

**New Industry.**  
"Who is that striking looking man near the head of the table?" asked one of the guests.  
"That's Mr. Jypes," answered the other.  
"What? A workman at the stock yards?"  
"No; don't you understand? He writes these shocking stories of corporation cruelty to children and ignorant employees that you read in the Magazines."—Chicago Tribune.

#### Tender Hearted.

Customer.—Can you tell me whether the stuff they put on this sticky fly paper is sweet?

Drunket.—No, ma'am; I don't know whether it is or not.

Customer (with a sigh)—Well, I'll take 5 cents' worth, but my conscience would be over so much clearer if I could be sure that the poor flies when they get stuck on it die.

**You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE**

Write to-day to Allen S. Oliver, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures tired, aching feet, swollen ankles, etc. It makes feet feel as fresh as ever. A certain number of Corns and Bunions All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c.

TRADE OF THE DAY.

"Anyhow," fiercely exclaimed Warcham Long, as their irreconcilable differences of opinion gradually led to personalities, "I ain't pigeon-toed!"

"No," said Tuftold Knut, looking at the open work shoes worn by his fellow traveler; "when ye have them things on yer feet ye allus turn yer toes out!"—Chicago Tribune.

**LATEST PARISIAN SHIRT SKIRT Novelty.** Everybody laughs, everybody wants one. \$300.00 sold at Coney Island. At the rage in New York. Send 12 cents. Headline Society Co., 68 Beckman St., New York.

TOO HAZARDOUS.

"Yessir," admitted a waiter, "I shall be compelled to throw up my situation here."

"Indeed! What is the matter?"

"More than I can put up with. The governor insists on my eating mush rooms in the presence of customers to prove they are edible fungi!"—London Tit-Bits.

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

A BRIGHT SPINNERS HOUSE.

"My great-uncle, who was blind," said a Frenchman, "once buried \$4,000 in gold coins under a pear tree in his garden. His neighbor saw him do it, and in the dead of night came and stole the money, replacing the earth carefully.

"Some days later my uncle brought fifty more coins to the pear tree for burial. He soon discovered his loss, and, silently weeping, he, too, replaced the earth.

"He knew whom to suspect, and that night he called on his neighbor. He seemed thoughtful and distrustful, and the neighbor asked him what oppressed his mind.

"Well, I'll tell you," said my great-uncle frankly. "I have 1,000 louis laid away in a safe place, and to-day a tenant paid off a mortgage, and I have another 1,000 louis in cash on my hands. I don't know whether to seek out another hiding place for this money—or put it where the other is. What do you advise?"

"Why?" said the neighbor eagerly. "If your first hiding place is safe—and you declare it to be so—I should certainly put this money there too."

"My great-uncle said firmly that that was what he would do. It was the wisest course. Then he took his leave.

"And when next day he went to the pear tree again there, sure enough, was his lost 1,000 louis all put back again."

Fought and Bled.

"Uncle George, did you do any fighting in the Spanish war?"

"Yes, my boy; I was fighting nearly all the time. Those mosquitoes down in Florida, where we camped, were the fiercest things you ever heard of!"

"But weren't you in any battles, uncle?"

"O, yes; we had a few little skirmishes over in Cuba, of course; but I thought you wanted me to tell you about real war and bloodshed."—Chicago Tribune.

More Trouble.

"I wish my husband had sent me a postoffice order instead of this check," said Mrs. Leppling, as she looked at the little slip of paper that had dropped out of the letter. "I suppose, now, I'll have to take it to the bank and repudiate it in order to get the money."

HIS NATURAL BENT.

"I understand old Palyman left his affairs in pretty bad shape. Are you having any trouble in straightening them out?"

"We have found that they can't be straightened. He was a confirmed crook."

NOT A MIRACLE.

Just Plain Cause and Effect. There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous.

Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find complete relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording.

"I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time. The spells caught me sometimes two or three times a day."

"My friends, and even the doctor told me it was drinking coffee that caused the trouble. I would not be. Here it, and still drink coffee until I could not leave my room."

"Then my doctor, who drinks Postum himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I decided to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than four months."

"I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Well-ville," in pgs.

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

## The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

#### CHAPTER V.

It was a full hour later that a tall young man in a spring overcoat mounted the shallow steps of the Albermarle Adelphi hotel and entered the lobby, which seemed curiously full of people. Some were sauntering about, others sitting or standing in little groups, while quite a number were leaving. The attention of the crowd was riveted on the hotel omnibus which stood in front of the door.

The young man pushed past the throng of loafers with scant ceremony and made his way to the clerk's desk.

"Look here!" he said, addressing that individual: "Just a minute, please! Any truth in this report about the Prince del Pino's attack? I'm on the Morning Post and have been sent to get the facts."

The clerk did not look up from his writing.

"Report officially denied," he said, in his usual singsong. "Boxes taken down to the docks this morning. The prince himself leaves this afternoon. Will be down in the course of an hour."

He speech created a little hush in the bus of talk around, and two or three persons turned their heads to listen.

"That's true," said a man, "who was standing near the clerk's desk. "I saw those trunks myself go out in the van three hours ago—crest on every one of them." He was speaking to a shovely dressed woman, evidently an American, who shrugged her shoulders incredulously.

"He'll have to let his trunks go without him then," she remarked in a low tone. "The doctor's been here three times to-day, and you know what the chamber maid said. No, I won't believe he's going till I see him with my own eyes. Look! There comes the proprietor!" She stopped short, as a stout man in a frock coat walked pomposly to the telephone near the clerk's desk and took up the receiver.

"Give me Adelphi stables!" he ordered, in a voice that carried through the entire lobby. "Hello! Jim, send a covered four-wheeler right here for His Excellency the Prince del Pino."

Then, turning his back to the room, he became absorbed in an interested talk with a man who had just come in—a trim-looking man with a very white face and dressed in black.

"The prince's valet!" the American informed her husband, in a loud whisper that reached the ears of the reporter standing near. Stepping across, he accosted the valet ingratiatingly.

"Would it be possible for me to obtain an interview with the Prince del Pino? I come on behalf of the Morning Post."

The valet shook his head.

"The prince is very busy," he explained smugly; "he leaves in one all little moment for to take passage of the Majestic for New York." He dropped his voice. "His Highness trusts that we once will most kindly contradict the so false report, which has unfortunately been circulated. Son Altezza has had a severe cold, from which he has but now recovered. You will excuse me?"

Bowing politely, he passed out, followed by the proprietor, just as a large four-wheeler drew up in front of the entrance.

Sixty minutes passed.

The little groups in the lobby began to show signs of impatience and that restlessness which heralds the appearance of a long-expired star, and there was a general murmur of relief when the whispered announcement, "Here he comes!" was passed around.

At the other end of the lobby a lift door shot back and four men came quickly out. The porter was ahead, much encumbered with luggage, then came the valet, followed by the proprietor himself, who walked loftily across the hall, abreast with a tall man muffled in a triple-caped military overcoat with a high collar and wearing a tall silk hat.

As he passed rapidly, the lobby caught a glimpse of a handsome, clean-shaven face and a glistening monocle.

"Certainly he looks well enough," admitted the smartly dressed woman near the clerk's desk, in an aggrieved tone.

The reporter drew a step towards her. "Do you know His Highness by sight, madam?" he inquired, in the confidence-inspiring voice of his class.

But the American was not to be drawn out. "No, I don't," she said shortly; "he came here a week ago and has been in his room sick all the time. Nobody's seen him before."

Then, turning, she stood on tiptoe, craning her head like the rest of the room to get a glimpse of the four-wheeler containing the departing grandee, as it bounded rapidly out of sight.

As it rattled off in the direction of the quays, Ladovic Sarto, the underserving object of much solicitude and interest, sat leaning back on the cushions of the cab, smoking one of the Del Pino cigars, and outlining his plans to Alceste with a loquacity that had not hitherto characterized the prince's treatment of his valet.

"It will be easy enough to keep this up," he said hopefully, in French, "now that it's started. I shall avoid people as much as possible on board and stay in my stateroom. There's one chance in a hundred that there will be any one in a hundred who has ever known either the prince or myself before."

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"Most improbable," the valet agreed.

"and you swear that you will leave those trunks at the Waldorf as you found them, precisely?" There was a sharp note of anxiety underneath his nervous insistence. "Remember, Sarto, what I am risking."

The other met his glance imperturbably.

"Have I ever failed you?" he was asked quietly; "you and I have been through a great deal together, mon vieux."

There was a pause.

"I hope the money I have given will be enough for all immediate needs," Alceste pursued, changing the subject restlessly.

"For myself, I do not know what the outcome of this affair will be. The proprietor has promised to do his utmost,

"but—" he sighed—"I shall neither sleep, nor eat bread, till Son Altezza is safely and secretly out of that madam hotel—that is, provided he does not die before he can be moved."

"Mache!" the chauffeur laughed derisively. "The prince has no more the scariest fever than I who speak to you. Can you not see what the doctor really thinks?"

"He'll be ill enough but to realize that he's the laziest, the unkindest, the most callous of men," the chauffeur retorted.

"The prince had to go to allay suspicion," mumbled the valet, as if he were repeating a lesson.

"Exactly. And they went in the charge of a trusted, discreet friend of thine—remember, my name does not appear—

who has left them safely at the Waldorf.

something of which he was sublimely unaware. That lack-luster eye gave away the situation. For the moment the blood-hound was off the scent!

At this top notch in the chauffeur's deductions, a distant bell-like note came along the decks. It rose, sang, swelled with a dozen measured modulations, filling the ship with the unmistakable clangor of the bugle.

Starting at his watch interrogatively. Then he sniffed the air, hesitating, and finally, turning on his heel, his hands in his pockets, followed the guiding sound.

"Full cry for dinner!" sneered the watcher behind the shutters. "With the man he's after and the money within six feet of his nose! Ugh! Bah!"

And, with a snap of his fingers in the direction of the vanishing brown overcoat, the chauffeur moved away from the window.

For some minutes longer the bugle blew sonorously, but to one at least of the steamer's five hundred passengers its brazen clangor was absolutely inaudible, as, standing in the strip of light from his window, Sarto opened a Russian-leather photograph case he was holding and scrutinized the face inside with intense anxiety.

A long, narrow, clean-shaven face it was, with pin-point eyes embedded in bristling eyebrows that met uncompromisingly. And yet the high bony nose and the thin-lipped mouth had a certain harsh distinction—the hall-mark of a dozen generations.

With a smothered ejaculation, Sarto took a step forward, staring half-faintly at the man who came to meet him out of the opposite mirror. A tall, slender built, olive-faced man, who moved with sinuous grace, his clear-cut features very subtly moulded—an impassive in their aquiline setting as a handsome bronze. There was no trace of the brown-bearded artist in this attractive personage, no sign of the mustached, bearded, bogged chauffeur—and, on the other hand, no resemblance to the man he was personating.

That method, those principles which define the method, are simply that each man stands equal to his neighbor, and that we are not to be controlled by any cabal or coterie or any one abusing power, but we are to work through democratic methods, by honorable representation of the popular will.

American life is more wholesome to-day and more upright right things; there is a quicker response to demand for proper representation in politics, there is a sensitiveness on the part of those having power lest their abuses of it should be discovered, greater than at any time in our history. No battle has been lost.

Many remain to be won.

## GOVERNMENT BY RIGHT METHODS.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.

We don't want government by caprice; we can't afford to have it. That is dangerous. What we want is absolute loyalty to the rule of reason, in insistence upon the determination of questions after open debate, in yielding to the will of the majority after a fair opportunity for its expression, and recognition of the fact that in trying to protect and remedy defects in the superstructure we must not impair the foundations which are essential to our safety.

So it is not merely what is done, but the way it is done, that is important.

It is one thousand fold more difficult with a strict adherence to the principles which underlie our safety and secure the perpetuity of our institutions than any momentary success gained at the price of sacrificing that which alone can make secure our ultimate achievements.

That method, those principles which define the method, are simply that each man stands equal to his neighbor, and that we are not to be controlled by any cabal or coterie or any one abusing power, but we are to work through democratic methods, by honorable representation of the popular will.

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