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It was Saturday afternoon, and Miss Meeson, the good looking schoolteacher of district No. 4, was at the schoolhouse to secure a book she had left the day before. She was sitting down to rest after her walk of a mile or more when a shadow darkened the open door and she looked up to find a tramp on the threshold. There was no mistaking his avocation; he was lean and ragged and hungry looking; he was sunburned and tough. It was half a mile to the nearest farmhouse, and yet after the first thrill of alarm the schoolma'am was not frightened. On the contrary, she saw the opportunity to read a fellow being a moral lesson and she was rather pleased. Miss Meeson had ideas. They were Puri-

tanical and more. If she had been the governor of Connecticut she would have vigorously enforced all the blue mys on the statute books and sought to enact a dozen more.

"Come in here and sit down," she said to the tramp, to show him she was not afraid.

"Yes'm." he humbly replied as he windly advanced and took a seat.

"Now, then," she continued after looking him over, "you are a laxy good. dor nothing and wouldn't work if work

was offered." "K'rect, miss," he answered.

"You go tramping up and down the country, and you do not hesitate to steal as well as beg."

"Perfeckly true, miss." "You've probably been in jail?"

"A dozen times." "I thought so. You have a red nose,

and I've no doubt you drink." "Like a fish, miss, when I can get 化"

"A pretty specimen of a man you thief and a drunkard! You are also a **epeak** the truth except by accident."

"You've hit it, miss," replied the wamp, with a fleeting smile. "Cast in the mold of a man, yet wit-

ness the degradation!" sighed the schoolma'am. "As if you hadn't got low enough, you have been fighting. No doubt you also used profane words!"

"I did, miss-I did. You see, it was this way: I meets a weary down here



blazes out of him."

liquid around you?"

half full of whisky.

wayworn shoes.

"Of course."

"I promise."

this time on."

"I'd try me hardest."

Lord's Prayer after me."

encouraging sign and went on:

or steal again as long as you live."

"After what's in the bettle is gene."

you keep it?"

reform?"

"Lut I had to tell you how I put up

"Dukes? Dukes? What do I know

of dukes? I never heard such awful

language in my life. You seem to have

a bottle in your pocket. Is it possible

that you carry the soul destroying

explained as he exhibited a pint bottle

"It's to keep off the chills, miss," he

"And men can sink so low as this? I

wouldn't have believed it. There is no

heathen to compare with you. Do you

think it possible that there is one little

"I wouldn't bet on it, miss," ruefully

"Perhaps there is. Do you want to

"If you made me a promise would

"Then there is some faint hope. I

replied the man as he gazed at his

spark of goodness left in your soul?"

me dukes, ma'am," he protested.

disown him!"

"And you'll never aght or sweet again?"

"Never, so help me Joner." "Now I have some hopes of you," said the schoolma'am in more friendly tones. "I hope you'll take a bath and wash up as soon as opportunity occurs, and if you will call at Farmer Meeson's in a day or two I'll coar him to give you work. He is my father, and you will be directly under my influence. I shall do my best to regenerate you. I am hopeful that my influence"---

She was interrupted by the entrance of three more tramps, each one o whom out-toughed the first caller. It was clear from the first that their intentions were evil. and as they stood grinning and winking at each other the schoolma'am moved back in alarm and her convert followed and put himself in front of her.

"Are-are they wicked?" she asked in a whisper.

"A bad lot, miss," he answered, while one of the trio demanded a kiss all

around. "Oh, but hear them! They mean me harm!"

"I expect they do, miss, and you see how it is with me. You made me promise not to swear any more, and how can I blast their blooming eyes without swearing?" The trio began dancing about, and

the girl grew white faced as she said: "But I guess you may swear if you think it will do any good."

"And me dukes, miss. I promised not to put 'em up again. I can't fight three wearies with me nose."

"Oh, don't fight," she walled; "but if you must, then put up your dukes, or whatever they are! See! They are tearing the seats out!"

"And one thing more," continued the convert. "I've got to take a drink of whisky to brace me up. It's one to

three, and I'll need a bracer." "Then take it--take it!" she exclaimed as the trio began to crowd closer. "And can I leave out the bath and

"Yes, yes! Protect me!"

Her tramp reached for his bottle and took a hearty swig, and as he restored open. She hurried to the door, but

"You did, miss," he replied. "And you'll continue to swear and



'Von G.," an artist-author whose full name is Oscar Hunt von Gottachalch, recently published a book in which early American history is covered for young readers in an amusing manner. In its colored pages Paul Revere, John Paul Jones, George Washington, Ethan Allen, Betsy Ross, William Penn and other Revolutionary celebrities seem to live again. This picture graphically shows what happened to John Bull when he had his second war with Uncle Sam:



RANGWAY CHAL A Disgrantied Facesage

on the Straight Line York "Look at that," said an ill mater passenger, pointing to a large map the wall of the rallway station. "Ion that an abominable fraud? "What's the matter with it?" asked his mild companion.

"Look how it is distorted." said the other. "There is a map of a rallway system from Chicago to New York. It system from Chicago to new Lors is a M - "ione "give is in the standard in a standard in the standard is the standard in the s and yet on the map it appears to pass through every large town within 500 and 11 isse and yet on the map it appears to pass miles of that line.

"Just notice that towns like Clucinnati and Oleveland are so misplaced as to appear only a few miles apart, and from its real location. I wonder they have not transported New Orleans a thousand miles northeast, so as to bring it on the line of their railway fraud.

"Congress ought to take hold of this fake," he continued, "and punish heavy ily every railroad that labues a distorted map."-Chicago Inter Ocean."

Sir Boyle Roche's Mullas

Sir Boyle Roche was the father of "bulls." It was he that asserted that "the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump." At another time in WEST BY FALLS RO conveying a warm invitation to a friend he remarked. "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a, mile of my He may have been the fool of the 14151 1745 9 50 house that you'll stay there all night." Grattan parliament, but there was a great deal of native shrewdpeen hidden away behind all his fooliehness. To Curran when the latter once exclaimed in the midst of a debate that he need. ed aid from no one and could be "guardian of his own honor" Bir Boyle instantly interjected his sarcastic congratulations to the honorable member on his possession of a sinecure. But possibly the gem of his rhetoric was the picture which he conjurid up ou one occasion to bring home to his bear ers the excesses of the French revolutionary mob:

"Here perhaps, sir, the murderout marshal law men (Marseilleise) would marshal law men (diartenlesse) would break in, cut us to mincement and throw our bleeding heads on that table to stare us in the face."-London Six

It is well to refuse the sausage Station. Bargers called Foods to Aveld. brought to your breakfast table if it is through to de stale and to refrain from using the Denoter daily. cream in your coffee if it is the least All the trains daily bit sour. Otherwise you run the risk of A. H. SMITH becoming blind.

Some foods, it is said, are most injurious to the sight, "A case was brought H. PARRY, This picture, describing the battle of New Orleans, shows the sort of under the notice of an eye apecialist. reception Sir Edward Pakenham's 12,000 veterans got when they tried to says The Dioptic Review. "in which drive General Andrew Jackson's 6,001 farmers and mountaineers from behind the oyes of a whole family were at

ected by eating rabbit ple. In each 1

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wash up and work?"

"I'll do it, miss, and here goes."

are!" she continued as she warmed to it to his pocket he opened on the enemy her subject. "A vagrant, a beggar, a at the rate of seventy-five swear words a minute. He swore and swore till jailbird, and I don't suppose you ever the schoolma'am held her hands over her ears. Then he pushed up his greasy sleeves, "put up his dukes," and while Miss Meeson prayed he sailed in and slam banged. He got many a bang in return before victory perched upon his banner, but his cause was just and he finally put the last one to sleep and stood over his body and told the half dead girl that the way was

paused there to turn and say: "I think I-I backslid."

ght and drink whisky and"-"I think I'd better, ma'am-for the cause of eddecashun. 'Pears to beat the other way all holler." And as the schoolma'am hurried down the road with her heart in her mouth she couldn't help but think the same thing.

A Sporting Parson.

Miss Mary Louise Boyle, who counted Dickens, Lever, Browning, Lowell and Tennyson among her friends, records in her "Book" a story about a sporting parson she knew, the Rev. Loraine Smith, who hunted in purple instead of pink because the former was the correct episcopal color. "His reverence was always well

mounted and was a keen sportsman. He had a pretty living and a good church in the neighborhood, but he surprised his parishioners very much by altering the whole disposition of the tombstones. He thought they looked awkward and untidy in their actual position, so he had them all taken up and rearranged according to his fancy in lines, crosses, squares, etc. One Sunday morning, a very cold winter's day, he had performed the service to a

scanty congregation, and on going up a mile or so and he has four turnips into his pulpit, instead of opening his under his arm. I begs for one, but he sermon book, he pronounced the folturns me down. Then I tells him to lowing address: 'My dear friends, if go to the bad place. He sasses back you require it I will preach you the and I puts up me dukes and lets fly. sermon which I have brought with me, He gives me a black eye, but I knocks but if you are as cold and hungry as I am I think you will prefer going "Stop!" exclaimed Miss Meeson as with me to the rectory, where you will she held up both hands. "I cannot find some cold beef and some good listen to any such language. If my own father should talk that way I'd | ale.""

Men of Few Words.

A traveler in the Bollvian Andes says that at one time, while his cart was making its progress through passes and over dizzy heights, he had a chance to learn how two taciturn persons may show their satisfaction at meeting in other than the conventional way.

It was midday, and under the glaring vertical sun drowsiness had invaded us. We slept until we were awakened by the approach of the mail cart coming in the opposite direction, the first civilized vehicle we had encountered. Both drivers stopped and gazed at each other long in silence.

They were evidently pleased to meet, but had nothing whatever to say. At last one inquired: "What news?"

"Nothing," replied the other. "What did he say?" asked the first, doubtless continuing a conversation a fortnight old. "Nothing."

"Good!" And they drove on.

want you to begin by repeating the No Woman Wrote Them. "Why did the court refuse to accept He humbly repeated it, and when it that woman's letters as evidence?" was finished he seemed considerably "It was decided that they were no affected. Miss Meeson took this as an genuine."

"Didn't the handwriting experts de "Now promise me that you won't lie clare that she wrote them?" "Yes, but there was evidence to the contrary." "And you'll let whisky alone from "What was it?"

"The letters contained no post scripts."--New York Herald.

the historic cotton bales

BY

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BATTLE of New Orleans The Highland laddies quickly start to seize the cotton bales; Behind this fort, the Jackson boys are loading up with nails,

ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL



And as they touch their cannons off you see a curious thing -The Highland laddies stop a bit to do the Highland fling.

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..... Attacked by a Heron. A veteran Philadelphia sportsman tells of an attack once made upon him by a wounded heron. He says:

"I was a boy then and went down to a creek that flowed through my father's farm to watch for a mink. It was early in the evening, and a blue heron came and sat within tempting gunshot. I knew it would spoil my chances at mink to shoot the bird, and I didn't mean to do it, but, kidlike, I raised the gun and took aim, just to see how I could kill it if I would. I lowered the gun and then raised it again. Every time I raised it I would touch the trigger gently. After awhile I touched it too hard, the gun went off, and I started toward the heron, which was wounded.

"I thought it would be a good scheme to catch the bird and started to do so. when its bill shot out like a sledge hammer and struck me between the eyes. When I came to my senses, it was dark, and it was several minutes longer before I could remember where was or what had happened. A little, harder and the bird would have killed me. I shudder even yet when I think what would have been the result if the bill had struck one of my spen

Remarkable Boy Inventor. Mr. Marconi, the man who has excited so much wonder throughout the world by his invention of wireless telegraphy, had thought over the idea when he was a schoolboy at Leghorn. he was twenty years of age had solved the most difficult problem that has ever

troubled men's minds.

The Dawn of Day.

Over the hilltop, far away,

Merrily rose the sun; The squirrel bounded along the spray; In silent slumber lay

Woke with a beautiful wave of song To greet the day. Out of the fields of daisles white,

Bee, see the children run; Their hearts are gay and their eyes are bright,

As all must be that take delight In the morning sun, And those who love the early ray

Are capital friends through all the day. Then up and out; away we run To say "Good morning" to the sun Then up and out and away Will observed besits and merry by

To great the day

stance the patient had become afficted with a peculiar defect of vision that is technically known as failurs of accommodation.' Stale. sauger and sour cream cause a weakening of the sight known as 'amblöbia.' Blindness resulte ing from eating tainted fish bas been found almost impossible to cure, and quinine is often responsible for some bersons' half blind, condition. This south as follows persons' half blind condition. This drug affects the optic nerve in a manner that sometimes ends in blindness It might be added that alcohol occasionally makes people "blind,"

Water and the Kidneys.

As the waste in animal food in those who lend indolent lives is carried of by the kidneys it is very desirable that they should be kept well finshed with plenty of water, for pure water is to the kidneys what fresh air is to the lungs, and taken in the early morning, preferably as hot as it can be sipped, it washes away the unbesithy secre tions that have accumulated in the stomach during the night and stimu intes it to healthy action and then passing on through the system till it reaches the kidneys, carries away by their aid the uric acid, gout polson and other impurities that should have no stomach during the night and stimufixed habitation in the body at all and would not have if the sufferer were properly dieted for even two or three many are on all through the weeks each year.

A Very Old English Cloth Fustian is a species of cotton cloth much used by the Normans, particular ly by the clergy, and appropriated to some orders for their cashables. The Cistercians were forbidden to wear them made of any material bot linen or fustion. A stronger description was first manufactured in England at Norwich, temp. Edward VI.

It was much used for doubles and jackets in the lifteenth century, at which time it appears to have been imported from Italy. "Fustians of Na-ples" are named in a petition to parliament from the manufacturers of Nor wich in 1554. The name was conversed The greatest of the world's electricians had not even thought of such a thing at that time. Yet Mr. Marconl before ples."-Notes and Queries.

Heldelberg Castle.

The castle of Heidelberg is the lar gest in Germany. It stands 330 feet above the Neckar river and was occu pied as a castle as early as A. D. 1204. In a cellar in one corner of the ruins is the famous "tun" or monster cash And one by one The birds of the forest that all night long capable of holding 49,000 gallons. The was for the storage of wine used by the nobility who dwelt in this castle.

5.4.57 His Idea of Sa "What is your idea of success?" "Success," answered the man who has realized a few amultions the seen iv the attainment of a condition we be these people who knew you your to look at you and amine and are fool tor most "----Washington gen;

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