

# YOUNG FOLKS.

## Permission to Go Home.

Bess went to church one sultry day;  
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,  
Till "fourthly" started on his way.

Then the moments into hours grew;  
Oh dear! oh dear! what should she do?  
Unseen, she glided from the pew,

And up the aisle demurely went,  
On some absorbing mission bent,  
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,  
With hand uplifted toward the dome,  
"Please, preacher-man, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,  
Disturbed a sermon most profound:  
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread—  
He paused and bent his stately head:  
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.

F. H. S.

## What Chris Liked.

Chris had bright red hair and bright blue eyes. When he came into the street-car the March wind had blown a rosy color into his cheeks so that he looked like a very bright boy. He went to the front end of the car to put his fare into the box and when he came back a young lady was entering the door. Chris sat down opposite to her and waited until she had drawn from her purse the little black circle which was the ticket used on the line. Before she had time even to raise her eyes she saw a red mitten held out before her and dropped the ticket into it with a pleased, "Thank you."

But before Chris could get back again his seat was taken. Three or four passengers had come in and the car was quite full. The pretty young lady had for a neighbor an old woman with a brown veil tied around her head, and who wore a shiny alpaca dress with coarse black lace sewed in the sleeves. She had placed on the floor a thick brown paper bundle, fully two feet long, and of course with such a thing at her feet she could not get up very easily. So Chris offered to carry her fare for her and she thanked him with a grateful smile; she had a very pleasant face. It took her some time to find her pocket and while Chris was waiting he collected tickets and five cent pieces quite like a young conductor. The old lady finally handed him a quarter, and as he had to get change from the driver he was away so long that the car had stopped again before he returned. This time it was to let some of the passengers out; and the young lady looked up at Chris and motioned for him to take the vacant place at her side.

"I am very glad that you have a seat at last," she said, "for you lost yours by your kindness to me; and you have been kept busy ever since."

"O," said Chris, "I like to put money in the box."

"I think you like to be obliging, don't you?" asked the young lady.

At this the red color in the boy's cheeks, which had grown a little paler since he was sheltered from the wind, became bright again. He did not know what to say, but was sure he ought to make some reply.

"I guess so," he answered; and then he tried to let the young lady see that he was looking very earnestly at the store window in front of which they were stopping. But for all that he saw a thin-faced gentleman come slowly in and was instantly on his feet again saying eagerly, "Here is a seat, sir."

The gentleman looked very tired and pale and Chris thought he must be just recovered from a sickness. Of course there was now another fare to be paid, and he did it with a business-like air as of one quite accustomed to his work.

"Have I taken your seat?" asked the gentleman. It was very kind in you to give it up to an old man."

Now Chris had not thought him old, though he looked feeble; and he was all at once afraid that in his haste he might have forgotten to be polite. For without knowing how to put it into words he knew that they were seldom really kind when we act as if we think ourselves so.

"I like to stand and hold on to a strap," said he.

Then, his eyes happening to fall on the old woman's big bundle, he began to wonder whether if it were heavy and she had far to carry it she would not let him take it a little way. All at once he became aware that they were crossing the street in which he lived, and that it was already supper-time. He gave the bell rope a quick jerk and the car stopped. Three faces looked up as he passed and gave three bright smiles. One was the gift of the pale gentleman, one from the pleasant faced old woman, and one from the pretty young lady. Although it was six o'clock in the evening he had a feeling as if the sun were shining on him, and he had always liked to be in the sunshine.

## Double Seeing.

If anyone should say to a boy or girl having bright eyes, open to light and darkness, that they were blind, they would surely say, "Why no! I see everything around me." But very many of you do not. I've seen bright-eyed girls step on their own sashes lying on the floor, and when they were told of it, say: "Oh, I did not see it." And I have seen them while hunting for things put everything about on bureau and table and declare the book or the thimble or the handkerchief was not there, and someone else would look right after them and find it, and they would say: "I really did not see it." Boys will almost fall over the hoe in the path, and yet, when the father comes home and points to it, the boy did not see it before, though he may have walked past it and over it twenty times. What is the matter? Well, I think the mind did not see and remember. These children do not pay attention, and it is very unfortunate that they do not. Sometimes this habit of inattention and carelessness becomes so fixed that it causes trouble as long as they live; it wastes hours of time, and is an annoyance to everybody with whom they live.

Another thing. Boys and girls can learn to do many things by watching others, asking intelligent questions, and fixing their attention on the way skillful people work.

Mr. Beecher told the following story of himself:

"I never saw anybody do anything that I did not watch him and see how he did it, for there was no telling but that some time I might have to do it myself. I was going across a prairie once; my horse began to

limp. Luckily I came across a blacksmith's shop, but the smith was not at home. I asked the woman of the house if she would allow me to start a fire and make the shoe. She said I might if I knew how. So I started a fire and heated the shoe red hot, and turned it to fit my horse's foot, and pared the hoof, and turned the points of the nails out cunningly, as I had seen the blacksmith do, so that, in driving into the hoof, they should not go into the quick, and I shod the horse. At the next place I went to, I went straight to a smith and told him to put a shoe on properly. He looked at the horse's foot and paid me the greatest compliment I ever received in my life. He told me, if I put on that shoe, I had better follow blacksmithing all my life. Now I never should have known how to do that if I had not looked on and seen others do it."

I know a young girl, not twenty years old, who is supporting herself and partially supporting her mother. When she was only eight years old she began work in a large dressmaking establishment with her mother. She watched how dresses were fitted, asked why this or that was done, and when sixteen years old she could fit and make an entire suit. She used her eyes and her mind as well as her fingers.

To be of all possible use to ourselves as well as others, we must keep our eyes and minds open.

## What Push Can Accomplish.

The first experience of a millionaire merchant of Philadelphia on his arrival in the country aptly illustrates what push can accomplish. When he stepped ashore from the sailing vessel, he said, "I was without money or friends. I spoke to a man on the wharf, and asked him what to do." He replied, "Work, young man. Have you any motto?" "No," I said; "what do you mean?" He said, "Every man must have a motto." As I walked along the street I saw painted on a door the word "Push." I said, that shall be my motto. I did push at that, and entered an office. I was asked what I wanted. I said, "Work," and the word on your door gave me not only a motto, but confidence.

"My manner pleased the man. He asked me many questions, all of which were answered promptly. He said at last, 'I want a boy of 'push,' and as you have adopted that for your motto I will try you.'"

"He did. My success followed, and the motto that made my fortune will make that of others."

The word is old, short and crisp, but it expresses everything, and has carved out fortune and fame for hundreds of thousands of poor and obscure boys.

## HOW TO KEEP A HUSBAND.

### A Man That is Worth Wedding is Worth Keeping.

Verona Jarbeau, the actress, in a lively interview with a Chicago Inter-Ocean reporter, gave her views on the husband question, and her advice may prove valuable to some wives. "I tell you, winning a husband is only a pleasure to a woman, but keeping him is a penance. That is not nicely put, but what I mean is that more than two-thirds of the women who marry let their husbands slip through their fingers because they are too lazy, too indifferent, or too ignorant to keep them. A girl wins a husband unconsciously. Ask any of your friends how they captured their other half, and they will tell you frankly 'I don't know.' A man's heart is ensnared by a pretty hand, nice teeth, a round, low voice, frank eyes, beautiful hair; by the way a girl walks, talks, plays, rides, puns; by her gifts, her smile, her amiability, good taste, generosity or the very manner in which she greets, fascinates or abuses him. She may not know how she won him, but if she doesn't know how to keep him the best thing for her to do is to find out. There are many things we know by intuition; the rest have to be learned by experiment. Conscious of her abilities and inabilities as a wife, a wise woman will learn how to keep a husband just as she learns how to keep house, to make chicken croquettes, chocolate creams, bread, beds or lemonade, and if she doesn't, why some siren, with the sunshine in her tresses and the perfume of wild olives in her clothes and about her gloves and handkerchief, will secure her a permanent vacation."

MEN ARE NOT FOOLS.

They may be boys, but they will be treated fairly, and if there is any place where the jans and jellies, custards and cookies are liable to be hidden be sure they will find it.

"A man loves to see his wife well dressed. When she goes about in tatters, with big shoes, untidy skirts, soiled collar and a halo of curl papers, if he doesn't swear he thinks it. I don't believe in the economy of home toilettes. I never take a dress that is done for and wear it in the house. When the life is gone out of it, it goes into the rag bag. I make a duty of nice linen with plenty of laces, and my house gowns are not old, they are not wrappers and they are not ugly. Another hobby of mine is my hair, which I will have as near the poet's conception of 'her fragrant tresses' as possible. I have a whole lot of little devices—I perfume my eyebrows and lips, keep my hands soft and cool, my teeth in good order and I make my doctor prescribe for a sweet breath. But don't put that in the paper. I only tell you to give you an idea of the care required to keep a man in love with you."

MEN LIKE TO PREACH DOWN EXTRAVAGANCE.

and style and dress, but the woman who bangs her hair, powders the shine off her face, hides a blotch or scar under a piece of court plaster, who wants pretty gloves and stockings, trim slippers, perfumes, balms, cold creams, finger-curled and fancy notions to increase her charms is the woman who is admired every time. Those long, lean, lank, common-sense women may gad about with their wholesome ugliness and cheap simplicity, but the procession of men who follow is not a long one.

If a man is fond of flattery let him have it. Not by the volume, but in crisp little verses. Hunt up poetry for his eyes; get things to rhyme with his fat, white hands; pick out all the big gods and little heroes of Troy and Rome, whose legs are not half as good and whose backs were cambric by comparison. Laud his shapely head to the skies and he will keep his hair out; praise his shapely hands and you solve the problem of unkept nails. Hunt the dictionary for words and synonyms to give variety to your enthusiasm.

IF HE HAS AMBITIONS

or schemes, listen to him with open eyes of

woodsmen, and no matter what the occasion is, never permit your knowledge to exceed his. Men desire the smart woman, but have no fault to find when her talent is large enough to appreciate their greatness. Another piece of wisdom on the part of a wife is the cultivation of helplessness—she must be able to lift nothing heavier than a box of candy; know nothing about the management of an umbrella, a window, a knot or a bundle, and just in proportion as she appeals to his strength, size and greatness, so large will her influence over him be. Men like to be looked up at, depended on, quoted, and referred to. That's the reason why a little woman marries three times to the one wedding of the tall heroic lady.

"An ugly temper is a trial that few women are able to stand. The only cure is silence. You mustn't talk back. No, sentiment is just as injurious; you can't kiss a furious man, it only makes him worse. The thing to do is to keep still, let him cool and let the matter drop. He will respect your sense and come to terms of his own accord."

TO KEEP A HUSBAND

An eager hunter, live in a little mystery. Don't make a sacrifice of yourself; have ideas of your own, and secrets, too, if you like. It is well not to be too tame. Men do not care much for hunting barnyard fowls and domestic animals. They never waste their powder on a messenger bit of game that a fox, a model jester a trifle inferior to the neat, trim, capricious little quail. To make the chase interesting be a little uncertain and allow yourself to be caught occasionally.

"To be born a woman is to be born a martyr, but the husband that is worth wedding is worth keeping, and if a little artifice, a pleasant smile, a contented heart, forbearance, neatness, devotion and tact will hold him, by all means let him be held. Men must be taken as they are and not as they should be; they are not a half bad lot under the refining influence of mutual interest and love, and he is a very wretched specimen of humanity who can not be counted on to shield a wife from the buffets of the world, and be an anchor for her when youth and beauty have proved unfaithful. Poor fellow, he is weak but he can't help it. He was made so. He would rather be good than bad, a king than a serf and I think it is a woman's duty to do what she can for him. Sick and tired of the bang and clatter of the world's machinery, a man is ready and willing to go anywhere away from the tumult, and with any one who will help him to forget his cares, disappointments and his very existence. This thing of trying to rule a husband is all buncombe—it can't be done. You can coax most men, bribe some and govern a very few; but that vulgar rubbing of the fur the right way wins every time."

## Both Crippled.

A cripple's sensitiveness to mimicry is sorely keen, but no more so than his sympathy for one crippled like himself. The sudden revulsion from one to the other makes the pathos of this curious street scene, related in the Detroit Tribune:

Pedestrians on Woodford Avenue were treated to a singular and affecting incident the other evening. Freddy Maline, a little newsboy, whose legs are so crippled that he walks on his knees, was trudging down the street, when a legless sailor came plodding along in the opposite direction on his stumps.

They did not observe each other until the sailor attacked the lad. The assault was so sudden that it was all over before any one could interfere.

"What do you mean by this?" demanded a bystander of the man.

"The boy is mocking me," replied the sailor. Then he got a good look at the little fellow's legs, and cried, "What! So you are a cripple like me? Ah, my boy, forgive me! I thought you were mocking."

The tears coursed down a cheek bronzed by sun and wind, and possibly hardened by sin.

"Oh, I wouldn't 'a' done it!" he exclaimed; "I wouldn't 'a' done it, if I'd 'a' known, for these two hands, and they're all I've got left. I ask pardon, my boy; I ask your pardon."

Then the adult cripple hobbled on. The boy gathered up his papers, that had been strewn around in the struggle, and, wiping away the tears that had filled his eyes as the sailor was speaking, crawled on down the street, but not before handfuls of coin had been showered on both the unfortunates.

## Serenity.

There are persons possessed of such admirable serenity and self-possession that nothing can disturb them or much. Whatever may be the cause they are indifferent to things that shock or grieve or anger other people.

An old lady was rescued by a fireman from the fourth story of a burning building. She did not scream, nor struggle, nor resist when he dragged her from her bed, pulled her through a window, and carried her down a ladder to the street below.

When he at last put her in safety on the sidewalk she gathered her clothes about her and said, calmly:

"Much obliged; and if you could just run back, now, and get my duds, I'd thank you kindly."

When told that her "duds," nor nothing else, could be recovered from the building, which was now wrapped in flames, she coolly quoted the old saying, "Well, them as has must lose," and my duds wa'n't wuth much nohow."

## Excuse Not Accepted.

Police Judge—"You are accused of having snatched a handful of small change from the till of a grocery store."

Jim Webster—"Yes, yer honor, I knows I did; but when a man is hungry, and haint had nuffa ter eat for more den two days, he an' desprit an' crazy, and he doan keer what he does."

"But it appears that at the time you stole a handful of small change, you had a five-dollar bill in your pocket."

"Dat am so, but I did not wanter bust a five-dollar bill. As soon as you bust a five-dollar bill, hit melts right away."

Jim Webster melted away for a term of sixty days.

## His Rest Disturbed.

Old Man (at the head of the stairs)—Hain't that young man gone yet Clara?  
Daughter—No, papa; are we disturbing you?  
Old Man—Yes; the silence down there is oppressive.

# THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

When the meeting opened Brother Gardner announced that Prof. Condit Johnson, of Columbia, S.C., was in the ante-room and waiting to address the club on the subject of: The "Nothingness of Something, and the Something of Nothingness." The Professor was noted all over the South as a philosopher, and this lecture would be a practical demonstration of philosophy. The gentleman had been in the city three days, the guest of Giveadam Jones, and had not yet offered a corn cure or a hair-renewer for sale. This was pretty fair proof that he was the philosopher he claimed to be, and the President hoped all members present would pay strict attention to the lecturer.

The Professor made a favorable impression as he entered the hall. He was a small, sawed-off man, with ears standing out at just the right angle to scrape on off the top of a rail fence, and there was a look of deep intelligence in his eyes as he cast them around the room.

HE GETS TO WORK.

The Professor loosened his neck-tie, pushed up his sleeves, took a gulp of the purest drinking water furnished any city in the land, and began:

"My frans, look across de room at dat stove-pipe hole in de chimney. Dat hole ar a nothingness. You can't carry it away; you can't handle it; you can't pledge it to de pawn broker; de police can't arrest it. An' yit dat hole wa'n't made to take in six inches of stovepipe, and carry off de smoke of a big coal stove. Widout dis nothingness de somethingness of combustion, heat an' comfort could not prevail. See?"

[Applause and cries of hear! hear!]

"I turn my breeches pocket wrong side out," continued the Professor, as he suited the action to the word. "What do you see? Nothingness. An' yet, if I didn't have this nothingness whar' would I put my somethingness? In odder words, but fur dis pocket whar' would I put de money necessary fur my existence? At present it ar' an empty somethingness holdin' a powerful lot of nothingness, but de nothingness is highly necessary to further somethingness. See?"

[Great applause during which Shindig Watkins swallowed the brass overcoat button he was holdin', in his mouth to cure palpitation of the heart.]

"Heah is a paper bag," said the Professor, as he held one up to view. "Look inside an' what do you find? Emptiness. It is a somethingness full of nothingness. If we had a million of dis somethingness we would starve on de nothingness of it. An' yit, when Elder Toots goes to the grocery an' orders ten pounds of white sugar de grocer makes use of this werry nothingness to bring about a somethingness. De emptiness is driven out an' becomes a fullness, an' de Elder goes home wid a bag of sugar under his arm. I don't mean to insinuate dat Elder Toots has eber been financially able to purchase ten hull pounds of any sort of sugar at one time, but I simply supposed a case fur illustration! See?"

[Vociferous applause from all except the Elder, who said that if he was fifty years younger he'd lick the Professor before he left town.]

"We look into a bar'l on a dark night. We see de nothingness of something and de somethingness of nothing. De nothingness was created to hold forty-two gallons of elder or somethingness. We go an' bore a hole in de something. It ar' a nothingness. Nobody kin take it away. Put a gate-post in dat hole an' de nothingness becomes a somethingness to once. See?"

[Long continued applause, during which Pickles Smith lost three suspender buttons by an unexpected career to starboard.]

"As a fruder illustration, take dis room when empty. All ar' nothingness. De reglar Saturday night meetin' comes around an' de nothingness becomes a somethingness P. D. Q. De meetin' adjourns in due time an' de somethingness resolves itsef into nothingness with promptness an' dispatch. But, my hearers, I do not intend to take up de valuable time of de meeting. My object was to prove to you dat riches do not constitute happiness, and dat de Standard Oil Company does not run dis kentry."

[Cries of "Go on!" from all parts of the hall, and during the confusion someone hit Trustee Pullback in the left eye with a potato.]

"De Pyramids of Egypt ar' anoder illustration," continued the orator, as he wiped his brow with the back of his hand and gulped down some more water. "At fust sight dey ar' nothingness. You pause an' ax yerself what dey are good for? Presently along comes a newsboy an' pints out de fact dat de great heaps of stone break de raw winds of spring off lots of truck patches, an' you at once diskliver de somethingness. But it would be idle fur me to purceed fruder. My sole objct was to convince you as a body dat bein' discouraged nebber encourages anybody, an' dat Jay Gould must obey de laws as well as de poo' an' humble citizen. Thankin' you fur your desicated attentun to my disrupted address, an' trustin' dat de seeds I have sown may fall upon sportif ground, I will now bid you good deevenin'."

[Cries of "go on!" and "come back!" with much applause, during which the Professor made good his escape and a couple of lamp chimneys were knocked overboard and broken.]

A CHARTER WANTED.

After order had been restored the Secretary announced the following communication from Selma, Ala., and several of the members moved that it be at once acted on:

DEAR SIR—The following persons whose names are attached are anxious to form or organize a branch club at Possum Trot Dallas County Ala. Bill Linkum, Jud Linkum, Bob Epraim, Will Epraim, Frank Jeems, Jesse Jeems, Bill Shallowfoot and Jim Cummings. I am told that seven members constitute a club.

If you will send Giveadam Jones down here to organize the club and start the ball a rolling, we will send him a round-trip ticket, and will have his shoes half-soled before he goes back. We will also send him the first watermelon that ripens on the vine in June. We also promise when 'possums are ripe, and the persimmon and yams are sweet in the fall, to send him an invitation to our annual 'possum supper. We will guarantee him a jolly time while here.

Letus know if we can obtain a charter, and when we may expect an instructor, so that we may be ready for business.

P.S.—Since writing the above a man calling himself Jay Hoo, was arrested for vagrancy. On his person was found among other articles, of no value, the eye of Cleopatra's Needle. Is this an ancient relic belonging to Paradise Hall? If so it is here

subject to your orders, and can be shipped to you by express C. O. D.  
Yours sincerely,  
WALK ALONG JOHNSON.

The subject was referred to the Committee of Investigation, with a request to report as soon as possible, and in case of a favorable report a charter will be granted the Selma Club to work to the 28th, or Possum degree. Members of any degree between the 21st and 28th are entitled to half fare on railroads and to free admission to circuses and lectures on missionary work.

The hour being late, all perishable business was deposited in the ice box and the meeting adjourned.

## The Pangs of Authorship.

Nobody but us literary people knows how closely grows the attachment between the author and his characters. It is related of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe that when the pages of her manuscript she read from the death of little Eva, the entire family sat bathed in tears, nor could one of them speak a word, but all mournfully separated, going to their rooms as though they had just attended the funeral of a dear friend. Some friends met Thackeray on the street one day, and his countenance bore traces of intense grief. "What is the matter?" they asked. "I have just killed Colonel Newcombe," he sobbed, bursting into tears, as he hurried away. Charles Dickens had the same experience. So had I. Mine was even more horrowing. When I wrote my first funny story about Mr. Bilderback going up on the roof to shovel off the snow, and making an avalanche of himself and sliding down into a water barrel, I was almost heart-broken. I didn't kill Mr. Bilderback myself. Ah, indeed, I hadn't the heart to do that. The managing editor—that dear, considerate soul—saw how I felt about it, and he killed him for me. He also killed all the other dear, loving, gentle characters in the sketch. And as I was leaving he remarked that he would kill me if I ever came back with any more such stuff. He meant it, too. People who saw me coming out of the office scraping dust, and lint, and pine slivers, and gouts of paste off my back, saw at once, by my grief stricken face, that something had happened. But I could not tell them what. My poor, bursting heart was too full.—Burdette.

## Rules of Procedure.

The St. James Gazette, speaking of the new rules of procedure for the regulation of business in the English House of Commons, says:—"The new Rules of Procedure are more remarkable for the restriction of debate than for the punishment of disorder. The rule which requires the Speaker or Chairman to order members whose conduct is grossly disorderly to withdraw immediately from the House during the remainder of that day's sitting, seems to have been more warmly opposed than any other; for the reason that the offending member is to withdraw not only from the debating-room of the House but from its uttermost precincts. So to extend the order of exclusion was called an indignity by some English members as well as by some Irish ones. It seems a punishment far too mild for such offences as have disgraced the House since its session. As one of our correspondents pointed out on Monday, in France and in most of our colonial Legislatures offenders like Dr. Tanner (for one) are punished by fine; and while it cannot be said that there is any "indignity" in that, it undoubtedly is a more efficient penalty than any other that could be adopted conveniently. Exclusion from the precincts of the House for a day—what is there in that to frighten into decency men like Mr. Healy, Mr. Conybeare, or Dr. Tanner? The suggestion of our correspondent was a wise one. When a member has been named by the Speaker or the Chairman, he should be liable, in addition to exclusion from the House, to a fine of £50 for the first offence, £75 for the second, and £100 for the third or any future offence. Less would suffice probably."

## Unsoundness of Arabian Horses.

Early last winter Senator Palmer of Washington, sent an agent to Arabia to purchase for the Senator's farm on the outskirts of Detroit, five full-blooded Arabian mares, which he desired to cross with Percheron horses and produce, if possible, a breed of horses that would be superior to, or at least different from anything in America. The agent has telegraphed his inability to secure the horses. Upon his arrival at Damascus a few weeks ago he learned that a firman had been issued by the Sultan prohibiting the further exportation of horses. This did not daunt Senator Palmer's agent neither did the historical belief that no Arabian horses are ever disposed of except as gifts to royal personages, and for purposes of war. He pushed on, and had little trouble in persuading the Sultan to revoke his firman in the interest of the United States Senator. He was elated by his success however. He failed from a different cause, it being none other than the fact that every horse shown him was spavined, ringbone, windbroken, blind, or afflicted with some other disease to which horses even the pink-eyed, soft-skinned Arabian species are subject to. Only one horse did the Senatorial agent see that apparently was worthy of being transported to America, and that one on close inspection, proved also to be unsound. The enterprise was given up in despair, and the Senator has received a cable that the search has been abandoned.

## The Stockmen Scooped.

A few days ago there dropped into the Chicago stock yards with a drove of steers a quiet, unassuming man, who allowed he was from the country and was in charge of "dad's steers." He had on a suit of rough clothing and looked like a barometer. The stock yards boasted a footracer by the name of Cody, and it was that footracer that the country lad was after. The latter soon talked race and a match was quickly arranged for \$250 a side. In addition the stockmen bet \$3,000 on Cody. The latter lost by a foot, and the race was on in 104 seconds and won easily at that. When Billy Bradbourn, the pugilist, called the country boy to account he said:—"Dad's steers are pretty near right."

It turned out that the young man was M. K. Kittleman, the famous sprinter of Harper, Kan., who can easily run the distance in ten seconds.

The millions in the treasury vaults at Washington are being counted.