

## THE RESULT OF A JOKE

Harry Miller was day clerk at the Hotel Crawford, and delighted in playing practical jokes. In fact, that was his particular hobby. He lost no opportunity to indulge in his favorite pastime. So one evening about eight o'clock, when his uncle arrived quite unexpectedly at the hotel, he decided to play some kind of a joke on him—"just to break the monotony," as he said. His uncle knew nothing of his connection with the hotel, and Harry concluded that he should not be put "wise" until after the little affair.

Harry caught his sweetheart, who was in the business office of one of the local papers, and between them they invented the joke.

Harry's uncle exercised considerable power in the financial world, and his opinion was much sought after about financial conditions then existing. It was their idea to write a letter to each of the different newspaper men whom Harry's sweetheart knew, and whom they thought would be likely to interview him. The first one they told to call at 9 o'clock, and the letter said that James Cortland Bensome had a statement to give for that particular paper. The second was to call at 9.10, the third at 9.20 and an interval of 10 minutes was allowed for each down the list. Then they secured the names of a lot of insurance agents and wrote each a letter saying that James Cortland Bensome thought of taking out a policy for \$5,000. They were to call at 9.05, 9.15, and so on.

Well, they began to come. The first newspaper man came out. What Mr. Bensome said to him is not known, but he quickly made his exit. They began to come in regular rotation. Mr. Bensome handled them like a general, and after half an hour there was a lull in the attack. The victim sent down word that he was not to be bothered again under any circumstances. Harry read the note and chuckled grimly to himself. Then the attack was resumed. Harry had bribed the bellboy, and the young inn gladly conducted them to the door of Mr. Bensome's suite of rooms.

Mr. Insurance Agent gave a business like rap at the door—there was no sound in the room; then he knocked again with considerable vigor; still the solitude of the tomb continued within. There was a little exasperation in the rap the third time, and somebody moved around the room quickly, and before he was aware the door flew open and Mr. Bensome met him in a pugilistic fashion. Not being prepared for such a vigorous greeting, he was taken completely off his guard, and was vanquished before he had time to think what it was all about. Sounds of suppressed laughter caused him to depart without any regard to dignity.

The next was another insurance man. The bellboy took him up, opened the door and told him to walk in. He came out with more force than elegance, and looked as if a cyclone had played football with him.

A bunch of six or seven met at the same time—they got in all right, but they did not stay very long. And when they went down the stairs they mumbled to themselves. One said: "Why, the old duffer is crazy. I wonder how he got out?" Another: "Some one ought to cage the beast," and various other expressions that would not have been very encouraging to the individual upstairs had he heard them. They encountered another party coming in who were informed of the attitude of James Cortland Bensome, and they wisely concluded to adjourn.

The conspirators had arranged that Harry's sweetheart, Miss Agnes Siddell, should cap the climax by calling for an interview herself. She glidingly entered into the spirit of the thing, and at the hour appointed she came to the hotel. Harry conducted her to his uncle's door, rapped gently, then disappeared. Mr. Bensome was deeply engrossed in a newspaper and if he heard the knock he did not let on, as he continued to read the paper. Another rap a little louder caused him to glance toward the door, and a scowl crossed his clean-shaven face. He was going to ignore the knock, but he changed his mind and tiptoed softly over, and when the rap was repeated the third time he quickly opened the door with the intention of throttling some one, but stopped suddenly when he perceived a woman in a well-fitting tailor-made gown.

"I beg your pardon, but I was just going to do something desperate. I've been bothered all morning with a lot of—of persistent reporters and insurance agents until I was about ready to strangle the first one who came along," said Mr. Bensome, in a tone that was very agreeable and pleasant.

"Perhaps I had better not intrude, then, if you do not feel in humor to grant me a little favor," gently spoke Miss Siddell, as she arched her delicate eyebrows, which heightened the charming expression on her refined features.

"Oh, no, do not let my feelings turn you from your purpose. What can I do for you?" entreated he, in a very polite tone.

"Why, I am with the Times, and would like to get your opinion in regard to the financial condition of the country."

Harry's sweetheart was possessed of more than ordinary self-confidence, but she felt a strange feeling steal over her as she caught the straight, keen glance of James Cortland Bensome's steel gray eyes. Did she realize—as he had done the moment he first saw her—that she had found her soul's desire, the right one? No. Such a thought never crossed her mind, but she did see before her a man about 37 or 39, tall, muscular and determined, with a resolute chin which impressed her. She gazed on that clean-cut typical American with a sense of gladness, unconsciously thrilled with the thought of how strong and noble he looked.

And while Bensome dictated to her his impressive mind became imbued with new life. He was a bachelor, but that did not restrict him from admiring an attractive woman, and now before him was one who appeared the embodiment of an ideal cherished for many years. He had long ago given up hope of finding one that would come up to his critical standard, but at last his hope seemed about to be fulfilled. When the inter-bill,

to an end he sighed and after his visitor left he sat a long time in thought. A night or two later Harry persuaded his uncle to accompany him to see his sweetheart. The uncle was de-



lighted to find that he had met her before. Uncle James was jolly and witty the whole evening, and Harry during the latter part, was grouchy and inclined to snarl, and when they departed together, uncle warily away from him, and he realized that he was powerless to change conditions. And one day Uncle James announced to his nephew that he had won.

Harry made no fuss at all, he swallowed his disappointment, like a man. He extended his hand and gave his uncle a hearty grip, and after the lapse of a few seconds, said: "I bear you no ill will; you have won her fair and square, so, accept my congratulations, and God bless you both," and with that he was gone.—G. W. Campbell in Buffalo Times.

And customs as male traders.—Judge Parry at Manchester.

The month of art has arrived, and a certain air of anxiety can be detected in the features of second-class passengers, indicating that they are once more making an endeavor to recollect that R. A. has another meaning besides that of Royal Artillery.—Mr. Pett Ridge in the Queen.

Every church has three dominant personalities; the vicar, who knows everything about theology, and nothing about music; the organist, who knows everything about music, and nothing about theology; and the curate, who generally knows nothing about either.—Mr. J. R. Dear, F. R. C. O., at Eastbourne.

Almost Choked to Death.

Mr. Lionel E. Schwartz, a commercial traveller, writing from Winnipeg, Man., says: "Catharhoxone cured me of Asthma after the doctors had despaired of my recovery. I seldom slept through a whole night without waking up in a fit of coughing. Sometimes I almost choked to death. I have not been bothered since using Catharhoxone. It has cured me entirely. Catharhoxone is the only remedy I have ever met to give such good results." Sold by all dealers in 3 sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1.00 for two months' treatment, which is guaranteed to permanently cure.

THE TARDY GUEST

And Some Delightful Dining Cranks of Old.

It is embarrassing for the hostess when some important guest at a dinner party does not arrive at the expected time. But the hostesses of our great-grandmothers' day had much worse difficulties to contend with in that way than we have nowadays, when trains, cars, motors and motor omnibuses make punctuality comparatively easy. Yet there were hosts even then who refused to accept any excuse for lateness.

"Bossville" punctuality is a forgotten term in these times; but a hundred years ago to dine a la Bosville had a significant meaning, for it implied that dinner would be served at the exact time when mentioned on the invitation.

Colonel Bosville was a martinet where dining was concerned. His dinner was always ordered to be placed on the table at exactly two minutes to 5, says the St. James Gazette. No guest was admitted after the appointed time, his porter being mentioned on the invitation.

It was said of a man of the day who was of some importance in the official world that in answering an invitation to dinner he invariably added this postscript: "Nota Bene.—I conclude you mean what you say and that the dinner will be on the table at 5 o'clock, when I shall arrive at your door. If the dinner is on the table I shall come in and partake of it; if it is not I shall take the liberty of returning home."

Two Champions of Peace.

At the mass meeting of the Pennsylvania Arbitration and Peace Conference held in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, Supreme Court Justice Brewer and William Jennings Bryan appeared on the same platform and pleaded for international amity.

That Pale, Tired Girl.

She is in society, in business, at home, everywhere you see her, but always worn and fatigued. She hasn't heard of Ferrerozone or she would be perfectly well. How quickly it strengthens—what an appetite it gives—what a glow it brings to the pallid cheeks! The nutriment contained in Ferrerozone puts strength into any body. Laughing eyes, rosy lips, bright, quick movements all tell of the vitality Ferrerozone produces. Thousands of attractive happy women use Ferrerozone.—Why not you? A box of fifty chocolate coated tablets costs fifty cents at any drug store.

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Art has its home in the church, and so also has the drama.—Mr. Geo. Harwood, M. P.

Until a man is forty he does not begin to understand children.—Rev. R. W. Jackson, at Letchworth.

Men who go to colleges and come to the front would come to the front without going there.—Mr. W. Pye, at Lincoln.

The professional elocutionist is always too busy showing the machinery—beating his breast and pulling her hair.—Miss Marie Shaddock, at Wakefield.

It is a mockery to erect monuments to the memory of those who fought in war, and then leave men to pass their time in workhouses.—The American Consul at Liverpool.

I would rather wish to accomplish a little to-day than strive for a great deal and accomplish nothing for a generation.—Mr. G. E. Thorne, M. P., at Wolverhampton.

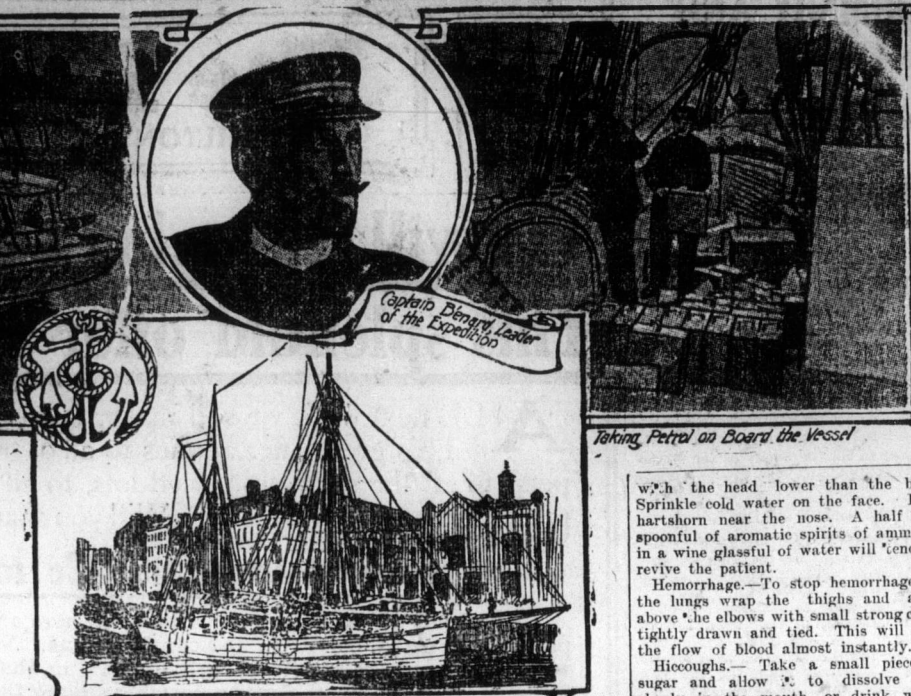
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It is not armor belt on water lines that wins battles; it is the men who shoot straightest and are hardest and can stand punishment the longest.—Rear Admiral Evans (U. S.) at San Francisco.

I would rather see Westminster Abbey and the British Museum burnt to the ground than know that one English girl was dying of phosphy jaw.—Mr. Robert Blatchford in the Clarion.

This is an age of progress, and I cannot help thinking that the churches as they grow older will discover some better way of raising money than by bazaars.—Mr. H. C. Perry at Redfield.

It is a very excellent thing that women should be in trade, but they must be bound by the same rules and manners



## ANOTHER EXPEDITION TO SEEK THE NORTH POLE.

Captain Benard, a French naval officer of great experience, has just left Dunkirk in a sailing vessel called the Jacques Cartier, on what is probably the first polar expedition of 1908. The Jacques Cartier carries of nine men and a crew of eight men, is specially built for work in the polar regions, and Captain Benard will be content to study the flora and fauna of northern latitudes if he is unable to make a dash for the North Pole itself. The expedition was planned by a committee for oceanographic research, established in Marseilles some two years ago under the presidency of M. Charles Roux.

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petition was from the inhabitants of London registered within the area of the Metropolitan police district. When the Speaker saw the size of the petition he asked Lord Cecil to deposit as much as possible of it at the table. Thereupon

with the head lower than the body. Sprinkle cold water on the face. Hold harshhorn near the nose. A half teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a wine glassful of water will tend to revive the patient.

Hemorrhage.—To stop hemorrhage of the lungs wrap the thighs and arms above the elbows with small strong cords tightly drawn and tied. This will stop the flow of blood almost instantly.

Hiccoughs.—Take a small piece of sugar and allow it to dissolve very slowly in the mouth, or drink water very slowly. Another remedy is have someone locate the pulse. The person afflicted should then take a very deep breath, holding it as long as possible, the other to keep a steady pressure with the fingers upon the pulse.

Nose Bleeding.—A small roll of paper or muslin placed above the front teeth under the upper lip and pressed hard upon the same will often arrest the bleeding very shortly.

Rheumatism.—Take half an ounce of pulverized salt-peter and mix with half a pint of olive oil. Bathe the affected parts and cover with warm flannel. Another remedy is to heat a flatiron and cover with a flannel which has been moistened with vinegar. Place as near as possible to the affected part. Repeat two or three times a day.

Sprains or Bruises.—Bathe the injured part with very hot water. Wrap with flannel, then heat some extract of witch hazel and pour on the flannel. Place the white of an egg in a saucer, stir it with a piece of alum until the egg forms a jelly. Lay this over the sprain upon a piece of lint and change it as it becomes dry.

Stings.—Take a pinch of common table salt, put on the place stung and dislodge with water, rubbing with the finger. If not relieved, wet the place with aqua ammonia; or a lump of wet salic acid may be applied.

Burns.—Mix fresh lard with baking soda and bathe, using care to test the burning come in direct contact with the injured part.—The Housekeeper.

HAVE YOU NERVOUS HEADACHE?

Ordinary remedies are useless, but owing to the extraordinary pain subduing power of Nerviline, it cures absolutely. One application dispels the pain and when the stomach is upset, fifteen drops in sweetened water restore at once. Women who are subject to periodical attacks of headaches will find Nerviline worth its weight in gold. All dealers sell Pelson's Nerviline in 25c. large bottles.

Fighting the Ruminous Iron Rust.

A bitter and disgusted wait has gone up from the farmers of the United States in regard to the miserable quality of the wire fence they are obliged to use. So writes Rene Bache in the Technical World Magazine for June. They can hardly get along without it, but it is most unsatisfactory by reason of the rapidity with which it is destroyed by rust. Of course, this means to them much trouble and expense, and they have been making a good deal of a row about the matter even appealing to the Government for help.

In response to this agitation, the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. James Wilson, some time ago, ordered a special investigation to be made, the task being handed over to Dr. Allerton S. Cushman. Since then the inquiry has been earnestly pushed, and many things have been learned which had not previously been suspected—especially in relation to the true cause of the rusting of iron and steel, which is very different from what has always been popularly supposed. The writer goes on to describe the methods adopted for improving the quality of wire for guarding it against rust.

Absurd All Around.

"Who is the old file over there with the comic coat, the stovepipe hat, and the baggy kneed trousers?"

"That's the professor who is lecturing on the absurdities of woman's dress!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INDIAN PRINCE VISITS LONDON.

The Maharajah of Nepal Travels in Regal State.

Nepal, which covers an area of about 54,000 square miles, and has a population of over 4,000,000, is somewhat bigger than England, and is a very interesting little country. It is from the fact that it is from there the Gorkhas come. The de facto maharajah, Sir Chandra Shamsheer Jang, Rana Bahadur, was born in 1863 and educated at Calcutta University. He is an honorary major-general in the British army, honorary colonel of the Fourth Gorkha Rifles, became Prime Minister in 1885, succeeded to the supreme government of the country in 1901, and was made G. C. S. I. in 1905. He has translated several military books into Nepalese.

London, May 20.—A picturesque Indian visitor is now in London. This is his highness Sir Chandra Shamsheer Jang, Rana Bahadur, Prime Minister of Nepal. He travelled in regal splendor, with a suite numbering twenty-two persons and with twenty servants.

The maharajah and his suite brought an extraordinary amount of baggage, consisting of hundreds of packages, including the case containing his highness' famous regalia of jewels.

These jewels are said to be worth nearly \$500,000, one headpiece alone being valued at \$250,000. It is a magnificent ornament. The front is composed of a glittering mass of diamonds, while a border of pure emeralds hangs over the wearer's forehead.

Extraordinary precautions were taken to guard this valuable luggage on its way to London, and special detectives were on duty at Dover and Victoria.

The question of catering for the maharajah and his suite is one of no little difficulty. Special sheep, bred in Nepal, were brought to England, as this is the only kind of mutton the party is allowed to eat.

Many other provisions were also being brought from India.

The retinue includes a large staff of cooks, as all the food has to be specially prepared.

The maharajah comes to England as the guest of the British Government, and Mortimer House, near Belgrave Square, lately the residence of Lord Penryn, has been taken for his use. Although the house has been gorgeously redecorated and fitted throughout, it forms a striking contrast to his palace at Kathmandu, a building nearly as large as the whole block of government buildings

from the treasury down to the corner by the Houses of Parliament.

The maharajah, who is an exceedingly shrewd and alert man, is 43 years old. He is an energetic ruler, and is frequently at work from 6.30 in the morning until late at night supervising the various matters connected with the administration of his country and his army. He is a splendid shot, and a keen big-game hunter.

His highness will probably remain in London for about eight weeks. He has already been received by the King, and almost royal honors are being paid him.

FRANK ZASTERA.

This young man is accused of the murder of William R. Sheppard, his wife, and Jennie Bende, a servant. The crime was committed near Matawan, N. J., and the motive was robbery.

HANGED BY THE NECK.

No death is more certain than the end that comes to every offender treated by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Out comes the corn or wart, root and branch. Insist on "Putnam's" only; it's the best, free from acids and painless.

On the night of May 4 Lord Robert Cecil brought in a monster petition against the licensing bill. The ponderous bundles of paper, containing the 600,000 signatures, were carried into the House by twelve attendants, amid ironical ministerial cheers. Lord Robert Cecil informed the House that the

petition was from the inhabitants of London registered within the area of the Metropolitan police district. When the Speaker saw the size of the petition he asked Lord Cecil to deposit as much as possible of it at the table. Thereupon

Lord Robert put a few sheets in the petition bag amid ministerial cries of "Take it all." The messengers then re-entered, and the petition was removed. It contained 32,125 sheets of paper, and was nine miles long.

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