

ELECTRIC MOTOR CAR

RAPIDLY SUPPLANTING STEAM LOCOMOTIVES.

Jews and Saloons. London saloon keepers say that they are likely to be driven out of business whenever a large Jewish population settles in their neighborhood. The Jews are reported to be much more abstemious in the use of liquors than Christians.

No Good. A father in England is never much good at a wedding. He is usually cross and commercial; thinking of what the job will cost him.—London Opinion and To-day.

For Cheerful Existence. A sunny, cheerful view of life—resting on truth and fact, co-existing with practical aspirations ever to make things, self and men better than they are—that, I believe, is the true health-poetry of existence.

Already Perfect. Let no man venture to lay hands on Shakespeare's works thinking to improve anything essential; he will be sure to punish himself.—A. W. Schlegel.

WORST CASE OF ECZEMA. Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged—Marvellous Cure by Cuticura.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us, and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. A friend teased me to try Cuticura, and I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; and in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

The man who is too good for anything is often good for nothing.

Torture of Women. It was a terrible torture that Mrs. Gertrude McFarland, of King's Mountain, N. C., describes, as follows: "I suffered dreadful periodical pain, and became so weak I was given up to die, when my husband got me Wine of Cardui. The first dose gave relief, and with 3 bottles I am up doing my work. I cannot say enough in praise of Cardui." A wonderful remedy for women's ills. At druggists, \$1.00.

He who lays out each day with prayer leaves it with praise.

Try Garfield Tea! It purifies the blood, cleanses the system, brings good health.

The wisdom from above will be known by its works below.

U. S. NAVY enlistees for four years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 25, apprentices seamen, opportunities for advancement, pay \$16 to \$78 a month. Electricians, machinists, blacksmiths, cooper-makers, yeomen (clerks), carpenters, shipfitters, firemen, musicians, cooks, etc., between 21 and 35 years enlistees in special ratings with suitable pay; hospital apprentices 18 to 25 years. Retirement on three-fourths pay and allowances after 20 years service. Applicants must be American citizens.

Free transportation from place of enlistment to place of enlistment, and free outfit of clothing, amounting to \$45 furnished every recruit. Upon discharge, free transportation to place of enlistment. For full particulars address Navy Recruiting Station, Postoffice Building, Omaha, Neb., or U. S. Recruiting Station, EUSTON BLOCK, 12th and O Sts., Lincoln, Neb.

You cannot measure a man's righteousness by his binder.

Lewis' Single Binder Clear has a rich taste, dear dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Righteousness is never better for taking a rest.

A Strange Story. Mrs. Isaac W. Austill, of Chestnut Ridge, N. C., tells a strange story of great suffering. "I was in bad condition for months, but got no relief. My periods had stopped, all but the pain. After taking part of a bottle of Wine of Cardui, nature worked properly and without pain. I advise all suffering women to use Cardui." A pure specific remedy for women's ills. \$1.00, at druggists.

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S PHILOSOPHY.

We have now the production which is all scenery, costumes, mechanics, humbugs and cheap literature.

We are altogether too prone to think evil of our neighbors and to try to do them evil. We scowl too much; we smile too little.

Well bred people nowadays dine at home before they go to a dinner party, and then rush off after dinner to an unloving game of bridge.

In certain sections of New York City the sun never penetrates to the streets, and the germs, therefore, are not destroyed by its beneficial rays.

When hats and indifference have killed love, this earth will become as cold as the moon, and there will be nothing living but a few big, cold, slimy, bloodless slugs.

When you have climbed to the top of the hill, if you keep on going you must go down the other side, or else turn around and go down the side you have climbed up, or else sit down on top and freeze.

It is very difficult to keep on striking twelve every night. The bell tongue wears out after awhile.—Chicago American.

Steps Which the Great Railroads Are Taking to Install the New Motive Power—Cheaper, Cleaner and Better.

A few years ago when some one had the boldness to propound the question: "Will the electric railway motor supplant the steam locomotive?" it excited a smile of amused incredulity among railroad men, and nothing more, but the developments of recent years have clearly demonstrated that electricity is about to give the steam locomotive a fight to a finish, with the odds in favor of the former motive power.

It was in 1888 that the first street car was successfully pulled through the streets of Richmond, Va., by an electric motor, and from that humble beginning it has widened its sphere of usefulness until it has not only become the motive power on suburban and interurban lines, but many electric roads have been built to parallel steam lines, and has shown itself a dangerous rival, for whereas the first electric cars were equipped with a 15-horse power motor, cars are now built up to 400 and 500-horse power.

Railroad companies are notoriously conservative in their business methods, but as every new electrical triumph meant another incroachment upon the steam locomotive, these advances became so persistent that at last the railroad companies were forced to take notice in self-defense. And now practically every trunk line railroad company has begun the installation of electricity on its lines, or is making preparations to take this step in the immediate future.

The New York Central railroad is equipping its main line with an electric system to run trains from the Grand Central station in New York up into the state as far as Albany. At a recent meeting of the directors it was decided to issue \$150,000,000 additional stock to be used in extending their lines in New York by electric roads.

The Pennsylvania railroad has for some time operated electric trains on its Long Island division, and this work is now being constantly extended. The same company recently made another contract for the electrical equipment of its line from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. These lines, as is well known, have heretofore been operated by some of the finest trains that ever ran on this continent, and at a speed not exceeded anywhere.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford recently contracted for 30 electric locomotives to be installed on their line between New York and Stamford, Conn. They have already begun to equip some of their main tracks electrically. The power house, where the electric current is to be generated, is well under way, and before long electric express trains will run on a regular daily schedule.

The Erie railroad is the next road which will introduce electricity on part of its main line, and once the start has been made there, the Gould roads will naturally fall in line.

The Grand Trunk line recently contracted for electric power to operate its lines under the St. Clair river between Detroit and Windsor.

The Illinois Central railroad is making similar preparations for the introduction of electricity; indeed, there is

The American National Red Cross Association

Help When Warring Elements Bring Suffering as Well as in Times That Nations War—Practical Business Methods.

prisoner, Senorita Pauline Westery; a prisoner whose fate depends upon her discretion in writing her name. Jose! Sancho! once more lay hold upon our fair captive.

"Hands off, there!"

These words come in a roar; the steam-gauge has burst under the tremendous strain, a human cyclone rushes through the doorway, and up to the men who are about to obey their friend and master, by laying hands upon the girl who dares defy his will.

Upon them Dick Denver plunges with all the speed of a wild-cat engine, and when the impact has come two Mexican gentlemen are seen flying in as many different directions with an impetuosity that is alarming, while their impelling power, the man who has come upon the scene thus suddenly, stands there, facing the whole roomful of people.

Pauline sees, she comprehends, she gasps, in a happy delirium:

"Thank Heaven! It is my hero. It is Dick!"

The storm that rages down the Sierra Madre through arroyo and barranca, cutting woods and chaparral in its way, does not produce more consternation than the coming of this human hurricane, before which Jose and Sancho have gone down in confusion.

Senor Lopez starts back in alarm; his crafty black eyes are fixed upon the face of the man; he sees the driver who was hired to serve him, looks further, and discovers more.

"The accursed American!" he hisses, his swarthy face expressing the utmost rage, for already has Dick Denver played havoc with his plans, and a man of his fiery temper cannot stand being balked.

Dick knows he is in the midst of men who have reason to hate him; he believes that more than one carries a cachillo that they would willingly avente in his blood, consequently, after having sent the two men into different corners, with his fists, he draws out something that will go farther, something with which a man can overtake an enemy who may be fleeing from him, and fifty feet away, since a bullet is gifted with the wings of the lightning.

"Gentlemen all, this lady is under my protection; I mean to see her safely to her hotel, and the man who interferes does it at his peril! I am an American, Dick Denver is my name, and any one who wants satisfaction will find me at the Iturbide. Now stand back, every one."

"Dora!"

"Oh, Mr. Denver!"

"Come, Miss Pauline, we must leave this inhospitable house," he cries.

"Mercy!" moans the wretched senora, whose hospitality has been so abused by her husband, and one of the worst things a Spaniard could do.

(To Be Continued.)

How full of meaning the words "Red Cross." They bespeak humanitarianism, those wearing the badge are given right of way wherever emergency calls for quick relief, ready response of medical skill and nurse's aid. We hear the San Franciscans were somewhat irritated that President Roosevelt should have doubted the people of their stricken city would be equal to organization and conduct of relief work, for a moment felt unready to bid welcome to the Red Cross official sent out to take charge of contributions; but the president immediately gave assurance that turning over authority to the Red Cross association was merely intended to fill a gap, an emergency measure, the organization brought to the fore that people might feel their gifts were to be disbursed by experienced hands, by business-like methods. This assurance, and the attitude of Dr. Devine, the Red Cross representative, at once puts matters on an amiable footing, city and Red Cross are to act in harmony.

Miss Clara Barton, the organizer of the first American Red Cross society, is now well up in years, and some time ago it was thought best that a younger person assume the responsibilities of president. Through a long series of campaigns—beginning with the forest fires in Michigan and ending with the Galveston disaster—Miss Barton had directed the activities of the society in a work of much beneficence; "large sums of money, contributed by the public, were usefully expended; human suffering was alleviated in many widely separated fields; and thousands of people were helped to get on their feet after they had been stricken down by catastrophes of nature or the operations of war."

Waite by no means minimizing the beneficence of the work done, criticism began to be heard of a lack of business methods in the Red Cross work, chief among the criticisms the declaration of the society's failure to make and publish properly audited statements of receipts and disbursements. During the Spanish war a number of business men in New York, wishing to cooperate with the Red Cross work, offered to give the society all the moneys collected; Miss Barton would allow them to send a representative to Cuba to supervise expenditures and audit accounts. Their proposition was declined, and the business men decided to organize what became known as the New York Red Cross Auxiliary, the organization controlling its own expenditures and at the end publishing a detailed account thereof.

It was at this time the suggestion was made, with all the tact possible, that Miss Barton resign the post she had so long honored and her place be taken by a practical business man. Miss Barton appeared to think favorably of the suggestion at first, but later decided not to retire, obtained a charter from congress and reorganized the society. From now on the public were made aware of serious increase of friction—details need not be entered into; suffice it to say the public rejoiced when discord ceased, a bill was passed incorporating the American National Red Cross association.

An editorial in the Outlook, calling attention to the first annual meeting of the reorganized society, makes this comment by the need there had been for reorganization: "The American Red Cross was organized in 1882. For more than 20 years it has led an active existence. How far short it has come of the objects for which it was organized was seen, more than ever before, in 1904, comparing it with other branches of the International Red Cross. Leaving out of calculation doctors, nurses, hospitals and materials, in the item of funds alone the Italian society reported in that year over \$800,000, the German society over \$900,000, the Austrians over \$1,700,000, the French over \$1,800,000, and the Japanese over \$4,000,000. Ours reported \$1,702! As the Japanese society was largest in material resources, so it was also largest in membership—over 800,000 adherents; our membership was 123! Despite its useful work the American Red Cross was not only

uncared for. M. Dunant was so impressed with the dreadful spectacle he determined to take some step to waken the nations to the need of organized volunteer aid. He traveled from court to court in Europe, and as a result of his efforts a conference was held in Geneva in 1862, the following year the convention was ratified by the high signatory powers; provision made for reforms in the treatment of the injured in battle, for the protection of hospital work, all hospitals to be indicated by a certain flag, a red cross on a white ground.

Shortly after the institution of the Red Cross its beneficence was called into play. In the war of 1866 nearly 14,000 wounded Austrians were cared for by the Prussian society of the Red Cross, and in the Franco-Prussian war the Red Cross had 25,000 beds in towns between Dusseldorf and Baden alone. It was while helping on the battlefield in the last named war that Miss Barton, one of the best nurses of our civil war, realized the need for organizing a Red Cross society in America, and on her return home she laid the matter before President Garfield, himself a soldier and cognizant of conditions in time of war. With out undue delay the American Red Cross society was organized. "Even outside the miseries of war, this organization has for its prime object the relief of the suffering. Muskets and cannon may be silent for awhile, but the warring elements, fire, water and wind may cause suffering at any time. With this in view there has been added to the original what is called 'the American amendment.'"



DR. DEVINE, RED CROSS REPRESENTATIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

Governor Found Himself in a Predicament and Schemed to Squirm Out of It.

A couple of years ago a governor of one of the southern states went to Palm Beach, Florida, for a short holiday. He registered at one of the magnificent hotels and was assigned to a luxurious suite of rooms. He was comfortably installed, relates Lippincott's, when a friend came in to call on him. "This is a wonderful apartment they have given you," said the visitor. "Why, yes," replied the governor, "I've never enjoyed such luxury in my life. Never saw such a place! They just showed me to these rooms, but I've been wondering if they realized that I was a poor man. What do you suppose they'll charge me?"

"Well, governor," answered the other, "I happen to know about that. The last man, a railroad president from New York, paid \$75 a day for these very rooms."

"Scissors to grind," cried the unfortunate politician, "I've only got \$50. I'll have to leave at once. But look here, Jim, I don't want to coness. I can't pay for at least one day so you go down to the station and telegraph me to come home at once. I will meet you at the station within an hour."

When the governor arrived at the station he found the friend waiting as he had arranged.

"You got my telegram all right?"

"Got it!" said the governor in a despairing voice, "I should say so. I believe I am the unluckiest man alive. Why, when I went to ask for my bill what do you suppose the clerk said? He told me there was no bill—said they would be honored if I stay a year!"

CLOTHES HELP CIVILIZE.

Philippine Savages Were Made Peaceable by Introduction of Them.

"Why do you want this, and what do you come here for, anyhow?" questioned, at one of these meetings, the old sultan of Bayabao, writes R. L. Bullard, in Atlantic, after I had just finished dealing out quinine to him and his begging retinue one raw, rainy day. "We are satisfied as we are," he added, vehemently, as he sat shivering in bare feet, thin shirt, and flimsy trousers before me, well, warmly, and dryly clad.

"Have you such shoes and clothes as I feel to warm your body and protect your feet? Oh have you such medicines as I have just given you to cure your sickness?" I answered, "You know how the great crowd listened. 'We do, and have come to show you. That is why.'"

To this day he and his people have not fought the Americans, nor resisted their government.

No More Swinging.

Mother Monkey—What's the matter, dear? Why are you crying?

Little Monk—The teacher told me I'd evolve into a human being some day and I'll have to lose my tail.—Detroit Free Press.

All Over.

"What's the matter, Jack? You look cut up."

"I am. You know, I came 300 miles to see Miss Hardcastle. Well, I called on her last night, and, by mistake, sent up my pawa ticket instead of my card."—Stray Stories.

CHAPTER XVI.

Locking Horns.

Exclamations burst out on all sides, and more than one Mexican oath is heard. Lopez looks as black as a thunder-cloud, though he smiles in a cruel way, as only a Mexican can.

"Ah! you will give us the trouble to make out a new document. It is easily done. Understand, you go no forth until you have signed. This time there is no dashing cowboy to fly to your rescue; we have looked after him, senorita. If you refuse to sign, this night sees his death."

Here is a new factor brought to bear—her love for Dick. It may influence her more than anything else. The man in the doorway hears this threat with a feeling of rage; he can restrain himself but little longer, and then a Texan cloud-burst will sweep into that library, threatening to overcome all before it.

"You are cruel; you are contemptible! What has any one else to do with my business? You would scruple at nothing in order to further your designs," she cries.

"That is just where you are right, senorita! gloats the Hidalgo, seeing signs of relenting.

"She gives in! We have won!" exclaims more than one among those present.

"You are wrong; I will not sign; Mr. Denver is capable of looking after himself," comes her answer, and the expectant faces darken again.

"Then nothing remains but force. You have said I am cruel; you compel me to be so. Consider yourself a



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE DATHORNE

Chapter XV.—Continued.

In front of the door Dick halts his team. Lights abound just here, a number of colored lanterns hanging from the trees. The music of a fountain can be heard close by, and the air is heavy with the intoxicating perfume of flowers.

A carpet has been laid upon the steps, for these Mexicans of the upper class know all the wrinkles of Fifth avenue or the boulevards of Paris. As the pretended driver hands the ladies out, he gives no indication of his identity, but Dora looks at him closely—Dora, whose eyes are so sharp that little escapes them.

He does not know whether she suspects or not, but sees the ladies mount the steps, at the top of which they are met by the senora, and all vanish from his vision.

Dick looks after his horses. Several servants approach him, as though anxious to talk, but they get such short, surly answers to their questions that they soon give up trying to make the acquaintance of the boor. Thus Dick is left severely alone, which is just what he wants.

If Lopez is in this game at all, what will be his plan of action. Does he intend to strike while Pauline is under the roof of Morales, or has he bought the driver of the vehicle and expects him to deliver the young American, who controls the El Dorado, into his hands?

The time wears on. Between the music he can hear laughter and the sound of voices, as though the inmates of the house are having a pleasant time. Dick smiles grimly. He is quite content to stand on guard while the girl he loves enjoys herself



Meets His Assailants with His Fists.

it gives him a thrill to think that he may be in a measure looked upon as her protector.

Then his thoughts fly in another direction. Has Bob kept his promise, and does he crouch just outside the walls, ready to respond to a signal should there be any need of his services? He knows the Sheriff of Secora county too well to doubt this fact. If Bob has declared his intention to do a certain thing, all the forces of nature and man cannot debar him. Besides there is a magnet here that must draw him.

Once Dick catches a voice that causes him to elevate his eyebrows. So the little professor, who has come to Mexico to burrow in new realms of science and make known to the world her wealth in animal life, is present.

This fact causes Dick to believe more than ever that the whole business is a deep-laid scheme on the part of Lopez. Perhaps Morales is in his power. The grandee diplomat may own a goodly share in the El Dorado, so that he is financially interested in the carrying out of the Hidalgo's schemes. Dick moves nearer, so that he may examine the house and its approaches. If Morales is in the game, of course that is no reason his wife knows about it; her influence may have been secured and she quite innocuous.

Still the time passes. He can see that they are having refreshments above. One of the servants invites him to join them in cake and pulque, but Dick refuses and continues to smoke while he keeps up his vigil, knowing that if he once gets among a lot of native Mexicans they will soon penetrate his disguise.

So he waits.

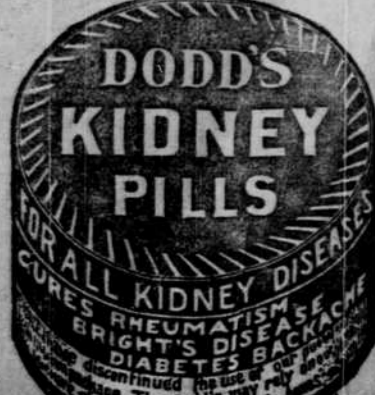
The man will soon make another turn unless his calculations are all astray. He feels for his weapons now and then, but that he is anxious to use them, but their presence gives him confidence in his power to protect Pauline.

If Morales has been drawn into the plot he must have entered it heart and soul, and once in, will give himself over to the service of Lopez without reserve, so that all the forces under his control will be turned against the Americans.

The hour grows late. Dick consults his watch and finds it is after eleven. They have been having such a good time inside the house that perhaps they do not notice the lapse of hours. More than once he sees Pauline in a window, and fears his eyes upon her. Not a pang of jealousy passes into his heart when he sees her in the company of one who seems to be a Mexican officer, judging from his military dress, for Dick is already sure of the hold he has upon Miss Westery's regard. Like a faithful watch-dog he waits; and the opportunity comes at last.

He notices that there has been a change within—the music ceases, and even the laughter comes only at intervals. Perhaps the ladies are about ready to go home; if so, the crucial test is certainly at hand.

Dick moves still nearer, in order to



Decision Approved. "I see that trials by phones have been pronounced illegal." "Glad of it. I've been severely tried by mine."—Philadelphia Ledger.