

Russell Sage says a man cannot have too much money. That's our experience.

France has solved the problem of what to do with ex-presidents. Let them live in flats.

Mr. Schwab continues to receive condolences on the \$2,000,000 residence he must soon occupy.

One pleasant feature of the revolution in Ecuador is that it was all over with before we knew it had happened.

"Who was the first advertiser?" asks the Philadelphia Record.—We don't know, but undoubtedly he found it paid.

And how about personally conducted excursions to Mars when the camera fiend tackles thought photography?

Theatrical managers will "drop Shakespeare." However, this is better than the usual procedure of murdering him.

Dramatic art, says Orloff, the Russian actor, seeks to make suffering fashionable. Humanitarianism seeks to diminish it.

If the doctors did not use imposing Latin names for their remedies should we have as much confidence in them as we do now?

The number of swine in the country is small. One wishes he could say that the amount of hogtishness is also very limited.

A dispatch from Constantinople says in other words that Karatheodori Pasha has gone to join the original Ahkond of \$840.

A fashion writer says: "One can get a real cute layette for a baby for \$3,000." Wouldn't that make you join a race suicide club?

Col. Mann says he returned some of the money he borrowed from millionaires. He also has had teeth pulled at some time in his career.

Maybe the dressmakers have an idea that dull, unobservant man will not be able to identify a hoopskirt if it is called a "ciclette."

Ecuador has had another earthquake. Earthquakes dare not come fooling around Venezuela while Castro has on his fighting clothes.

The Sunday-jag is a part of the week's work, according to a Chicago man. He never discovered that by looking into his pay envelope.

A writer wants to know whether cooking makes wrinkles in a woman's face. Well, certain styles of cooking make wrinkles in men's faces.

It is pleasant to see a man of Grover Cleveland's age and weight joshing the doctors just as if he were not the least bit afraid of them.

A mournful wall from across the Pacific reminds us from time to time that Korea finds the process of being eaten alive somewhat unpleasant.

Major General Trotski, the new military commander at St. Petersburg, may be pardoned for believing the government will now win in a walk.

The fact that a red petticoat did not figure in the story of the Pennsylvania maiden who fagged two express trains leads one to doubt its accuracy.

Mr. Balfour is not convinced of the truth of the French saying that "there is no indispensable man." He will get into parliament with an open mind on the subject.

The Newport papers do not say how many cords of wood Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt received as presents on the occasion of their wedding.

Wireless reports from the drydock Dewey show that she is making more than 100 miles a day on her voyage to Manila, and for a drydock like the Dewey that is going some.

They need no injunctions in China. Railway employees at Hankow threatened to strike, and the victory announced that every strike would be behooved. It was not law, but it went.

Capt. Cook in his second and most successful exploring voyage sailed some 30,000 miles in two years. Chief engineer Baum of the Norddeutscher Lloyd has sailed 2,400,000 in forty years. It is a swifter age.

Queen Isabella, who stalked Columbus, was the first woman whose portrait was put on a postage stamp by this country. The list has grown somewhat, but has not yet reached Anna Gould, who stalked Doni Castelli.

Livery stable keepers in Connecticut are held by a decision of a court in that state to be not liable as common carriers to exercise extraordinary care for the safety of passengers. Now will the hard elder toppers in the Nutmeg State be good?

The man in Washington, Penn., who has signed a pledge always to tell his wife the truth has set an example that will not be generally followed. Do wives want their husbands always to tell them the truth—when they don't look quite as well as usual, for instance?

Men are so ignorant. "I always thought," remarked an English judge, "that a parasol and a sunshade were the same." "No," replied the witness on the stand, "a sunshade is to keep the sun off; a parasol is to flirt with."

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

Paris Coiffures.

It can't be truthfully said that hats are improving any in grace, and it must be confessed that a large number are decidedly outre and even uncouth—well calculated to make a woman look her worst instead of her best, as a truly good hat should. As a rule, American women are too careless in the coiffing of their hair to look well under most of the Parisian coiffurations. Tag ends and rumpled locks do not go well with the tilted hat that rises with appalling abruptness from the coiffure to tower far above it, leaving the base exposed in the most uncompromising fashion. This base comprising almost the entire head of the hapless wearer. The habit of marcel waving the hair is not only bad for the hair itself as to growth and strength, but it inevitably breaks off the hair, causing more and more tag ends. In Paris they use liquid preparations for keeping the hair smooth, and also the large meshed nets made of natural hair, these so carefully arranged that they confine all the stray ends and yet themselves are not visible under casual inspection. Without these adjuncts or a net veil the lofty, tilted hats should be wholly avoided, for there is neither comfort nor style in them unless properly worn and with the proper accompaniments.



Black velvet and white cloth with silver embroidered lace.

Little Things About Collars.

A dainty idea in neckwear is shown on a turndown collar of embroidered linen fastened up the front with three little pink bows; the top one of palest hue, the next one deeper, and the lowest of deepest rose, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Ribbon is put to many uses in neckwear. A white lace stock with a jabot of delicate white lace ribbon, laid in plaits and finished on ends with chiffon ruffles, is suggestive. Shoulder collars in lace are not all so deep as they were. The newest are run with little traceries of gold thread, outlining the design. It is an easy matter to buy the gold thread and embroider it upon such deep collars as one happens to have. And if one wishes the collar for very elaborate purposes, there are to be bought tiny gold tassels with which to decorate its edges.

Of Willow-Green Henrietta.

A charming gown of willow-green henrietta depends upon a creamy lace that has the design elaborated with silk embroideries for its adornment. The skirt is one of those novel princess affairs, reaching up to the bust, and the front displaying that fashionable effect which gives such an air of height and slenderness. The lace serves as a vandyked heading to a circular blouse and a snappy little bolero is used for outdoor wear to top the gown with.

To Shine the Windows.

Dusty windows are distracting. For cleaning windows use clean, cold water and two chamolins leathers, one for washing the glass and the other for polishing. The latter should be kept dry and soft. See that the wash leathers are quite clean and do not make the glass so wet that the water drips from it. Have plenty of clean water and change it frequently. Dip the chamolins in this and rub the panes, taking care that the corners are not forgotten. Wring the cloth tightly, and go over the surface of the glass a second time. Then polish with the other wash leather. Linen or cotton cloths should not be used. During the least touch of the hand is liable to crack the glass. To keep the windows free from frost apply a little glycerine on a dry duster and a brilliant polish will be the result.

Useful, Dressy Gown.

Dainty womanlike lines, a soft, fluffy gown. Crêpe de chine is a very good material to use for matinee or room gowns. It washes perfectly and is light and soft to the touch. During the midwinter sales a good enough quality of crêpe de chine may be purchased as low as 50 cents a yard. Other materials in which these garments are seen are pongee, surah, louisette, cashmere, light wools and flannels.

Popular in Paris.

There is a strong vogue for little short and loose coats, coats that are not supposed to, or intended to match the gown in any particular, but are of the dressiest character. Parisian "creatures de la mode" are turning them out in heavy silks, preferably of delicate tints, and those are braided and embroidered after the most intricate designs. Originally they were intended as carriage coats, but so popular have they proved that one sees them on the promenade as well as on the drive. They are merely loose lit-

tle saques, of almost negligee outline, with a high collar, although some have been seen with a high Napoleon collar in embroidered velvet of contrasting tint—and ending just below the waist line. The sleeve, of course, is short and puffy. The latest caprice has those lined in white satin, over which a plisse printed chiffon is tucked, so that when the little coat blows open, for there are no fastenings save below the throat, this displays itself.



The rage for beads runs merrily on. Pompadour ribbon garters are pretty.

Every other hat is loaded with plumes.

Bows of platted tulle are again worn under the chin.

Handbags of old tapestry are among the prettiest seen.

The green hat and the gray gown get along well together.

The newest veil trails off at the back in loops and bows.

Belt buckles have mounted the front by several inches.

Coats of caracul fur dyed the color of the gown are a novelty.

A dainty stock of white silk has forget-me-nots painted on it.

Embroider your gold belt in colors if you wish to be distinctive.

Silk and Velvet Coats.

Silk and velvet coats are made in all lengths from boleros to Louis models, whose ample skirts reach almost to the bottom of the dress skirt. Some of the very latest models, however, bowing to the empire fad, have short fronts reaching only to the high empire waist line. One model is given this effect by a band of the material bengaline, holding in the fullness at empire waist length. The long skirt reaches almost to bottom of gown and the only foreign trimming is a large collar and deep cuffs of fur, the latter filled in with founce of white Irish lace. It is lined throughout with white satin.—New York Herald.

Japanese Belts.

Japanese belts make the prettiest sort of dress-up girdles for wearing with your best blouses.

These are not those gorgeous affairs—a tangle of vivid oriental colors—but are exquisite all-white ones, with wee lily pads or cherry blossoms embroidered in a half-deep way on a background of rich, heavy silk ribbon. The belt makes a mighty attractive setting for the buckle it is worn with, and is quite as important an adjunct in its way.

Charm of Wrap is Simplicity.

Evening wraps in pale colored cloths are far more elegant when quite untrimmed, as the smart ones prove. Peachpink, sulphur-yellow, opal-green and pink-coral shades are examples of the beauty derived from graceful long lines with only a finish of stitching, which is kept subordinate by being of the same colored silk as the cloth, says Vogue.

To break the loveliness of the colors by trimmings—as we did formerly, was happily discovered to have been inartistic. In a wrap color is first and foremost. Where trimming is to be prominent, it must be something quite out of the ordinary to create admiration. So it is that fur and lace, if really fine, are the choicest adornments that one may give to such luxurious garments. Next to those are the oriental embroideries in gold, silver and silk.

Tea Muffins.

One egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder sifted with flour. I generally use 1 cup of flour, sometimes a little less, or a little more. Grate in a little nutmeg and beat well so they will be nice and light.



Finger marks on doors look very unsightly, but they may easily be removed with a little borax and water.

White gloves cleaned promptly after each wearing will last indefinitely. If the stains are allowed to dry on they become permanent.

Common burlap, either painted or stenciled, makes a good, cheap floor covering for chambers, being especially adapted to summer cottages or luncheonettes.

If a cloth be wrung out of water



Mane velvet with mauve tips. White lace puffie and heliotrope velvet around crown.

White heaver with pink roses under the brim and black ostrich feathers.

and laid over the registers when removing the ashes the annoyance of dust flying over the rooms from the furnace will be done away with.

A delicious little sweet for one's friends in the evening is whipped cream, stirred full of powdered macaron crumbs and flavored with a little sherry. Serve this very cold.

Is Overskirt Arriving?

Whether the tunic, before its vogue ceases, will take on the extensive use of the overskirt of old days, when every skirt had its drapery, is an interesting question. Certain it is that many skirts now have their tunics.

A gown of mahogany colored drap d'ete is an example. Here the tunic falls in panels, revealing tucked manipulations in the skirt between them.

Mayonnaise Dish.

To the list of realistic china has recently been added a mayonnaise dish in the form of a tomato, the color of the natural product being simulated perfectly. A cover forms part of the dish and when adjusted the outline of the tomato is preserved. A stem and leaf in green on the top of the cover add to the realistic effect.

A Doughnut Secret.

Doughnuts can be made so that they will keep soft for days by adding fresh hot mashed potato to the batter. To one cup of mashed potato use two eggs, two tablespoons of shortening, ½ cup of milk, flour to roll out, salt, nutmeg and three teaspoonsful of baking powder. Cream the potatoes, sugar, shortening and eggs. Add milk, salt and nutmeg. Sift the baking powder with the flour. Mix and fry in boiling lard. The potatoes will not only make them keep fresh longer, but will make them soft and more delicate.

Lace Waist in Empire Style.



Empire waist of white lace platted at the shoulders, then made with groups of gathers, or shirrings, forming little headings. The collar is embroidered velvet.

Lingerie Princess Type.

The type of lingerie princess known to Parisians as the bebe figures among the loveliest of the new models. It clings to the figure on the sides and in the back, but in the front is slightly full, or, to speak more accurately, straight, following the line that might be called an exaggerated straight front corset line, below the bust, and making no pretence of curving in to the figure at the waist line.—New York Sun.

Princess Robe.

Cloth princess gowns are generally robes de luxe, and are embroidered in open hole work about the feet, with much elaboration. Lace is introduced on white cloth princess dresses with the most admirable effect, especially Irish lace, the lace being used for bodice and sleeves—the cloth figuring in a sort of overlay and applique. Valenciennes is frequently blended in the way of frillings.

New Hat Model.

In one of the latest models shown in the millinery world there is just the slightest suggestion of the old English walking hat with a high round crown. This one is brown felt with a Persian crepe scarf around the crown caught in front with a dull gold buckle studded with rhinestones. A long brown plume starts from the left side and falls over back of the hat.

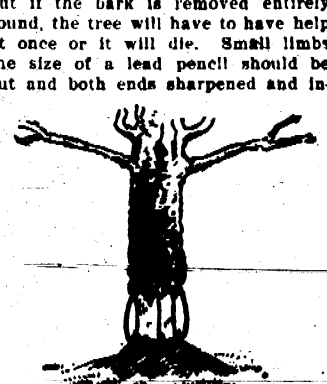
Choker Revivers.

The stock of the hour is very high. Necktie heights have been reached by the up-to-date collar, which, at its best, is shaped at the top to point upward slightly at the ears and curve to suit the chin. These high stocks are the successors of the modest straight bands that were so natty and comfortable on lovely frocks.

EASY TO SAVE GIRDLED TREES.

Simple Contrivance Will Renew Growth of Bark.

As the snow melts some of your readers will probably find that the deep snow has given protection to field mice from their natural enemies—hawks and owls—and that they have girdled some of the trees in the orchard. If only partly girdled nature will help herself and heal the wound, but if the bark is removed entirely round, the tree will have to have help at once or it will die. Small limbs the size of a lead pencil should be cut and both ends sharpened and in-



A Girdled Section Bridged With Scions.

serted under the bark, so as to connect the bark at the roots and that above the girdled part (as per cut). A tree six inches in diameter should have at least six grafts inserted, and if all "take" in five years the wounds should be entirely grown over. The scions can be fastened at both ends with thin wire nails. Bark to bark as in grafting and the use of good grafting wax made of beeswax, tallow and rosin are required. Where the bark has been removed by the mice the trunk should be protected from the sun and drying winds by moss kept moist, cow manure mixed with clay, or the tree banked up with earth. By this method the writer has saved many a tree.—Exchange.

Concrete Silo.

I wish to build a foundation for a silo (square), 15 feet by 16 feet and 15 feet high. How much cement and gravel would be required? Give general instructions as to the work. Would one foot be sufficient thickness for wall to resist the settling of silage.

I wish to raise a barn 100 feet by 45 feet. How much stone and lime would it take for 9 foot wall under it?

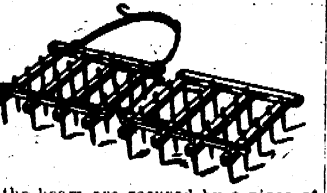
For a square silo 15 feet by 16 feet high and one foot thick, it would take: Portland cement 23 barrels, gravel 27 yards, stone fillers 7 yards and the labor of 4 men 6 days. A good way in building a silo wall is to have the walls 15 inches thick at bottom and nine inches thick at top, having inside perfectly plumb. The proportions of material for mixing the concrete are eight parts of gravel to one part Portland cement.

For a barn wall built of stone, 45 feet by 100 feet and 9 feet high and 1½ feet thick, it would take: Stone 39 cords, sand 40 yards, lime 200 bushels. For cost of building see a builder in your own locality.

Wooden Frame Harrow.

Will you publish sketch of harrow with wooden frame in two or three sections, suitable for a light team.

The two sections of the harrow shown in illustration, have four beams each, and the teeth are twelve inches from center to center each way. The beams are four feet eight inches long, and are mortised into the front piece, which is three feet seven inches in length. The rear ends



of the beam are secured by a piece of timber, two by one and a half inches, halved on to the beams, and then bolted. The entire cost of the harrow should not exceed twelve dollars.

Tile or Iron Pipe for Water?

I have on my property a spring that is somewhat higher than my house and wish to lay a pipe for carrying water in small quantity for household use. The distance is about 1,000 feet. What is the cheapest kind of pipe?

To convey the water from a strong spring, a distance of 1,000 feet, earthen tile might serve the purpose if laid on a well-graded bed. The bed should be so uniform in grade that there are no gaps in the joints. The tile should be jointed carefully, turning each tile around until it makes as complete a joint as possible. In addition, in order to prevent loss of water, the tile should be sealed at the joints either with puddled clay, or, better, with cement. If there is plenty of water in the spring such a line of pipe would convey sufficient for household purposes, although it would be impossible to make such pipe entirely water tight. To make sure that all the water is conveyed it would be necessary to lay iron pipe. Ordinary black iron pipe, given a coat of tar before being covered, will last many years in the ground. Galvanized iron pipe, however, will last longer.

Two and a half inch tile, that is ordinary drain tile, not sewer tile, can be procured at the yards at eight dollars per thousand. Quotations on galvanized iron and black iron can be secured from local dealers. The galvanized iron is, of course, more expensive than the black iron.

Life in British New Guinea.

Cannibalism has not yet been quite stamped out in British New Guinea. The natives have well-cultivated gardens, they occupy long-settled villages and their relations with Europeans are generally harmonious. In each village one of the most influential chiefs is selected as village constable, given a uniform, a pair of handcuffs, a brass badge and \$5 a year, and is kept under constant personal supervision by the six white magistrates. Crime is comparatively rare, owing apparently to the fact the natives are not allowed to obtain any intoxicating liquor.

Sculpture to Make Chapel an Art Gem

The Belmont chapel of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morris Heights is practically completed and J. Gutzen Borglum, the sculptor, has finished the models of two gentlemen angels to take the place of the lady angels to which objection was made.

Says the New York Sun: More interesting than either of these items of news is the announcement by Mr. Borglum of his theory that the cathedral has reached the stage in its development when it has a soul or a spirit of its own.

Mr. Borglum talked to a reporter of this spirit, which is not unusual, he declares, among cathedrals. He said:

"The sculpture work on the cathedral is naturally and necessarily a very serious part of the work. To the laymen or to the lay mind the religious character of the building will speak most directly through the embellishments.

"The sculpture that is planned for the cathedral is as elaborate as that of any cathedral than I can now call to mind, and while I am working with all the freedom that I believe was ever given to any sculptor, I am taking the problem up as I find it and dealing with it as a separate and new subject without precedents—not thinking, in other words, how other people have worked upon other cathedrals.

"What I mean by that is that the architecture as the architect turns it over to us demands a treatment individual to itself, and as far as the architecture is original the treatment is new.

"The subject of church sculpture or Gothic sculpture—they are the same—seems to have been a puzzle to modern men. It admittedly occupies a position unique among styles and frequently attains a height of nobility and beauty unsurpassed by the Greeks.

"Rodin admits that he is puzzled by it. He states that he finds it impossible to understand Gothic style at all, much as he admires it.

"Of course, what I refer to is the sculpture. Very definite lines of work were arrived at by the architects, but the sculpture seems always to have been left free to travel its own strange way. In my opinion, its charm is unquestionably due to this fact, to this freedom, and I believe that this is the explanation that has been sought by so many.

"For instance, I have tried a great many assistants at the cathedral and at my studio for this work of the cathedral. I have found that not one man in twenty has enough of what I call the natural in him, the aliveness to the beauty of form as it is as he shapes it under his hand, to be what I consider necessary to make a Gothic sculptor.

"The American worker is either overtrained or undertrained. The one leaves him without knowledge of his craft and the other provides him with conventions, and I have found that my assistants make no satisfactory headway unless they know their craft and yet are not overburdened with what I call academic knowledge.

"Better But Not Good Enough.—Judge Grosscup of Chicago, in a recent magazine article says that there is no more graft and grafting abroad in the world to-day than there was in days gone by—scarcely so much to-day. The "good old times" were not so good after all, he opines. "Even 100 years ago," he says, "the English government looked with graft." That does not change the fact that there is more graft to-day than there should be. That's the important thing. A hundred years ago the cholera and various other plagues were claiming their victims by the thousands, but that is no reason why we should relax the scientific regulations under which such epidemics are held in check. And a hundred years ago it took nearly a week to go from New York to Pittsburg by coach, but that is no reason why we should not make the journey in a few hours now nor any reason why we should not cut it shorter still if we can.—Atlanta Journal.

Had to Carry on Business.—Some of London's old hotels are held by curious leases. An ancient hostelry in Holborn was re-erected, rebuilt, and during the building operations a duly appointed customer entered at a certain time every day, and, visiting a little women's shanty in the midst of a wilderness of brick and mortar, made purchases of an imperial pint of beer. This business done, the man in charge closed the shanty, and it was not opened again until the same time the following day. The owners of the new building were obliged to erect the hut to carry on the business, otherwise they would have lost their license.

Philadelphia's Foreign Trade.—The foreign trade of Philadelphia last year reached an aggregate of about \$140,000,000, an increase of about \$4,000,000 in exports and \$14,000,000 in imports, largely materials for use in American factories.

"You understand what I mean? You attempt to form the character of a child. You can do so up to a certain point. Then it takes itself out of your hands. It begins to form itself. You understand that you cannot put up there on that hillside a Parisian edifice now or a Greek church. You can put nothing but what you have begun. The cathedral will permit you."

"It has now a spirit of its own and a decided character, which nothing can alter. It has decided that it will be Gothic and Gothic it will be. And we must respond to this spirit."

"It has been an interesting psychological study to me to observe the response or lack of response to this spirit of the modellers and carvers, either for ornamental or figure work, that we have employed on the designs of the Belmont Chapel. According to their responsiveness or their lack of responsiveness, they have been retained or dismissed.

"This is necessary. Of course, the spirit of the cathedral is just forming or, better, we are just beginning to be conscious of it. I don't pretend to say which it is or to know accurately, but what I do say and know is this:

"That unless we are in the spirit of it, or are conscious that it has a spirit of its own and are entirely in sympathy with it and ready and willing to conform to it, we had better stop work on the great cathedral at once, even if we leave it to stand there on the hilltop, a great gray, fleshless skeleton of Gothic arches and dangling ropes forever and a day, overlooking Morningside Park and frowning upon it."

Description of the Chapel.—It was in this spirit that Mr. Borglum designed the statues which are to ornament the Belmont chapel. The chapel is Gothic and may be described as ornately simple.

You enter just back of the main altar. To the right and left are two tiers of angels, five angels on each side. These are in the rich, toned limestone they call Fontaineau.

Beyond these to the right and left about six feet from the floor stand two statues, one of St. Peter and the other of St. Paul. On the sides of the altar are two tiers of saints.

From the top down on the right these are St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Gregory. Those on the left are St. Clement, St. Chrysostom, St. Ignatius and St. Ephrem Syrus.

The caps crowning the group of small columns that support the vaulting, are heavily carved with an arrangement of cherubs' heads. The other caps are decorated with oak and grape leaves. The canopies over the niches are of varied designs.

The two guardian angels, St. Gabriel and St. Michael, will stand on buttresses on either side of the window. These are the figures that had to be made over.

A niche at the apex of the roof will contain the figure of the child Christ. Just under the main window is a group of three figures. In the center will be the figure of the Virgin. To her right will stand Zacharias, and to her left, also standing, will be St. Simeon.

Mr. Borglum spoke with much sharpness. "I do think," she said, "you took an unfair advantage when you offered Kathleen higher wages than I had offered her. Good girls are hard to get, and I had been trying to secure her for the last six months, so you well know."

"Yes," retorted Mrs. Highmum, "and you know she's worth more than you offered her. Besides, I had been trying to get Kathleen myself for the last year. You have no right to talk to me that way. You would have done the same thing yourself, if you had the chance, and you know it."

Thus it will be seen that two souls with but a single thought may be far indeed, from having two hearts that beat as one.

Settled With Money He Made.—V. S., who once owned a well-cultivated farm near the southern shore of Lake Superior, N. H., was considered a very close man. When a young man, he once said he would give a half-dollar to the first girl who refused his escort home from a party or "kitchen junket." When this episode occurred, the young lady who "miffed" him, and who had heard of his singular promise, turned him for the money. He actually ran a power half-dollar in a mould made by himself and tendered this to her, in an endeavor to thus discharge his obligation. The fair coquette is still living, at the ripe old age of 92.

Arrives for Christmas Dinner.—Lydia Sturdevant Sterling, a contralto, became suddenly homesick at Milan, Italy, fifteen days before Christmas, and started for Berkeley, Cal., at once. Just as her family sat down to the Christmas dinner she walked in, not having allowed a servant, who had opened the street door for her, to announce her. She canceled European engagements to make the trip, and returned in a week.

THE GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LEXINGTON FORD, Author of 'The Man Peter Stirling, Ltd.'

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

I couldn't make out this new move, and puzzled over it, while Judge Wilson ordered my commitment. But the next step revealed the object, for the lawyer then asked for a search-warrant to look for stolen property. The judge was equally blinking, and began to fill one out on the instant.

This made me feel pretty serious, for the letters were in my breast-pocket, and I swore at my own stupidity in not having put them in the station safe when I had first arrived at Ash Forks. There weren't many moments in which to think while the judge scribbled away at the warrant, but in that time there was I did a lot of head-work, without, however, finding more than one way out of the snarl. And when I saw the judge finish off his signature with a flourish I played a pretty desperate card.

"You're just too late, gentlemen," I said, pointing out the side window of the saloon. "There come the cavalry."

The three conspirators jumped to their feet and bolted for the window; even the sheriff turned to look. As he did so I gave him a shove towards the three which sent them all sprawling on the floor in a pretty badly mixed-up condition. I made a dash for the door, and as I went through it I grabbed the key and locked them in. When I turned to do so I saw the lot struggling up from the floor, and, knowing that it wouldn't take them many seconds to find their way out through the window, I didn't waste much time in watching them.

Camp, Baldwin, and the judge had left their horses just outside the saloon, and there they were still patiently standing, with their bridles thrown over their heads, as only Western horses will stand. It didn't take me long to have those bridles back in place, and as I tossed each over the peak of the Mexican saddle I gave two of the ponies slaps which started them off at alope across the railroad tracks. I swung myself into the saddle of the third, and flicked him with the loose ends of the bridle in a way which made him understand that I meant business.

Baldwin's cowboys had most of them scattered to the various saloons of the place, but two of them were standing in the doorway of a store. I acted so quickly, however, that they didn't seem to take in what I was about till I was well mounted. Then I heard a yell, and fearing that they might shoot, for the cowboy does love to use his gun—I turned sharp at the saloon corner and rode up the street, just in time to see Camp climbing through the window, with Baldwin's head in view behind him.

Before I had ridden a hundred feet I realized that I had a done-up horse under me, and, considering that he had covered over forty miles that afternoon in pretty quick time, it was not surprising that there wasn't very much go left in him. I knew that Baldwin's cowboys could get new mounts in plenty without wasting many minutes, and that then they would overhaul me in very short order. Clearly there was no use in my attempting to escape by running. And, as I wasn't armed, my only hope was to beat them by some finesse.

Ash Forks, like all Western railroad towns, is one long line of buildings running parallel with the railroad tracks. Two hundred feet therefrom, brought me to the edge of the town, and I wheeled my pony and rode down behind the rear of the buildings. In turning, I looked back, and saw half a dozen mounted men already in pursuit, but I lost sight of them the next moment. As soon as I reached a street leading back to the railroad I turned again, and rode towards it, my one thought being to get back, if possible, to the station, and put the letters into the railroad agent's safe.

When I reached the main street I saw that my hope was futile, for another batch of cowboys were coming in full gallop towards me, very thoroughly heading me off in that direction. To escape them, I headed up the street away from the station,



Tucked the letters underneath it, with the pack in close pursuit. They yelled at me to hold up, and I expected every moment to hear the crack of revolvers, for the poorest shot among them would have found me as easily as I could find my horse at that distance if they had wanted to stop me. It isn't a very nice sensation to keep your ears pricked up in expectation of hearing the shooting begin, and to know that any moment may be your last. I don't suppose I was on the ragged edge more than thirty seconds, but they were enough to prove to me that to keep one's back turned to an enemy as one runs away takes a deal more pluck than to stand up and face his gun. Fortunately for me, my pursuers felt so sure of my capture that not one of them drew a bead on me.

The moment I saw that there was no escape, I put my hand in my



Camp unfolded the papers, and tucked the letters underneath it, as far as I could force them. It was a desperate place in which to hide them, but the game was a desperate one at best, and the very boldness of the idea might be its best chance of success.

I was now heading for the station over the ties, and was surprised to see Fred Cullen with Lord Ralles on the tracks up by the special, for my mind had been so busy in the last hour that I had forgotten that Fred was due. The moment I saw him, I rode towards him, pressing my pony for all he was worth. My hope was that I might get time to give Fred the tip as to where the letters were; but before I was within speaking distance Baldwin came running out from behind the station, and, seeing me, turned, called back, and gesticulated, evidently to summon some cowboys to head me off. Afraid to shoot anything which should convey the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of the letters, as the next best thing I pulled a couple of old section reports from my pocket, intending to ride up and run into my car, for I knew that the papers in my hand would be taken to be the wanted letters, and that if I could only get inside the car even for a moment the suspicion would be that I had been able to hide them. Unfortunately, the plan was no sooner thought of than I heard the whistle of a train, and before I could guard myself the noose settled over my head. I threw the papers towards Fred and Lord Ralles, shouting, "Hide them!" Fred was quick as a flash, and, grabbing them off the ground, sprang up the steps of my car and ran inside, just escaping a bullet from my pursuers. I tried to pull up my pony, for I did not want to be jerked off, but I was too late, and the next moment I was lying on the ground in a pretty well shaken and jarred condition, surrounded by a lot of men.

CHAPTER XII.

An Evening in Jail.

Before my ideas had had time to straighten themselves out, I was lifted to my feet, and half pushed, half lifted to the station platform. Camp was already there, and as I took this fact in I saw Frederic and his lordship pulled through the doorway of my car by the cowboys and dragged out on the platform beside me. The reports were now in Lord Ralles' hands.

"That's what we want, boys," cried Camp. "Those letters."

"Take your hands off me," said Lord Ralles—coolly, "and I'll give them to you."

The men who had hold of his arms let go of him, and quick as a flash Ralles tore the papers in two. He tried to tear them once more, but, before he could do so, half a dozen men were holding him, and the papers were forced out of his hands.

Albert Cullen—for all of them were on the platform of 218 by this time—shouted, "Well done, Ralles!" quite forgetting the excitement of the moment his English accent and drawl.

Apparently Camp didn't agree with him, for he ripped out a string of oaths which he impartially divided among Ralles, the cowboys, and myself. I was decidedly sorry that I hadn't given the real letters, for his lordship clearly had no scruple about destroying them, and I knew few men whom I would have seen behind prison bars with as little personal regret. However, no one had, so far as I could see, paid the slightest attention to the pony, and the probabilities were that he was already headed for Baldwin's ranch, with no likelihood of his stopping till he reached home. At least that was what I hoped; but there were a lot of ponies standing about, and, not knowing the markings of the one I had ridden, I wasn't able to tell whether he might not be among them.

Just as the fragments of the papers were passed over to Mr. Camp, he was seized by Baldwin and the judge, and Camp held the torn pieces up to them, saying:

"They've torn the proxies in two." "Don't let that trouble you," said the judge. "Make an affidavit before me, reciting the manner in which they were destroyed, and I'll grant you a mandamus compelling the directors to accept them as bona-fide proxies. Let me see how much injured they are."

Camp unfolded the papers, and I chuckled to myself at the look of surprise that overspread his face as he took in the fact that they were nothing but section reports. And, though I don't like curs-words, I have to acknowledge that I enjoyed the two or three that he promptly ejaculated.

When the first surprise of the trio was over, they called on the sheriff, who arrived opportunely, to take us into 97 and search the three of us—a proceeding that puzzled Fred and his lordship not a little, for they weren't on the fact that the letters hadn't been recovered. I presume the latter will some day write a book dwelling on the favorite theme of the foreigners, that there is no personal privacy in America, and I don't know but his experiences justify the view. The running remarks as the search was made seemed to open Fred's eyes, for he looked at me with a puzzled air, but I winked and frowned at him, and he put his face in order.

When the papers were not found on any of us, Camp and Baldwin both nearly went demented. Baldwin suggested that I had never had the papers, but Camp argued that Fred or Lord Ralles must have hidden them in the car, in spite of the fact that the cowboys who had caught them insisted that they couldn't have had time to hide the papers. Anyway, they spent an hour in ferreting about in my car, and even searched my two darkies, on the possibility that the true letters had been passed on to them.

(To be continued.)

QUESTION OF LONGEST PURSE.

Why the Government Never Collected That \$10,000.

An official of the United States court for the Southern District of Georgia tells an interesting anecdote of Emory Speer, who presides with dignity, even with grace, over the bench of that tribunal. The trial of an alleged counterfeiter had occupied the attention of the court all morning and, in order to dispose of the case during the day, the court ordered an afternoon session.

Promptly at 3 o'clock Judge Speer was on the bench, but no prisoner, no marshal, was present. At 3:25 a marshal and prisoner came strolling leisurely along into the courtroom—the prisoner had been allowed a little exercise in company with the marshal, during the dinner hour.

"Will the marshal kindly explain why he has thus delayed the court?" asked Judge Speer.

"Your Honor, I understood the court took recess until 3:30 p. m.," was the marshal's excuse.

"The marshal should not understand, he should know," said the court. "Mr. Clerk, you will enter a fine of \$10 against the marshal for his carelessness. Proceed with the trial."

It was perhaps an hour later, when, during the examination of an important witness the case, the marshal was seen in subdued but earnest conversation with the judge. In a moment the proceedings of the court were stopped and the judge turned to the clerk.

"Mr. Clerk," he said, "you will erase that fine against the marshal. He is up here trying to borrow money from me and the government can better afford to lose it than I can. Proceed with the case."

Dam Had a Name Ready.

The late Andrew J. Dam, a well-known hotel man of New York, was, at the time of the civil war, proprietor of a hotel in New Bedford. A number of colored citizens interested in the formation of a military company called upon Mr. Dam, and informed him that they would be glad to form the company and allow him to suggest the name, provided he would be willing to pay for the equipment.

"Congressman T. D. Elliot has fitted out a company of white men, and throughout the war they will be known as the Elliot Light Guards," said the spokesman of the colored men.

"Well," said Mr. Dam, "if I am to equip and organize this colored company, I shall insist that they be known as the Dam Black Guards!"

The military records do not show that such a company was ever organized.

No More Mademoiselle.

Married ladies in France who look young are sometimes by mistake called mademoiselle, and unmarried ladies who are no longer young are apt at times to be styled madame.

Women usually do not mind these little slips, but the feminist league of Paris takes quite another view of the matter.

It has issued a decree to the effect that, in order to place women on a social equality with men, who are styled madame, whatever their age and whether married or unmarried, the title mademoiselle should be abolished and all women called madame from the earliest age.

Just a Gentle One.

The Man—A fortune teller predicted I would be lucky in love.

The Maid (demurely)—And the same prediction precisely was made about me. Do you still think, Henry, that we were made for each other?

Earns Money for Church.

Bishop McCabe has delivered his great lecture on the "Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," 1,500 tickets and \$300,000 has been brought into the church treasury by the same.

May Raise Barber's Wages.

Because, in one day of ten hours, recently, the alms-house barber at Bethnal Green, London, shaved 230 men, there is some talk of raising his wages.

MISS ROOSEVELT IN HER WEDDING DRESS



FACTORS IN THE IMMIGRANTS. TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF WORDS.

Manufacturer Thinks They Should Be Sent Where Needed.

The real trouble in immigration, thinks a large manufacturer, lies not in the fact that immigrants are not coming to our shores fast enough, but in that they do not get to the sections of the country where they are most needed. If some intelligent methods were devised to handle our incoming guests and steer them in those directions where there is a real demand for them the so-called immigration question would be completely solved. What would facilitate and prevent the unnecessary return of undesirable immigrants would be the requirement from an immigrant of a certificate from the consul of each district of embarkation showing clean bill of health and such other qualifications that would be filled out, and this certificate being presented to the officials of Ellis Island, would go far toward correcting one of the greatest immigration evils. The national government, he says, will have to take up this matter sooner or later, and it alone can be trusted to handle it with thoroughness.—Chicago Tribune.

HAS NO WISH TO LEAVE MONEY.

Senator Pettus Pities Those Who Inherit Much Wealth.

In the course of a conversation with the President a few days ago Senator Pettus of Alabama, confessed that he would take rank among the poorest men in the senate. "I agree with William Wirt, who was attorney general of the United States, that industrious lawyers work harder, live better and die poorer than any other class of people," said Senator Pettus. He does not believe in leaving money behind him and thinks it encourages laziness. "I have grandsons and great-grandsons and still another generation coming on," said he. "I do not want to leave them that they will not have to work for these men with millions do not have to labor and consequently do not work." "Is it true, senator, as quoted in the newspapers, that you said if you had life to live over again you would get out in the middle of a big farm and stay there?" "Well, I don't remember saying that, but I certainly have thought it a number of times," was the response.

Splendor at National Capital.

In the matter of splendor Perry Belmont's Washington residence outdoes most others in the capital. There are six liveried footmen in vivid red satin as to the nether limbs and gray and buff of coat and waistcoat. Two stand just under the arch of the portico where. Two others are placed at the front steps. When the visitor finally penetrates into the mansion there are two others to point out the road to the reception chamber. Six servants, just a shade less gorgeously appareled, are on duty in the Fairbanks house when a public reception is going on. On servers of all this magnificence agree that, while the country generally is shaking away from old-fashioned social ways the simple life is further out of sight in Washington than elsewhere.

Country's Great Opportunity.

While Congressman Gaines of West Virginia was arguing for the passage of the railway rate regulation Congressmen John Gaines of Tennessee, not related by blood, temperament or politics to the former, drifted in from the outer row to a position from which he could butt in when the opportunity came. At last he saw his chance and rose. "Does the gentleman from West Virginia yield?" asked the chairman. "Of course I do," replied the West Virginian. "I congratulate the country on hearing as both in one speech."

Loss of Whales Is Felt.

The passing of the whale is sadly signalled by the fishermen. This will mean disastrous results to the dentists of the deep, from man's viewpoint, since the whale feeds on the numerous varieties of fish, thus keeping their numbers in check. With the disappearance of the whale these will thrive and make large inroads on the sources of nutriment of the smaller fish tribes which are marketable. Appreciable effects have been noted already along the Norwegian coast.

Eggs That Command High Prices.

Eggs of the aptornis, a recently extinct wingless bird, bring very high prices, fine colored specimens fetching as much as \$750 to \$1,000 apiece. The aptornis or New Zealand kiwi is a bird which, though still living, is becoming scarcer from day to day, and its final extinction is only a question of years. These kiwi breed very slowly, only one or two very large eggs being laid during the season, and as yet there is no record of the successful rearing of young in captivity.

WORK OF IOWA CONGRESSMAN.

Railway Rate Regulation Law Known as Hepburn Bill.

Congressman Hepburn, whose name is borne by the bill for the regulation of railway rates, which passed the



Congressman N. D. Hepburn, whose name is borne by the bill for the regulation of railway rates, which passed the

TIMBER FAMINE IN PLAIN VIEW.

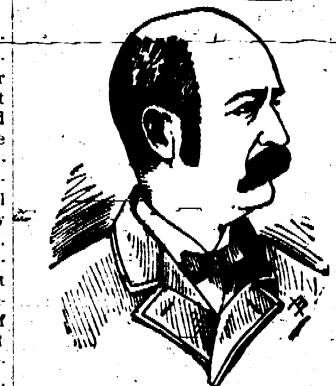
Supply Only Sufficient for Needs of Forty Years.

The woodmen spared not the trees whose ghosts now return to threaten us with timber famine. Whereas ten years ago only the soundest ties were used by the railroads, seconds and thirds are now accepted by the purchasing agents. Red oak, black oak, beech, gum, pines and other soft woods which once were considered worthless are now treated with care, and other preservatives for ties, crossarms and poles. This treatment quadruples the life of a soft wood tie and will meet the demand for some years. But shortage is in sight and must be met by plantations. Maude Adams is said to have planted upon her Long Island property 100,000 locust trees, which will make the best and most lasting telegraph poles and railroad ties. A catpala plantation in Kansas owned by a railroad shows an annual net profit of \$12.65 per acre. The annual consumption of a single railroad is about 3,850,000 ties, the yield of 12,800 acres. The total annual consumption of railroad ties is 120,000,000, or fully one-sixth of the total cut of timber. Besides this are the vast drains upon the forest for telegraph and telephone poles, crossarms and other uses. At the present rate of consumption the United States will be bare of marketable timber in forty years. The government forest service offers substantial help to planters.

FEAR FOR DAVID BENNET HILL.

Former United States Senator Reported Ill in South Carolina.

Advices received at New York state that former United States Senator



David B. Hill is seriously ill in South Carolina, where he went several days ago to benefit his health.

Had No Wish to Meet President.

Mr. Bodawitz of Ardmore, E. T., a prosperous merchant, will have his name preserved in the pages of history as the only person who has ever declined to meet the President of the United States when it was the easy and natural thing to do. Mr. Bodawitz went to Washington to file charges against an applicant for a federal job. He succeeded in knocking out his man and while calling at the white house Secretary Loeb asked him if he would not like to see the President. Mr. Bodawitz looked at his watch and replied: "It is now 12 o'clock and I have an appointment over at the Arlington in three minutes." "Couldn't you drop around in the morning?" asked Secretary Loeb when he had caught his breath. "No," replied Mr. Bodawitz. "I am going down to Mount Vernon in the morning and will take the 3 o'clock train for the West." Mr. Bodawitz simply did not have any curiosity to see the President and no reason to believe that the President wanted to see him.—Chicago Chronicle.

"Home Sweet Home."

"Home, Sweet Home," Payne's song, was originally a number in the opera "Clara, the Maid of Milan," a production brought out in 1823. The opera was a failure, and nothing is now known of it save the one song, which became instantly popular. Over 100,000 copies were sold in the first year of its publication, and the sale in one form or another has been constant ever since the first appearance of this beautiful theme. The melody is a Sicilian folk song and was adapted to the words by Payne himself.

Much-Decorated Englishman.

Sir William Soulbay, who has served as secretary to so many lord mayors of London, is entitled to wear a more cosmopolitan array of orders than perhaps any man in England. In addition to his British honors he boasts the orders of the Redeemer of Greece, Francis Joseph of Austria, the Serbian orders of Takovo and St. Sava, the Leopold of Belgium, the Immaculate Conception of Portugal, the Humane Redemption of Liberia, as well as the Rising Sun of Japan.

SOME QUIET SMILES

INDUCEMENTS TO LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

Mr. Monk's Idea of the Descent of Man—Papa Had Bright Idea of Spring Fever—Colonel a Disturbing Element on Water Wagon.

An Affront.

One individual stopped another in the street.

"I want to ask you a simple question," he said.

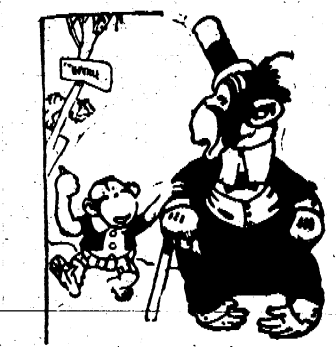
"Go ahead," replied the other.

"It is this. When is that bill of Ketchum & Holdem to be paid?"

"Say," was the reply, "I may do a little newspaper work occasionally, but I don't run the puzzle department."

Thus ended the confab.

Descent of Man.



"Oh, pop, I just saw a man-eating tiger."

"A man will eat anything nowadays. He has degenerated since he was a monkey."

She Didn't Like It.

"Papa says I'm not old enough to marry."

"Did he? Well, I'll bet he wouldn't have liked it if somebody had asked him to wait about marrying until he was long past 30."

"Sir!"

Mild Retribution.

"Sooner or later a political boss is bound to be retired," said one reformer.

"Yes," answered the other, "but by the time he is convicted of being a boss he has accumulated so much wealth that he can usually afford to retire."

A Disturbing Element.

"Didn't the colonel get on the water wagon?"

"Yes, he did, but he didn't stay long. Maybe he might've stayed longer if he hadn't given his pocket flask to the driver, who let the horses run away and spill the entire outfit into the millpond. It was too bad, but the colonel always was a disturbing element."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Continuous.

Mrs. Cleveland—Oh, I'm so glad to see you again. It's been five years since we met, hasn't it. And I hear you've been getting married since I saw you last.

Mrs. Chicago—Well, not right along. Only three times.

A Sort-of-Invitation.

"My!" exclaimed the silk tie in the hatter's window, "just listen to the wind howling out there."

"Yes," remarked the brown derby, "but it's rather a sociable sound. It seems to say 'Come out, and I'll blow you off.'"

What He Threw.

Ma Twaddles—Tommy, what do you mean by coaxing this horrid dog home with you?

Tommy Twaddles—I didn't coax him, ma—honest, I didn't. I throwed things at him to make him quit followin' me, but it didn't do no good.

Ma—What did you throw at him?

Tommy—Oh, bones an' things.

Another Theory.

"I don't suppose the Indians will ever get entirely over their desire to punish the whites for the wrongs to their race."

"No," answered the college professor, "it is possibly that instinct which makes them such aggressive football players."

Logically Demonstrated.

She—I can prove logically and mathematically that women are worth more than men.

He—I'd like to see you do it, my dear.

She—Isn't a miss as good as a mile?

He—So they say.

She—And doesn't it take a whole lot of men to make a league?

That's Different.

He—Smith told me that when he went home yesterday, tired and hungry, and asked his wife for something to eat she gave him the cold shoulder.

She—A nice wife, she is!

He—Yes; she gave him the cold shoulder all right, but she said she had made it up into delicious salad.

A Chronic Disease.



Willie—Say, pop, what's spring fever?

Papa—Spring fever is an overwhelming desire to sit down and watch other people work.

The Difference.

"She's really not cultured at all. She says she can't understand Browning at all."

"But one may be cultured and yet not understand Browning."

"Of course, one thing I understand it, but one should never admit it."

Investigation

When the wicked get possession
Of our funds and spend them free,
And our life find full expression,
We are angry as can be.
We condemn each crooked action,
But it's always understood
At the start of the transaction
That the money's gone for good.
The grifter whom we've met
Puts the cash where it will stay,
And his mint-coin's under the
Lightly covers far away.
But we wait investigation
And we hold it with it well,
Through our only compensation
Is a righteous grateful thrill.
—Washington Star.

THE COURTSHIP OF KODASURA KINNOSUKE

BY ROBERT WILLES

Kodasura Kinnosuke, like all students from the Flowery Kingdom, was a most industrious and intelligent scholar and was pointed to with pride by the faculty of the university who held him up as an example for the less conscientious occidental youths. While perfectly polite to his fellow students, Kodasura never forgot that he was a Prince in his own country and that behind him was a noble pedigree running back for thousands of years and he maintained a reserve towards the young western barbarians which was wholly in keeping with his race and its traditions.

The American girl appealed to Kodasura as a strange and wonderful being. As to the men he could understand in a faint sort of way their heathen attributes but the women were utterly beyond and apart from his traditions and his understanding. Therefore it clearly became his duty to study this strange phenomena. He went about this duty in the same grave, intent manner with which he devoted himself to other studies.

He sought as wide acquaintance as possible with the young women of the college town and indulged, so far as he was able, in the social pleasures of the students. Making little progress in this general campaign he decided to select an individual specimen for investigation and analysis. Whereupon, after due consideration, he decided upon Miss Florence Maynard, familiarly known to her intimates as Flossie, a most pert and vivacious little Miss whose blue eyes and red lips had been the cause of a long string of broken hearts.

Kodasura figured it thusly: Miss Maynard was exceedingly popular, therefore she must be a good specimen of the most attractive of her species. She was bright, intelligent and well-informed, hence the time spent in her company would not be wholly lost as regards his other investigations. Besides which the young Japanese felt it would be a pleasure as well as a duty to make the investigation in her companionship.

So the quest was begun and it occasioned great comment and much joking. Miss Florence demurely accepted the friendly advances of the young foreigner and thought it a great lark. He was well informed, a model of courtesy and comely to look upon. Besides he was different. He was a fact a distinct novelty. So they were much together and talked of many things serious and trifling as they walked or rode or sat in the Maynard drawing room.

From the first Miss Florence fathomed the purpose of the Japanese and she accepted the conditions with a mischievous twinkle in her blue eyes. And she led him a merry chase in his investigations. In fact no sooner had he reached a conclusion along a given line than she smashed it all to smithereens. So the end of the term arrived with the investigator more bewildered regarding the American girl than when he began.

One thing, however, he had learned, and that was that the eternal feminine abode in the American girl even as in her Japanese sister. He found that she was an object of affection and desire. The realization of this came to him when he was about to leave college and return to his island home.

"I have highly passed," he soliloquized "in all the information which I arrived to seek—with the excep-



Appealed to Kodasura as a strange and wonderful being.

tion that of the American girl I do not know teas." Then as he rolled his cigarette he thought of his home-going within the week and of the termination of his investigations of Miss Maynard. And suddenly enough what disturbed him most was not that he had failed in his quest of knowledge but the thought that he was to see her no more.

"What is this?" he asked himself in a sort of daze. "This emotion of mine? Why do I of joyfulness parake when I consider that I am with Miss

Maynard in this evening to foregather? Also of what reason does my heart beat more forcefully when I reflect upon the consideration that I will see her not any presently and what is the foundation of the emptiness that inflicts my chest?"

Long and closely did he ponder upon these questions until finally it came to him that he was in love with the fair barbarian.

"Of much astonishment is it," he cried "that I—a Prince of the house of Kodasura, of four thousand years in its pedigree, should with favor in-

spect this woman whose family was born yesterday. But of truthfulness it is. Even as I felt toward O Gin Sun and the other maidens of my own race I now feel in the direction of Miss Maynard. It is of strangeness incomprehensible."

He pondered long over the situation but every period brought him back to the dancing blue eyes and the red cupid lips and the regular dimples of Florence.

"Why is it not?" he finally said determinedly addressing a bust of his great-grandfather on the mantel, "I am a Prince and it is that I should my desire have gratification. It is not her fault that she is old only a few hundred years. And of certain-ly her feet are those of the Japanese and her eyes. It must be that the spirit of a Japanese has lodged found in her divine form. I will forget my ancestry. I will marry her."

With a sigh of virtuous self-sacrifice he donned his hat and went to inform his lady love of his decision. Of her attitude he never thought at all. In his country the decision of the male of proper degree was sufficient providing the father could be assured of the financial expediency of the match.

When she came into the drawing room he stood grave and heroic in the center of the floor. Before she could speak he said:

"It is of the grave mission I have arrived to see you today. I have determined to marry you."

The girl caught her breath in amazement.

"Yes," Kodasura went on, "I have great ponderment given it and it is my judgment that I shall my rank and station waive and will make my wife you."

The flush of indignation in the girl's face faded into a smile, then into downright laughter.

"When was this important decision arrived at," she asked dropping a courtesy.

"This afternoon," he replied with dignity. "Why do you laugh?"

"Oh, it's so funny," replied Miss Florence. "Pray have you determined upon the details of the wedding?"

"It is not of humorlessness that I speak," replied the Prince. "It is of love that I talk. I, Kodasura Kinnosuke, love you and will make you my wife. Of the arrangements of the marriage I have no thought. Your customs I do not have knowledge of. Only that I must sail within the month."

This brought forth a fresh peal of laughter from the girl. Kodasura gazed at her intently. Then his expression of grave exaltation faded and his lips curled a trifle while his eyes blazed with a fire no American ever had seen in them.

SPOILED LAWYER'S FINE PLEA.

Col. Benton Overreached in Eager-ness to Make Point.

During the first hearing of the famous Crocker will case in the supreme court, before Judge Lathrop and a jury, there were many interesting and amusing tilts between the eminent counsel engaged in the case. Robert M. Morse for the contestants of the will, and Col. Joseph H. Benton, Jr., for the executors.

Perhaps at no time during the hearing, however, was there any better exhibition of wit than in the summing up of counsel before the jury. At one point Col. Benton was trying to impress upon the jury that the expression "old fool," alleged to have been used by one of the interested parties, might reasonably be construed as a term of endearment.

"For example," explained Col. Benton, "King Lear called his fond daughter, 'my dear pretty fool.'"

Here he waited a moment to let the point sink into the minds of the jury. Judge Lathrop, however, who had been listening with intense interest, leaned forward in his chair and dryly remarked:

"But, Mr. Benton, King Lear was crazy, wasn't he?"

"Well, your honor, that's a mooted question," was all that the confused attorney could reply, and even this was almost smothered by the mirthful outburst in the court room, in which the opposing counsel, Mr. Morse, joined most heartily.

SENSE OF HEARING IN WHALES.

Principal Guide for These Monsters of the Sea.

It seems perfectly evident that whales must hear when in the water. This inference is confirmed by the comparatively small development of the other sense organs. The eye, for instance, is very small, and can be of little use even at the comparatively small depths to which whales are now believed to descend.

Again, the sense of smell, judging from the rudimentary conditions of the olfactory organs, must be in abeyance; and the whales have no sense organs comparable to the lateral line system of fishes. Consequently, it would seem that when below the surface of the water they must depend chiefly upon the sense of hearing.

Probably this sense is so highly developed as to enable the animals, in the midst of the vibrations made by the screw-like movements of the tail or flukes, to distinguish the sound (or the vibrations) made by the impact of water against rocks, even in a dead calm, and, in the case of piscivorous species, to recognize by the pulse in the water the presence of a shoal of fish.

Failing this explanation, it is difficult to imagine how whales can find their way about in the semi-darkness and avoid collisions with rocks and rock-bound coasts.—London Field.

Force of Habit.
George W. Wallace, president of the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone company, and one of the best known residents of Salt Lake, tells this as his latest telephone story:

In a certain Western central office one hello girl was always late in arriving in the morning. Time and time again the manager pleaded with her to be more prompt. Her tardiness continued until he was moved to desperate measures.

"Now, Miss B—," he said one morning as he came to her exchange with a package in his hands. "I have a little scheme which I hope will enable you to arrive at the office on time. Here is a fine alarm clock for you. Promise me that you will use it."

The young woman promised and accordingly set the alarm clock for the proper hour when she retired that night. At 7 o'clock the next morning there was a tremendous whirling from the alarm clock. The sleepy hello girl rolled over in bed and said sweetly:

"Line busy, call again."

Willie Wanted His "Dad."
When Willie Simmonds of McIndoes, Vt., was about 18, his folks moved to Boston, leaving Willie in McIndoes. After a while Willie decided to join them, so started out alone for the big city.

He had never been in the city before, and thought every one should know every one else, as in the town where he came from. Arriving in Boston, he was rather surprised at the greatness of everything and at the number of people on the streets.

After looking around for a while and not seeing any one that he knew, he finally saw a man in uniform whom he thought must be a very important person, and would certainly know his father. So he walked up to the surprised officer and asked:

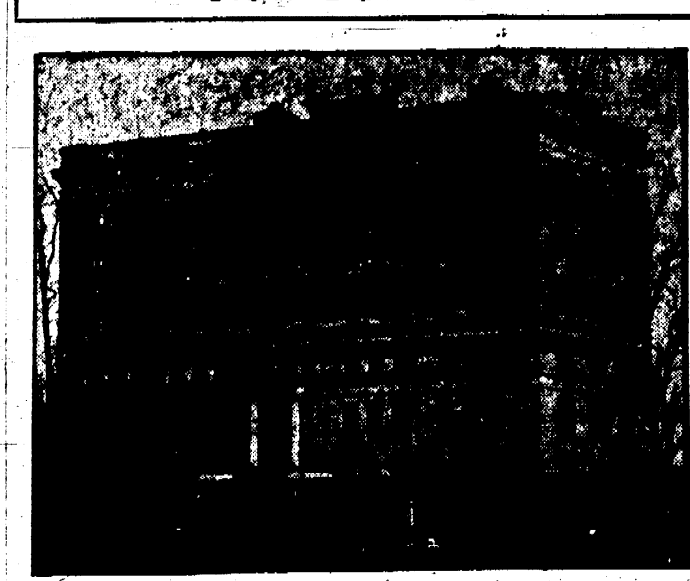
"Say, mister, have you any thing of dad around here?"—Boston Herald.

When Snow on the Sun-Dial Falls.
When snow on the sun-dial falls,
And the clinging leaves are numb,
And bitter the marsh wind calls
To river and country dumb,
When the sheep draw close in the fold,
And the biting mistral blows,
Then the heart, as a melody told,
Finds its love of the long ago.

I make no count of the hour
While the sun-dial stands in the snow;
But the mind holds its hardy flower
Where the arbor-vitae grow.
The waves no more return,
Where the toebound currents flow;
Still afire does the hearth-brand burn
With the wood of some long ago.

As a carrier dove through the skies
Seeks the path which her message
So my heart, beloved, tries
Its homing flight toward you!
When snow on the sun-dial lies,
And the heart and the year seem cold,
As the carrier-pigeon flies
To return to the love of old:
—Minnie Caroline Clark, in Munsey's Magazine.

Rockefeller Institute in New York Is Finished



The \$1,000,000 institute for medical research which John D. Rockefeller has erected in New York in memory of his grandson, "Jack," McCormick, is finished, and will be thrown open in the next few weeks. "Jack," who died in 1903, was the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. McCormick, of Chicago, and was the old king's favorite grandson.

EXAMPLE OF CORPORATE GREED SEES DOOM OF UNITED STATES.

Rights of People Openly Disregarded by Pennsylvania Railroad.

Gov. Dawson has addressed the national senate through Senator Tillman in regard to the railway and coal trust that has West Virginia by the throat.

The response of the interstate commerce commission to the Gillespie resolution showed that the Pennsylvania railroad does not legally own a controlling part of the stock of the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, or the Norfolk and Western. Gov. Dawson is doubtless right in saying that the Pennsylvania practically controls all these lines. This puts the coal industry of West Virginia, which is one of the leading industries of the state, at its mercy, and here, as elsewhere, monopoly is the parent of grave abuses. The Pennsylvania and its subsidiary lines are in the coal-mining business. The three subsidiary lines are the only routes by which West Virginia coal can get to market. In making rates the controlling company naturally favors its own mines of the subsidiary lines as against those of independent operators. In both cases the best interests of the people of West Virginia are sacrificed to corporate greed.

The disregard shown for the lawful rights of independent operators is illustrated by the Red Rock Fuel company matter. This company has 4,000 acres of valuable coal lands on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio. It charged that the road discriminated against it in favor of itself and other shippers and appealed to the interstate commerce commission for relief. The commission, after hearing, found that the Red Rock company's complaints were just, and ordered the Baltimore and Ohio to furnish the facilities needed for taking care of its business. The road refused, and, in consequence, the coal company has had to carry the case to the United States Circuit court. Meantime the railway is doubtless making enough money by its tyrannical course to more than pay its share of the costs of the suit and the Red Rock company is losing more than proportionately.

The senate—and if not the senate, the house—should make a thorough investigation of the relations between the Pennsylvania railroad and the ostensibly competing lines it is believed to control, and also of the alleged community of interests existing between the Pennsylvania system and the New York Central system. The public wishes to know how extensive and complete railway monopoly has become and to see the necessary steps taken speedily to break it up. Under modern conditions those who control the railway transportation facilities of a locality or a country control its industrial commercial destiny.—Chicago Tribune.

New York's Lighting Plants.

Municipal ownership in New York means public lighting plants. Mayor McClellan places at \$7,500,000 the cost of the initial plant for Manhattan and the Bronx. The fixed charges and operating expenses will reach \$1,360,000 a year or an annual saving to the city of \$434,000. The board of estimates has authorized the purchase of sites for the erection of electric lighting plants in Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond. Those sites have been bought and new buildings to be erected. The aldermen have been asked for the immediate installation of 500 new fire alarm boxes and for the erection of a building to be used exclusively for a fire alarm central office.

Henry G. Davis Visits Senate.
Henry Gassaway Davis, Democratic candidate for vice president at the last national election, was conducted through the senate the other day, chaplained by his son-in-law, Senator Elkins. The old gentleman was cordially greeted on all sides and it was noticed that he cast more than one wistful glance at the presiding officer's chair, which under other circumstances he might have occupied. He looked almost as young and spry as the senator who was showing him about the place.

Make a Business of It.

"I make a business of entertaining my husband when he is at home," said a happy-looking woman. "Before I married I was in business myself, and I know how one feels when he comes home at night. So I put on my best gown and the water pipes leak. He never knows what goes wrong about the house, because he's wrong about the other line, and the few precious hours that he is about we put in having good times."—Exchange.

FIRST STORY OF IMAGINATION

Written by Ennana of Thebes for Egypt's Crown Prince in 1300 B. C.

The "Tale of Two Brothers," written 3,300 years ago by the Theban scribe, Ennana, librarian of the palace to King Merneptah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, is the oldest work of fiction extant.

The tale was written apparently for the entertainment of the crown prince, who subsequently reigned as Seti II. His name appears in two places on the manuscript—probably the only surviving autograph signatures of an Egyptian king.

This piece of antique fiction, written on nineteen sheets of papyrus in a bold hieratic hand, was purchased in Italy by Mme. d'Orbigny, who sold it in 1857 to the authorities of the British museum, where it is now known as the d'Orbigny papyrus.

Other specimens of ancient Egyptian fiction have since come to light, which appear to prove that the Nile valley was not only the birthplace of the arts and sciences, but was also the cradle of romance.—Stray Stories.

The Miser and the Miser.

The miser is the poorest of men, for, while he lives solely for self, he gets less out of life than any other man. He has money, but denies himself the things that money can buy. In making money he ends, instead of the means of life, he narrows his purposes and achievements down to nothingness. But the despicable example of one miser nor a thousand can ever shake the firm foundation upon which rest wholesome saving and thrift. The soul of thrift is saving. Most men who have learned the trick of making millions at a single deal first learned how to double their pennies. To the man who would become rich the habit of saving, once firmly fixed, is his most important capital.—St. Louis Star Chronicle.

WILD WITH ITCHING HUMOR.

Eruption Broke Out in Spots All Over Body—Cured at Expense of Only \$1.25—Thanks Cuticura.

The Cuticura Remedies cured me of my skin disease, and I am very thankful to you. My trouble was eruption of the skin, which broke out in spots all over my body, and caused a continual itching which nearly drove me wild at times. I got medicine of a doctor, but it did not cure me, and when I saw in a paper your ad, I sent you for the Cuticura book, and I studied my case in it. I then went to the drug store and bought one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura Ointment, and one vial of Cuticura Pills. From the first application I received relief. I used the first set and two extra cakes of Cuticura Soap, and was completely cured. I had suffered for two years, and I again thank Cuticura for my cure. Claude N. Johnson, Maple Grove Farm, R. F. D. 2, Walnut, Kan., June 13, 1905.

Attaining Success in Life.
Have Object Clear, and Habitually Work Toward It.

It has been said that success consists in getting that at which one aims, and being happy in it. Each one should have an ideal of what is to be the expression of his or her life. If this is attained in some degree, such a life may be called successful. Hence, the successful man or woman is the one who has succeeded fairly well in shaping the actual life in accordance with the ideals of life. This requires strength and persistence that call for continual struggle. It forms the highest achievement of life. Bulwer well says that the man who succeeds above his fellows is the one who early in life clearly discerns his object, and toward that object habitually directs his powers.—From Vital Questions, by Dr. Henry D. Chapin.

One Reason for Marriage.
The new queen of Norway is not very well equipped with jewels—that is, for a queen. As the youngest of three sisters her share of pretty things was naturally smaller than those of the other two. The most imposing ornament of which she can boast is a diamond necklace left her by her godmother, the old Duchess of Inverness. A condition attached to the legacy was that on no account should it pass into her possession until her wedding day. It is said that when at last she was permitted to clasp it about her neck she said coquettishly to her husband that he must not take too much credit to himself as her bridegroom, for she felt she must "make some sacrifice" to gain possession of her godmother's legacy.

Keeps in Touch with People.
Congressman Calder of Brooklyn, now serving his first term, is successor of Mr. Baker, who refused to accept a railroad pass. In order to learn how he might best please those who send him to congress he mailed 40,000 letters to his constituents asking for suggestions. In a week he had received 1,000 replies, most of them urging him to stand by the president as regards leading measures proposed. Many ask for information or public documents. Mr. Calder is much pleased with the result of his experiment, which convinces him that his constituents read the papers closely.

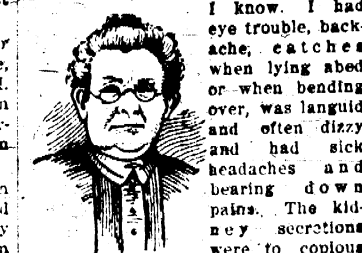
When Strong Words Come Handy.
In America we will fight the swearing habit. We will admit that it is immoral and unwise to curse, but there is a heap of comfort in the fact that when the jelly refuses to jell and the stepladder falls and the door closes on two fingers and a bolt finds its resting place on the end of one's nose, there are words, oodles of them, in this good English language that might be used if a victim was so minded. There is nothing like having a thing handy, even if you do not want it.—Mobile, Ala., Herald.

The New-Made World.
Perhaps we shouldn't call it "the new world," for it's new-made every day in the year—new meadows, new fields, new springs that bubble in the sunlight, new hearts and new friends. And for all we know, there may be new heavens a-making for many of us. Wherefore, let us take heart and hope for the future, and, if we can't join the slaying of the morning stars of life, we can at least deserve the blessing of rest when the evening bells are ringing.—Exchange.

DEATH SEEMED NEAR.

How a Chicago Woman Found Help When Hope Was Fast Fading Away.

Mrs. E. T. Gould, 914 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are all that saved me from death of Bright's Disease, that I know. I had eye trouble, back-ache, catches when lying abed or when bending over, was languid and often dizzy and had sick headaches and bearing down pains. The kidney secretions were too copious and frequent, and very bad in appearance. It was in 1903 that Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so quickly and cured me of those troubles and I've been well ever since."



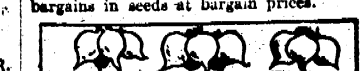
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Unprecedented Action.

"Young Boomwaller is a rank failure as a legislator," indignantly said the Hon. Thomas Rott. "Why, when in the course of debate I denominated him a falsifier he struck me on the nose when, if he had been at all acquainted with parliamentary usage, he would have known that it was permissible only to hurl the cummy back in my teeth! There is a yellow streak in that fellow, as sure as you are born!"—Puck.

Rich, Jucky Radishes Free.
Everybody loves juicy, tender radishes. Salzer knows this, hence he offers to send you absolutely free sufficient radish seed to keep you in tender radishes all summer long and his great

SALZER'S BARGAIN SEED BOOK, with its wonderful surprises and great bargains in seeds at bargain prices.



The enormous crops on our seed farms the past season compel us to issue this special catalogue.

SEND THIS NOTICE TO-DAY.
and receive the radishes and the wonderful Bargain Seed Book.

Remit to and we add a package of Cosmos, the most fashionable, serviceable, beautiful annual flower.
John A. Salzer Seed Co., Lock Drawer W., La Crosse, Wis.

A State Occasion.
"John, I simply must have another gown." "For what occasion?" "The new cook is coming to-morrow, and I have nothing decent to receive her in."—Cleveland Leader.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.
Itchings, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if F220 GUMSTICK fails to cure in six days. 25c.

Women Conductors.
The street cars in Valparaiso are all double-deckers, and the conductors are women. The latter are dressed in a neat uniform and make a good appearance.

DON'T FORGET.

A large 2-oz. package Red Cross Ball Blum, only 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Bogus Doffer.

Deacon Butterworth worked off a dollar on his last week with a hole in it. The Deacon called and left a dollar for subscription and we was so surprised at him doing this that we forgot to look at the dollar until after he had went. We know sure that we got it from the Deacon however for it's the only dollar we have had for quite a spell. We have been trying to spend it, but it's really here and there over since, but so far without success. Unless we can work it off on somebody we don't care to state that we will stop the Deacon's paper. Doghouse anybody who would try to pass a bad dollar on a person!—"Blagville Bugle" Items in Boston Post.

ANEMIA CAN BE CURED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood and Strike Straight at the Cause of Anemia.

Anemia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They cure anemia just as food cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Thos. J. McGann, of 17 Lincoln Place, Plainfield, N. J., and they can do as much for any other pale, weak, ailing, bloodless person.

"In the spring of 1903 I did my usual house cleaning," says Mrs. McGann, "and soon afterward I began to have the most terrible headaches. My heart would beat so irregularly that it was painful and there came a time when I could not get up. My doctor said I had anemia and he was surprised that I had continued to live in the condition I was in. I was confined to my bed for nearly two months, the doctor coming every day for the first few weeks, but I did not improve at all."

"Altogether I was sick for nearly two years. I was as weak as a rag, had headaches, irregular heart beats, loss of appetite, cramps in the limbs and was unable to get a good night's sleep. My legs and feet were so swollen that I feared they would burst. I was wondering how long I could live, feeling as I did. I read a booklet telling about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I read it and told my husband to get me some of the pills. Before the first box was gone I felt a change for the better. I have taken about twelve boxes and although I was as near the grave as death, I now feel as if I had a new lease of life. I have no more headache, the heart beats regularly, my cheeks are pink and I feel ten years younger. I feel that I have been cured very cheaply and I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to lots of my friends."

For further information address the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A BOY'S BREAKFAST

There's a Natural Food That Makes Its Own Way.

There's a boy up in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is growing into sturdy manhood on Grape-Nuts breakfast. It might have been different with him, as his mother explains:

"My 11-year-old boy is large, well developed and active, and has been made so by his food for Grape-Nuts food. At five years he was a very nervous child and was subject to frequent attacks of indigestion which used to rob him of his strength and were very troublesome to deal with. He never seemed to care for anything for his breakfast until I tried Grape-Nuts, and I have never had to change from that. He makes his entire breakfast of Grape-Nuts food. It is always relished by him and he says that it satisfies him better than the ordinary kind of a meal. "Better than all he is no longer troubled with indigestion or nervousness, and has got to be a splendidly developed fellow since he began to use Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book "The Road to Wellville," in which you will find the story of the boy's breakfast.

CORES CONSTIPATION

It is just about impossible to be sick when the bowels are right and not possible to be well when they are wrong. Through its action on the bowels,

Lane's Family Medicine
cleans the body inside and leaves no lodging places for disease. Take once you wish to know how it fast to be thoroughly well, give this famous laxative a trial.
Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c. pkgs.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have
Always Bought
Bears the
Signature
of
Dr. J. C. Hatcher.
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

HOW STANDS ERECT

The man says: "For twelve years I suffered from a skin disease. My back was so sore that I was nearly doubled over, and all of shoulders being lower than my hips. I could not walk, and I was nearly blind. I thought years have elapsed, I have never walked, and I have nearly lost my sight. I am now cured of skin disease."

I suffered from rheumatism, so neither how I suffered, or how many physicians have tried, and I was nearly doubled over, and all of shoulders being lower than my hips. I could not walk, and I was nearly blind. I thought years have elapsed, I have never walked, and I have nearly lost my sight. I am now cured of skin disease."

Write to: Dr. J. W. Hale St. South Creek, Mich.

SONG OF CONTENTED MAN

I love the song of birds.
And the children's airy words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet.

John Brown:
And I hate a false pretence,
And the cheat of common sense,
And the arrogance and fawning and deceit.

John Brown:
I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And love an open face without guile.

John Brown:
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, conceited slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toll.

John Brown:
I love a simple song,
That awakes emotion strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who fails.

John Brown:
And I hate the constant whine,
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by comparison.

John Brown:

But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden mate
And survey the world around me and above,

John Brown:
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love.

John Brown:
So, if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unexcused.

John Brown:
I never care for wealth,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasure of the next.

John Brown:
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad.

John Brown:
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and be glad.

John Brown
—Charles Mackay.

THE
There is
Genuine S

upon everything worth having.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—No. 7—1906.

ONLY ONE

only One
union of Figs



THE ONLY ONE

There is only One Genuine-Syrup of Figs,

The Genuine is Manufactured by the
California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co.,
is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine- Syrup of Figs- is for Sale, in Original
Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

Always buy the Genuine- Syrup of Figs-
MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE



PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more lasting brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One box produces colors all others. They dye in half water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet- How to Dye, Bleach and Fix Colors.

ATLANTA, GA. PUTNAM DYE CO., INCORPORATED, ATLANTA, GA.

"State Seal" Flour

WINS THE PRIZE.

—Morison. The same verb is used in the calming of the winds and waves of Mark 4:39.

only cease when compelled by the command of Christ. "Come out of him." He had to obey, however unwillingly.

"What new doctrine?" Teaching the teaching was new, concerning deliverance and salvation, and confirmed by such power. "Authority." Right and power. The extent of this power was far beyond their experience.

vs. 29-31: From the synagogue Jesus and his four followers went home to Peter's house. It is possible that Jesus made this house his home when at Capernaum, as he did with Lazarus and his sisters at Bethany.

"They entered into the house of Simon and Andrew," who, though natives of Bethsaida (John 1:44), seem to be now living in Capernaum. This distinctly implies that Peter was married.

"Lay sick of a fever." Luke calls it a great fever, of a severe, malignant and dangerous type.

"He came and took Peter by the hand. To express a kindly sympathy and courtesy and to make it evident that the miraculous cure came from him. Luke says, he 'rebuked the fever,' commanded it to go, as it were an enemy. 'Immediately the fever left him.'"

in the case of the centurion (Matt. 8:8, 9, 13). "And she ministered unto them." Such a fever invariably leaves the patient weak, and the period of convalescence long, but Jesus' power restored her to strength, as well as health.

A Sabbath Evening's Work of Jesus.

—Vs. 32-34. "And at even, when the sun did set (was setting), they brought unto him" to the door of Peter's house (v. 33). The multitude came after sunset. (1) because the heat of the day would have been too distressing to the sick; (2) because they did not wish to violate the sacred rest of the Sabbath day. At sunset the Sabbath ended; and so they felt themselves free to act.

All of them, says Matthew. He laid his hands on every one of them as he did on the mother-in-law of Peter (Luke).

"Of divers diseases," all kinds and degrees of disease. "Cast out many devils," demons. These cases were the more noticeable on account of the violence they displayed, and because they were more difficult of cure.

IV. The Paradise of Endless Light.—The Heart of the Lesson. We have in this lesson the principles through which the individual soul and the world shall become full of the light of the City of God, where "the Lord God Almighty is the light thereof," the light being the source of all power, life, warmth, comfort, beauty, in

The miracles of Jesus were the proofs of his mission—from God and showed that he was the promised Redeemer and King, the one we all need. Jesus being what he claimed, miracles were as natural to him as acts of will are to us. They are something beyond natural law, but are natural to Christ, as the power of will over nature is natural to a personal being. As all the great results of civilization are produced by the personal will of men acting upon the laws of nature not breaking them nor changing

will of God acting through Christ, and through God's special disciples upon the laws of nature, doing what man's will cannot do; and thus proving the presence of a divine person and authorized agents. A miracle is simply God's doing with his infinite power the same quality of action, though usually greater in degree, that we do every hour when we exert our personal will amid the forces of nature. I lift up a book, I turn on the water from the water-works, and make a shower on my parched lawn or garden.

They illustrate with object-lessons the spirit and the work of the Gospel, the principles of which he had been

picture before men of the character of
 God, of the nature of the Gospel, of
 the loving-kindness of our Savior, of
 his power to help, of the wonders of
 grace he can work in our hearts, of
 his power to deliver from the dis-
 eases of sin.

There is no little questioning as to
 the best method of keeping the Sab-
 bath. Let us keep it as Christ kept
 it. Men feel the need of exercise of
 the Sabbath. Let them instead of row-
 ing or wheeling or golfing, go about
 doing good. Let them take long walks
 to visit the sick, the widow, and the
 fatherless. And they will return
 home refreshed in body and in spirit.

The Christian's Goal.
The Incarnation, with its sublime sequel of the Cross and the Raising at once reveals the heart of the Eternal and the sacredness of this human nature of ours which the Lord came not to destroy but to restore and glorify. In the very act of telling us our ruin, and of coming to redeem us, He tells us that we were made for God and for eternity. In Him, the Christ of Bethlehem, our wonderful goal can be magnificently attained.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD

The New Method Treatment of Dr. E. & K. has restored thousands of weak diseased men to robust manhood. No matter how many doctors have failed to cure you, give our treatment a fair trial and you will never regret it. We guarantee all cases we accept for treatment. **Not a dollar need be paid until cured** for you can pay after you are cured. Dr. E. & K. established 25 years.

We treat **Varicose, Nervous Debility, Stricture, Blood Diseases, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases.** If unable to call, write for Question Blank for Home Treatment. **Consultation Free.**

NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNLESS CURED.


**148 Shelby Street
Detroit, Mich.**

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

One couch of the kind is to a room
upholstered with green and finished with a
white picture molding and a white paint.
The couch is covered with rich, rather
deep Turkish red denim. A chair near
it has cushions of the same fabric. A
couch in another room is covered simi-
larly with flowered cretonne.

work must be done. The woolen skirt may plan to be cleaned. With a wooden stick for silk until the cleaning process is reached. For the woolen skirt five cents' worth of soap bark is steeped in a quart of water and the water is then strained into a pail. The skirt is then dipped into the pail, washed clean, warm—not hot—water to wash the material. It is washed just the same as are cloths, rubbed to remove spots, thoroughly rinsed in lukewarm water and last of all blued before being hung up to dry. Much labor will be saved by hanging

oved in this way usually looks as
 good as new. Sometimes it is advi-
 cable to put a rag between the iron and
 the cloth so that if the former is quite
 hot the cloth will not be in danger of
 being scorched. The material should
 be ironed until it is almost dry and
 should be hung up without a crease or
 wrinkle; if it must be dried thoroughly,
 — Brooklyn Eagle.



Maple Mousses—Boil one cupful of maple sugar or syrup until it strings, then pour slowly into the stiffly beaten yolks of ten eggs, beating constantly. Put into a double boiler and scald without boiling. Remove from the fire and let it become cool, then stir it into one pint of whipped cream. Turn into the freezer, pack and freeze.

Nidewicks—Cream, one cup of butter and add one cupful of powdered sugar, cream again; then add one-half cupful of hot water, one cupful of flour sifted three times with two teaspoonsful of baking powder. Now fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and add another cupful of finely sifted flour. Season with almond. Put in buttered cups one-third full and bake in a rather hot oven.

—Some people prefer even accept a favor without looking for the return mark.