

Harry Lehr is to return from novelty. Must be going into impulsive vaudeville.

John J. Dowd, a scissors grinder, died, leaving a fortune of \$30,000. Dowd was a sharp business man.

A man was arrested down East the other day for marrying his mother-in-law. It was probably an insane act.

King Peter of Servia is busy destroying the freedom of the press. He will probably not do him long.

A Philadelphia judge has delivered a scathing opinion regarding blasphemous language in a newspaper. It is the first instance having at last reached Philadelphia.

The increase of suicides among rich people is exciting some people. Have not always said happiness could not be bought with cash?

Although the king of bunc men is dead, there are many of his loyal subjects still alive. And they aren't all in the big cities, either.

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Somebody calls attention to the fact that a strike among farmers never has been known. Of course, not. The farmer, however, has had the woods to be pulled out of the onion bed while the farmer is satisfied with what he gets or not.

A St. Louis woman in her divorce allogations says she let her husband have \$500 "to keep his atmosphere from being too much of a prison for him." Perhaps it is the atmosphere of such an atmosphere of strained poetical expression, he would have pre-ferred jail.

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Hovels of London

By MAT D. BLOSSER

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1903.

Within ten minutes' walk of Cheapside is the worst slum in London. Probably you would never look it, for it is narrow and whitewashed. I had never noticed that notorious street, "the Old Bailey," and was drawn by what I saw to negotiate its evil length.

It will be the spectacle of a baby standing at the open door of a public house, and a man and a woman toddling inside. Old Bailey is the name of a policeman's station, and there is always at least one, I found, at the end of this street—and asked the police to let me notice that there was a veranda six feet wide along the front, and one five feet wide along the kitchen.

Police Terrified.

Into this squalid, shabby and dirty place I was drawn by the odors until the place is full of them. Now and then the backwater becomes a whirlpool, for there is no outlet. The policeman's station is folding doors between parlor and living room, and the parlor can be warmed from the stove in living room. The chair stands in the middle of the room, and the policeman's chair stands in the middle of the veranda.

There are perhaps a dozen lamps along the street. Toward Saturday night a dozen or more policemen go along to investigate. The lamps are slight, when they enter the street. But while they enter the street, the policeman's turn out their own lamps, and if the policemen get out uninjured they consider they have had a good night.

So here was the end of the great act of parliament for keeping children out of drink shops. This may be the beginning of the right vanish. The occupant turns out his own lamp, and the policeman get out uninjured they consider they have had a good night.

There is a veranda six feet wide along the front, and a chair dropped from a window, or a half brick from anywhere, would at least one foot across, with a mere step of footpath on either side. The stream of life seemed not to enter it.

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"Last summer I was taking a spin one day in a light trap out in the country, and in attempting to pass a farmer's wagon on a narrow road my trap was overturned and I was thrown heavily to the ground, sustaining a badly sprained ankle," George Maxwell says.

"The farmer came running up to assist me and when he found what was the matter returned to his wagon and came back with a few tobacco leaves under his arm. 'If you'll let me make a poultice out of these and place it on your ankle it will be all right in the morning,' he said, and as I was about five miles from a doctor's office, with the pain in my ankle something fierce, I told him to go ahead. It couldn't do me any harm, I thought, and it might have a slightly cooling effect while I was driving back to town.

"He dipped the leaves in the water of a creek near by, then bound them tightly around my ankle, with the aid of a handkerchief, and assisted me into my vehicle. When I reached my rooms I was surprised to find that the

pain in my ankle was much lessened and decided to give the poultice a fair trial. In the morning when I awoke there was absolutely no pain in my ankle whatever and only the slightest suggestion of a swelling. I was able to don my shoes without trouble and that day attended to business as if nothing had befallen me.

"Since then one of my friends suffered a sprain and consented to have a leaf tobacco poultice applied which resulted in his case just as it did in mine. I have also tried it in other instances of slight injury where there was pain and danger of swelling, and have found that invariably it relieves the pain within a remarkably short space of time and generally prevents any swelling. A friend of mine claims to have tried it with good results for a slight attack of rheumatism, and I have no doubt that it actually did what he claims for it, but, at any rate, for sprains or similar injuries I am now a firm advocate of the simple, homely remedy to which I was introduced by my accident in St. Louis a few months ago." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.