

HELD UP ON THE WAY.

What a Well-Known Detective Says of Their Profession.

One Thursday morning Jimmers went around among all his friends and made them good-by. He had been saving money for a couple of years with a view to doing Europe and now he was about to gratify this ambition of his life. His departure created quite a flutter with the gentler sex, for they liked him because he was so susceptible and generous whenever they were concerned.

The first of the following week Jimmers was back. He looked discouraged, but tried to be cheerful, and was finally induced to relieve his mind.

"Only got as far as Harry Totem's town," he admitted, "and that's 90 miles. He was going with me, you know. There was a great private fair the night I arrived, and we went. The features were unique and entertaining. Gypsy queens told fortunes. What seemed the decapitated heads of beautiful women flirted with you and exacted forfeits when you made certain mistakes. There were Japanese gardeners, Parisian cafes, Turkish smoking parlors and a Midway Plaisance, modified, of course, to meet the good tastes of those catered to. The booths, at which they seemed to sell about everything, were presided over by beautiful and fascinating women whom you could not refuse to patronize. I had a delightful evening, and Totem tells me that I was quite the lion."

"Well," blushed Jimmers, "It turned out that I had bought several truck loads of expensive stuff, and when I came to figure up I found that I didn't have enough left to pay my passage over, let alone travel there and get back. I'll work a couple of years more now and then book myself straight through to Liverpool."

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A WONDERFUL MAN.

Why the Elevator Conductor Was in Mourning for Him.

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"Somebody dead?" one of the regular passengers sympathetically inquired.

"Yes. Mr. Higginty."

"Higginty? Who's he? Brother-in-law?"

"No. No relation. Used to have an office in this building."

"That so? What was he in? Law? Wholesale cement?"

"Fast friend of yours, I suppose?"

"No. Never spoke to him."

"No relation? Why, that's funny! Blessed if I understand why you're so sorry for his death."

"He was one man in a million—in fact, he was one man in 2,200,000. There was never another in Chicago like him. Maybe not in all the world, but certainly not in this old town."

"Why? I never heard of him. Did he write books in secret, or was he great as an orator? Or did he have an army record? Or was he a statesman? Or—"

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"Nothing like that," he said. "Greater. Scarcer. Wonderfuller. He was the only man I ever knew who had sense enough to stop and wait for an elevator without ringing all the electricity out of the bell!"—Chicago Record.

"WONDER IF DIAZ KNOWS?"

Something About the Wonderful Personality of Mexico's Ruler.

Squaring Accounts.

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The Honest Farmer Explains.

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WAYS OF BURGLARS.

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NEW FRENCH ARTILLERY.

View of a Paris Paper as to Advance Made.

In regard to our new field pieces, observes the Temps, the severest secrecy has been observed, and when one thinks of the number of persons connected with the study and with the solution of the problem he can only feel grateful to our artillerymen for their prudence, which does them no less honor than the powerful engine which they have invented. The recent visit of the war minister and of the chief of the general staff at Chalons relieves nobody from the obligation of silence. It simply proves that the question that has been so carefully studied is now finally settled. Let us see how this question was presented during the past years and examine the general plan upon which study was conducted.

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