Little did she think that the most diabolical and soul destroying instrument ever devised for the purpose of torturing the cars of mankind would send her name screaming and tooting down the agea!-Chicago Tribune.



ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN WEST-ERN CANADA.

There Are Thousands of Opportunities in This Land of Opportunity. To the Editor-Dear Sir:

The following experience of an Illinois man who went to Western Canada six years ago is but one of the thousands of letters that could be reproduced showing how prosperity follows the settler on the fertile lands of Western Canada. This letter was written to the Chicago agent of the Government of the Dominion of Canada and is dated at Evarts, Alberta, April 8, 1907:

It is six years the 5th of this month since I and family landed in Red Deer, family sick and only \$75.00 in my pock-Bought a \$12 lot, built a 12x14 shack and went to work as a carpentor. Next May sold for \$400 (had added 16x18 building to shack). Purchased two lots at \$70 each and built a 28x28 two-story building and sold for \$950. Filed on a quarter section 33 mfles northwest of Red Deer and have spent three years on it, and am well pleased. Quarter all fenced and cross fenced, wire and rail, 21/2 miles of fence. House 29x31 feet on stone foundation. Last year was my first attempt to raise grain, 11/2 acres of fall wheat, yield grand, but was frosted Aug. 2, was cut Aug. 16 and made good pig feed. Had 1% acres full rye that I think could be beat. A farmer from Dakota cut it for me; he said he never saw such beavy grain anywhere. Straw was 7 feet high. I had 4 acres of 2-rowed barley on fall breaking that did not do so well, yet it ripened and gave me all the feed I need for stock d seed for this spring. I did not have grain threshed, so can't give yield, but the wheat would have gone at least 25 bu. to the acre. Have a log stable \$1235 feet, broad roof and two smaller

nething about it. I have been hungry there, and though able and willing work could get none to do. One Satorday evening found me without any supper or a cent to get it with. A friend, surmising my situation, gave me a dollar, which was thankfully aced and later paid back. Wife and I are thankful we came here. We were living near Mt. Vernon, Ill., as perhaps ou remember visiting me there and etting me beaded for the Canadian est and a happy day it has proved for me. I have not grown rich. but I am prospering. I would not take \$3,000 for my quarter now. The past winter has been a hard one, but I ked outside the coldest day (52 below) all day and dld not suffer. We are getting a school started now that is

I have lived in Harvey, Ill., and know

Our P. O., Everts, is about 15 miles; re is another office 6 miles, but it is not convenient to us. Wife and I would not exchange our home here for anything Illinois has to offer. Yours

E. EMBERLEY.

How Paris Got Its Name The city of Paris owes its origin to quest of Gaul by Caesar. When this Roman general on his path of conest came to the present site of the sch capital he found a swampy and in the river Seine, which was nhabited by a Guilie tribe called Parisil, who lived in buts made of rushes. Rather than be captured by the Romans, these people burned their rude sity, which they called Lutetia, or d town," and the great Caesar, suick to appreciate the situation, built ple to Jupiter and a wall round the island. A town soon sprang up ut the temple, and was named Parall, after the ancient tribe. In later years this was shortened to Paris.

Never Had One. Citiman Well, well, looking for an Subbubs - Why, no. I can't say-

Citiman-What? You just said you

-I did not. I said I was king for a cook. The others we've bad were not.-Philadelphia Press.

No Answer Required. Tommy-I'aw !

Mr. Tucker-What's the trouble now,

my-Why is it that the magazines make their rendin' matter as inter-

esting as they do their adv'tising pages?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a skating, kind sir," she said." May I skate with you, my pretty maid?" You're too high a roller, kind sir," she



THE CHARITY GIRL By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER X.

As early as possible the following morning, Sheila Fraser ordered her horse, donned her habit, and, without waiting for breakfast or groom, left home in hot haste for Craiglands. She wanted to be first at an interview with the duchess. Much depended on how she acted now. "If I can just drop a few hints, and so prejudice her against that girl, not all Mrs. Fraser's sweetness, or her daughter's artfulness, will have much avail. I am a rich woman! I never felt so glad of my money before."

She had diverged a little from the ordinary route to Craiglands, because there was a better road by so doing, and as she trotted along fleetly, she suddenly came upon a dog cart, in which was seat ed Beverley Rochfort, looking wonderfully handsome in his fur-lined cost.

"Miss Fraser, this is an unexpected pleasure," he said, as he lifted his hat and motioned the groom to take the reins, "You are out early." "I am going to Craiglands, to make in-

quiries," she said curtly. Bewerley only smiled, but she saw at once that he attached a good deal of meaning to this hasty ride. He got

down from the cart. "Drive up and down until I am ready, Jones," he commanded, as he walked up to Sheila's horse and stroked the smooth neck. "Is there, then, so much cause for anxiety?" he asked. "Are you nervous about Lord John, Miss Fraser?"

Shella pursed her lips. She resented hie manner, and she did not quite understand it, either.

"I feel that it would be altogether pleasant and a wise arrangement if you and I called ourselves friends," Beverley said, after a slight pause. "We have so much in common.

"I don't think I understand you," Sheila was startled into saying.

"I must try and explain myself clearly. I know the reason of your hurrled visit to Craiglands. It is not sympathy that takes you there, but something more akin to self-interest. Oh! do not be angry, there is no occasion, for, my very dear young lady. I think you are perfectly right. You see, although I do not credit you with any great amount of sympathy, I have plenty myself. Beleve me. I am quite sincere. Just now.' Beverley went on, "I said I thought it would be not only a pleasant, but a wise bing for you and I to become friends. Union is strength, you know, Miss Fraser : a good old maxim."

"Don't you think you had better leave conundrums alone, and speak out straight, Mr. Rochfort?" "I will," he answered, quietly. "Shella.

we are both persons of determination and ambition. My ambition takes one form, yours another; but on one point we are allke-we would sacrifice much to gain our ends; would we not?" Sheila's cold gray eyes flashed as she nodded her head.

"You hate the girl; I hate him! You re determined that John Glendurwood shall make you his wife: I am as equally determined I shall make her mine. Arrived so far, the rest should be easy." Sheila drew a sharp breath. She loath-

her mind so clearly, but his words had ought a new aspect altogether.

"It is for you to suggest," she said, speaking swiftly and in low tones. "As you said just now, union is strength, "So you agree to be friends, ch?" Bev-

He had never had the smallest fear of fafling. He had not watched Sheila so carefully these past days for nothing.

held out his hand as he spoke and Shella put hers into it. "Have you any plans?" she asked, abruptly. She was no longer so eager to e gone. One glimpse at this man's smiling, handsome, evil face told her that be would do all he wished. Even in the

midst of the satisfaction that came with a rush, she could not repress a feeling of jealousy and envy that he should love Audrey and be indifferent to her, Sheila. "I will tell you more when I return from London. My journey there is no wholly unconnected with this matter And now, I think I must say 'Au revoir, I sincerely trust you will find Lord John not so bad as rumor reports. Carry my sympathy and regards to her new grace:

she is a charming woman, and will make an altogether excellent mother-in-law." Shella smiled mechanically, and gath ering up her reins, she rode on. gave a sort of shudder as she went, and the memory of Beverley's dark. glittering eyes lingered with her. She felt, somehow, so powerless when she was with

Shells always felt a thrill at her hear as she rode or drove up to Craiglands. Now as she passed up the avenue and drew rein at the covered doorway, a man powdered hair and grave face came forward to meet her.

"Her grace's love, miss, and she begs you will excuse her this morning; she loes not feel equal to leaving his lordship's room. She begs, also, to thank you. miss, for having taken the trouble to ride over and make inquiries."

"Does Dr. Sentance think there is any danger?" she asked, and there was gen uine anxiety in her voice. "Dr. Sentance considers his lordship's condition very serious," replied the ser-

Sheila rode back to Dinglewood cross and anxious. She met Dr. Sentance coming down the avenue, and stopped to ques-

tion him.

"The poor fellow has not recovered consciousness yet," the medical man auswered. "I have telegraphed up for Rawion and Locksley. Miss Fraser, it is horrible, a dastardly affair, and for the life of me I can't understand it. Lord Glendurwood never seemed to have an enemy in the world; but upon my word this looks to me like a malicious attack. It has turned out he had next to nothing In his pockets. Of course, his watch was valuable. But who on earth is there about here who could have borne him a grudge for anything he has ever done and said? I suppose you have sent for fur-

Shella confessed she had not even thought of it. "Are not the Mountberry men suffi-cient?" she asked.

ther police assistance, Miss Fraser?" he

"This is pre-eminently a case for an child for what lay before her, Shells satute detective," he said; "and I should telegraph up at once to Scotland Yard. Andrey was lying very quiet in her if I were you. As the affair happened is little hed, and the other girl noticed, with egraph up at once to Scotland Yard. your grounds, of course, it would be larger in her heart, how exquisitely lovepleasanter for you to have it sifted thor-

"You are quite right!" Sheila said, shadowed by the pink-lined cartains. It warmly, although she could have struck made her even savage, in ter jealous couples it has with her whip for daring to dictate hatred, to notice what dail times the wedding.

to her. "I will send up to London at

As she said this, the thought of Beverley Rochfort came into her mind, and all at once she determined to learn his address from Mr. Thorngate, and telegraph to him to send down a detective, why, she could scarcely have told.

CHAPTER XL It was long before poor Andrey closed her tired, aching eyes that eventful night; she had shed no more tears after that one passionate outburst; she felt too much pain and anxiety for this natural relief. All she could think of was Jack Glendurcod, lying alone in the bracken, insensible, half mordered. She accepted her mother's tender comfort, in a vague, dreamy way. All the sudden joy and pride that had sprung into being early in the evening, as she listened to the story of her birth, seemed to have vanished

beneath this great sorrow. The sun was shining high in the heavens when she opened her eyes, and found her mother bending anxiously over her. Constance Fraser gained strength at sight of her child's suffering. She was now the strong, courageous woman; she put aside all her invalid ways, and rose supreme to the moment.

"Look after her well." she said to Marshall, as she donned her outdoor garments, and prepared to drive over to Craiglands.

The duchess, proud, self-reliant, selfpossessed as she was generally classed to be, was after all only ar ordinary woman, with a mother's heart beating quick and strong in her breast. Her two boys had been her darlings from the earliest days of their childhood; she had er been so fond or so proud of her daughter, who was too much like her father in nature and character to prove comfort to the other parent.

The tears came to the mother's eyes as Constance Fraser, after speaking all the consolation and sympathy she could think of, mentioned the countess' name. "I will stay with you till Gladys comes," she said, gently; "I am sure there is much I can do.'

"Gladys will not come," the duchess answered, quietly enough; and then all at once she broke down. "Ob. Con-My dear! My dear!" she moaned, "what shall I do if I lose both my boys? Duncan's days are numbered -I know it only too well-and Jack, my bonny, my dear, good, noble Jack !" Then Constance knelt beside her and cheered her again.

"You are alarmed by this insensibility : is nothing; it often happens with concussion of the brain. I prophesy that in a week's time you will have Jack out of bed, or very nearly so. Now I want you to look at me : don't you see a chance in my face? Yes, I see you do: shall I tell you all about it?"

And then, as gently, as briefly as she could. Constance bared the secrets of her heart to her friend.

"And you have found your child. Con-I am glad. I rejoice, my dear, stance? poor Frank's; he was a great favorite of mine." Constance Fraser covered her face with

her hands, and when she drew them away it was ashen white. "Hush!" she said, almost inaudibly;

"do not let us speak of him. The pain is too deep, too great. Such horrible remorse comes over me when I begin to think, that I fear for my reason, know now I was deceived, that I doubted him wrongly; but-but that is all I dare let myself know just yet, it makes my heart bleed."

The duchess bent and kissed the sweet, white face.

"Have courage! Remember your child!" she whispered.
"I do! I do!" answered Constance. brokenly. "In her I must live again. God-mamma, I want you to promise to befriend her, to stand by her always."

"For your sake and for hers, I prom ise this, Constance; she shall never want a friend while I am alive."

John Glendurwood's condition showed no change, and although Dr. Sentance declared he would pull his patient through, he nevertheless felt much doubt and anxiety as to his ultimate success. "It is the mind that is keeping him back," he declared over and over again

to Mrs. Fraser, and at last ventured to express the same idea to the duchess. That very same evening as Constance was dressing for dinner, a carriage arrived from Craiglands with a hurried

message from the duchess. "Would Mrs. Fraser kindly drive over as soon as possible—her grace wished to see her particularly."

Audrey sat before the fire in her mother's room; she was clad in a pretty little white gown made in picturesque fashion, and her hands already had lost the work stains that had seemed so out of place on them. She was scarcely conscious of what was going on around her. The past few days had sapped her strength, she cared to do nothing, could do nothing but sit and wonder how her beloved, her hero, was. How little did she guess that, as she sat there fearing, dreading every fresh moment, that her lover was then speaking her name as Constance Fraser bent over his bed.

"He has called her so often," his mothwhispered, with quivering lips. "Oh, Constance! My dear, you will do as he asks! It may be his last wish!"

Constance pressed her lips on the brow above those eyes that, only a short time ago had been laughing and sparkling with life, happiness and manly vigor. "Be comforted," she said, gently, for was he not lying on the edge of that dark. dread river? "It shall be as you wish." "And-Audrey-my wife-before-1 die?" the words were uttered so faint they were scarcely audible.

"And Audrey, my child, shall be your wife at once, without delay." A smile of joy radiated the poor fellow's face; he tried to clasp her hand. to murmur thanks, but he could do nothing but lie there, helpless as a child in his utter prostration.

CHAPTER XIL

stance Fraser had had time to compose

The following morning, before Con-

her thoughts, and begin to prepare came into the room. ly was that pale young face, pillowed among the deliente lace-edged finen and

mother already gave to her new-found

"I came to tell you," she said, very abruptly, "that I am going to London for a few days. Janet will accompany me. Is there anything that I can do

Mrs. Fraser shook her head. Sheila went away in total ignorance that the most vital furn in events was to take place immediately.

It was no unusual thing for her to go to London for a few days, as she was a shrewd business woman, and superintended nearly all the movements of her affairs. This time, however, there was nothing that would demand her attention, except this former marriage of her father's widow,

She determined during her absence from Dinglewood to go herself to Broadberough and make full inquiries about

"I will not rest till I have full and complete proof that she is Frank Anstruther's child. If only I can be success and discover any flaw, I think I shall know how to make it disagreeable for Mrs. Fraser and her charity girl." To Shella's annoyance she found that Mr. Chester was in possession of everfact relating to Audrey's birth, and i a very short time placed these facts be

"There is not a shadow of doubt, Miss Fraser," he said quietly, "that this young gist is Miss Anstruther. I have been myself to Broadborough and made every oquiry, and if these inquiries had failed, the appearance of the registration of birth and the marriage certificate would settle the question. I have been down to the church where Miss Gascoigne married Captain Anstruther, and have procured another copy of the certificate. Here it is."

"Which is so much worthless paper, considering that Captain Anstruther was married at the time and had a wife liv-Sheila remarked curtly,

"I am happy in being able to assure you that this romance is not true, and congratulate you that your stepmoth as at least one joy left her in life. Fate has treated her harshly, poor lady." She arose abruptly, and went away As she re-entered her hotel, she saw s

pile of luggage being carried in, and in her preternaturally sharp way she rec agnized the livery of the footman, wh was superintending the portmanteaus and huge boxes, as that worn by the servants of the Earl of Daleswater. She whisper ed to her maid, Beecham, to find out the family were about to stay at the hotel, and passed upstairs with the first sensation of pleasure she had experienced for some time, which grew stronger as she learned that the countess and her children were expected up the following day from Daleswater House.

(To be continued.)

WASTE PUT TO GOOD USE. Millions of Dollars Saved in Various Kinds of Byproducts.

Great changes have taken place in recent years in making use of what was once considered absolutely waste material and as a result many millions of dollars have been added to the wealth of the nation.

Sawdust was looked upon at one time as waste material, but during the last few years a process has been discovered which has given sawdust a vale greater than that of solld lumber. By the use of hydraulic pressure and intense heat the particles are formed in your happiness. You must let me see into a solld mass capable of being moldher shon. I shall love her for your sake ed into any shape and of receiving a brilliant pollsh. The only materials used are sawdust, alum and glue. Imitation marble can be manufactured from a mixture of sawdust with ivory waste, water, glass and glue. In Norway acetic acid, wood naphtha, tar and alcohol are produced on a commercial

scale out of sawdust. Factories have been erected in this country and in Europe for converting pine needles into forest wool. This is used for mattresses and furniture, for manufacture into hygienic articles such as undervests and chest protectors.

The principal use of sawdust seen destined to be in the production of sugar and alcohol. It is practically pure cellulose and easily convertible into those products. For many years bituminous coal opeators threw away slack as waste. Now it commands at

be mines 75 cents a ton. The increase largely due to the demand coming from makers of cement. Formerly they bought lump coal and pulverized it. Now they use slack. Quartz rock was not long ago considered worthless, Now glass is made from it. Coffins, tombstones, bricks, tilings and similar arti-

cles can be made of this glass. Packing establishments have a long list of byproducts. The blood of the slaughtered animals is congealed and manufactured into buttons and is also utilized in the production of albumen for the use of callco printers, the sugar refiner, the tanner and others. The bones ae used for a score of different purposes, being manufactured into 4.113,043, Chicago with 2,049,185, Philknife and toothbrush handles, chessmen, combs, backs of brushes, mouthpleces of pipes and various other arti-

Black hoofs are used in the manufacture of cyanide of potassium for gold extraction and also ground up to make fertilizer. Many articles, such as glue, fly paper, sandpaper, gelatine, isinglass, curled hair, bristles, wool felt, laundry soap, ammonia, etc., are now made from the former waste products of the abattoir.

The annual value of the byproducts of the packing industry, all of which are manufactured out of what was considered waste material thirty years ago, is approximately \$200,000,000, Cotton seed not very long ago was waste matter, giving considerable trouble to get rid of, but in 1900 the byproducts from cotton seed were valued in this country at more than \$42,000,000, which has probably doubled by this time. An official of the Standard Oll Company is authority for the stateme that for the last ten years more than one-half of the profits of the company have been made out of the manufacture of byproducts.

Nothing But the Truth.

Buneum-My physician tells me I am corking too hard. Marks-The M. D. evidently knows

Buncum-Why do you think so? Marks-I have been comparing notes with a few of our mutual friends and

Only one out of every 1,000 married couples live to celebrate their golden there is masquerading as music.



Dion Clayton Calthrop's "English stores in South Brooklyn. Costume," a description and history of costume in various periods in England

since the Norman conquest, has been published by the Macmillan Company. Its value is greatly increased by the addition of over 100 colored Illustrations. A new use for the automobile is described in Country Life in America by

C. H. Claudy. The author and some friends took a car straight across the country, up hill and down dale, through woods and across streams, on a wager. The account will prove of Interest to any automobile enthusiast.

"Dante and His Italy," by Rev. Canon Lonsdale Ragg, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The book is not merely a blegraphy of the "divino poet," it is rather an attempt to depict afresh the life of Dante's time and to look at the mediaeval world, and especially the Italian world of the Trecento, through Dante's eyes. Accordingly, Dante's own writings and those of his contemporaries have been made the basis of the work. An interesting passage in "The Life

and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin" is the extract from a letter of Mr. Godkin's, in which he describes his first meeting with Gladstone: "In the evening I went to Bryce's to dinner. I expected to see the G. O. M., but I had not seen Bryce for a fortnight and did not know whether he had succeeded in getting him. I found on going in, Sir Alfred Lyall, whom I knew; Sir George Trevelyan, whom I did not know, but was glad to meet Wemyss Reid, the biographer of Foster, whom I had been trying to meet ever since I came, and Lord Aberdeen Mahlon's friend. But the G. O. M. was not there, and I was afraid to ask whether he was coming. Suddenly 'Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone' were announced and there sure enough he was, and my eves fastened on him as they have never fastened on any man since I was 20. The first words he said to Bryce on shaking hands were, 'Is Mr. Godkin here?' and then he began to apolo gize to me for not having sooner taken any notice of my card, pleading pres sure and loss of voice since he camback from his stumping tour in the West. I sat by him at dinner and had a most delightful talk with him. He is younger in appearance than I expected, as young as I am in play of mind, with a charming little vein of humor and endless interest in all sorts of things. He left immediately after

OUR GROWING COUNTRY.

dinner to go to the house."

Though the Population Expands There Is Still Room for More.

The cities of the United States are the most expansive in the world, and aturally take much interest in reck oning up their population from time to time. Every tenth year they find that city directory estimates are apt to be too liberal, but actual counts seldom fail to show a large and substantial increase. At this time there is a general protest against the calculations of the government census bureau, and they are in truth far too mechanical. Averaging the growth of American cities between 1890 and 1900, and adding the annual increase to the years since the last census was taken, is not an accurate rule, though it restrains an undue optimism. The last seven years has ben a period of great business prosperity. Over a million immi grants a year are coming in. Urban population is gaining on other forms. Some cities have been quickened in growth and others are slowing up. The census bureau merely applies the measurements of the last decade, which, in general, will fall short. But the next national census is not far distant and the official figures will show the bureau that its plan of computation is crude.

According to the department's reckoning the population of the United States in 1906, without Alaska and the insular possessions, was 83,941,510, and including these 93,182,240. This is an addition of 8,000,000 to the continental population of the country in the six years ending with 1906. Cities have gained 15.9 per cent and the rural section 8.8 per cent. The four greatest cities are New York, credited with adelphia with 1,441,735, and St. Louis with 649,320, leading Boston, next in rank, by 47,042. An increase of a million and a third a year is the estimate for the whole country. A bluebook recently published in London places the annual increase of population in the world at 6,300,000, a fourth of which is in the United States. At the present rate of immigration more than 10,000. 000 aliens will come to this country in the next ten years, but the tide will recede if the uneaxampled business activity of the present time should fall

Tattooing, or the custom of permanently marking the skin with colored designs, is of uncient origin. This practice is forbidden in the Scriptures; so it may be inferred that it was customary among other tribes than the Israelites. The custom of tattooing among civilized nations is fast dying out, though there are a few establishments to be found where it is still done. Among these is one on the Bowers in New York, where the operator advertises performing the operation in thirteen different colors. some countries tattooing had a religious significance; but in olden times n was practiced merely as a method of adornment. The Japanese and New Zealanders are famed as expert tattooers, and a good workman can cover a man's back with all manner of claborate designs in a single day. Some authorities assert that tattooing was put I find you have worked us pretty hard. on the body in ancient times as a substitute for clothes.

It's surprising what a lot of noise

AXLE GREASE BARE TREAT.

Sattors Introduce It and Natives of Mainhar Can't Get Enough. It was a weird story that was told the other day on the deck of the British freight steamer Swanley by Jake

Braun, the bos'un, as to the origin of the tons of carios that were being taken off the steamer at the Bush Natives of the Malabar coast give

them in return for axle grease, which they eat as Americans do ice cream. "Yessir," began Jake Braun, "ye needn't take no fancy things to China or to Singapore with you if you want a good trade. On a previous voyage me an' the other fellows aboard the ship took with us all the pretty things that we could think of.

"About six of us went to the coast one day with our things and tried to swap with those fellows all day long without getting so much as a cocoanut. In the stock that we had taken ashore was a can of axle grease that had come ashore with us against our permission.

"One of the niggers stuck his fingers to the can and eats the axle grease an' the next minute we were offered every sort of inducement to leave the axle grease with them. They even offered us the inducement of a massacre, an' were only restrained by the sight of our pistols.

"Finally we lowed the axle grease to stay with the natives, but we took all the curios and ornaments they had and netted a pretty penny on them at Colombo, So, when we comes here again we put our spare money in axie grease.

"There was a cellubration among the cannibals, an' they took all we had an' we took all they had, which was no small matter. Those natives like that axle grease better than we do ice cream. They cats it, an' then when they can't get any more down their stomach they paint their faces and necks with it."—Bosten Herald.

ROYAL NICKNAMES.

-19999999999999999999999999999 Nicknames, complimentary and otherwise, have been freely bestowed upon English sovereigns and princes from the earliest times. Any schoolboy can recall such instances as "Richard Cour-de-Lion," "John Lackland," "Bluff King Hal," "Bloody Mary," "Good Queen Bess," "The Black Prince," and "The Merry Monarch." Even when there is no distinctive epithet to catch the fancy, a nickname has sometimes, in the popular mind, almost

supplanted the fuller and statelier

It was "Prince Charlie," not Prince Charles, who was Scotland's darling, whom she celebrated in ballads that keep his memory green to our own time. It is "Prince Hal," not Prince Henry, whom we delight still to remember, and it is he, even after he had ceased to be the wild prince and become the conquering king, concerning whom Drayton in his "Agincourt" queries proudly, when shall

England see again

Such a King Harry? Shakspeare, too, depicting the victor of Agincourt at his manliest and kingli est, makes him bid the hesitating French princess, in the famous scene of woolng, to "avouch the thoughts of your heart with the look of an em press; take me by the hand and say, 'Harry of England, I am thine.'"

With such good excuse in history and literature, we may surely claim a right to be interested in the royal nicknames

of our own time, Forty years ago we learned, on the authority of Queen Victoria herself in her Highland journal, that in the home circle the Prince of Wales, now the king, was always "Bertie:" the Princess Royal, "Vicky;" Prince Alfred, "Affle," and the Princess Helena. "Lenchen." Later, after she became the Empress Frederick, "Vicky" was more often called "Pussette;" and the youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice. was almost to the time of her mar-

riage, simply "Baby." King Edward, his "Bertle" days over, became to his children, as many other British fathers do, "The Gov'nor." Later, on ascending the throne, he acquired a new and more distinguished nickname, but recently divulged. It is "Edrex"-a convenient condensation of Edward, Rex. The queen has never been nicknamed.

The present Prince of Wales and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, answered readily, when they were midshipmen, to the names of "Sprat" and "Herring." Their sister, now Queen Maud of Norway, is still "Harry" in the family; and it was she who be stowed upon another sister, the modest and retiring Duchess of Fife, the clever mock title of "Her Royal Shyness."

Good in Everything.

The late Sir Wilfred Lawson, well known as an English temperance re former, as well as a wit, invariably took a cheerful view of life and con-

In conversation with him one day an ardent person railed forcibly against the practice of "chaistening" vessels with champagne before being launched. Sir Wilfred did not altogether agree, and said a good temperance lesson might be learned from the practice. "How can that be?" demanded the

"Well," replied the baronet, "after the first taste of wine the ship takes to water, and sticks to it ever after."

Extravagant Economy. Paul Morton, in a recent address on

an extravagance, in the long run. It

reminds me of the poy and the jam.

insurance, said of a certain proposed economy: "That would not be an economy, but

" 'My son,' said this boy's mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to est butter with that superb fam?" "'No, ma'am, it's an economy,' the boy answered. 'The same piece of bread does for both."

"Has that rich author a pseudonym?" "I don't know if that's what it's called, but it's the newest make, fortyborse power."-Baltimore American.

FACTORY HEROIMS.

Miss Mary Gulnan First Woman to

Get a Ronsevelt Medal for Bravery, Miss Mary Guinan, the first woman to receive the Roosevelt prize for bravery, is not at all confused by the great honor bestowed upon her. She is a modest little weman and continues to work every day at her machine in the Middletown, N. Y., shirt factory where she has been employed for eighteen

years. On Dec. 19 last when Miss Guinan was returning from her work she saw John C. Runyon, an aged merchant of Mifidletown, standing on the Eric railroad tracks walting for a train to pass. The train was going west and Mr. Runyon did not see an eastbound train approaching. Miss Gunan saw the old man's danger and stooping under the gates pushed the aged merchant off the eastbound track as the train rushed



MISS MARY GUINAN.

past. The two were for a moment in a space of less than three feet, with a train rushing past at high speed on each side. Miss Guinan held the old man firmly until one of the trains passed and then assisted him to the sidewalk.

giving her name and told no one of the incident. One of the spectators followed her and on learning her identity made the story public.

Miss Guinan then went home without

Miss Guinan and a sister support their aged mother and a little nephew and niece.

ORIGIN OF THE KISS.

The Ancients Knew Nothing of the

Delights of This Salute. Prof. Hopkins of Yale University claims to have traced the history of the kiss from its birth, and proved that the earliest peoples and earliest times knew it not. That there might be no mistake he labeled the kiss of to-day "the genuine kiss" and "the perfect kiss."

The genuine kiss, Prof. Hopkins

sald, was invented by a woman. Its description is given in the epic of ancient India which treats of the science "She laid her mouth to my mouth,"

recites the poet, "and made a noise which gave me pleasure." With that discovery grew the fashion which has since known no abatement, and observers even say the fashion is spreading. Additions to the epic in later years described variations in the natural kiss, all based upon that

given by the "she" of the first nar-"The early peoples," declares Prof. Hopkins, "know nothing of the kiss in any form. Had they known of it they would have told something of it in the mass of records that has come down to us, for surely an act which conveys such pleasure could not have been for-

gotten. "The earliest form of the kiss is that which we know as the 'sniff kiss.' This is a smelling, usually of the head. The father of a new born son sniffed his head that his days might be long and that honors might come to him. Returning from a journey, he sniffed the heads of his children in the same man-

"Gradually, with this 'sniff kiss' there came also a caress, a touching, usually, of the head. Gradually also the endearment came to be applied to others than children. The rubbing of noses, which was persisted in by some tribes, was probably an intermediate process in the evolution.

"With the development of the genuine kiss the 'sniff kiss' disappeared, never to reappear. It had served its purpose and was soon forgotten."

Wanted the Real Thing.

A painfully bashful young man of Stotesbury, according to a paper quoted by the Kansas City Journal, proposed to his girl by means of a phonograph, to the waxen cylinders of which he had previously told his love. The girl was greatly surprised and not displeased to hear her lover's declaration, but the idea of this betrothal did not appeal to her. Accordingly she sent her little brother with a note which read as follows:

"Dear Sir-If you have courage enough you might come over and tell me what you have to say, but if you haven't, stay at home, for I'll be jiggered if I am going to be hugged and kissed by a phonograph if I never get a chance to say 'Yes!' "

Cost of Government in Russin. It costs less per head to run the gov-

ernment of Russia than any other nation in the world. The average Russian tax is \$10 for each person in the empire; that of Great Britain, France, and Austria-Hungary runs over \$15 per head of the population of these coun-

Done For. Bacon-The open-work stockings have had their day. Egbert-Yes, I should say they were

Too many people know a lot of I things that are none of their business.

on their last legs.-Yonkers States