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In Our Boarding House. "My pillow is awfully hard," remarked the star boarder.

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E. P. VanDeWater Dealer in CIGARS, TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES 938 Main St. W. Rochester, N. Y.

W. H. Baker Rug Weaving and Carpet Cleaning 609 Oak Street

Chase the Gleam. When you happen to stumble on the country war de gloom folks stay try to match de sun at lookin' bright.

Couldn't Then. "I would like mightily to enjoy riches."

Good Reason. "Well, Johnny, do you wish you were a groupie man?"

The Hackstaff Case

A Story Showing How Justice May Err.

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

In the village of Atherton lived a widow forty years old who had a head for business. She would buy an old house cheap and sell it at a profit.

However, the Hackstaff couple seemed to get on very well, at least till Mrs. Hackstaff got tired of repairing houses and found a better field of operation.

When Mrs. Hackstaff stopped turning old houses into new ones it was observed that she had not sunk into idleness.

It was noticed that the Hackstaffs were absent from home a great deal, but that they never went together.

During the autumn the Hackstaffs were observed to be away a great deal. When together came they remained at home together and appeared to have very little to do.

The Hackstaff piece was on the outskirts of the village and surrounded by woods. One day Mrs. Hackstaff, walking in these woods, encountered a skunk and received the contents of its odoriferous orber dress.

A few days later the wife conceived a business scheme of importance, and both she and Hackstaff forgot all about the buried dress.

Having arranged for a prolonged absence, she and her husband talked over matters of domestic nature. Sufficient means were locked in a safe in their house for his use until her return.

Opinion which had long been growing against the accused and the fact that the prosecuting attorney was showing great energy in convicting criminals previous to a campaign he was about to make for an important judgeship prevailed over this flimsy evidence.

A few days before Hackstaff was to be banded a cablegram was handed him from his wife. Presuming that he had heard of the wreck, she announced her safety and that she had arrived in Bombay.

stated that will sweep everything before it.

When Mr. Hackstaff buried his wife's dress a small boy was in a tree above the spot where he put it in the ground about to grasp a bird's nest.

"Great heavens!" she exclaimed. "I hope he hasn't murdered his wife!" But, having met Mrs. Hackstaff the day before at the bargain counter of the Bessive store, she concluded not to be in a hurry in announcing her suspicions.

But Mrs. Hackstaff did not appear because she had sailed for China. Mrs. Ward thinking that she might have gone on one of her trips, cautioned those she had told of the buried garment to keep quiet till a proper time had elapsed for her return.

Many believed that the authorities should be given the evidence of the buried dress, but they all considered that it was the duty of some one else than themselves to bring forth the information.

As to the origin of the rose there is a legend that a Jewish maid of Bethlehem (whom Southey names Zillah) was beloved by one Ham'ul, a British soldier.

One day he went to the bank with a check for \$500 payable to himself. It had been written in his own handwriting and bore his wife's signature.

A match had been touched to these various items of kindling, and a brisk blaze started. A suspicion of forgery—other experts disagreed with the first—brought out the story of the buried dress, which brought out the fact that no one could be found who had seen Mrs. Hackstaff leave Atherton.

Hackstaff told his story as it has been told here, with a few additions not bearing on the case. This was that his wife was a cotton speculator and used, with his occasional assistance, to examine the crops in the south, where they were grown.

There were several missing links in his explanations. His wife's dress which had been extorted had become deodorized, the ticket agent at Atherton who knew Mrs. Hackstaff well, had no remembrance of having sold her a ticket on the date claimed, and owing to her catching the steamer at the last moment her name did not appear on the passenger list.

Opinion which had long been growing against the accused and the fact that the prosecuting attorney was showing great energy in convicting criminals previous to a campaign he was about to make for an important judgeship prevailed over this flimsy evidence.

Mrs. Hackstaff, meanwhile having crossed the Atlantic and traversed the Mediterranean and the Red sea, was wrecked on the Persian coast. She reached the shore with no money and, being penniless in a strange land, went through various adventures before meeting a fellow countryman who helped her out and enabled her to reach Bombay.

His Chosen Profession. "And what do you expect to be when you grow up, Bobby?" asked a minister. "A lawyer, like your father?"

It has been discovered that the off of the Egyptian desert is as free from bacterial life as the polar regions of the high seas, and it is an excellent place for people suffering from tuberculosis or consumption to take up their abode.—London Telegraph.

Kick of an Officer. An angry officer is a great fighter. He strikes out with his feet, and his legs, being immensely strong, he can swing his great amount of exertion, kick a man.

Crater Lake's Steamy Treat.

Whether it be from the temperature or the quality of the water is not known, but it is the testimony of experienced anglers that pond, for pond—Crater Lake trout are hairier fighters than trout found elsewhere.

District of Columbia. The municipal government of the District of Columbia, including the entire city and adjoining territory, is vested by act of congress in three commissioners, two of whom are appointed by the president from citizens of the district having had three years' residence therein immediately preceding their appointment and confirmed by the senate.

Legends of the Red Rose. As to the origin of the rose there is a legend that a Jewish maid of Bethlehem (whom Southey names Zillah) was beloved by one Ham'ul, a British soldier.

From other sources it would appear that the rose was first white, and the Turkish rose was colored with the blood of Mohammed and will never submit the flower to lie on the ground, contrary to this, the Greeks held that it derived its color from the blood of Venus when she trod on a thorn of the white thorn when going to the assistance of the dying Adonis.

The Jessoes Code. What honor could be viler than that of the Jessoes? From a selection of his deathbed read the complete words of J. Fumoles Cooper. John Milroy, son of a second-hand forty dollar typewriter and wore a calicoed collar.

Code of a Bethel. A New York bellhop who bought a hotel had a code for the art of getting tips which is as follows:

Don't waste time on "big bugs." Showers attention on the women if they tip at all they tip liberally. Don't "stall." Do your part and then leave it to the guest. Don't persecute tightwads. Name them with faultless service. Don't make yourself obnoxious by greed for tips. Above all, save.—Exchange.

Daughter—Did you have to fish much, mamma, before you caught papa? Mother—Fish, my dear—fish I was bear hunting.—London M. A. T.

Value that parleys is near surrender.—French Provair.