

BURIED UNDER PAPERS.

Between Litter and Fire Life in De Quincey's Home Was Lively.

De Quincey's greatest extravagance grew out of the morbid value he set upon papers and their not being disturbed. He was in the habit of accumulating these until, in his own words, he was "snowed up," which meant that when matters reached such an extremity that there was not a square inch of room on the table to set a cup upon and no possibility of making his bed for the weight of papers gathered there; no chair which could be used for its legitimate purpose, and the track from the door to the fireplace, always kept open until the last, was completely obliterated so that he had not even place in which to set his foot—then De Quincey locked the door upon his paper treasures and turned elsewhere. At his death there were at least a half dozen such places "papered" by him and being maintained at no small expense.

Such a thing had been experienced as his actually "papering" his family out of house, but in later years his daughters learned how to guard against such a contingency.

De Quincey usually spent the evenings with his family, who looked forward to these hours with much pleasure. Upon the arrival of the newspaper he would render the news in his own quaint manner, questioning the various members of the group about him and illuminating the various subjects touched upon with a wealth of memories, good stories or human experiences until the happiest flow of real conversation sprang from the circumstances of the moment.

He was not a tranquilizing companion for nervous persons to live with, as those nights were the exceptions on which he did not set fire to something. It was a common occurrence for one of his daughters to look up from her work and to say casually, "Papa, your hair is on fire!" to which he would respond casually, "Is it, my love?" and a hand rubbing out the blaze was all the notice taken.

On one occasion, when the maid rushed in to announce that Mr. de Quincey's room was on fire, he hastened to the rescue of his already "snowed up" apartment, refusing all suggestions that water be poured upon his treasured papers. Armed with a heavy rug he disappeared into the burning room determined to conquer without water or perish in the attempt, while the members of his affrighted household trembled for his safety outside the door, locked to prevent the abhorred water from being poured in. Presently, after occasional bursts of smoke and a very strong smell of fire, all were assured that the danger was over, the victor emerged triumphantly from his fight with the flames, and the dreaded element having been subdued for the evening all retired in a state of thankfulness.—From Caroline Ticknor's "Hawthorne and His Publisher."

Fully Explained.

"When and why did James G. Blaine get his sobriquet, the Plumed Knight?" asked the Boston Globe man, who needn't think everybody has forgotten that Blaine was a candidate for the Republican nomination for president in 1876 and that Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll in placing his name before the national convention launched the sobriquet thus: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every defamer of this country and maligner of its honor." (Business of looking wise and patting oneself on the chest.)—Manchester Union.

Wees of an Old Time Writer.

High among unconventional writers stands William Fyenne, a London journalist in the days when there were no journals, days when a bulky pamphlet took the place of a letter to one's favorite newspaper. Fyenne published about 200 of such pamphlets and is said to have averaged a sheet of print a day throughout his life. And he worked in a quilt cap coming over his eyes to shield them from the light, and stuck at his table all day, being served with a roll and a pot of beer every three hours. And he reaped the reward of his literary efforts in the branding and pillory and ear cropping that every political writer risked in that age.

Honesty in Golf.

The sooner a boy, or a man for that matter, learns to live up to the motto "Honesty is the best policy" in golf, as in other things, the better for him. There is no game which gives a competitor a better opportunity to cheat. But for that very reason there is no game in which the cheat, when discovered, as it usually is sooner or later, is looked upon with greater contempt.—Francis Outmet in St. Nicholas.

Complicated.

"You must stop worrying and take a holiday," said the suave practitioner. "My dear doctor," replied the irritable patient, "if I could get my affairs into a shape that would permit me to take a holiday I'd be so relieved that I wouldn't need one."—London Opinion

Not Due Yet.

"Does your wife ever nag you?" asked the first walking gentleman. "No," answered the second. "We've only been married a year. She calls it coaxing so far."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging reflections on them

PAYED WITH GOLD.

There's Money in the Street Scrapings of an African Town.

Travelers declare, says Harper's Weekly, that at Axim, on the Gold Coast of Africa, gold may actually be picked up in the streets. When one visitor, an Englishman, took the statement as a mere figure of speech his host immediately bade a woman servant go out into the main street, gather a bucketful of road scrapings and work it for gold dust.

In ten minutes the servant returned with two galvanized iron buckets, one filled with road scrapings and the other with water. She also brought three or four wooden platters, varying in size from a large plate to a saucer.

Removing several handfuls of the road scrapings and placing them in the large platter, the woman picked out and threw aside the large stones, pebbles and bits of stick and then moistened the remainder with water from the other bucket. This enabled her to remove smaller refuse.

The residuum she put into the next smaller platter, and she repeated the process until there was a quantity of sand and gravel ready for treatment. This she sprinkled freely with water and by a deft circular movement of the platter brought the small gravel to the outside, where it could be thrust over the edge. When she had repeated this operation three or four times she treated the material, which now looked more like mud than anything else, in a still smaller platter.

At last, in the smallest platter of all, she had the bucketful of sweepings reduced to a handful or two of black sand. This she carefully washed and sifted. At last with a dexterous twist she brought the sand into a crescent, the outer edge of which showed a thin rim of yellow. It was unmistakably gold dust. The whole operation had taken half an hour, and it had produced about a shilling's worth of gold.

PIGS AND FIGURES.

Parkers From the Standpoint of All Around Mathematics.

The educated pig of the old time sideshow, which gravely read figures on a blackboard, was only a type of a class. His modern prototype is quite his equal in devotion to the exact science. By both instinct and fate he is a mathematical animal. Subjectively and objectively he is great on figures. They are dealt out to him, and he deals in them himself. He desires his square meals to be regulated daily by the rule of three. In addition, he deals with his owner's indebtedness. He is able to reduce a mortgage to fractions with amazing rapidity. In measuring the available contents of a pall of slop he is a lightning calculator.

As a multiplier the pig has no equal, counting on six to the litter and two litters in the year. At this rate, barring accidents, the sow's progeny will amount to more than 1,000 in four years. A week old pig is up in geometry, finding the way home along the hypotenuse short cut. An old sow's quickness in boxing the compass in a potato patch is amazing. And when it comes to a troughful of skim milk she is the least common divisor; she wants it all herself.

Objectively the porker finds himself stacked about with a bewildering array of figures—his gains every day on pasture, his gains every day on grain, his gains to the pound of grain, his gains on pasture plus a daily ration, his gains on vegetables and roots—these and a hundred other tabulations surround him. Profit or loss, so far as the pig is concerned, is almost purely a matter of feeds and feeding, and these are in their turn matters of almost pure mathematical measurements; hence have resulted the long listed calculations available to the farmer.—W. J. Harsha in Breeder's Gazette.

Boiling the Kettle.

Mrs. Campbell had engaged a new maid. "Martha," said the mistress on the first morning, "be careful always to boil the teakettle before making the tea."

Martha signified her willingness and, after an absence in the kitchen, returned to her mistress and said:

"Please, mum, there's nothin' big enough to boil the teakettle in, 'less 'tis the wash boiler, sure."—National Monthly.

War in the Air.

During the hottest fighting at the battle of Chickamauga an owl, alarmed by the unusual sounds, was frightened from its usual haunts. Two or three crows spied him and made pursuit, and a fight in the air followed. The contest was observed by a soldier. He dropped his gun to the ground and exclaimed:

"Whew! Even the very birds in the air are fighting!"

Variable Conditions.

"That man says he doesn't know whether he is married or unmarried, sane or insane."

"Yes. He has had a great deal of trouble with court complication. Those things all depend on what state he happens to be in."—Washington Star.

Wronging Another.

No man in the world ever attempted to wrong another without being injured in return—some way, somehow, some time. The only weapon of offense that nature seems to recognize is the boomerang.

Where He Gets Off.

Bacon—He's living on Easy street now, isn't he? Egbert—No; he's living on Get Up in the Morning and Light the Fire street.—Yonkers Statesman.

G. G. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN

MAXWELL AUTOMOBILES

and Automobile Sundries,
of Every Description.

Maxwell 25. \$750.

Is a car fully equipped with Presto lite, sliding gear transmission, three speed forward and one reverse, speedometer, wind shield top, jiffy curtains, high tension magneto, etc.

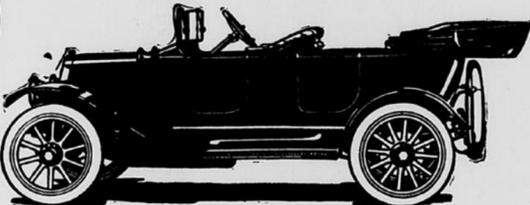
Not a car on the market its equal, for the price.



Waxwell 35. \$1,225.

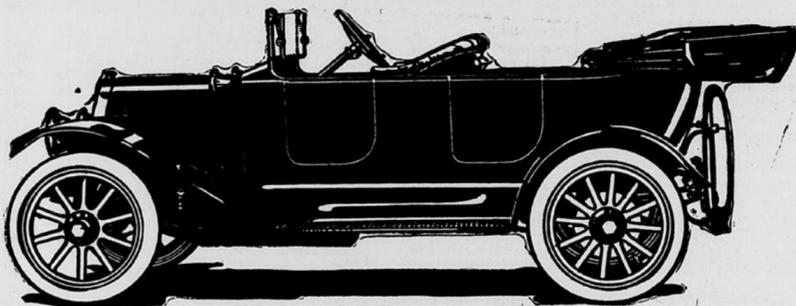
35 horsepower, electric lighted throughout, electric starter, finest Mohair upholstery, dual ignition, hot and cold air supply controlled from dash, five passenger.

No rival on the market that sells for less than \$1,500.



50-6 Maxwell. \$1,975.

For full description of the Maxwell line of Automobiles write catalogues which we will gladly send you.



Snaps in Second Hand Automobiles

A Maxwell runabout, \$125.

\$780 Flanders runabout,

good as new, \$350.

Other snaps in autos and motorcycles. Get prices.

All Kinds of Automobile and Bicycle Tires in Stock

New Bicycles from \$16 up.

The Pioneer Express and the Winnipeg Daily Free Press at \$2.50 to new subscribers, and the Free Press at \$1.50 to our old subscribers.