

peeling potatoes. The window was on the fifth floor and looked out on the Rue Lepic. Suddenly one of the potatoes slipped

through her fingers, dropped over the edge of the window sill and disappeared into space. It fell with a bang upon a gentleman who was passing expression. beneath, and made a deep dent in his elegant silk hat.

It took him but two seconds to reach the landing on the second floor, when a door suddenly opened and a person rushed out in a great hurry and fell

heavily into his arms. The two men eyed each other for a moment with angry and astonished looks, ready to abuse each other, when both simultaneously uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Anatole!"

"Edgar!"

Anatole Baudruche and Edgar Bricheton were two old college chums. They had not met since the day when they took their bachelor of arts degree together twelve years before. In spite of this long interval in their intercourse they found on the occasion of this sudden meeting that they had very little ready change of ccnversation. Edgar was the first to speak: "Say, your hat looks very pretty,"

he said. "Do not speak of it. It has just served for a target for a potato that cauliflower as well.

fell from the fifth story." "And now you are going upstairs to restore the potato to its owner? That's

very nice of you." "Not by any means! I'm going to charge the clumsy devil with his crime -try to make him pay for a new hat." "Well, so far as that is concerned,

you might as well tackle a corpse." "And why, if you please?" "Because old Bidoche is an old hedgehog who will kick you downstairs, even if he opens the door for you at all."

"Old Bidoche?" "Yes, the man you are after, for it can be no other than he. All the tenants in the building are always having of Anatole. trouble with him. One might think that he made a point of being as disagreeable to everyone as he possibly can."

"Then do you live in this house?" "No, but an aunt of mine does, and scarcely a day passes without her having a scrap with old Bidoche. If you will allow me I will go up with you; two heads are better than one in a

matter like this." So Edgar and Aanatole went up three flights together, and stopped outside a door through which came softly the sounds of a melodious musical instrument.

"This is the room," said Edgar.

"He's practicing on his bassoon." With these words be pulled the bell and the bassoon suddenly ceased. Then the abuffling of feet was heard along



"MONSIEUR, YOU ARE A FOOL," the floor, the door opened and there, framed in the doorway, stood a little old man, with benevolent smiling face and a large-sized bassoon resting across one arm.

"What do the gentlemen desire?" asked the little old man.

"M. Bidoche," replied Edgar.

"Yes, the wretched Bidoche," added Anatole, shaking his ruined hat in one hand and with the other placing the potato on the top of the musician's

"M. Bidoche?" replied the old man politely. "I do not know him. I never heard of him."

Edgar. "Are you trying to deceive us?" "Not at all," answered the old man somewhere. My name is Molesquin. I am the sole basso in the orchestra of the Theater des Gobelins, and I moved in this morning."

"Then," continued Anatole, "you are not the man who threw this potato on my hat?"

"I only eat green vegetables," answered Molesquin. "Nevertheless, if the gentlemen will come in for a short while I will play them my part in the "Tour de Nesles.' There are some interesting passages in it."

Anatole and Edgar did not like to refuse, and went into the old musician's line." room. Molesquin gave them a seat and some cigarettes and then, going up to the stand, he played through for their benefit the whole of the first baseoon part in the "Tour de Nesles."

Edgar made a brave face over it, while Anatole sat in the window with his potato in his hand, scarcely able have dinner-was also very good, and contain his patience.

Suddenly the musician struck a false te. It increased Anatole's impaence so much that he gave a jump, and in doing so allowed the potato to slip from his fingers. It rolled over the indow sill, and, with a hop, disap-ared in the street below. When Mile, Aglae dropped har nota-

to into the street she was overcome with fear. She hurriedly shut the window so that in case there had been an LLE. AGLAE, a accident no one would suspect her. milliner by trade, Then she sat down and quietly waited was sitting one fine | the turn of events. What, then, was Sunday morning by her terror when she heard steps comthe open window ing up her stairs—the steps of men, of

> two men, heavy and loud. "They're policemen," she thought, and at the thought her little heart began to beat more quickly, while cold perspiration broke out on her pretty white shoulders.

> But just when she expected to hear the men's cruel fists knocking at the door of her little room her face suddenly resumed its calm and peaceful

Still she was afraid to move for some time, fearing, with logical mind, that when the policemen found that the tenants next door were innocent they would come in and accuse her. After some moments, however, she gained enough courage to conceal the basket of potatoes, which must otherwise have appeared so much against her, and forced herself to put on an innocent expression with which to meet the po-

After waiting a little longer and hearing no noise of steps, but only the bassoon, she became completely reassured.

taking out the milk jar, opened the door quietly and crept down the stairs to get four sous' worth of milk from the dairy at the corner. In this way she hoped to make an alibi, and her case would be too strong for the slightest suspicion. Besides, she wanted some milk to boil her potatoes in, and it was her intention to put in a

So she bought her four sous' worth of milk and started on the return journey with her spirit at rest and her milk bottle carefully held in front of her. Suddenly she felt a violent blow on her fingers, and at the same moment her hands, her bare arms, her corsage, face, hair and mouth were covered with milk.

It was the potato that had slipped from Anatole's hand and had landed with remarkable precision right in the mouth of the milk jar.

"Oh, mamma," cried Aglae in despair, "what has happened? Who has done this?" And she ran up the staircase, only to run plump into the hands

Anatole, as a matter of fact, when he saw the potato flying downward, remembered the police ordinance against throwing things out of the window after 10 a, m., and decided to leave Molesquin as soon as it was at once polite and possible. He shook Edgar, who had fallen asleep, and, after promising Molesquin to return next day and take lessons from him, and hurried helter-skelter out of the door, the bassoonist accompanying him as far as the

At the moment when the door opened Aglae was coming up the stairs four steps at a time. Aglae and Anatole found each other face to face. Aglae with her face and hair running with milk and Anatole with his silk hat all smashed in on his head.

They stopped; they looked at each other, and they understood it all. "Monsieur," cried Aglae, "you are .

"And you, madamoiselle, your fingers are made of blotting paper," replied Anatole.

"You are a rude man, sir." "And you are ill bred."

"A man who cannot hold a potate in his hand should not undertake to the young lady herself could never in- of the nor east and kicked up a heavy give lessons to anybody."

sible, mademoiselle. When a girl can- | years that they have developed such a not peel a potato without letting it tendency to eclipse Paderewski's shagdrop she should take her meals at a gy mane.

you, monsieur."

peat you should take your meals at a hair that dangled five feet from the restaurant. I know a very nice one crown of her head. Mrs. Davis seems on la Place Pigalle. I do, indeed, to have lived all her life among longmademoiselle.'

a restaurant with my hat smashed in four feet of hair, and her niece, a little this fashion!"

and get it blocked." von, mademoiselle,"

"None the less, monsieur, I repeat you should go to a hatter. There is my "What's that? What's that?" cried | brother, who is in the hatter business at Rue des Martyrs."

quietly. "There must be some mistake | me go to breakfast in a restaurant with you? En bien, mademoiselle, I shall go to your brother's with my hat only on condition that you come with me

to a restaurant for breakfast." "En bien, monsieur, I shall go with you to a restaurant only on condition that you take your hat to my broth-

"And I," cried Molesquin, who had been attracted by the discussion, but who had said nothing, "and I shall never forgive you for having interrupted my studies unless you will accept a box tonight for the Theater des Gobe-

the three young people went down-

The brakfast was delicious and the effect upon the long hair it effectuafternoon passed with the rapidity of lightning. The dinner-for one must

the Theater des Gobelins. After the performance Molesquin joined the three others and the four went to drink beer at the nearest cafe In a word this story, though Paris-

ian, ended in a marriage, All moths produce some form of silk.

THE LONGEST TRESSES IN THE WORLD.

Sweeps the Ground When Loose-All the Family Have Wonderful Tresses and Her Three-Year-Old Nicce Has a Twenty Oue Inch Braid.



RS. D. J. DAVIS. of San Francisco. coiled, sweep upon the ground for near-

and eight inches in length. Mrs. Davis comes of a family remarkable alike for their height and the length of their hair. Though Mrs. Davis is five feet nine inches in height. she is shorter by nearly an inch than while all three of Mrs. Davis' sisters | told them to bide their time.

HE PROVED THE OMEN.

Sallor's Superstitious Prediction of Dis-

aster Followed by His Own Death. "Speaking of sailors' superstitions," remarked the veteran lighthouse-keeper, Josh Reeves, of Sea Isle City, to a New York Herald man, "reminds me of an incident that happened half a century ago off the Five Fathom Bank lightship, in which a sailor's prediction, based on an omen, resulted fatally to the prophet himself.

"A bright winter morning had caused Cal., has the long- the crew of the lightship to row a short est hair in the distance away in a small boat in search world. It clusters in of codfish, which are very abundant off a great mass about | the capes in winter time. A few hours' her head, and fishing resulted in a goodly catch and though she is a tall a return was made to the lightship. woman, being five The fish were cleaned and the refuse feet nine inches in thrown overboard, but a calm sea, with height, her long | not a breath of air to disturb it, caused tresses, when un- the refuse to drift in a circle around the ship. Toward noon a large flock ly a foot. Her hair is just six feet of geese came in sight and settled under the lightship's very bows and commenced to feed. The water fowl became very tame and swam chattering and hissing close to the ship's sides.

"John Crowell, a grizzled old member of the crew, shook his head and either of her three sisters. But while predicted death to some one on board they have the advantage in height, within twenty-four hours. He said they cannot equal her in the matter of that whenever geese became so tame In order to make assurance doubly hair, notwithstanding that all three as to feed around a vessel's bow or sure, she opened her cupboard, and, have curls over a yard and a half long. stern, it was an unfailing omen of im-Not the least remarkable part of this pending death on board. Crowell's wonderful birsute development is that | companions laughed at his fear, but he

had long hair from early childhood, "Toward noon a strong gale came out



HAS THE LONGEST HAIR IN THE WORLD.

duce her tresses to fall below her shoul- sea. Crowell was on the forward or "I advise you to say as little as pos- | ders, so that it is only within the past | bow watch

But it is not surprising that Mrs. "I shall take no instructions from Davis and her sisters should have such a "crowning glory" to boast of, for the "None the less, mademoiselle, I re- mother of this interesting family had haired people, for her sister-in-law. "Well, go there yourself, monsieur." | with whom she now resides at the "Oh! So you think that I would go to Union hotel in the Potrero, has over girl, scarcely three years old, has a "Eh bien, monsieur, if your hat is in- braid twenty-one inches in length, fured you have only to go to a hatter's which she succeeds daily in tangling hadly, and for which she as regularly

"I shall take no instructions from does penance when the comb is applied. "I never brush my bair," said Mrs. Davis, as she removed those long coral pins that held great coils in place about her head so that her hair might be measured, "for the reason that I do not "Would you like very much to have believe it is good for the hair. In fact, I have demonstrated my belief to my own satisfaction by experimenting. When a girl I gave very little attention to my hair, and in consequence it did not grow at all. Sometimes I felt very hair like theirs, and began to take the | She and her surroundings were beaugrow any better. Then I noticed that the ladies for luck. the brush, after the daily application "We accept," cried Edgar in his turn. to the hair, even when the latter had no Comparative Cost of Freight by Water Molesquin went back to his room, and | tendency to fall out, would be filled with very fine hairs, and soon I realized that while the brushing had no

cided to stop. fully, removing every snarl until it is 600 men, could transport, as free and flowing as water. Then braid it and coll it into varied coffures about my head. I never used cosmetics on my hair."

"Many of the crew were in the main cabin below, enjoying a social game of euchre, checkers or dominos, when suddenly they heard the sound of a chain running rapidly through the starboard bow scuppers. We rushed on deck in dismay, thinking the windlass gearing had given way. The sight witnessed will never be forgotten. Crowell had been caught in the relief chain and ground around the rapidly revolving windlass. His death was instant. His omen came true."

An Egyptian Bride At the marriage in Egypt of Princess Minet Hanen, sister of the Khedive, the bride came in preceded by a woman musician all dressed in white satin. She was supported by two bridesmaids. Her gown was of white satin, but one could scarcely see the material because of the heavy gold embroidery. Her neck and arms were simply covered with diamonds, and on her head she wore a high crown of precious stones, to which was attached her vail of silk and gold. On either side o her head were ornaments of gold and jewels, with threads of gold reachmuch chagrined to see how much long- ing to the ground, of such weight that er and prettier was the hair of all three | the bridesmaids had to carry them of my sisters, but I was somewhat care- | She was one of the most beautiful less. When I became a woman I sud- women ever seen, and when she was denly developed a desire to have long seated on the throne it was a picture utmost care of what little I had. Every | tiful beyond description. When she remorning, and sometimes twice a day, I | tired the Khedive stood on the throne brushed it thoroughly, but it did not and threw newly-coined money among

and Raft.

It has been proved by actual test tha a single tow-boat can transport at one trip from the Ohio to New Orleans 29. ally killed the new growth, and I de- | 000 tons of coal, loaded in barges. Estimating in this way, the boat and its "Since then I have used nothing but | tow, worked by a few men, carries a the evening was spent pleasantly at a very coarse comb. Every morning I much freight to its aestination as 3,000 go over the hair thoroughly and care- cars and 100 locomotives, manned by

> There Was No Violence. "Bigland has been thrown out of work, hasn't he?"

"Well, his pay has been stopped, if All moths produce some form of silk. | that is what you mean."-Detroit News. KAISER'S PET DOGS.

HIS FAMOUS RUSSIAN GREY. HOUND WAS SHOT RECENTLY.

An Editor Makes Sarcastic Comments The Emperor So Offended That the Writer Will Have to Stand Trias for Treason.



HIS is a story about a dog, an cd:tor and Germany's emperor, says the New York World. The dog, a Russian greyhound of the imperial kennels. was shot and badly wounded in Potsdam. A sarcastic socialist editor re-

ferred to the act as an "attempt on the life of the emperor's bowwow." This made William very mad.

Now the editor is accused of "lese majeste." This is the legal name for 'insult to majesty," and an action for high treason will follow. In Germany and Prussia lately actions of this kind have been as thick as flies in a beer saloon on a summer day. The Vorwae, 28 newspaper, which printed the libelous article, immediately lost the service of two of its editions for alleged lese majeste, and a third will soon keep them company at making tin pails and mouse-traps, if previous actions of the very injudicious for a German editor to write even a line or a word that by any stretch of the imagination may be construed as a libel upon the kaiser's ma-

During 1876 the prosecutions for lese majeste were 181 in number; in 1877 200 poor fellows were sent to jail for speaking in uncomplimentary language of the crown. In 1878, when the anti-socialist laws, since abolished, were enacted, 1.994 Germans paid the penalty of free speech, receiving sentences of from six months to three years' imprisonment.

The kaiser's greyhounds are beauties and would be prize-winners at any dog show. There are five young hounds who were born to Castor, the father, and Lung, the mother. Castor is owned by the duke of Schleswig-Holstein, the kaiser's brother-in-law.

Zoologists are not agreed as to the original bome of the Russian greybound. The density and length of his coat, his ability to endure almost any degree of frost and his habit of constantly keeping open his mouth, as if uncomfortable because of the heat, seem to indicate that his ancestors came from a northern climate. Some writers call him "the Siberian greyhound," though none of the species has ever been found in Siberia or any even resembling him. The greybounds in Siberia are all Perstan greyhounds, differing in many re-

In Russia the greyhound of the Castor and Luna race is called Barzot and is used in hunting wolves. He is very brave and strong and will attack the

flercest wolf wherever found. The head of the perfect Russian grey hound consists merely of bone and hide: if there is a minimum of flesh it spoils its beauty. The longer and more pointed the muzzle the more highly do connoisseurs regard him. The size of the head is well proportioned to the body. The teeth are extremely strong and the dog has large, dark, mogul eyes. The nose is black. The ears are ver; small, standing upright as long as the dog is young; after the second year they lie close to the side of the head. aristocrats are judged by the smallness of their feet, so are these aristocrats of the dog world judged by their tiny ears. which are always well covered with

The tall is very long. A perfect Russian greyhound with a clear pedigree has a soft, silky coat of slightly wavy hair. If his coat is hard and the hair straight it is a sign that he has been

cross-bred. The kaiser is disappointed because Castor and Luna have not given him a puppy with a silver-gray coat. Silver grays are regarded the ne plus ultra of canine faultlessness by dog sports on

the continent. Luna and her puppies have a beautiful home in the wing of the kaiser's new stables at the Neues Palais, but are allowed to roam about the castle, parks and gardens. The dog shot at by the unknown miscreant had probably escaped into the street at one of the gates of Sans-Souch castle.

Phatnele to International Arbitration. The real obstacle in the way of international arbitration is not so much a lack of efficacy in the method, as the lack of a disposition to try it. The system of arbitration necessarily presupposes that nations desire an amicable adjustment of their differences. Such an adjustment may be prevented either by a wilful opposition to it, or by the adoption of a style of controversy that renders argument impracticable. Against such obstacles it is difficult to contend, since their direct tendency and effect is to bring about a collision before an arbitrator can intervene. It is obvious that arbitration can no more afford an absolute safeguard against such contingencies than can a system of municipal law absolutely prevent men from attempting to settle their differences by fighting in the street, if they desire to thus revert to primal conditions. Yet severe penalties, strictly enforced, may reduce such chances to a minimum; and it is conceivable that a scheme of international action might be devised so comprehensive as to render a resort of war exceedingly difficult and hazardous.

French tradesmen in New York have organized a French chamber of com-

Brave Volunteers. It is gratifying to know that if we had

declared war with Great Britain we might have counted upon the alliance of at least one Kickapoo brave and one hero of the tribe of Sacs and Foxes, for they have written to the president asking for a subvention of blankets and expressing their readiness to take the war path immediately. Such a re-enforcement would not amount to much in point of numbers, to be sure, but its moral significance would count for something. The isolated condition of England has of late compelled attention. She has no friends among the European nationalities and it now seems apparent that she has none among the American wigwams, where it was formerly supposed that she preserved a good deal of influence. A candid survey of the situation and its causes will no doubt assure her that she deserves her unpopularity. She must correct her overreaching ways before she can expect to have any friends, either among her sister nationalities or the alien and sporadic aborigines not taxed. The country will have to decline the services of the two volunteering braves for the present, but Great Britain may see in their offer what is in store for her if she should ever show a disposition to break the peace.-New York Tribune.

Dangerous Hypnotic Experiment. Hypnotic experiments of a grewsome kind are being kept up at the Royal same nature count for anything. It is | Aquarium in London. The latest is the burying of a man, who has been put into a trance, in a pit eight feet deep, which was then filled with earth, leaving only a small funnel open over the man's face, through which he is watched. He is to be dug up after a week

Water vs. Land.

An acre of good fishing will yield more in the way of food in a week than an acre of the best land will yield in a year.

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Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they have done me much good. I will not be without them. I have taken 13 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and through the blessing of God, it has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well. Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much." MRS. M. M. MESSENGER, Freehold, Penn.

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