

# The Pine County Pioneer.

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Especially attention paid to the Farmers' trade. When in the city call at the old stand and look over my goods and prices, and see the inducements I can offer.

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New and improved Machinery,  
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We keep constantly on hand the following Meats:  
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Poultry, AND GAME IN SEASON.  
We also make and have on hand all kinds of sausages.  
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Ever Brought to this village.  
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Made to Order.  
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PINE CITY, - - - MINN.

## MILLIONS ARE STARVING.

Famine and Plague Are Declimating India's Population.

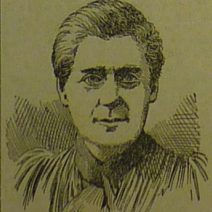
Thousands of Poor Human Creatures Are Dying by the Roadside, and 2 Thousands of Others Are Killed by Loathsome Disease.

(Special Letter.)  
No pen can picture the distress which is at present prevailing in the famine districts of India. Conservative estimates place the number of people who are already dependent on charity at 40,000,000 and 20,000,000 more will have to be assisted before new crops can be gathered in April. It was estimated that the last great famine in India (1877-78) swept off 5,000,000 human beings. The great calamity of 1896-97 may claim as many. Not until January 4 did the British government volunteer an official announcement of the existence of the famine, thus preventing the taking up of contributions in foreign lands and materially adding to the horrors of the situation in the blighted districts. Relief funds are now being raised all over the world and the British government is doing heroic work to alleviate the sufferings of the natives. But the appearance of the bilious plague among the vast multitudes of the fortunate threatens to increase the already fearful death rate, to say nothing of the ever-present danger that the terrible disease may be carried to Europe



THE FAMINE IN INDIA—ALMOST AS THIN AS HIS SHADOW.

or America. The plague first manifested itself at Bombay and at once led to a rioting and a wholesale exodus of the European and well-to-do native population. Over night business became paralyzed, and in the space of 48 hours the plague was carried to Karachi, Poona and Bandra, where the migrating hordes sought refuge. Hundreds of deaths occur daily at Bombay and in the camp of Andheri, located but a short distance from the Indian metropolis. The native physicians have nearly all left Bombay, silence prevails in the famous bazaars, and nothing is left to add life to the scene except the heroic English doctors, who have remained in their posts to fight the pestilence, and the British garrison which is called upon to maintain order among the frightened and turbulent natives.  
The bilious plague is said, by medical men, to be more terrible than cholera. It affects the glands of the neck, axilla, armpits, the groin, and is accompanied by high fever. The pain endured by its victims is excruciating and, strangely delirating, death being relieved within 24 or 36 hours. Eighty per cent. of those attacked succumb; ten per cent. remain weakened for life, and ten per cent. recover completely. Like other epidemics, the bilious plague thrives on filth, and is hard to control in communities where no attention is paid to sanitation. A peculiar feature is that the germs of the disease are transmitted by rats, ants and other creatures, millions of which are killed by it, their remains carrying contagion



THE COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER.  
From one part of the city to another. Many of the British officials at Bombay are of the opinion that the only way to eradicate the plague is to drive the remaining natives from their quarters and burn every building inhabited by them. Disinfection has proved entirely useless. The native district could be rebuilt in six weeks under proper sanitary conditions, and purification by fire being the only effective method of destroying the germs, the expense to be incurred would really be a splendid permanent investment.  
Humanitarians in all countries are

at present engaged in sending relief to the Indian sufferers and, incidentally, discussing the causes which led up to the present state of affairs. Among them none is more competent to give an intelligent judgment than Countess Constance de Wachtmeister, head of one of the branches of the Theosophical society, who is at this time visiting friends in Chicago. The countess was the most intimate friend of the late Mme. Blavatsky, founder of theosophy, and is the widow of Count Wachtmeister, who was for years a Swedish diplomat of prominence, and at one time Sweden's minister of foreign affairs. After her husband's death the countess lived for six years in the household of Mme. Blavatsky, and became familiar with the social and economic conditions of India, the alleged home of theosophy and other esoteric philosophies.

According to her views, the stories of the sufferings of the people of India from famine and pestilence cannot be exaggerated. They are, she says, desperately poor and have absolutely no resources, there being nothing in the way of the wheat and corn of the north there is no harvest, and as the people cannot raise enough to eat to provide their bread for the next year to provide their bread for the next there is intense suffering. When the rains are excessive there is a failure of the rice crop the south, and the misery and death stalk broadcast over that region.  
Government, thinks the countess, has

staked the substance out of India. If a young English boy goes out there and takes a position by the side of a mature and capable Indian, the government gives the boy four times the pay it gives the Indian for the same service. And that one instance, she thinks, illustrates the whole treatment which the British bureaucracy accords the people of India.  
Reverting to the agricultural resources of the country, the countess alluded once more to the fact that in the immense region known as North India nothing but the wheat harvest can be depended upon. And what has been grown for centuries on the same soil, with never a hint of fertilizing. The manure that is used as fertilizer in those favored countries there is saved and used for fuel. It is the only fuel the common people have, there being no coal, and wood is out of the question owing to its cost. Consequently nothing has been growing there for years. Famines are recurring with increasing frequency and will continue so until the end, the country being too large to save by any process of artificial fertilizing and the population too numerous to be moved away.  
Friends in India have just informed the countess that the present year, from the cities reveals scores of dead unearched for and in plain sight of the passers, thousands of whom are themselves as thin as their shadows and hardly able to drag themselves along. The seriousness of the situation is further emphasized by the fact that the leaders of the Indian people direct those who are trying to relieve them to give no thought to the old men and women, but to save the young and that the young may not perish from the face of the earth.

In spite of the criticisms of Countess Wachtmeister and other eminent persons, however, it must be admitted that the British government is leaving nothing undone to assist its Indian subjects. Vast buildings, canal and irrigation enterprises, which give employment to 1,200,000 persons, have been inaugurated and will be completed in completion. The wages paid are, of course, ridiculously low, but sufficient to keep the men employed and their immediate families from starving, thus directly saving thousands of lives. Moreover, the irrigation plants in process of construction will contribute largely toward relieving dry seasons of their terror and insuring fairly remunerative wheat crops. In the south of India drainage channels are to be built, to minimize the dangers now resulting from profuse rains.  
The beneficial results of these public works will, however, not be felt for some time to come. In the meantime the starving millions of human beings, many of whom are infirm, blind, and solitary, are dependent on the charity of their fellowmen.  
G. W. WHELFORD.

## WHAT SENATORS EAT.

Senator Allison Likes Pumpkin Pie and Pure Milk.

The Venerable Senator Morrill, of Vermont, Usually Lunches on Crackers and Milk—Senator Hill Has a Preference for Big Oysters.

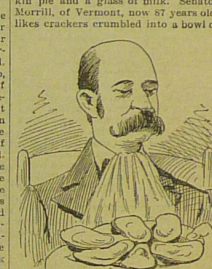
(Special Washington Letter.)  
Now while the rain and sleet are driving over the prairies, the snow settling on the mountains, and the north wind are blowing over the sunny south, the majority of our people will remain indoors the greater part of the time; for farm chores and village duties are not very pleasant in winter time. While the blizzards are blowing it is pleasant for the farmers to remain inside the house, with plenty of fuel, plenty of food and plenty of time to rest. The cattle being safely covered and screened, with ample food in reach, the farmer needs not worry, but can philosophically smile at the elements and say:  
Laugh, and the world laughs with you.  
Weep, and you weep with me.  
This grand old earth must borrow its mirth  
It has to get it from the sky.  
But the successful farmer is not the citizen who laughs last, or best, or loudest. In this chill winter weather he enjoys life more than the average statesman in the national capital. They are all alike in their pride, pomp, and circumstance, and a majority of them are alike in their gustatory desires and the gratification thereof. "Put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite," said Solomon. Some of the people who live in this year of grace do not think the advice good. Neither outside nor eating with a knife is good form in these days. It must be evident even to the casual visitor at the senate restaurant that the wise man was not addressing his remarks to United States senators. No self-respecting senator ever allows his knife to get within a foot of his jugular. Members of the house may, perhaps, elevate their pork and beans to the mouth level without the assistance of a fork, but the dignified senator never permits the glittering steel greater altitude than the third button on his vest. The day for eating with your knife was cut short by that happy invention, the four-pronged fork.

During the sessions of congress there are thousands of people passing through the capitol building every day, and they manifest the popular interest in senators by seeking them, and prying into their methods of living. They occupy the senate floor until removed by the opening of the session and the energy of several employees; they survey senators from the galleries, and represent their respective and generally respectable appearance; they peep through half-closed committee room doors and reach the apex of the tourist's bliss when they behold a senator engaged in the consumption of food.  
"He's eating raw oysters," said a stranger to his wife the other day. The couple had, from afar, followed one of the senators who represent their state to the senate restaurant. The male tourist watched the alleged legislator commence feeding and then reported to the waiting but equally curious female.  
The senate restaurant is an interesting place. Men sometimes succeed in

concealing their characters behind screens of reputation, but they cannot continually and successfully disguise their appetites. The man who loves to eat must fall to hide his affection, just as he who cares but little for the good things of life must sturdily display his disdain for matters merely physical.  
If there is such a thing as a lobbyist outside of the senate he can be found in the restaurant somewhere between 11 o'clock meridian and noon p. m.; a clever argument has no such support as that which springs from a cleverly cooked and artistically served meal, and the average human tongue varies more freely in response to the gurgling noises of free liquor than it would in direct return for hard-earned bread. A man will unconsciously swallow freely in response to the gurgling noises of free liquor than it would in direct return for hard-earned bread. A man will unconsciously swallow freely in response to the gurgling noises of free liquor than it would in direct return for hard-earned bread.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, likes pumpkin pie and a glass of milk. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, now 87 years old, likes crackers crumbled into a bowl of milk. The best feeders in the senate are Senator Morgan, of South Dakota, likes a hearty meal at midday here, just as he does at home. The majority of the statesmen have only light lunches between noon and two o'clock. The principal meal in Washington is eaten between five o'clock and seven in the evening, and is a grand "winner."  
Senator Sherman, of Ohio, is a very light eater. He likes a rare oyster stew, a small cut of beef and a piece of apple pie. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, whose life was despaired of last spring, is a very large man, but he satisfies his appetite with a glass of wine.  
Senator Allen, of Nebraska, the populist statesman who spoke continuously for 15 hours on the silver purchase re-wind bill, is a maker of grand frames. He is a splendid specimen of physical manhood. His splendid physique requires ample renewal of strength, so he is a hearty eater, but not given to indulgence in fancy dishes. A man may be sensibly a consumer of much food, and yet not be a gourmand.  
Senator Hill is shamefully secretive in his habits. He is a bachelor. All bachelors are so. He never learns to take off his shoes at night and put them in their proper place, nor to put their clothes on a particular chair before they reach the door. The married men learn the Scripture, which saith: "No man liveth unto himself."  
Senator Hill is a bachelor. Lives in his own private apartments and has his meals served in his rooms. Lived with him in a prominent hotel in Washington for six months and never saw him take a single meal. Everything that he ate was served in his own private dining-room. But shortly after an o'clock every afternoon he walks breakly into the senate restaurant, and George, his regular colored waiter, rushes to meet him. He orders and hands to the cooks: "Half a dozen big raw for Senator Hill." Almost instantly the oysters are served, and then the waiter goes and orders: "Hot chicken soup, quick, for Senator Hill," and by the time the oysters are consumed the soup is on the table. In a jiffy the chicken is eaten, and very soon thereafter Senator Hill is on the floor of the senate, defending the administration.  
There is the way the statesmen eat. That is the way they are served. Public interest in them would be less but for the fact that their dinners are constantly wondering how they will vote on certain bills of national importance. No man is a great man to his credit and prestige as a great man to the man of experience in the national capital; for, after all, they are simple of the people. One man's people are another's people. You are as good a man as any member of congress, and so is your neighbor.  
ARTHUR D. WALKER.

have been invaded by members of the house of representatives, thereby disturbing the dignity and destroying the privacy of the senators. But these representatives of the people cannot be ordered out without a public scandal, and some time this session one of the committee-rooms will be set aside for the senators. They are seclusive and reclusive, are these senators; and when they are compelled to come into contact with common people in public places in Washington, they do not "lose it." That is a rather sweeping assertion, but it is a fact that some senators, and many of them, too, are senatorially sensitive in Washington, although they may be exceedingly affable to their neighbors and friends in their several states.  
Many people wonder what the senators eat, well, they eat just as you and I and all the rest of us eat, and they take the same food. Only a few of them call for terrapin and champagne. They want first-class roast beef, and very rare, too. They want the best of meats, and some of them are very fond of fish and game; and the majority of them take oysters in some form for their lunch.



BIG HAWS FOR SENATOR HILL.

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## HE SAVED HIS BACON.

Brain Not Only Stole a Pig, But Gave Its Owner a Bath.

Maah Flange Down Open Well—Voice from the Depths—Half Frozen Fugitive Hunted—A Hint of Pain and Fight.

(Copyright, 1917.)

"Pill do!"

Jack Birch, the speaker, a stockily built boy of 15, faced the fireplace. He was looking at a long rifle which hung on a couple of iron hooks above the mantel shelf. The piece had belonged to Jack's father, and since his death, had rested undisturbed in its case.

Jack took down the gun, standing on a chair to do it. He wiped off the coating of dust and dropped the ramrod into the barrel. The rifle was a well-fashioned muzzle loader, and had cost considerable money in its time.

Jack's father had thought him to be the gun, but some sentiment had led Mrs. Birch to ask Jack not to disturb the piece, and it was with many doubts that he took down the weapon now. But he had no other gun, and a gun he must have to carry out the plan which he had formed.

A bear had come down into the valley from the mountains. It was rarely that such a thing happened, particularly in this season when most bears were hibernating, but in some way this animal had escaped the hunting parties which were made up to capture it, and was dealing death and destruction among the pigs and sheep of the farmstead about it. It had located itself in a rocky maze of underbrush; and so impenetrable was the growth surrounding its newly-found den, that the farmers had failed to drive it out. The pigpen belonging to the Birch's had been raided among the rest, and two fat porkers taken. This was a serious loss to the family, and meant just so much less meat for the winter. It was about the beginning of November, and too early to slaughter the remaining pigs and salt down the pork. Jack had been much puzzled what to do. He knew that he must expect some visits from the bear, sooner or later. But when that was the question, his neighbors had tried the plan of watching their piggens and sheep, and one night, armed and ready to give brain a warm reception; but the bear seemed to be posted with regard to such movements, and was never seen by the watchers at close enough range to make a shot worth the trying.

Jack felt that there was but this one way to protect his possessions. So he carried the rifle up to his room, with the old-fashioned powder-horn and bullet pouch, and cleaned and loaded the piece. His mother had gone over to the house of a neighbor whose wife was sick; and Jack's sister had gone with her; so the boy was alone, and felt a greater responsibility in consequence.

A slight snow had fallen during the day, but the clouds had disappeared and about eight o'clock the moon, which was nearly full, put on some of her tops, and flooded the white fields with light. Jack, as soon as the sun went down, had taken his station in the window of the hayrack over the stable. From that perch he had a clear view of the piggens, 20 yards distant, and all approaches to it, and he felt confident of getting a bullet into the bear at such short range, if it should appear.

But two hours passed, and there was no sign of the bear. Jack was beginning to get very cold, despite his heavy coat and fur cap and mittens. His feet were growing numb, and he was afraid to get up and stamp them, or even to withdraw to the stove itself and walk around, lest possibly he might scare the marauder or miss seeing him. So he sat in the shadow of the window, his legs hanging outside the sill, and resolved to stand the cold just as long as he could. It was disconcerting work, though, and his determination not to move grew less and less firm as the numbness mounted on his feet to his legs and arms. At last he could bear with it no longer, and, thinking that even if he remained motionless where he was, his hands would soon be too stiff to manipulate the gun, he scrambled into the loft, slipped down the ladder and made his way out of the stable door, which he latched after him.

It was a beautiful night, and the white snow made the smallest objects distinguishable. Jack stood still for a moment, listening and looking about him; but, except for the shrill quaver of a screech owl in a tall poplar close to the house, no sound broke the quiet. There seemed to be nothing moving. The lights had been put out in the nearest house, a quarter of a mile away, and the boy thought the country had never seemed so lonely before. But he had no fear, partly because he was extremely courageous, and partly because he had made up his mind to put a stop to the bear's depredations, if it lay within his power. So he dropped the rifle into the hollow of an arm and stepped lightly off in a direction away from the house, having no particular object in view except to keep warm. The exercise soon set his blood dancing, and he tramped on, going further than he had at first intended. He was now looking back and throwing a searching glance toward the piggens. He could see the pen quite plainly, and he had no intention of letting his brain steal a march on him in the rear.

Presently he halted on the edge of a fringe of trees, and had started to retrace his steps when his eyes fell upon the ground close at hand. For an instant he remained motionless; then, giving a quick look about him, he bent down and examined the surface of the snow. Breaking the white, even crust were big marks—marks which resembled the prints of human feet, but which were broader and heavier. Jack had never before seen a bear's track, but he knew them at once.

The trail led in a direction at right

angles to the course which the boy had been pursuing, and he brain had passed only a short time ago, as was shown by the clear impressions left by the animal's feet, entirely free from the snow dust that the wind quickly swept into all hollows. Jack stood debating with himself what he should do.

The direction in which the trail of the animal led indicated that it was making for some other piggens than that of the Birch's. Jack, therefore, felt no apprehensions for the safety of his piggens. He had the choice between going quietly home or of pursuing the bear for the general good. But Jack had come out to meet the bear as well as to protect his pigs, and the excitement infused into him by the sight of the bear's trail made him throw aside caution and start off after the animal. He did not consider what an ugly thing it would be if he should come upon the bear without a place of retreat near at hand. He wanted a sight of the bear, and he kept right on, telling himself that he might get a chance to shoot the animal yet.

He was in the snow was readily traced and Jack followed the marks at



DROPPED ON ONE KNEE AND TOOK A HEAD ON THE ANIMAL.

a brisk walk. They led away almost in a straight line from the Birch home for a quarter of a mile, and Jack had already reckoned that the sheepfold of a neighbor, named Robinson, was brain's objective point, when, suddenly, the trail bent round and struck off obliquely in the direction of Jack's own home, as if the bear had changed his mind, and had decided that a supper of bacon was preferable to one of mutton or lamb. Jack halted in amazement for a full minute, then realizing what this change of course might mean, he wheeled about and started off on a dog-trot toward the house. A thin grove of small trees presently interrupted their path, and he moved through these more slowly, for his common sense told him that the bear might be lurking here at close quarters. As he pushed his way through the last of the trees, a sound came to his ears that made him halt forward, cocking his rifle as he ran. It was a wild chorus of squeals from the piggens, still a hundred yards and more away. In the quiet of the night it was as if the four pigs were all being slaughtered at once. For

place where the bullet had entered. But, far from halting or flinching at all, the bullet had only stirred his readiness. Catching sight of the boy, whom, for the moment, it seemed to have forgotten, the big brute suddenly scrambled to its feet and charged at Jack full tilt.

For an instant, Jack stood stock still, then a quick sense of his danger made him spin round, and dropping the rifle, dash for the stable. He ran at top speed, and he made a record; but his lightness of foot was discounted by the rate at which that angry brute covered ground. The boy cast a fleeting glance over his shoulder, as if to see how far he was only 50 feet behind. Jack felt he was lost, but he never slackened his pace.

A sudden noise of scraping of snow, together with a snort from his pursuer, made him look back again. The bear's wounded leg had evidently failed its owner, and the animal had fallen. But it was even then getting on its feet again to take up with the chase. Short as the reprieve was, however, it sufficed to add a dozen yards to the boy's lead, and a ray of hope came to him. But it was quietly extinguished. Jack saw



that he could never reach the protection of the stable as matters were. The bear would overtake him by the time he had covered 50 yards more. The animal was now not more than the same number of feet in the rear.

Just ahead of Jack was a small shingled shed, covering a large well from which the family drew their water. In the desperate hope that his pursuer might slip again in trying to make the turn, and so give him another lead, the boy instantly determined to dash sharply round the corner of the structure, and then dash for the stable.

Like a flash he rounded the well-house, catching at the edge with one hand to keep his footing. But the bear's sharp nails enabled it to do the trick almost as readily, and it was close on Jack's heels. At the second corner the animal overran itself a bit, and gave him a few feet more of lead. Even then it was so close to him as to make his chances of reaching the stable scarce worth counting. And Jack, with sudden pain at his heart, realized it.

The next morning at an early hour,



"JACK! OH JACK! ARE YOU THERE?"

a few seconds it was loud and persistent, then came a piercing shriek, shriller than any before, and Jack knew that brain had closed the career of one of his pigs. The thought made him angrier than ever, and more determined to make the marauder pay for his depredations with his life. He rushed forward at full speed, and was spurred to his utmost endeavors by the sight of a dark mass which made its appearance against the white background of the falling snow, and which he knew must be the bear clambering out of the pen with its

But Jack was yet 20 yards away when the bear reached the ground and started off with its booty. The animal seemed to think only of flight, and it was in his rage and the excitement of pursuit, he strained every muscle to come to closer quarters. Not until he was within 20 yards of the bear did he check his running, and, springing on one knee, take sight at the animal. He pulled the trigger, meaning to put a bullet between the ears; but his aim was not true, the shot went wide of the mark, and struck the bear in the hind quarters. Jack rose to his feet to note the effect of his shot. It had knocked the animal over, and it was biting furiously at the

and with Mr. Robinson's aid the boy was helped out. They hurried him into the house. An hour or so later, wrapped in warm blankets, and with a hot water bottle at his feet, Jack lay in bed and told the story to three interested listeners.

"When I found the bear was gaining on me as I dodged around the well-house," he concluded, "I just slipped into the opening. I didn't see where I was going, exactly, and I would have tumbled right down, head first. But, luckily, I caught the rope with my hands, and I fell forward, and I hung on to it for all I was worth. I went down like a stone, as it were, and, in a minute I found myself at the bottom in water up to my waist. It was terrible cold, but I felt I was safe, and soon I made out the rope and managed to get my legs through the loop. That's the way I spent the night. It was tough, but I stuck it out, hoping some one would find me in the morning. I couldn't have lasted much longer, though."

The Birch's were never troubled with the bear again. Whether it had fully satisfied its appetite with that last pig, or was more than satisfied by Jack's bullet, certain it is that it was never seen after that night, when the terrified boy did such a race around the well-house.

FRANCIS CHURCHILL, WILLIAM'S

## KISSING BABY'S FACE.

A Habit Which Is Responsible for Many Abortions and Deaths.

Great care should be taken to secure air that is pure for a baby to breathe. It should not be contaminated in any way, even by a mother's breath. Air that has been drawn into the lungs and forced out again contains not only impure gases, but a poisonous waste substance resembling snake poison. Sufficient quantities of these noxious materials will cause death as in the Black Hole of Calcutta. So let the mother turn her face away, keeping the baby within reach of her comforting maternal hand, but out of the reach of all waves of cooled air from her own lungs.

One enterprising woman with a large family and a small house fitted a clothes basket with a hair mattress and placed it between the middle and foot of the bed, and drew it up and down by means of pulleys as occasion required. This fulfilled every condition of health and economy of space. Impure air when first exhaled from the lungs rises because it is warm, and when cooled falls to the lower part of the room. The most poisonous region is toward the floor. Charles Kingsley says in substance when speaking of the very poor in England: "I never saw all their mattresses if they will, but not the bedstead that holds them up above the polluted atmosphere of the floor." Aisle from the normal poisons that exist in the air breathed out from the lungs, others may go with it that are especially injurious to the sensitive organs of the nose, eye and mouth, that is the mucous membrane. Imperfect teeth, inferior digestion, catarrhal condition of the air passages destroy the purity of the breath and render it full of possible disaster to the highly sensitive infant.

## WHY TOMMY CRIED.

Mr. McSwellem—I should think you would have more self-respect than to drink the way you do.

Mr. McSwellem—Self-respect, 'm dear? I'm sho full self 'spects 'n dear, but I enter every shoon by buck door.

N. Y. Tribune.

## ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.



(Copyright, 1917, by Mitchell & Miller.)

Plenty of Self-Respect. Mrs. McSwellem—I should think you would have more self-respect than to drink the way you do.

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## Wise Judge.

Mrs. Blurton—Why do you suppose the judge refused to grant us a charter for our new secret society?

Her Husband—Did you swear that certain portions of your work were to be secret?

Mrs. Blurton—Certainly.

Her Husband—Then he didn't want to make any of you liable for perjury.

—Philadelphia North American.

## The Waterfowl.

He saw the smoke of battle curl afar and never quailed. He faced the fire of cannon with a heart that never failed. But never spent him in a tide that course could not stem. When he had to face the furnace smoke and fire at all.

—Washington Star.

## Well Preserved Bread.

Mrs. Bellows—Oh, wife, these look like the biscuits my mother baked 20 years ago.

Mrs. Bellows (greatly delighted)—I'm so glad!

Mr. Bellows (biting one)—And, by George, I believe they are the same biscuits—N. Y. Tribune.

## After Information.

Judge—What's the charge?

Officer—Pickin' the pockets of a lady's bloomers.

Judge (whose wife swears 'em, sotto voce)—Say, prisoner, I'll let you off if you'll tell me how to do it.

N. Y. Journal.

## The Jest.

The jest is met, not meet. It should, to be good fun. Be sure, its true, but furthermore. Rare and still well done.

—Detroit Journal.

## ASPECTS OF CURRENT FICTION.

### REBUILDING NOSES.

Recent Inventions Advance Successful Operations in Most Cases.

In this age of reconstruction every effort was in for their share of remodeling and rebuilding. Many people are afflicted with disease which cuts away the bone of the nose and face, and "plastic surgery" has found methods of restoring broken or discolored noses to their original beauty or even to improve upon that. At first bones of living fowls were transplanted to the human face. Then attention was turned to gutta percha, rubber, silver and gold for nose bridges. These failed because electrical action was generated, requiring further operations. Finally pure aluminum was resorted to with satisfactory results. Now the nose bone is made of that metal. It has a stout look at the upper end by which it is secured to the base of the forehead, while the other end is held out from the face by two short legs terminating in sharp points. The nose is then set in the bone. There is no necessity for scars, because the operation is carried on entirely beneath the skin. A long incision is made under the upper lip to the teeth, so that the whole flap of the face can be turned back. When the metal framework is secured the skin is drawn down again and the nose tissue is shaped into a Grecian, Roman or pug nose, as desired. The operation is almost painless, and scars are not so conspicuous in distinguishing bad noses from good, they are at least beautiful in looking natural.

### A Team of Mayors.

Mayor Hewitt has been the theme of so many jokes that the maker of a new one deserves credit. This honor now goes to ex-Mayor Hewitt. At a reception at the Rink school in East Eighty-eighth street a few evenings ago he uttered a metaphor so apt that the mayor, who especially delights in well-timed puns at his post or his tea-drinking propensity, was fairly convulsed with laughter.

### Of Course Not.

"You have with you to-night," said Mr. Hewitt to the little children, "a team of mayors, one frisky and the other spavined."—N. Y. Tribune.

### A Useful Rule.

"They say it calms the mind to let the eye rest on the distant horizon."

"That's a fact; when I see a man to whom I owe money it always quiets me to look steadily into the distance."

—Chicago Record.

### Not Very Neatly Put.

"That's a curious-looking case, colonel. Is it a memento of the war?"

"Yes. It was made from the hollow log I occupied during the battle of Lookout mountain."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Humility Not Negligible.

Her Adviser—Of course I realize that I am unworthy of your daughter.

Her Father—Young man, humility may win a girl's love, but it will never get you credit at the butcher's and baker's. You can't have my daughter.—N. Y. World.

### By Another Name.

Daughter—Did you give Charley any encouragement?

Father—Well, I suppose it amounts to what he called it, I don't know.—Detroit Tribune.



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## NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

Lady Customs—Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea?

Well-Informed Young Salesman—Certainly, madam. Mr. Ceylon's mamma is on every package.—N. Y. Tribune.

## Oh, These Girls!

"I have an idea that she's lacy here in sharp."—But do you think he's quite ready to propose to anyone yet?

"I don't know; but his intentions won't make any difference anyway if the little boy—Yes, ma'am; but I'll bet you'd be sicker if you smoked one yourself.—Demora's Magazine.

## Not So Sick as She Might Be.

Old Lady—There, throw away that elegant little boy. It makes me sick to see a boy like you smoke.

Little Boy—Yes, ma'am; but I'll bet you'd be sicker if you smoked one yourself.—Demora's Magazine.

## A War Hero.

"That's a curious-looking case, colonel. Is it a memento of the war?"

"Yes. It was made from the hollow log I occupied during the battle of Lookout mountain."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## He—Your face reminds me of old times.

She—Sit still.—N. Y. Truth.

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