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Foreign News

SPEARSMAN'S CAMP, Feb. 7.—Gen. Buller commenced the advance for the relief of Ladysmith Monday. The naval guns opened at seven in the morning and a feint attack was made on the front of our position. Three battalions advanced toward the Brakfontein with six batteries.

At 11 o'clock the Boers opened with artillery fire and sent several shells among the British infantry, who retired one hour later. Meanwhile a vigorous attack was made on the extreme right, where the engineers expeditiously constructed a position. Several pieces of cannon, hidden among the trees on Zwartkop, bombarded heavily. The British infantry advanced and the Boers were entirely surprised.

At 4 o'clock a high hill, a continuation of the Brakfontein, had been taken. The operations were excellently planned. The name of the hill taken is Krantzklouf.

The bombardment of the Boer position was resumed this (yesterday) morning. The Boers worked a disappearing cannon from the high Doorn Kloof range on the right of the hill captured, but the British shells exploded its magazine and the gun was put out of action until late in the day.

Musketry fire was intermittent until this afternoon, when the Boers made a determined effort to retake the hill. Reinforcements rushed up cheering, the Boers were repulsed and the British advanced along the ridge.

LONDON, Feb. 8.—A special dispatch from Spearman's Camp dated Wednesday, Feb. 7th, says: "Our further advance is at the moment prevented, as the Boers enfiladed us from their positions on Spion Kop and Doorn Kloof. Our casualties, although estimated at 250, are trifling, considering the great importance of the movement just concluded."

LONDON, Feb. 9.—The Daily Telegraph has received the following dispatch, dated Tuesday, February 6th, from Spearman's Camp: This is the second day of the battle and the fighting has been fiercer than it was yesterday. At dawn the Boers began the action by shelling our bivouac with their Long Tom and Pompan guns from Doorn Kloof. Their 6-inch shells fell near the spot where General Buller and his staff were watching the engagement. One shell burst amid a squadron of the Thirteenth Hussars, but not a soul was touched.

Our guns from Zwartkop and on the plain soon silenced the enemy's artillery, but repeatedly the Boers brought back their guns, put them into work across the hills, fired a few rounds and then again changed their position. During the morning our gunners succeeded in blowing up the enemy's ammunition wagon upon Doorn Kloof. General Lyttelton's brigade was shot at from three sides, and had a warm time upon Vaal Krantz.

Desperate efforts were made by the Boers to recover the smoking hill. The Durham Light Infantry, the King's Royal Rifles and the Scottish Rifles gallantly charged and cleared the position. General Hildyard's brigade relieved General Lyttelton's brigade toward sunset.

Fighting continued until 9. Several prisoners have been taken. They declare that the Boers yesterday lost heavily. The enemy suffered severely today. It is reported that among their dead in the trenches armed Kafirs were found.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—A dispatch to the Morning Post from Ladysmith, dated Feb. 6th, says: Little can be seen of General Buller's action, owing to the haze. It appears that the Boers have withdrawn their big guns from the hills here southward. A large force of Boers still remain and the garrison is prepared for a night attack.

LONDON, Feb. 9, 2:35 p. m.—(Afternoon Service.)—There is still no news of Gen. Buller's doings today or yesterday. A dispatch dated Frere Camp, Thursday, February 8, but probably written with the advanced lines of Wednesday, February 7, and sent to Frere by runner says: The forces of the enemy are on both our flanks and continue to render our position extremely difficult to maintain.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—The Times in an editorial dealing with General Buller's task, says: The problem before him is unquestionably most difficult. We cannot be surprised or disheartened should he be unable to solve it with success. His task is not merely to force a way through the Boer lines to Ladysmith. That operation would be formidable enough, but it would be easy compared with the feat he must perform if large strategical results are to follow his efforts. He must inflict a crushing defeat upon the Boer army. Unless he can drive into the Drakensberg or otherwise destroy that army the relief of Ladysmith can hardly be accomplished with safety. We await the issue of the operation with great anxiety.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—A cable to the World from Paris says: France, England's hereditary foe, seems to wait her opportunity in England's direst need. France and England are at the door of a serious disagreement. If disagreement comes it probably will be over the Egyptian question.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 7.—Samuel Parker has made two trips to Washington from here during the past eight or ten weeks. In talking about prospective legislation for the islands and former Queen Liliuokalani's attitude thereto, he said last evening: "By next March or April I am confident Congress will give Hawaii a territorial form of government. Mr. Doie is likely to be the first governor. Liliuokalani, who is over sixty years of age and in rather poor health, is in Washington. She has submitted to the inevitable with good grace. Her best friends have advised her not to claim the crown lands. I firmly believe that the Congress and President McKinley aim to treat her fairly. Some satisfactory monetary consideration will be given, or settled upon her."

"Under the monarchy there were set apart many acres known as crown lands. Under the regime of the United States they will be known as government lands and will be treated as such. Much of this land is held by leases entered into by people before Uncle Sam assumed control. These leases will, I think, have to be respected. There will be, in all probability, legislation looking to the right of lessees to dispose of land subject to the government's rights."

"I have spoken to President McKinley and many of the Senators on the subject of the elective franchise for the natives. I think the natives should have the right to vote. I hope, in fact I believe, the McKinley Administration will take that view of the matter."

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 3.—Gov. Goebel died at 6:46 o'clock this afternoon, painlessly and without regaining consciousness. Exactly one hour after his death, J. C. W. Beckham was sworn in as Governor of the State, the oath being administered by S. J. Shackelford, clerk of the Court of Appeals.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2.—Thomas R. Bard has been chosen United States Senator from California to succeed Stephen M. White. He is an attorney of wide practice, a veteran of the civil war, and is heavily interested in the petroleum industry of Southern California. Dan Burns bolted the Republican caucus and finally withdrew his name from consideration.

ISLAND NEWS

FROM HONOLULU

HONOLULU, Feb. 21.—After 12 days of freedom from the disease, three deaths from plague have occurred. Mary Kaahue, a Hawaiian-Chinese woman, sick for several days, died Monday morning at 5 o'clock. The autopsy revealed undoubted evidence of plague. Ah Chong, aged 24, died at noon on Monday, and Ah Hung, who was taken to the pest house on Monday morning, died late that afternoon. The first victim lived back of the naval reservation, near the proposed extension of Halekauwila Street, and the second back of the Chinese store on King Street near the Waikiki turn. The residence of the last has not been ascertained.

There are no other suspicious cases reported.

FROM HILO

No Plague On Hawaii.

On Friday night, Feb. 16, Dr. Wood returned to Honolulu with the cheering news that there are no further plague cases at Hilo.

Plague as taken to the pest house on Monday morning, died late that afternoon. The first victim lived back of the naval reservation, near the proposed extension of Halekauwila Street, and the second back of the Chinese store on King Street near the Waikiki turn. The residence of the last has not been ascertained.

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There are no other suspicious cases reported.

HILO, Feb. 10.—It is stated upon good authority that within a year it is probable that the erection of fortifications will be begun here and other work preparatory to making this a naval station for the American Government.—Hilo Tribune.

FROM MOLOKAI

Molokai's Malarial Fever.

Malarial fever has evidently taken determined hold of the Kaunakakai side of the island of Molokai, according to a letter received from Dr. Schwalle by the Board of Health yesterday. In fact the fever has so alarmed the inhabitants that they have requested aid of some kind from Honolulu.

Dr. Schwalle's letter reads: Kaunakakai, Molokai, Feb. 8, 1900. Board of Health, Honolulu.

Sirs: There is no abatement of the fever here. There are about twenty-five cases outside and on the plantation at Kamalo and about forty cases here. Most of the cases are malarial with some typhoid and dysentery. They are scattered along about fifty miles on the coast, and it is impossible to give them all the necessary medical attention. The roads are in a very bad condition since the heavy rains. If you can give us a remedy the people here would appreciate it. You will probably receive letters from others.

Very respectfully,
W. A. SCHWALLE, M. D.

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Few know how to buy advertising space and fewer still how to occupy it.
It's common sense that pays in anything. Do common sense advertising.
Be perfectly sure that you fulfill your advertised promise as the readers understood it.
Nobody has a cinch. A merchant must advertise to hold trade as much as to make trade.
A good advertisement is never too tired to work. It never strikes for an eight hour day or an increase in pay.
The advertisement that suits the merchant may not suit the merchant's business, or bring the best results.
The man who thinks it is "dead easy" to prepare proper advertisement copy is generally an "advertising don't pay" man.—Naked Truth.

Slow and Sure.

A plunger in advertising stands about the same chance of coming to grief as does the plunger on the race-track and the indisputable truth that there are few who have succeeded by this method is the exception that proves the rule. Advertising is as sure to pay as the sun is sure to rise, but it must be the right amount of the right kind in the right place.—Sacramento Bee

Maui News

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G. B. ROBERTSON, Ed. and Prop. MRS. G. B. ROBERTSON, Bus. Mgr.

Saturday, February 24

MAUI BLUE BOOK

Table listing names and titles of officials such as Hon. J. W. Kahanu, Circuit Judge, and others.

NEWS FROM THE COAST

Of Interest to Island Resident.

The strict quarantine kept upon the port of Honolulu because of the black plague there is causing a serious delay in the movement of the new sugar crop.

In order to prevent the overcrowding of warehouses, the sugar factories are chartering steamers here to go to various ports outside of Honolulu and bring up cargoes of sugar to the coast.

HAWAIIAN MAIL.

The postal authorities have announced that during the existence of the bubonic plague at Honolulu the regular mail steamers stopping there will carry only mails for the island of Oahu.

Mrs. Dewey Attacked.

Mrs. Dewey's illness, from which she is just recovering, is due to her receipt of anonymous letters of criticism and abuse.

NOTICE

On account of the prevalence of the plague in Kahului and the possible danger which some may fear from the use of old soda water bottles and boxes, I wish to state that I have taken no bottles nor boxes from Chinatown, Kahului, since the first death was reported.

MAUI SODA & ICE WORKS.

Fumigation proves to be a failure in cases where suspected goods are closely packed. Bacilli were put into the folds of a bolt of silk and they survived the ordeal of burning sulphur in a series of thorough tests.

General Buller cables that the British casualties in the fighting at Potgieter's Drift up to noon, Tuesday, Feb. 6th, were: Officers, two killed and fifteen wounded; non-commissioned officers and men, 216 killed and wounded.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey were dined at the Brooklyn Union League Club, on February 8th. President McKinley was unable to be present.

The United States is negotiating for the purchase of the Danish West Indies from Denmark, and of Chatham Island of the Galapagos group from Ecuador.

There is something in the proposition to remove the capital of lands from Honolulu to Hilo—provided, however, that Colonel first succeeds in securing a judgeship in Alaska.

TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS

Gen. Otis has issued orders raising the blockade of Philippine ports.

Cold weather is damaging the wheat crop in the Western States.

The United States is negotiating a new treaty of commerce with Spain.

Sir Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, is seriously ill in London.

General Diaz has been declared elected for his fourth term as President of Mexico.

The mutiny of Sudanese troops at Khartoum has become serious and is causing anxiety.

The death of Mrs. James Phelan, mother of Mayor Phelan of San Francisco, is announced.

The treaty with Peru and the Mexican boundary treaty have been ratified by the U. S. Senate.

The Spreckels Refinery at Philadelphia has been closed by the sugar trust, throwing 1000 men out of work.

It is proposed to send Mrs. Potter Palmer as one of the American commissioners to the Paris Exposition.

Secretary Root states that there are 10,343,150 men in the United States available for military service.

Times are dull in Dawson City in spite of the fact that \$21,000,000 in gold are likely to be taken out this season.

The San Francisco Health Board orders that all houses be cleaned and disinfected before being leased to new tenants.

Colonel Richard Thompson, Secretary of the Navy during President Hayes' administration, died at Indianapolis Feb. 8.

Leading French statesmen say that the time has come to wipe out the Fashoda blot and to neutralize the Suez canal.

The bodies of 138 soldiers were brought to San Francisco on the transport Ohio. 650 more were expected on the Hancock and Indiana.

The thirty-second annual convention of the Woman's Suffrage Association met in Washington, D. C. February 8. Susan B. Anthony was present.

Wm. F. Miller, the head of the notorious swindle of Brooklyn, known as the Franklin Syndicate, has been arrested in Canada and brought back to New York.

The Schurman Commission announces itself as unqualifiedly in favor of a form of government for the Philippines analogous to a territory of the United States.

Cardinal Gibbons denounced woman suffrage in a recent sermon delivered at Baltimore, and urged that the movement is a distinct menace to home life and true womanliness.

The War Department at Washington believe that Aginaldo has escaped from Luzon, and they would not be surprised to hear of him next in London or Paris with Agoncillo.

Two men, Silas Jones and Gottschalk were arrested at Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 9, on suspicion of complicity in the murder of Gov. Goebel. Both strongly deny any knowledge of the crime.

The Dowager Empress of China has issued an edict, commanding a return to the old manner of study as laid down by Confucius. It is expected that the new University at Peking will speedily be discontinued.

The Hay-Pauncefote Isthmian Treaty between the United States and England, practically abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and abolishing the Monroe Doctrine, will probably be ratified by the United States senate.

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A Study in Hose.

The girl behind the counter said to the young man who appeared as though he knew just what he wanted to buy, "What can I do for you?"

A Modest Hero.

Not long ago a French chronicleur—Montmirail of the Paris Gaulois—encountered in a little village of the south of France a gardener who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Chesterfield's Wit.

Lord Chesterfield was never at a loss for a polite retort. Once he proposed a person as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another.

London Ward Butchers.

Time is required by an American ear to accustom itself to English "as she is spoke" in London. The cockney who had no difficulty of corrupting the Norman French, making Route de Roy "Rotten row" and Marie le Bon "Marylebone" and Beauchamp, who was one of the principal lieutenants of the Conqueror and was rewarded with the lands at Warwick, into "Beecham" would readily call High Holborne "Ighobon" and Ludgate Hill "Lugutill."

The Way Out.

"So you refuse to give me the money?" said the prodigal son. "Not another cent do you get," replied the stern parent.

Up to the New Standard.

"I understand you are looking for a servant," said the girl. "Oh, dear, no," answered the lady of the house. "When I was first married I was foolish enough to occasionally look for a servant, but I got over that. I'm looking for a general supervisor of the household now."—Chicago Post.

Safely Stowed Away.

Mamma—Willie, did you eat that jam? Willie—Why, mamma, I heard the rats in the closet, an I jest thought I'd move it out of their reach.—Philadelphia American.

"A great many people," says the Manyrun philosopher, "must believe there's luck in odd numbers judging by the way they look out for No. 1."—Philadelphia Record.

A LEGEND OF JAPAN.

The Story of Chobel, the Man Who Knew No Fear.

The following legend of Chobel has been handed down in Japan as indicative of the courage of the "bravies," or duellists, who flourished in Yeddo during the sixteenth century forming a sort of Japanese St. Herminand. Chobel, the leader of this clique, was a redoubtable swordsman, whose constantly recurring duels forced his master to expel him from his retinue.

On this pretense he was excluded from a popular tea house one day at an hour when was expected Jurozayemon, the leader of the Hatamotos, then the most influential political party in Japan, who had arrogated the city of Yeddo for the official residence. But Chobel, with a shrug of his shoulders, forced his way past the attendants into the apartments reserved for the prince, where he removed his garments and cast himself on a couch in feigned slumber.

"Who is that brute?" demanded the prince on his arrival. "The leader of the swordsmen," they answered him. Jurozayemon seated himself in silence and began to smoke. Having smoked his pipe, he emptied the glowing cinders into the pretended sleeper's nostrils, repeating this five times, when he paused, astounded by such courageous endurance. Chobel, noting this, yawned rubbed his eyes like one awakening from profound slumber and exclaimed: "You, O most noble master! And I having drunk too much should have slept uncovered before your eyes! How shall I excuse my vulgarity?"

"I have so long sought your acquaintance that you are forgiven. Be seated and accept this cup of wine, I pray you." "Politeness forbade Chobel to refuse a drop of the proffered cup, a huge beaker of powerful wine, offered him in the hopes of overpowering him. But Chobel drained it easily and, replenishing it, presented it to his host, who accomplished this feat with the utmost difficulty.

"Will your highness permit me to offer you some gift of value?" Chobel asked humbly: "Surely."

"What do you most desire?" "Thinking to render the brave ridiculous before the whole city, the prince said promptly: "A plate of macaroni." "Ah, Chobel," thought he, "the town will soon be telling how the great duelist was permitted only to offer a plate of macaroni to the president of the Hatamotos."

After a whispered colloquy the attendant disappeared, leaving the two enemies alone, smiling but impassive. But soon a great noise penetrated the apartment, and the prince discovered a crowd of workmen busily constructing an immense wall of macaroni around the teahouse. All Yeddo was assembled to view this unique and royal gift. Discomfited that the "bravo" should have outwitted his ruse, the prince departed to plan revenge. The following day brought with it in an invitation from Jurozayemon to breakfast. Despite his comrades' remonstrances, Chobel insisted on accepting it. As he entered the prince's dwelling the Samurai threw themselves upon him with drawn swords. Chobel's immense muscular strength enabled him to disarm them; when he proceeded unannounced to the rear apartment.

"Pardon me, your lordship," said he, "for announcing myself. Your attendants have forgotten to do so." "Surely. Perhaps they have sought quarrel with you. 'Twas but a joke, for I wagered that all six could not disarm you. Perhaps you would like a bath to refresh yourself."

Who shall say that Chobel was wise? Alone in his enemy's house he discarded his weapons, removed his garments and crouched in the bath. The water that was at first hot was soon boiling. Chobel dashed from the bath, but ten spears held by invisible hands forced him back. Suffocated by steam, exhausted by loss of blood, Chobel fell dying to the ground.

The Samurai were still congratulating themselves on their success when a loud knocking was heard. Inquiry revealed the duelist's confederates who were come to seek their leader.

"He is drunk and cannot see you." "Our leader is dead. We have brought his bier."

The Samurai were dumb with astonishment. Chobel had divined the trap, yet preferring to sustain his reputation of daring untroubled by any accusation of fear, had voluntarily gone to his assassination.

AN ARTIST AND HER AUNTY.

BY HOWARD FIELING.

Copyright, 1900, by C. W. Hooke.

"Marion," gasped Miss Adams, leaning against the balustrade at the head of the third flight, "do you mean to tell me that you came here alone at night? Why, I'd be scared out of my wits!"

"I don't come very often, aunty," replied the girl, "but tonight I had to finish some drawings, as I told you. There's nothing to be afraid of. The building seems quiet, but there are people in many of the studios. If anything should happen and you should scream—"

"I'm likely to do it any minute," interrupted Miss Adams.

"—you'd have assistance in no time," Marion continued. "There! Do you hear those voices?"

A door was opened in the far end of the hall above them, and a burst of uproarious song rang out:

"John Brown tried to steal her away,
Godea went to his home yesterday,
Now he's in it!"

The door closed again, and the details of Mr. Brown's obscurities were lost to the two ladies.

"Well, I suppose even such people as those are better than nobody," said Miss Adams, "but not much."

The girl flickered and strange, alarming shadows ran along the dingy walls of the old studio building, but Sarah Adams marched with head erect and face to the front. Marion unlocked a door near the end of the hall and entered her workroom. The gas flamed up as the elder lady crossed the threshold, revealing a small apartment full of artistic odds and ends, furniture of weird designs, tapestries aesthetically ugly, and in the midst of all a dumpy model with draperies that were still fluttering in the draft from the door.

Marion had found a letter on the floor and was holding the envelope under the gaslight. It was decorated with a pen and ink sketch of a table bearing a punch bowl and numerous bottles, and Miss Adams viewed it with the strongest disapproval.

"An invitation to the ladies' night at the Paint Pot," said Marion. "It's a very swell artists' club."

"These artists are a disreputable lot," rejoined Miss Adams, "and the more I think of you in such surroundings the madder my conscience gets. I wish you'd come right back with me to Hatfield. Of course you're not going to that orgy."

In what seemed to be a sheet, the four corners being tied together.

As Aunt Sarah scooped to examine it she saw a card lying on the floor. She picked up the card and read the name, "Philip Hobart."

"So these are Mr. Hobart's things," said Aunt Sarah, "and a nice way he has of sending them around. Tied up in a sheet! Well, for goodness' sake, what kind of society has poor Marion got into. I should like to know! Let's see what Mr. Hobart has sent."

Aunt Sarah lifted the bundle up on to a table and untied the knots in the sheet. The contents then revealed themselves to be a considerable portion of a gentleman's wardrobe.

There were half a dozen shirts, a dress suit, two pairs of trousers, an overcoat and some shoes.

Aunt Sarah contemplated this assortment, and a red spot appeared in each of her cheeks. Any one who knew Aunt Sarah might have seen that she was angry. Presently she strode across the room and gave the messenger a call with that nearly dislocated its machinery.

"The idea of asking Marion to take care of this man's old clothes!" she exclaimed. "I never heard of anything so monstrous. It's time some of these crazy artists had a lesson in manners."

A boy appeared promptly in answer to the call. Aunt Sarah let him in after making him give his word of honor three times through the door that he was neither a burglar nor an artist.

"You take this bundle to Mr. Philip Hobart," said Aunt Sarah. "He lives—"

"I know where he lives," said the boy. "I've taken messages over there before."

"From here?"

"Sure!"

"Oh, you have!" said Aunt Sarah. "Well, I guess this will be the last one. You tell Mr. Hobart that Miss Marion Adams declines to be responsible for his old clothes and that her aunt, Sarah Adams, from Hatfield, Vt., says he ought to have known better."

The boy rubbed the side of his head thoughtfully.

"Let's see if I've got it straight," he said and repeated the message with great care.

"You're a bright boy," said Aunt Sarah, and she gave him half a dollar.

Marion sat down by the table and began to struggle with a note to Mr. Hobart. She tore up half a dozen sheets of paper, but finally folded one and put it in an envelope.

"I've merely begged him to come and see me tomorrow," said she. "It was all I could do."

She rang the messenger call and then sank into a chair. Aunt and niece surveyed each other in silence. Neither could find words to express her feelings.

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"Mr. Hobart?" cried Marion, amazed, and Aunt Sarah sat up very straight in her chair and looked severe.

"Miss Adams," said the young man, "I have entirely failed to understand your message, and as for that of your aunt—"

He finished with a gesture of despair as he glanced at Aunt Sarah.

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"I left my card for Miss Adams late this afternoon," said Mr. Hobart, with dignity, "but as for these garments I know nothing about them. They are not mine, and I shall ask Miss Marion Adams to explain how they came to be here. I should tell you, madam—and he turned to Aunt Sarah—"that there is an engagement of marriage between your niece and myself, or at least there was."

At this last clause Marion burst into tears.

"—I really beg your pardon," stammered a voice from a corner of the room.

Every one started, and the two ladies screamed. A bearded face appeared above a screen. Evidently its owner was standing on a chair in order to make himself visible.

"Why, it's Mr. Walling!" exclaimed Marion. "Well, I should like to know what he's doing there!"

"So should I!" cried Aunt Sarah and Mr. Hobart in one voice.

"I can explain in one moment," said Walling. "You will pardon my remaining here. I am somewhat imperfectly attired."

Aunt Sarah threw up both hands with the gesture of one who abandons a wicked world to its fate, and Hobart looked like the villain just before he commits the murder in the last part of the first act.

"You see," said Walling, "my studio is next door. I live there. This evening after dinner I came home to dress and was astonished to find my dress suit and many other articles missing. The studio was upside down. In the middle of the floor was a sheetful of my bric-a-brac and other small belongings.

"Of course I saw at once that I had been visited by burglars and that they had been frightened away by some sudden alarm. How they had got in or out I could not understand, and I spent some time in wrestling with that problem and in discovering the extent of my loss.

"At last, in knocking about the studio I became aware that the door between it and this one was not fastened as usual."

"I walked it up myself!" cried Marion.

"Evidently the burglars drew the nails and picked the lock," said Walling. "They doubtless knew the habits of the tenants and counted upon your being out, while I was a doubtful problem. So they planned to get my things together and carry them into this room, from which they would have more leisure to escape in case I interrupted them. But the interruption came unexpectedly from you, and they had no time even to collect their booty. They probably got away by means of the fire escape at your window.

"When I found that the door between the rooms was open, I came in here, because I saw through the thieves' game and supposed, from the fact of the light being here, that they had fled hastily. I hoped to find some of my property."

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Then handsome Phil Hobart ceased to look like the villain at all. Instead he resembled the hero when he says in the last act that together they will face the world. It was a pretty scene, and Aunt Sarah, in memory of her absurd mistake, could do no less than give her blessing.

"And now, good people," said Mr. Walling, "if you will be kind enough to step out into the hall I will go to my own place. You see, I discovered the loss of my dress suit last of all, and I had got ready to put it on when the discovery of the open door tempted me here."

When this maneuver had been successfully executed, Mr. Hobart stepped over to his house for the few little things that he had wished Marion to keep for him, and they proved to be a half dozen small landscapes very nicely done in water colors.

HIGH LIGHTS.

Some Bits of Wisdom Compressed into Flashes of Wit.

Man is known by the company he keeps out of.

Only inferior people make the mistake of assuming superior airs.

When two women are said to resemble each other, both are secretly vexed.

Even when man makes his own opportunities they are not made to suit him.

We never hear the same story twice alike, even when we tell it ourselves.

Grandparents back up a self-willed grandchild because they feel partly to blame.

One of the valuable privileges we often overlook is the privilege of not saying anything.

After a woman has lived to be 70 she still believes that she never has had her own way.

Work is our only safeguard against people who would like to have us do something for them.

One of the queer things in life is that the frocks in old photographs were once considered pretty.

A man forgives his sweetheart for trouncing his nose, but he always reminds her of it after they are married.

When a man brings his wife an unexpected present, it makes her fear he has bought himself something extravagant.—Chicago Record.

An Insect Tragedy.

There is something really pathetic in the way a mother butterfly builds a nest for her children. In the first place, the little home where the eggs are deposited represents a great deal of sacrifice, for it is lined with several layers of down plucked from the mother's own soft body. The eggs having been laid carefully upon this luxurious, puffy couch are protected by an equally pretty coverlet made of the same material.

These butterfly bedclothes are often arranged with an intricacy that is quite curious and perplexing. Sometimes a bed is made so that each separate delicate hair stands upright, thus giving the entire nest the appearance of a little bush of downy fur. Then again, the eggs are laid spirally round a tiny branch, and, as the covering follows their course, the effect resembles the busy tail of a fox, only the nest is more beautiful than the "brush" of the finest fox that ever roamed over country.

The building of this downy nest is the latest earthly labor of the mother butterfly, for by the time it is completed her own delicate body is denuded of its natural covering, and there is nothing left for her to do but die, a sacrifice which she promptly and heroically makes in the interest of the coming butterfly generation.

Some Odd Names.

The most suggestive and inviting name I saw was that of a druggist in North Dakota. It was U. B. Welcome, his first name being Urias. Across the street was another man with a funny name. He bore the euphonious cognomen John Stone-pounder. In the next town I found a man who was so fat that the name of Abraham Crumppacker seemed especially fitting. But there was a woman in the town who went him one better. Her name was Emily Freshbread.

In the next town I got so interested in queer names that I soon heard of a speedy individual called Sarah Deer-hoof. In that same town there is a man named Henry Bookstruck. Ever after that I was on the lookout. On the train I met David Newsalt and Millie Newlove. The man with the most warlike name I ran against was Abraham Salt-peter. In one town I found a man who had a very poetic name. It was Scabright Sumbloom. But the last name I struck finished me. It seemed like a direct command to cease my sniggering monkeying with people's names. I took it as a warning and quit. A. Quékinkish. And what do you suppose his partner's name was? It was W. K. Goforth.—St. Paul Dispatch.

An Intelligent Censor.

No play may be publicly performed in England until it has been passed upon and agreed to by the stage censor. A certificate must be secured from the lord chamberlain. The lord chamberlain himself does not, of course, read all the plays submitted to him, but the work is passed on to the examiner of plays, who is not always a man of education or discretion and who in many cases has been suspected of letting things pass because managers have made it profitable to him to close his eyes to supposed faults.

The story is told of one of these examiners who was moved to strike out "drunk as a lord" in one of the plays submitted to him. There used to be an old rule that the word "heaven" should be substituted in stage lines wherever the name of any of the persons of the Trinity came up. So this clever examiner changed the line to read "as drunk as a heaven."

The penalty for disobeying the examiner is a fine of \$250, which may be levied on any person connected with the forbidden performance—callboy as well as star.

Real Greatness.

An exchange gives this story of a pompous member of parliament who attended an agricultural show in Dublin. He arrived late and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd.

Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded, "Make way there."

"Garn, who are you pushin'?" was the unexpected response.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M. P. "I am a representative of the people."

"Yah," growled the porter, as he stood unmoved, "but we're the bloomin' people themselves."

Fooling the Youngsters.

Mrs. Grimes—How in the world do you get rid of all your stale bread? I have to throw lots of mine away.

Mrs. Smarte—There is no need for you to do that. Why not do as I do? I just hide it away from the children.

Mrs. Grimes—Hide it away from the children? What then?

Mrs. Smarte—Then the children find it and eat up every morsel of it.—Boston Transcript.

His Repertory.

"What have you been playing during your present tour?"

"We played 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' on the stage," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes.

"Were there no comedies in your repertory?"

"Only one. When we came to count up the box office receipts, it was usually 'Much Ado About Nothing.'—Washington Star.

The Weaker Vessel.

"Figgs took his wife to New York last week for her health."

"Well?"

"She brought him home on a mattress."—Chicago Record.

The Responsible Party.

"And so you are to be married?"

"I think so, but you'd better ask me. I wasn't dead sure that we were engaged until it was all over."—Chicago Post.



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"No," said Marion, "I haven't anything to wear. And now, aunty, I want you to stay here and make yourself comfortable for a few minutes while I hunt up the janitor. I must find out whether Phil Hobart has sent those things around."

"Who's Phil Hobart and what is he going to send?"

"He's an artist," replied Marion. "The most eccentric and at the same time the finest fellow in the world. He is going away for two or three months, and he has asked me to take care of a few little things for him. He has given up his studio and has no place for them."

"Doesn't he live anywhere?" inquired Miss Adams. "I suppose not, since he's an artist."

"He lives in that house that I pointed out to you on Eighteenth street—the one with the vines on the front—but it's a boarding house, and of course he will give up his room when he goes away. Now I'm going to find the janitor. If you get lonesome, ring for a messenger boy. There's the call box."

Marion hurried away, and Aunt Sarah hastily closed the door, supplementing the spring lock by pushing a bolt. No sooner had she done this than she became aware of a big bundle that had been concealed by the door when it was open. The bundle was done up

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