his disappearance is graphically
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party as follows:

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THE LAST KENTUCKY DUEL.

Was Fought in '66 Between Capt.
Desha and Lieut. Kimbrough.

The death of Capt. Jo Desha at Cy-
nthiana a few days ago recalls a duel
which was fought in Scott county soon
after the close of the civil war—a cold
day in March, 1866—in which Capt.
Desha and Lieut. Kimbrough of Cy-
nthiana were the participants. Capt.
Desha had served in the Confederate
army, and Lieut. Kimbrough was in
the Federal service. The duel was
fought on the line dividing Fayette
and Scott counties, on the James K.
Duke farm. Lieut. Kimbrough was the
challenging party. Two shots were ex-
changed. At the second shot Kim-
brough was shot through the upper
part of the thigh, the ball passing
through the body. He recovered from
the wound, but always limped after-
ward. He died a few years ago in
Texas. At the time of the duel Capt.
Desha's left arm was useless in conse-
quence of a serious wound received
during the war.

Desha and Kimbrough were neigh-
bor boys and schoolmates, and the
trouble began between them when at
school. It was renewed after the war,
the duel resulting. Major Harvey Mc-
Dowell of Cynthiana was Desha's sec-
ond and Major Long acted for Kim-
brough. Dr. Benedict Keene, then a
prominent physician of Georgetown,
was surgeon to the latter. The duel
was witnessed by Warren Smith and
George W. Downing of Georgetown.
This was probably the last duel ever
fought in Kentucky.

Not a Bit Pretty.

A commander in the navy, who is
now cruising with the South Atlantic
squadron, sent home to his Philadel-
phia wife the other day a description
of the women of Montevideo. "These
women," he wrote, "are as unattrac-
tive as clods of earth. They are
swarthy, angular, dull of eye, and
stolid of countenance. But what I
wish particularly to tell you of is the
moles upon their faces. Not one in
twenty but has, on her cheek, or lip, or
temple, a mole covered with long
hairs. They are proud of these moles
and regard them as beauty spots. It
is said, indeed, that those girls who
are moleless will resort to strange ex-
pedients in order to raise the ugly lit-
tle growths upon their faces. The
women of Montevideo twirl the long
hairs upon their moles proudly, as a
cavalryman twirls the ends of his
moustache."

Gave Different Pronunciation.

Speaker Henderson and Congress-
man Hepburn are both Iowa men, but
they do not follow the same rules as
to the pronunciation of proper names.
The other day Mr. Hepburn had the
floor and Mr. McRae desired to ask
a question. "Mr. Speaker, I yield to
the gentleman from Arkansas," said
Hepburn, pronouncing the last two
syllables of the state name as though
it were Kansas. "The gentleman
from Arkansas has the floor," said
the speaker.

Case of True Friendship.

Harry Swartz and Sidney Bernheim,
fellow students in a New York high
school, were great friends and also
strong rivals for a scholarship, the
former being the son of a tradesman
in a small way and the latter belong-
ing to a wealthy family. Bernheim
outstripped his chum by a small mar-
gin, but withdrew from the school in
order that Swartz might get the
scholarship, which he did.

Gown of Historic Interest.

Mrs. S. C. Reese of Baltimore has

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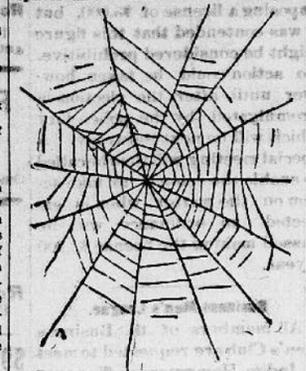
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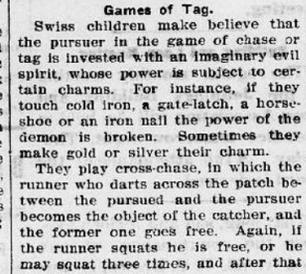
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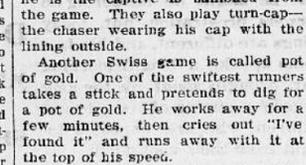
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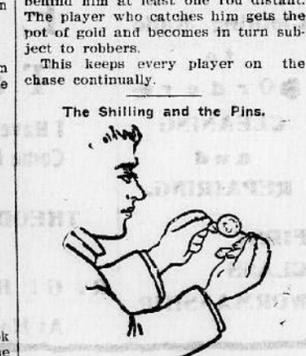
may bring into the picture a large spider. Can you do it?



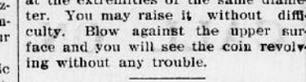
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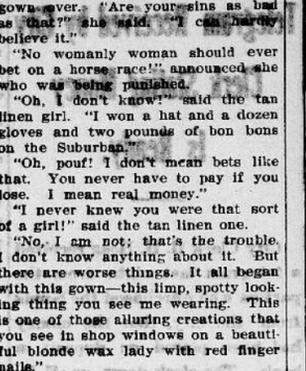
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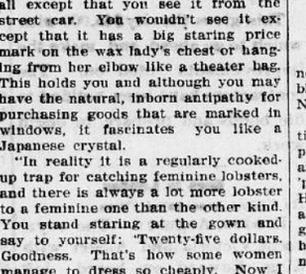
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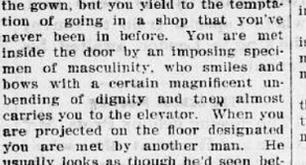
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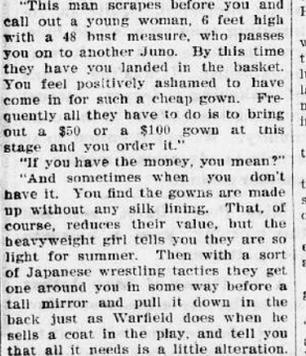
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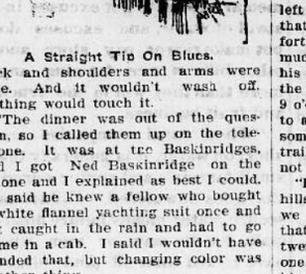
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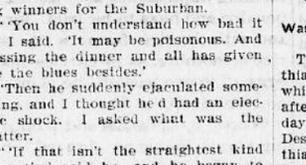
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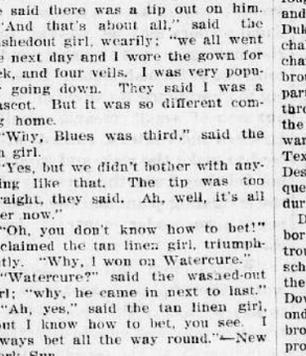
"The woman with the washed-out polka-dot gown, who had only a friend in the sea, found the tan linen gown who had called to her."



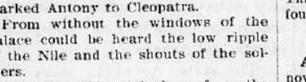
"What are you looking so blue about?" asked the tan linen girl.



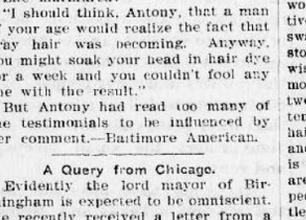
"Suppose you mean my gown?" she replied.



"The tan linen girl looked the washy gown over. 'Are you sins as bad as that?'"



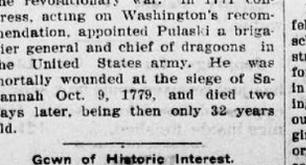
"I can hardly believe it!"



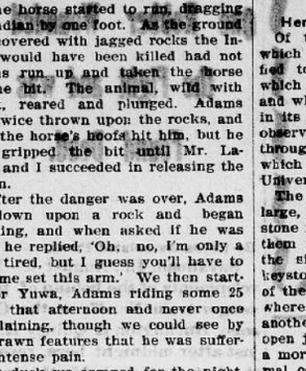
"Swiss children make believe that the pursuer in the game of chase or tag is invested with an imaginary evil spirit."



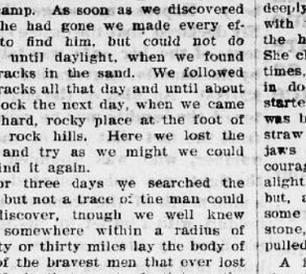
"They play cross-chase, in which the runner who darts across the patch between the pursued and the pursuer becomes the object of the catcher."



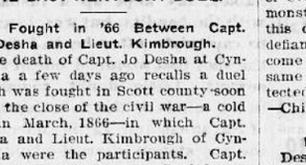
"The former one goes free. Again, if the runner squats he is free, or he may squat three times, and after that the charm is lost."



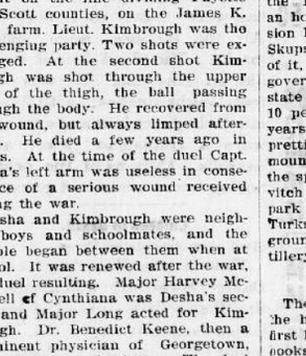
"The chaser often disguises himself, and unless the captive can guess who he is the captive is banished from the game."



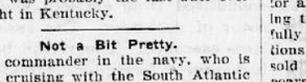
"They also play turn-cap—the chaser wearing his cap with the lining outside."



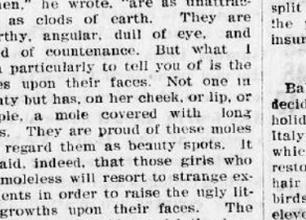
"Another Swiss game is called pot of gold. One of the swiftest runners takes a stick and pretends to dig for a pot of gold."



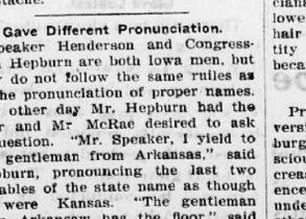
"He works away for a few minutes, then cries out 'I've found it' and runs away with it at the top of his speed."



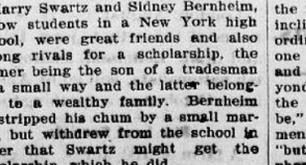
"He has the advantage of a few paces at the start, for while he is digging the other players are grouped behind him at least one rod distant."



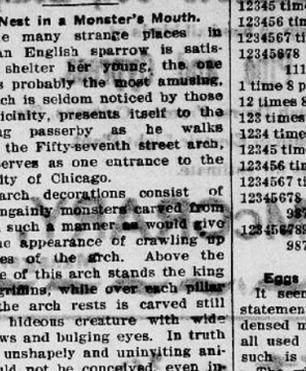
"The player who catches him gets the pot of gold and becomes in turn subject to robbers."



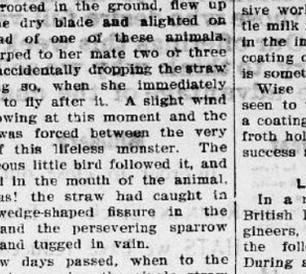
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