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## LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

By Prof. Wm. Henry Peck,  
Author of the "The Stone-Cutter  
of Lisbon," Etc.

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### CHAPTER X. Continued.

"You say so now. I expected you would," remarked Luke, coolly. "Catharine Elgin, I am a desperate man; unscrupulous when my interest demands it. I had intended to use other and less severe measures to make you the wife of my son, but having discovered that you have given your love to James Greene, and because you have learned of your father's existence I am not to be trifled with now. I tell you plainly, you shall never be less a prisoner than you are now until you are the wife of Charles Hammond."

"I have never seen him," said Kate, with seething contempt; "but merely because he is your son I detest and abominate him. You are wasting time, Luke Hammond."

"Your father's life depends upon your resolve," said Luke, coldly. "Wretch! Have you not already injured him beyond barbarity itself?" cried Kate. "You dare not take his life."

"You forget that he is, in fact, already dead and buried," said Hammond. "The very fact that I have done what I care do anything—and will do anything," he said, fiercely.

"Are you, Mrs. Harker, a woman, and hear you this threat without raising your voice?" exclaimed Kate to Nancy.

"Tell her, Luke, tell her what I am to you. The truth may weaken her courage," said Nancy, writhing under Kate's scornful words.

"I will, sometime hereafter," said Luke. "Better wait until Charles has arrived to urge his suit."

"Leave me in Heaven's holy name, I beg you to leave me," cried Kate. Then clasping her hands and falling upon her knees, she cried:

"Oh, mother! dear mother! look down upon this most unfortunate child! Ask upon our God His powerful aid to free me and my poor father from the cruelty of this wicked man. And, oh, God! hear my mother's prayer!"

She covered her lovely face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

"She melts at last," said Luke, with a grim smile of triumph.

"Melts!" exclaimed Kate, springing to her feet, and standing defiantly erect. "I am rock—iron—steel to you, villain. Would to Heaven I were a living sword to cleave you down where you stand—thou hideous, cruel, ungrateful scoundrel!"

"I shall not forget your compliments," said Hammond, quivering with rage. "I have little time to waste in talking. You hold your father's life or death upon your lips. He dies if you remain rebellious to my commands."

"Rebellious!" said Kate. "I owe you no obedience."

"If your father, then, shall command you to marry my son, will you obey him?" demanded Luke.

"In his right reason, my father would bite his tongue off ere he would consent to such a thing," said Kate.

"Knowing that, I would disobey his forced or insane command. Leave me."

"You hope to be rescued," sneered Luke. "You shall sooner fly. You hope for the aid of James Greene. True, he will seek for you and find—a swift and sudden death."

"Oh, Father in Heaven! This is too much!" sobbed Kate, almost swooning with a new-born fear.

"Tell me, inhuman being that you are! Can you be my mother's brother? Is there a single drop of kindred blood in your veins and mine?"

"Why question it?"

"Because my mother was kind, loving, pious, gentle—she would not force a pang from the heart of her bitterest foe, though in being merciful she should have broken her own. And you—you are what? I can find no name to describe your villainy! I dare you, cowardly tyrant, to face James Greene with a threat! He would crush you, but for the hair of your head, which has grown white with evil. Leave me, I say!"

"Take this fact to bend you with its terror, Catharine Elgin," said Hammond, hoarse with rage, and astounded at her courage. "James Greene will come here to-night; a note in your writing will lure him here. He goes not hence a living man."

"Heaven will protect him and punish you," replied brave Kate.

"We shall see," said Luke, fiercely. "I have gone too far to retreat. James Greene must die or I must hang. Look at me and say if I am one to sacrifice my life for that of James Greene."

He turned his dark and evil face so that every desperate purpose in his soul seemed blazing upon it in fearful resolve.

"Leave me! You look like a fiend," said Kate, shutting her eyes in terror.

"To save the life of James Greene," said Hammond, "will you consent to obey me?"

"If James Greene loves me as I love him, and from my soul I believe he does," said Kate, gazing firmly at her tyrant, "he will prefer sudden death to lifelong misery. And to know me the

wife of another would be agony to him, as to see him the husband of another would be woe to me, Luke Hammond. I place my trust where my mother taught me to place it, and where I know she now is—in heaven!"

She pointed upward as she spoke, and the noble dignity and confidence of her face and attitude abashed Hammond while he admired.

"By my blood!" he muttered, as he left the room and strode along the hall, "I half wish Charles may refuse. That girl begins to turn my brain. But to force her to marry me will be infinitely harder than to make her Mrs. Charles Hammond. Surely my son will arrive this day."

He met Stephen pacing the hall. "How is he?" asked Luke.

"Awake and wants to see you," said Stephen.

"He is perfectly sensible, then?"

"Yes, sir, and would talk with me if I would answer him," said Stephen.

"I will give him a chance to wag his tongue," said Hammond, with a hard, cruel smile, as he entered the crimson chamber.

"Good day, Elgin," said Luke, taking a seat near the bed. "I am rejoiced to see your eye so clear. You feel better?"

"Villain! Have you come to renew your tortures?" groaned Henry Elgin.

"Where is my child?"

"She is in the white-and-gold chamber, Henry Elgin, and there to remain until she shall become Charles Hammond's wife."

"She will die there, then, for she loves James Greene," said Elgin. "Alas! my poor child!"

"She may forget James Greene if you command her to marry Charles Hammond."

"I shall not command her. You know it well, scoundrel!"

"Not even to save your life—to regain health and freedom, Henry Elgin?"

"No; not for twenty such lives as mine would I make my daughter miserable. My life and liberty! You dare not give me my liberty; my life you are stealing from me by slow torture."

"To save her life, then, will you command her to wed Charles Hammond?"

"Monster! Will you dare harm that innocent girl, the child of your sister?"

"She must become Mrs. Hammond. I have sworn to play that for years."

"Luke Hammond," said Elgin, "my purse has often saved you from ruin. My house has been your home for years. All that I enjoyed you shared. Your sister was my wife; my child is your niece. Have you no humanity, no gratitude?"

"None, Henry Elgin," said Luke. "None, when to show such would be to ruin myself. I am upon the verge of bankruptcy. I have no friend of whom I can borrow. If I fail it will be proved a fraudulent bankruptcy. I have been entrusted with large sums by various persons. Those sums I have used in speculations, and lost every dollar. A time for settlement is near at hand. You are rich, very rich, and could have saved me a year ago."

"The riches you call mine by right belong to James Greene," said Elgin. "and you are already largely indebted to me for money advanced."

"Too late to speak of that now," said Hammond. "Though all believe you to be dead, I have prepared a settlement of your affairs. My notes due to you I have destroyed. Think you I will suffer you to go free with the power and will to ruin me? Do what I tell you—make over all your property to your daughter, as all men now believe you have already done. Command your daughter to become the wife of my son, and you shall go free."

"You would not dare trust me free. You would murder me after having gained your purpose," said Elgin.

"Not if you would pledge me your solemn word of honor, Henry Elgin, to leave me unmolested."

"What if I advance you the money you need to save your reputation?" asked Elgin.

"You cannot, Henry Elgin," said Hammond. "You are dead to the world. Make a will dated prior to the day of your supposed death, leaving your property to your child, and she can advance the money at my command. You cannot appear again in New York while I am in it."

"You would fly elsewhere with the money," said Elgin. "You are a defaulter, a villain, and would use the money so gained to pay your debts. Nor shall I defraud James Greene any longer of his rights. I have been a bad man, and now I am suffering my just punishment. Years ago the father of James Greene, when dying, made me the guardian of his infant son, who now loves my daughter. I was false to the trust. Young Greene had no relatives, and I easily gained undisputed possession of the property. Then I apprenticed the boy to learn the carpenter's trade. During the last three years of my life among men I repented of my villainy. For the sake of my child I dared not reveal my crime, but I took a course which would have righted James Greene and left her with an unstained name, had you not interfered. I do not think you dare to murder me, or you would have done so the instant you discovered my will."

## Humor of Today

Just One.  
"Were there any practical jokes played on you at your wedding?"  
"Only by Fate."—New York Sun.

Overweening Ambition.  
A microbe on a dollar bill  
Abode in peace and plenty,  
But moved one day—and started to death,  
Its new home was a twenty.  
—Chicago Tribune.

His Floundering.  
"Isn't Mr. Teetjus a deep thinker?"  
"He must be," answered Miss Cayenne. "I never heard him try to say anything without getting beyond his depth."—Washington Star.

Self-Sacrifice.  
He—"I don't see what makes women such awful gossipers. Now a man prides himself on being a good listener."  
She—"That's just it. A woman likes to flatter his vanity, and how could she listen if she didn't talk?"—Detroit Free Press.

Joy Ahead.  
Jenkins—"Aren't you disappointed that your baby was a girl?"  
Popple—"No, indeed. I've just been thinking how much pleasure it will afford me some day to tell some foreign duke or count that he can't have her."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Truth Brought Home.  
"After all," said the moralist, "the Almighty Dollar is man's greatest enemy."  
"If that's so," interrupted old Roxley, "I guess that young wife of mine merely loves me for the enemies I've made."—Philadelphia Press.

Why He Laughed.  
"Oh, George, dear, I'm so glad you've come home! We've had burglars in the flat, and they took all our silver and beat the janitor dreadfully! What are you laughing at?"  
"I'm laughing because they beat the janitor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Professional Amenities.  
"I was really so excited that I just simply lost my voice altogether."  
"Wasn't that lucky! I was wondering how they came to accept it."  
Puck.

Their Ancestors.  
"I can trace my ancestors back through fourteen generations," said the man with the long hair and the frayed cuffs.  
"I can't," replied the man with the new suit and the patent leather shoes; "I haven't time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Sequel.  
Old Friend—"Hello, Bill! Haven't you met me in ten years. The last time we met you were writing a book on 'How I Got Rich Quick.' What became of you after that?"  
Bill—"Oh, then I wrote another on 'How I Got Into Jail Quick.'"—Detroit Free Press.

In the Fifth Avenue Parade.  
Respectable Deacon—"I wish that young Canon Mayberry weren't obliged to preach to such a small congregation."  
Frivolous Widow—"So do I. Every time he said 'Dearly beloved' this morning I felt as if I had received a proposal."—Smart Set.

Unanswerable.  
Maiden Aunt—"Caroline, you don't know how to train children. I've been noticing how you deal with Johnny. Nine out of every ten injunctions you lay upon him are 'don'ts.'"  
Married Niece—"Why, Aunt Abigail, nine of the Ten Commandments are 'don'ts!'"—Chicago Tribune.

A Bid For Fame.  
Mrs. Rastus Johnson—"Dem Coonleys don't behab had chicken fo' dinner no mo'."  
Mr. Rastus Johnson—"Now! Seuce dey begin makin' a leetle money dey bin tryin' ter make b'lieve dey kin affo' ter buy in broad daylight all de grub dey need."—Philadelphia Press.

A Florida Incident.  
"So you won't go out in a rowboat with me?" he asked, with a disappointed look.  
"I'm timid," she replied; "I never fell out of a boat, and I'm afraid I couldn't do it gracefully."  
"Well, come out on the back stoop and we'll try falling out of a ham-mock!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Same Then as Now.  
"I wonder, who was the first politician?" queried the heavy-weight new boarder.  
"Adam," answered the cheerful idiot.  
"How do you figure that out?" asked the obese party.  
"He didn't have to go to work until he lost his job," explained the c. l.—Columbus Dispatch.

## WILLIAMSON'S INSOMNIA

How Taking Care of the Baby Effectuated a Two-Fold Cure.

Williamson always complained that he was a nervous man. In his boyhood the tendency exhibited itself in the shape of a fondness for exercise between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock in the morning. As he grew older the somnolent characteristics of the normal boy were noticeable by their absence. The sound of ra' on the roof, a creaking door, the thought of to-morrow's examinations, could banish from him all possibility of sleep.

Mrs. Williamson's first important lesson in her married life concerned the sacredness of Williamson's slumbers. A mother-in-law, three sisters-in-law and a maiden aunt of her husband's all united to impress on her mind that if Charles once fell asleep nothing short of a domestic tragedy was an excuse for awakening him. His oversleeping in the morning was to be hailed with thankfulness, as a partial atonement for the sufferings of a wakeful night. All of which Mrs. Williamson took to heart as in duty bound.

Williamson, junior, however, did not prove as tractable a pupil as his mother. Considering his inches, he had an extraordinary amount of self-assurance, and his bump of reverence seemed totally undeveloped. If he felt in the mood for roaring, he roared regardless of the hour of whose slumbers he disturbed. The room chosen for the nursery was as remote as possible from Williamson's sleeping room, and here Mrs. Williamson spent many an hour of the night in an effort to render the outcries of her son and her inaudible to her husband.

But one time when Williamson junior was cutting his first teeth his mother had been up with him for three successive nights. Then Williamson made a proposition that would have astonished his mother and sisters and the maiden aunt.

Looking across the table at his wife's pretty, tired face, the dark lines of weariness giving a new luster to her eyes, he said, kindly: "Kitty, you look up to-night you must get a good sleep. I will look after the baby."

Mrs. Williamson gasped. "Why, Charlie, you won't sleep at all. The time you usually go to sleep is just his hour for starting in."

"I can stand it for one night," said Williamson. Then he added with a martyr-like air, "I sleep so little anyway that I might as well turn my wakefulness to some account."

The prospect of one night of undisturbed sleep was too tempting to be resisted. Mrs. Williamson yielded with ecstatic gratitude. She retired early that evening, having first inducted her husband into the chief mysteries connected with the care of an infant.

It seemed to her that she had hardly fallen asleep when she was aroused by the vigorous lamentations of her offspring. Her first impulse was to go to her husband's assistance, but she heroically suppressed it. She would not spoil his sacrifice. She fell asleep again, her mind full of images of Williamson heaving milk and walking the floor and crooning lullabies under his breath to the red, writhing piece of humanity who seemed on such occasions a prey to the most bitter cynicism. Occasionally through the night she was awakened by the baby's cries, but each time she sunk to sleep, with the delicious consciousness that Charlie was doing everything necessary.

The sun was high next morning when Williamson bolted into his wife's room, watch in hand. "What time have you, Kitty? My watch seems to be off."

"Why, it's 9 o'clock," gasped Mrs. Williamson. "You've overslept!" Then, with commiserating tenderness, "I suppose you were so worn out, poor boy, that when he gave you a chance you just slept, regardless of everything."

Williamson looked sheepish. "To teach the truth, I never remember having had a better sleep," he said. "I was in a tranquil mood and the little fellow seemed to feel it. He never made a sound all night."

"Charlie Williamson!" shrieked his wife. "Do you mean to say that you never heard that poor child? Didn't you even feed him?"

She was answered by Williamson's guilty silence. Then, as she realized the astonishing truth, she gave herself up to helpless laughter.

The cure was two-fold. Williamson, junior, was a baby of discrimination, and that long night in which his appeals had been ignored was enough to teach him a lesson. Williamson, senior, after this episode, found it embarrassing to say much about his insomnia. Singular to say, his insomnia retaliated by leaving him to his own resources. At last accounts Williamson was sleeping very much like other people. But since the night he took care of the baby Mrs. Williamson has never trusted him with the care of that precious infant—Chicago News.

His Own Son.  
The Judge of one of the Missouri County Courts went to his home the other afternoon, and, becoming acquainted with some flagrant act of his seven-year-old son, summoned the lad before him. "Now, sir, lay off your coat," he said, sternly. "I am going to give you a whipping that you will remember as long as you live." "If it pleases your Honor," said the boy, "we desire to ask a stay of the proceedings in this case until we can prepare and file a change of venue to mother's court. Our application will be based on the belief that this court has formed an opinion regarding the guilt of the defendant which cannot be shaken by evidence, and is therefore not competent to try the case. Stay was granted, and the boy allowed twenty-five cents attorney fee.—Columbia (Mo.) Herald.

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## Woman's Realm

A Woman May Be Independent.

If a woman can make preserves, pickles or pound cake, and secure purchasers; if she can knit shawls, sweaters and slumber shoes; if she can raise poultry or Angora cats, if she can, in brief, send out from her home any product whatever that people want and will pay for, she need not be worried. She will lie down at night tired and complacent, and while retaining her grasp on the home in its essentials, she will not feel that she is a pensioner on her husband's bounty. No wife should ever acknowledge that she feels herself this; no wife ever is in this in any true sense. A wife is neither pensioner, nor pensioner, but, unfortunately, many wives acutely feel, and silently resent, the blundering attitude of otherwise good husbands in this commonplace particular. Would that the good men's eyes were opened!—Margaret E. Sangster, in Woman's Home Companion.

About the Hair and Hat.

Of course, the Easter bonnet is one of the all-absorbing subjects at this writing. Never before have the hat and the hat been so dependent one upon the other, and the shape and style of hat that the fashionable leaders of society are selecting depend entirely upon the mode in which the hair is dressed. The pompadour dressing still prevails, but in its later phases it is much smaller, doubtless to accord with the much smaller chapeaux that the best milliners in Paris are pushing upon their clients just now. And these smaller hats will make quite a difference in the mode and manner of dressing the hair.

When the large picture hats were worn and the big and shady shepherdesses, a stray lock or two of hair did not look at all untidy. Indeed, if it were curly it added quite a charm, and straggling locks twisting their curly way around the face took away somewhat from the severity of outline of the large velvet picture hat. But in the smaller ones they make for quite a different effect, and what was charming carelessness in the large hat will appear just plain untidiness in the smaller. Therefore, one ought to be thankful for these novel coiffure nets. They are made of real human hair, and when you have carefully matched the tint of your own locks in one of these nets, it will be hard to tell at a passing glance whether you are wearing one or not.—Newark Advertiser.

For Little Girls.

Open work embroidery on cloth and silk as well as upon linen and heavy cottons enters into the new coats, and there are delectable coats of all open work embroidery, or Swiss or fine lawn, and trimmed in Valenciennes. Shepherds' checks, with trimmings of the sterilized narrow bandages sold by the druggist in sealed wrappers, a roll of surgeon's plaster, a package of absorbent cotton and a bottle of boiled carbolic water.

The trouble is that the family equipped for all emergencies is the one in which nothing ever happens, while the house across the way, which is run in a "catch-as-catch-can" style, is always coming down with cuts, bruises and burns, boils and all other lamentable humors. However, as the proprietor of the first aid to the injured cabinet says, "It's better to be ready and not be hurt, than to be hurt and not be ready."—New York Evening Sun.

Bride-Elect's House Linen.

The mind of the bride-elect turns naturally to her house linen, her trousseau being, of course, completed, says the Newark, N. J., Advertiser. The shops are dealing in exquisite linen sets, their beauty never having been excelled. Italian flax and English embroideries are lavishly used on them. Some are fringed with the very air of the Orient, and those of Chinese grass cloth, embroidered in characteristic designs in silky white cotton, are indeed beautiful. The girl who can will surely possess luncheon sets in Byzantine point Arab, clumsy or in the new lace called Italian neapolitan. In the direction of table covers there are many exclusive and beautiful designs, while in bed linen one may range from the summits of luxury, as represented by drawn work and hand embroidered sheets, to the levels of simplicity. Indeed, all of the linen shown could not possibly be excelled in beauty. The brides should glory in their fortune in having such a glorious selection.

Woman Versus Man.

It seems to me that woman's excellence (and I have been using the word always in its proper meaning to denote superiority), lies in three things: A certain fineness and delicacy of physical organization and balance; a certain deep and sensitive power of intellectual and moral sympathy, and a certain firm and gentle faculty of social order and rule. I believe that nature gives the germ and potency of these things to man at the beginning of life. I believe that they are native and inherent capacities wherein the normal feminine excels the normal masculine. But that is not the point, and so we may evade, for the present, the somewhat fierce and perilous discussion which swirls around it. Whether these excellences are inherent or acquired, they are certainly desirable. They fit and adorn a woman for the place and the privileges which belong to her in civilized society. And the course of life, the method of training and education, which develops these things in a girl in the way to womanhood.—Henry van Dyke, in Harper's Bazar.

Making Fudge For a Living.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the young woman, placing a suit case on a vacant desk in a downtown office. The half dozen men in the room looked up from their work.

"I've got something here that will interest you," went on the young woman, all the while unfastening the straps of the suit case.

"It'll be useless to spring a book on us," said one man.

"Don't worry," responded the young woman. "I'm not a book agent. But I'm selling something, and I'll bet there isn't one of you can guess what."

At last the suit case was opened. It was packed with neat pasteboard boxes, tied with ribbons of different hues.

"Here we are," went on the young woman, taking out a box and untying the ribbon. "Before I take off the cover I want to say to you all that this is the best article of its kind on the market—home-made fudge. Just try a piece," she urged, going from one to the other with the box.

Everybody took a box at twenty-five cents each. The young woman said her mother, her sister and herself made her fudge at home. She was the traveling salesman of the firm, having given up a job as typewriter to do this work. So far, she said, she had made a big hit, for every day she sold all the family could make.—New York Sun.



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