come of it, but Mrs. Bleecker had set her heart upon arranging some sort knew it was a rather vulgar form of diversion, but she meant to cover up her identity so thoroughly that she might drop the whole affair at any time without fear of discovery. conned out of her imaginative mind many reasons that seemed to condone, if they did not justify, the little scheme. Curtis Bleecker, her husband, was, she believed, commending to neglect her. They had been married six years, had no children, and were still "struggling" to keep out of debt. She was suffering from ennul, amusements were expensive, and Cur-tis showed each night when he came home the evidences of busy, nerveracking, bothersome days. Sometimes don for he didn't come home till past midnight, spendence and she was beginning to doubt his stereotyped apologies. Maybe he was perfectly loyal, and—anyway, Mrs. Bleecker was sure of her fidelity under any conditions, and she was fascinated with the idea of getting up some sort of a letter firtation with some unknown man whom she never

expected or cared to see.

She confided the plan to Miss An nie Cuthbert, her best friend, who hal a typewriter, and between them they fixed up an advertisement, which appeared in the next Sunday newspaper,

WANTED - BY A YOUNG, HAND-SOME, intelligent woman, the acquaintance of a sympathetic, educatd and moral man; object, the ex-

Miss Cuthbert went for the answers and the clerk handed her many. That went with her friend into the kitchen. locked the doors, and together they but mercenary or commonplace or illspelled. Some contained photographs foolish smiles. Some were the ridiculous plaints of old men who had outlived or neglected their opportunities to be loved. It was very funny, the Annie laughed over the reading and over in the morning, Chloe, and we'll Bleecker, getting white and ready to

answer them. But when it came to formulating a letter to the most "likely" of the cor-respondents, and they saw what study, what subterfuge and what time it required, they determined to burn up all the letters but one and make the most of that. The lucky object of their attention signed, or rather printed, his name as Rodger Fortescue, and his address was "General Delivery." He had inclosed no photograph, his typewritten letter showed every evidence of education, good breeding, and even | Chloe, I thought that would put an end reverence for the unknown "Q 33," and to it, but what do you think " forthwith he became a personage something of a hero in the minds of both these good women, who never expect-

But they couldn't. Rodger Fortescue's graph and showed the fair face of Ananticipation. His typewritten words ous wise and tender nature Mrs Bleecker and her friend began to endow him with every imaginable virtue, In the replies which the young wife long permitted her friend, Annie oh, so eloquently, in those letters!-Cuthbert, to dictate even an occasion- | Chicago Record Herald.

she didn't expect that anything would ed to share with her friend one of the ed at the general delivery window. Then Mrs. Bleecker, almost unconsciously, began to compare Curtis, her husband, with the unknown Fortescue. Why had the master of her destiny never written such letters to her? Why

was he not elequent like Rodger

there! She had begun to call him "Rod.

ger." She became a bit scared then, for she was a true and dutiful wife. She and Bleecker had exchanged very few letters in their courting days. Perhaps he would have written just as well as Fortescue if he'd had the opportunity, she thought. And then, in a sudden realization of her folly and perhaps of some subtle and hateful sense of disloyalty, she went to Annie's house, and wrote a long letter to For-tescue, in which she begged his pardon for "luring" him into a corre-spondence that must appear deceitful, fruitless and even numiliating, when she, "Beatrice Landon," admitted, as she now must, that she was a married

midnight.

ful.

them.

limit in the next, and then start for home with a satchelful of green-

"'Josie F. ' I replied. 'Not by a jug-

was fixed for her.'
"'Ah,' said he, mysteriously, 'get

wise. The race is fixed for her. See

a desire to reciprocate favors, told him

You know the man behind the counter

here. He'll take any old bet on any

old thing with the sky for a limit, and

that's about the limit this Josie F.

ven's sake!'
"While he was still speaking the card

for the race came out. The prices

were short, as there were only four

starters, but Over Street was at the

"'Josie F., is it?' he inquired.

"'Sure, you're on. But when did

cleaning things up this afternoon, and

You can pay me out of that Josie F.

profound sympathy, but I only strolled

over to the other window, as I knew

delay at the start that I had expected, but it was even longer than I had

counted on, and I began to be appre-

hensive that the scheme had miscarried

some way. But presently the tick-

tick-tick of the instrument behind the

"According to the story told by the

wire Linden Ella got off in front, with

Menace second, Josie F. third. They

where Josie F. forged in front, with

Linden Ella second and Menace next,

" 'Great Scott!' I groaned. 'I suppose

the fool thinks it will be a pleasing

joke on the crowd to make Over Street

sweep in front at the finish with a

fall wise to such a game I'm not fit to try to pick another winner.'

"Then came the final call:

springing on me.

'on Over Street.'

what I sent in.

shouted.

skins.

Linden Ella.'

Josie F. ever figure?

"'We tapped the wire!'

merry ha! ha! If this crowd doesn't

"Josie F. wins by a head, Menace second, Linden Ella third, a length

"What! Over Street nowhere? In

less than a minute I was out of the

room and dashing down the stairs.

I found the telegrapher, with a pleased

'Cashed in the devil!' I yelled.

'Game? What do you mean?' said

'I placed it cursed well,' said I.

" 'Well, Over Street was right. That's

'You sent in Josie F., you liar!'

murder then, but as it was he merely took me by the collar and shook me.

you again I sent in Over Street.

was as excited as I was, but

when we got out of the house.

'Come out of here,' said he, 'and

"I was almost weeping with rage

cool. I knew he suspected me of what

cross. But we were both speedily un-

met the tall chap, running in the oppo-

"As we ran toward the poolroom we

"'Hi!' he yelled, 'don't go back there.

'Was it Over Street won?' we both

"'Over Street?' he yelled, still on the

"'And Josie F.,' I cried, 'how did

"The answer floated back to us soft-

mine and the poolroom, Here, let's

get out of this as fest as he is get-

cash in, and we'll be lucky to save our

"And that, gentlemen, is why I say

ting. We've got no show on earth to

He

"If he hadn't been a great, big, self-

he. 'Didn't you place your coin?'

kept this order right to the stretch,

partition began its merry music.

'Carve away,' said I, 'carve away.

"He smiled at me with an air of

would have to collect my winnings in a hurry and vanish. There was the

You've been

"'No,' said I, 'Over Street.'

it'd be a pity to-

at the pipe?

clique wants. Fall into line, for hea-

When they bet on a thing it's

those men in the corner? They've got Josie F. down for a killing. I know

woman whose husband was "the best man on earth." She expected that this long and self-deprecating letter would put a final stop to his letters, but after a week, during which she did not Eastern and Western tracks. inquire for any letters at the window, she asked Annie to "see if there was anything." There were five!

1, too," wrote Rodger Fortescue, "am the good. A tall chap, with a monocle, married. My wife is the embodiment whom I knew by sight, came over to of all virtue, beauty and intelligence, but—" And then he launchel into a subtle and gracefully worded discourse to the effect that "Mrs. Fortescue was not wholly satisfied with him." That | hitherto been exuperiencing. she didn't understand him, that he could not blame her, but that in seekchange of instructive and helpful ing a correspondence with "Mrs. Lan-letters. Address, Q 33, this office. don" he had only tried after that impersonal, and, he thought, unselfish gratification which comes of the spiritual and mental commerce of two kinnight Curtis didn't come home even dred souls. It was very fine, said Anfor dinner, and his wife, for the first nie and Chloe, and the latter almost time in her life, was glad of it. She shed tears as she declared, positively, that she would make no answer. And so the affair stopped.

sat down to gloat over those answers. It was about two weeks later that them to "Q 33." Most of them were idiatic. Mrs. Bleecker began to perceive a ripe. of course; a few were sane enough, mighty change in the behavior of her "H husband. He had become so considerate, so confidential, so tender, so asof love-lorn youths, with curls and siduous in his attentions to her that she felt like a girl again in the wooing days. But after tea, one night, he said, with sudden embarrassment:

ith sudden embarrassment:

"Chloe, I know you'll laugh, but I winning as he was of Josie F. whole business, and Mrs. Bleecker and | did a very queer thing this summer. I "'Cut it out,' said he; 'get out of your trance. Why, man, those fellows are going to slice this room wide open. answered an 'ad' of some woman who Annie laughed over the reading and the photographs till the bell announced wanted to correspond with 'a moral and intelligent man of sympathy.'' stuff into her satchel and said, "Come "What was her name?" gasped Mrs.

> "Don't get angry, Chloe," he said quickly, mistaking her fright for rage. never signed my name, but, honest, now, for a while I thought my correspondent must be —YOU. I—"
> "Yes, yes, Curtis! You thought—

she was almost choked with terror. "I thought it might be you, and I was almost sure when she-her name was 'Beatrice Landon'-admitted that she was a married woman. I told her that I, too, was married, and-well, What, Curtis?"

"Why, she came right back, said she didn't believe me. Insisted that no ed to see him, and would have laughed married man ever praised his wife as the wicket. at his frank confession, his gently I had done, and—inclosed her picture." hinted hopes, his dignified melancholy "Her picture!"

And now Mrs. Bleecker doesn't know in successive letters of increasing what to think of her friend, Miss length were almost vocal of a gener--the three secrets. Curtis never let Annie know what he knows. Annie never "let on" that she took up the Fortescue correspondence where Chloe wrote she strove to rise to his standard of rhetorical excellence, to his standard of rhetorical excellence, to his ber husband that she was "Beatrice splendid imagery, to his vague but Landon." But she is fonder of him winsome messages of love. She no than ever, because he did praise her.

THE KIDNAPPED WIRE-TAPPING

"No," said the short man with the beady eyes, "there's absolutely nothing asked him, sulkily enough for I conto it, gentlemen. I've been up against [the game for more years than I would like to say, and I ought to know what can pick the good ones yourself you needn't bother your head about me.'
"'Oh,' said he hastily; 'no offense I am talking about. When a man goes | meant. Only I thought I might be able into Wall street he knows that he has to work you in on a sure thing that's five lengths away. at least an even chance of winning going to be pulled off tomorrow. It out, but with the horses it's another never hurts to do another fellow a fathing entirely. When you think that vor, you know, but if you're uppish, have them cinched, they dodge why, it's all off, and no damage done. the time you are most certain to get his reply set me going again.

tinge of bitterness to my words, but sympathy act over me. I don't want the bitterness is defensible. If any your pity nor anybody else's. Now, if man has a right to denounce the goddess of fortune, I have, for I have me in, am I correct in assuming that wooed her in season and out, and always in vain. And the latest blow is the hardest she ever dealt me. For a few brief hours I had visions of a few brief ho harvest of golden coins. I felt that | fellow wasn't the ordinary tout that I my dreams were absolutely certain of had sized him up for at the first realization; that it was morally im- glance. And at the same time I be-

is how it happened: For some months I had been dal- out of it. lying with the horses in a poolroom "'I have been taking your measure,' not a hundred miles away from this said he at last, in a quiet, self-containflourishing borough, and had been hav- ed tone, 'ever since I first laid my eyes ing my customary siege of ill-luck. upon you, and I have finally come to Every system that I might try went the conclusion that I had met a man to the bad eventually, no matter how I could trust. As I said, I'm a telepromising it had been in the beginning. Even that 6 to 5, 4 to 5 game laid me low, after weeks of patiently watching no matter whether you enter into my the odds to catch those magic figures, plan or not, you will not breathe a and I was about to give up the game in disgust and quit the turf forever. when I fell in with a man who inspired me with a new-born hope.

'He was a tall, raw-boned Yankee of the species that hails from Maine, and he was shrewd to an extreme. He had been in the poolroom once or twice when he accosted me.

'Say,' he drawled, 'it 'pears to me as if you were down on your luck a What's the use of trying to press when things are running against you? I haven't seen you cash a het oday, nor the last day I was here,

Torturing Piles

ing, stinging; desire to scratch, most a night. If allowed to continue, tumors form ich often protrude, ulcerate and bleed Instant relief; no pain; no knife.

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"'What the blazes is it to you?' I fess I was feeling rather sore, 'if you

and double deal you in a most unex-pected way. And when you endeavor, "I felt rather taken aback by the anmerely as a matter of business, to swer he gave my rather abrupt intermake assurance doubly sure, then is rogation, but the way he wound up

ipped up.
"I don't care if you're a bank presecond sident, said I. You needn't come any away." there's a game on and you wish to take

possible I could escape becoming a gan to regret my rudeness. For I was rich man. But escape I did, and this in a dickens of a hole, and for the life of me couldn't begin to see any way

graph operator, but I'm out of work. Now, will you promise me that, no

word of it to anybody?' "Sure,' said I, highly interested now, 'fire ahead. And you needn't And you needn't worry about shocking my feelings. If your plan will beat the books I'm your I suspected him-working the double man every time.

"He hesitated and then said, in a deceived. whisper: I've rented a room on the line of the wire that runs into this barn. site direction. I've got a machine in that room, and tonight I'm going to tap the wire. You'll be murdered. They've just Tomorrow if you're with me and will heard the real winner of the race, and place the money for us we'll make the the room has paid off on Josie F.

biggest killing this room ever knew.' "It was such an old game and so seldom successful that I shook my head despairingly. But then the thought flashed into my mind that perhaps this would be one of the occasions of its succeeding. I plied him with questions, and we finally made for the house in which he had his ly, for he was far down the street by room. When I saw the telegraph instrument and listened to all his arguments, pro and con, I at last began to feel that luck had thrown me in the way of the king of wire tappers.

Soon I was fully convinced that the scheme was feasible. "We thrashed the matter out before we parted for the night and decided that the safest thing to do would be to doctor one race only, and that one the last to be handled by the pool room. Investigating we found that this would be the seventh on the St. Louis card, and a careful consulta-

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES lieve that the rank outsider of the field in that event would be Over Street. Accordingly it was determined that I should get to the poolroom in plenty of time to place the money, and that he should hold back the according to the should hold back the accordi

Got Money From It. tual report of the race and send in a substitute in which Over Street would be declared the winner. By handling A small, active and enterprising the race last we felt that the chances of detection would be greatly lessened, vendor of the itinerant variety was standing near the corner of School for if we meddled with an earlier event somebody might drop in who had evening, loudly expatiating on the con-tents of a sealed envelope which ne learned the right winner from another source, and then the police would be after us in jig time. Moreover, we

held in one hand, while with the other calculated that by the time the race he shook a small, gaudy-covered was due the house would have taken pamphlet in the faces of the "rubbershook a small, gaudy-covered ing" crowd.
"Get together, gentlemen, get toin enough money to make no trouble about the wager I was to place. This would total fully \$2,000, half of which gether," he exclaimed with a Chelsean dialect, and an expressive sweep of the

was the telegrapher's, the other half being mine, mainly borrowed from pamphlet to the goodly crowd that wealthy acquaintances and friends on hovered near. "Is that all we get?" inquired a tall, whose trail I camped until long past lanky chap, with a sleepy face and a "We met again by appointment at moist moustache. The vendor pretended unconsciousnoon the next day, and he informed me that everything was in apple-pie ness, and the crowd snickered.

The street merchant continued. "Now order and the wire working well. As it was my custom to be at the poolgentlemen, I'm selling you this enve-lope for a nickel, a half dime, 5 cents, room early every afternoon, I decided and I'm giving you this book, at the it would not be wise to make this an same time. The book is advertising, but to place it in your hand I must exception to the rule. Accordingly we parted after having arrived at a comsell you this envelope."
"What's the matter with selling the

plete understanding. I hastened to the barn, and was soon making my book and giving the envelope away?" customary moderate wagers on both queried the lanky chap, clearing his throat noisily.

The answer was a scornful glance.
"What's in the envelope?" asked an "Strange to say, I was lucky. Every-thing I picked out seemed to win, and in three hours I was five hundred to

interesting spectator. "Ha, Ha!" laughed the man of the sleepy face, and the crowd echoed him. me just as I was cashing in on the The vendor looked fierce for a sixth St. Louis and congratulated me. moment and then said: "For the bene-He was one of those who had been cognizant of the ill-fortune I had fit of those who have just arrived I will open one." and he opened the "'I suppose,' said he, with a smile, 'you're going to back Josie F. for the ordinary manila pay envelope and took

up to the light gentlemen, that's all. That's all." "And I guess it'll be enough." vouchsafed the lanky chap, with a

out five plain white cards. "Hold them

She couldn't win that race if it queer grin. A smile ran through the crowd while a number loudly laughed at the suppressed anger of the little man in the plaid suit.

"Gentlemen, these cards are trans-

parencies. One is called 'The Dancer,' another 'The Bather,' another 'Through the Keyhole,' the fourth one is 'The viction that if I had not remembered Vision,' and the title of the fifth one my friend in the room down the street I wouldn't dare to say, but I think you I would have followed his advice. Will readily recognize it in the features But I only thanked him, and, out of the smart Aleck who is trying to make a monkey of me and injure my business." And he looked hard at the tall chap.

This witty drive at the talkative man pleased the crowd immensely, and they immediately sided with the vendor who, for a few minutes, had quite a

Then the lanky chap spoke: "Cheese it, the cop!" "Gentleman, my business is perfectly legitimate. If I wasn't here I would be managing a railroad or—" jail," interrupted the long

man, with a prolonged groan and a funny cockle of a laugh. the coterie from the corner join the tall chap in a rush to place their money on Josie F., and I fell back content. Second betting would surely

see Over Street's price away up.
"I was right. When the card was displayed again the room had Josie
F. a hot favorite over Linden Ella and Menace, while Over Street was 20 to 1.

Screen Street.

"Gentlemen," piped the merchant, as he made a couple of quick sales, "I'm sorry for this unavoidable interruption. This insulting loafer, instead of being at home with his starving wife. Menace, while Over Street was 20 to 1.

I mingled with the crowd in front of the wicket.

"'Do you want twenty-five hundred of this?" I asked in an unconcerned way. "Yes. Look!" He pulled out a photo"Yes. Look!" He pulled out a photo"The cashier looked at me out of the take the bread and butter out of my mouth."

"Who's fate?" queried the lanky

"I am," was the answer. "Thought your name was Green?"
"You idiot!" said the street vendor, ercely. "Do you want to fight?" flercely. "Do you want to fight?"
"No; but I'll take a chew of tobaccy if you have it handy."

merchant shook his fist at him and then turned to the laughing "As I was saying, gentlemen, the book is an advertisement, but the envelope-"Is a fake."

And when the crowd recovered from their fit of laughter the lanky man had disappeared in the darkness. But the crowd was a huge one by this time, and in the best of humor, and until the last envelope was disposed of the street merchant had little time to do else but sell.

An hour later the writer saw the vendor and the lanky chap convivially discussing two large glasses of ambercolored fluid in a north end saloon. Verily, there are tricks in every trade. -Boston Herald.

Wonderful Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills Causing Much Talk. smile on his features, calmly packing

up his instrument.
"Hello!' said he, 'you cashed in Dame Joseph Millette, of St. Rosaire, Tells of Her Pains and How Easi-'What kind of a game have you been ly She Got Rid of Them.

St. Rosaire, D'Arthabasca, Que., Nov. 14.-Among the people of this neighborhood there has been much talk of late of the numerous cures resulting from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Such diseases as Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease and even Catarrh have yielded readily to this wonderful controlled man there would have been remedy, and people are fast learning how important it is that the Kidneys should be kept in shape to perform their duty of removing impurities from we'll go back to the poolroom. I tell the blood

One of those who speak out often and earnestly of the good Dodd's Kid-ney Pills have done is the good Dame Joseph Millette. She suffered from Kidney Complaint and Catarrh and is now completely cured. It is not to be wondered at that she speaks as follows: "I suffered much from malady of the Kidneys. It settled in the loins and great pain and discomfort. I took two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are a grand remedy for me. I give Dodd's Kidney Pills my certificate from a big heart."
Many others, once sufferers, but now in good health, unite with Dame Joseph Millette in singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have run, 'no, you poor chumps, it was proved conclusively that no disease

arising from diseased Kidneys can

When the census was taken in New South Wales among the ages returned "Thunderation!' yelled my friend, that explains it. They must have had were five of 100 years, six of 101, three of 104, one of 107 and another of 113 their machine somewhere between

stand before them.

physicians.

Lifebuoy Soap-disinfectant-is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22 Germany's latest addition to her navy is the Chinese torpedo boat Hi-

lung, which was captured by the Germans at Taku Minard's Liniment is used by



Sunlight Soap is pure as snow. That's why linen washed with Sunlight Soap is white as snow. That's why woolens washed with Sunlight Soap are soft as the snowflake.

The Ideal Laundry Shape.

You could not expect REDUCES soft woolens using common EXPENSE from impure fats and containing free alkali,

If your grocer cannot supply Sunlight Soap, Octagon Bar, write to LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample will be sent you free of cost. Please don't omit to give your own full name and address.

THE PORTRAIT.

[By Catulle Mendes.] The kingdom was in the direst distress. The young king had taken no interest in the affairs of state since he had lost his wife by death. Instead, he passed his days and nights before her portrait. He had made this portrait with his own hand in the days gone by, having learned to paint solely for that purpose. This portrait was the young king's only consolation now. He could not restrain his tears when he looked at it, but he would not exchange the bitterness of these tears for the happiness of the sweetest smiles. It was in vain that his ministers said to him:

"Sire, we have received the most alarming news; the new King of Ormuz is levying a great army to invade your domin-He seemed not to hear them, and kept his eyes on the loved face. One day he grew angry and came near killing one of

his chamberlains, who ventured to insinuate that the most warranted grief ought not to be eternal and that his highness would do well to think of marrying again. "How dare you give me such wicked

advice? Out of my sight, or I shall jill you with my own hand! Know, and tell it abroad, that never again shall a woman sit on my throne unless she exactly re-sembles her whom I have lost!" He knew he was perfectly safe in thus speaking, for the queen was so lovely that her equal could not be found. A brunette, with long, flowing hair like liquid ebony, a high forehead like ambercolored ivory, arge eyes as black as night, she defied comparison. Many months passed by without bringing any change in the state of affairs. More and more alarming news was received from Ormuz; the king did not heed the growing danger.

One morning, at early dawn, he turned to the window and listened to a song outside, a shrill warble, as pretty and matinal as the notes of a lark. He looked out, and could hardly restrain a cry of admiration. He had never before seen anything like this shepherdess, driving her flocks. She was a blande har help her flocks. She was a blonde, her hair seeming to gild the sun. She had a low brow, pink as young roses, and eyes like the dawn. The king, charmed though he was, shut out the sight by placing his hand over his closed eyes, then, ashamed of having for a moment turned away from the dear dead one, he returned to the portrait knell before it and were the portrait, knelt before it and wept bitterly.
On the morrow, while gazing at the

portrait, he had a painful surprise. He said to himself. "Here is a strange thing. It must be that the room is damp and the air not good for paintings. I remember perfectly that the hair of my queen was not so black as this. It was like the dawn,

not the night."
He took his brushes and palette and quickly repaired the damaged portrait. "Now, here indeed are the golden locks
I loved so madly and shall love forever."
But, truly, some malicious spirit must
have been mocking at him. After three
days had passed he noticed that the picture had suffered other noticeable deteriorations. He remembered that the queen had a low forehead, as pink as young eglantines. With a few strokes of the eglantines. With a few strokes of the brush he lowered the golden hair and

tinged the brow with pink.

The next day it was still worse. The eyes were too dark, the mouth too large. The king felt a violent aversion for the absurd portrait, which contradicted all his cherished memories. He could hardly refruit from tearly and the statement of the statem refrain from tearing down the deceiving image and trampling it under foot. He calmed himself, however, thinking the evil was still reparable. He set himself to work and reinted from his feithful evil was still reparable. He set himself to work and painted from his faithful memory; a few hours later there looked out from the canvas a young woman with eyes as blue as the sky at dawn, and hair like molten gold. Then he looked at his queen full of delight.

"It is she! Ah, it is indeed she!" he exclaimed.

It followed that he made no objection when the chamberlain—whose custom it was to look through keyholes—advised him to marry a dainty shepherdess who passed the palace every morning singing, for she resembled in every point—though a trifle prettier, perhaps—the portrait of the beautiful dead queen.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.

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Nearly 80 Years' Established Reputation.

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Laughter in the News.

"When I laugh at any mortal thing," "When I laugh at any mortal thing," ton, N. J., a vigilance committee is wrote Byron in his "Don Juan" poesy, formed to correct young lovers who 'tis that I may not weep." But Byron was too soon for the modern daily paper, and his pessimism had been tempered by none of those occasions when gayety is promoted in the news. When such occasions arise the professional funmaker goes to the rear. Real-life humor surpasses the manufactured article even as truth is stranger than fic-

Perhaps one shouldn't begin a summary of a day's laughable incidents with the item about a Utica man who has made his own coffin But as he paints the casket red, white and blue and labels it "Made by no trust," isn't a smile justified? Less gruesomely humorous, but still suggestive of trouble behind the fun, is the account of the patience-exhausted Indiana who gets a divorce because her hus-band has moved thirty times in ten years and won't give up the nomadic

In Hoboken Miss Knapp marries The growers pay \$1 a box an Mr. Wimbs primarily from affection everage buck can earn \$2 a day,

based on his excellent cooking-one of mad Cupid's paradoxes. In Bridgeextend their courting beyond 11 p.m .the first public attempt to introduce hours for "sparking." Meanwhile the Democratic central committee of Colorado is wooing the feminine suffragists of that equal rights state by means of dainty boxes of candy bearing ampaign inscriptions, and only election day will put a limit to the courtship. "He who runs may read" in these

days of galloping presses. And he who

It is intimated that the Japanese national anthem as at present military bands is incorrect. Minard's Liniment Lan.

Siwash Indians from Puget Sound and B ritish Columbia do most of the hop picking in Western Washington. The growers pay \$1 a box and the