

FROM HILL TO HILL

The sun had crossed from hill to hill, its path we could see...

And yet along the sun's bright trail We read another word...

BILLY AND THE HINDU SEER.

BY WILLIAM H. HANBY.

Billy had paid no attention to the Hindu Seer, and probably never would have...

Everywhere he went he found the story was continued, and everybody asked what he thought of it...

Although it had been but seven days since the Seer had pitched his tent in the grove of Buckeye Bridge...

Stories of rappings, of signs, of omens and ghosts that had long since been lidd by skepticism...

The crowd which passed that Billy Houck was there, and the interest about Billy's predictions...

It never believed much in spirits, said the Seer, but that fellow can shore tell some mighty queer things...

The attendant came to the front of the stage and raised his hand for silence...

He was asked if he would say anything about the passage of the Hindo Seer...

After waiting several turns for Billy to go forward the crowd could no longer restrain its impatience...

Billy was seated on the platform with his back to the audience...

His story of Billy's past was remarkably accurate, and at several points was so diverting that the crowd roared with delight...

He was asked what he thought of the Hindo Seer, and when he was twenty he wasn't worth a nickel...

The audience gasped. This was sacrilege. "It is eight years ago," went on Billy...

Hard-hearted old fellows who even doubted that a message can be sent on telegraph wire...

It was a clear moonlight night, and the crowd, which had begun to gather soon after sundown...

And as Billy caught the ripple of the Seer's laughter, he wrenched his left eye at the moon in a knowing, confidential way...

What is called in Canada the Twelve Children act of the late Mercer government...

The attendant lifted his hand for silence, and asked if the gentleman called for would not come forward...

Billy stood up and the crowd began to cheer, but he did not go forward...

His story of Billy's past was remarkably accurate, and at several points was so diverting that the crowd roared with delight...

For a moment the audience was struck dumb with the audacity of the suggestion, but seeing how Billy had been trapped...

He was asked what he thought of the Hindo Seer, and when he was twenty he wasn't worth a nickel...

IMITATIVE CRIMINALS.

THEY FOLLOW ONE ANOTHER IN METHODS OF CRIME.

Remarkable Instances From Records of Successful Robberies and Swindlers That Have Been Copied—When "Dinner Hour" Robberies Were Fashionable.

The imitative faculty of criminals is well recognized by all engaged in their detection, says the London Answers...

For a considerable time past there had been none of these dinner hour robberies. Now the feat of these thieves was to make them common.

Within a few weeks, while the Belgian ambassador, M. van de Weyer, and his wife were dining in their residence...

And as Billy caught the ripple of the Seer's laughter, he wrenched his left eye at the moon in a knowing, confidential way...

Chinese newspapers, owing to the cheap quality of paper used and to the low price of labor, both literary and mechanical...

The fact that the man whose example was rewarded with such an opportunity for crime...

And I don't believe I am the oldest pioneer at that, for Eleanora Hamilton Kneenan...

Twenty years ago a young man was swept away by the excitement of the gold rush...

Yes, said Mr. Billings, reluctantly, in reply to his friend's remark that Mrs. Joyce was "an awfully sweet little woman."

So acute did her suspicion at last become that she communicated with the police. When they arrived they were just too late.

"Don't you hire any servants at all to keep this hotel clean? My room is in an awfully dirty condition," complained the victim of the summer hotel "ad."

The theft of the body of Alexander Stewart in New York in 1876 was imitated in 1881 in Scotland by a gang of "blains," who stole the body of the Earl of Crawford...

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. J. D. BURRELL.

Subject: The Friend of God. Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday morning the Rev. Joseph Dunn Burrell, pastor of the Clason Avenue Presbyterian Church...

The figure of Abraham is one of the most majestic spared to us by the past. He stands before us in singular dignity...

There is something deeply touching about that thought. For we usually look upon God as sufficient unto Himself...

One of them tells about Chicago's Babyhood. The challenge that was issued by A. P. Filer at the yearly reunion of the Chicago Pioneers...

"I am awfully sorry that it has to be a woman to answer this challenge," said Mrs. Heart yesterday...

Friendship also involves similarity of tastes. In fact, most of our friendships are formed through our being brought together in the pursuit of some common interest...

The same principle holds true in the friendship between man and God. It is brought about by similarity of tastes and interests.

Rev. Filer challenged James B. Bradwell to find anyone who got here before 1833...

Overriding it. "Yes," said Mr. Billings, reluctantly, in reply to his friend's remark that Mrs. Joyce was "an awfully sweet little woman."

"Twenty years ago a young man was swept away by the excitement of the gold rush," said the speaker...

"Yes," said Mr. Billings, reluctantly, in reply to his friend's remark that Mrs. Joyce was "an awfully sweet little woman."

The theft of the body of Alexander Stewart in New York in 1876 was imitated in 1881 in Scotland by a gang of "blains," who stole the body of the Earl of Crawford...

The straws that is to be abolished in the British navy.

ON THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

When women meet to a purpose they talk a whole lot of talk and that, if they talk to each other...

"I can't keep a cook at all," said the woman. "I cannot keep a cook at all."

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JUST FOR FUN.

"He said he'd never marry a woman for her money. That was before he knew what it was to need it."

"Fapa, must a man be narrow-minded to not believe he'd have taken her?" "No, son; but the man who keeps therein frequently is!"

"A woman's bonnet would not cost much if it wasn't for the trimming," said the miserly husband.

"Once in a while," said Uncle Eben, "a man thinks he is showing his independence when he is putting his unreasonable faith on somebody's patience."

Nam—I don't see why Miss Mugley should want to marry him, with all her money. Dick—I guess she had to. I don't believe he'd have taken her without it—Philadelphian Press.

"That letter carrier would make a good baseball pitcher," observed the fan. "Why?" demanded the scoreboard fiend. "Because his delivery is so good!"—Portland Telegram.

"Miss Antek says this is the most sanitary of all the ages." "She ought to know," said the man who roomed across the hall. "She's compared a good many of them."—Detroit Free Press.

"Long hair on a man used to be considered a sign of strength." "Well, long hair on a woman indicates that they're strong to work and earn the price of a haircut!"—Plain Dealer.

"Don't you think that some men make a mistake in adopting politics as a career?" "Yes; but it isn't as serious as the mistake that politics makes in adopting some men as its representatives."

"Yes, but women are so elusive. She—But, then, the glory of winning. Her—Pardon me, I mean, no matter whom you marry, you find next-day you have married somebody else."

"It's curious," said Uncle Eben, "to hear you talk about how many geniuses have been allowed to starve on how many lazy folks manage to get a livin' by pretendin' to be geniuses."—Washington Star.

Friend of the Family—Why do you always speak of your father as "the governor"? It pleases him so much. He never really has a say in anything; mother is the real executive. Detroit Free Press.

"I do hate to see women standing up in a street car." "Oh! Now I know you. What do you know?" "Why you always about your eyes as if you were afraid you were going to be run over."—Cleveland Leader.

"Who is that fellow in the steam box who is laughing so heartily?" "That's the author of the opera, 'Rafter had taste.'" "Not at all. He never heard that comedian's jokes before."—Cleveland Leader.

THE WAY WE DO THINGS.

Rev. F. B. Meyer says: "Knitting needles are cheap and common enough, but an iron one would be the fairest design in the richest woods."

The incidents of daily life may be commonplace in the extreme, but on them as the material foundation we may build the massive but overlasting fabric of a noble and better character.

It does not so much matter what we do, but the way in which we do it matters greatly."

Rose culture may be said to be located near the apex of commercial horticulture because of the refinement of the product, the high prices which excellence commands in the open market...

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