

**THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.**

My friend, have you heard of the town of Nogood,  
On the banks of the River Slow,  
Where blooms the Watwallow flower  
fair,  
Where the Sometimeorther scents  
the air,  
And the soft Coesyas grow?  
It lies in the valley of What theuse  
In the province of Letselide,  
Thattiredfeeling is native there,  
It's the home of the reckless Idon't-  
care,  
Where the Giveitups abide.  
It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill,  
And is easy to reach, I declare;  
You're only to fold up your hands and  
glide  
Down the slope of Weakwill's tobog-  
gan slide  
To be landed quickly there.  
The town is as old as the human race,  
And it grows with the flight of years.  
It is wrapped in the fog of idler's  
dreams,  
Its streets are paved with discar-  
d schemes,  
And sprinkled with useless tears.  
The Colledgebreefool and the Richman's  
heir  
Are plentiful there no doubt,  
The rest of its crowd are a motley  
creed.  
With every class except one in view—  
The Foolkiller is barred out.  
The town of Nogood is all hedged  
about  
By the Mountains of Despair.  
No sentinel stands on its bloomy walls,  
No trumpet to battle and triumph  
calls,  
For cowards alone are there.

**A CONVICT'S YARN.**

Egyptology in the days when I was at college, before I took to the profession which I followed for many years, was my chief delight, and to the fact that I was a student of the ways of ancient Egypt I owed one of the luckiest hauls of my life.  
It fell out in this way: We had long turned our eyes with ardent looks toward the establishment of Mr. Pontifex, jeweler and valuer, of 3 Moore Lane, city, the contents of whose shop were said to be worth some \$20,000.  
Mr. Pontifex, in addition to being a jeweler and valuer, was also a bit of an enthusiast on Egyptian relics, and one often saw paragraphs in the paper regarding recent additions made to his Egyptian museum at Norwood.  
One day my chum, Dick Herring, lounged into my room smoking a clay and reading a newspaper.  
"Listen to this, gov'nor. Seems a waste, doesn't it?"  
"Fire away," I returned, "and I'll give you my opinion afterward."  
"We understand that Mr. Christopher Pontifex, the well known jeweler of Moore Lane, E. C., has just ordered a mummy from Messrs. Wood & Sons, the curiosity dealers. The mummy is supposed to be the remains of Ptolemy II, and there is no doubt that there will be a great rush on the part of all Egyptologists to the Pontifex museum to see the new importation from the land of the Pharaohs."  
The paragraph then went on to say that \$1,000 had been stated as the price of the mummy in question.  
"Ain't that a waste o' money?" he said angrily, "and all on the mummy of a bloke as died thousands and thousands of years ago. Still, I shouldn't mind changin' places with that ere mummy, purvidin' o' course, that it was to be lodged over the shop. What hol' he concluded with a wink at me."  
I laughed. "I agree with you," I said. "I shouldn't have any objection at all to changing places with the mummy, say between the hours of midnight and 2 a. m., but I don't quite see how it's to be done."  
"More don't I, gov'nor," returned Dick moodily.  
He then relapsed into silence, blowing great clouds from his pipe, and the business passed out of my mind. It was recalled to me, however, in a very sudden manner some two months later, when, passing down a street near the Strand, I espied close to a pillar box a letter addressed stamped and addressed for posting, but which had evidently missed the box and fallen to the ground. Acting on the principle which has always led me to obtain as much knowledge as I can, I opened the envelope and was astonished to find that it was from Messrs. Wood & Sons and was addressed to Mr. Pontifex.  
Dear Sir:—The mummy to your esteemed order has now arrived at Southampton and we expect it in London tomorrow. Will you kindly say if we can deliver same tomorrow afternoon? We understand the mummy is to be deposited first of all on your premises at Moore Lane. Awaiting your reply, we are, yours very obediently,  
**WOOD & SON.**

As I read these words a happy thought flashed across my brain, and I resolved to put it into execution at once. Going straight to a telegraph office in the city I sent the following message to Wood & Sons:  
Leaving London for a few days retain mummy till further notice.  
The message having been duly dispatched, I took my way at once to my lodgings, where I found my chum, Herring, sitting disconsolately on the sofa.  
"Buck up, Dick, my lad!" I cried. "I think we're in luck at last. Read that letter."  
I handed him the note which I had picked up near the pillar box, and he read it carefully. Then he said:  
"Where's the luck in that, gov'nor?"  
"What would you say if I told you that I intended to impersonate the mummy which Mr. Pontifex has ordered, and that, moreover, I intend to

carry off all that I can lay my hands on during the night following my being dolfered into his keeping?"  
He smiled incredulously.  
"How's it to be done, gov'nor? It's a knockout plan of course, but how's it to be done?"  
"It will be by no means an easy task," I made answer, "and it's risky, but it may be done with care and discretion. Being extremely thin, I have the 'make up' of an ideal mummy. The first thing we have to obtain is an ancient mummy coffin, which I will go and buy at once."  
I then proceeded to the establishment of the Messrs. Woods, where I bought an imitation coffin. The real article would have been exceedingly dear, and so I contented myself with a colorable imitation. Deep down in a huge recess I packed a long overcoat with spacious pockets, a few necessary tools, a lantern with matches and a few other handy appliances.  
This being done, I obtained a quantity of butter cloths in which I was to be swathed. To give the same an ancient and brownish appearance I smoked them at the fire, the effect after that process being admirable.  
Herring gave me valuable service, and we also enlisted the help of Jack Tovey, an ingenious youngster who had often done good work for us in days gone by.  
It was a dangerous game, and only to be well hidden, but I determined to hope for the best and trust to the luck which always seemed to belong to me.  
I determined to lose no time in carrying out the scheme because, although delays are dangerous everywhere, they are especially so in our profession. I therefore arranged that I should be conveyed to Mr. Pontifex's house in Moore Lane arrayed as the mummy to his order on the following afternoon, Friday.  
Fortunately the weather was very gloomy at the time and King Fog was over all things.  
We engaged a spring cart to convey the coffin containing me to Moore Lane, and at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon we set out, my chum and I, in speaking of myself I should perhaps use the word "it," for never did any live man present so dead an appearance as I on that occasion. It had not been for fear of bursting some of the butter cloths I should have broken out into hearty laughter, for the whole affair seemed to me one of the finest comedies on record.  
At length the coffin was duly deposited in the room, and then I heard Pontifex tell the car men to withdraw. "It's all right," he called out, "and then I could feel that the jeweler was gazing at me fixedly, and knew that if detection were to come, it would come now. Thank heavens it did not come! On the contrary, the worthy dealer in precious stones seemed greatly impressed with his purchase and insisted on delivering a short homily to the car men on the subject.  
"See here, my good men," he said in an unctuous, satisfied voice: "see here, and admire the work which the ancient Egyptians knew so well how to perform. Think of the ages which have rolled by since Ptolemy II lived and ruled! Think of the millions who have since then turned into dust, and yet here am I able to look to-night on the intact body of that very king! Ah, a marvelous science, the science of embalming! Marvelous indeed!"  
The hours went by with a slowness that tortured me. My face was on fire with perspiration, and though I could breathe through some small holes we had made in the butter cloths, my whole position was so exceedingly painful that I do not think I would go through such an ordeal again even for twice the temptation.  
I heard the church clock in Cheap-side strike the hours, and the interval between each hour seemed like a week. At length midnight struck and then I knew that my awful rest was near its end. I could hear the servants locking up for the night.  
I could hear Pontifex bidding them good night as he passed up stairs to bed, and half an hour later the house was as silent as the tomb.  
"The time has come," I thought, "for Ptolemy to come to life. Here goes!"  
I had provided myself with a ring to which a small blade was attached, and working away with the same I was able after much toil to free my arms, and afterward, of course, the work was comparatively easy, but for ten minutes or so I could not rise, my limbs being too cramped to allow of my doing so.  
At the end of that time I pulled myself together, and making a mighty effort I leaped out. Seizing my lantern I lit it, and then put on the overcoat and other clothing which I had concealed in the deep recesses.  
Having put on my India rubber shoes and collected my professional instruments, I went down stairs silently, and soon found my way into the shop toward the treasures of which we had so long turned our eyes and which treasures now lay within my reach. I made a deliberate selection, filling my pockets with the precious stones in generous profusion.  
A low whistle outside told me that my faithful pal, Herring, was watching to see that my coast was clear for my exit. I therefore took my way out into the passage, and using my best efforts to make no noise, I slid back the great bolts and turned the key of the massive house door.  
Everything went perfectly. The lane was deserted and I walked rapidly in the direction of the Mansion House, where I was joined by Herring, who burst into a loud peal of laughter when he saw me.  
"Ow are yer, Mr. Tollermey?" he said. "Give us yer 'and. Blow if yer ain't the coolest bloke wot I ever set eyes on."  
Then he said no more and we walked on silently till we reached our den in St. Luke's. Next morning a train from Charing Cross conveyed us to Folkstone, whence we journeyed to Paris, and from there to Brussels, where the swag was duly sold and split up into shares.  
My companions, Herring and Tovey, decided that as I had had the lion's share of the work I should also have the same share of the proceeds, and the result was that I was richer by the night's transactions to the tune of something very much like \$8,000.—London Tit-Bits.

**ROMANCE IN ALASKA.**

This Young Doctor Won His Bride by Treating Frostbites.

One of the prettiest romances that has come from Alaska reached a happy ending in the announcement of the wedding of Dr. Clarence Dickinson and Miss Josephine Block.

A little over two years ago Dr. Dickinson, a young graduate of the Cooper Medical Institute, was sent to Kodiak as physician for the Alaska Fur Company. Miss Josephine Block, a beautiful brunette, in her seventeenth year, was the acknowledged belle of Kodiak, and the young doctor soon succumbed to her attractions.

Two years ago Dr. Dickinson, from being an obscure young graduate of the Cooper Medical college, suddenly sprang into fame. The schooner White was shipwrecked and the wretched survivors tramped through miles of ice and snow before they could reach a settlement.

Finally some of the survivors reached an Indian village, and a party of Alaskans, under the guidance of a Russian priest, started out to carry relief to the helpless stragglers. Later on the survivors were taken to Wood Island, where they were placed under the care of Dr. Dickinson.

The young doctor was totally unprepared for the advent of seventeen men, many of them horribly frost-bitten, with limbs that needed instant amputation. He had not the necessary instruments, neither had he assistants to help in the surgical operations. Without an instant's delay, however, he set to work to improvise instruments from knives and other weapons that were at hand and took off arms, legs, fingers and toes with a skill and tenderness that won him the gratitude and admiration of his unexpected patients.

The way in which her admirer rose to the emergency in the White disaster was not lost upon Miss Josephine Block. Dr. Dickinson soon became the favored doctor, and, although the young lady was sent to school at the Sacred Heart convent, in Oakland, Cal., intimate friends of the family knew that the two young people were engaged. Dr. Dickinson came to visit his family in California. A day or two ago Miss Block left her convent and went to the residence of Dr. Dickinson's father at Stockton, and the wedding took place very quietly.

**Evaporated Onions for Klondike.**

A number of persons in Portland, Oregon, have been experimenting in the matter of preparing evaporated vegetables, with a view of supplying Alaskan miners. The most desired thing of the kind is evaporated onions, and some trouble has been experienced in preparing these in a satisfactory manner. It has been found that not every kind of onion can be evaporated satisfactorily. Only the very best quality of onions will answer the purpose. An onion-grower who has been experimenting with various kinds of onions has at last found a kind which fills the bill perfectly. A large tin case full of the evaporated onions prepared by him was exhibited by a Third street dealer; and though they looked much like shavings, they smelled and tasted like onions, and made one's eyes water to look at them. The man who has found out the best kind of onion for evaporating does not give out what variety it is, as he intends to use all of the kind he can get hold of. There will be plenty of evaporated fruits and vegetables to supply all bound for Klondike next spring. The onions spoken of cost about 60 cents a pound, and a sack of onions, it is said, only makes three pounds.

**Hunt Alligators for a Living.**

"There are men in the swamps of the south who make their living by hunting alligators," said a man who has just returned from that region. "Their mode of hunting the Saurians is very ingenious, as well as successful. In the summer, when the swamps dry out, the alligators which abound there in large numbers, live in holes ten or more feet deep and inclined or slanting. The weapon of warfare used upon these creatures is a long pole at the end of which is a sharp steel prod and hook. This is run down into the hole and the alligator is pruded until he becomes mad, then he snaps the hook like a fish and is immediately caught. He is then drawn up to the mouth of the hole and is shot through the eye until dead. The teeth are extracted and the hide cut off. Both are sold at some near by place. Some parts of the alligator are eaten, if it be young."

**The Queen's Cigars.**

It is well known that Queen Victoria has a great dislike of smoke, so much so that she does not allow smoking in her immediate neighborhood. And yet the cigar bill for her guests is a very heavy one. The principle item is a thousand of the finest Havana cigars which are especially made for her and sent to Windsor in glass tubes hermetically sealed. It is said that the Queen's cigars could not be had even in Cuba at wholesale prices under five shillings apiece. The men who make them receive thirty cents for each cigar, and none but the oldest and most skilled workmen are entrusted with their manufacture. At this rate they can earn a small fortune, for 300 cigars a day can be turned out by the most expert cigar makers.

**A Great Painter's Lane Hand.**

The right hand of Verestchagin, the Russian painter, is, in spite of the wonders he has accomplished, a lame one. His thumb was so badly bitten by a leopard some years ago that it had to be amputated. On the field of battle the middle finger of his right hand was made useless by a shot. By a fall on the Steppes, later, the centre bones of the same hand were shattered. Nevertheless, Verestchagin is one of the foremost painters in Russia, and makes as dexterous use of his right hand, lame as it is, as any man in Europe.

**A Boat With Steel Fans.**

Secretary Linden, of the Zoological station at Naples, Italy, has invented a boat with steel fans, which is propelled solely by the motion of the sea water. It goes best in rough weather.

**KLONDIKE JUSTICE.**

GOLD HUNTERS LYNCHEd A MAN WHO STOLE PROVISIONS.

The Pitiful Fate of William G. Martin, of Missouri—He Had Robbed a Minor of a Side of Bacon, and the Klondikers Made an Example of Him.

A letter from Juneau, Alaska, tells of the lynching of William G. Martin, of Missouri, for stealing food at Lake Bennett.

Martin had sold what he could of his provisions at Skagway, abandoned the remainder, and started in for the Klondike with less than a sixty-pound pack on his back. Being so "light," his arrival attracted particular attention from camps of boatbuilders. His pack was secretly examined to see how much grub he had. It was noticed that he had about twenty pounds of bacon among other things, but no sugar. Martin camped back on the side of the hill in the brush alone. He must have heard how scarce provisions are expected to be in Dawson City next winter. He was suspected and watched, but it was not until after he had tried to buy provision.

The second day it was seen that he had dug a hole in the ground, and that his pack was uncovered and the side of bacon branded with the private mark of one of the campers was found. A poor attempt had been made to obliterate the mark. The investigators reported the facts to the law campers who had not yet turned in, and, although it was late, the entire camp was quietly aroused and a miners' meeting held. It was the general sentiment that an example should be made of the thief. The question was put. The reply to the motion was the feet of every miner, and a crowd of about sixty determined men moved off into the brush in the direction where Martin's burning campfire could be seen dimly flickering. Martin was asleep. He was unrolled roughly from his blankets and stood blinking on his feet.

"We stand no stealing in this camp. Your time has come," Martin was told. He started to speak, but said nothing, and stood trembling from head to foot.

"Do you want to leave a message to your friends?" he was asked.

"No," said the men on the brink of the grave.

"Do you want to pray?"

"No," said Martin.

"If there is anything you want to say, say it quick," said the spokes-man.

A slipknot had been made at the end of a rope painter of the boat, and the noose was put over Martin's head.

"Boys," said Martin, with a faltering voice, "you know how it is when a man has mortgaged his all starts for the Klondike, and sees that he can't get there. If I am not hanged my life is not worth much to me anyhow. I've got 1,000 pounds of stuff at Skagway, and I'll promise on my life to carry it in here for you."

"Enough of that. It would not save you if the stuff was here."

Martin was half dragged down to the shore of the lake. It took less than two minutes to lash two slender pines, dressed for masts, in a forked upright, and drop another mast from the rock on the bluff over between the forks.

"May I write a message, boys?" asked Martin.

"Be quick about it," was the answer.

Poor Martin took a letter from his pocket and kissed it. Then he tore it up, saving only the back of the envelope, and, pulled off his rubber boots, and, placing the paper on the sole of one, wrote in darkness the following in a dim and trembling hand:

"Hoping that with the money I might make in the Klondike, sacrifice would go out the door and love return through the window, I left you. Kiss Ted, but never tell him. (Signed) W. G. Martin."

In the morning Martin's body was seen turning first one way and then back, like a kettle dangling over a fire, his hands tied behind him with a pack strap. On the other half of the envelope which Martin tore in two were his name and the postmark St. Louis.

**How He Trapped Rabbits.**

Mr. William H. Hammond, of Eldred, N. Y., has one of the finest kennels of dogs in this part of the State, and he knows pretty much all about dogs and other animals. Last winter he thought he would catch some rabbits for market, and he became deeply interested in the sport.

Soon he hit on an ingenious scheme. He built a large bonfire in the woods one very dark night when the snow was six inches deep. The bunfires for miles around were attracted by the light and ran to the spot. There they sat and talked with each other, warmed their paws, became drowsy, curled up, and went to sleep to dream of a land that was always warm and comfortable and abounding in food. The snow about the fire melted, the fire died out, the snow water froze, and when the rabbits awoke in the gray dawn they were frozen fast. In fact, they did not wake up at all, because they were frozen to death.

Then the wily William came around with his hatchet, chopped out 150 of the rabbits, and sent them to the New York market.

**Poisonous Wild Flowers.**

Recently a small boy ate buttercups and as a result died. Since then there has been published a list of poisonous wild flowers, popularly considered harmless, but certain to be fatal if eaten by a careless person or ignorant child. These flowers are: Buttercups,celandine, wood-nemome, daffodils, narcissus, lily, snowdrop, jonquil, wild hyacinth, monk's hood, foxglove, nightshade, briony, mezeron and henbane.

**Hairs of the Head.**

A count of "hair scientists" have been setting a square inch of hairs on the heads of several persons and have come to the conclusion that a head of hair is made up of 143,000 hairs; a dark head produces 105,000 hairs and a head of red hair only 29,000. The reason of the difference is that fair hair is of the finest and red hair of the coarsest quality.—London Figaro.

**SPITTING A VOTE WINNER.**

How Governor Leedy's Long Range Won John W. Leedy.

Governor John W. Leedy, of Kansas, when a boy, lost a tooth in the front of his mouth, and, boylike, he practised spitting through the vacancy in such a scientific manner that he was the envy of all the boys in the neighborhood.

Last year he went down to Wichita during his campaign and among others who went to hear him was an influential and very liberal Republican named Garst.

After the meeting was over somebody asked Garst what he thought of it. Garst made the surprising announcement that he would vote for him.

"Why?" asked his friend?

"Because," said Garst, "a man that can spit like he does can't help being a good fellow. I used to spit 'sat myself when I was a lad."

The next day Garst took off his coat and went to work for Mr. Leedy, and he converted more Republicans than any other man.

A Kansas City Times correspondent told Mr. Leedy how his expectorating science got him the votes referred to.

"It was funny," said the Governor, "how I lost that tooth, but I never thought the accident would help to make me a Governor. It wasn't so funny then as it seems to me now. I had a chum next door that was a great big, leather-headed boy that was always accidentally, but unintentionally, making trouble. My parents and his parents, living next door, dug a well on the line of the lots and used it on the co-operative plan. One day my mother sent me for a pail of water, and by some providential arrangement the other mother sent the leather-headed boy on the same mission."

"What then?"

"Well, the leather-headed boy told me he had a great trick. He put two barrel staves in the ground and then put a broom handle across them. He got an axe to hit the broom handle and asked me to watch close and see it fly in the air. I guess I watched a little too close, for when he swung the axe he swiped me in the teeth with the pole of it and knocked two of my teeth out. The other was a milk tooth and grew in again, but this one didn't."

**The Tsetse Fly Found Innocent.**

It used to be believed that the tsetse fly disease, that plague of African travel, was due to a poison natural to the tsetse fly, as the acid secretion of ants or hornets are natural to those insects. A group of English bacteriologists have been investigating the disease, and it is now known that the tsetse fly is the mere bearer of the disease. The fly itself is the prey of a minute animal organism, and when it sucks the blood of an ox, some of these parasites enter the wound and multiply incredibly in the blood vessels. Specimens of the blood of affected animals have been shown under high magnification, and the tiny, ee-like parasites, not larger than blood corpuscles, are seen in countless numbers. Under another microscope a drop of fresh blood was shown with the parasites actually alive and wriggling in disgusting activity. For comparison there were shown alive and dead, similar parasites found infesting the blood of sewer rats in this country. Unfortunately these parasites appear not to affect the health of the rats.

**Cupolas Made of Paper.**

Paper cupolas for building are remarkable for their lightness. A cupola of that kind consists of from twenty-four to thirty separate pieces, and is produced over a wooden model by pasting huge rolls of suitable paper one over the other. Every separate piece runs from the base to the top of the hemispherical roof of the cupola, and thus forms a vault-like strip which is broad at the bottom and narrow at the top.

For the production of these separate parts of the cupola roll paper of very good quality is used, which is first cut into the requisite length and breadth, then moistened and stretched over the wooden model. Upon the first strip is pasted another, also moistened, over this a third, and so on until the necessary thickness is reached. The moistened strips of paper adhere firmly to each other and retain their shape, and after being dried constitute hard, resisting pieces, which are made weatherproof by oiling, polishing with hot irons, asphaltum and varnishing, and are then put together in the shape of a round cupola.

**A Cad Neatly Punished.**

Beaumarchais, the author of the famous "Marriage of Figaro," was the son of a Parisian watchmaker, but had gained fame, rank and wealth through his own talents and exertions. A conceited and envious young nobleman once undertook to wound the pride of Beaumarchais by an allusion to his humble origin. In the presence of a large company of people who had a regard for the talented young author, this young man handed him his watch, saying: "Examine it, sir. It does not keep time well. You can doubtless ascertain the cause."  
Such was his rude haste that his hand left the watch before that of the surprised Beaumarchais had grasped it, and it fell to the ground.  
"Pardon, Monsieur," said the author, with grave courtesy, stooping to pick up the watch and hand it to its owner, "you see, my father was right when he declared that I was too awkward to be a watchmaker."

**A Cautious Constable.**

Kentucky is the home of up-to-date officers. J. P. Wooten is a constable in Breathitt county, Ky. In the same county there are any number of moonshiners. In order to cope with these outlaws of the mountains, whose aim is invariably true, Constable Wooten has just purchased in this city an absolutely bullet-proof steel shirt.

**Interesting Information.**

There is a new gag. You ask: "What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?"  
After the victim has given it up he is told: "A noisy noise annoys an oyster." "It's awful when you say it quick."

**MOTHER'S BURGLAR.**

A TRUE STORY WHICH HAS BECOME A FAMILY TRADITION.

How a Good Woman Proved to Her Satisfaction the Efficacy of Prayer—The Burglar Himself Was Converted and Manfully Corroborated Her Narrative.

This is a true burglary story. It was told, in the first place, by the mother of the family herself; it is now told by her daughter, and it will probably be told in years to come by generations still unborn. As the veracity of every one concerned in it—including that of the burglar himself, in his regenerate condition—is quite unimpeachable, the facts can be vouched for as far as they were the mother of the family to whom the adventure occurred. She was a woman of devout character, believing above all things in the efficacy of prayer and at the same time in deeds. Her prayer, so it chanced that her nightly duties, as a good housekeeper, was to look under her bed before retiring. She looked, of course, for the devastating burglar. One night she found him.

Under her bed was the shadow outline of the figure of a man. There could be no mistake about it. She had found her burglar at last. The next problem was what to do with him.

The story, as it is related, does not state if there was no one in the house to whom she might have gone for help, but it implies that the mother of the family was obliged to rely upon her own resources and supernatural aid alone.

In a hurried review of the situation, she came to the conclusion that the latter was her only resource; that alone she was helpless. So she quickly resolved to do in every way as she would have done if the long-looked-for burglar had not been found.

She looked under her bed as she always did that unobtrusive and made her preparations for bed as she was in the habit of doing on ordinary and uneventful occasions. Then she knelt by her bedside to perform her nightly devotions. Long and fervently she prayed, praying for the members of her family, her friends, and for the direction of her daily life. Then she offered a special petition for the unfortunate man led from the paths of honesty and rectitude, for those who had no respect for the rights and possessions of others—she was praying for the burglar. Having done this, she arose, and laid herself peacefully down to sleep. She was her usual.

That was the cue for the burglar. Crawling from under the bed, he stood beside it and addressed the occupant.

"Madam," he said, "I came here with the intention of robbing you, and of murdering you if necessary. Your cries for help would have been of no avail, for I have two accomplices outside. But I have heard your prayer, and I am going to leave you un molested." And he did.

That was the end of the first part of the burglary story. Truth being stranger than fiction, there was a second part, and the mother of the family saw her burglar again.

It was at camp meeting, some time after the first part of the story had been brought to so happy a conclusion. The mother of the family was listening with a devout and grateful interest to the testimony being given, when a man arose and told his experience—the history of his conversion—and he told the burglary story and the effect of the prayer for the burglar's repentance. It was that man, he said with emphasis, as he concluded his remarks.

And I can vouch for the truth of the story," said the mother of the family, rising while her face shone with the light of a great spiritual rejoicing, "for I was that woman."

**Refrigerating the Fresh Fruit Pie.**

"Kindly thaw out a huckleberry pie for Junner," the housewife will say to her cook some day should certain experiments that are now being made in New York prove successful.

A New York commission merchant is responsible for the attempt to refrigerate fresh fruit pies made in the summer and hopes to dish them up all winter without causing them to suffer through a loss of flavor or quality.

He has gone into the tests with caution and has made a careful study of the seductive dessert, giving close attention to the native product as manufactured under the New York school pie buildings. His first attempts failed because his freezing process was too slow. He found that by the time a full-grown pie got rigid the crust had absorbed sufficient moisture to make it soggy when thawed out. He has since been arranging for a freezing plant that would make a pie think it had been out all night in the Chill koot Pass.

At his next Christmas dinner he declares that he will serve five fresh fruit pies that were made under his wife's direction on the 4th of August. The works of art are now sleeping in his refrigerator in the last tier of a downtown cold storage concern.

**A House of Gold.**

Not in America, not even in the Kingdom, but in the far off East, at Rangoon, the capital of Burma, is situated the famous golden pagoda of a Buddhist Temple, the whole of the exterior of which is one mass of shimmering gold. This generous coating of the metal is the result of years and years of votive offerings to Buddha, for devotees from all parts of the world come to Rangoon and bring packets of gold leaf, which they place on the pagoda. During the last century, Tshew-ye-Yen, the King of Burma, gave his (literal) weight in gold to the walls of the pagoda, an offering worth \$45,000.

**A Tiny Boat.**

A jeweler in Turin, Italy, has made a tiny boat of a single pearl. The hull is finely shaped and might serve as a model for a great sloop. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. Its weight is less than an ounce, and it is said to have cost \$5,000.

Montana has an unusual number of inventors for a new State.

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