

UP GARRET.

We live in an age of apartments. So often we ask with a sigh: What has become of the garret? We know in the decades gone by...

As to whether the conductor had paid for his meal, that took his attention away from the train, for the first thing he realized was that the train was pulling out of the depot, and it wasn't going very slow at that.



Without stopping to pay for what he had Jones burst through the door and tore after the train. The last car had already passed the platform and he would never have made it in the world if it hadn't been that a water tank up the road offered promise that the engine might stop for supplies. Jones simply had to catch that train, for he...

ON TO THE BACK platform, had left his important papers on the seat, and if they were not in court the next morning the embarrassment to his firm would be severe. So he ran as fast as he could, although the train was leaving him rapidly, in the hope that the water tank would be his savior. And his good fortune was with him, for the engine soon began drinking eagerly from the huge funnel and was just through when he came within hollering distance of the rear end of the train. But shout as he would he received no answer from the brakeman, who villainously swung his lantern, and the puffs of the engine betokened an effort at starting again. With fierce desperation Jones urged himself forward and again reached the rear hand railing just as the train was getting into speed again. At the same time he was almost hit in the head by a white package that caught the breeze after it left one of the open windows of the car.

Utterly exhausted he sank into a seat, and it was several minutes before he could gather breath enough to go forward to his old seat. The first thing he looked for was his bundle of papers, and his stomach became very empty again when he discovered that the seat was empty.

He looked quickly about him, and the only other man in the car was sound asleep in the seat behind him. He called the conductor and the brakeman and neither of them had seen his precious documents. Indeed, they doubted if he had them with him when he got on the train. The argument grew so noisy and excited that the sleeping passenger was aroused, and when he saw Lawyer Jones he started as if he had seen a visitor from the dead.

"Why, where—that is—what—say, I thought you got off at the last station," he exclaimed, thoroughly and suddenly awake.

"I did get off for a cup of coffee," said Jones, "but what's worrying me is—"

"Well, say," the passenger broke in, "wasn't that your bundle on the seat here in front of me?"

"That's what I'm making all this fuss about," Jones returned. "I left some very important papers on the seat here, and when I came back they were gone."

"Important papers!" the passenger seemed half dazed. "By Jove! that's too bad. I thought it was a bundle of small change."

"I'll show you the laundry or something of that sort," the passenger said, when pulled out of the last station, I was sure they belonged to you, and fearing that you had got off there for good, I just threw them out of the window in the hope that some one would find them and take them to you."

It would be very pleasant if it were possible to say at this time that the unfortunate Lawyer Jones had by some miraculous means found his valuable papers in the courtroom when he arrived there next morning, but alas, such was not the case. He nearly burned up the wires that night telegraphing from every station as he passed, and when he reached his destination next morning he was just as much in ignorance about his papers as when he received the startling information of their disposition by his fellow passenger. When the judge had listened to his story he readily granted a continuance of the case until the papers could be found, and the truth is they haven't been found yet—much to the benefit of one or the other side of the case.—Kansas City Star.

A HARD LUCK STORY

LAWYER JONES had reached his home unusually early that afternoon, for he had found himself rather under the weather preparing the depositions and briefs in the famous case his firm had acquired. He had taken off all his outer clothing and had wrapped himself in his bathrobe, while waiting for his supper, in the calm knowledge that his partner was on his way to the county seat with all the important papers in his charge. He determined to take a day's rest while waiting for the telegram that would announce the verdict in their favor which would mean that the fee would provide an automobile for each of them if they desired it.

"Supper's ready," his daughter called, in the midst of his reflections.

"Br-r-ring," went the doorbell at the same moment.

"Telegram, papa," the daughter announced in a moment. And Lawyer Jones eagerly scanned the message.

"Get papers on my desk, catch seven o'clock train sure; forgot to bring briefs and depositions—Smith," he read.

"Holy beeswax," he shouted, and before any of the family could learn what was the matter he was hurrying into his clothes and cursing under his breath.

"Be back sometime to-morrow or next day," he shouted as he dashed through the hall. "Smith's forgot the important papers and I've got to go down and take them to him."

"But what about your supper?" his wife cried after him.

He heard, but had no time to answer. By the time he had reached the office and had secured the coveted papers he began to think seriously about his supper, but a glance at his watch warned him that he had just about time to catch his train and that was all. With his bundle of documents under his arm he hurried to the depot and was fortunate in swinging on to the back platform just behind the brakeman.

As he sank into his seat he congratulated himself on his luck in getting good service on the train, and in catching his train, but the thought of his empty stomach would not be silenced and he called the porter to ask if the train stopped anywhere for dinner.

"Most everybody had their dinner before they got on," said the obliging recipient of a 25-cent tip, "and I don't know of any places where you can get a meal between here and Cameron. There might be a place, boss, and if I hear of any I'll let you know."

Jones went into a reverie on an empty stomach and finally dozed off to sleep. When the porter shook him, calling "Cameron," he jumped mechanically from his seat and dashed through the door to the dimly lighted restaurant. The man behind the counter was awfully slow about getting his coffee and his sandwich, and although the piece of ham he received between the layers of the bun was not exactly what he would naturally have received without protest, he was hungry enough to accept anything and he bolted it as fast as he could. The coffee was very hot and he had to go slow with it. Perhaps it was the steam from the coffee that blinded his sight, or maybe it was the conversation between the man in the white apron and the boss...

SIX HATS OF MODERN MAN And the Hatbox That Is Made to Carry Them All When He Travels.

The latest thing in the way of hat boxes for men is one made to carry six hats. These include a silk hat, an opera hat, a derby, a soft hat, a straw hat and a soft, roll-up hat for traveling, says the New York Sun.

There is besides plenty of room in the hat box for a cap, also, if it is desired to carry one. The box is provided, furthermore, with two hat brushes, one of the narrow sort to work under the derby's brim and one of the ordinary kind, there is also a polishing pad for the silk hat.

With such a hat box completely filled with all the hats it is designed to contain, the owner is equipped for any occasion, at any season, in any part of the world. This hat box is square in shape, made of sole leather and sells for \$25.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

George Hackenschmidt, known as the "Russian Lion," won the title of champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler the other night by defeating Tom Jenkins in two straight falls at Madison Square Garden in New York city. The Russian completely outclassed the American, and at no stage of the contest appeared at all in peril.

Once, early in the first bout, Jenkins, having assumed the aggressive, forced the foreigner into a head spin, but never after did Jenkins have as good as a look-in. It will take another Yonkers or Hill Aerial to throw this powerful Russian. The two Turks named—one now dead, and the other out of the wrestling game—could probably have handled the Russian, though it is far from certain that either of them would have had easy game with him. Hackenschmidt combines the agility of a featherweight on his feet with the Herculean strength which is his. The muscles of his neck appear able to cope with the strangle hold and break it. His arms, right and left, are too powerful to fall prey to the hammerlock hold, and his underpinning is so firm as to withstand the most determined efforts at dislodging. Hackenschmidt, according to his admirers, is one of the finest, if not the finest, specimen of the all-around athlete and strong man, and is an inspiration for artists and poets, as the distribution of his muscles is most picturesque. Unlike men of his profession, he is not muscle-bound, as is shown by the fact that he can clear the bar at 5 feet 8 inches, which is his own height. He combines agility with his strength, and it has been this important factor that has won so many honors for him in the wrestling game. Besides being a great wrestler, Hackenschmidt is also a strong man, tumbler and all-around athlete. His great physique is admired by physical-culture and medical experts throughout the world, and he is thought to be the "perfect man" by many. He is 26 years of age, and weighs 210 pounds. Although he is a Russian, he comes from German stock, his relatives having been members of the German army for almost a generation. Hackenschmidt is said to be worth \$100,000, and it is asserted that he follows the game for the sport there is in it, and not for the many easy dollars that fall to a man of his ability. In all his career as a wrestler, Hackenschmidt has never been thrown, not a single fall ever having been recorded against him. Among his notable victories is one over Ahmed Marzall, the Terrible Turk, who was the sultan's pride. He lasted less than one minute with Hackenschmidt, and was so badly beaten in that space of time that he was unable to continue.

Bowling fans of Chicago and Cincinnati recently had an opportunity to witness an interesting match between two prominent tenpin experts, Charley Mountain, of Chicago, and Phil Wolf, of St. Joseph, Mo. The match consisted of 30 games, half rolled in each city, and was for \$500 a side and a purse of \$1,000. In the first fifteen games, which were rolled at Chicago, Mountain scored 119 more pins than Wolf. In the fifteen games at Cincinnati, Mountain increased his lead by 345 pins, winning the match by 464 pins. Mountain bowled a total of 5,970, his average in the thirty games being 199, while Wolf rolled 5,506, an average of 180 2/3. Mountain is a brother of the crack jockey of the same name.

Easily the bowling feature of the past season was the phenomenal performance of the Brooklyn team, champions of the National Interstate league, which averaged 1,123 1/2 recently. These figures were made in the second half of a series against Buffalo. On their home alleys the Bisons had won and lost two, and looked to be easy winners. Brooklyn, however, put up the most remarkable series in the history of the game, in the four afternoon games getting scores of 1,126, 1,112, 1,122 and 1,131. The last score is the highest ever made in competition in Brooklyn, and four successive scores of 1,100 never have been rolled before anywhere.

James J. Jeffries, champion heavyweight pugilist, declares he is about to retire from the prize ring and from the stage, and will go into business with his brother Jack, in California.

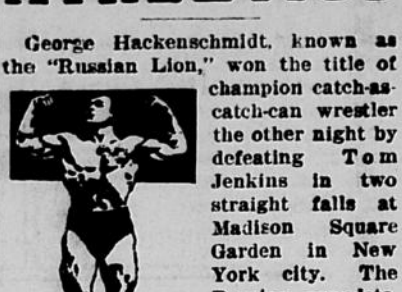
Joseph Forshaw, of St. Louis, won the first Marathon race of the Missouri Athletic club the other day. He covered the course from Freeburg, Ill., to the M. A. C. clubhouse, 25 miles, in 3:16:57.25, and finished in fine form. Hatch, of Chicago, was second, and Felix Carvajal, the Cuban, third.

Charles G. Wridgway, of New York, covered 1,000 miles of the Brighton Beach race track in 25 hours, 50 minutes and 1 second recently, in an automobile. This beats the record made by Schmidt near Detroit last year by 4 hours, 3 minutes and 56 seconds. During the night the track was partly illuminated with calcium lights, and Mr. Wridgway reduced the speed of his machine, to avoid possible accident, but after daylight he went at top racing speed, only slowly down occasionally to refill the gasoline tanks.

Only Negro Commander. William F. Childs, who was appointed by Mayor Harrison during his last term in office to be a police sergeant in the United States. As a coincidence, says a local exchange, almost 24 years ago Mayor Harrison's father, the first Mayor Harrison, took the initiative of putting the first colored man on the city's police force. That was the first time a colored man had been given a police position in any of the large cities.

Brandy from Old Boots. In a case involving the purity of brandy at Eccles, England, a solicitor said that as pure alcohol or neutral spirit could be obtained from old boots, it was impossible to tell whether the sample was made from grapes or from old boots, but it was improbable that grapes would be used when cheaper articles would do as well.

A COW'S MISAPPREHENSION.

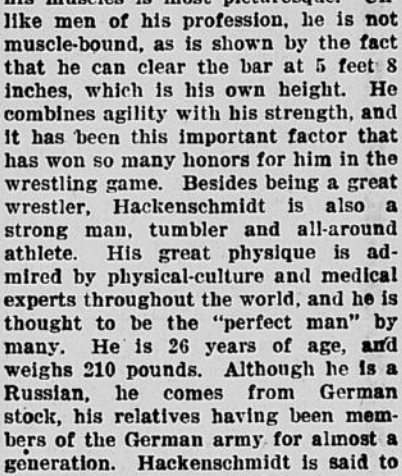


She—O, Henry, that cow seems to be coming awfully fast! Henry—Er—yes, I'm afraid she has lost her calf, and— She—Well, do something about it quick to make her see that you are not!

THE FASHIONABLE HATS.

Small, Round Turbans Much to the Fore, Although No One Style Can Be Said to Predominate.

The ready-to-wear shapes of the new season lean largely toward turban effect. Polo toques express the last cry of the man hatter, to whose somewhat stiff finger many smart women choose always to trust their first spring headgear. One of these shown at a well-known shop is a pointed toque of fancy blue and green braid, with rosettes of the same around the brim, inclosing a blue braid flower. At the left front three long green leaves give the lift usually accomplished by quills. Such quill-shaped leaves are much employed upon these stiff hats, especially if real flowers are used. With the genuine quills many novel effects are remarked, odd spots and unique trimmings of all sorts appearing upon the pointed and saddle-shaped feathers. Fancy braids, too, with bristling flower edges, are effective points with other toques and



TYPICAL OF THE SEASON'S SHOWING.

especially with mourning millinery are these stunning, as the black ones show all sorts of crepe-like suggestions. In fact, everything is done to make mourning millinery handsome, and, except for the somber note struck by unrelieved black, many a mourning hat seems flippantly gay.

The new toques are rather smaller than those recently worn, and such shapes in straw, horsehair braid or flowers and tulle, are chosen most often for wear with plain, tailored gowns. The majority lift high at the back and point over the face, for a high back or front lift are the newest touches in millinery.

Still, there are side-tipped brim hats, and low, round turbans which sit on the head as flatly as the old pork-pie shapes. One of the last named illustrates a distinctive trimming in the way of the two long quills meet at the left front, and almost completely encircle the edge. The quills are in glittering shades of bronze-brown and green, and they are employed upon a brown straw hat. At the back of the turban, loops of bronze velvet are placed against the hair.

The rear rise of the brims may be regarded as most valuable, as, through this, the back under trimmings are again used. No more becoming touch was ever found in millinery than this massing of pretty materials against the hair. The charming device also calls for the crown band, which tilts the hat at a fetching angle over the face, and, as this suits brim shapes admirably, some very effective leghorn and panama models are seen.

Compared to the compact and flatly trimmed toques these hats seem very coquetish. Evidently the shaping of many of the models is entirely the milliner's affair, for in most cases the flat used is plaited and tucked into the whatever form washed by the trimmer.

FASHION FANCIES.

Lapis lazuli beads are odd and pretty. Tablier effects are much in vogue. Washable belts are very attractive. It is predicted that colored belts will have the preference during the coming season.

Chambray is utilized for some fetching shirt waist suits. Checks, in all-wool material, are used for smart tailor-made costumes. Chiffon silk stockings represent the increasing popularity for the chiffon finish.

The newest link purses in gold mesh are in circular shape. Mohairs, plain and fancy, will be much worn this spring. Pompadour designs prevail in trimmings and laces.

The bluebell is a favorite pattern in summer laces. White and Arabian burnt-oxid embroidery greatly resemble heavy lace. Eyelet embroidery is used for undershirts, both of china and taffeta silk. Ombre effects were never more in evidence than in the present season's millinery.

Raspberry, brownish green, golden and wood brown and saxe blue are prominent colors. Butcher's linen for shirt waists and suits is embroidered in both openwork and blind designs. The latest chatelaine bag is made of Japanese silk. It is attached to a belt of the same silk and has double compartments. The polo turban, the tri-corne, the continental, the Napoleon and the poke are the hat shapes that command most attention this spring.

Leather in New Use. Leather collars and cuffs, in true leather, tones, soft green of bright scarlet, give an effective touch to some of the heavy steamp coats.

THE SIGN OF THE PATCH.



His Location as an Index of the Habits of a Man Something to Go By.

Mrs. Murray had advertised for a skilled gardener to work by the day in her yard, and, somewhat to her embarrassment, she was obliged to choose between two applicants who appeared at the same moment. As she stood on her doorstep, questioning first one and then the other, she saw that the younger man, who she knew to be the gardener, was a man of the porch a short distance from the man and directly behind them, was frantically gesticulating.

The old lady, satisfied at last that she had attracted her daughter-in-law's attention, pointed unmistakably toward the less promising of the two men; and the younger woman, supposing that her relative had some personal knowledge of the applicant, promptly engaged him. "Has that man ever worked for your mother?" asked Mrs. Murray, when the two women were alone.

"No," replied the old lady. "I never saw or heard of either of 'em until now." "Then why in the world did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face." "Face?" returned the old lady, briskly. "When you pick out a man to work in the garden you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat, you don't."

One Good Way. "And so Jimson read his poem to you yesterday? How did you endure it?" "I just fixed my glass eye on him, and went to sleep with the other."—Chicago Journal.

Back at Work Again. Buffalo, N. Y., May 22nd.—(Special.)—Crippled by Kidney Disease till he could not stand on his feet for the hours required at his trade, E. R. McLean, 50 East Ferry St., this city, had to quit work entirely. Now he's back at work again and he does not hesitate to give the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. McLean says, "I was too bad, I had to quit. I could not stand on my feet for the necessary hours. It was Kidney Disease I had, and a friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I did so and after using six boxes am completely cured and am working as steadily as before I was sick. I recommend Dodd's Pills to anyone afflicted with Kidney trouble."

There is no form of Kidney Disease Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure, or they always cure Bright's Disease, the most advanced and deadly stage of Kidney Disease.

A man's idea of a good summer vacation is where he can wear his old clothes; a woman's where she must wear a lot of new ones.—N. Y. Press.

EASY BEAUTY EXERCISES.

Each Woman Should Carefully Consider Her Own Defects and Persistently Try to Overcome Them.

Nothing is a more common cause of physical unevenness than the habit of incorrect standing, throwing the weight of the body upon one foot or leg. Many cases of crookedness are also brought about by some odd individual habit.

Carrying school books or parcels always in one arm, especially when they are held against the hip, throws a body into one-sided position. Improper sitting at school or at desks not rightly adjusted is responsible for many uneven shoulders and hips.

It is necessary for every woman to study her own case, and to discover the cause; if it is some trick or habit, such, for instance, as holding a trained skirt always by the right hand, it must be done away with promptly, and exercises practiced to correct the figure.

In simple standing exercises it is important that one hand should rest on the hip and the other be clasped about the neck. The hand on the hip belongs to the high side; the other, lifted to the neck, raises the entire side hip, shoulder and all, along with it, and so corrects the fault. The high hip is usually the right one, but each case may differ.

Starting with this position, it is possible to use an infinite number of well-known exercises; those which stretch and bend the spine are the most profitable.

RECEPTION ETIQUETTE.

What to Serve at an Informal Afternoon and How to Dispense the Light Refreshments.

The etiquette of receptions, when these take the form of "four o'clock tea" or of certain days in the month or season, forbids the offering of a large variety of refreshments. Indeed, it is considered decidedly vulgar to do so; tea, chocolate, sandwiches, punch or, on cold days in winter, hot bouillon, are all that is necessary.

The serving is also very simple, to be in perfect taste. The tea equipments may be at one end of the room, on a small table, and every one goes to receive a cup, or it may be handed by a maid. The hostess may have several girl friends to assist in the serving, or she may see that her guests are served herself. This informality is almost a necessity, for the reason that guests come and go, and any formal serving is practically impossible. Especially is this the case where the tea of afternoon is given by a bride to receive her friends. She may not know many of them, and introductions are in order; she may be very young and not yet equal to the formal reception. In any case, it is good form to have such occasions quite free of the formality of a course dinner.

GRIP'S UGLY SEQUEL.

KNEES STIFF, HANDS HELPLESS, RHEUMATISM NEAR HEART. Mrs. Van Scoy Experiences Dangerous After-Effects from Grip and Learns Value of a Blood Remedy.

The grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin blood, impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration, and even consumption.

The story told by scores of victims of the grip is substantially the same. One was tortured by terrible pains at the base of the skull; another was left tired, faint and in every way wretched from anemia or scantiness of blood; another had horrible headaches, was nervous and couldn't sleep; another was left with weak lungs, difficulty in breathing and acute neuralgia. In every case relief was sought in vain until the great blood-builder and nerve-tonic, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was used. For quickness and thoroughness of action nothing is known that will approach it.

Mrs. Van Scoy makes a statement that supports this claim. She says: "I had a severe attack of grip, and before I had fully recovered, rheumatism set in and tormented me for three months. Soon after it began I was so lame for a week that I could hardly walk. It kept growing steadily worse and at last I had to give up completely and for three weeks I was obliged to keep my bed. My knees were so stiff I couldn't bend them, and my hands were perfectly helpless. Then the pains began to threaten my heart and thoroughly alarmed me."

"While I was suffering in this way I chanced to run across a little book that told about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The statements in it impressed me and led me to buy a box. These pills proved the very thing I needed. Improvement set in as soon as I began to take them, and it was very marked by the time I had finished the first box. Four boxes made me a well woman."

Mrs. Laura M. Van Scoy lives at No. 20 Thorpe street, Danbury, Conn. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally well adapted for any other of the diseases that follow in the train of grip. They are sold by all druggists.



MISS MILDRED KELLER. RESTORED TO HEALTH. THANKS TO PE-RU-NA. Friends Were Alarmed—Advised Change of Climate.

Miss Mildred Keller, 718 13th street, N. W., Washington, D. C., writes: "I can safely recommend Peruna for catarrh. I have it for years and it would respond to no kind of treatment but it did it was only temporary, and on the slightest provocation the trouble would come back."

"I was in such a state that my friends were alarmed about me, and I was advised to leave my climate. Then I tried Peruna, and to my great joy found it helped me from the first dose I took, and a few bottles cured me."

"It built up my constitution, I regained my appetite, and I feel that I am perfectly well and strong."—Mildred Keller.

We have on file many thousand testimonials like the above. We can give our readers only a slight glimpse of the vast array of unsolicited endorsements Dr. Hartman is receiving.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN. A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Headaches, Stomach Troubles, Teething, Stools, Diarrhea, and all the ailments of childhood.

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