BOY KNEW WHEN TO OBEY.

Father's Somewhat Undignified Threat Had Desired Effect.

Ever since their first baby was born Mr. and Mrs. Harrod have disagreed as to the proper method of bringing up children. Mr. Harrod insists that they should never be "crossed," but should be guided by example and left to obey through a desire to give pleasure. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," says Mrs. Harrod; but she exacts from the children a prompt obedience to her orders by milder disciplines of her own.

Little Jim is ten years old now, and occasionally manifests an unwillingness to follow in the path his father thinks desirable. One day Mrs. Harrod was going down the front stairs when she heard her husband's voice in its sternest accents.

"Jim," he was saying, "you do what I told you!"

There was no sound from the boy, and Mrs. Harrod sitting down on a step and peering through the banister, could see him teetering back and forth on his heels and toes.

"Jim," said his father, peremptorily, "do what I told you!"

This time the boy looked up and grinned. He did not offer to do anything else. Mrs. Harrod choked back her laughter with a heroic effort, and awaited the outcome. Her husband strode across the room and put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Jim," he said, solemnly, "you do what I told you, or"—he lowered his voice—"I'll sick your mother on to you!"

As Mrs. Harrod put her apron over her head to stifle her mirth, she had a fleeting glimpse of Jim junior flying to do what his father had ordered.—Montreal Herald.

ROGERS FIRM FRIEND OF TWAIN.

Genial Humorist Owes Much to Standard Oil Millionaire.

Mark Twain is fond of relating why such a strong friendship exists between him and Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate. A number of years ago the millionaire read "Roughing It" and was much pleased with the book. Shortly thereafter the publishing firm of which Mark Twain was a member failed and the humorist lost everything. At a dinner one evening he was introduced to Rogers, who after a short chat offered to take charge of the author's affairs. Consent was readily given, of course, and the business man devoted much of his enormously valuable time to overhauling the literary wreck. He saw Clemens through his troubles, helped him on his feet again and ever since has constituted himself the humorist's business guardian. The two men meet often—the astute business operator and the easy-going, dreamy mirth provoker.

Kipling and Fame.

"Rudyard Kipling visited my apartment once," said a New York publisher. "He sat in that chair there. He was in the height of his fame at the time. It was before the outburst of the Winston Churchill historical novel and the Conan Doyle detective story. This brusque, jerky young man was probably, just then, the most brilliant star in the literary firmament.

"He talked beautifully. On his departure I escorted him down on the elevator to the ground floor. Then when I got into the elevator again to go back to my rooms, I couldn't resist saying to the elevator man:

"'Did you notice that short, thick-set gentleman in spectacles who came down with me?'

"'Not partic'lar. Why?' the man asked.

"'That,' I answered, "was Rudyard Kipling.'

"'Rudyard Kipling?' the elevator man exclaimed. 'Rudyard Kipling, the great African explorer?'"

Sermons and Prophecies.

Bishop Ellison Capers of South Carolina was talking about the aversion to sermon reading many congregations have.

"They deem," said Bishop Capers, "that a sermon that is read lacks life and fire. Sometimes to a sermon-reading pastor, they will make cutting and sarcastic remarks about the custom.

"A sermon-reading clergyman, a friend of mine, called one day on a humble parishioner. This parishioner was a cobbler. He sat mending a pair of shoes and reading his Bible at the same time.

"'What are you doing, Giles?' said my friend, with a benevolent smile.

"'Prophesyin',' Giles answered.

"'Prophesying? Nonsense,' said my friend.

"'Well,' said the cobbler, curtly, 'if readin' a sermon is preachin', isn't readin' a prophecy prophesyin'?'"

The Motto on the Shirt Waist.

A young woman who is fond of prowling about the foreign quarters and is displaying the bargains she picks up there, is wearing a quaint new shirt waist printed in Oriental designs, which has attracted the attention of her friends. Their interest was increased when she explained the designs to them.

"I got it at a Syrian importer's in Washington street," said she. "I found the prettiest little Syrian girl in there, who has been to the public schools and can read both English and Arabic. She told me the characters on the piece of goods I bought were Arabic, and she translated them for me. The design means 'God is good and life is beautiful.' I thought that was a good thing to bear in mind, and so I made up my shirt waist so that I have 'God is good and life is beautiful' printed twelve times over the front of me."—New York Press.

The Little Hope.

A little hope one day got lost,
And wandered long and far
And from a thousand breasts was tossed,
And, hearing many a scar
And many a bruise, at last addressed
A motherly pessimist,
And found a refuge in his breast—
And, stooping down, he kissed
A child that had the day before
Fled from his path in fear;
The dogs that passed him growled no more.
A little hope had found, at length,
Men hailed him with good cheer!
A home, and nestled there,
And with a new and splendid strength
A man forgot to wear
The frown by which the world may know
How little courage lies below.
—S. E. Kiser.

Not a Victim

I has a heap o' troubles,
But I pauses now and then
To think about de worries
Dat de most touch de colored men.
De times don't seem much harder
Dan when dey used to be,
An' I has de satisfaction
Dem trusts ain' bothern' me.

When you gets a little money
Den you lays a wake at night.
I spec it's turnin' pale so much
Dat some folks calls it white.
To eat an' sleep in comfort
Is a problem, I'll agree,
But I manages to solve it,
An' dem trusts ain' bothern' me.
—Washington Star.

An Exchange of Confidences

BY RICHARD B. SHELTON

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The pier was deserted when Barlow and Miss Grant came strolling up the beach from the automobile races, which had proved to be a decidedly tame diversion. Barlow had many things he wanted to say to the girl, and he wanted to say them in a place where he could be sure they would be alone and uninterrupted. The pier looked promising.

"Shall we go out?" he said, halting at the pier and addressing the girl.

"It's nearly time to dress for dinner," she demurred, consulting her watch. "Still, it does look quiet and inviting out there. Perhaps we might go out for a few minutes."

"We need a few minutes rest," he laughed as they walked down the pier.

They went to the end and sat down on a stringer that made a comfortable seat. The sun had gone down, and the trees of the orange grove were shapely black silhouettes against the flaming sky. Beneath them lay a tranquil, saffron sea, shading in the distance into dulled hues of gray blue and violet.

The girl leaned back against a stanchion and closed her eyes.

"Isn't it perfect?" she said. "Does a twilight like this set you thinking?"

"It certainly does," said he, smiling quietly.

"What about?" she asked.

"Oh, lots of things," he replied. 'My sins, sometimes."

"That's the way it affects me," she said quickly. "It sets me thinking of my sins—and of Tom."

"Tom?" he repeated questioningly, leaning forward a bit.

"Yes, dear, old, prosaic Tom," she said, "who hasn't the temperament to enjoy a twilight. Indeed, he can't enjoy much of anything but silly figures about stocks and bonds and margins."

"Your brother, Miss Grant?" he asked.

She shook her head. He waited rather impatiently for further information.

"He's back there in a stuffy office," she went on, "slaving and saving. Imagine being tied to a stuffy office day in and day out, Mr. Barlow."

"I've experienced the pleasure," he said grimly.

"Tom wants to get a certain amount of money, you see," she explained carelessly, "and when he does, he'll ask me to marry him."

"I see," said Barlow, rather stiffly, looking across the water to the orange trees.

"He's such a dear, stupid, faithful creature," she said affectionately. "You know the kind, Mr. Barlow."

He eyed her narrowly. Why had she never spoken of this man before? He felt hurt, ill treated. Up the beach the crowds were cheering lustily as the last race was finished in semi-darkness. He smiled grimly. She should never know he was hurt, anyway.

"It is strange where twilight carries one's thoughts," he said evenly. "Twilight always carries me to Margaret, no matter where she is. Just now she is in Venice, but this magic twilight takes me to her."

"Yes?" said the girl with languid interest.

"I should be there with her now," said he, "if it wasn't for the fact that my affairs here won't let me get away

Strolling up the beach.

for more than a fortnight at a time. We'd be poking about the galleries together and invading those strange little shops, picking up odd bits of tapestry and old brasses. I spent one happy, happy winter in Venice when she and her mother were there." He paused. "It's to be in June as soon as she returns," he said quietly.

The girl sat silently for a time, watching the saffron sea change slowly to a dull gray in the dying light. Then she arose and laughed lightly.

"Come, we must go back. It's getting very late," she said.

He arose and silently they walked together down the pier. The last red glow was fading in the West. Myriad little stars were peeping out of the purple back above them.

"I think," said the girl, "that our's will be in October."

Barlow said nothing. He strode along in moody silence, his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"Of course you're fond of Tom?"

"He's the dearest boy that ever lived," she said with enthusiasm.

Halfway down the pier Barlow stopped short. He touched a match to the cigar between his teeth and blew out a cloud of white smoke. He

"I don't want you to marry Tom," he burst out.

watched it drift away on the still air. Then he came a step nearer the girl.

"Hang Tom!" he growled irrelevantly.

The girl drew away, a bit frightened at his vehemence.

"What?" she gasped.

"Hang Tom!" he repeated.

She stood staring at him in speechless amazement.

"I don't want you to marry Tom," he burst out, "nor anyone else, for that matter—but me. I've loved you from the first minute I laid eyes on you—and—and—oh, forgive me for making such an ass of myself!"

Her hands were clutching the guard-rail of the pier. He thought she shivered slightly.

"We must go back, at once." There was quiet force in his voice.

"Oh, I'm sorry—awfully sorry," she said contritely. "I didn't know about—about—"

"About Margaret?" He laughed harshly. "Neither did I. There isn't any Margaret. There never was. There never will be. She was an imagination to cover the wound your Tom tore in my heart. I thought I could hide my wounded pride and—and, yes, my love, behind her. Kindly notice how well the expedient has served," he ended with bitter irony.

Silently they finished their walk down the pier. Silently they crossed the orange grove and mounted the hotel steps. The orchestra at one end of the piazza was playing a lively march. To Barlow it sounded like a dirge. He was sick at heart and disgusted with himself.

He was aware of a vague sense of relief when the girl said good-night at the door. To his surprise, instead of going in at once, she stood looking at him with a queer light in her eyes.

"There is something I feel I really should tell you," she murmured slowly.

Barlow waited silently.

"There wasn't—that is, there isn't—" She paused and flushing beautifully. "Oh, there isn't any Tom," she cried hurriedly and fled through the door.

An Awkward Situation.

Congressman Morrell, of Philadelphia, said in the course of an address to National Guardsmen:

"As colonel of the Third Regiment of Pennsylvania, I once took part in an odd and amusing episode.

"My regiment was marching down Broad street in the van of an immense and magnificent parade when, near Walnut street, it became necessary to push the people back a little. The ropes had broken at this point, and the people, quite unintentionally, encroached on the line of the parade.

"I assigned a handful of young privates to help the police handle the crowd, and one private, stationed near me, I kept my eye on. He got everybody back except a fat man. This person did not move.

"'Private,' said I, 'put that fat man back.'

"He says he can't get back, the crowd is pushing so,' the private answered.

"'Put your musket butt in his chest,' said I, 'and force him back. You are the stronger.'

"'Yes,' said the private, 'I know I'm the stronger, but he's the foreman of our shop.'"

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MUFFS WORN FOR AGES.

Evolution of Dress Article Through Centuries Shows Its Origin.

In many of the portraits of the sixteenth century one often sees a strip of rich soft fur wound around the wrist of a noble dame. This was used to cover the neck or fulfill the function of a muff, and to it was often attached a small animal's head or a skull, cunningly wrought in metal and adorned with precious stones.

As was the case with so many articles of dress, the muff was first the exclusive property of the nobility, and was carried by the commonest women of Venice, as well as by the women of the highest rank.

The first Venetian muffs were small, made of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk, lined with fur, the opening enriched with gold or silver buttons set with precious stones. By 1662 the muff seems to have been recognized as the necessary adjunct of the wardrobe of a woman of fashion.

Checks Drug Store Liquor Sales.

Madison, Wis., dispatch: The assembly has passed the Dahl liquor bill, a measure aimed at unscrupulous druggists. The bill requires an affidavit from each liquor purchaser at drug stores.

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		Two Years Before the Mast	Dana
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Jockey Has Narrow Escape.

New York dispatch: William Burns, a jockey, walked into the water at the foot of East Twenty-fifth street, and sank into mud up to his neck. He was rescued.

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CLARK BLUMBURG.

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Saves 25 per cent of your paint bill. Is FAR MORE DURABLE than PURE WHITE LEAD and is ABSOLUTELY PURE and HEALTHFUL. HAMMAR PAINT is made of the best OF PAINT MATERIALS—mixed with pure linseed oil and is ground THICK, VERY THICK. No trouble to mix, any boy can do it. It is the "PAINT" SENSE OF HOUSE PAINT. NO BETTER paint can be made at ANY cost, and is

Guaranteed 5 Years

NOT TO CRACK, BLISTER, PEEL OR CHIP.
W. HAMMAR PAINT CO., St. Louis, Mo.
CAPITAL PAID IN $500,000

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY Whitehead & Mitchell.

Twenty-third Wreck Victim.

Pittsburg, Pa., dispatch: J. W. Anderson of Pittsburg has been added to the list of those who lost their lives in the South Harrisburg disaster, making the number of dead twenty-three.

Private Bankers Fail.

Bowling Green, Ky., special: P. J. Potter's Sons, private bankers, with a capital of $75,000 and $750,000 deposits, filed a deed of assignment. It is announced that the bank will pay dollar for dollar.