THE WANTS

AND MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

UNION LABEL

SITUATIONS WANTED—FREE.

Are you in need of work? If so, you are at liberty to use these columns for assistance in that direction. While this notice appears THE STATE JOURNAL will publish free on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, for Topeka or Kansas people, all notices of "Situations Wanted," not exceeding five lines, or thirty-five words, in length. Provided that all advertisements of this nature are handed in previous to ten o'clock Saturday morning; also on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, all advertising of this class handed in by ten o'clock Wednesday morning.

No advertisements of this nature to be started except on Saturdays and Wednesdays. No obligation is incurred on the part of the advertiser. No worthy and needy man or woman need hesitate to take advantage of this offer. No one in business or having employment is expected to take advantage of it, but all others invited to avail themselves freely.

WANTED—SITUATIONS.

WANTED—A place for a good, strong girl, 15 years of age, to wash dishes or for nurse girl. Address "I. I.," care Journal.

WANTED—Position as second man or will take care of horses. Call at 220 North Kansas ave.

WANTED—I would like to make a few more engagements to nurse in confinement; can give best of city references. Address Mrs. A. E., Journal office.

WANTED—Place to do general housework by a young girl. Call at 201 Taylor.

WANTED—Position by an intelligent young man at some respectable work; reference. J. A., Journal office.

WANTED—Situation by an experienced woman as cook or as housekeeper in private family. Inquire of Mrs. Thorpe, city prison.

WANTED—Work of any kind; am handy with tools; can give references. Address M. T. Lacey, 801 Jackson st.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Two good white women to go out in the country, wager $2.50 and $3.00 per week. 1209 Kansas ave.

WANTED—For excellent security for three years, good collateral security and liberal rate of interest. Address Bradford & Huron, 701 Kansas ave., Topeka, Kan.

WANTED—To buy a set of double work harness, second hand. Call at 229 Taylor st.

WANTED—At 707 Harrison st., a girl for general housework; family of two; must have experience and be competent.

WANTED—Immediately, colored cook, 2 girls for housework, at Kansas Employment Agency, 704 Kansas ave.

WANTED—To exchange a gentle old nag, buggy and harness for milch cow. Address Exchange, care Journal office.

WANTED—Last, fine young driving horse. Address, with description and price, O. K., Journal office.

WANTED—Boarders at 402 Quincy st.

WANTED—Watches, clocks and umbrellas to repair at 701 Kansas ave., upstairs.

WANTED—Traveling salesmen or have fitted side line on with Eight Cigar Factory, Lynchburg, Va.

WANTED—Salesmen; good pay for honest workers. Beginners taught; 999 new outfits just ready; cost 4 years time and thousands of dollars, but worth all they cost—the finest everissued. Write direct through our own salesmen. No middlemen. No Trees Dealers. STARK BROS. NURSERIES AND ORCHARD CO., Louisiana, Mo.

WANTED—Tinning and tin work at Hinsdale's, 526 Kansas ave. G. G. Lee.

WANTED—To move, STORE or ship household goods, freight, etc. SAM E. SKINNER, 121 E. 6th St., MERCHANTS' TRANSFER & STORAGE CO.

WANTED—All you never heard of tin ware so cheap. Riverside store, 722 Kansas ave.

WANTED—You to go to the Riverside store and save your money. 722 Kansas ave.

ROOMS TO RENT.

FOR RENT—Two rooms, nicely furnished for light housekeeping. 320 Monroe st.

FOR RENT—Very pleasant furnished room, with all modern conveniences, to gentleman permanently employed preferred; splendid location; convenient to horse car business; reasonable family. Address D., care Journal office.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms at 402 Quincy st.

FOR RENT—A lodge room at 620 Kansas avenue. Address T. P. Kelly, at mail.

FOR RENT—313 and 314 West Third street, 3 rooms, water and sewer connections in each tenement. Rents at 700 Harrison st. Inquire of G. S. Evarts, 506 Harrison st.

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—House 1020 Harrison st. Dr. D. Rogers, 311 Kansas ave.

FOR RENT—Five room house, 906 Clay st., to family without children; every convenience. J. W. Smith, 501 Kansas ave.

FOR RENT—House of six rooms, 1012 West Sixth ave.; also a new upright piano. Inquire 318 East Eighth ave.

FOR RENT—A great six room house. Inquire of Dr. Belve, 115 West 6th st.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—A good business at 812 North Kansas ave.; reason for selling, parties going to California. Call or address 812 Kansas av.

FOR SALE—One spring, one top buggy and two single harness, all nearly new. Call or address The J. Thomas Lumber Co., North Topeka.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, a flight of stairsteps, banister and posts, complete. Call at 500 Topeka ave., or Hamilton Bonding furniture store. J. R. Dennis.

FOR SALE—Cash and trade, $3,500 stock shelf hardware and and fixtures. S. H., care Journal.

FOR SALE—Good organ, cheap. 722 Lane st.

FOR SALE—Sacrifice bottom land, small house, only $110 per acre. J. H. McLaughlin, 1214 Quincy st., North Topeka.

FOR SALE—Two lots on Kansas ave., near 6th, for $1,500; improvements worth $700. Just think of it, Kansas avenue lots $750 each. Who wants to make some money? W. M. FORBES, 110 West 6th street.

FOR SALE—The best Osage shaft coal, $4 per ton. 400 E. 10th. S. C. SWARTZ.

FOR SALE—A large two-story stone dwelling house, with stable and three lots on First avenue, between Topeka avenue and Tyler—80 feet front by 150—price $1,200, half cash, balance in three years, 8 per cent interest. A. Langfeldt, 501 Kansas ave.

FOR SALE—Golden popcorn in large or small quantities, by J. Q. A. Peyton, 1101 North Kansas ave.

FOR SALE—At special bargains. All kinds furniture, carpets, etc., at mortgagees sale, 714 Kansas avenue.

FOR SALE—Good houses for sale and rent. Benedict & Co., 801 Kansas ave.

FOR SALE—No. 8 washboiler, worth $1.50, now 99c. Riverside store, 722 Kansas ave.

LOST.

LOST—On West 10th st., a gentleman's yellow leather cating leggins. Suitable reward if returned to the office of the Wear Coal Co., 216 Kansas ave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FINE THOROUGHBRED Jersey bull at Lane and 21st sts.

INVESTMENTS—If you have got $400 we can make you 20 percent profit per annum after the first year. A safe investment—better than a savings bank. A. Langfeldt, 501 Kansas ave., Topeka, Kan.

REAL ESTATE—If you have for sale any kind of real estate and want a quick sale, leave it at once with A. Langfeldt, 501 Kansas, Topeka, Kan.

A REGISTERED Holstein bull at the orchard 13th and Kansas ave.

NOTICE—To whom it may concern.—Be it known that my petition is on file in the office of the probate judge of Shawnee county, Kansas, asking for a permit to sell intoxicating liquors at Richland, Monmouth township, Shawnee county, Kansas. Hearing set for the 26th day of February, 1894, at 10 a. m.

CHARLES MEAD.

Topeka, Kansas, January 22, 1894.

MRS. E. K. LILLY, nurse, can be found at 122 West South street.

WE WANT books to store. TOPEKA TRANSFER CO., 509 Kansas avenue. Tel. 224.

TOPEKA TRANSFER COMPANY, 509 Kansas ave. Tel. 224.

SPECIAL Attention to Telorders. TOPEKA TRANSFER CO., 509 Kansas avenue. Tel. 224.

SURGEONS.

S. E. SHELDON, M. D., SURGERY AND DISEASES OF WOMEN. Office: No. 528 Kansas Ave.

J. C. McClintock, A. M., M. D. Frances Storrs, A. B., M. D.
McCLINTOCK & STORRS,
Practice limited to SURGERY and DISEASES OF WOMEN. 530 Kansas avenue. Office hours, 9 to 4 p. m.

HENRY W. ROBY, M. D., TOPEKA, KANSAS. SURGEON.

DR. MARY E. STEWART, 634 Harrison St., corner of 7th St. OBSTETRICS AND DISEASES OF WOMEN. Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Tele. 237.

IDA C. BARNES, M. D.
Offices and residence, 724 Kansas Avenue. Office Hours—9 a. m. to 11 a. m., and 3 p. m. to 6 p. m. Phone 492.

MAGGIE L. MOORE, M. D., TEL. 50. 729 KANSAS AVENUE. OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 10 a. m., 12:30 to 1 p. m., 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

DR. EVA HARDING.
709 KANSAS AVENUE. Tele. 402.

DR. M. H. MITCHELL, M. D.
OFFICE 211 S. Kansas Ave. Tel. 414. Residence 811 N. Van Buren street. Tel. 198.

L. A. RYDER, M. D., OFFICE and residence cor. Gordon street and Central ave., North Topeka. Phone 714. Uses the Brinkerhoff system of Rectal treatment, a success in and painless treatment for piles, fistula, fissure, ulceration, etc.

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Try Phillips' mineral water. It is considered the finest water for the stomach. 613 W. Eighth avenue. Try it.

For Colds,
Coughs,
Croup, Influenza, and
Bronchitis,
use
AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL
the best
of all anodyne
expectorants.
Prompt to act,
Sure to Cure

ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

In effect on and after November 5, 1893.

WESTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Leave Kansas City.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.
Solid Vestibule Express.....	A 11	11:15 am	1:40 pm	1:50 pm
Through Fast Express.....	B 9	8:15 pm	10:25 pm	10:50 pm
Chicago, Texas Express.....	A 1	10:40 am	12:30 pm	1:10 pm
Southwestern Express.....	A 13	Lv S. J. 8:50 am	10:20 pm	.....
Southwest Night Express.....	B 3	Lv S. J. 7:10 pm	10:27 pm	10:40 pm

EASTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Kansas City.
Limited Express.....	A 2	3:30 pm	3:30 pm	5:40 pm
Solid Limited Vestibule Express.....	A 12	4:20 pm	4:25 pm	6:30 pm
St. Joseph and Eastern Express.....	A 14	.....	2:30 pm	Ar St. J. 7:05 pm
Express and Mail via St. Joseph.....	C 4	4:45 am	5:00 am	Ar St. J. 8:35 am
Mail via Kansas City.....	C 10	4:05 am	5:10 am	7:30 am

A—Daily. B—Daily, except Saturday. C—Daily, except Monday.

For tickets, sleeping-car berths and general information, call at City Ticket office, 601 Kansas avenue, corner Sixth street, (telephone 430); at Passenger Station, corner First street and Kansas avenue, (telephone 564); or at Postoffice, North Topeka, (telephone 284).

H. O. GARVEY,
City Passenger Agent.

THE SANTA FE ROUTE.

TRAINS TO RIDE ON.

In effect on and after December 31, 1893.

WESTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Leave Kansas City.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.
Wichita, Kingman & Frisco local	113	2:15 am	10:35 am	10:40 am
Oklahoma & Texas local	115	8:15 am	10:35 am	10:40 am
Deth. & Tex. Lim.	3	9:30 am	11:50 am	11:50 am
California Lim.	3	1:00 pm	3:00 pm	3:10 pm
S. F. & El Paso Ex.	1	1:05 pm	3:30 pm	3:40 pm
*Kansas City & Topeka plug	109	4:05 pm	6:40 pm	.....
Colorado Night Express	7	9:30 pm	11:45 pm	11:45 pm
Manhattan Acc. Ex. Sunday	153	.....	.....	7:30 am

*Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

EASTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Kansas City.
K. C. Local	114	1:55 pm	2:05 pm	4:25 pm
Columbian Lim.	4	2:15 pm	2:25 pm	4:20 pm
Chicago Vestibule Lim.	6	4:30 pm	4:35 pm	6:40 pm
Atlantic Express	2	5:10 am	5:25 am	8:00 am
Missouri River Night Ex.	8	4:25 pm	4:35 pm	7:00 am
*Topeka and Kansas City plug	110	.....	7:30 am	9:40 am
Manhattan Acc. Ex. Sunday	154	8:00 pm	.....	.....

*Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

BETWEEN TOPEKA, ATCHISON AND ST. JOSEPH.

Trains.	No.	Leave St. Jos.	Leave Atchison	Arrive Topeka.
Pacific, Mexico & Texas Express.....	106	8:30 am	9:20 am	11:20 am
Colorado Night Express.....	107	8:35 pm	9:25 pm	11:25 pm
		Leave Topeka	Arrive Atchison	Arrive St. Jos.
St. Joe Morning Express.....	108	3:15 am	7:15 am	8:05 am
St. Joe Evening Express.....	109	4:40 pm	6:40 pm	7:30 pm

For information about train service and tickets inquire of ROWLEY BROS., Agents Santa Fe route, southeast corner Sixth and Kansas avenue, Topeka.

Or W. C. GARVEY, Agent at Depot.
Or ARNOLD & BOS, Agents, North Topeka.

UNION PACIFIC.

Eastern Vestibule No. 8, leaves 2:47 p. m.
*K. C. Accom. No. 6, leaves 7:10 a. m.
Western Vestibule No. 7, leaves 12:25 p. m.
*Salina Accom. No. 5, leaves 4:50 p. m.
*Daily except Sunday. All others daily.

Train No. 5, solid vestibule to Chicago, dining car, free reclining chair car, etc., running over the Chicago & Alton from Kansas City, has through sleeper for St. Louis via Missouri Pacific.

Train No. 7, solid vestibule for Denver, making direct connection for Pacific coast. Through Pullman cars for Salt Lake; through colonist car to Portland, etc., etc.

City ticket office, 525 Kansas ave.

MISSOURI PACIFIC.

Train.	No	L'v's Topeka
Topeka and Fort Scott accommodation.....	285	10:00 a. m.
		A'r's Topeka
Topeka and Fort Scott accommodation.....	286	6:30 p. m.

FRENCH TISSUE PAPER!
THE LARGEST LINE IN THE CITY.
ALL CHINA AND ART MATERIAL.
COMPLETE NEWS DEPARTMENT.
Washburn, Druggist,
623 KANSAS AVE.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY to loan on bonds, mortgages or personal notes. SIMON GREENSPAN.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate, best rates, easiest terms. O. P. Kinnade, 409 Kansas ave., with E. E. Abstract Co.

GILT-EDGE first mortgages of $100 and upwards, 8 and 10 per cent, for sale by SIMON GREENSPAN.

REAL ESTATE LOANS made in amounts of $100 upwards. A few large loans wanted. Choice first class mortgages furnished investors. L. L. Berry, 519 Kansas ave. Dudley's loans.

GOOD notes and mortgages bought and sold. SIMON GREENSPAN.

PARTIES wishing a safe and paying investment for their money, call at once on S. M. Wood & Co. 604 Kansas ave.

EUGENIA Devere ran swiftly down the steps of her boarding-house, and just paused for a moment to take the letter the postman held out to her. She was off in a hurry for the conservatory—being a little late in consequence of dissipation the night before, a recital and supper afterward with friends—and she thrust the letter into her muff after seeing at a glance that the superscription was unfamiliar.

It was afternoon before she remembered to open it. She was in a cross-town car going home. The letter began abruptly:

"Miss Devere—It is extremely important for me to see you. I have a communication to make. You must see me at once—within twenty-four hours—or there will be a terrible scandal. You do not want your name in all the papers. I will be at the street corner by your boarding place at precisely 3:30 to-morrow (Thursday)—the corner where the letter-box is. Do not fail to come. I have seen you and there will be no mistake. In case you should hesitate, I must tell you that the matter concerns also a person whose name is Dalton. Danger is inevitable unless I see you.

A FRIEND.

Miss Devere read the letter and turned pale. She reread it and a strained, anxious look came into her face. The handwriting was plain and large—it might be that of a man or a woman. It had been posted the night before; the appointment was therefore for that afternoon. It was now about 4—she looked at her watch—it was later, almost half-past. She would reach home before 5. She could stand in the window of her room and watch the street corner where the letter-box was. The street lamp would be lighted—her room would be dark—she would not be seen at the window. Her eyes were not very far-sighted, but she could use her opera-glass, as she used to do once—when Jack Dalton—she stifled a sigh, shivered a little, for the car was cold, and broke up her train of thought. A few moments later she had left the car and was hastening through the square.

The January day was even then at an end. Her room, steam heated and comfortable was almost dark. The first thing she did was to look out of the window, the next thing to unlock the drawer of the dressing case and take out her opera glass. There was a little time yet to spare; it was ten minutes past five—the appointment was for half past. She moved hesitatingly about in the dusk. She did not remove her outergarments because, should the anonymous writer be a woman she would go out to meet her.

Eugenia Devere was not a child: she was a woman who had lived nearly a quarter of a century in a world that had not always been kind to her. She was not a handsome woman, but there were moments when she was beautiful. Tall, pale, slender, with fine fair hair and dove-like eyes and delicacy of facial contour, she carried in her bearing the evidence of fine descent, fine breeding, fine nature. And still—such a woman could pale and tremble at the thought of a Jack Dalton!

She was at the window again: some one was crossing the street. It was a woman who passed close to the lamp-post letter-box and stood there. Eugenia watched, unconsciously holding her breath and pressing the opera-glasses hard against her face. The

"THE LETTERS ARE GONE."

woman had no letter to post, it was positive that she was merely waiting. Eugenia gave her time. It was one minute before the half-hour when the woman arrived; now it was three minutes past the half-hour. Still she stood waiting; it was a very cold afternoon.

Eugenia took one last look, locked the glasses in the drawer again and went out.

The woman advanced to meet her. Eugenia saw that she was not a very young woman; she had hard lines of care in her face, her dark eyes were small and sunken.

"You are Miss Devere," she said quickly.

"What can you possibly have to say to me, madame?" asked Eugenia, "and why did you not come to my house since you knew the number?"

"I had to see you alone. It was necessary. I have things to say—" She turned and glanced over her shoulder—"we must not be overheard."

"In my room we would not be overheard. You can come with me."

"I cannot do that."

"Then," said Eugenia, impatiently, "I can hardly listen to you. It is really too cold here." The woman's perversity aroused her own obstinacy and dispelled her alarm.

After a moment's silence the woman spoke: "You must listen to me. I am in danger if I go in your house."

"Why in danger?"

"I am afraid my husband will find me there."

"Who is your husband?" Eugenia was newly startled.

"Jack Dalton."

"Jack Dalton — your husband! Why—" Eugenia turned. Come. I insist upon your following me to my room. Mr. Dalton does not call upon me—or upon any one else in the house. You need not fear to meet him."

When they were once safely in her apartment Eugenia noticed the dress of the stranger to be thin and shabby.

"I wanted to tell you," she said in a husky whisper, "so you may be on your guard. He has your letters. He heard that you are going to be married to a rich man."

"Go on," said Eugenia quietly.

"He will claim that you knew he was a married man—that you tried to get him to abandon his wife—that you were infatuated with him. He will say all that. I want you to be prepared."

"Well, and then?"

There was no reply.

Eugenia, after waiting a moment, repeated her question. "And then? What do you wish me to do?"

The woman spoke slowly: "He keeps them in his safe. I know the combination. I can get them out. I will give them to you, but you must promise not to let him know that you have them—that is, if he should threaten you. He will not know they are gone—he does not suspect I know the combination."

Eugenia regarded her steadily for a time. Then, in a matter-of-fact voice, "And what compensation do you expect for your service to me?"

The stranger started to her feet, a blaze was in her eyes, a red flame in her cheeks.

"I!" she cried, in a choking voice. "I!" And after a deep, hard-drawn breath, "I came to warn you—woman to woman—and you insult me!"

"Sit down again," said Eugenia. "I meant no insult. But—you tell me you are Jack Dalton's wife, and I know Jack Dalton. And I am sorry for you. You will pardon me—but you look as if you had suffered and as if you were not well off. You need perhaps a helping hand—"

"I need nothing!" the other cried hoarsely.

"One moment," said Miss Devere. "Will you answer me one thing frankly? You are not an evil woman—how is it you will live with such a man as Dalton? A man who denies you, who goes about as a bachelor, who thrusts his attentions upon all women, who treasures the letters of foolish girls to extort their money with months after."

The woman's head drooped.

"He is my husband," she answered. "I dare not desert him."

"Ah! you are in earnest, I see. Well, in that case perhaps you are right. You have seen these letters of—that you speak of? You know their contents?"

"I have seen some of them. I know some of them by heart. I do not blame you, if you thought he loved you. They are love letters."

"You are sure they are my letters—that I wrote them?"

"I have seen the signature——"

"And that was?"

"Sometimes 'E. D.,' sometimes 'E.,' sometimes 'Baby,' once or twice your name in full."

"And—your purpose is to bring me those letters?"

"I—I have brought them. They are in my pocket." She took out a small package and held it out to Miss Devere."

Eugenia received and opened it with trembling fingers.

"I am obliged to you," she said, "infinitely obliged. There is something, though, that you do not know. It was not I who wrote those letters. It was a foolish girl of seventeen. She is my niece—my namesake. She came to visit me here and Dalton tried to persuade her to elope. Her father is a man who would not hesitate to shoot your husband if necessary—he is a Southerner. I am glad to have the letters. My brother will be glad to appreciate your kindness. If you should have trouble with your husband come to us.

* * * * *

The strange woman walked rapidly away from the boarding-house, but only for a few blocks. A man awaited her in a doorway. They went off together.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, I saw her."

"You talked with her?"

"Yes."

"You told her I had letters of hers?"

"Yes."

"She was frightened?"

"No."

"She wasn't, eh?"

"No."

"What did she say?" he persisted.

The answer came with a sudden, startling fury:

"She said she wasn't afraid—and she had rich relatives—and you might go to h—l for all her. And you may, John Dalton, for I'm sick of your lies. And you won't fool any more women—least of all me!" Like a flash she wheeled and ran from him—off into the darkness.

Dalton stood irresolute, stupefied. Presently he went his homeward way. His wife did not return. As night came on he opened his safe and examined certain of the compartments. He began to search furiously, holding the light close. Suddenly he gave vent to a terrible oath: "The letters are gone! Every package! She has taken them all—all!"

He whirled about—his face purple and contorted.

A little later the people in the flat below might have heard a heavy fall. The blackmailer had come to the end of his tether.

WITH SPOON AND "PUSHER."

How Boston Babies Learn the Etiquette of Bean Eating.

When honored by nativity in Boston, where all is good, a baby is taught his first lesson in table etiquette with a dozen well-baked beans and a "pusher." Seated in his high art high chair, with his snowy bibler of finest needlework under his chin, his nurse or his governess proceeds to show him the straight and narrow path which leads to his mouth. A slice of toasted brown bread, or, never fad yet, "health bread," is cut into narrow spears, say a half inch wide by the width of the slice. In his saucer are placed a few beans free from moisture, single each and perfect, as correctly baked beans are. Then he is taught by gentle repetition first to eat these beans "per spoon" and then "per fork." In his left hand is placed the little slab of bread known as the "pusher," in the right hand the spoon which his paternal grandmother gave him. The "pusher" steadies the bean in its wayward course, the spoon runs it down.

It is not to be supposed that mistakes are not made. The "pusher" gets eaten and the pusher gets mad, and forthwith slings away the spoon and gets his bean by fair means or foul. But Boston governesses are patient, and as the year-old pupil wails his fond teacher quotes from the Eneid to him, saying, "Perseverei." "Forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit." And he straightway perseveres.

Practice having made perfect, the youngster is then set to spearing the elusive bean with his tiny silver fork and taught to guide that dangerous weapon neatly within his pursed up lips. The toasted "pusher," which of course, over and anon disappears the way of all bread, is replenished, and that lesson, too, is learned.

Then remains one more course of instruction. The beans are mashed instead of being left whole, and the art of taking up a suitable amount, neither more nor less, is taught, both with the spoon as the instrument and with the fork.

FOILED THE DETECTIVES.

Their Reasons Why Pictures of Criminals Should Not Be Printed.

A few years ago a murder was committed in a Pennsylvania town. The murderer was known, but the detectives were unable to find him. An enterprising local paper published a full story of the crime and a picture of the man wanted.

The next day the editor was waited on by the chief of detectives and a conversation somewhat like the following occurred:

"What the jumpin' blue blazes do youse people mean by printin' that picture of —— yerterday?"

"Why, what harm has it done?"

"Harm! You moon faced idiot, can't you see it has spoiled our chances of ever catchin' him?"

"How so?"

"How so? Well, you newspaper fellers are about the biggest fools on the face of the earth, anyway."

"Explain yourself."

"Why, you dod-blasted chump, if you had the brains of an eight-year-old kid you'd know. Can't you see that when that feller sees his picture in the paper he'll know first thing we're onter him. That picture is a fair and square warnin' as any man would want to get outer the way."

"But he has got away, hasn't he?"

"How do you know where he's got to? If you hadn't printed that picture he'd have forgot all about havin' committed the crime in a week or two and come back again. That was what we expected. But you've spoiled our game. Ain't no chance o' gittin' him now, and it's all your fault. I never did see such fools."

The Artful Mirror.

This looking glass and reflection business is being run into the ground. Every other shop window has the back and sides fitted with looking glass doubling the size and magnifying the display. These reflectors are not limited to the windows, for in many shops they are introduced for the walls, making a small store assume grand proportions, without an increase of rent. A well-known florist—in fact, several—makes a lavish showing of cut flowers a perfect plot of roses, or what seems to be, by the aid of mirrors. If this device can be worked in on church-fair stew, and the one oyster made to look like half a dozen, or a small audience at the theater show as a large one, there will be no end to the usefulness of the scheme. The pocketbook with mirror attachment might be a comforting possession.

A Studio Trick.

In the corner of an artist's studio in his city is an ingenious arrangement of screens, upon one of which, over an aperture about the size of a face, is an inscription: "Likenesses taken instantaneously." The innocent visitor peeps through the hole, and is astonished to behold an exact likeness of himself as a hump-backed jailer, in a scarlet coat, opening a prison door. The secret of this effect is simple. The jailer is a life-sized painting strongly reddened. The place for the face is cut out and a mirror inserted, reflecting the features of the spectator. The conception of this amusing fantasy is not entirely original. It was imported from the studio of Wierts, the Belgian artist.

Beauties of the Boarding Deep.

At sea a worried father suddenly left his wife and children at the table and fell headlong up stairs as if fearing that the all-devouring ocean would get away before he could pay it full tribute, and while at these painful and familiar devotions the nurse came along and asked if the children had come up yet. "No," he groaned, "but everything else has!"