

SCHLATTER ON A JAMBOREE

Divine Healer Goes Off on a Common Toob

Much to the Sorrow of His Wife Who Refers to Him as the "Lovely One"—Too Much Hot Weather.

Francis Schlatter, self-styled "The Divine Healer," returned to his home at 335 Central Park West, shortly before 2:30 o'clock the other morning after having been reported as missing at police headquarters. It was his wife who reported his disappearance. She told the police that her husband had suffered greatly from the heat and that she feared that his mind was "temporarily affected." Schlatter said between sips of black coffee which she made him drink, that his wife was "about right regarding his mind." The same impression was carried away by those persons who called to see the "Divine Healer."

"Yes, I have been on a jamboree," said the divine healer. "I am not over it yet quite."

"All good men go wrong once in a while, and divine healers are no exception to the rule. When I get over this I'll be ready to resume business at the old stand. This head is anything but divine and I cannot restore health to any one as long as it lasts."

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Schlatter, "you are abusing your powers dreadfully," and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Frank," she said, "you are losing influence with the world. You are breaking my heart," and then, in a wall of distress, she asked:

"Oh, lovely one, will you promise me that you will take strong drink no more?"

But the "Lovely One," with his brown hair falling in damp curls down his back, was in no humor to take the pledge. He looked very hot as he mopped his face, almost hidden by a black beard, and brushed away the hair from his forehead. Presently he broke out in a fierce tirade.

"Shut up!" he cried, "break off with that twaddle."

As if to give emphasis to his words and certainly to his feelings, the divine healer hurled a saucer out of the window. As it broke upon the concrete pavement, he exclaimed:

"What's the use? It's too damned hot to talk and to hear any one else talk."

"Why don't you take some medicine to brace you up?" a visitor suggested.

"Sh-h," from Mrs. Schlatter, warningly.

Then leaning over, she whispered: "That's what I'm telling him myself, but you know the divine healer don't believe in medicine."

"What need have I for medicine?" thundered out the divine healer. "Is it not enough for Francis Schlatter that he is made to drink hot coffee his wife has prepared for him?"

The visitor ventured the opinion that it was not very cooling.

"That was the conclusion I reached last evening when I escaped from this heated flat," he replied. "That is why partook of cooling drinks and remained a bit too long away and with a bit too much aboard."

"That is why you were touched for \$45," lamented Mrs. Schlatter, breaking in after a long silence.

"I was not separated from my cash, Mrs. Schlatter. You are an inferior person and in your thinker the mundane idea, or should I say, the worldly idea, is ever rampant."

"You would not have lost the money if you had stayed at home."

"Enough!" exclaimed the Lovely One. "You are materializing again, and that, too, in an ethereal atmosphere."

"I thought you said it was too damned hot," ventured his visitor.

"Ah, yes, my mind was elsewhere or the moment."

"Frank, don't repeat those awful words again. If it is hot, try at least to remain cool."

"How in the devil can I remain cool under such trying circumstances and with the coffee so black and hot, Mrs. Schlatter?"

"Frank has been this way for 10 days. I had him incarcerated for 10 days, but he broke out last night after blacking my eye."

"Tut, tut," said the divine healer. "You are one of the world and should not hearken to an inferior voice."

"Well, were you not incarcerated for 10 days?"

"Me? Francis Schlatter, the divine healer, locked up! Nay, nay! She does me foul wrong. If it were true, how did I get the booze. Answer me that. The inferior person did not bring it to me. The divine healer got it himself and it's a royal jamboree, I can tell you."

too," she sighed, "me and him always mixed with the best people. I would not mind that so much if the Lovely One had not abused his power."—New York Sun.

Law at Ounaslaska.

In one of his poems Rudyard Kipling takes occasion to say "there is no Law of God or man north of 53." Far be it from a humble sailor to contradict a great imperial poet, but the captain of the steamer Homer reports a new dispensation since Rudyard wrote his rymes.

Ounaslaska is between the 53d and 54th parallels of latitude. The United States Commissioner at that place is R. H. Whipple, who from all reports is carrying things with a high hand in the territory over which his jurisdiction extends. Capt. Donaldson tells the story.

"Whipple is a protege of Judge Noyes," said the skipper of the Homer, "and he has adopted many of the Nome jurist's methods. He appointed a man named J. Sullivan as Marshal, and Sullivan let no opportunity go by to make an arrest. The trading companies in the north conduct big stores and supply depots at Ounaslaska, and in the spring rush many men are taken north to handle the cargoes of the vessels. Sullivan watched these men closely. On the slightest pretext they were arrested and taken before Judge Whipple. The fines for the alleged offenses ranged from \$5 to \$70, but the court estimated its expenses in each case from \$25 to \$50, and the convicted man was compelled to pay it."

"The marshal was energetic, and the judge, convened his court sometimes four or five times a day. All the men were needed by the trading companies, and rather than have them remain in jail the trading companies and ship masters paid the fines and costs."

The court and its marshal seem to believe their system beats old mining.

—Examiner.

Two Old Girls.

They were two handsome old ladies sitting at the window with their work in their laps, one the hostess and the other the visitor. They were children together and still talked of their former playmates as the "girls."

"Where's Margaret?" asked the visitor.

"Out in the back yard with some little friends skipping the rope; my favorite granddaughter, you know."

"Rather delicate, I'm afraid. I declare I don't know what the race is coming to, judging from the girls now growing up. They don't seem to endure anything. Do you remember how we used to skip the rope, Sue?"

"Just as though it was yesterday. 'Salt' was the designation we just jumped an ordinary rate of speed, 'pepper' was faster and 'mustard' was the fastest."

"That's right. To do anything faster than 'mustard' meant fits or palpitation of the heart. Dear me, I don't suppose that there is one of those children out there could skip 'mustard' without having a sick spell. We certainly go backward with each generation, Sue. Let's take a look at them."

When they reached the back door, there was Margaret flying up and down as though she had wings, springs and lungs like a long distance runner. She was jumping two ropes going in opposite directions at the same time and whirling as rapidly as the operators could make them.

"Come here at once, Margaret," called the hostess. "What in the world are you doing, child? It's enough to give you convulsions. Why, it's faster by far than 'mustard.'"

"Mustard!" sneered the grand-

daughter, who was breathing easy. "It's too slow for us. That's 'tabasco' I'm doing."

Then the old ladies fled back, looked sheepishly at each other and went to talking about how much, better looking girls used to be than they are now. —Detroit Free Press.

Public Auction.

Geo. Vernon has been instructed by Jas. Flannery, esq., to sell at public auction on Saturday, the 27th of July, at 2 p. m. at the Flannery hotel, 6 young, sound, heavy working horses; 2 fast saddle horses; 3 new heavy wagons.

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