One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, ot known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manu-'actured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggista.

Taming ine Animals.

A bright but inexperienced young woman consented to take charge of the boy infant class. She found them jumping from the tops of the steam radiators. Fifteen minutes later the superintendent found fourteen meek masculine "infants" seated sedately in a tightly squeezed row before the teacher. every eye fixed inquiringly on the lady's bright countenance. "How in the world did you accomplish this?" demanded the astonished superintendent. "Ob." she replied, "I just plied all I couldn't get my arms round in a heap on the bench and sat on them until I got them interested in a bear story."-Youth's Companion.

How's This?

How's Itils? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any dase of Catarrh that cannot be cored by Hall's Caturrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 16 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business trans-ations and financially able to carry out any obfiguetons made by his firm. Watching, KINNAN & MANVIN. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Haff's Catnerth Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous winfaces of the system. Testimoniais sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. all Druggists. The Mall's Family Pills for coastipation.

His Great Hope.

"I can't see anything of special interest in that manuscript of yours," said the publisher to the aspiring author. "I didn't anticipate that you would," replied the author. "But I thought possibly your readers might have more intelligence."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

WE SEEL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Fers & Hides. Write for catalog 103 N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Truth About the Century Plant. The century plant, so named because of the popular idea that it blooms but once in a hundred years, in one seuse makes good its name, for it blooms only once, then dies.

In the genial climate of southern Califormia it reaches maturity and blooms in fifteen or twenty years, while in colder elimates the period may range

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rayly down hill.

o be?"

"Gerald !

clumsy amateur.

ogether and Annette-

self engaged to me?"

without you after all these years !"

grated. "Just as conveniently as you for-

narry me. Now if you care to go in -----

As the steps and voices retreated, some

very rapidly, "after all, Sarto the chauf-

feur has given thee back thy kick with

interest! Monsieur the Englishman, that

CHAPTER VIII.

"Yes, it's almost over," Mrs Waring

She and her companion had been sftting

silent for some time on a secluded angle

its stately progress into New York har-

bor, the following Saturday morning-a

wonderful morning, by the way, with a dappled blue and white sky on which the

pultitudinous tangle of shipping, and the

of the upper deck as the Majestic made

Buist laughed bitterly.

thead into the darkness.

whistle.

core is settled !"

remarked at length.

might blow away.

noney and position, and he's in earnest.

It's just this. Things have come to a

point where you've got to decide which of

is it is to be, Gussie. You can't put me

off any longer. Rather know the worst.

ou know. Come! Which of us is i

"How absurd and uncalled-for this is !"

COMPANY A CONTRACTOR

is pockets, watching the detective with a CHAPTER VII .-- (Continued.) Women of Gussie's stamp are as clus ool, patronizing stare. "And yet, as you e, as intangible, as running water, and English have it, 'It takes a thief to catch a thief." then, with painstaking zeal, some poor, eluded mortal attempts to corner the

He relaxed into an irrepressible smile. retty, sparkling thing lo and behold ! "I cannot tell you how much I am intert slips away through his fingers to ripple ested in this capture of yours, Monsieur Blantock. Just keep your eyes open, my friend-that is my advice-and, believe "No, don't speak." Gerald shook him elf determinedly. "I think I see how me, you will come across Sarto before you hings are, and there's no use in losing know it ! ne's temper." He spoke tersely. "Del A half hour later, amid the shricking of 'lno's a very different affair from your whistles, the rolling of trucks-in fact, other armsements! This fellow's got

he composite roar of a great city, that affects so disagreeably the nerves of the returning American-Ludovic Sarto, having passed successfully through the purgatory of the custom house, found himself in the comparative paradise of Eleventh street, standing with Gerald Buist outside of Mrs. Waring's carriage window, which was indeed effectually blocked up by the Englishman's thick-set form, Gussie's at-

By Edith Morgan Willett

Poor Gussie Waring felt all the natural rritation of a professional gamester tention being temporarily absorbed in bidhose hand is forced unwarrantably by ding her rejected suitor a sisterly good-Quick to realize the advantages of the she objected petulantly. "I might just moment, the pseudo-prince made his way as well call you to account for the time around to the other side of the carriage,

ou spend with Annette. You're certainwhere Annette was leaning out of her not alone when the prince and I are window expectantly. "I wonder." he said, smiling blown at "She's a nice girl," the interruption

her, "if it is to be actually a final adieu; ame uncompromisingly, "and you know do you know. Miss Bancroft, I have a our standing perfectly well. Would you curious-shall we say presentiment?mind answering my question? I'll not that I am to see you again. That is the trouble you again. Do you consider yourreason I am about to ask for your card." He stopped short, struck, startled even, "No, of course nol ; but," Gussie's tone by the deep flush that swept over the

rang with genuine alarm, "I don't want girl's clear skin at his slight words. to lose you, Gerald; I really can't do She looked down hurriedly, however, and, searching for a card in the bag on "I'm afraid her lap, handed it to him silently with rou'll have to," he ejaculated, "and the eyes averted. ooner I take myself off the better. You'll

"Does that mean," she faltered, "that forget me quick enough !" His valce Your Highness is really thinking of com ing to Washington?" fot that five days ago you promised to Again Sarto wondered over her irre

pressible agitation, with a faint, curious thrill somewhere in the region of his colone moved stifly out of his chair and, lar-bone. standing up somewhat unsteadily, prered "Who knows?" he returned laughingly "I am nothing but a fen follet, what you

"She's jilted him, she's jilted him, and call will-o'-the-wisp, appearing now here, secause of me!" he ejaculated, with a low now there. Who knows where I may turn up?" and he pocketed the strip of He was silent for some moments, and pasteboard, conscious that Mrs. Waring's then a low laugh gurgled out of the dark eyes were upon him, viewing the incident with small favor. "Nom d'un chien !" said a soft volce

"We've really got to be off !" she now announced crisply. "Gerald, just tell the man the St. Regis, please. Well, prince," holding out her hand as that individual came hastily round, "I'm going to be in Washington for a week of getting to rights before leaving for Newport. We're off by the four o'clock train this after-She hent towards him, dropping

ter voice. "Don't you leave then, too?" Serto looked at her an instant. There was a queer, twisted smile about his nouth and a very wistful look in his eyes. "Why do you tempt me?" he asked rewonchfully.

"Tempt you?" Gussie langhed. "Dear mel There is nothing going on in Wash-

airy fabric of Brooklyn bridge, hung like ington at this season. Every one has left ; even your friend Count Souravleff is in intrusive cobwebs that a breath of wind Newport now. I have positively no in-The man in the steamer chair beside ducement to offer you."

second second second second second second second second second lass, since eight o'clock this morning kicking my heels in their wretched office, and I am now only granted my permit in time to find-parbleu !- that the prince, whom I especially wanted to see, has already departed.

"Too bad !" ejaculated the chauffeur hypocritically. "If your Excellency had only reached there five minutes carlier-' He did not complete his sentence,and, indeed, how could he? What would

whiskers. have happened if Count Souraviell had reached there five minutes earlier? For a moment, as the latter settled himself on the cushions and the cab rolled

off, Sarto fell to wondering over the Count's recognizing him in the disguise which had so successfully taken in his late employers, and yet-what could be more natural? They remembered him as the mustached and bearded chanffeur, disfigured by an all-concealing motoring getup, and he had been clean shaven during that tour in the Tryol when he was own with Souravieff.

Well, my friend Sarto," the latter remarked good-naturedly, after a short pause occupied in lighting a cigar, "how has the world gone with thee since we last met?-well, judging by thine opulent appearance. Ma foi ! With that Parisian overcoat and expensive hat one would almost take thee for the prince himself. Ah !" he chuckled and blew great rings of smoke into the air, "hast thou forgotten the little masquerade at St. Moritz, when thou personated the prince in the Casino so that he might prove an alibi in that affair we knew of? Ha, ha, ha! His Highness was not any too well pleased when he had to pay for the money thou lost for

him that night, thou rogue!" A slight smile crept over the chaufferr's impassive face. He was thinking of other and greater escapades since then and asking himself with decided curiosity if the count read dally papers.

"Son Altesse has not been well of late," he ventured guardedly. "He was quite seriously ill at Liverpool, and those Eng-lish journals have it that he is down with some malignant disease at the present moment."

"I am not surprised," assented the other indifferently. "The reporters probably say the same things about myself. never have time to read anything nowadays but the foreign dispatches. A diplomat's life is no sinecure in this country, where one is feted and entertained from night till morning ! A ball here, a dinner there, a carnival beyond-one can scarcely keep one's appointments at the Embassy." He yawned. "Ah, bah! I have not slept for a week, and the appetite it comes no more in eating. Sarto, thy simple, uneventful existence, my man, is more to be envied. The fatigue ! To-night am at Newport-only here for the day to meet some ladies," he rubbed his nose savagely, "whom, alas! I have not met. Plague take those steamship companies ! And he fell silent, musing over his wrongs, while the chauffeur gazed out of the window and the cab pursued its tortu-

ous way. At last Count Souravieff turned his keen gray eyes on his companion. "There were two American ladies on board the Majestic," he said suddenly, "friends of mine,--a Madame Reechard Wareeug and her dame de compagnie,

vous les avez remarke, mon ami Sarto? (To be continued.)

THE "WIZARD." EDISON. ······

Not long ago, says F. A. Jones in "Thomas Alva Edison," a Parislan pa- "I should hope that you wouldn't per published the following amusing feel pleasure to hear of the death of



he double-chinned eltizen with the shaggy cycbrows. "He don't need any your pity, does he?" "Didn't you hear about it?" asked he sentimental-looking man. "He's

dead. He died hast Wednesday. Took pneumonla."

"He'd take anything he could get his ands on if the owner wasn't looking." said the double-chinned citizen, "Weil, If he's dead, he probably is to be pit-Just.

"He's dead," remonstrated the sentiental-looking man.

"So you told me," said the double hinned citizen. "It's a long lane that asn't any turning. So he died a natual death, ch? I never expected it." "Why?"

"He took out an accident policy for year less than nine months ago," relied the double-chinned man.

"He left quite a good deal of money, heard," said the sentimental-looking man

"The first time in his life," said the double-chinned man. "I don't see how he brought himself to do it, at that, He must have lost consciousness at the last."

"Tut, tut!" said the sentimentallooking man, "When a man's dead we ought to forget his faults and remember his virtues."

"I can't remember any that he had, said the double-chinned citizen, "and my memory is a pretty good one."

"I was at the funeral," said the sen timental-looking man, "The ser----' "Did they give him a funeral?" asked the double-chinned citizen.

"Of course they did." "I didn't know. I thought perhaps

-I beg pardon. You were going to say something about the sermon, weren't you? I think he was a good subject for a sermon. Anybody there besides you?"

"The family was there, naturallyand a few of his friends."

"I thought he had always lived in Chicago."

"What do you mean?"

"Where did his friends come from then?" asked the double-chinned citizen. "I'm mighty sure he didn't have any here."

"Well, he wasn't a man who had many intimates," admitted the sentimental-looking man. "I can't say l knew him intimately, myself."

"If you had you wouldn't have at tended the funeral," said the double chinned citizen. "I knew him fairly well. About \$600 worth, exclusive of

attorney's fees. Still, I don't know that I wouldn't have gone if I had got an invitation, just to make sure. You're positive that he was dead, are you? You aren't just telling me he is

to please me?"

pounds plus the weight of the packet. The entire lond is placed on specially constructed wheelbarrows. Arriving where the bricklayer is working, the packet is placed on the stock platform of the scaffold. The last step is the placing of the packet on the wall by the bricklayer, requiring only the moving of the arms and hands. The tossing of a brick in the hands of a bricklayer, so characteristic of the old method, is made entirely unnecessary. The best face of the brick is always upward, and there is considerable saving of energy and time. In this way an experienced bricklayer will do two or three times the amount of work done before, and a good wall is as sured

AS TO DROWNED PERSONS.

Absence of Water in the Lungs Need Not Indicate Murder,

Several cases have been reported in the newspapers recently in which the absence of water in the lungs of persons found immersed in ponds and rivers has led to the conclusion that death had occurred before immersion, and that the crime was therefore murder, and not sulcide, says the New York Times. As the matter is of great criminal importance, permit me to call attention briefly to the report in 1862 of a committee appointed by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical society of Londen to investigate this question.

It was a well-known fact that in most drowned persons water was not found to the lungs, and it was supposed by many that in drowning a spasmodic contraction of the entrance of the windpipe took place which prevented the entrance of water. The committee made a very careful and prolonged investigation and came to the conclusion which I summarize as follows :

1. Water does not enter the lungs in drowning. In animals drowned by immersion in water the lungs, if examined immediately afterward, are full of water. If a dog be drowned in plaster of paris the plaster is found in the smallest tubes. In a guinea pig whose nose only has been immersed in mercury the globules of mercury penetrate

the finer tubes. 2. If the examination be delayed for several hours or longer, as is generally the case, no water may be found in the lungs, absorption having taken place even after death. In experiments upon animals it was found that forty or fifty ounces of water could be introduced into the lungs without any of the liquid being detected there an hour or two

afterward. In cases of undoubted drownings in human beings, when the examination was delayed for several hours, after death, fragments of water plants and other foreign substances may be found

in the wind pipe and larger tubes without any water being detected in the tissue of the lungs. Absorption of water takes place in the lungs even after death and therefore the absence of water in the lungs many hours after death has no bearing upon the question of murder or suicide. It is very important that this fact should be generally known.

DISLIKE FOR DEATH.

cently deceased never used the word

"death." and always resented its ut-

terance in his presence. We know an-

man, and if his name were given the

consensus of opinion would be that he

has lived a better life than the major-

ity of human beings. Having this con-

iction, and being satisfied further that

he can rely upon the justice at least

of the One in whose image he himself

being human, he enjoys the distinction

of his exceptional opportunities, and

that, like Thomas Jefferson, he objects

The Popping Stone.

"The popping stone" marks the spot

Lanercest priory prove attractions to

visitors to Glisland .- London Chroni-

-Woman's Home Companion.

ent to put in a donini."-Judge.

She Might Not Like It.

that his wife made him what he is."

always careful to assure himself be-

fore admitting it that she isn't pres

"Old man Pilkinson candidly admits

"Yes. But I have noticed that he is

to going even to heaven as one of a

American Review.

cle.

brush your teeth."

(Sources

THE !!

hieved.



Nothing I Ate Agreed With Me. MRS. LENORA BODENHAMER.

Mrs. Lenora Bodenhamer, R. F. D. I. Box 99, Kernersville, N. C., writes:

"I suffered with stomach trouble and indigestion for some time, and noth-ing that I ate agreed with me. I was very nervous and experienced a continual feeling of preasiness and fear. I took feeling of procasiness and fear. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did me

"I found in one of your Peruna books a description of my symptoms. I then wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He said I had entarrh of the stomach. I took Peruna and Manalin and followed his directions and can now say that I feel as well as I ever did. "I hope that all who are afflicted with

the same symptoms will take Peruns, as it has certainly cured me." The above is only one of hundreds who have written similar letters to Dr. Hartman. Just one such case as this entitles Peruna to the candid consideration of every one similarly afflicted. If this be true of the testimony of one person what ought to be the testimony of hundreds, yes thousands, of honest, sin-cere people? We have in our files a great many other testimonials.

Lest he Forget.

Harold's mother-we'll call him Harold-went abroad a month ago, leaving Hareld under the somewhat unsubstantial control of his elder sisters, says the New York Sun.

In spite of the itemized directions with which even unto the mement of final leavetaking she had not ceased to bombard him Harold's mother was far from sure that her efforts would have any lasting effect.

Her voyage was more or less disturbed by these doubts, but before she landed on the other side she bad determined on a course of action. Like all small boys, Harold is most covetous of picture post cards and had looked forward to a harvest from his mother's trip. He got it. Every day she sent at least one card.

And whatever else it bore in the way of inscription there was not one which failed of this introduction : "Just as soon as you get this go and

In Dus Form.

from forty to fifty years. There are many species of the Agave family, native to northern Mexico, where it is called the Maguey. The plant furnishes "palque," the national drink of Mexico.

At the time of blooming the plant thrown up a single stock of rapid growth to the height of twelve to twenty feet, from which the tassel-like flowers spreat forth. This great flower stalk draws all the sap and vigor from the body of the plant, which soon withers and dies

At the base of the thick green leaves ad Hotte suckers, each with a are for root, which, when planted, at once begin to grew. The end and edges of the leaves are well armed with stiff sharp spines, the prick of which is very pain-

the plant from the ravages of rabbits and other desert rodents .- Technical World Magazine.

Mulching Roses.

Your roses will come through the winter in much better condition if you will give them a heavy mulching of manure. Pat on enough so that when it has settled there will be a 6-inch mulch. Do not apply the mulch until

or last of October .-- Garden Magazine. EAGER TO WORK.

the cold weather has come-the middle

Health Regained by Right Food. The sverage healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Mich. lady, my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble.

"At fimes my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever.

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent Well hendache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question.

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read. at the time. At last when it seemed as if I were literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts.

"I had not been able to work for a ycar, but now after two months on Grape-Nots I am eager to be at work ngain. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever. and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health. "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Rend "The Road to Wellville," in pkas.

Ever read the above letter? A w one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of tuman interest.

Mrs. Waring glanced around from his gloomy contemplation of the scene in answer to ber remark. ionie. "Over?" he repeated, in carefully ac cented English. "I do not know about

that. Why should it be over?" end of the cab sat the girl looking deter-He sat up suddenly with an alert move minedly out of her window. Then, with ment and looked at the morning, then at Gussie, who lounged beside him, a very

smart, brilliant personage in her cadete, tailor-made fittings. "That depends"-Mrs. Waring told him, with smiling evasiveness-"every bling depends on your definition of it."

The other pondered an instant. "The it to which I was referring," he said gravely, "is an exceedingly difficuit matter to define. I have been trying to to so during the past five days but in vain. It buffles me; it eludes me; it is bewildering, alluving, impossible !"

"Why impossible?" asked Gussie, with lifted eyebrows. She sat smiling enigmat-'This is nature's way of protecting leally and toying with the rings on her ungloved hands.

> Involuntarily Sarto's eyes dropped to the hands, studying them intently. They were so characteristic of the woman, so perfectly made, so indolent, so inxurious, to tantalizingly within his reach ! "I wonder if it is impossible!" he spec

ulated, in a curiously vibrant tone. Only a few words spoken and Gussia

Waring would be engaged to him-the former employer at the mercy of her discarded chauffeur. He had a heavy score against the woman beside him ! Why not

pllect it now in full? "Why not?" asked the man breathless ly, and he leaned forward.

It was while the inevitable, orthodo words were shaping themselves on hi lips, which Gussle was so evidently expecting, that a boot-heel clicked sharply in the deck floor, and suddenly, athwari its white expanse between the two, a long

shadow fell, blotting out the sun. "Oh, is that you, Mr. Blantock?" Gus sie's tones were not precisely cordial "Have you anything new to report to us?" "I wish I had, Mrs. Waring," confessed the detective apologetically. "But

luck's against me now. Here we are almost in and no news of our man. Taking out a cigarette imperturbably from his vest pocket, the man to whom he was referring lit it and raised his eyes

to the once dreaded brown overcoat. "Did you indeed expect to meet Sarto on board?" he inquired pleasantly and a vulture's beak.

with the utmost nouchalance. The detective hesitated a moment

Your Highness !" he explained doublfully, "I thought it was on the cards that he'd try to make this steamer, and the sharpest of us can't always tell to an inch where a crook of that sort'll stow himself. I don't deny I had a sort of idea at first that the man might be on where." this steamer."

"And are you guite convinced that h assuredly is not?" inquired the chauffeur. still in matter-of-fact tones and between do you suppose?"

steady whiffs of his cigarette. The chauffeur abrugged his shoulders The detettive looked vaguely injured. "All I can say," he volunteered sulkily tic way. "is that there isn't a corner of the ship that I don't know about and not a pas

senger who can't be accounted for. No." There was a moment's pause while Sor be turned decisively to Mrs. Waring, "my opes are now all banked over here. We've tion.

got our men on the lookout, you see, and no shipping can get in without being cab, pretty thoroughly overhauled. My opin ton is that we'll land him before long.' "I should not be at all surprised if you tel. It is in my own direction. Diable !" ... right," agreed the individual in queshe jumped into the trap with a word to

the driver, Sarto following. "Curses take

skit, which imagines Mr. Edison in any fellow creature," "Except the only one that matters to his laboratory, hearing the news of a mental-looking man. "I know you are me," finished the other in a very low He glauced around. Buist was shouting directions to the cabman, and at the other

out of breath, and exclaims to the great electrician: a daring laugh, "I ought not to go," said

Sarto sotto-voce, "but 1 cannot resist it | terrible." just for a few days!" "Four o'clock then."

And he drew back as the carriage started off, his parting look more than his words haunting Gussie for the rest of the morning, filling her with an agreeable sense of satisfaction-and Mrs. Waring needed satisfaction.

Never in the course of her successful areer had she been so baffled ! For, in spite of the enforced propinquity given by a long five-days voyage, exposed to the romantic influences of the sea and every opportunity that art could devise and coquetry sanction, the incredible fact remained that the Prince del Pino had not proposed !

The cab with its two inmates had rolled away, and Sarto was making off, his eves on the ground, mechanically retracing his steps into the quay office, when he hamped violently against some one who was hastening in the opposite directiona middle-aged person, evidently a foreigner, in a light gray spring suit, with a striped waistcoat, vivid tie, and immacu-

late derby. Throwing a casual glance at our friend this man was passing rapidly by him with an angry execration in French, when sudden idea made him stop short and whirl spasmodically round on his heel. "Sarto !" he cried, still in French "Why ! It is my old friend Ludovic Sarto ?

Flushing and paling by turns, the chauffeur stood still, glancing about him with swift apprehension. Heaven be praised! Buist had taken

himself off just in time ! Recovering himself, "M. le Comte Souravieff !" he said. also in French, with a deferential bow. "This is indeed a pleasure."

"You came over with the prince, I take it," the other returned, with a smile. He had remarkably white, even teeth and keen gray eyes that lit up pleasantly, the effect of his well-modelled, strongjawed face being, however, somewhat mar red by a large aquiline nose shaped like

"By the way, where is Son Altesse?" Sarto glanced around, his abnormally alert mind sorting out the possibilities of the situation just as an experienced gamester looks over his hand. "Where is Sor Altesse?" he achoed wonderingly. "But a

moment ago he was handing some ladies into a cab, and now I see him not any "Gone !" ejaculated the other blankly,

and I came to the docks especially to meet him. What can have become of him.

'Who knows?" he said, in his characteris-"My orders are to swait Son Altesse at the Hotel Waldorf. That is all I can tell you."

ravieff seemed to be considering the situa-

"Well !" he said at length, halling a "there is nothing to be done, so far as I can see, but to return. Come, mmy friend, I will give you a lift to your ho-

the was standing up now, his hand in these steamship companies. Here have I form of evror .- Boylston.

declaration of war between Great Brit- not in earnest, though, when you say ain and the United States. A young things like that. He was a good husman, his assistant, rushes in, pale and band."

"Oh, master, war is declared! It is

"Ah !" says the master. "War declared, ch? And where is the British army at this moment?"

"Embarking, sir." "Embarking where?"

"At Liverpool."

"At Liverpool, yes. Now, my friend, would you please join the ends of those two wires hanging there against the wall? That is right. Now bring them to me. Good! Now be kind enough

to press the button." The assistant presses the button. "Very well," says the inventor. "Now

do you know what is taking place in Liverpool?"

"The British army is embarking, sir." The inventor pulls out his watch and Dally News. clances at the time. "There is no British army," he says, curtly.

"What?" screams the assistant. "When you touched the button you starple Device Results in Econom

lestroyed it." "Oh, this is frightful!" "It is not frightful at all. It is sel-

dition embarks at any port, please come plan by which an expert bricklayer can and tell me at once. Ten seconds after- do two or even three times as much ward it will simply be out of existence. work and assure a good job. That is all."

"There seems to be no reason why plan having originated with Frank B. America should be afraid of its enemies Gilbrethe, of New York City, says the after this, slr."

"I am inclined to believe you," says the master, smiling slightly. "But in order to avoid further trouble, I think stood the experiments made so satisit would be best to destroy England altogether."

"To--to destroy England-" "Kindly touch button No. 4 there." The assistant touches it. The inventor counts ten-"eight, nine, ten, it is all over. There is no England." "Oh! oh!" screams the young man.

"Now we can go quietly on with our work," says the master. "And if we should be at war with any other nation, yon have only to notify me. I have an electric button connected with every foreign country which will destroy when pressed. In ten minutes I could destroy every country in the world, the United States included.

"Be careful, now, that you don't touch any of those buttons accidentally. You might do a lot of damage."

A Difference.

"Did I understand you to say," asked the court, "that there had been collusion between this husband and wife?" "No, your honor," responded the lawmy client's black eye. I said 'collision." --- Philadelphia Ledger.

Every failure can be a step toward success; every detection of what is false directs us toward what is true;

"He had to be," said the double chinned citizen, "You saw his widow,

didn't you? A man would have to be other man, quite as rich in worldly good to her, unless he preferred the goods, who suffers from the some dissociety of a trained nurse and the hoslike in a degree even more intense. A pital atmosphere. So they preached a standing order maintains in his house funeral sermon! Did the minister menhold that all obituary notices be clipped tion his watch?" from newspapers before they reach his

"No," replied the sentimental-look eve. It is not because he is fearful of ing man, wonderingly. "Why should consequences in the hereafter, for he he? sincerely believes himself to be a good

"It's customary to speak of a man's good works on such an occasion." said the double-chinned citizen. "I supposed that he would have to make the most

of Ganby's." "You must have disliked the poot fellow," said the sentimental-looking man with the thin whiskers.

was created, he feels no apprehension "What makes you think that?" asked of an untoward fate. He simply cannot bear the thought of dying. He the double-chinned citizen .--- Chicago loves to live to do good. It may be that,

LAY TWICE AS MANY BRICKS.

of Time and Labor.

flock. The greatest of philosophers prononneed the building of a church or Of the thousands of bricklayers who have laid millions of brick few, if any, chapel by a rich man an act of cowardnce. Now, every time a British expe-would believe it possible to devise a ice. Mark Twain calls it hedging. But this man is not a coward; nor does he feel the necessity of currying favor with the Almighty. It simply is that

> Yet this has been done recently, the the consciousness of what he can do now is present in his mind in every waking moment, and the apprehension Architects and Builders' Journal. The that he may be less efficient in the beyoud is what troubles him .- North olan is described as the packet system

It is now stated that the system has factorily that Mr. Gilbrethe is able to cut down the time of construction ma-

terially. where Sir Walter Scott asked Miss The packet is so simple that the Carpenter to marry him. It is situwonder is that it was not thought of ated in the beautiful valley of the Irmany years ago. A little wooden thing, at Gilsland, an island waterframe or tray allows the bricklayer ing place near Carlisle. The popping to place his fingers underneath the stone is visited by many thousands brick while it is resting on edge. The during the summer months, and it is bricks are piled on edge in what the said many a laggard lover has had his bricklayers call "bull headers." in courage screwed up to popping point rows of ten bricks each. This is done at this romantic spot. In the imme by tenders at the car or cart. After diate neighborhood may also be seen the tenders have so stacked the bricks "Mumps Ha," which Scott immortalized they remain undisturbed until the in "Guy Mannering," while a little bricklayer picks them up from the farther afield the Roman wall and

packet, one at a time, and places them upon the wall. The time saved by the bricklayer in

not being obliged to pick up two pieces of a broken brick instead of a whole

A woman's letter, however sweet, Without a postseript is not complete. brick, nor especially select the best "It's just like her," men jeeringly say. brick for the exterior four inches of For once we will let them have their way. the wall, nor to discard broken bricks, It is like her ! When all else was wrought are some of the advantages claimed for She was created-an afterthought ; the packet system. Thus, in the course And tike the P. S. of her letter, of a day the advantage of having all yer, "not by a mighty sight. Look at the best bricks put on the same packets. She is, therefore, so much the better. and the inferior, chipped and broken

pleces put on others, amounts to a surprising increase in the total work ac complished by a gaug of bricklayers. The process is thus : The packets are filled by laborers from the car or cart. every trial exhausts some tempting The bricks are put face up in two rows of ten each, a weight of about ninety

Millionaire Who Always Resea Any Reference to It. Orlando Speenamore had proposed. One pathetic phase attending the accumulation of great riches is the necessity of dying. A millionaire re-

"I shall have to refer you to papa, said the young and lovely Clarinda Hewli-Orlando reflected

"Yes," he said, "I suppose that is the correct procedure. I take the initiative and you order the referendum."-Chicago Tribune.

PERFECT HEALTH

After Years of Backache, Dissinces and Kidney Disorders,

Mrs. R. C. Richmond, of Northward Iowa, sava: "For years I was a martyr to kidney trouble, backache, dizzy

spells, headaches and a terrible bearing down pain. I used one remedy af-ter another without benefit. Finally I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and the backache ceased. Encouraged, 1 kept on and by the time I

had used three boxes not a sign of the trouble remained. My health is perfect Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HAVE EGG SHAPED HEADS.

Queer Fashions Among the Natives of the New Hebrides.

The egg shaped heads of some of the natives of Malekula, in the New He brides, were once thought to be naturally conical. For that reason scientific men decided that the Malekulans were In the lowest rung of the human ladder, says the National Geographical Magazine.

Later it was found that the conical

heads were produced as the Chinese

women distorted their feet, by binding

them in infancy. The egg shaped head

is still fashionable in Malekula, where

some extraordinary results are ac-

The conical shape is produced by

winding strong sennit cord spirally

about the heads of the young bables

and tightening the colls from time to

time. A piece of plaited mat is first

put on the head and the cord is colled

over this, so as to give it a good pur-

chase. The crown of the head is left

to develop in the upward and back-

ward fashion that is so much admired.

One fears the poor babies suffer very

much from the process. The child I

saw was fretful and crying and looked

as if it were constantly in pain; but

the mother, forgetting for the moment

her fear of the strange white woman,

showed it to me quite proudly, pointing

She had a normally shaped head her-

self and it seemed that she had suffer-

ed by her parents' neglect of this im-

portant matter, for she was married

to a man who was of no particular ac-

count. A young girl who was stand-

ing beside her had evidently had a

more careful mother, for her head was

almost sugar-loaf shaped. It is inter-

esting to know that this well-brought up

young woman has married a chief.

out the cords with a smile.