W.F.MOTT.

Paxton comprehended that he had a

CHAPTER AIII.

An explosion followed, The great stone bard

wreck of the bottle.

The table had fallen on the marked money, and to pause to attempt to se-cure it then would have been suicidal, as Paxton well knew, and with one bound he shot through the office door, gained the passage beyond and reached the street in safety. Paxton did not remain in the neigh-borhood a moment.

s secretly her lover. She is either ig-

norant that he is suspected of her father's murder or she believes he is in-

ocent. So far, so good. Now for t peaning of the scope. I witnessed t

Thus l'axion revisient the events of the evening and drew his deduction. "Perhaps Mr. Stanmore would not ad-ciae it, but I shall look after Marien Oakburn and see what comes of it," he said, mentally. He had repaired to his home immedi-

Marion Oakburn and Judith

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CHAPTER XIL-Continued.

After concealing the photograph, the right of which had made such a market impression upon the detective and his companion, Marion and Judith Kredge left the kitchen, but in a few moments the watchers at the window heard footsteps within the house, and as they seemed to be approaching the rear door, they drew back into an angle of the houlding where the darkness was com-

day, as I promised I would. The compound is recommended to remove ink marks. If we can remove the marks of the money, all well and good," said Weeks, and he placed a large stone jar or bottle on the table.

1 Pratt went to a safe in the room, opened it and took out the money which had the banker's private mark on it.

Noiselessly Paxton opened the door at which he was listening a hair's breadth, and peered into the room. He saw the three men standing about a table upon which the package of marked money had been placed. Fratt and Kredge stood with their backs turned to the door, but weeks faced it. He was intent on trying to remove the mark from one of the notes. plete.

Marion and Judith Kredge came out

Marion and Judith Kredge came out Marion and Judith Kreelge came out through the rear of the narrow yard at the back of the brilding, and thence walked to the next street, while Paxton and Stanners closely followed them.

A suspicion be would scarcely have dured to formulate into words was gaining ground in the detective's mind as he shadowed the woncen.

They had not proceeded more than a sample of blocks when Paxton discovered that seam one was steathfully dogging the footsteps of Stanmore and himself. If he was playing the shadow, he was in turn being shadowed.

turn being shadowed.

Scarcely had the detective imparted

Scarcely had the detective imparted pts discovery to his companion, when the man whom he had detected following him, darted by, and himself and Stanmora both recognized Levi Kredge by his besulfar limp.

"Arceget" exclaimed Paxton in a whitsper. "He has discovered that we are following his sister and the cashler's daughter, he added in a tone of disappointment.

Kredge's purpose to warn Marion and his sister that they were followed.

Such proved to be the fact. Overtaking Marion and Judith, Levi Kreige paused and spoke to them in a low-tone for a moment, and then hurried

two women glanced backward.

I the two women glanced backward, and then cressed the street, and making a detour they returned to the house whence they had come, without going anywhere in particular.

After Marion and her companion required the house, Paxton and Stammere watched the building until the lights were all extinguished, and they were sure that the immates had retired for the night.

sure that the immates had retired for the night.

After this they withdrew and Stan-more returned to his hotel, while Pax-ton, prompted by an impulse of the mo-meat, lingered in the neighborhood. Presently be saw a limping form ap-sear from a side street, and, recognizing Levi Kredy. he followed until he saw him enter the office of Pratt & Weeks by the private way.

the private way.

The janitor had given a peculiar rap-

The junitor had given a peculiar rapand though it was now long after business hours and no light was to be seen
in Pratt & Weeks' office, he had been
promptly admitted.

"Ah! He was expected. The rascal
is about to have a private interview with
confederates, I suppose. I should like
to be an unseen witness of this meeting.
Let me see, when I was making the
Blanchard investigation a year ago, I
had occasion to make several calls on
Masses, Pratt & Weeks. Once or twice
I was admitted by the private entrance.
Now I recollect that the street door
opens upon a narrow sarry beyind

opens upon a narrow entry beyend which is the door of the trokers' private which is the door of the trokers' private effice. Til take the risk."

Having thus communed with his own thoughts the detective crept to the door of the office by which Levi Kredge had just entered, and producing a pick-lock he delly opened the door.

"Fortunately there was no bolt on the inside or I would have been builted," he muttered.

betrayed his

presence, he gained the entry upon which the street door opened, closed the door behind him and cessed the narrow hall to the door of the private office be-There he listened and heard the voices

of Pratt, Weeks and Levi Kredge.
The detective's nerves thrilled with
expectation as he thought that now per-haps he was destined to make some im-

tant discovery.
le could distinctly hear all that was

"As it has resulted, perhaps the better course would have been to have made no attempt to secure the marked money, for now Pratt & Weeks are doubly on their guant. But at all events my venture has not been without a valuable result. I have learned that the name of the supposed assassin—the man who carried the skeleton keys—is 'Garnar,' "reflected Paxton.

From the discoveries of the night be had formed certain theories, and he sought to account for various circumstances which required explanation.

"How comes it that the photograph of the suspected man is in the hands of Marion Oakburn, and why does she treasure it? I put the objection of my friend Stanmore aside, and I will suppose that the original of the photograph is secretly her lover. She is either by

added weeks.
The other laughed unpleasantly.
"That we have kept up. Nothing like a reputation. Our dupes have always borne the ignominy and blame, while we But you promised to report to night as to whether your suspicion that you were being watched had been verified or otherwise," said Pratt, turning to

"There is no longer a doubt; I am surely being watched by detectives, but I am rid of them for to-night," answered

'Are we suspected, I wonder?" said

Weeks.
"I can hardly think so, but if the se-crets of the night of John Oakburn's nurder are ever searched out, I tremble for the consequences. But tell us.

tween Marion Oakburn and Judith Kredge.

Marion present, enter Judith Kredge. She tells Marion something, and the girl becomes excited. Therefore the news she hears statles her.. Then she reads a note which she receives from Judith, and is still more surprised. After this the picture of the supposed assassin is produced, and Mariou shows it to Judith. I infer, therefore, that the communication made by Judith rolated to the original of the photograph. Perhaps the note was from Garnar. Then Marion and Judith Kredge leave the house. This looks as though the communication funders to the suppose of the writer. I follow the two women, and discovered by Levi Kredge, who warms them of the fact. They thereupon return to the house. From the last move it is clear that they wished to conceal where they were going, and they would murder are ever searched out, I tremble for the consequences. But tell us. Kredge, have you learned what has be-come of Garnar? a-sked Pratt.

"I have learned nothing about his whereabouts. He has vanished. He it was who exchanged overcoats with Stuart Harland," answered Kredge.
"He wanted a disguise, poor devil. I infer he has left this part of the coun-try, and we have nothing to hear from him," said Weeks.

it is clear that they wished to conceal where they were going, and they would not eare to keep this movement a secret unless there was some powerful motive for doing so."

Thus Paxton reviewed the events of

ey. I have not received.
Kredge remarked.
"You shall have it; but our mutual safety demands that we should keep it safety demands that we should keep it safety demands that we should money was

in trust for you. Don't forget, my man, that if any of that marked money was

far from pleasant.

Stammore was aroused from the reverie
hato which he had fallen by a knock at
the door, and he admitted Mr. Marks, of
the firm of Marks & Hock, accommodation loan brokers, of whom mention

The two men exchanged cordial greet-

The two men exchanged certifal greetigs, and became scated.

A confidential conversation relating obsiness subjects ensued, in the course i which Mr. Marks said:

"Yes, Pratt & Weeks have fallen upon will times. Dupes have been wary. The pigeons fice at sight of the hawks, and luck in the stock market has taken a strong turn against the cunning swindlers. They have met with many losses and they now owe a considerable sum."

diers. They have met with many losses and they now we a considerable sum. "Good! Excellent! We shall accomplish our purpose, Marks."
"It is but a question of time, sir," answered the other.

"Well, open the safe and get the marked money out. Before hiding it we will test the preparation which I pro-curred from an old German chemist to-day, as I promised I would. The com-

answered the other.

Mr. Marks remained with Stanmore but a short time, and he had searcely departed when Mr. Judson, of the firm of Judson, Kirk & Co., brokers, called. In the most friendly way Stanmore received the representative of this well-known Wall street firm, and after a few remarks he placed a slip of paper before Stanmore on which was written:

"Indebtodness of Pratt & Weeks to Judson, Kirk & Co., on account of transactions in railroad and mining stock to date, \$43,000."

Stanmore read the memorandum with crident satisfaction.

"The end is surely coming. Retribution hovers over the heads of the scoundrels, and its shadow is growing darker day by day," he said.

"Yes, the tables are turning. A secret foe has foiled all their schemes of late. Assuredly the day of his triumph and the downfall of the swindlers cannot be far distant," answered Mr. Judson.

Some further remarks were exchanged, and, while Stanmore and his guest were still conversing, Mr. Benjaman, of the firm of Abraham Benjaman & Son, money lenders, entered.

Paxton comprehended that he had a wonderful chance to secure the marked money if he dared take a terrible risk.

Like a shadow he glided into the room, intending to snatch the package of marked money and escape with it. He had almost reached the table when Pratt wheeled like a flash and saw him. The next instant he was struggling desperately with the three villains, whose evil faces were darkened by the shadow of deadly thoughts.

& Son, money lenders, entered.

The latter seemed to be well acquainted with Mr. Judson, and, judging from his manner, an old friend of Mr.

Abraham Benjaman was a type of the better class of Hebrew business men. In his method of speech there was orthing like the dialect peculiar to the ower classes of his race. Mr. Benja-

Paxton fully realized that his situa-tion was one of deadly peril.

This man is a spy! He must not ex-cape us! cried Pratt, as his confeder-ates huried themselves upon the de-tective.

The latter exerted all his surprising strength is making a determined stry. nothing like the dialect peculiar to the lower classes of his race. Mr. Benja-man was an American Hebrew, who had been educated in this country. "Well, Stammore, my, boy," said the shrewd old fellow, as he shook hands, I have come to make the report of the work. We have lent our friends, Pratt & Weeks, six thousand dollars at twenstrength in making a determined strug-gle to liberate himself from the clutches of his foes.

In the encounter the table was oversaid contained a compound for remov-ing ink stains was dashed down up a the floor at the feet of the struggling

Weeks, six thousand dollars at twen-flye per cent, for sixty days. That ikes twenty thousand dollars they we had from us." Very good. They will be after more ency before long, I think," said Stan-ice. "If so, let them have It," he had

three gentlemen engaged in an The three gentlemen engaged in an animated discussion on business topics for some time, but just before Mesars, Judsen and Benjaman withdrew the conversation reverted to Pratt & Weeks. While they drew their chairs close together, and their voices were lowered to a confidential tone, they talked earnestly for a few moments, and Stampere said.

An explosion followed.

The great stone bottic burst into a thousand fragments, and a sheet of flame flashed upward into the faces of the combatants who involuntarily leaped away in every direction.

Weeks learned afterwards that through a mistake on the part of an assistant of the old chemist of whom he had purchased the compound, he had been given an explosive mixtare instead of the compound for removing ink marks.

Paxton was released by the frightened villains at the instant of the explosion, as they leaped away to escape the flying missile and the sheet of flame from the wreck of the bottle. r a few moments, and You both know that the money stoler from the safe of Jason Garrison on the night of John Oakburn's murder was irked in a peculiar way."
"Yes, yes," assented both Mr. Judson

"Yes, yes," assented both Mr. Judson and the other.
"Very well, I have reason to suppose that the stolen money is in the hands of Pratt & Weeks."
Stanmore's two friends evinced their surprise. It was as though a supreme power had decreed that the detective should escape. The table had fallen on the marked

believe these scoundrels will attempt to exchange the marked money for such bank notes or other legal tender as they can use without danger, when they are driven to desperate expedient to raise

So Pratt & Weeks have the stolen

borhood a moment.

Of course the men from whom he had escaped did not pursue him, for they more than suspected his true character.

The detective regretted the result of his venture, but he congratulated him-'It is a secret, but I have proved your self that his disguise had not been re swered Stan moved, and that consequently his identity was unknown to the brokers and Levi Kredge.

As it has resulted, perhaps the betavo! We shall catch the weasels said the old Hebrew, rubbing his

Yes; you have managed so that I

Tes. The hour of justice will have

certainty," Stanmore answered.
"They will be driven to make use of "They will be driven to make use of the stolen money. Never fear, I have given thom a false idea of my character for a purpose, and they will come to me thinking me as unscrupulous as them-

We will hope so. The life of an in-

Later, when Stanmore found himself

Later, when Stanmore found himself alone, he said in self communion.

Pratt & Weeks are walking into the pitfail I have dug for them. The weak, inexperienced young man whom they enticed to his ruin, and at whose impotent threat they smered and laughed, when he discovered how he had been duped by their devilish duplicity and cunning, has been forgotten by those brigands of Wall street. But the hour is coming when the threats he uttered when they drove him into exile, a diswhen they drave him into exile, a dis-graced and ruined man, shall be made

Then Stanmore's thoughts reverted to the mystery of John Oakburn's murder.
I cannot doubt that Marion Oakburn has some knowledge of the man whose photograph I saw in her possession. Can it be that those wretches, Pratt & Weeks, have thrown the tolls about that

stely after his escape from the office of Pratt & Weeks.

Meanwhile, Stanmore, after parting from the detective, confessed to himself that he was deeply troubled by the developments of the night.

Gaining his own apartment at the hotel, he scated himself and remained buried in profound meditation for a long time, while the expression of his features revealed that his thoughts were far from pleasant.

"But if the market goes the wrong But it the market as I do we are many you know as well as I do we are ruined unless the marked money can be made to save us," answered Prait. "Ferhaps we may arrange that. Old marketunious fellow.

"Perhaps we may strange that. Old Benjaman is an unscripinious fellow. I've sounded him. If the worst comes, we may be able to get him to take the marked money at a discount, and let us have the gold for it," suggested Weeks. Little did they suspect the fact, but the conspirators seemed destined to play into Stanmore's hands.

The plotters feared the consequences of the discovery made by the spy who had escaped them. nder how much of our conversa

tion the fellow heard," said Weeks pres

tion the fellow heard," said Weeks presently.

"Enough to condemn us, no doubt, if
he could prove what he heard. Fortuintely for us, he did not secure the
money, which was undoubtedly his purpose. Now we will conceal it and defy
him if he seeks to expose us. Our ouths
would go as far as his in a court of law,
if it should come to that," replied Prast.

He was the leading spirit of the firm.

"That infernal noney has done us no
go sl yet, but on the other hand it has
brought us trouble," said Weeks querulouely.

Thus they continued to converse until

actions in railroad and mining stock to date, \$43,000.7

Stammore read the memorandum with crident satisfaction.

'The end is surely coming. Retribution hovers over the heads of the scoundrels, and its shadow is growing darker day by day, he said.

'Yes, the tables are turning. A secret foe has folled all their schemes of late. Assuredly the day of his triumph and the downfall of the swindlers cannot be far distant,' answered Mr. Judson.

Some further remarks were exchanged, and, while Stammore and his guest were still conversing, Mr. Benjaman, of the firm of Abraham Benjaman.

irney may have no meaning for us, and t it may, on the other hand, be of

great importance."

In accordance with his determination,
Paxton, well disguised as a foppish ung man, and carrying a small travel ing bag containing the material for an

ing bag containing the material for another disguise, left the city on the same train with Levi Kredge.

When their destination was reached, Levi Kredge proceeded directly to the office of the real estate agent.

Paxton entered the same office a moment after Kredge.

ment after Kredge.
While a clerk gave Paxton his attention the latter saw a gentleman whom
he presumed to be the proprietor of the
office usher Kredge into an interior and
private compartment of the establishment.

ment.

The door was closed and in the presence of the clerk it was impossible to play the listener at it, but still Paxton meant to know what business Kreige had with the real estate agent.

He invented an excuse for his presence and retires. nd retired.

There was a third-rate hotel opposite. There was a third-rate hetel opposite, to which Paxton crossed, and engaging a front room, from the window of which he could watch the broker's office, he hastily made a change in his disguise.

In a few minutes Paxton descended from his room as a feeble old man wearing an old-fashioned shawl and carrying

Paxton reached the hotel office

Faxton reached the hotel office as kredge, whom he had seen crossing the street before he left his room, entered. Kredge entered the restaurant attached to the hotel and ordered dinner. Paxton was at the dining-room door, and, hearing Kredge give his order, he said to himself:

"He is safe for half an bear here," and crossing the street he made his way slowly up the stairs leading to the real extate office, which he entered wheezing and scenningly almost out of breath, as became the character he had assumed. Ginneing about the broker's office, Glancing about the broker's office Paxton said, in a cracked, old man

ice: "Eve missed him! He ain't here!" "Who are you looking for?" asked the

cierk.
"My son, Levi," answered Paxton. ed to be the proprietor you are Mr. Kredge, I pre-said he.

sir."
, your son left here but a me

Did he fix the business up? "No. He did not positively agree to burchase the property. He offered ten housand dollars cash, but our price is weive. Your son will find the place a bargain at that figure, I assure you."

said the agent.
I don't know, It's a good deal of money—a good deal of money. Well, must find Levi. Good-day, gentlemen It's a good deal of money, said Paxton his quavering voice. He was amazed, astonished. Here was

He was amazed, astonished. Here was a discovery that perplexed him. It was clearly evident that Levi Kredge was in good fath contemplating making a purchase of ten thousand dol-lars' worth of real estate, and yet the man had not been worth a dollar in the world prior to the murder of John Oak-

oney he had offered for the real estat-Mentally, Paxton scarched for an ex-anation of this affair. He in review went over the circun

on which he had not dwelt in membered that the savings of a life time, which Marion Oakburn thougher father kept in his little private sa! had not been found. had not been found.

In an instant Paxton formulated theory which seemed like the truth, a which was at least an explanation as thow the treacherous cascal might hav pressured the \$10,000 which he assume

AT Ischia they disinterred an old woman, unharmed. "God bless you." she cried, as they helped her out. "But for pity's sake," she added im-

"stat for pity's sake, she added inpetuously, "dig a little deeper and
save my — "What? Is there any
on a street car and sat there until the
conductor teld them that the car went
nationally, "My hen!" continued the

Children's Column



whole lot Till her tears filled a copper quart-rup.

Then she skinned the old wolf and his skin dried with care
Till it made here handsome fur rug.
Vhich she traded in town for a ten-dolla Stick of gum, and a cracked shaving mug.

hen she cut off his cars, which the govern ment bought.
(There a a bounty on dead woiver, you know)
With the throng she get, seven dollars I think
She bought her a spear and a bow.

And so ever since, in her gayest attire,
She ranges the woods and the delis,
Always allting the woives, and I've heard
she grows rich
On the cars and the rugs that she sells.'
— Mae Myrtle Cook.

An affecting account of the death of An affecting account of the death of an old hound is given by its owner in the Animal World. Hector was a long-tried and trusted dog, the leader of a pack of hounds. The old dog be-came too infirm for the field, and was left at home when the pack went out. Year by year his feebleness grew upon him, but he was well cared for, and passed his time mainly in sleeping be-side the kitchen fire. His long abside the kitchen fire. His long absence from the hunting-field caused his fine, deep-toned note to be almost forgotten. "One afternoon," says the owner, "I was writing in my room, when suddenly I heard the splendid note, as I thought at the moment, of a strange hound, and listened to hear it ngain; when, instead of it being repeated, the whole pack in the kennel near my house gave one burst, as if in full cry, and, as the sounds died away and all was again husbed in stillness, my huntsman rushed into the room, saying, in an agitated voice: 'Hector is dead, sir! That splendid note of what I had thought a strange bound had been the old dog's farewell call to the pack. They had heard and had answered."

The little glies bottle of salt that you see on the table every dry could tell a most interesting story. It has made a long journey, and gone through many changes. It was for a long long time down in earth hundreds of feet. Men discovered its hiding place, and Men discovered its hidring place, and began devising a way of reaching it and bringing it to the top. Probably the salt on year table came from the salt mines in the western part of the state of New York. If you should go there, you would find a small city, all the people in which were interested in the salt works. Iron pipes rundown into the earth. Down one of these nines water is forced, which disthese pipes water is forced, which dis solves the salt in the mines, and force it into elevated vats or tanks high above the ground. It is now brine This brine passes first into a pan that is so hot that the water is driven out and the salt crystalizes. It is to great casks that hold 1000 Before it reaches the casks, it has been the crystals. These casks of sait are subjected to mother system, which eask again by a process of sifting o screening, as you have seen men is building a house sift the sand to go the finest for the mortar for the brick The kind of sait that is on your table is ground to make it very line, that i may dissolve at once, with freedom when sprinkled on or in food. it is ground it is packed in sacks by women and girls, and shipped to the procers. The coarse salt is used by farmers and in freezing ice-cream.

The Twins' Birthday.

Tom and Harry were twins, and in the last week of school vacation they had a birthday.

Of course they found birthday gifts

on the breakfast table. this birthday, their eighth. the twins had planned to celebrate it in a grand way. The trouble was that they could get no one interested in their plans, They had beard so much about "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that was being played in the city, that they were very Papa said he had no time to think of

Then they wanted to have a ride or he merry-go round, and a long rid on a street car; away up in front, near the horses, but for some reason the horses, but for some reason mamma would not promise anything Perhaps, she, too, was busy. The result of this was a long talk

etween the twins and then, I am sorry to say, the breaking open of their sayings bank and their starting—out city By that time it was nearly noon.

The merry-go-round was not very far from their home and after they had me ride they stayed to take several

It was quite dark, and when Harry and Tom noticed that, they were quite frightened but they would not have said so for the world. Getting off the car they walked along the street and soon they got very hungry. It was at this time that they saw several people eating in a large room, and so they went in and asked for some bread and

At the words they fancied they saw

the man smile.
"Perhaps he thinks we can't pay for "Perhaps he thinks we'll show him." it, said Tom, "but we'll show him." This they did, and no sconer were they on the street again than they found themselves very sleepy. At this they wondered very much what they should do and finally decided to sit down in the corner of a perch in front of what seemed to be an empty house,

and talk it over. By the time they were settled down they were almost too tired to talk.

The next thing they knew the sur

was up and shining in their faces.

The twins had slept out of doors for the first time in their short lives. Well, they cat some noire broad and nating." well, they ent some more iread and milk, and by that time—they were two very homesick little—boys, aithough Foia would not have—owned the feel-ing.—His great ambition was to be a

Still, it would have been nice to have gone home even though they had not seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but they did not know which way to turn to find home. Harry wanted to a-k a policeman, but Tom would not con-

Very soon though, they met a who stared hard at them and then asked them all sorts of questions; their names, ages, father's first name and

When they had told him all he wanted to know, he took them, one by each hand, and started for their home on a street car. When they were set-tied down the man said "Don't you naughly beys know that the mercing papers tell all about your being lost, and that your poor mother is nearly

Strange to say, the twins had never thought of that part of it.
Well they rode along and finally

came to their home.
"So that is the end of our great birthday doings," thought these two

I will not tell you what happy when they reached the house. V do you suppose should have happened to such boys?—Kate White in Boston Bouquet.

Various Kinds of Chin.

I have just read Dr. Lent's letter on physiognomy in the modical accused, says a contributor to the Chicago Post, and an prompted to say in reply to his request for contributions on the

Protrading chins characterize men ad women of the get there type. Succonful people usually carry their chins thrust forward with compressed lips, Phis chin, if heavy, with broad rami and swelling masseters, indicates fight

orce, mentally, morally and physicalince, mentary, meanly and physical-ity; usually of a yielding sort; soon discouraged; desires protection; small executive force. The development of other healties often makes up for this

A small, well-rounded chin, with A small, well-rounded calls, with mobile and red cushings of fields upon it indicates a pleasure-leving owner. If dimpled, all the more so, for dim-pled chins belong to the coquette, People with dimples love to be pretty and loved ; like a burnation and praise. Generally fields—Usually this chin is Broad chins signify nobleness and arge dignity, unless vertically thin, then, it with it there be thin lips of bloodless kind you find emelty

Benjamin Ide Wheeler has written a paper on 'The Royal Family of Greece' for the Century, Professor Wheeler 1938 of King George, That the thirty-three years of his That the flirty three years of his reign have, in spite of all this, been on the whole successful, and have re-sulted in establishing him and his house in a securer tenure today than they have at any previous time enthey have at any previous time en-poyed, is due in large bossoure to the cool good sense with which the King from the very first accepted the situ-ation and adjusted himself to it. He is not, in the ordinary use of the term, a great man. Ho is pre-emimently a man of sagnetty and practical wisdom, a shrewd man. His own private af fairs he has managed with remarkable skill. Rumor has it that his ventures on the bourse have been eminently avish income he has managed to ac-unculate a reasonable fortune, which, n good prudence, he has invested out Greeks that he has treated his office treess that he has treated has effice as an employment from which to get gain; and yet, earny gain-getters as they are themselves, they really re-spect him more for his printence.

A Timely Work.

"No,I don't want any books today," the said, as she caught sight of the

I am not an ordinary bookagent, ma'am. I am performing a great ser vice to the community by the work

What is that? "I am taking orders for a small vol-ume which gives the pronunciation of Cuban towns and of Scotch dialect

"I'll take a copy." -Judge,

The Chathaw Kecord

RATES

ADVERTISING. One square, one insertion..... \$1.00 One squere, two insertions. ... 1.50

One square, one month..... For larger advertisements interal contracts will be made.

THE MEN WHO LOSE.

Here's to the men who lose! What though their work be e'er so nobly planned. And watched with zealous care. Ne glorious halo crowns their efforts grand; Contempt is failure a share.

Here's to the men who lose!

If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then:
The king is he who, after ferror deleat,
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plandits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears;
The vanquished's banners never are
furfied
for them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose? The touchstone of true worth is not success. There is a higher test. Though fate may darkly trown, onward to

And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose? It is the vanquished's praises that I sing, And this is the foas! I choose? "A hard-fought fulture is a noble thing. Here's luck to those who lose. —George H. Braudhurst.

HUMOROUS.

A buby in a buggy is a good thing, but no man likes to push it along. "Do you know, Tom kissed my hand last night." "He always was discrimi-

Leola-Do you think you could ever earn to love a man?" Hazel-Bring learn to love a man?" on your man. The Manager (to the Living Skele-ton)-Well, Bones, here goes! May your shadow never grow less!

When a man is sure his friends never talk about him behind his bac i sure that all his friends are dead

"Am I too late?" asked the physi-cian, as heburrisdim, "Yes, doctor; he dist peacefully half an hour ago." He-I wish I had Benderlee's soft snap. She Don't you, though brains make a good living for him.

Kean-Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse? Steam-Not at all. It's the people she meets who are scared. Melicent-Aren't bicycle lamps an

noying. Miriam (vexationsly)—Yes; nine goes out every time I run into anybody. The man who said repeatedly when he was young that he would never marry, wishes occasionally when he is

old that he had kept his word. "There is one thing about me; I am not afraid to say just what I think."
"Of course, you are not afraid, but
you ought to be ashamed."

A school teacher lately put the ques-

tion: "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe!" responded a bright member of the class "What are you crying for, Nellie?" "Ob, it's nothing, Lucy. I want my

husband to buy me a new bonnet to-morrow, and I am simply practising a little." 21 noticed the doctor's carriage at your door yesterday afternoon. Was it anything serious? "Serious? It is absolutely mournful. Cross all the

Dyspensia Specialist Ceritaldy: -But, madam, you must chew your foot. What were your teeth given to you for? Female Patient (calmly) - They

weren't given to me; I bought 'em Woman - Dresses are going to be now ribly expensive this season. Another Woman-Yes: those very simple gowns that are coming in will take

such a quantity of material and work! She-There were fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence. Lord Ninkmpupe - How very remark-able! In England, doneherknow, you can get thousands of signatures to als-

most any sort of document. "This," said the school friend who had not seen her for a year, "this is the girl who vowed to me that she never would matter of some few months or so

Little Chick-What do you let that ugly little thing come under your wing for? Old Hen (who had innelvertently hatched a duck's egg) -1 can't help it, my dear. We vegot to put up with the creature because she belongs to our set, you know.

"In accepting marriage, George, dear, I do so not because I am auxious to be married, or that I pester you particularly to all the other men in the world, but because my shearest friend, Susie Rivers, has a perfectly divine engagement ring, and I would like to went one like it."

The Monkey as an Institutor,

At Cheltenham, England, there lives a retired admiral and his wife, who have a favorite monkey. One day re-cently the lady, hearing a strange noise in the dining-room, looked in to see what it was. The sight which met her eyes was a indicrous one. Scated in the armehair, with the peteral a smoking cap on his head, and to almiral's spectacles on his rose, wa his monkey, and in his hand was the open newspaper, which he shock and patted, while he jubbered and gesticulated with great emphasis at the cat, which lay blinking on the hearth rug. manner when reading to his wife some

Tenderly Missed.

Mrs. Boardem — How do you find the bicken sonp, Mr. Boarder? Mr. Boarder—I have no difficulty in finding the soup, madam, but I am in-clined to think that the chicken will be

able to prove an alibi. Richmond