

It is stated that in New York "one cent will buy a square meal"—a soda cracker, probably.

A Philadelphia woman has had her husband arrested for not giving her an Easter bonnet. The worm will turn.

There will be no danger of a whisky famine as long as the supply of water and prussic acid does not run out.

The announcement that Missouri highwaymen looted a train shows that the spirit of Jesse James goes marching on.

As if he hadn't suffered enough already they have put a Mr. Nelson of St. Joseph, Mo., in jail for having thirteen wives.

The Massachusetts judges who decided that a Wall street margin is a wager would undoubtedly call a spade a spade.

The announcement of Gen. Ote that he doesn't mean to write a book will tend to endear him to the hearts of the people.

The czar of Russia is obliged to keep his subjects well scattered. His latest edict is that three men in a bunch constitute a mob.

Tennyson's original manuscript of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" sold for \$440, which could hardly be called a light charge.

A Chicago man named Junk has secured a divorce in California. It is understood that the Junks have been much given to scraps.

A woman bookkeeper in Philadelphia has confessed to embezzling \$15,000. There is no field woman cannot fill it given the chance.

The Kentuckian who shot at a man and crippled a blooded colt is entitled to great sympathy. His mistake will cost him some money.

Truly wonderful is the news that comes from Gotham. Policemen there who do their duty are not to be punished for being so reckless.

Cecil Rhodes intimates in his will that he regarded the muddled out as an important member of society. It's about up to Kipling to change his mind.

In the event of a separation it is probable that Queen Wilhelmina's husband will demand an amount of alimony that will wreck the bank of Holland.

A students' demonstration planned in St. Petersburg for April 1 was suppressed. The government did not want to take any chances of being April fooled.

There is a speedy way to the fall timbers for a trio of cushions and Rhody sent him over the last quarter with a daisy cutter through second. Sound familiar?

Mrs. Daisy A. Gentleman of Chicago, who is suing for a divorce, can hardly claim that her husband is no gentleman, although she declares that he punched her in the face.

A German author has published a dictionary of cuss words. He has found 25,000 of them. If they are all German it will be pretty hard to keep that language from spreading.

The woman who steals from her husband to give to charity may consider it no more than fair to keep out a little wita which to buy the prize when the club meets at her house.

The thief who returned the Jews' stolen from a church may think that he has atoned for his acts, but we rather think that repentance based on fear does not count for much.

You can never discourage a woman about loving. If she can't love her husband she is content to love her children; if she hasn't any children she will manage to get along loving her pets.

The claim made for Aginaldo that he provides liberally for his mother-in-law will win high praise for him until it is remembered that all of his provisions come from Uncle Sam's commissary.

A barber in Richmond, Va., shaved President Duke of the American Tobacco company on Sunday and received for his work a check for \$3,000 to pay off a church debt. The fact that this money came from tobacco and was paid for work done on Sunday is not expected to result in the church's refusing it.

Those young women of Hoboken who are praying for husbands, are to be commended for their great faith; but were they wise maidens, they would so contrive as to bring the young men to their knees instead of falling upon their own.

The Massachusetts supreme court has decided that people who lose their money in bucket-shops may get it back. Anyone who succeeds in doing so ought to be able to make a fortune by exhibiting himself through the country.

A New York preacher wishes to have a brass band in his church, because he believes in the "Christianizing influence of good music." He has scripture for the cymbals, but how about the trombone and snare drum?

The wife of a New England minister has sued for divorce on the ground that the strain of conducting sewing societies and presiding at missionary meetings is ruining her disposition. There is no doubt that judge and jury will decide she has just cause for complaint.

LOVE AND A GHOST

By ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was Cousin Susan's idea that the house in which she had been born and reared was haunted by the ghost of her father who had died of yellow fever somewhere in the early part of the nineteenth century. So she not only refused to live at "The Maples" herself, but also refused to allow others of her kith and kin who had not a comfortable habitation to dwell there. As Miss Susan Pennington was rich and could dwell in Egypt or the Philippines if she so wished, it was all very well for her to leave the roomy old house to the ghost of her progenitor. It seemed very hard to the family of Peter Crosley, her cousin, who had no place to lay their heads save as Mr. Crosley sold a poem or a song or a piece of fiction by the error of some publisher and rented them a place. In other and more frequent intervals the family scattered to relatives and stored their few bits of furnishings.

"But it has all got to stop," declared Arabelle, the oldest girl, one summer day. "I shall go and live at 'The Maples,' and when Cousin Susan returns from India and finds it out she can eject me."

"But the ghost?" protested Peter, the father. "Cousin Susan says it is there and walks about the house as in life." "That is highly probable," returned Arabelle, indignantly winking her left eye. "but the ghost must expect the friendly visit of relatives. How original it is! First cousin to a ghost! Why, is it not delicious? Anyhow, I'm going. If Cousin Susan had not wanted me, to do something desperate, she should have traveled me, taken me with her, and thus added to the long list of international marriages."

"We certainly must do something," said Mrs. Peter, "and that quickly. We have no money."

"I shall move to 'The Maples' and invite you all for a long visit," said Arabelle decidedly. "Is there enough in hand to buy me a railroad ticket, or must I sacrifice that hideous old Cousin Susan just sent me to show me that she is a crying need of missionaries to Whangpur or some such province?"

"I wonder what Lionel 'ill say?" put in Sophronia, the second girl. Arabelle swept her a cocking courtesy.

"As a young Englishman he will rejoice in ancestral ghosts. As a discarded second son trying to live on nothing but work in America, he may say, 'Oh, what rot!'"

Peter Crosley looked up from a bundle of papers fretfully. "I don't see why Mr. Lionel Carr's name is brought in at all. Arabelle has promised me to give him no encouragement."

Arabelle's rosy mouth quivered. "Me encourage Lionel? Far be the thought from me. Why, papa, I have told you a thousand times that he doesn't need—or get—any encouragement from me. There, are you satisfied? Now, I shall tell my idol and go to 'The Maples.' I will prepare the way and you will pack up and follow at once. Don't mind parting with a few airy nothings in order to get there. Because, once there, we are housed, at least."

She sailed forth, light of heart, gay of speech and smile. No one ever knew whether Arabelle Crosley felt all she acted or not, but she was the life preserver that held up the whole family in their dark hours.

The idol was rather a cumbersome fellow and Arabelle looked strange enough carrying the awkward bundle, head first, to the elevated road. "I hope he will sell well," she was thinking. "He's a very holy idol, Cousin Susan wrote. I know that he is unearthly ugly and that his green eyes make me shudder. I wish I had a half dollar to take a cab."

But she had not the half dollar and struggled up the steps bravely. She was a shrewd bargainer and was going to the best curio store in the city. She was sure she might get as much as ten dollars for the thing, maybe more. She would go down to "The Maples," scare out the ghost and take possession. In her heart she did not believe in the ghost. The adventure had zest, however.

But Arabelle proposed and could not dispose. As she stepped from the steps of the train station onto the pavement a hurrying man jostled her and she staggered with her burden. There was a sharp crack against the nearest post and Cousin Susan's idol lay in several fragments. A crowd at once gathered.



The idol was rather a cumbersome fellow.

and there was much laughter at the rolling head with its horrible green glass eyes. Suddenly a hand grasped it, a long brown hand that drew it away. Arabelle sprang forward.

"That is mine! Give it to me." She was clinging to a shifty arm that tried in vain to shake her off. "You shall not have it. It is mine!" she panted.

Suddenly a strong blow threw the man backwards. Arabelle sprang for

the idol's head and saved it a further humiliation. A voice said:

"Arabelle! You?"

"Yes," she gasped, "and Cousin Susan's idol. Isn't it a shame?"

The tall, fair Englishman was horrified.

"Here, boys, pick up the parts. Arabelle, we may be able to piece it together. But what were you doing with it out on the street?"

Ere he replied a stout gentleman with gold spectacles pushed forward.

"I was going to sell it," pouted Arabelle at the Englishman. "It's a horrid old thing."

"Perhaps," said the stout gentleman, "the young lady will sell even the pieces or the head. I will buy the head as it is."

Lionel Carr looked at the man and then at the hideous face of the idol.



The idol lay in several fragments.

He looked from the one to the other and a light came on to his countenance, the light of knowledge.

"Keep the head, Arabelle," he said coldly and to the man; "we will not sell."

Arabelle saw him gather up the pieces, then he called a cab.

"Let us go home," he said tersely. This was Lionel in a new phase, but Arabelle loved him and she jumped in gayly. Lionel placed the head in her lap.

"Now explain," he said, "and I shall have several things to tell you after that."

Arabelle related her project of the ghost hunt with gusto. Lionel was relieved.

"That is a great lark," he said kindly. "but I must go with you. You can't go alone."

But Arabelle was never foolish. "You know that is impossible," she said, coldly.

"Oh, no, not if we just quietly slip away this afternoon and are married in half an hour. Anyhow she had always meant to marry Lionel. He suited her. It was a half-hour more ere he allowed her to question him.

"But the two things, Lionel?" "One is that I am called home to England. My uncle has left me some money."

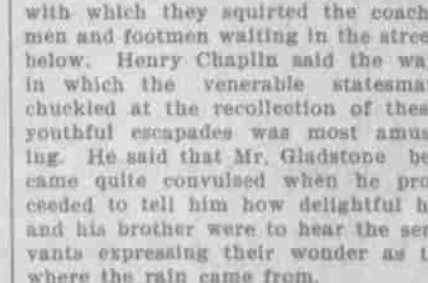
"Oh—oh! And the other?" "The other? Well, little girl, you do not have to go ghost-hunting or worry over your trowson money. The eyes of that blamed old idol are about the finest emeralds I ever saw and are worth a pretty penny. But we will not inquire about that until after this other little matter is attended to—and then we'll invade 'The Maples' as a very lively place in which to spend a honeymoon."

A Gladstone Escapade.

It is very hard for any of us to realize that the world's great men were once boys, and often mischievous and fun-loving boys at that. Children are always delighted to hear of some frolic indulged in by some great man when he was a boy, and so they will surely appreciate the following:

Next door to Mr. Gladstone's home when he was a little boy lived a lady who gave large evening receptions, and during the evening there would be many coachmen and footmen waiting outside. Gladstone and his brother would go on the top floor of their house, armed with squirt guns, with which they squirted the coachmen and footmen waiting in the street below. Henry Chaplin said the way in which the venerable statesman chuckled at the recollection of these youthful escapades was most amusing.

He said that Mr. Gladstone became quite convulsed when he proceeded to tell him how delightful he and his brother were to hear the servants expressing their wonder as to where the rain came from.



Vaccination Test.

Vanity Fair thus describes a London function:

One of the most "fashionable" social shows of last week was the "vaccination test" given by a renowned hostess. In one drawing-room the lady received her guests, comprising notable beauties, party leaders and favorite members of the household brigade. In other rooms four leading stars of the medical profession were to vaccinate the fair "companions in arms," the sterner sex being operated on in yet another dainty boudoir. Some of the women displayed the greatest ingenuity in the arrangement of their sleeves, having had them divided at the top, then reunited with ribbons, which, when untied, revealed enough of the "marble arm" to enable the vaccinator to set his seal thereon.

God's visits if gratefully received will be graciously repeated.

Sewing on her pretty clothes is no more work to a woman than peering into her looking glass.

At 15 all men are welcomed into my lady's net; at 35 she seeks the cozy prey of benighted youth.

NILE THE SALVATION OF EGYPT.

Wonderful River That Fertilizes the Bare Brown Sands.

The Nile in Egypt and Egypt is the Nile. The long, turbid tide stretches through the desert and where its waters touch the before-time lifeless sand gardens spring up and cotton grows luxuriant. It is a constant battle between the Nile, a yellow thread, and the bare, brown sands for Egypt's life, a conflict continually in progress. Each fall, fattened by the Abyssinian rains, the Nile, milder than the Mississippi and mightier than the Mississippi, dashes out upon the sands and drives back the encroaching desolation. Each summer time it retreats into its narrow bed, and the grim desert grasps the hard-won sands again. Sometimes the Nile does not rise to the conflict with full vigor, and, in consequence, the clutch of the desert is unloosed, the thin ears devour the fat, and there is famine, actual or threatened, in the land. Once upon a time, notable in the last century's religious calendar, it held back from its fall flood. There was no rain—it never rains in Egypt save a few drops each winter—and the Nile-god sulked or slept. Then came a strange sight in an old Cairo mosque, in the Gambia Amr ibn el-As, where stands the gray marble pillar miraculously transported from Mecca, at the Khalif Omar's prayers, the whole of the Mohammedan priesthood, the Christian clergy of every sect and the Jewish rabbis bowed in prayer with one accord to petition for the rising of the Nile. And the Almighty, to whom Moslem and Jew and Christian pray, heard and answered.

ROME'S "APOSTLE OF HYGIENE."

Novel Character Who Finds It Hard to Secure Converts.

Rome has many strange visitors, but in late years none quite so extraordinary as the individual who has been striding about the streets for some days past. He calls himself the apostle of hygiene, and at least has the merit of practicing what he preaches.

One day I was attracted by a crowd, and on approaching nearer found it headed by a tall, bronzed man, evidently a German, with blue eyes, long hair to his shoulders and a fair beard. His habiliments were strange in the extreme, consisting of a white cotton tunic, made rather long, adorned with pine needles and olive leaves, emblematic of the forest and universal peace; a gray cloak, legs and feet completely bare. In his hand he carried a bamboo stick surmounted by a ball representing the world. He is a certain Richard Gannach, a glazier of Frankfurt, who, being threatened with consumption, resolved to change his mode of life at once, and now walks the world, eating only bread and fruit and sleeping under convenient trees. After four years of this course he is so hardened that neither rain, snow, cold nor heat affects him. He never touches wine; he never takes cold; he can walk seven miles in an hour with ease, and has been known to break through a day. With a few pence he lives happier than many kings, and is trying to convert the world to his views. He has created a sensation in Rome, but I have not heard that he has as yet any disciples.—Rome correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Wild Animals in Captivity.

Once a keeper, by secrecy and much guile, saw a lioness teaching her cub to hunt. The lioness was a very young one, and the cub was a very old one. The lioness was a very young one, and the cub was a very old one. The lioness was a very young one, and the cub was a very old one.

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LETTERS OF BEGGARS.

SOLD TO OLD PAPER DEALER.

Millionaire Receives Seven Thousand Begging Letters in a Little Over Three Months—One Hundred and Forty Dollars' Worth of Stamps Wasted by the Senders.

The private secretary of a New York millionaire recently sent an old paper a package of 7,000 letters, all of which had been sent to his employer in a little more than three months and every one of which was a request for pecuniary assistance.

"For instance," said the secretary, "we got these letters at the rate of sixty or seventy a day. It came right after Mr. Blank contributed \$5,000 to a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of some West Virginia miners who were killed by a gas explosion. The gift was accompanied by a request that nothing be printed about it, but it got into the newspapers somehow, and immediately the letters began to pour in."

"We had always had our share of begging letters, but now we were swamped. The tales of trouble, misfortune and suffering which were spread out for our reading would have harrowed one's very soul, if he didn't know that they were largely manufactured."

"Most of the letters were from women, or purported to be, and all wanted money. The demand ranged from \$5 to \$500, and in every case an address was given and a request made that the money be sent at once."

"A vast variety of excuses were given for the demands, one of the most popular with women being that they wanted to have their sons complete their education, but couldn't unless they had a certain amount of money at once, and with men, that they had a chance to embark on a successful business career, and only lacked a few hundred dollars necessary to get a start."

"Of course, there were hundreds of stories of destitution, but like the others we tossed them aside without reply. For three months following this contribution to a fund for the relief of miners' families these letters continued to come in."

"Then they stopped just as suddenly as they began, and we are now only getting the regular supply of five or six a week. There were in the lot that I sold to a junk man the other day in the neighborhood of 7,000 of these letters, and \$140 in stamps had been spent in sending them to us."

"And not one was productive of a contribution from Mr. Blank."

IMPURE BAKING POWDER SEIZED

The New York Board of Health Finds It Contains Alum and Rock, Declares It Dangerous to Health and Dumps It Into the River.

The New York papers report that the Health Department of that city has seized as dangerous to health nearly two tons of cheap mixtures sold for baking powder and dumped them into the offal scow to be destroyed. More of the powder was found in a Sixth avenue department store. The report of the analysis of the Health Department stated that it was "an alum baking powder" containing alum and pulverized rock.

The different Health Authorities seem to have different ways of repressing the sale of bad baking powders. In England they have prosecuted the grocers under the general law and broken up the traffic. In Missouri the sale of alum baking powder is actually prohibited by law. In New York they seize the unwholesome stuff and cast it into the river without any discussion. The latter way is certainly effective.

The alum baking powders are usually offered at a low price, ten to twenty cents a pound, or with some prize, as a temptation to the housewife.

Consumers can protect themselves by buying only high-grade baking powder of established name and reputation. Do not be tempted by the grocer to take something else as "just as good" or "our own brand," for the trials show that the grocer himself is often deceived by unscrupulous makers.

There are several good powders on the market; let the housekeeper insist on having what she knows is right, and not be induced to risk the life of the family for an imaginary saving of a few cents.

IS "HELLO" VULGAR?

Investigation Goes to Show That It Is Classic.

Society ladies in Evanston, Illinois, and Appleton, Wisconsin, brand as vulgar the telephone "hello," and a movement for its disuse is said to be spreading in the Middle West. It should not spread far; it is a shun "reform."

Some warning word to call attention is a practical necessity in telephoning. If "hello" must go, what shall be substituted? "Are you there?" occasionally heard as an English receiver, is banished, and, to a man who has waited long, irritating, "Hello" is cheery, quickly spoken, universal.

"Hello" is not slang, but an ancient and honorable expression. It is one of our oldest word-roots, and persists in all Aryan tongues by the law of the survival of the fit. It is the "Hailo" of Germany, the "Hala" of southern Europe, the "Hailoo" of sporting tales, the "Hello" which Coleridge in a less squeamish age gullibly rhymed with "Follow."

Always "Hello" has had its present use as a call for attention. Of its sort it is the best word. The Spanish "Aqui," the French "Où," the Italian "Ecco," are sharper, less mellow, less resonant. With its initial "breath" with two open vowels that "sing" themselves, and a framework of trilling liquid consonants to hang them on, "Hello" is for its purpose a perfect word and will live honored and useful when the very names of Evanston and Appleton are forgotten.—New York World.

Chicago Free Dispensaries.

Free medical dispensaries connected with the thirty medical schools of Chicago, together with the dispensaries conducted as charities, give aid to 165,000 patients every year at a total cost of \$412,234.55. Forming the greater part of this cost are 124,250 prescriptions at 20 cents each, and 120,000 visits, costing on an average of 16 cents each.

I want all up-to-date overcoat please. Yes, sir. This way, please. How will you have it, too long or too short?

New York's East Side.

Peculiar Life and Society that is a World by Itself—A "Slumming" Trip.

This is the tale of a young lady visitor to New York, who had an intense desire to go "slumming."

The great difficulty she found in the carrying out of her plans was the absolute indifference with which her host and hostess looked upon slumming—they were New Yorkers. When she hinted that a few gaudy glimpses of the city might prove more educating