FRIDAY THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER IX.

The governing committee was holding a meeting in the room. Bob rushed in unceremoniously.

"One word, gentlemen," he called. "I have more trades outstanding, both buys and sells, than any other member or house. Before deciding whether to adjourn in an attempt to save 'the Street,' I ask your consideration of this proposition: If the exchange will suspend operations for 30 minutes, and allow me to address the members on the floor, I will agree to buy stocks all around the room, until they have regained at least half their drop —all of it, if possible. I will buy until I have exhausted to the last hundred my fortune of a billion dollars. This should make an adjournment unnecessary. I know that this is a most extraordinary request, but you are confronted with a most extraordinary situation, the most remarkable in the history of the stock exchange. Already, if what they say on the floor is correct, over 200 banks and trust companies throughout the country have gone under, and new failures are being announced every minute. Half the members of this and the Boston and Philadelphia exchanges are insolvent and have closed their doors, or will close them before three o'clock, and the shrinkage in values so far reported runs over fifteen billions. Unless something is done before the close, there will be a similar panic in every exchange and bourse in Europe tomorrow."

The committee instantly voted to lay the proposition before the full board. In another minute the president's gavel sounded, and the floor was still as a tomb. All eyes were fixed on the president. Every man in that great throng knew that upon the announcement they were about to hear, might depend, at least temporarily, the welfare, not only of Wall street, but of the nation, perhaps even of the civilized world. The president spoke:

"Members of the New York Stock Exchange:

"The governing committee instructs me to say that Mr. Robert Brownley has asked that operations be suspended for 30 minutes, in order that he be allowed to address you. Mr. Brownley has agreed, if this request be granted, he will upon resumption of operations purchase a sufficient amount of stock to raise the average price of all active shares at least one-half their total drop—all of it, if possible. He agrees to buy to the limit of his fortune of a billion dollars. I now put Mr. Brownley's request to a vote. All those in favor of granting it will signify the same by saying 'Yes.'"

A mighty roof-lifting "Yes" sounded through the room.

"All those opposed, 'No.'"

There was a deathly hush.

"Mr. Brownley will please speak from this platform, and remember, in 30 minutes to the second, I will sound the gavel for the resumption of business."

Bob Brownley strode to the place just vacated by the president. The crowd was growing larger every minute. The ticker was already hissing a tape biography of this extraordinary situation in brokerage shops, hotels, and banks throughout the country, and in a few minutes the news of it would be in the capitals of Europe. Never before in history did man have such an audience—the whole civilized world. Already crowds from Wall, Broad and New streets, which surround the exchange, the hoarse bellow of the gathering hordes. Before the ticker should announce the resumption of business these would number hundreds of thousands, for the financial district for more than an hour had been a surging mob.

For once at least the much-abused phrase, "He looked the part," could be used in all truthfulness. As Robert Brownley threw back his head and shoulders and faced that crowd of men, some of whom he had hurt, many of whom he had beggared, and all of whom he had tortured, he presented a picture such as a royal lion echoing from the jungles and just freed from his cage might have made. Defiance, defereance, contempt, and pity all blended in his mien, but over all was an I-am-the-one-you-are-the-many atmosphere of confidence that turned my spinal column into a mercury tube. He began to speak:

"Men of Wall street:

"You have just witnessed a record-breaking slaughter. I have asked permission to talk to you for the purpose of showing you how any member of a great stock exchange may at any time do what I have done today. Weigh well what I am about to say to you. During the last quarter of a century there has grown up in this and that fair land of ours a system by which the few take from the many the results of their labors. The men who take have no more license, from God or man, to take, than have those from whom they filch. They are not endowed by God with superior wisdom, nor have they performed for their fellow-men any labor or given to them anything of value that entitles them to what they take. Their only license to plunder is their knowledge of the system of trickery and fraud that they themselves have created. No man can gainsay this, for on every side is the evidence. Men come into Wall street at sunrise without dollars; before that same sun sets they depart with millions. So all-powerful has grown the system of oppression that single men take in a single lifetime all the savings of a million of their fellows. To-day the people, 80,000,000 strong, are slaving for the few, and their pay is their board and keep. I saw this robbery. I felt the robbers' scourge. I sought the secret. I found it here, here in this gambling hell. I found that the stocks we bought and sold were mere gambling chips; that the man who had the biggest stack could beat his opponent off the board; that his opponent was the world, because all men directly or indirectly played the stock-gambling game. To win, it was but necessary to have unlimited chips. If chips were bought and sold, on equal terms, by all, no one could buy more than he could pay for, and the game, although still a gambling one, would be fair. A few master tricksters, dollar magicians, long ago seeing this condition, invented the system by which the people are ruthlessly plundered. The system they invented was simple, so simple that for a quarter of a century it has remained undiscovered by the world at large—and even by you, who profess to be experts. No man thought that a free people who had intended to allow all the equal use of every avenue for the attainment of wealth, and who intended to provide for the safeguarding of wealth after it was secured, could be such dolts as to allow themselves to be robbed of all their accumulated wealth by a device as simple as that by which children play at blindman's-buff. The process

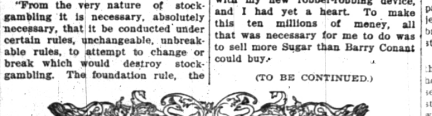
"I Will Buy Until I Have Exhausted My Fortune of a Billion Dollars."

was no more complex than that employed by the robber of old, who took the pebbles from the beach, marked them money, and with the money bought the labor of his fellows, and by the manipulation of that labor and by turning pebbles into money he took away from the laborer the money which he had paid them for the labor until all in the land were slaves of the moneymaker. These few tricksters said: We will arbitrarily manufacture these chips—stocks. After we have manufactured them, we will sell the world what the world can pay for, and then by the use of the unlimited supply we still have we will win away from the world what it has bought, and repeat the operation, until we have all the wealth, and the people are enslaved. To do this there was one thing besides the manufacturing of the chips—stocks—that was absolutely necessary—a gambling-hell, the working of whose machinery would place a selling value upon such chips; a hell where, after selling the chips, they could be won back. I saw that if these tricksters were to be routed and their 'System' was to be destroyed, it must be through the machinery of this stock exchange. I studied the machinery, and presently I marvelled that men could for so long have been asses.

"From the very nature of stock-gambling it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that it be conducted under certain rules, unchangeable, unbreakable rules, to attempt to change or break which would destroy stock-gambling. The foundation rule, the rule absolutely necessary for the existence of stock-gambling is: Any member of the stock exchange can buy, or sell, between the opening and closing of the exchange as many shares of stock as he cares to. With this rule in force his buying and selling cannot be restricted to the amount he can take and pay for, or deliver and receive pay for, because there is not money enough in the world to pay for what under this same rule can be bought and sold in a single session. This is because there have been arbitrarily created by these few tricksters many times more stocks than there is money in existence. The amount of stock that any man can sell in one session of the exchange is limited only by the amount that he can offer for sale, and he can offer any amount his tongue can utter; and he is not compelled and cannot be compelled to show his ability to deliver what he has offered for sale until after he has finished selling, which is the following day. You will ask as I did: Can this be possible? you will find the answer I found. It is so, and must continue to be so, or there will be no stock-gambling. Mark me, for this statement is weighted with the greatest import to you all. A member of this exchange can sell as many shares of stock at one session as he cares to offer. If any attempt is made at the session he sells at to compel him either before or after he offers to sell to show his ability to deliver, away goes the stock-gambling structure, because from the very nature of the whole structure of stock-gambling the same shares are sold and resold many times in each session and the seller cannot know, much less show, that he can deliver until he first adjusts with the buyer and the buyer cannot adjust until after he has become such by buying. If a rule were made compelling a seller to show his responsibility before selling, every member would have every other member at his mercy and there could be no stock-gambling. When I had worked this out, I saw that while the few tricksters of the 'System' had a perfect device for taking from the people their wealth, I had discovered as perfect a means of taking away from the few the wealth they had secured from the many. With this knowledge came a conviction that my way was as honest as the 'System's,' in fact, more honest than theirs. They took from the innocent, I took from the guilty what had already been dishonestly secured. I determined to put my discovery into practice.

"I might never have done so but for that Sugar panic in which I was robbed of millions by the 'System' through Barry Conant. In that panic the 'System,' with its unlimited resources, filched from the people by the arbitrary manufacture of stocks, and by their manipulation did to me what I afterward discovered I could do to them, without any resources other than my right to do business on the floor of this exchange. You saw the outcome, in the second Sugar panic, of my first experiment. In a few minutes I cleared a profit of $10,000,000. I could have made it fifty millions, or one hundred and fifty, but I was not then on familiar terms with my new robber-robbing device, and I had yet a heart. To make this ten millions of money, all that was necessary for me to do was to sell more Sugar than Barry Conant could buy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HAD BORROWED A PAST.

Pittsburg Man's Unique Scheme for Pleasing His Bride.

There is a man in Pittsburg who will be married in a short while, and will occupy the house a few rooms of which he has used during his bachelor days. He takes the greatest pleasure in showing his intimate friends about the place, and is especially delighted at the astonishment they express when his own "den" is reached. He has always been a quiet, studious fellow, but as refitted the room gives the appearance of the lounging place of a regular rounder. There are racks of long pipes, photographs of actresses are stuck about the chimney glass; a shelf of beer steins runs all the way around the room, and a few feminine gloves, handkerchiefs, and fans are scattered about. "Great Scott, Jack!" the last visitor gasped, "where did you get this outfit, and why?" "Bought out a college fellow," was the complacent reply. "Just think how pleased that dear little girl will be when she sees all this truck and thinks how much wickedness she has won me away from!"—Harper's Weekly.

Forgot the Tune.

At an entertainment a little girl, failing to recall the piece she was to read, exclaimed, "O, I forget the tune of my speech."

Mephibosheth

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

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Scripture Authority:—2 Samuel, chapter 9.

SERMONETTE.

Here in this incident we find another side of David's nature revealed. Here he is the loyal friend keeping faith with the choice companion of his young manhood, Jonathan. Here, after the flight of the years and the multiplying of the burdens and cares resting upon him, we find him taking time and thought to redeem the promise made so long before. Loyalty to the friend of the long ago. Faithfulness in redeeming the promise given. How splendid. David was king now, a mighty man of affairs, a ruler over a realm far greater than that which Saul had ever dreamed of ruling. Riches and honors were showered upon him in such measure as to have made it not at all strange if all thought and care for former things had been driven away. But it was not so with David. He remembered the promise of the years before and he hastened to fulfill it.

Such act on the king's part could not have been without much sacrifice of personal comfort, as well as the giving up of the rich possessions of Saul which had come to him in right of his wife, Michal, the daughter of Saul. But these things were as nothing in the eyes of David in comparison to the faithful discharge of that old obligation. This, then, we would emphasize in reference to the keeping of the promises made, seem they ever so small and unimportant: Personal comfort and personal possessions should never outweigh the importance of keeping a fair promise, honestly made.

How perfectly did Jesus exemplify this. He gave up his riches that we through his poverty might be made rich. He suffered that we through his suffering might be redeemed to God, and all because he sought to redeem the promise which God had made to man in the beginning when God said that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent.

Another thought in connection with this incident was the whole hearted way in which David did that which he had determined upon. He might have fulfilled his promise to Jonathan by restoring Mephibosheth to the family possessions, but no, he would do more, this son of his dead friend should be an honored guest at the king's table. Yes, he was a cripple, and certainly could not have added any dignity or beauty to the royal household, but such fact did not cause David to hesitate. In the divine-like spirit he would bring Mephibosheth into his very presence where he could personally attend to his comforts. This is the way God restores us to the lost heritage. He brings us into his very presence, crippled in all though we are, and he there ministers unto us with unstinted devotion. From the many-sided view of David how we see reflected the divine attributes, even as we have had set forth in the Psalms which he has left us.

THE STORY.

A MESSENGER from King David! The news of his coming spread quickly through the country about Lodebar, and soon the people were eagerly discussing the purpose of the visit. Did he bring good tidings or ill? Was his mission one of peace or did he come with some sinister motive? And when it was learned that the messenger had gone straight to the house of Machir, the chief man of the place, in fact, the most powerful shiek in that part of the country, and had inquired after one Mephibosheth, who was said to dwell there, the knowing ones said it boded ill for the sun of Jonathan, the son of Saul.

Tidings of the growing power of King David had reached Lodebar from time to time and no more eager listener to the stories could be found than Mephibosheth. Helpless as he was he would always manage to get to the place where the news was being discussed, and though taking no active part in the conversation he interjected brief questions which always brought out all the details of the story.

Although only five years old when the tragic events fell upon the household of Saul they had burned themselves into his tender mind. The consternation of the royal household when the dreadful tidings of the result of the battle were learned, the confusion as preparation was made for flight, and then the mad, panic-stricken rush which followed as the rumor came that the Philistines were almost upon them. All this he remembered and then had come the awful accident. The nurse that was carrying him stumbled and fell near the head of the long flight of stairs leading from the palace, and the next recollection he had was of lying helpless on his couch with his legs bandaged up and pains so intense that it seemed as though he must die. And since that day he has wondered why he had not died, and had often wished as he considered his helplessness that he had.

As we have said, he was always intensely interested in news from the royal house of his birth, and had followed with special interest the rising fortunes of King David. The old servant who had carried him and cared for him tenderly in his youth had told him of the great friendship which had existed between King David and his father, and much of the gentle, heroic spirit which had characterized his father was possessed by himself. He felt a warm glow in his heart at every mention of King David's name, and he had a longing desire to have him for his friend, for a friend.

When it was suggested to him once that the kingdom of Israel belonged to him by right of inheritance rather than to David, and that had it not been that he was a cripple he might by force of arms have asserted his rights, he had replied with spirit that if his father Jonathan had recognized the divine will and was willing to yield the kingdom to the man whom God had chosen for king surely he was not going to be less a man. He felt in good truth the memory of his noble father in no better way than to cherish the friendship which he had held for David.

And so it was when the messenger came from David seeking him, he did not show the slightest hobbeldigs which troubled his friends. They were certain that King David plotted his hurt, and that for him to place himself entirely in David's power was to court disaster of the most distressing kind.

"Be it good or bad which shall befall me," he had replied, quietly, "nevertheless I will go. I would see the face of him who was so great a friend of my father." And quickly gathering his household together, he prepared to leave with the messenger on the following day.

"How came King David to know of me and my whereabouts?" he questioned the messenger as they made their journey.

"One Ziba, a servant of the house of Saul, thy grandfather, told him of thee and he would not rest content until he had sent for thee," the messenger replied.

"But why should the king take thought for one like me, who am least of all my father's house—and a cripple," he added, sadly.

"Ah, but thou knowest not the goodness of the king's heart. His thought is toward the least of his people in Israel. Surely thou knowest the great love which he had for thy father Jonathan, and would he not desire to do kindness unto his son?"

"But do not the great burdens of ruling so vast a kingdom press heavy upon him and give him no time to follow the dictates of his own heart?"

"Again thou dost not understand or know the king, for more precious in his sight is loyalty to the friend of former days than all the prestige and honor and glory which the making of new and powerful friends can bring," was the earnest response.

And so as they journeyed the heart of Mephibosheth was cheered by the goodly account which the messenger gave of all the righteous acts of the king, until at last he exclaimed:

"Surely, God hath chosen a man like unto himself to rule over his people."

In this spirit of adoration for King David, Mephibosheth entered Jerusalem and was shown into the royal presence. And Mephibosheth fell upon his face to the ground and did the king reverence. But the latter came forward quickly and placing his hand upon the bowed head, said, affectionately:

"Mephibosheth!"

"Behold thy servant," responded Mephibosheth, earnestly.

"Fear not, Mephibosheth, for I will surely shew thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and will restore thee all the land of Saul thy father; and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually," said David.

The possessions of the house of Saul and a place at the royal table! Mephibosheth listened as one in a dream. Could it be true? Again he bowed himself before the king, and said:

"What is thy servant, that thou shouldst look upon such a dead dog as I am?"

But the king would hear no more, but forthwith gave orders that Mephibosheth was to become a member of the royal household and calling Ziba, the old servant of Saul, instructed him concerning the management of the estate and affairs of Mephibosheth.

Cured by a Typewriter.

Constant companionship with a typewriting machine has a soothing and elevating influence on a man. No hard drinker, for instance, can use a typewriter. His nerves must be in good order or he will strike the wrong letters and mangle up his copy. There is a case of this kind which led to the reformation of a man. He was a typewriter and stenographer for a law firm. He was a good, all-around man, but he would go on the spree occasionally. This the head of the firm did not like, so he thought he would teach him a lesson. The stenographer was a methodical man, and he went on the "skate" at stated times in the year. When he returned on one occasion his employer had the machine all fixed for him. He had had the letters changed so that when you struck "h," for instance, it would print "x," and so on. The stenographer came back, feeling rather shaky, anyhow, and when he wrote off his first letter the result was appalling. He began to tremble. The boss kindly sent him to the Adirondacks to brace up. The cure was complete. He never touched liquor again as long as he lived.

Generous Act Rewarded.

An undertaker named Roberts, at Walthamstow, England, several years ago buried, at his own expense, the bodies of a friendless woman and child who had been murdered, rather than see them laid in a pauper's grave. He has just received $25,000, bequeathed him by an old gentleman who had admired his act.

Fewer Works of Fiction Read.

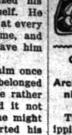
Librarians in many parts of London agree in stating that the public taste for the reading of fiction is showing a very decided falling off, and that the popularity of works of travel, history and biography is correspondingly increasing.

CHOICE FROM RELIGIOUS FIELDS

CATHOLICS IN PHILIPPINES.

Archbishop Harty of Diocese of Manila Says They Number 7,000,000.

The religious situation in the Philippines, from the Catholic viewpoint,



ARCHBISHOP HARTY.

has been pictured for American readers by Archbishop Harty, now in this country on a visit. The Most Rev. J. Harty was appointed archbishop of Manila three years ago, and during his incumbency has administered 200,000 confirmations in his diocese. This large number, it is explained in The Catholic Mirror, is perhaps due to the fact that confirmations had not been administered in the country districts for many years prior to his arrival. By means of the ecclesiastical census instituted by the old Spanish missionaries it is ascertained that there are now 7,000,000 Christians in the archipelago. Some other facts concerning the Catholic church in the Philippines are given in The Mirror as follows:

"The idea that the church in the Philippines is rich is pure fiction. The church had been rich in lands, and these lands were productive and gave results, but for ten years no revenue has been received from any of them, and the result is poverty on the part of the church. Under the old regime the Spanish government paid for the support of the clergy. This, of course, has been withdrawn, and the clergy are dependent on the voluntary contributions of the people. The people had not been accustomed to support the clergy directly; they supported them indirectly through the taxation system. The direct contributions are now a hardship to them, the support which they give to the church is very meager, and the priests are in extreme poverty.

"There are 400 priests in the diocese of Manila; 120 priests in the diocese of Jaro; 110 in the diocese of Vigan; 250 in the diocese of Cebu, and 160 in the diocese of Nueva Caceres. In the United States we have 14,000,000 Catholics, with 14 archbishops, 69 bishops and 15,000 priests. In the Philippine islands we have 7,000,000 Catholics, just 50 per cent. of those in America, and we have 1 archbishop, 5 bishops and 1,040 priests. The striking contrast in these figures shows without comment how much remains to be done."

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

The general plans for the establishment of a great Presbyterian rallying place at Montreat, in North Carolina, have been published in the church papers. It is proposed to make Montreat far more than a mere summer resort. It is to be a rallying place for Presbyterians of the south.

Charles Carroll Brooks, the founder of "The Very Small Library," is planting libraries in various mountain communities. He is a mountain boy and was brought up in the Blue Ridge, near Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

Education is going on apace in Uganda, in Central Africa, "and there is no separation between it and religious teaching. A C. M. S. missionary writes: 'The boys and girls are being brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord, because they first learn that the beginning of wisdom is to know God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent.'"

"What makes you women so different from us?" a Mohammedan woman in Persia asked Miss McLean, of the Presbyterian mission. "Is it what you eat? Won't you make me a dress just like yours, so that I may look like you?" Miss McLean made her the dress, and she confesses that the woman was not a pretty picture when arrayed in it. "I haven't got the look yet," she said, as she came back, disappointed. "There is something in your eyes that isn't in ours." What made the difference was the light of Christ shining within.

Robert E. Lewis, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in central China, writes that the evangelistic meetings in Korea, during the recent visit of John R. Mott, were of remarkable power. A three days' campaign was held at Seoul. At one meeting over 200 men rose and stood as evidence of their desire to accept Jesus Christ.

Prof. Marcus Dods Honored.

Prof. Marcus Dods has been chosen by the United Free Church Assembly of Scotland to succeed the late Dr. Rainy as principal of New college, Edinburgh, one of the theological schools of the United Free church. Dr. Dods' promotion from the professorship of New Testament theology is especially remarkable from the fact that he is 73 years old. For ten years after leaving the theological school he sought in vain for a pastorate, but he has ripened late, increasing his influence till his greatest advancement has come when he is past threescore and ten.

Decadence of Pulpit.

"The greatest danger confronting the church of Christ in America today," says Charles Edward Jefferson, "is a possible decadence of the pulpit. Let the pulpit decay and the cause of Christ is lost." May there not be room even here for revival?

Fertilizers.

When using fertilizers beware of using enough to induce a rapid growth. Rapid growth among pot plants is, nine cases out of ten, weak, unhealthy growth, and flower growers should always aim to avoid it.

Led All to Christ.

A Sunday school teacher said not long ago: "I have 14 young women in my class, and I have had the joy of leading every one of them to Jesus."

TIRED BACKS.

The kidneys have a great work to do in keeping the blood pure. When they get out of order it causes backache, headaches, dizziness, languor and distressing urinary troubles. Keep the kidneys well and all these sufferings will be saved you. Mrs. S. A. Moore, proprietor of a restaurant at Waterville, Me., says:

"Before using Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered everything from kidney troubles for a year and a half. I had pain in the back and head, and almost constant dizziness in the loins and felt weary all the time. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills brought great relief, and I kept on taking them until in a short time I was cured. I think Doan's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

For sale at all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PROVIDENCE WAS IN IT.

Fortunate Meeting Surely Brought About by Hand of Fate.

A farmerish-looking man shared my seat on the train as I was traveling through Indiana, and after we had been talking for a couple of hours a very common-looking woman got on at a station. I saw the man look very hard at her, and directly after she had taken a seat he rose up and said:

"Excuse me, stranger, but I think I used to know that woman, and I'll go over and see her."

He was gone about an hour, and I had forgotten all about him when he returned to say:

"Yes, I knew her. Durn my cats if it didn't turn out to be my first wife!"

"It did?"

"Sure's you live. We was divorced 'leven years ago, and since then I've been married twice and lost both women by death. I surely believe the hand of Providence is in it."

"For just what reason?"

"Why, I've got nine children that need a mother, and Hanner is willing to try it again and see if we can't get along better!"—Exchange.

HAD A FELLOW FEELING.

Aunt Susan's Heart Went Out to "Pore Missus Astor."

Uncle Eli felt he knew the metropolis pretty well. He had been there three times in four years—and twice he had ridden on the elevated. So when he brought Aunt Susan with him (on the fourth trip) he naturally assumed the role of guide.

She marveled at everything until they sat down for luncheon. They had gone into the Astor house for that meal, but all its other marvels seemed lost on the visiting country hostess, as she looked open-eyed at the crowds that filled not only the corridors but the restaurant. Scarcely had they found seats, when this amazement took definite shape.

"Eli," said she in a stagey whisper, "I can't set here an' eat peaceably. I jes' must go downstairs an' help pore Missus Astor with the cookin' an' dishes."—Bohemian.

When the Orator Soared.

In the course of an address extolling the virtues of the medical profession, Dr. L. B. McBrayer of Asheville, N. C., used the following characteristic southern language:

"Could I borrow from the sun his cheery smile, from the moon her golden beams of light, from the southern zephyrs their softness, from the rose its fragrance, from the rainbow its celestial beauty, from the babbling brook its laughter and song, from the sea its awe and wonder, from the valley its serenity, and from the mountains their majesty, and paint these down upon a piece of azure blue sky, with comets for commas and planets for periods, I might then paint for you what the practice of medicine is like."

On Wit and Humor.

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. We weep at what thwarts or exceeds our desires in serious matters; we laugh at what only disappoints our expectations in trifles. We shed tears from sympathy with real and necessary distress; as we burst into laughter from want of sympathy with that which is unreasonable and unnecessary, the absurdity of which provokes our spleen or mirth rather than serious reflections on it.—William Hazlitt.

Tripped.

Gunner—So you think the DeBlowers are faking about their extended European tour?

Guyer—I should say so. They said there were so many Americans in Venice that many had to walk in the middle of the street.

Gunner—Well?

Guyer—Why the streets of Venice are canals.—Chicago Daily News.

As to the Scorchers.

"Do many endurance race' autos pass here?" asked the city boarder, peering down the road. "Yeas, stranger," replied the old farmer. "They average 'bout seven to us." "To you?". "Sure. It is an endurance test of patience to keep from blazing away at them every time they run over a cow or scare a horse."

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.