

DEVILTRY OF A DRUMMER.

Commercial Traveler Takes Vacation at Cheap Boarding House in Order to Hold Bill Down.

"I once knew a drummer down in Maine who was one of the most reckless, dare-devil characters I ever came in contact with," said a commercial traveler.

"One day his boss called him on the carpet and made the following statement to him just before his departure:

"Mr. Blank, I have no fault to find with your sales, for you bring in enough business, but I do take exception to the size of your expense account for your last trip. I'll just say this to you, if your expenses amount to more than \$5 a day on this next trip I am going to discharge you. This is final, and I want it thoroughly understood."

"The C. T. signified his acceptance of the conditions, and started out.

"He was gone one week, and at the end of that time he figured up and found this expense beat \$5 a day by a large majority.

"He took the train and went to a small manufacturing town near by and went to the foreman of the leading industrial plant and asked for a job. The foreman said he hadn't anything for him to do just then, but he might have later.

"All right," said the C. T., "I'm in no hurry about it, only I want to get board of your factory boarding house over there, and they will not take me without an order from you."

"I can fix that for you," said the foreman, and handed him a printed order.

"The fellow went to that hush house and hung around and had the biggest kind of a time with the female operatives of the factory, who stayed at the house, made friends with everybody and enjoyed a regular vacation. At the end of the week he paid his bill and left, and the next morning went around to the house.

"Where were you last week?" was the first question the old man asked him.

"Why, I was up at (mentioning the town) boarding. You said if my expenses exceeded \$5 a day I would lose my job, and I had to make them average up."

"Well, young man," said the old gentleman, trying to suppress a smile, "if you hadn't had a pretty big week's business the first week I would finish with you right here."

"I know it," said our friend, artlessly, and bowed himself out to overhaul his samples for the next week.

JOY IN A CONVENT DRAMA.

Magazine Writer Declares That These Functions Were Welcomed with Enthusiasm.

Plays were the great diversions of our school life, says a writer in Atlantic. We had two or three of them every winter, presented, it seemed to me, with dazzling splendor, and acted with passionate fire. I looked forward to these performances with joyful excitement. I listened, steeped in delight, I dreamed of them afterwards for weeks.

The big girls who played in them, and of whom I knew little but their names, were to me beings of a remote and exalted nature. The dramas themselves were composed with a view to our special needs, or rather to our special limitations. Their salient feature was the absence of courtship and of love. It was part of the convent system to ignore the master passion, to assume that it did not exist, to banish from our work and from our play any reference to the power that moves the world. The histories we studied skipped chasteily on from reign to reign, keeping always at bay this riotous intruder. The books we read were as free as possible from any taint of infection. The poems we recited were as serene and cold as Tennessee. "Love in the drama," says an acrimonious critic, "plays rather a heavy part." It played no part at all in ours, and I am disposed to look back now upon its enforced absence as an agreeable elimination. The students of St. Omer (so I have been told) presented a French version of Romeo and Juliet, with all the love scenes left out. This tour de force was beyond our scope, but "She Swooped to Conquer," shorn of its double entendre, made a vivacious bit of comedy, and a translation of "Le Malade Imaginaire"—expurgated to attention—was the most successful farce of the season.

When Depew Hurried.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, tells this one at his own expense in the Pittsburg Dispatch. He was stopping in the state of New York in the campaign of 1900, having big audiences and kindly receptions at all points. In one town the republicans had arranged to have a cannon near the stand of the speaker and to have it fired off every time the people gave vent to applause. Senator Depew kept the people hurrahing almost all the time. At last, hearing this inquiry come across the field:

"Cap, when is the old galoot going to quit? I've got four cartridges left!" Depew said he finished his speech in four minutes.

The Gallant Jones.

Jones is nothing if not gallant, declares Home Notes. Mrs. Brown is exactly the same age as her husband, but she will not admit it.

"My husband is 40," she said to some friends the other day. "You wouldn't believe it, but there's actually ten years difference in our ages."

"Impossible, dear madam," hastily interposed Jones, anxious to say something agreeable. "I'm sure you look every day as young as he does."

BLAINE KNEW THE FAMILY.

Kept from Falling Asleep in Church by Memorizing Words Which Served Him Well.

A gentleman prominent in Cambridge told this anecdote to the Boston Herald of the late Hon. James G. Blaine not long after witnessing the incident:

Mr. Blaine, said he, had a peculiar gift for remembering names and faces, but this was the most amusing exhibition of his gift that I had ever witnessed. It was at a large reception in Washington. A gentleman of rather countrified appearance was introduced to Mr. Blaine as Mr. Mason.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Blaine, "Mr. Mason of Poulitney, Vt.?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Mason, delighted at being definitely placed geographically.

"The son of Stephen Mason?"

"Yes," delighted again to be genealogically placed.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Blaine, "and he died in, let me see, in 1868, did he not? I remember—and he was buried in the little yard by the church. And his father was John Mason who fought in the war of 1812. Ah, yes."

It was all so sympathetic and so historically correct, and the man's pleasure over having a distinct place in the statesman's mind was so evident that we coveted the ready memory and tact of the busy statesman who could so definitely place every one.

Yet this seemed exceptional, so after the man had passed on we said to the senator: "How could you remember all that? Did you know his father?"

"He laughed and said: 'No, I never saw him, but I had an old aunt who lived in Poulitney, Vt., and several summers ago I spent a Sunday with her, and I went to church with her. The day was warm and I had difficulty in keeping awake. The window was open to the little graveyard, and every time I needed I opened my eyes to see on a big stone whose reflected whiteness made me blink: 'Stephen Mason, died April 26, 1868,' and beside it was another with 'John Mason, born 17—, died 18—'."

"It never would have done to fall asleep, my aunt would never have forgiven me, so I memorized that, and I never hear the name Mason that I don't see that big white stone, and these big letters spelling out 'Stephen Mason.' No, I never saw the man or heard of him before."

HUNCH THAT WENT WRONG.

Doctor Thought He Had a Good Joke, But the Laugh Was on Him in the End.

The "hunch," which may be called a premonition, is a wonderful thing, says the Kansas City Star. That it exists there is no doubt. Almost everybody has "hunches" now and then, and they usually say they "worked out."

Hay Clark was in a sleeper bound for Texas when he had a "hunch" that an accident was about to happen. "It worried me so I dressed and went into the smoker, three cars ahead," said Clark. "Fifteen minutes later a broken rail wrecked the train and the sleeper turned completely over, injuring two dozen people. I escaped without a bruise."

A doctor smiled at this. "I had a queer 'hunch' once myself," he said. "I was in Denver and was walking along a very dark street about midnight. Suddenly a 'hunch' told me to turn off the street or I would be killed by a footpad. I pulled myself together and scooted at it. Half a block further a man stepped out of an alley and raised an iron pipe over my head. The blow, I knew, would kill me."

"What happened?" asked Clark.

"Why," replied the doctor, "the 'hunch' made good. The pipe came down on my head and knocked my brains out."

The doctor slapped his sides and laughed heartily. Clark was silent a moment. Then he said: "Well, doctor, I've often wondered what was wrong with you. That explains it." The doctor did not join in the laugh that followed.

Must Compare Slides.

In the examination of food substances and other materials, microscopists often find it necessary to compare two slides. This soon becomes very tedious by the usual method of substituting one slide for another or using duplicate microscopes, and a laborious study of starches, fibers, etc., has led two English investigators to devise a much simpler process. The new idea is a piece of apparatus known as the Ashe Finlayson comparascope.

The second slide is placed upon a horizontal rod attached to the side of the nosepiece of the microscope, and a mirror and lens project the image into the nosepiece, where an inclined reflector deflects the rays up the microscope tube. The tube itself is divided by a removable plate, so that the images of the two slides to be compared appear side by side in the field of view.

Professional Advice.

Tramp—Would you give five or pore man wot is starvin' somethin' ter eat? Physician—Certainly. That is the proper thing to give him under the circumstances. Two dollars, please.—Chicago News.

An Awful Jolt.

"No," said young DeBorem. "I never let people draw me out."

"What do you do?" queried Miss Wearyun. "Hang around till they throw you out!"—Chicago News.

Robert's Honor.

Marshall Roberts occupies the more or less enviable position of being the only native born American who ever became an officer in the British Life guards.

SYSTEM THAT DIDN'T WORK.

Clerk Memorized Hardware Man's Name as "Snails" When It Was "Stacks"—Latter Gets Mad.

Some of the feats in remembering names and faces of persons only seen once performed by bank clerks and persons in similar positions are astonishing, but it is a fact that very few of them owe this faculty to any of the artificial systems of mnemonics so widely advertised. Either the gift is a natural one or is acquired at the expense of much hard work, says the New York Times.

The cashier of a downtown bank who is noted for his memory for names and faces got talking the other day about his faculty and confessed that it had been acquired with much labor.

"When I was a young fellow," he said, "I was secretary to the president of a New Jersey bank, and I made up my mind that a good memory for names and faces would be a valuable asset, and set to work to supply what nature had not given me. I invested \$50 in an elaborate system of mnemonics, and the first opportunity I had to use it was when my employer sent me to a hardware store on a personal errand."

"My system consisted in associating the man in my mind with some simple article connected with his trade and prefixing or suffixing a letter or more as necessary. For instance, Sanders the grocer would be associated in my mind with sand, and I would of course remember to add the three letters needed to form his name."

"Well, I framed up a plan on this system to remember the hardware man's name, and in two weeks I came back again. My system was working beautifully. I walked in as brisk as you please and hailed my friend."

"How are you, Mr. Snails?" I said. "Something in the man's face made me fear that there had been a slip somewhere. 'Are you not Mr. Snails?' I asked."

"Young man," he said, "you are too blamed fresh. My name is Stacks."

HISTORY IN FRENCH ARMY.

Ruling That No Events Earlier Than 1815 Shall Be Taught Is Ridiculed by Writer.

To those people who are never so happy as when they are asserting that English officers are taught nothing and know no military history the debate in the French senate on the war budget must have come as a bit of a shock, says an English writer. Comte de Treveneuc discussed the new scheme for the admission of cadets into Saint-Cyr, the Sandhurst of France, and pointed out that no history is to be taught previous to 1815. That such a fantastic limit should be laid down was considered incredible. Even if modern France alone is held worthy of being a subject of instruction, the date fixed for a commencement should have been 1789. Modern France is the outcome of the revolution, and the continent of Europe is partitioned under its influence, direct or indirect. For a student of parliamentary debates 1815 is a possible date at which to begin to date French history; but for Saint-Cyr it is absurd. For the future French officers will know nothing of the wars of the revolution and of the empire. They will not learn how the battles of Valmy, Wagram, Austerlitz, and Jena were won or how those of Leipzig and Waterloo were lost. All that they will know of Napoleon is that he died at St. Helena, and of Marshal Ney that he was shot. The 20 years from 1795 to 1815 are absolutely necessary for any student of military history; and, despite the croakings, we can at any rate say that in this respect they do not manage things better in France.

FULL HOUSE AT FUNERAL.

Simply Turned Them Away, Declares Actor Whose Father Had Just Passed Away.

No one ever understood the foibles of stage people better than did the late Kirke La Shelle, and of the ruling passion of actors he tells this story in the Washington Post. I won't mention the actor's name, but he is a star of considerable reputation. Mr. La Shelle met him on the Rialto one day and noticed that he was wearing a mourning badge on his arm.

"It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come back from his funeral. It was a sad affair."

Mr. La Shelle expressed his sincerest sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously real and great.

"A thing like this a man doesn't get over soon," he went on. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements. I did the best I could. We had everything just as father would have liked it."

"Many there?" asked Mr. La Shelle.

"Many there!" cried the actor, changing from grief to animation. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away."

Fitted the Case.

"So the congregation didn't like the preacher and asked him to resign, Uncle Jason?"

"Yes sah; he wuz whut de white folks calls a persona non grata; dat means a person not free, if it means anything. You are a little off on your Latin."

"Not at all, boss. Dat wuz jest de objection to dat preacher. We didn't pay our las' preacher nothin' an' dis one was allus insistin' on bein' paid some sort ob salary."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Agas of Feera.

There are seven peers in the British house of lords whose combined ages reach 683 years. Lord Uwyer is 95, Lord Field 92, the earl of Cranbrook 91, Lord Mashem 90, Lord Grinthorpe 89, Lord Brampton 88, and the duke of Rutland 87.

SO HE'D KNOW HIS SPOUSE.

Wife Tells Husband Over 'Phone That She'll Wear Rose, So He'll Recognize Her.

Simpkins' wife is fully as ambitious for financial success as he is, relates the Chicago Chronicle, which accounts for the fact that she rarely if ever complains of the many lonesome hours spent quietly at home while the husband and breadwinner is buffeting with late engagements at the office.

"When we have made our fortune," she has thought, "then we can be together, and why should I complain when George is striving, oh, so hard, for a huge success?"

Of late, however, Simpkins has been less and less at home, his growing business interests requiring long trips to New York, San Francisco and other outlandish points, and even when in town he frequently remains over night at the club rather than miss an early morning business engagement.

Still the little wife has never complained, but when, on Saturday evening, she was called to the 'phone and urged to come downtown for a late supper at a popular cafe, she was overcome with surprise and momentary pique.

"Where shall I meet you, George?" she inquired.

"Go directly to the cafe, my dear," he responded, "and I will meet you there."

"All right, dearest," she replied, "and George—"

"Well, darling,"

"I shall wear a red rose so that you may recognize me."

MUNICH THE CITY OF BEER.

Consumption of the Beverage in That Town 700,000 Barrels a Year, Declares a Tourist.

"Munich is the great beer city of the world," said Fritz Sommersen, Memphis, who has recently returned from a continental trip, to a Milwaukee Free Press reporter. "There are nearly 6,000 breweries in Bavaria, big and little, or about one to every 1,000 inhabitants. The largest are in Munich, one of which produces annually 7,000,000 gallons of beer, and there are two others not far behind."

"The city of Munich drinks every year 700,000 barrels of beer, or nearly two barrels to every man, woman and child in the place, and pays more than \$6,000,000 for it. Taking the whole country, the consumption of beer is 260 quarts a head of population. Munich alone has nearly 300 breweries, there having been a steady increase in the number for the last 200 years. In 1600 there were 60 breweries in the capital, but the first records concerning the brewing date back to 1150. For several centuries after that time mead, a concoction of water and fermented honey was the common drink of the people."

"In 1615 the hofbrau, or royal brewery, was established, which is still a flourishing institution, and puts a great deal of money yearly into the king's coffers. When Gen. Grant was in Munich the hofbrau was the only one of the city's sights that he chose to see, and he was so well pleased with the beer that he gave the waitress a 50-cent tip."

ERASED INDIAN'S SIN.

Legislature Declares Temperance Orator's Drink of Whisky, Null and Void.

The Sunset Magazine tells a story of the rehabilitation of the character of Johnson Sides, a noted Indian temperance orator of bygone days: One day he was caught in the act of drinking a glass of whisky and was fined. Neither Indians nor whites would listen then to his temperance speeches. Poor Johnson was in despair. One day, however, he had an inspiration. He asked Senator Doolin of the Nevada legislature to abolish his sin by act of legislation. Senator Doolin was agreeable and introduced and carried through "senate joint concurrent resolution No. 11," which is as follows: "Resolved, by the senate, the people of the state of Nevada concurring, that the drink of whisky taken by Johnson Sides on the seventeenth day of September, in the city of Virginia, county of Storey, be and is hereby declared null and void."

This was Johnson Sides made a good man again. He became at once a power among his own people, resumed his advocacy of water and was listened to with great respect.

Dog Took Acting Seriously.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree an actor, tells a story about a dog named Argus, who used to regularly accompany him to the theater, and particularly objected to sensational scenes. When Mr. Tree was playing in "Captain Swift" Argus used to take his place in the wings and follow his every word and look until the suicidal situation was reached. The moment Mr. Tree felt for his pistol Argus used to rush into the darkest corner he could find and, burying his head between his paws, listen for the thud of the actor's fall. After that the dog would crawl back to meet his master with a howl of joy at Mr. Tree's apparent return to life.

Has Seventy-Five Decorations.

Count von Eulenburg, marshal of the imperial German court, enjoys the distinction of having more orders and decorations on him than any other man in the world. He has 75 to his credit.

Shah, Proud Knitter.

The shah of Persia is proud of his knitting. He has presented each ambassador with a pair of golden tinted silk socks as a specimen of his work.

TOWN VILLAGE AUTOCRAT.

Brown Waxed Funny, But Failed to Provoke a Single Smile Because of Sexton.

Fifty years ago William Towne was sexton of a church in the old town of Charlton, Mass., says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. He had a just appreciation of the dignity of his position and so powerful was his personality that the people generally took him as seriously as he took himself.

His rule was more rigid than that of the minister and the boy or girl who so much as changed countenance in church time felt all the force of his indignation later. From his position in the right-hand rear corner, under the last window on that side, he could see everything that happened, and even the elders of the congregation sat under penalty or reprimand or ejection.

In those days "Comical Brown" used to visit Charlton every year and give a concert. One year the town hall had been burned and he had to give his entertainment in the church of which Towne was sexton.

The church was crowded and the humorist tried to be funny, but in vain. He sang his songs and made his jokes. Nobody smiled. Nobody laughed. He could not understand it at all, for he did not see William Towne at his post in the rear, with his elbow resting on the window sill and his eyes looking sternly around.

After the entertainment the sexton said to the humorist: "You must come again, you tickled 'em all into kinks."

"Come again?" said Brown, in astonishment. "I guess not! Once will do for me. I didn't see anybody smile or laugh, or even applaud."

"Applaud! Laugh!" said Towne. "I'd like to see 'em! I'd throw 'em out doors. I've been sexton of this church night onto 30 years and they've never done it yet!"

A BEAR-HUNT IN ENGLAND.

Natives Keep Animal Tread by Lanterns and He Is Finally Shot by Volunteer Police.

A picturesque Suffolk (England) village hardly strikes one as being a likely spot for big game shooting, but Icklingham, a rural parish between Bury St. Edmunds and Mindenhall, has been the scene of an exciting bear hunt. On a recent evening a large brown bear kept as a pet by Mrs. Buxton, of Icklingham Hall, escaped from its quarters and wandered off into the fields, eventually finding its way into the churchyard while the service was in progress. The news rapidly spread, and great alarm was occasioned, many inhabitants being afraid to leave their houses. A party of men, armed with a variety of weapons, went out to search for the animal, but they soon encountered one. One man tried to lead the animal back, but he had his hand clawed, whereupon he struck the brute across the nose with a stick and it bolted away. Subsequently the animal was again discovered in a tall tree, where it was kept a prisoner by means of lanterns placed around the bottom of the tree by men who watched during the night. The owner was communicated with by telegram, and replied, saying that if the animal could not be quietly secured it was to be shot. All efforts at its peaceful capture failing, the animal was killed by shots fired by a man named Brown, a sergeant in the local volunteer force. Lion-drum bullets were used.

WAS AN UNFAIR EXCHANGE.

Joseph Jefferson Has Son's Dressy Trousers "Swapped" for a Disreputable Pair.

William Jefferson is the most careful dresser in the family of the famous actor, Joseph Jefferson, relates the New York Tribune. He buys bright colored waistcoats and gay socks, and it is the delight of his family to poke fun at his fondness for clothes. Again and again he has brought home some new bit of finery, only to see it worn the next day by some other member of the family who has slyly taken it from his room. Last summer the family spent part of the time at a watering place which was 16 miles distant from a town of any size. Nevertheless, when William saw that his trousers needed pressing he was willing to trolley the 32 miles there and back to get the job done properly. Just as he started for the car with his bundle his father, Joseph Jefferson, called him into his room on the pretense that he had an errand for his son to do in town. Coming out, William grabbed up the bundle and ran for the car. On reaching the tailor shop he carefully unrolled the bundle to display a pair of disreputable trousers which he never wore except for tramping through the woods. He was at a loss to account for the exchange of trousers until he had traveled back the 16 miles and encountered the smiling faces of the family waiting on the porch to welcome him home.

The Truth of It.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman of the citizens' meeting, "if we wish to get better service and facilities from the street car company, we must act in harmony. Remember the old motto, 'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

"Pardon me," interrupted the citizen from the forty-fourth ward, "you undoubtedly mean, 'United we sit, divided we stand.'"—Omaha News.

Rejstrensky's Work.

Admiral Rejstrensky's keynote of life is "work." On being asked what was his hardest work he replied instantly: "Being idle."

Origin of Quotas.

Quotas, as a game, is said to have originated with the Greeks, and to have been first played at the Olympic games 1453 B. C.

Call Girl for Jury.

For the first time in the history of Kentucky a young woman has been summoned on a federal jury. Miss Fletcher L. Gregory, a pretty Owensboro girl of 18, received a document through the mail ordering her to appear at the May term of the United States court in that city and act as a juror. The young woman is just preparing for a trip to Colorado, and when she read the contents of the letter she turned pale, knowing that she would miss the trip if she had to serve as a juror. The jury commission in this city was appealed to and it was found that a mistake had been made in sending the summons to the girl. It was intended for her father.

Also \$68,000—No Limit.

Edward Atkinson proves by statistics that a woman can dress on \$5 a year. She can also dress on \$6,500 a year if she gets a chance.

Tawn, That's All.

According to a German savant, the surest method of keeping in perfect health is to yawn deep and often.

HAS CONSUMPTION CURE.

Italian Professor Uses a Secret Preparation of Iodine in an Injection as Remedy.

Milan.—Professor Levi has given out an explanation of his new cure for consumption which has been successfully used on human patients. Hitherto the disinfecting power of iodine has never been successfully utilized in curing infectious internal diseases in human beings for the reason that when iodine comes in contact with human blood it immediately combines with the alkaline elements to form alkaline iodides, the disinfecting properties of which are small.

Professor Levi has recently succeeded in preparing iodine in such a manner as to deprive it of this property and to cause it, in circulation unmixed through the tissues of the human frame, to come in contact with the tubercular microbes and bring to bear all its curative powers against them.

The professor states that after obtaining satisfactory results with animals suffering from tuberculosis he applied his method to human patients with great success, especially in the case of spreading lesions and the formation of new and healthy tissues. These results were proved by the examination of many patients, and by autopsies made by a commission of doctors on animals experimented upon.

The professor has already received several offers from foreign countries for his secret remedy, which he will probably accept in order to make his discovery more widely known.

HALF A MILLION STARVING.

Terrible Conditions in Spain as a Result of Lack of Rain and Rioting Begins.

Madrid.—The famine has reached such proportions that half a million people now face starvation. Serious riots are threatened which may endanger the government, and the troops cannot be relied upon to fire upon their own families and friends. Forty thousand men are workless in the province of Malaga, 30,000 in Cadix and 25,000 in Seville, as the result of the destruction of crops. The condition is so serious that the government decided to send large supplies for the relief of the suffering without consulting the Cortes. Thousands of acres at Huesca, which usually at this season are yellow with ripening wheat, are entirely denuded of vegetation and present the aspect of a desert.

In the neighborhood of Seville, where the thermometer registers a refusal to stop them. There has been no rain for three months and everything is withered. The Malaga authorities have raised a big loan to buy food for the people. The action of the government in reducing the duty on wheat and flour is regarded as insufficient and the whole duty must be abandoned if it is not too late.

PROTECTS MEMORIAL DAY.

New Law Punishing Violators Fuzales Nebraska Lawyers—Causes Much Discussion.

Lincoln, Neb.—Can a man engage in a game of tennis or golf on Memorial day? Can he ride a bicycle? Can he take a party out in a boat? In other words, what games of sport tend to disturb the public peace? And who shall determine when the public peace is disturbed?

These are a few of the questions that are now disturbing the minds of Nebraska lawyers, horsemen, sportsmen and plain every-day citizens. The discussion has been aroused by a bill recently passed by the legislature and signed by the governor. The measure was introduced by Senator Hughes of Platte county at the request of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was intended to prevent the desecration of the day set aside to commemorate the heroic deeds of the nation's soldier dead.

The bill prohibits ball playing, horse racing and other sports on May 30, commonly known as Decoration or Memorial day. It will not be effective this year, however, until July 1, as it does not carry an emergency clause. Much opposition was manifested to the bill before its passage. Some lawyers claim that the law will not be effective because of defective punctuation.

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