

BLUNDERING COURTESY.

The Obliging Young Man Had Made on His Head and Could Spare His Hat.

Excessive kindness of heart, when allied to a blundering courtesy, is occasionally productive of an amusing incident. Of such times of one of our royal colleges was recent for the possession of a trim little yacht, reaches of the River Thames, in one of the old friend. One day the president had the consequent result of complete immersion, a change of clothing provided at an adjacent boat-house. This, however, did not include a hat of any description. The president, who is an old man and correspondingly bald, stood shivering, his scant hair unbecomingly exposed by the breeze. His plight was observed with respectful compassion by one of the students of the college who had witnessed the catastrophe, and offered his own hat to the president. "Oh, sir," said the student, "it doesn't matter to me. I've got hair on my head." This statement was accepted as final by the president, together with the cap, which he laughed heartily at, what, after all, was a very good joke, for the consternation of the student may be better imagined than described.

DINING CAR SERVICE.

Mobile and Ohio Reduces Time to Louisiana.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad is engaged in a commendable effort to annihilate the distance between this city and St. Louis, and, by a Sunday, August 31st, it will materially shorten the time taken to traverse the distance between the two cities by the way of Meridian. And this, too, will mark the inauguration of dining-car service in the cars. This innovation will be a welcome one to travelers, heretofore have been subjected to the abomination of taking their meals on the catch-can plan at meal stations along the route. Passengers by means of this new service will be enabled to eat when they feel disposed, eat what they want, at their leisure, and pay only for the food which they choose from a menu of the most delicious and varied dishes. These new dining-cars, by the way, are of a veritable palace, fitted with every possible convenience known to modern rail-road traffic. The decorations are of a superb order and the cars are brilliantly illuminated with incandescents, while a plentiful supply of electric fans will keep the atmosphere at a comfortable temperature, no matter how high the mercury may rise outside the cars. The cuisine will leave nothing to be desired by the most fastidious as well as pleasant features of this service is the announcement that the dining-cars will be made merely a convenience for the traveling public, with nothing as near cost as possible, with no desire to make the service a source of profit to the company. Times-Democrat, New Orleans, August 29.

Much of the Same Kind.

From a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had our dinner, and Dr. S. who carved, held up a rib on a fork and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' Yes, said Sister Patty, 'and the same kind of creature.'—Living Church.

New York and Returns \$23.30. Special excursion via Erie Railroad, Chicago to New York and return, only \$23.30. Good going Oct. 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, with liberal return limit. Full particulars on application to Erie Railroad, Erie, Pa., or Western Union Building, Chicago, or W. O. McNaughton, T. P. A., Erie R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Why It Was All Right.—"You needn't be so afraid to speak to me, George. I am sure he will be all right." "What makes you think so?" "He asked me last night what your business is, and when I said you were a retired coal-dealer he smiled and said he guessed that settled it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Visit the Old Home in the East. In Indiana, Ohio and Western New York and Pennsylvania after the harvest. Very low rates via Erie Railroad Oct. 3rd to 6th inclusive. Return Nov. 3rd. Particulars by your home ticket agent, Erie Railroad Company, Chicago, or W. O. McNaughton, T. P. A., Erie R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

"Most arguments," said Uncle Eben, "doesn't decide nothing 'cept de question of which one is gwine to keep still an let de yuhuh do de talkin'."—Washington Star.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Robbotts.—"Why do they call that place a chop house?" "Jobbotts." "Because you need to cut the steak, I suppose."—Detroit Free Press.

To Care a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 35c.

He who seeks happiness for others is sure to find it for himself.—N. Y. Herald.

AN IOWA MAN

Discovers the Right Thing at the Right Time.

Mr. E. Sayre, official government and meteorological reporter, residing at Ogden, Iowa, was a very sick man from his kidneys. Mr. Sayre was prostrated in the summer of 1899, and almost despaired, as all endeavors to check the trouble proved of no avail; just at the danger point of kidney trouble he found a remedy that cured him. It was in a little wooden box and

LOOKED LIKE THIS—



If you have any kidney or bladder ills and want to be cured, cut out this coupon, send it with your name and address, plainly written, we will mail you

A FREE TRIAL.

THIS COUPON good for a free trial of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, a modern kidney specific for Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Urinary Disorders, Diabetes, Dropsy, and all ills of the Kidneys and Bladder. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Have your latest up-to-date catalogue, 1,000 pages full of attractive offerings? If not send 15 cents to partially pay postage or expressage—the book itself is free. Montgomery Ward & Co. CHICAGO

A. N. K. 46 1904

OLD SORES CURED. Allen's Ulcerative Salve cures Canker Sores, Raw Sores, Eruptions, Burns, Scalds, Lacerations, Blisters, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Itching, Swelling, and all ills of the skin. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER III.

Two days after the Adelantado cleared for the banana coast; or, to be more accurate, in the forenoon of the second day, the unimpetuous routine of the business quarter of New Orleans was rudely disturbed by the shock of a genuine sensation. At ten o'clock, Mr. Galbraith, president of the Bayou state bank, entered his private office in the rear of the main banking apartment, opened his desk, and addressed himself to the business of the day. Punctually at five minutes later the cashier entered with his morning copy of the paper, and at half-past the hour the president was left alone to read his correspondence.

Mr. Galbraith was a serious-minded man whose hobby was method; and it was his custom to give himself a quiet morning of inviolable seclusion each morning in which to read and consider his letters. During this interval the stenographer, acting as usher, was instructed to deny his chief to callers of whatsoever degree. Wherefore, when the door of the private office opened at twenty minutes of eleven to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir," he said, with an accent of irritation, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot beneath his bushy white eyebrows. The visitor was a young man not over thirty, of prepossessing appearance, with a figure rather slight for his stature; fair, with blue eyes, and a curling brown beard and mustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to remark at a glance, and to remember afterwards.

"Well, sir," he repeated, when the stranger stopped to carefully close the door. "If you have business with me, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a few minutes. Be good enough to take a seat in the ante-room till I ring. McFarland should have told you." The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had not heard it. Now Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was ordinarily the temper of an elderly gentleman with a long upper lip, worn clean shaven, but such a deliberate infringement of his rules was not to be borne patiently, and he got up to ring for the janitor. But when his hand sought the bell-push, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver in the hands of the intruder, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping:

"What—what do you mean, sir? Who are you and what do you want?" He stammered.

The reply was most succinct and to the point. "I am a poor man, and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you."

"You would murder me?" The president's hands were clutching the arms of the chair, and he was fighting desperately for courage and presence of mind in his extremity.

"Not willingly, I assure you; but most certainly, if you attempt to give me the alarm. But there is no occasion for needless anxiety. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason your life is not in danger."

"If I'm—but I'm not amenable to your reasons, sir!" exclaimed the president, recovering somewhat from the first shock of terrified bewilderment. "I refuse to listen to them. I'll not have anything to do with you. Go away."

The young man smiled in a way to show his teeth. "Keep your temper, Mr. Galbraith," he said, coolly. "I say you shall listen first and obey afterward. Otherwise you die. Which is it to be? Choose quickly—time is precious."

The president yielded the first point, but ungraciously, as one under strict compulsion. "Well, well, then; out with it. What have you to say for yourself?"

"This. You are rich; you represent the existing order of things. I am poor, and I stand for my necessity, which is above any man-made law or custom. You have more money than you know what to do with; I have not enough to buy the next meal, which is already twenty-four hours overdue. I came here this morning with my life in my hand to invite you to share with me a portion of that which is yours only by the right of possession. If you do it, well and good; if not, you die. I make myself sufficiently clear."

The president glanced furtively at the clock. It was nearly eleven, and McFarland would surely come in on the stroke of the hour. If he could only gain a little time. He searched in his pockets and drew forth a handful of coin.

"You say you are hungry; well, I'm not that well off that I canna remember the time when I knew what it was to be on short commons myself," he said; and the relapse into the mother idiom was a measure of his perturbation. "Take this now, and be off with you."

The younger man glanced at the clock in his turn and shook his head. "You are merely trying to gain time, and it won't do. My stake in this game is more than a handful of silver; and I don't do you the injustice to suppose that you hold your life so cheaply—you who have so much silver and gold and so few years to live."

The president put the little heap of coins on the desk, but he did not abandon the struggle for delay. "What's your price, then?" he demanded, as one who is willing to compromise.

"One hundred thousand dollars—in money." "You mean you're clean daff! Do you think I have—?"

"I am not here to argue the possibilities," the interruption was sharp and incisive. "Take your pen and write out a check payable to your own order for one hundred thousand dollars, and do it now! If that door opens before we have concluded, you are a dead man!"

Then Andrew Galbraith saw that his was a high, and gathered himself for

a final effort at time-killing. It was absurd; he had no such balance to his credit; such a check would not be honored; it would ruin him irretrievably. In the midst of his vehement protest the stranger stepped back a pace and raised the weapon.

"I tell you you are trifling with your life! Do it while there is yet time!" The sound of subdued voices came from the ante-room, and the beleaguered old man stole a glance at the face of his persecutor. There was no merriment in the fierce blue eyes glaring down upon him, but rather madness and fell murder. The summons came once again.

"Do it quickly, I say, before we are interrupted. Do you hear?" Truly, the president both heard and understood, but he hesitated yet one other second.

"You will not? Then may God have mercy—" The hammer of the leveled pistol clicked twice. Andrew Galbraith shut his eyes and made a blind grasp for pen and check-book. His hands were shaking with a palsy, but the fear of death steeled them suddenly when he came to write.

"Indorse it!" was the next command. The voices had ceased in the ante-room, and the silence was broken only by the labored strokes of the president's pen and the tap-tap of the typewriter in the ante-room.

"Now come with me to your paying teller and get me the money. Make what explanation you see fit; but remember that if he hesitates you die."

They left the private office together, side by side, the young man with his right hand under his coat. The president breathed a little freer when they reached the lobby of the main apartment and was not without hope that chance might still intervene to save him.

It did not. There were but few customers in the bank at that hour, and the president tried in vain to catch a responsive eye.

At the paying teller's window there was only one person instead of the group which Andrew Galbraith had hoped to find there; a young woman who was getting a draft cashed. She saw them and would have stood aside, but the robber forbade it with a gesture, and they waited for a few trying moments until she was served.

When the young woman went her way the president stepped to the window, and presented the check. Up to that instant he had clung desperately to the hope that some fortunate happening would forestall the catastrophe; now he was determined to give the teller a warning signal, come what might. But on the pinnacle of resolution the robber came closer, and Andrew Galbraith felt the pressure of the pistol muzzle against his side—may, more; he fancied he could feel the cold chill of the metal strike through and through him.

"Give me currency for that, Johnson," he said, with what composure there was in him.

The teller glanced at the check and then at his superior, not too indis-

quisitively, since it was not his duty to question the president's order. "How will you have it?" he asked; and it was the younger man who answered.

"Three hundred in fives, tens and twenties, loose if you please. The remainder in the largest denominations put up in a package."

It was done as he directed, and he followed the teller's count as methodically as if it had been the most commonplace of business transactions. When the money was handed him he stuffed the smaller bills carelessly into his pocket, but the package containing the ninety-nine thousand odd dollars under his arm, nodded to the president, backed away to the door and vanished.

Then it was that Andrew Galbraith suddenly found speech, opening his mouth and pouring forth a torrent of frenzied incoherence which presently got itself translated into a hue and cry; and New Orleans, the unimpetuous, had its sensation ready made.

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thought of the risk he ran, or of the audacious subtlety of such an expedient at such a critical moment, he went in, sat down at one of the small tables and calmly ordered breakfast.

Now, hunger is a lusty special pleader, and it will make itself heard above any pulpit drum of the higher faculties; hence Griswold thought less of what he had done than of what he was about to eat, until the hue and cry reminded him that the chase had begun. Whereupon, not to be suspiciously inquiring, he put on the mask of innocence and asked the waiter concerning the uproar.

The man did not know what had happened, but he would go and find out if M'sieu's desired "M'sieu" said breakfast first and information afterward, by all means. Both came in due season, and Griswold ate while he listened.

Transmuted into the Creole-English of the serving-man, the story of the robbery lost nothing in its sensational features.

"Ha! What you 'tink, M'sieu? De bank nex' do' is been rob!" and upon this theme excited volubly descanted at large. The bank was surrounded by a gang of desperate men and every exit guarded while the leader, a masked giant, armed to the teeth, had compelled the president at the muzzle of a pistol to pay a ransom of fifty-one hundred—five hundred thousand dollars. With the money the gang had vanished, the masked giant firing the pistol at M'sieu's president as he went. Cross-examined, the waiter could not affirm positively as to the shot. But as for the rest there could be no doubt.

Griswold ordered a second cup of coffee, and while the waiter tarried, he considered the enlightened conscience, but the conventional bent of his bow and sped its final arrow. It was suddenly brought home to the enthusiast with sharp emphasis that to all civilized mankind, save and excepting only those few chosen ones who shared his peculiar convictions, he was a common thief, a robber, an outlaw.

Public opinion, potential or expressed, is at best but an intangible thing; but for a few seconds Griswold's conscience was not the enlightened conscience, but the conventional bent of his bow and sped its final arrow. It was suddenly brought home to the enthusiast with sharp emphasis that to all civilized mankind, save and excepting only those few chosen ones who shared his peculiar convictions, he was a common thief, a robber, an outlaw.

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A VARIOUS ASSORTMENT.

About 1,000 diamond workers in Amsterdam are out of work.

The largest serpent ever measured was an anaconda, 37 feet long.

The King of Spain is forming a "Noble Guard of Bull Fighters."

It took nearly 300,000 tons of coal to keep up our fires last year.

A Viking ship 40 feet long has been unearthed on the island of Karmooe.

In Russia are forests cover over 35 per cent of the whole imperial area.

Greek fire was probably made of bitumen, sulphur, naphtha and niter.

Pedro II, of Aragon, was the only Spanish king ever crowned and anointed.

A Parisian journal estimates that Americans leave \$4,000,000 in Paris every year.

Two lakes covered with ice at all times of the year have just been discovered in Baker county, Oregon.

Rain heavily charged with hydrochloric acid fell last year in Naples and the neighborhood of Vesuvius.

Over one hundred men are overcome daily by the gas in the Beaumont oil fields and the situation is pronounced alarming.

What is to be the largest cotton mill in the world is to be located soon near Kansas City, Mo. The investment will reach about \$10,000,000.

Three natives of Norway have been elected governors of South Dakota, Charles N. Herred, the present executive, being the third in line.

Honey properly stored will improve with age, and the older it is the better it will be. But kept in a damp place it soon becomes thin and watery.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt will be asked to open the exhibition of the Professional Women's league in Madison Square garden, New York, October 6.

Emile Zola did not learn to read till he was eight years old and is a self-educated man, his mother being indifferent as to whether or not he attended school.

GLEANINGS OF FACTS. During the last year 90,000 Jews emigrated from Roumania.

During the South African war 1,400 Germans are said to have fought against the British.

E. R. Harriman, of New York, has erected three large observatories on the highest mountain peaks near Arden, N. Y.

Albert von Kolliker has been professor of anatomy in the University of Wurzburg, Germany, for the past 55 years.

G 849 was marked on one wing of an exhausted carrier pigeon which alighted on the steamer Persia when 300 miles from land.

The herring fishing off the coast of Donegal last autumn was the best on record, and realized over \$200,000 to the local fishermen.

Four railway lines now connect Mexico with the United States. In 1880 there was only one railway in Mexico, leading from the capital to Vera Cruz.

There are four different state swords belonging to the city of London. The black sword is used on fast days and during the mourning for the royal family.

The English love of sport is attested by the importance attached to the rumor that King Edward never caught a salmon. The king's private secretary was appealed to, and was able to dispose of the slander. His majesty, when prince of Wales, caught a 21-pound salmon on the Tweed, about the year 1855.

UNABLE TO RISE. Morenci, Mich., Sept. 8th.—Mr. J. S. Whitehead of this place has given the following letter for publication:

"Unsolicted I wish to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills and to return thanks for the great benefit I have derived from a few boxes of this splendid remedy.