

CHEMISTRY IN THE PULPIT.

How An English Preacher Dem- onstrates Man's Weakness.

The Rev. W. Cunliffe, B. A., of Brad-
ford, preached in Farsley parish
church on the subject of "Miracles,"
and illustrated his sermon by chem-
ical experiments. He analyzed a
quantity of common sugar, showing
it to be composed of carbon (or
charcoal) and water. Man, he point-
ed out, could easily separate the com-
ponents; but the wisest could not
put them together again. He also
burned a ribbon of magnesium, ex-
plaining that in combustion it ab-
sorbed oxygen and formed magnesium
oxide; but the result was, he said, an
inexplicable miracle. Mr. Cunliffe
holds a Government certificate for
music, as well as certificates in prac-
tical and theoretical chemistry. He
passed in the honors stage at Owens
College in chemical science.—London
Telegraph.

A Curious Old Custom.

A curious old custom is said to be
still kept up at the picturesque Wen-
sleydale village of Balnbridge, Eng.,
where every winter's night, at 9
o'clock, a large horn is blown on the
village green to aid any wayfarer who
might chance to be lost on the sur-
rounding fells to find his way to the
village. The fine horn now in use
was presented to the village some
years ago, and at one time adorned
the head of a huge African bull.

Pigeons in the House of Commons.

The dining room at the House of
Commons had an unusual guest yester-
day afternoon. While a number of
members were having lunch they were
surprised by a carrier pigeon flying in-
to the room through an open window.
The pigeon calmly settled at one of the
tables amid a group of amused legisla-
tors. It was clearly not one of the
flock which haunt the precincts of pal-
ace yard that had dared to enter so un-
ceremoniously. The intruder was of the
true carrier variety, and had evi-
dently traveled far. It appeared to be
tame through fatigue and hunger, and
eagerly partook of food and water at
the hands of some members of parlia-
ment. The tale of the curious arrival
and tameness of the pigeon soon
spread in the lobby, and created a
good deal of interest and amusement.
The pigeon, which is being well look-
ed after bears a ring on the left leg,
with the number "1,334." It had prob-
ably been engaged in a flying match
and had gone astray.—London Chroni-
cle.

The "New Thought" Religion.

Approached by a passage through
118 Southampton Row lies the temple
of the newest religion—the "New
Thought."

A curious congregation gathered
there recently to hear Mrs. Kohaus ex-
pound its tenets. In addition to a num-
ber of fashionably dressed women
there was an African negro and an In-
dian resident in a turban of pale
blue and gold, but otherwise attired
in cycling costume.

Passages from the Old and New
Testaments were read, and after some
music Mrs. Kohaus, a dark and middle-
aged lady wearing two white chiffon
rosettes in her hair, explained that
"the genus man" possessed a second
higher soul, which, when aroused, was
nothing less than the divine essence.—
London Mail.

A Woman's Long Sleep.

A Bremen woman, now forty-four
years of age, went to sleep in 1886 and
has just awakened. During the whole
course of her long sleep she never
once opened her eyes. When she re-
quired food the sleeper would groan,
and on food being given her swallow-
ed it in a natural way. Most of her
teeth fell out in the course of her
sleep; some she swallowed, others
were found on the pillow. She awoke
suddenly while the fire alarm bells
were being rung.—Exchange.

Railroads More Deadly Than War.

That the art of killing man be-
tween as practised in war is still crude,
and undeveloped is proven by the fact
that the total of killed and wounded
in the Russo-Japanese war is greatly
exceeded by the slain and maimed on
the railroads of the United States
during three months.

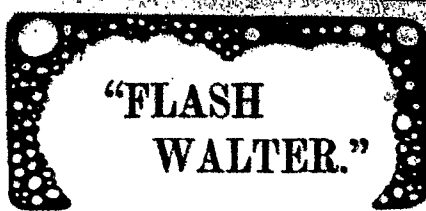
The railroad casualties in this time
number 14,485, or 1,116 killed and 13-
318 injured.

Both the Russians and the Japanese
are equipped with the most modern
and costly devices for destroying life,
and are working them with both skill
and energy, and yet they fall far be-
hind the railroad corporations in their
record of achievement.

In all departments, save that of safe-
guarding human life, the railroads
have made tremendous progress in
the last few years, but although many
inventors have given their brains to
this work, and have perfected many
valuable devices, the railroads have
only adopted them when forced to do
so by law, and as a result the delib-
erate purpose of killing as now prac-
tised in the Far East, has been unable
to keep pace with the death list to the
credit of open switches, defective lo-
comotives and bad signal systems.

Sheep Startle a Bride.

A flock of sheep, startled on the
way to Newport Market, rushed
through an open gate and up the gar-
den into a house where preparations
were being made for a wedding. They
rushed into the room where the pres-
ents were displayed, and sent many
of them flying in all directions. Two
or three of the sheep burst into an-
other room where the bride was, and
startled her considerably. The intru-
ders were with some difficulty driven
out of the house again.—London Daily
News.



"You have had," said I, thought-
fully, "a long and varied experience.
Now, what is this hound among
thieves which is referred to so fre-
quently in the book of social pro-
verbs?"

"Piffle," replied Mr. Tutt. "It exists
in the imagination of story writers
only. The lawyer, the parson, and the
doctor, don't they all take their bit out
of their friends if they get a chance?
What do you think was the worst job
I ever did?"

"Couldn't say," said I.
"Why, robbed a chap what had rob-
bed three of his pals. I used to
chuckle a bit to think how I fetched
that off, and cuss when I remembered
all I got out of it."

"Let me share the chuckle with
you," said I. "I am still unregenerate,
you know, and besides, since it con-
founded the wicked and spoiled the
thievish, it is a moral story, and may
serve to help the morally weak and
faltering."

"It might serve to get me shot or
knocked on the head and dropped into
the river," quoth my shady compan-
ion.

Mr. Tutt refilled his pipe and glass
and proceeded to enlighten me con-
cerning the manner in which, at a
pinch, dog will not disdain to eat dog,
thief to rob thieves.

"I was down on my luck at the
time," said my protegee. "I had had
nothing to eat since morning, and
nothing to drink—which was worse—
all that week, and altogether I was in
a vile mood—at war with myself and
the world at large. I had left London
to—er—look for work, and I was pen-
niless, and, being neither able to beg,
borrow, nor steal, I tramped and
starved, and fetched up for the night
under a straw-stalk. There I sat
while the shadows deepened around,
and then, growing tired of cussing my
luck, always an unsatisfactory pur-
suit, I scooped myself a shelter well
into the heart of the stack, and lay
down."

"I had been there about an hour, I
should reckon, when I heard a trap be-
ing driven slowly along the road to-
wards me. It stopped right opposite,
and a chap tied up snug in a big ulster
clambered down."

"I'll cut across here, Wal," I heard
him say, and get a bed at the Bull.
Pick me up there the day after to-
morrow, and if all goes well we'll
shift it that night and get it down the
river. Bob has got the smack, and
will be round by dark."

"I didn't hear what the man in the
cart said; but just then he struck a
match, and I got a fine view of him.
I was sure I had seen him before, but
I was wondering who he could be the
man on foot jumped across a gate just
behind me, and the cart drove on."

"It was a mile or two outside Rum-
ford where I had stayed, and I turned
off before getting to the town and
struck off towards the river. I must
have looked a pretty fair sample of a
tramp; but I wasn't so much concern-
ed about my looks as my appetite just
then, and I was doing a bit of thinking
towards a likely plan for getting a
breakfast when a trap came bowling
along behind me, and very nearly put
me beyond the need of troubling
about that sort of thing ever after."

"It was my luck done-up saucy in a
spanking little turnout, only I didn't
recognize it at first. In fact I could
only see a criminal selfishness on the
part of the driver in muffling himself
up in rugs and waterproofs, and leav-
ing chance footgoers to look after
themselves, and I expressed my views
pretty freely as I dodged the wheels."

"The man in the trap reined up and
looked hard at me, and when I had
exhausted my store of forcible Eng-
lish he remarked—'You are early
astir, my friend. Your bed wasn't to
your liking, probably? However, I
mustn't stand here any longer or my
nag will be taking cold. You seem
down on your luck, and if you care to
do a bit of work for me I can prob-
ably set you up again. You look miser-
able enough to require the job, and I
should hope you are discreet enough
to do it with no further interest than
concerns the payment. In short, I
want a man to help me with a risky
operation, to hold his tongue about it,
and to go his way and leave me to go
mine when it is finished. Is it a bar-
gain?"

"Sealed and signed," said I. "I'm
on like a cat to a cook."

"I got into the trap and accepted a
supply of the wrappings, and in
silence we continued the journey. We
turned off to the right soon after, and
drove up at a little roadside pub. The
other chap got down, and motioning
me to follow him, we left the trap to
the care of the stableman and entered
the house, where a meal was set for
us in a private room."

"He was a tall, thin, muscular-look-
ing chap, and no stranger. It was the
very man I had seen in the trap, and
now I could get a square view of him.
I placed him at once. It was 'Flash
Walter,' the king of thieves, a chap
who only handled first-class jobs, and
who did that mostly at second-hand,
vanning them out and getting them
ready, and allowing others to do the
tisky part of the work for the smaller
part of the profits."

"Fortunately he didn't know me. I
always worked single-handed, and I
had brains enough to find my own
'erib' and keep the contents to myself
when I had cracked it. I didn't let on,
but pretended to be the tramp down
on his luck he had evidently taken me
for. I couldn't help chuckling to my-
self, though, and I almost laughed out
in his face when he got what he

thought was a likely and satisfactory
he and spun it out for me."

"He was a bit vague, but I gathered
that he wanted me to believe that he
had got a bit of smuggled stuff hidden
down by the river which he wanted
me to remove. He made it 'smuggled'
so as to account for the secrecy and
the need of working at night, or I
reckon he'd have been a merchant
prince or a farmer of any other dam-
ning thing that came handy."

"So," said he, after explaining, as
much as he thought necessary—which
wasn't much—"if you care for the job
say so, and you shall not be badly
paid for your share of the work. If
not, it is not too late to back out."

"Not me," said I. "The job's good
enough for me, and I'm your man
when you're ready."

"That's the style," said he, heartily.
"We'll drive on to Tibbury now and
pick you up something decent to wear."

"We had been driving close on two
hours along the desolate and deserted
road, when the horse suddenly drew
up of his own accord before a wretch-
ed-looking little four-roomed cottage
standing back from the wayside. Jump-
ing down with alacrity, the driver
undid a gate and led the way to the
back of the hen. Then, motioning
me to alight, he stabled the horse
for the time being under a lean-to
shed, and, possessing himself of some
tools and a lantern, he walked briskly
across the plot of ground which
evidently belonged to the house,
climbed through a hedge at the bot-
tom, and pursued the even tenor of his
way across a dreary waste of marsh-
land, his tall figure bobbing up and
down over the ridges and gills, with
me a bad second stumbling heavily
after him."

"Presently the steady lap, lap, lap,
of the incoming tide could be heard
in front of us, and then he drew up
and waited for me to join him."

"There it is," he said, pointing to
what seemed to be a dense black
cloud rising in front of us through the
white mists. There is about three
feet of water up her sides by this
time, and we shall have to wade it.
Keep behind me, and not a sound until
we are on board and below. Mind
how you come."

"It wasn't any picnic wading
through that water over a slippery
bottom, and I was glad enough when
I found myself on the slanting deck,
and diving down into an inky cavern
that yawned before us."

"Once safely down and away from
observation, my companion lit the lan-
tern, and threw the cheering beams
around the contracted and poky little
cabin, where under a heap of old rub-
bish we found the 'smuggled' goods.
Five heavy rough-wood cases there
were, and these with infinite toil and
trouble we got to shore, and then
across those tedious marshes to the
trap, each case requiring a separate
journey, for it was as much as we
could do to lift one between us."

"A tough night's work that, my
friend," said my companion, "and
finished none too soon. However, we
have done it, and done it well, too, I
flatter myself. I will put you on your
road, and then—the best of friends
must part, you know."

"Yes," said I shyly. "Smuggled
goods weigh heavy. It ain't ostrich
feathers, is it?"

"Never mind that," said he shortly.
"Here is payment for your trouble,
and there are a couple of sovereigns
to take you back to London, or where-
ever you may wish to go, and now
you take my tip and forget every-
thing."

"I touched my hat and took the tip
—as far as the coin was concerned it
wasn't bad payment either—£20 in
notes and two in coin—for a stiff
night's work—but I thought there
ought to be more than that in it for
Mr. William Tutt, if that much was
enough for a mere tramp."

"I didn't go back to London, I went
a hundred yards along the road in-
stead, jumped the hedge and stole
back and hid myself where I could get
a clear view of the cottage."

"I had plenty of time to do all the
thinking I required, and, although, of
course, I was very well able to put
two and two together, I knew 'Flash
Walter's' reputation, and I had a
shrewd idea concerning the nature of
that smuggled cargo. The arrange-
ment I heard made was for a smack
to come down and pick up the stuff on
the night following. Quite so; only
when the smack and the other parties
arrived 'Flash Walter' and the stuff
would be missing. Well, they would,
but not in company if I could help it."

"I crept up to the cottage, and took
a cautious peep through the window.
My late employer was building a fire
in the tumble-down grate, and I gath-
ered from that and other signs that
he wouldn't be likely to turn out yet a
while. Quite likely he would lie low
all day, load up at dusk, cart the stuff
back to London, and have it all dis-
posed of and himself out of the way
by the time the others were ready to
start work."

"At first I thought of sealing him
up in his cage; but it was such a risk-
ety, ramshackle old show that an en-
ergetic man could not be kept prison-
er there for more than half an hour.
With a kitchen poker, a mere boy
could have battered his way out. So,
abandoning that idea, I set to work
to remove the cases; but here again
I was done; I couldn't drag, let alone
lift them, and the noise I should have
to make would inevitably bring my
late companion on the scene."

"When in doubt, play trumps!
There was a chap living close handy
who owed me a good turn. He pre-
tended to be a second-hand clothes
dealer, and he was with intervals for
the practice of another profession. I
went up and had the luck to find him
at home, and ready for a river to land

me a hand. He had a stiff little cob
and a cart which he used in his busi-
ness, and we paid another visit to that
cottage—I in the guise of a policeman
—within a couple of hours."

"Fortunately our victim's pistol was
not fully charged. I missed the only
bullet it contained by a finger's width,
and Job lost a couple of teeth in stop-
ping the revolver itself, and then we
got our quarry down, and trussed him
up like a fowl."

"My word, how he did swear. Job
is pretty tough, but he fairly shudder-
ed, and I had to tell our prisoner to
shut up and save his prayers for the
magistrates in the morning."

"We loaded up the cases into Job's
cart, and then we harnessed the other
conveyance, and loaded that up with
its rightful owner. I told Job to drive
ten miles out to anywhere, and get
rid of his passenger by dropping him
into the nearest ditch, bring the pony
and trap back to the cottage, and
leave it there. I was to go back to
the shop in Purfleet with the stuff,
and wait for him."

"Well," said I, as Mr. Tutt paused
as though he had a sudden reluctance
to continue his interesting narrative
of scoundrellism.

"Well, I didn't exactly go back to
the shop," he resumed with a grimace
that may have had a moral origin. "It
was a very soft, bright, pleasant sort
of morning, and I got thinking about
things in general and nothing much in
particular, and forgot all about where
I was driving, and when I came to re-
member myself I was miles off from
Purfleet, and getting in towards Bark-
ing."

"That was very singular," said I
gravely.

"It was a bit odd," agreed Mr. Tutt,
with a cheerful impudence. "And
what made it all the more queer was
that I knew a chap who kept a pub
down there. If it had been anywhere
close now, I should have been fairly
up a tree, for, what with the distance
and the weight, the horse was getting
about played out, and it wouldn't have
been possible to drive him back."

"As it was, of course, it was easy
and natural. I just drove round to the
back, called out the landlord and en-
gaged a room, and had the boxes tak-
en up to it. Then I had something to
eat, while the nag was feeding, and
drove quietly back to Job."

"He had done his part well enough;
but he was a bit short, because I had
changed my plans, and he stood out
for a share of the boxes. If I didn't
agree, he said, he should hunt up
'Flash Walter' and blow on me. He
knew of the whole game from one of
the chaps who was coming down on
the smack, being a pal of his, and this
alteration would interest a lot of men.
In his temper he let it all out to me,
and told me a good deal more than I
knew about it myself."

"It turned out that 'Flash Walter's'
gang had had a run of luck with two
big places out at Epping, and had
lodged the stuff with a 'fence' at
Whitechapel. Now there was a half a
dozen of these in it, not including the
'fence,' and 'Flash Walter' thought
there were too many altogether to
share up with. So he and big Brown,
the man I had seen him with that
night on the road, and another had
got the stuff away by breaking in and
robbing the 'fence,' who was holding
it. They had got on board, lighted
somehow, and run it down the river
on to the mud, where I had helped to
move it from."

"But three even was too many for
'Flash Walter,' and while the other
poor chaps were carrying out the
plan they had made about it, the
crafty villain picked up a perfect
stranger for a couple of tenners to
help him get the whole lot for him-
self. It was a pretty tidy haul too,
most of it being silver plate, with a
few odds and ends of stones and jew-
elry. Job said they reckoned it was
worth five thousand to them, and that
meant twenty at least in the open
market."

"Phew," I whistled. "That was a
pretty fair lift up for you. I wonder
you didn't do something useful with
it, and get out of a calling, which,
you know, is really not quite respect-
able."

"As for that," said Tutt, rising and
shaking the ashes out of his pipe, "I
had that very purpose in view, and I
sprung another fiver, and promised
Job a fair division just to try and get
away from him, and go back and see
about it. But Job was artful, and
after fooling about his place for a day
and a half, for he wouldn't leave me a
minute by myself, he was that fond of
me all of a sudden, I offered him a
fifth share (one case) for himself."

"He grumbled a bit, but he took the
offer when he saw I meant it to be
that or nothing, and we drove over to
Barking and got the cases."

"Coming back we were stopped on
the road by a bluebottle. I don't think
he meant anything special, but they
were always suspicious of Job, and in-
stead of bluffing, the silly fowl tried to
drive off. Of course that did the trick.
The policeman got a pal to his assis-
tance, and after inviting Job to open
any of the boxes and show that they
did, as he stated, contain old clothes,
which of course we couldn't do, they
ran the whole outfit up to the station."

"There the cases were broken open
one after the other, and they all con-
tained the same."

"That was awkward," said I; "and
what did you get?"
"A bit of relief at the moment, and
the spike for months after," growled
Tutt. "The case contained bricks—
just common yellow bricks—and I had
spent hours and worked like a navvy,
and given Job a clear tan quid just to
get a few hundred bricks that a job-
bing bricklayer wouldn't have trou-
bled to sneak. Oh, it was maddening.
Honor among thieves, eh! Not much,
there ain't!"—Pittsburg Leader.

ST. PAUL'S IN LONDON.

Third Largest Church in Christen- dom, Site 13 Centuries Old.

In the very heart of the city, con-
spicuously situated on a slight em-
bankment stands London's most promi-
nent building, the beautiful St. Paul's
Cathedral. For nearly 1300 years a
church has occupied this site, Ethel-
bert having founded one there as early
as 610. For 477 years this original
church remained standing, or until
it was destroyed by fire in 1087.

A new edifice then was commenced
in the Norman style. It occupied 10
years in building, and, according to
William of Malmesbury, "could con-
tain the utmost conceivable multitude
of worshippers." But what with ad-
ditions of various kinds, the cathedral
was not declared completed until 1315.

The height of the steeple then was
520 feet, and the total length of the
church was 720 feet, a great many feet
longer than the longest church now in
England. At that time the spire was
of timber covered with lead, and was
eight feet higher than the world-re-
nowned cathedral of Cologne, the largest
specimen of gothic architecture in the
world. In 1561 this spire was
struck by lightning and was destroyed,
and in the fire that ensued the church
was damaged, and remained in a dil-
apidated condition until the reign of
Charles I.

The work of restoration under the
great architect, Inigo Jones, had not
been completed when the structure
was destroyed in the great fire of
1666. Before this the famous St.
Paul's cross had been removed, where
great religious disputations were held
and papal bulls promulgated. Here
the bull of the pope against Martin
Luther was read in the presence of
Cardinal Wolsey.

The present St. Paul's was erected
in the years between 1675-87 from the
designs of Sir Christopher Wren. It
is in the form of a Latin cross, and re-
sembles St. Peter's at Rome, though
much smaller. It cost what would
be computed in our money to-day as
nearly \$3,740,000, but which represented
a far greater purchasing power in
those times. It is 500 feet long, and
its breadth at the transepts is 150 feet.
It is the third largest church in Chris-
tendom, being exceeded in size only
by St. Peter's at Rome and the cathe-
dral of Milan.

The dome, which separates the two
transepts and the nave and the choir,
rises to a height of 365 feet, and is
of wood covered with lead. It sup-
ports a lantern, on top of which is a
ball surmounted by a cross, the ball
and cross weighing 8,960 pounds, and
bringing the extreme height of the
structure to 404 feet. The ball is six
feet in diameter and can hold from 10
to 12 persons.

The principal front to the west con-
sists of a double portico of Corinthian
pillars, flanked by campanile towers
120 feet high. In front of the west
facade stands a statue of Queen Anne,
with England, Ireland, France, and
America at her feet. In the campanile
tower is the largest bell in England,
Wren received £200 a year while
working on St. Paul's, but his de-
signs for the decoration of the vast
interior were never carried out. The
expense was paid by a tax on coal.

St. Paul's is famous for its numer-
ous monuments, where also are the
tombs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord
Nelson, Dr. Samuel Johnson, the Duke
of Wellington, the painter Turner, and
other distinguished men.

History of Coffee.

A pamphlet published by an Arab
sheik in 1586 sheds light upon the
origin and early use of coffee. This
Arab sheik asserted that coffee was in-
troduced into Arabia from Abyssinia
about the opening of the fifteenth cen-
tury and that it had been known as a
beverage in the latter country from
the most remote period. Its peculiar
properties were taken advantage of
by the Mohammedans in connection
with their prolonged religious cere-
monies but its use as a devotional
antispasmodic stirred up the fiercest
opposition on the part of the eccle-
siastical element of the priests. Coffee
was declared to be an intoxicant and
was accordingly prohibited in the Kor-
an but in spite of this the coffee-
drinking habit spread rapidly. For
two centuries the world's supply of
coffee was obtained from the pyramids
of Yemen in southern Arabia, where
the well-known Mocha is still culti-
vated.

Knowledge of the taste and value
of coffee spread but slowly, so that it
was not until the middle of the six-
teenth century that it reached Con-
stantinople. Here it also incited the
bitter hostility of the priests. An
excessive tax was imposed upon coffee
houses, notwithstanding which they
flourished and extended. After the
lapse of another hundred years coffee
reached Great Britain, where it was
introduced by one Edwards, a British
merchant long resident in Turkey.
The first coffee house in London was
opened by his Greek servant, Pasqui
Rossie, in 1652, and the introduction
of the beverage into England met with
the same opposition as in the east.

In 1675 King Charles II. attempted
to suppress coffee houses by royal
edict, in which it was said that they
were the resort of dissipated persons,
"who spread abroad divers false, dan-
gerous and scandalous reports; to the
defamation of his majesty's govern-
ment and the disturbance of the peace
and quiet of the nation." In England,
as well as other countries, the most
effective check on the consumption of
the beverage was found to be a high
duty, which led to much smuggling.
Coffee was used in France between
1640 and 1660.

Atmospheric Effect of Icebergs.

The fishermen of Newfoundland
possess the curious faculty of being
able, as they say, to "smell" icebergs,
and thereby escape many encounters
with them. Really the approach of a
berg is heralded by a sudden and de-
cided cooling of the atmosphere.

Many an obese man has lost flesh
by trying to shave himself.

"You have had," said I, thought-
fully, "a long and varied experience.
Now, what is this hound among
thieves which is referred to so fre-
quently in the book of social pro-
verbs?"
"Piffle," replied Mr. Tutt. "It exists
in the imagination of story writers
only. The lawyer, the parson, and the
doctor, don't they all take their bit out
of their friends if they get a chance?
What do you think was the worst job
I ever did?"
"Couldn't say," said I.
"Why, robbed a chap what had rob-
bed three of his pals. I used to
chuckle a bit to think how I fetched
that off, and cuss when I remembered
all I got out of it."



Willie: "Pa, where does all the
come from?"
Pa (sighing): "From people who
have outstanding bills."

He went away.
He had been away on a two-week
vacation and on the first day of his
return he gave the following to his
writer to strike off and post up in his
office:
"Yes, I've been away."
"Yes, I had a good time, thank you."
"No, I didn't—rain seven pounds."
"I believe there were a few more
too."
"Can't say whether I brought home
a case of the malaria or not."
"I didn't go hunting."
"I didn't go fishing."
"I didn't go sailing."
"I can't say that I feel a heap better."
"I didn't get sunburned."
"I don't think I have added ten years
to my life."
"Yes, I may go again next year."
"Can't say whether I broke down
mountains in that weather."
"All this is very satisfactory," re-
plied one of the merchants' friends
after reading the placard. "And I'm
glad to see that you didn't name that
place you went to. It wouldn't look
well if you did."
"Didn't eat in the place," Walter
went on.

"Yes, I know. You went to Hades
and had a good time and have come
back looking better, but don't give us
away for fear there'll be a rush to that
spot and knock your fall trade out-
side."

Jim Comes First.
"There is no doubt," said the lawyer
to the old farmer in the new town,
him: "that if everybody would do
work in earnest the mountains
could be eradicated within six years."
"But they won't do it," replied the
farmer.

"No, they won't,"
"I'd be willing to bet I believe I've
killed more snakes than you this year,
but there's Jim Hill, a neighbor of mine,
who won't do a damned thing. When
he's asleep he lights on the head of
Jim's wife's neck, and she yells and
screams so much time goes out after
the croaker that the snake never
meets him and he kills him."