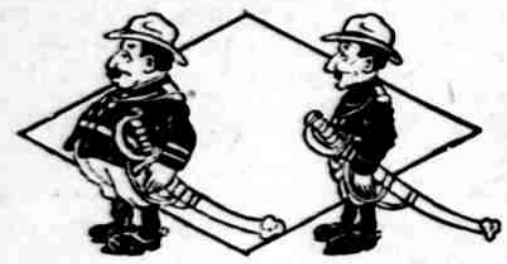


ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Lost—Material for One Army Officer



WASHINGTON—Lost—Somewhere in Virginia, 180 pounds. Finder please return to Maj. Gen. Fred Grant, commander of the department of the east, who will attend to its distribution pro rata among 40 army officers.

If all the detritus, cellular and adipose tissue, cuticle, epidermis and derma matter could be collected from along the route of the test ride that finished at Fort Myer the other day the United States army would be the richer by one highly efficient officer.

All the 40 officers came back, but there was a hiatus somewhere. There had been one member, or his equivalent, left by the way, for the command averaged 4½ pounds lighter to the man than when it started. Forty times

4½ pounds—the lost 180—would make at least one good-sized general or almost two the size of Gen. Funston.

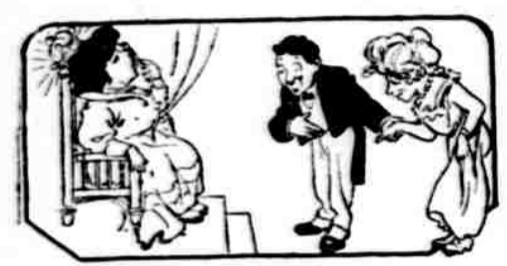
The officers all came back the same day. This much was expected when the ambulance drove into the post empty about 10:30 a. m. There were eager inquiries concerning the whereabouts of the officers, and the driver, waving an arm, said: "Oh, there or thereabouts. We was in a hurry, so we walked back."

Undoubtedly the 40 were "out there somewhere," but they were a long time crossing the finish line.

Everybody was in good spirits at the finish or said he was. There was a little doubt about Gen. Grant. He was as hard as nails to start with, having done some 300 miles of saddle work this season.

There was a corps of surgeons in waiting at the hospital for the returned prodigals. A minute examination was made of all the victims, and the results, comprising pulse, temperature, weight and respiration, were all tabulated.

Elkins Won't Stop Marriage to Duke



SENIOR ELKINS will not oppose the marriage of his daughter Katharine to the duke of the Abruzzi after all. The wedding probably will be solemnized in November.

If the duke were as sure of this as Washington society, he would be spared a lot of worry. As a matter of fact, the duke is about to start for Washington, fearing all the while that the senator will withdraw his consent to the marriage on account of Queen Helena's unrelenting opposition.

The duke fears Senator Elkins will play the part of a high spirited American and endeavor to prevent the marriage, fearing that with the Italian

royal family so haughty, his daughter's position at court would be rather equivocal.

Senator Elkins is said to have given the matter careful thought and decided that on account of the duke's high position, the young woman would soon forgo her political recognition. Queen Helena is one of the most uncompromising enemies of the marriage. Her majesty, a princess of Montenegro, seems anxious to show her devotion to the dignity of the house of Savoy, which her own marriage imperiled, as disappointed match-making royal mothers saw when it was celebrated.

Save among Republicans and Socialists, public opinion in Rome, according to a dispatch, reflects, discontentedly, the royal opposition. The Italians are angry because the Americans, instead of loudly rejoicing that Miss Elkins was to marry into the royal house, have taken an unenthusiastic attitude toward the love affair.

Government Clerk Is Sadder But Wiser



THE down-on-his-luck story of Stephen K. Booth, government clerk, is no more aggravated than many another story that might be told by persons who have come to Washington to settle down in a federal berth for a life of happiness and peace if not luxury and affluence—only to be rudely awakened to a condition of affairs that would cause an ordinary person to turn pessimist even to the point of wishing that there were no such thing as a government.

Considering everything, Stephen fared remarkably well. In the end he came out with a government job; not as good a one as he had builded on, perhaps, but a government job, just the same. Thousands have not survived so fortunately.

Stephen comes from Minnesota. For eight years he labored, if that word can be used properly in connection with the things that a government clerk does in order to draw his salary. He worked in the bureau of the census. Gradually his compensation was increased during that time until it reached the figure of \$1,200 a year.

Then Stephen became fired with an ambition. He took a look around him and decided he could do better in some other department of Uncle Sam's service. So he "accepted" a position as a special agent in the immigration service, under the department of justice. This was in May of this year.

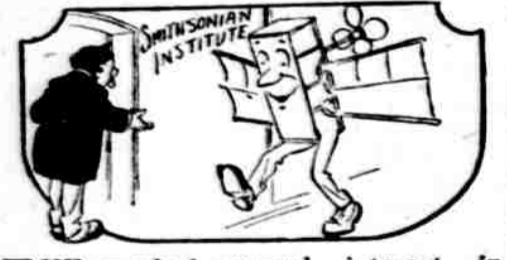
Stephen is a man of a family. His new work took him back to Minnesota,

which is one of the pathetic features of the story. His headquarters were at St. Paul, where he moved his family after disposing of all his household effects in the capital city. For a short time—less than a month, in fact—he enjoyed his new field of work and his increased salary, for with the addition to his responsibilities there had also come an increased amount in his semi-monthly pay envelope. In the evenings he was wont to stroll out and mingle again with his old-time cronies. He talked to them knowingly about matters pertaining to the national government, and incidentally impressed on them that perseverance is the only requisite of success under the civil service.

One day Stephen received a letter from Washington. It was couched in formal language, but from reading it Stephen gathered that the government had no longer any need for his services, or words to that effect. The government was very, very sorry, so said the man whose signature was attached to the letter.

It was this way: Congress had failed to grant the amount required and expected for the service, and it would be necessary to dispense with the services of the new appointees. It meant a laying off of a number of employees in each of the 11 districts, into which the service is divided.

Great Exhibit of Aerial Craft Planned



THE marked general interest in aeronautics aroused by the Zepelin and other dirigible balloon flights in Europe, aeroplane flights in France, and Baldwin motor balloon and Wright aeroplane tests at Fort Myer, has been noted by officials of the Smithsonian institution and National museum.

Prof. S. P. Langley, who built the first successful power driven model of an aeroplane, was secretary of the Smithsonian institution and his various models, the famous Langley aeroplane and the numerous aeroplane parts used in his experiments in aerodynamics are now in possession of the institution. These and other exhibits in the institution are being arranged into a special exhibit by George C. Maynard, assistant curator of the National museum.

Stephen is now back in the bureau of census. His salary is only \$1,000 a year, for his place had been filled as soon as he left, and it just happened that Director North had a vacancy in the lower grade. It cost him something to move out to Minnesota and back again, but, taken all in all and in the light of experience had by others which turned out less fortunate, he considers that, at least, it might have been worse.

Fiji Islanders' Sugar Cane Dance. A very curious and exceedingly clever dance may be witnessed in Fiji, called by the natives "the sugar cane meke," or sugar cane dance. It represents the growth of the sugar cane.

In the first figure the dancers squat low on the ground, shake their heads, shut their eyes and murmur slowly and softly an unintelligible sentence. Gradually they all stand up together, growing taller and taller, and as they "grow" they wave their arms and tremble all over from ankle to head, like the tall, tasselled cane waving in the wind, and still they keep on chanting louder and louder.

The last figure represents a series of combats meant to symbolize the actions of the chiefs, who compel the "kaiasi," willing or unwilling, to come and cut their crops.

He Had a Chance. "Wouldn't you just as lief have had a little brother as a little sister?" asked Margaret's mother. The little one hesitated a moment and then said, "Well mother, boys are rather noisy and troublesome, but what with my bringing up and pap's bringing up and your bringing up he might not have turned out to be so very bad!"—Dellneator.

THROUGH ROMANTIC INDIA BY FREDERICK TAYLOR



A CASHMERE BELLE

TYPICAL CASHMERE HOUSEBOAT

Northward beyond the passes of Cashmere lies the land of Thibet. Cashmere might be called the buffer state between India and that long-closed country of superstition whose 5,000,000 inhabitants are still under the sway of long lamas.

Since the opening up of Thibet by the expedition sent by the British government under the command of Col. Younghusband some light of modern civilization has penetrated through these closed doors, but, unhappily, owing to the influence of the Anglo-Russian agreement, the gates have been closed to again. However, very few travelers enter Cashmere from the toilsome northern passes of Lesser Thibet. They are difficult even for the mountain mule to scale, so steep and sudden are the numerous sharp turns and angles, utterly devoid of vegetation except coarse lichen; in winter imbedded in ice and snow, and at all seasons of the year wind-swept and bleak. The fertile valleys, the hills and streams of Cashmere, lying behind this inhospitable, rocky barrier are a paradise in comparison.

After journeying across the scorching plains of India in the close, hot carriages of the Punjab railway to Rawalpindi, the terminus, I know of no more refreshing experience than to exchange their mode of travel for the tonga, or native coach, a cross between a bullock wagon and an old-fashioned carry-all. As we were conveyed in this tonga, its two shaggy ponies yoked to the long pole, what thrills pervaded us as we rushed helter skelter through the narrow defiles and sharp turns of these mountain valleys and uplands toward the Himalayas! For romantic, varied and grand scenery, unique customs, a ragged and picturesque population Cashmere stands alone.

Returning to the river, we were towed through a rich grazing country to the headwaters of the Sind. At this point we struck a most picturesque and charming stretch of country, the Sind valley, leading to the foothills of the Himalayas, where the brown and the black bear are frequently seen as they come down from the mountains to drink. Within a day's march the big antlered stag, an occasional leopard and numerous small game are found. Many hunting camps are pitched in these sequestered nooks, but we tarried not until we reached Shadipore, a straggling village, once the center of the cashmere shawl industry.

Let us enter one of the rickety houses or shops where shawl weaving is carried on. Crowded in this smoke-begrimed place, its mud floor worn in to hollows, are five old looms tied up with bits of string and adorned with cobwebs. A cow's horn, polished by long usage, serves as a beam pin. Before the looms are seated a dozen or more ragged men and boys. They handle the many colored bobbins deftly. A pattern of the fabric lies before them, marked out with a piece of soiled paper. For this work they receive from four to eight annas a day, equivalent to eight and sixteen cents of our money. The master of the shop squats on the floor, smoking his hookah, or long pipe. He rises at our approach, salaams and proceeds to show his goods. They are good enough for their kind, but the fineness of the old time shawl is wanting, and as for the coloring, aniline dye is stamped all over it. The artisans who understand how to use the beautiful vegetable dyes and weave the lovely patterns of our grandmothers' shawls, have long since been lying in the humble graveyard close by the purring stream that rushes from the mountain.

In midsummer the Jehlum is swollen from the melting snows of the mountains. The river overflows its banks and the currents are very strong. Taking advantage of a favorable moment, we were carried swiftly down to Srinagar. Dismissing the 23 natives who had poled and towed the boats for weeks, sometimes up to their waists in water, four strong mounshies, or rowers, were selected for the trip to Dahl lake. On the shores of this lovely and exquisite sheet of water, hidden within its leafy glades and well wooded shores, are the remains of the beautiful marble palaces of the mogul rulers. Their names are lost in oblivion, but in the gardens, palaces and foundations which they erected still stand to delight the eye of the traveler. As we glide swiftly along, flocks of sheep and cattle, ruined mosques and monasteries on the hillside form a delightful picture. In the reeds and rushes numerous water fowl make their home. Above us fill birds of beautiful plumage, their liquid notes filling the air. The eagle and hawk are there, but keep out of range of the rifle. Queer native craft drift by, laden with produce from artificial and natural gardens on these waterways. Aquatic plants of the lily family float on the surface of the water; the lotus, with its large, green leaf, suggests the dreamy frame of mind. The mountains that look down on us are faithfully mirrored in the clear depths of the lake. So potent is the witchery of the scene that for the moment we almost believe that Pan might play his pipe, or that we ourselves are of the "stuff that dreams are made of."

Reluctantly we turned our backs on the lovely scene, and were rowed back in the beauty of the sunset through the winding nullahs, with a most distinct and never to be forgotten picture of lovely Dahl lake firmly printed on our mental vision.

Rawalpindi was reached on the fifth day after leaving Srinagar, and we were once more at the terminus of the Punjab railway. Thus ended our memorable trip to Cashmere.

THIS LANGUAGE OF OURS

Truly a Fearful and Wonderful Thing to Contemplate.

What a language—what a language it is that we speak! How little we may depend upon a rule once learned. We note the word then is formed apparently exactly as is some other word whose meaning we have been taught to ascertain by the application of certain rules, and, behold! we make an egregious—nay, even a ridiculous—blunder.

For instance, we say a man has been disarmed, meaning that he has had his arms taken away from him. But when we speak of the prisoner after the disarming scuffle as being disveeled, we do not mean that they also took his hevel away from him. Of course not.

We mention the dehorned cow, meaning that the cow has been taken while a calf and robbed of her horns. Yet when we speak of a man who has been defeated, we do not refer to a man who, while a calf, was tied up and robbed of his feet or his feet.

We say that Anne Boleyn and other ladies were behended, meaning that they were placed upon a block and had their heads chopped off. But take, again, the word befuddled—we speak of a man being in such condition. But do we mean that he lay down on a block and had his fuddle chopped off? Certainly, certainly not! So you see how untrustworthy this language of ours is.

Class is dismissed. Take the next two pages for the next lesson.—Judge's Library.

A Preliminary Requirement. Tom—Why don't you get a new suit? Dick—I can't find a new tailor.—Half-Holiday.

Gloomy. "What is the gloomiest spot on earth?" "A summer resort when it's raining."—Detroit Free Press.

NAME WAS A COMPROMISE.

Explanation of Remarkable Cognomen of Nevada Town.

A Nevada man having extensive mining claims in the goldfield region tells of a lucky strike that was made last year near Carson City, a strike that proved to be of such promise that a goodly sized camp immediately sprang up around it.

The two principal mine owners were, respectively, an Irishman and a Jew, and as a compliment to these leading citizens the camp decided to leave to them the bestowal of a suitable name upon the new community.

There followed many conferences between the two, none of which resulted in an agreement. The Irishman stood out for a name that would suggest his native isle, while the Jew was just as insistent, on his part, for a name that should be suggestive of the chosen people. This deadlock continued so long that the rest of the camp grew restless, and finally insisted that there should be a compromise. So the new camp was called "Tipperusalem."—Lippincott's.

HE REMEMBERED.



"And did your uncle remember you in his will?"

"Well, he remembered me, all right, but that was why he didn't mention me in it."

SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

First Had Itching Rash—Threatened Later With Blood-Poison in Leg—Relieved on Cuticura Remedies.

"About twelve or fifteen years ago I had a breaking-out, and it itched, and stung so badly that I could not have any peace because of it. Three doctors did not help me. Then I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent and began to get better right away. They cured me and I have not been bothered with the itching since, to amount to anything. About two years ago I had a gripe and pneumonia which left me with a pain in my side. Treatment ran it into my leg, which then swelled and began to break out. The doctor was afraid it would turn to blood-poison. I used his medicine but it did no good, then I used the Cuticura Remedies three times and cured the breaking-out on my leg. J. F. Hennen, Milan, Mo., May 13, 1907."

Filial Devotion.

A southern congressman tells of a darty in a Georgia town whose best quality is his devotion to his aged parent.

Once the congressman asked Pete why he had never married.

"Why, boss," explained Pete, "Ise got an ole mudder. I had to do for her, son. Ef I doan' buy her shoes an' stockings she doan' git none. Now, boss, you see ef I was 't git married I'd have 't buy 'em f' mah wife, an' dat'd be takin' de shoes an' stockings right over my ole mudder's mouf."—Harper's Weekly.

How It Felt.

An Irish maid in the service of a Washington family recently sought permission of her mistress to take an afternoon off for the purpose of consulting a dentist.

Upon her return, the mistress said: "Well, Rosalie, did you have the tooth filled?"

"I did, mum."

"And what did the dentist fill it with—gold or amalgam?"

"I don't know just what it was, mum; but from the way I feel, I should think it was with thunder and lightning, mum."

Australia's Wild Oysters.

Oysters are sometimes regarded as dangerous but they are not usually considered savage. A Queensland judge, however, has decided that they are wild beasts. Before a royal commission on the pearling industry, which has been sitting at Brisbane, a witness stated that eight years ago he had laid 100,000 shells in the neighborhood of Friday Island. The Japanese stole the shells, and the district court judge held that as pearl shell oysters were wild animals there was no penalty for stealing them.

NO GUSHER.

But Tells Facts About Postum.

"We have used Postum for the past eight years," writes a Wis. lady, "and drink it three times a day. We never tire of it.

"For several years I could scarcely eat anything on account of dyspepsia, bloating after meals, palpitation, sick headache—in fact was in such misery and distress I tried living on hot water and toast for nearly a year.

"I had quit coffee, the cause of my trouble, and was using hot water, but this was not nourishing.

"Hearing of Postum I began drinking it and my ailments disappeared, and now I can eat anything I want without trouble.

"My parents and husband had about the same experience. Mother would often suffer after eating, while yet drinking coffee. My husband was a great coffee drinker and suffered from indigestion and headache.

"After he stopped coffee and began Postum both ailments left him. He will not drink anything else now and we have it three times a day. I could write more but am no gusher—only state plain facts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new name appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY



Now and Then One.

Speaking of acting, my favorite part is the piece-that-went-over-the-fence last. As an actor on this piece I am par excellence.

A Texas poet calls this the "sweetest season of the year" and a mean Washington editor suspects he means "sweat."

Some men are just thoughtless enough to be wearing their best suit of clothes when they are hit by a street car.

What puzzles me is why so many of these fellows who are telling us how to get rich, don't follow their own advice.

It is the inside of a house and the inside of a head that counts!

Tickle Grass.

No man is really poor, until he gives up, loses hope and becomes a quitter.

Going to law is one of the most satisfactory recreations that the average man can indulge in—satisfactory for the lawyers, of course.

The only thing that saves some men from the wreckage is poverty. Being poor has kept many a man's home happy and his love secure.

Most everybody knows what ought to be done to a dog poisoner when he is caught, but few people can tell you how to catch him.

The money you spend sensibly always gives you more pleasure than that you blow in on a "good time."

The Harbor.

Beyond the molting sea is peace. The peace of home and love and all. To which, a cruiser of the sea, I speed away as shadows fall! Behind is coastline, grim and stark, The dangers that the sailor braves Who in some fair, sequestered vale Has harbor where the river laves!

Ah! In that sweet and fragrant vale. That fair, sequestered, halloved spot, A refuge from the storm-swept sea, There stands secure my lowly cot! And as the colors gild the sky And on the sunset vapors cling, I haste toward the harbor land— The harbor land where Love is King!

Upon the weary seas of life Where tempests rage and breakers beat, I go through all the danger lone To this, my haven and retreat! Ah, here no wave can search me out, No heaving rock can pierce the foam, For there is harbor, safe, secure— The harbor of my Love—and Home!

Small Talk.

Somehow, good luck is apt to be standing right in the path of the man that hustles hardest.

The trouble with a lot of people who ask for bread is that they are insulted unless you give them pie.

Inasmuch as our forests are being denuded, the small boy of the future will have to be spanked with a slate shingle.

If a man is wise enough to fool the public and make a lot of money out of it, that's another story, but the man who merely thinks he is wise enough, is a bigger fool than the public.

Experience.

When roasting ears have turned to gold And lettuce goes to seed, When radishes are full of pith And blossom like a weed, 'Tis then the ruralite begins, Within his garden seat, To brag about what he will do In that same spot next year!

This spring he planted rather late And did not work the ground; His beds were diamond-shaped and square— They should have been "more round," He sowed the seeds too thick in drills Instead of casting free— And that's the reason why the truck Was scanty—as you see!

But next year, he will know just how To make a garden grow. You wait and see what he will do, And when and how and so! Ah, poor suburbanite, next year 'I'll write the same old rhyme— Your crops will be a failure in The good old summer time!



Pyron Williams

Uncle Allen.

"I see the government is going into the airship business," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "Sooner or later the airship will get into politics, and then we'll have machine politicians and flying machine politicians."

Africa's Name.

The name of the African continent is of uncertain derivation. The name was first applied to the neighborhood of Carthage and later extended to the whole continent. Tripoli is a province belonging to the Turkish empire.

RAISED FROM SICK BED.

After All Hope Had Vanished.

Mrs. J. H. Bennett, 59 Fountain St., Gardner, Me., says: "My back used to trouble me so severely that at last I had to give up. I took to my bed and stayed there four months, suffering intense pain, dizziness, headache, and inflammation of the bladder. Though without hope, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and in three months was completely cured. The trouble has never returned."

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

NOT DOLLARS, BUT EGGS.



First Thespian—When I was playing in Kansas City and getting my 200 a night—

Second Ditto—Hold on, there, Monty; make that five!

First Thespian—No, Jack; upon my honor—200 a night regular. Eggs are cheap there.

Sheer white goods. In fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try DeFiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

A Polite Boy.

"I understand that your little boy is very polite."

"Yes."

"It's nice to see children well brought up. I like to see little boys get up and give their seats to ladies."

"That boy got down out of a pear tree yesterday and gave his seat to a yalldog before he left the lot where the tree was."—Houston Post.

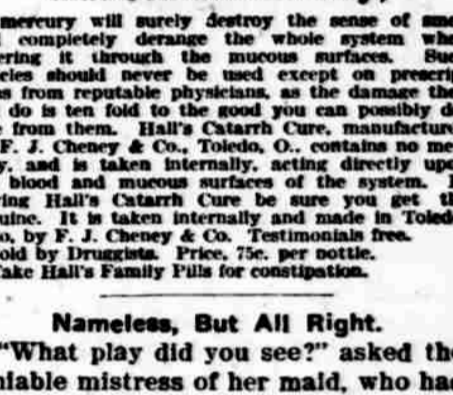
Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should be rejected, except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do to you is too great to be paid for by cheap price. Beware of cheap imitations of the famous Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Nameless. But All Right.

"What play did you see?" asked the amiable mistress of her maid, who had been taken by her best young man to the theater the evening before.

"They didn't tell me the name of it," returned the maid. "It said on the outside of the theater that it was 'As You Like It,' and I did like it, but I don't know the name."—New York Times.

WOMAN'S BACKACHE



The heck is the mainspring of woman's organism? It quickly catches attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention. In such cases the one sure remedy which speedily removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Mrs. Will Young, of 6 Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says:

"I was troubled for a long time with dreadful backache and a pain in my side, and was miserable in every way. I had very severe backache, and thought I would never get well. I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life."

Mrs. Angustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had very severe backache, and pressing-down pains. I could not sleep, and had no appetite. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a new woman."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.