

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLER.

The Daring Scheme That Was Worked by a German Doctor.

Near a small village in one of the lake states lived a western millionaire in seclusion with his little daughter and a few servants. The child was afflicted with a rare cerebral spinal complaint, a most unpleasant manifestation of which was a frequent hiccup, and eminent physicians, both in America and Europe, had pronounced the case organic and incurable. Later there came to live in the village a widow with a little girl affected similar to the millionaire's daughter. This child was a delicate, flower faced creature, wistful from the isolation that must have been her sad lot, and the peculiar bark-like hiccup which she made at once attracted the millionaire's attention, and, being a big hearted if rather ignorant man, he gave the mother employment about his home and showered the afflicted child with presents.

Perhaps four months after the widow's advent an eccentric German doctor settled in the village, and, his services being sought by the widow, he gave her child treatment, with the result that it was completely cured.

The millionaire immediately sought to place his own daughter under the German's care, but the latter flatly refused to take the case. He was a Socialist of a violent type and would have nothing to do with a man whose wealth exceeded the sum that he had fixed upon as the lawful limit of material possession.

Finally, however, after the father had patiently borne the grossest insults the German agreed to give the afflicted child treatment on condition that the other would first deed over a large tract of land in Texas for a Socialist colony and pay him for his fee a sum little short of \$50,000. This the millionaire did, but as soon as the doctor had cashed the check he disappeared with the widow and her child, and the wealthy man realized that, blinded by paternal love, he had been made the victim of an ingenious swindle.

The flower faced girl of the widow had been taught to simulate a disease, and the German was no doubt her father. He was subsequently located in Buenos Aires, but he injured man, not wishing his daughter's affliction published broadcast, dropped the prosecution.—Don Mark Lemon in Bohemian Magazine.

EXECUTING MAZEPPA.

Peter the Great's Odd Way of Punishing a Deserter.

Peter the Great, czar of Russia, punished a traitor on a notable occasion in a way that the numerous victims of the present czar's wrath might well wish were still in vogue.

Mazeppa, chieftain of the Cossacks, had deserted to the king of Sweden, with whom Peter was at war. Mazeppa was at once tried by court martial and found guilty of high treason. Sentence of death was passed upon him.

Mazeppa, however, was safely in the camp of the Swedish king, but this fact was not permitted to stand in the way of the carrying out of every part of the sentence. A wooden effigy of Mazeppa was made, and the punishments were inflicted upon the Cossack chieftain's substitute.

The effigy was first dressed in Mazeppa's uniform, and upon its breast were pinned all of the medals, ribbons and other decorations that the real culprit had worn.

While the commanding general and a squadron of cavalry stood near an officer advanced to the wooden man and read the sentence. Then another officer wrenched off the effigy's patent of knighthood and his other decorations, tore them up and trampled upon them. This done, he struck the wooden gentleman a powerful blow in the pit of the stomach, knocking him over. Next a hangman appeared. While the soldiers shouted he threw a noose over the imitation Mazeppa's head and dragged the effigy to a nearby gallows, where it was "hanged by the neck until it was dead."—Scrap Book.

Could Handle a Shovel.

The foreman of a Chicago iron mill once employed a tramp who had been a college baseball champion. Their acquaintance began in a way that showed the tramp still to be game and cheery. It was a cold autumn dawn, and the tramp had slept in front of a furnace on a warm stone. The foreman, being short of laborers, on his morning tour of inspection spied the fellow and thought he would give him a job.

"My man," he said, "can you do anything with a shovel?"

"Well, I could fry a piece of ham on it."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Pompous Man.

I do not like the pompous man. I do not wish him for a friend. He's built on such a gorgeous plan that he can only condescend, and when he bows his neck is sprained. He walks as though he owned the earth—as though his vest and shirt contained all that there is of sterling worth. With sacred joy I see him tread upon a stray banana rind and slide a furlong on his head and leave a trail of smoke behind.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

From Limb to Limb.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it? Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb. Housewife—G'wan, you're only a bum! How could you fly from limb to limb? Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum!—Kansas City Independent.

Criticism often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together.—Richter.

THE STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

It Sheds Some Side Lights Upon Life and Morals.

For a few dazzling side lights upon life and morals apply to the storage warehouse. You can find almost anything there from baby alligators to blocks of ice cream and from Teddy bears to sauerkraut. So you won't be amazed at what the institution has most recently divulged. Here you have the story:

Mrs. Q. repaired to the storage warehouse to extract her soup spoons, though it may have been aunts or uncles or popcorn or guinea pigs. At any rate, her property declined to come out. It had been tucked in by Mr. Q. Only Mr. Q. might tempt it forth. Mrs. Q. protested. She wanted her catnip or theology or safety razor, or whatever it was, and made representations with great emphasis. She moved upon the management. She stormed and wept. After long wrangling the warehouse decided it would yield up the college fee—or was it the piano?—if Mrs. Q. would swear she was still married to Mr. Q. and would send him a written statement (he was in Quebec, and I lost track of him owing to bewilderment produced by merely thinking of a storage warehouse) and make him return the statement, countersigned, to the management. This, then, is how Mrs. Q. regained possession of her golf links or prayer book or sugar tongs. Well, say it was sugar tongs, though golf links would be likelier.

Pressed for an explanation, the warehouse remarked: "Have to be careful, you know—divorces, separations, affidavits, you know. Minute such things start up there's a race to the storage place. Game is for each to snatch out everything first. Becomes embarrassing!"—Boston Transcript.

MIXED THE SIGNS.

Sarasate and the Sandwich Men in Edinburgh.

To advertise Sarasate's performances in Edinburgh eight sandwich men were sent out, each of whom bore in front and behind him one letter of the great musician's name. They started all right, but after a time removed the boards from their shoulders to have a rest.

On resuming their labors each man shouldered the board nearest him and fell in behind the man who had formerly marched before him.

When the leader, who bore the initial "S," turned around to see if his men were ready, what he saw was "Sarasate." He knew enough to realize that something was wrong, but how to right it was more than he could tell.

After changing a man here and there he got it "Starasea." But still it didn't seem correct.

By this time the poor fellow was in a terrible state. If any of their employers' people were on the outlook and could see them, their day's wage would be stopped! He tried again and yet again, but it was no use.

And a moment later a man bearing the letter "S" before and behind was seen running toward the music hall to copy down the name from one of the posters there. And along the right side of Princeton street there walked toward the appointed rendezvous at the Mound three men who bore the strange device "A A E," while opposite them there paced along the left side gutter four others, who, if to advertise means to attract attention, succeeded well, for every one who passed looked around in wondering amazement as to what "Rats" meant.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

Too Much For the Ferret.

An old buck rabbit is not to be lightly tackled by weasel, stoat or even ferret. On the sanded floor of a small public house a ferret of long experience was matched with an old lop eared buck, the property of the landlord. The ferret made straight for the rabbit's throat, but the latter was in the air before master ferret could reach him and, leaping clean over the ferret's head, let out with those powerful hind legs of his a kick which hurled the ferret bodily against the wainscot. Twice the ferret returned to the attack, and twice he missed his grip and went hurtling through the air. The third repulse was enough for him. He knew he was beaten and could not be persuaded to stand up for a fourth round.—Pearson's Weekly.

Brilliant Fish Hues.

Like birds, many fishes assume their brightest hue when they wish to attract the opposite sex of their species. The colors of the male common pike become exceedingly intense, brilliant and iridescent in the breeding season. The eel also puts on an intense silvery hue at the breeding time which is very noticeable and at one time caused naturalists to distinguish it as a distinct species. The males of the tench, roach and perch also show a marked increase in brilliancy in the breeding season.

Mental Arithmetic.

"Two years ago I asked Aunt Jane to visit us for a fortnight, and she has not gone home yet."

"It's a blessing."

"What's a blessing?"

"That you didn't invite her for a month."—Harper's Weekly.

Uncovered.

Horace—I can't understand you girls. Now, you hate Mabel, and yet you just kissed her. Hetty—I know, but just see how the freckles show where I kissed the powder off.—London Tatler.

Domestic Politics.

"Whom did you support during the last campaign?"

"A wife, two children and a mother-in-law and kept up my life insurance at the same time."—Puck.

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By Herbert Kaufman

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Advertising renders the business stronger than the man—independent of his presence. It permanentizes systems of merchandising, the track of which is left for others to follow.

A business which is not advertised must rely upon the personality of its proprietor, and personality in business is a decreasing factor. The public does not want to know the man who owns the store—it isn't interested in him, but in his goods. When an unadvertised business is sold it is only worth as much as its stock of goods and fixtures. There is no good will to be paid for—it does not exist—it has not been created. The name over the door means nothing except to the limited stream of people from the immediate neighborhood, any of whom could tell you more about some store ten miles away which has regularly delivered its shop news to their breakfast tables.

It is as shortsighted for a man to build a business which dies with his death or ceases with his inaction as it is unfair for him not to provide for the continuance of its income to his family.

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