WHEN PEGGY COOKS.

When Bridget rises to her might
And takes herself to sudden flight,
Then Peggy enters the domain
Where Bridget erst was wont to reign.
To rescue us from hungry plight
She plunges in unequal fight
With pots and pans, while with delight
And pride I watch and grow quite vain
When Peggy cooks.

How daintily she moves, and light!
I know whate'er she does is right
And wholly free from mar and stain,
And yet—and yet—I find I'm fain
To dine down town upon the night
When Peggy cooks.

—Marco Morrow in What to Eat.

THE BAG'S BOTTOM.

Blackthorn was a bachelor of moderate views and moderate talents. He wrote for a variety of magazines, and he wrote for 20 years, and during those 20 years nothing in particular happened to him, but at the end of the 20 years he fell asleep in a carriage on the underground railway and went past Gloucester road, where he should have changed, and got out at South Kensington.

The incident was trivial enough but for its effect on Blackthorn's life and death. Had he on that day got out at Gloucester road, as he intended, all might still have been well with him. As it is, he will be hanged tomorrow for the murder of the Rev. Julian Sibwell.

When Blackthorn got out at South Kensington station, he found himself touched on the shoulder by an elderly parson. For the moment recognition halted.

"Am I to be cut dead by my own nephew?" the parson asked in a pleasant voice.

"Uncle Julian!" exclaimed Blackthorn. "I am delighted. I should have recognized you in another moment, though it's 10—no, 12 years since we met."

He was not delighted at all. It embarrassed him to meet on terms of warm family intimacy a man who was in reality a complete stranger to him. The Rev. Julian Sibwell had a parish, remote and northern, from which he very rarely stirred. The two men were nothing to each other. They had to pretend to be something considerable to each other and to pretend it at once.

"Twelve years?" echoed Uncle Julian. "It's 13, to be accurate. Time flies even faster than we think. Let us hope the number mayn't prove unlucky," he added with a jolly laugh.

"It's the merest chance that we have met now, uncle. I should have got out at Gloucester road, but I fell asleep and"—

"I see. My lawyer brought me to London and the old passion—mineralogy—to the collection near here. But come, if you have nothing better to do you must lunch with me; a hansom to Regent street."

Blackthorn gave in to the friendly related bore, and as they drove off Uncle Julian asked, "And what are you doing—still at literature and journalism?"

"Still at it," said Blackthorn.

The old gentleman grew inquisitive and poured out questions. When did his nephew work—night or morning? Both? Any time? It was remarkable. And what sort of work was it? Chiefly stories? Things out of his own head? And on an average how much in a week? Most remarkable, but— Uncle Julian paused on the word "but" and shook his head.

Over the luncheon table he gave a friendly warning. One might go on writing and making up, but one was bound to come to the end of it. Had his nephew no fear of coming to the bottom of the bag?

"I'd never thought of it," said Blackthorn. "It seems as natural to me as for you to do your work. With the day comes the idea."

"But I don't do my work any more—not the original part; old sermons always. I've written 2,000, but I shall never bring it to 2,001. There was a time when the sight of sheets of good writing paper made me want to put writing on them, but that's gone, and sermons don't demand the same originality as stories. You should make provision for the time to come, for the day when you get to the bottom of the bag. It's bound to come, and for all we know it may come suddenly. Twenty years you've been writing—it's wonderful, wonderful!"

"Let's talk about something more cheerful," said Blackthorn.

Toward the end of luncheon he asked his uncle to dine with him on the following evening. The Rev. Julian Sibwell was engaged, but the dinner was arranged for the evening after that.

Then Blackthorn went away. He had a feeling of uneasiness that he had never had before, for which he cursed his uncle. The idea of "the bottom of the bag" was absurd, provincial, inartistic, material. Suggestion came in from the life about one, was transformed and used. The bag was always emptying, but it was also always filling. It would always have something in it for him so long as life lasted. There was, he told himself, no reason why he should get into this nervous state, but he remained in that state. He remembered authors who had "written themselves out." This gift for receiving stimulating suggestions, this capacity for selecting the right detail, might break down, and then one would come to the bottom of the bag.

And quite suddenly he realized that for him all the eloquent crowded street was mute and empty. The phrase overheard no longer told him the rest of the conversation and the lives of the speakers. The beautiful women passed by and left no thought or descriptive word in his mind. All the life had dropped out of the scene and left it arid and bare. Nothing that met his eyes or ears seemed really to penetrate or to lead to anything. Nothing was suggestive. Everything was isolated. For the first time in his life Blackthorn found himself consciously trying to observe. Selection and deduction had gone.

In something that was near to panic he did the very worst thing that he could have done. He drove back to his chambers and tried to write.

Of course he could not write, worried by his fears and paralyzed by a self distrust that was new to him. He shut his eyes and tried to call up a picture. He could see nothing but an aged parson hovering over a green speckled omelet, waving a hairy forefinger and saying: "You will come to the bottom of the bag, my dear boy. You should make provision. It may be quite sudden."

He sat bolt upright and tapped on the table with his nails. "I must pull myself together," he said. He reflected that there had been many other occasions on which he had been unable to write. He had also to reflect that there had always been a reason; that he had been mentally or physically tired or ill or distracted by something which for the moment absorbed his mind, and that now there was no reason which he could trace.

He made no further attempt to work. He paid a call, dined out, went to bed early and slept peacefully for ten hours. He felt when he woke that he was in the best of health, but he also felt that his mind was blank and arid. He had an hour's work to do before 4 in the afternoon—a story to finish. The story was already half written, and that comforted him; he would not have to make a start; it would only be necessary to get into the vein and go on, and he remembered that it was a splendid story and that he had found his previous work on it fascinating and delightful.

He read and read again what he had written. Yes, it was good, but he could not for the life of him remember how he had meant to finish it, nor could he think of any end that was at all satisfactory. His thought had stopped like a thread cut short. The story began well, but it was like a story that had been written by another man. It seemed to him to lead to nothing.

At 3 o'clock he wrote a note of excuse. His work had never been late before, but he said that he was ill. Then he tried to occupy his mind differently. He had bought a quantity of Japanese prints, and he turned them over. Then he put them away, turning out a big drawer in an old cabinet for the purpose. There was a lot of rubbish in the drawer—relics of holidays abroad, an old silver crucifix, a little branch of coral, a handful of foreign coins and the little red bulb that the mad American had given him, together with a somewhat fantastic story.

The day waned and the next day came. The waste paper basket was piled high, and Blackthorn rising from his seat looked out at the dawn. He was quite sure now that he would never write again, and he hated his uncle as he had never hated any man. "He has taken away my nerve," he said, "and that is all that one wants—nerve, the belief that one can do it." His cheeks were pale and his hands shook. He really was ill now, and he had not been to bed. He went into his bedroom and locked himself in. Then in the early morning he dressed for the evening and sat on his bed waiting until the evening came, admitting no one, sending his servant away, turning over in his hands the little red bulb. He would hold it over the claret glass between his thumb and the second finger and break it. It would not show if he held it like that.

* * * * * * *

So the Rev. Julian Sibwell died in a Regent street restaurant and Blackthorn's death by hanging will take place tomorrow.

In the interval between the death of the man who took from him his nerve and his own execution he is said to have written much which is far above the level of his previous work, and indeed amounts to genius. But this is rumor.—Barry Pain in Black and White.

One of the Jobs of Chemists.

Chemists sometimes have queer experiences. The following facts were told by a professor in one of our western universities: "For about ten years I have made a specialty of examining and reporting upon cases of real or suspected poisoning. As a number of my cases have been connected with murder trials I have had considerable notice in the daily papers. This reputation for making analyses for poisons has brought me a queer class of patrons.

"Every year I have one or more old men come to me with samples of food to be examined for poison. These men, without exception, have married young wives, and when the husband is taken sick and does not recover as quickly as he thinks he should he begins to suspect that his young wife wants to get rid of him and is poisoning him gradually through the medium of his food. Of course he does not want his wife to know of his suspicions, so he quietly gets a sample of the food he suspects, and at some unusual hour for work, generally either early in the morning or very late in the evening, he comes to me and tells me very secretly that he wishes to have an examination for poison made.

"Now the odd part is that though I have made a number of such analyses I have never found poison present in any case. Then the husband is very much afraid that his wife will find out he suspected her, and he gets out of my laboratory in the quickest and quietest manner possible. So every year I expect to see some elderly man coming apprehensively up my office stairs with a well concealed sample of food about him to be examined for poison. Every year he comes, ever year I make my analysis and find no poison, and every year the old gentleman gets information that he considers cheap at the price."—Chicago Journal.

Strawberry Profits.

A Kentucky strawberry grower reports a clear profit this season of $729.60 on seven acres of ground.

The Poet's Woes.

Alas, for the poet's woes, alas
His lot in this life is hard.
For an ode's gulped up by the bill for gas
And a love song pays for lard.

He burns the oil in the midnight hours
Hidden away from view,
Sings of the dew on the morning flowers
Till even the rent falls due.

He writes not now for the scroll of fame
But the cash that's in the till.
He must rest content to read his name
On the top of a grocery bill.

Alas, for the poet's woes, alas!
His lot in this life is hard.
He must sing to the shining gods for gas
And send the muse for lard.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

This wonderful Liniment is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf. It is the most penetrating Liniment in the world. It will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Wounds, Old Sores, Burns, Sciatica, Sore Throat, Sore Chest and all inflammation after all others have failed. It will cure Barbed Wire Cuts, and heal all wounds where proud flesh has set in. It is equally efficient for animals. Try it and you will not be without. Price 50 cents.

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FROZEN MAN'S FIASCO.

Four Little Wadkins and the Girl Who Choked a Catamount.

"I understand," inquiringly remarked the able editor of the Hawville Clarion, who was in search of news, "that you attended a wedding out at Frozen Man last night, Ike?"

"I went thar for that purpose," replied Alkali Ike.

"Give me the names of the happy couple, please."

"Wual, it was popularly supposed that Tuck Wadkins and Miss Lillie Strodder was goin to be married, but the ceremony was indefinitely postponed."

"Indeed! What was the cause of the postponement?"

"I reckon it may be charged to the discretion of the bridegroom. Tell you how it was. You see, Wadkins is a skimpy little feller, a trifle over 5 feet tall and slim in proportion, and Miss Lillie is celebrated far and wide as bein the maiden who choked a catamount to death with her bare hands about a month ago. The bride and her friends was so busy all the afternoon gettin ready for the ceremony that they didn't pay as much attention to the bridegroom as they ort to have done.

"The best man neglected his duty and gave the bridegroom time to think it over, and when the critical moment came he wasn't to be found. Cactus Jack, who jest came in from the Panhandle this mornin, reports that he met the happy man along toward midnight about ten miles back in the Flint hills, goin in the general direction of Lower California as the crow flies, hittin only the high places as he went and them mighty infrequent."—Tom P. Morgan in New York Sunday World.

A Fable Up to Date.

A fierce cat once assailed a large mastiff and used most abusive language toward the canine. The dog listened for a time and then walked away.

"Why did you tamely submit to such abuse?" inquired a friend. "You could have eaten that cat without any trouble."

"Well, p'raps I could," answered the dog. "If you think so, I am sure of it. But what was the use? It would not have added to my honor one bit, as every one would expect that I would whip the cat. Then I might have been whipped, you know. Chance blows on the solar plexus will work wonders. And I would have been eternally disgraced had that cat conquered me."

Moral.—That is the reason Fitzsimmons will let Corbett alone.—New York Truth.

Insanity Was His Plea.

A murderer, who had been attended by a physician, addressed the following note to the latter from the jail:

"Dear doctor, please make out your bill and send it to me right away. My trial comes off next week, and I am to be insane at that time and will so continue until I reach the asylum. I want to pay my debts before I lose my mind."—Atlanta Constitution.

Going Even Further.

Hicks—In my judgment, no man ought to marry until he is fully able to support a wife.

Wicks—In my judgment, no man ought to marry until he is able to support a wife and four small children.—Somerville Journal.

Settled.

Housekeeper (to employment agent)—I don't want another young girl. Can't you get me a settled woman?

Agent—Yes, madam. I know one who has had three husbands and doesn't want any more.—New York Weekly.

The Cumminsville Sage.

"The honeymoon may be said to be over," said the Cumminsville sage in a fine burst of alliteration, "when the bills for bacon begin to be bigger than the bills for boxes and bonbons."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Struggling With Our Language.

German (to hostess)—Today I was told the donkey he brays.

Hostess—Yes, that's right, we say "The donkey brays."

German—You mean he brays in the church.—Judy.

Domestic Art.

The only and original poster picture of the servant girl.—Yellow Book.

Did Not Cut Much.

"I'll take a five cent lump," she said
Then candidly spake he,
"Of course, you know, so small a sum
Won't cut much ice with me."

—Washington Star.

Those words the damsel thought she heard
Her skirts to whisper as they stirred,
"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Remember thou low jointed art!"

—New York Truth.

Two Voices.

She—Oh, James, how grand the sea is! How wonderful! I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean.

He—So do I, Elizabeth. Please keep quiet.—Lustigen Blatter.

Too Good to Be True.

A hideous revenge 'twould be,
But to the brim 'twould fill joy's cup,
If a mosquito, thoughtfully,
Should bite a hydrophobic pup!

—Washington Post.

BANK ADVICE.

In order that depositors may avoid making errors, the Lincoln National bank of New York has published the following list of "don'ts:"

Don't draw a check unless you have the money in the bank or in your possession to deposit.

Don't test the courage and generosity of your bank by presenting or allowing to be presented your check for a larger sum than your balance.

Don't draw a check and send it to a person out of the city, expecting to make it good before it can possibly get back. Sometimes telegraphic advice is asked about such checks.

Don't exchange checks with anybody. This is called "kiting" and is soon discovered by your bank. It does your friend no good and discredits you.

Don't quarrel with the teller because he does not pay you in money exactly as you wish. As a rule, he does the best he can. In all your intercourse with the bank officers treat them with the same courtesy and candor that you would expect and desire if the situations were reversed.

Don't give your check to a stranger. This is an open door to fraud, and if the bank loses through you it will not feel kindly toward you. When you send your checks out of the city to pay bills, write the name and residence of your payee thus: "Pay to John Jones & Co. of Boston." This will put your bank on guard if presented at the counter.

Don't commit the folly of supposing that because you trust the bank with money the bank ought to trust you by paying your overdrafts.

Don't suppose you can behave badly in one bank and stand well with the others. Remember there is a clearing house.

Don't think it is unreasonable if your bank declines to discount an accommodation note. If you want an accommodation note discounted, tell your bank frankly that it is not in their definition a business note.

CURTAIN RAISERS.

Elliott Paget will sail for America next month. She will take Elita Proctor Otis' place in "The Sporting Duchess."

Brandon Thomas, who has not been heard from since "Charley's Aunt," has lately finished a new comedy of London life.

"The Tree of Knowledge," which George Alexander is to produce in London at the St. James, will be a return to the problem play.

There is a plan on foot in the Players' club, New York, looking to the purchase of a bronze bust of John Gilbert as Sir Peter Teazle.

The original of "I'm a lawyer, and my name is Marks," of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame, is living quietly in Kansas City at the advanced age of 83.

Ida Mulle has accepted for early production in New York a German musical comedy entitled "The Doll Soubrette," by Richard Burke Hennessy.

The average royalty paid to the author is 5 per cent on gross receipts reaching $3,000 a week and 8 per cent when the gross receipts reach $5,000.

E. S. Willard has enlisted a new leading lady for his next tour of the United States, Miss Keith Wakeman, who is an American with a brief London career.

Miss Frances Graham Mayo, who created the part of Roxy, the beautiful southern girl in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," will remain in the same capacity this coming season.

The success of "Secret Service" in London will doubtless open the way for other American plays. Louis Nethersole has purchased the London rights of Edward Milton Royle's "Friends."

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

There is not a 2:10 trotting stallion on the Pacific coast.

Frank Bogush, 2:06¼, is the fastest hobbled pacer of the year to date.

An offer of $12,000 was made for Grand Baron, 2:18¼, at Cleveland and refused.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the boss bruiser, is going on the running turf with a string of horses.

A yearling pacer by Grand Baron, 2:18¼, worked an eighth at Grandview, Ills., recently in 19¼ seconds.

It looks as if Milton S, 2:08¼, will be one of the great pacers this year. His owner received $2,555 for his share of a recent stake.

Oakland Baron, 2:11¼, seems to have regained the magnificent form which he had as a 2-year-old, and he will probably be a 2:10 trotter.

A greengrocer in Eighth avenue, New York, has a horse so thoroughly imbued with the kleptomania habit that he has been obliged to put a muzzle on the animal.

It is at last definitely decided that this is the last season the Fleetwood track will stand. The march of civilization has doomed the historic, odd shaped track, and in future New York lovers of harness racing will have to seek new quarters.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

The bagfish, or myxine, has a custom of getting inside the cod and similar fishes and entirely consuming the interior, leaving only the skin and the skeleton.

When bees swarm, queens, workers, drones and all take wing, rise high in the air, abandon home, kindred, everything forever, and nothing can stop them.

Cats can smell during sleep. When a piece of meat is placed immediately in front of a sleeping cat's nose, the nostrils begin to work as the scent is received, and an instant later the cat will wake up.

The carp's teeth are set back on the pharynx, so that it may be literally said to masticate its food in its throat. The carp, too, is about the only cud chewing fish, the coarsely swallowed food being forced up to these throat teeth for complete mastication.

A Timely Diet.

Doctor—For dinner take 40 minutes.

Timid Patient—Would it be dangerous to add a piece of meat and some vegetables.—Fliegende Blatter.

Courtesies of the Road.

Biker—Hi there! Your wheel's wabbling!

Beginner—So's your tongue!—Yellow Book.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on perscriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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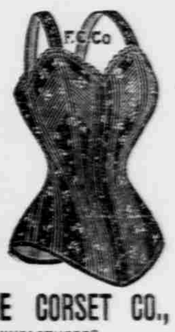

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