

Brief Telegrams

By Imperial Russian ukase Vice Admiral Kruger has been placed on the retired list.

Construction work will begin next month on the first 125 miles of the Cherryvale, Oklahoma, Gulf & Texas railway. The road is to be 900 miles long.

A Russian imperial ukase was issued restoring to the Armenians their school and church property in the Caucasus.

The Peruvian government has ordered the sub-prefects to issue free of charge certificates to Peruvians of Chinese descent going to the United States.

Millionaires Mackay, Gates and Keene are said to be backing a gambling venture at Saratoga that will make a second-class joint out of Monte Carlo in comparison.

Twenty thousand citizens of Quebec witnessed the unveiling of a monument to the Quebec soldiers who lost their lives in the South African war. Earl Gray unveiled the monument.

The correspondent of the Standard at Odessa says that the order for the departure of the infantry division that was mobilized in the southwestern provinces has been countermanded.

The Netherlands government has appointed Prof. Jacob Graus of the technical university at Felft, as its delegate to the commission which will assemble in Washington in September.

The sultan of Morocco has declined to accede to the demands of the French minister for the payment of indemnity and the release of the chief of the Algerian settlement of Gharattia.

Official Russian documents show that the czar planned a compromise with Japan just previous to the war, but the alliance of Japan and England upset the calculations and hostilities followed.

The Japanese government is negotiating with the Krupps for fresh orders of armor plate and guns. Director Iccus of the Krupp firm is in Berlin arranging the contracts with the Japanese agents.

From recent estimates made of the citrus crop for next year indications point to a record breaker. That there will be upwards of 35,000 carloads is certain, and the aggregate may reach 40,000 cars.

A strike of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers against the American Bridge company went into effect at Phtsburg, Pa., throwing about sixty men out of employment.

One hundred thousand laborers in the province of Andalusia, Spain, are without the necessities of life. Several districts are at the mercy of the rioters and many landlords are seeking safety in flight.

Robert M. Fleming, a clerk at Swift & Co.'s packing plant at St. Joseph, Mo., shot and instantly killed Carl W. Schultz, a civil engineer, on account of attentions paid Mrs. Fleming by Schultz. Fleming is in jail.

An interview between Emperor William and King Edward to take place when the king is returning home after the cure in Marienbad, has been arranged through the friendly offices of Emperor Francis Joseph.

The Tanager correspondent of the London Times says that the announcement in the Times that Germany had officially announced that the contract for the Tattenbach-Askold loan has been signed is inaccurate.

A cablegram from United States Consul Wynne at London says that Enoch Emery, a wealthy American, had disappeared from Paris and that detectives had been engaged to search for him. Emery is a native of Yarmouth, N. S.

The books of the defunct German bank of Buffalo, N. Y., just produced by court order for the inspection of the creditors' organization, show large amounts were withdrawn by a few depositors on the Saturday preceding the closing of the bank, and on Monday, December 5, the day of the failure.

Reports received by Chief Wilkie of the United States secret service, state that about twenty arrests have recently been made on the Pacific coast of alien officers of American ships charged with having obtained their licenses as such officers on naturalization papers obtained through fraud.

Secretary Bonaparte has authorized the use of his name as a member of the advisory board of the Bennington Memorial Association of San Diego, Cal., to erect a modern sailors' club house at San Diego, Cal., as a memorial to those who lost their lives as a result of the explosion on the Bennington.

A dispatch by wireless telegraph from Hito says that Hana, the Hawaiian wife of Kallua, a Chinese, gave birth to one child on last Thursday, two on Sunday, one on Monday, two on Tuesday morning and one on Tuesday night. All are dead.

Premier Ries at Madrid, Spain, gives it to be understood that the Moroccan conference will meet at Madrid.

Extravagance of the Shah of Persia during his recent visit to France puzzled Parisians, as the sovereign is known to be heavily in debt and has no visible means of obtaining riches.

SALT RHEUM ON HANDS.

Suffered Agony and Had to Wear Bandages All the Time—Another Cure by Cuticura.

Another cure by Cuticura is told of by Mrs. Caroline Cable, of Waupaca, Wis., in the following grateful letter: "My husband suffered agony salt rheum on his hands, and I had to keep them bandaged all the time. We tried everything we could get, but nothing helped him until he used Cuticura. One set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills cured him entirely, and his hands have been as smooth as possible ever since. I do hope this letter will be the means of helping some other sufferer."

It is an easier matter than most women realize to become a thorough-going bore. We have all met such a woman. She will recite for hours at a stretch the troubles—real and imaginary—which she experiences with her husband, children and servants. She will expound upon her own all sorts of ailments and worry you with a long story of her pains and aches.

Insist on Getting It. Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money. Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue. He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right—Cato.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Reason is the glory of human nature, and one of the chief eminences whereby we are raised above the beasts in the lower world.—Lord Bacon.

Here is Relief for Women. Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills, called AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain monthly regulator. Cures female weaknesses, Backache, Kidney and Urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Lelloy, N. Y.

Her Excuse. A bright girl asked to be absent from school half a day on the plea that company was coming.

"It is my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the girl, anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can go without me, because those boys act dreadfully."

The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence, and asked if her case came under any of them.

"Oh, yes, Miss Smith," said the girl, eagerly, "it comes under this head," and she pointed to the words, "Domestic affliction."

Tommy's Explanation. Little Tommy told his mother that he thought it too rainy for him to venture forth to school, relates the New York Tribune.

"But it will not be too rainy this afternoon for you to play ball, will it?" asked his mother.

"No, mother," replied little Tommy, respectfully, "because you can always play better ball in the rain than in the sunshine."

"I don't see how, Tommy."

"Why," replied Tommy, "it's because when it is raining there is lots of mud, and that makes it so slippery that you can slide on your stomach better."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, but indigestion corrupts good morals.

WRONG SORT

Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread may Be Against You for a Time.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Welden, Ill., says:

"Last Spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach trouble accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried every kind. I had become completely discouraged, had given up all hope and thought I was doomed to starve to death, till one day my husband trying to find something I could retain brought home some Grape-Nuts.

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once, my flesh (which had been flabby) grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight. I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for 4 months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet.

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living.

"Grape-Nuts food has been a god-send to my family; it surely saved my life and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

The Thing We Earn

Figgerin' high an' figgerin' low, An' figgerin' in an' figgerin' out, An' watchin' the days as they come and go. We git what we're earnin' I don't much doubt, I know there's exceptions here an' there; I notice them still wherever I turn, But the rule is yet, an' the rule is fair, We mighty near get whatever we earn.

There's many a feller, I have no doubt, Is worth some more than the task man pays, But takin' it in an' takin' it out, We mighty near get the price of our days.

Of course I am wishin' I might get more, An' so are you wishin' the same, I bet, But just the same, as I said before, The thing we earn is the thing we get.

—Sunset Magazine.

HER HEART'S DESIRE

BY ZOE RINEHART

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

She wore black dresses with white collars and cuffs and little white aprons. Her part in the plan of the universe was to serve the hungry people who flocked to the trains into the station dining room.

It was in the hot summer days that she was most inclined to rebel at her lot. She was not what would be called a discontented girl. But when the crowds of summer tourists came pouring into the eating house she had stirrings of a keen unrest.

Though no one would have dreamed it, she had a secret passion. It was all the while consuming her as she set before the hungry traveler the little dishes of bread and meat and vegetables—the interminable little dishes.

One day when the tide of pleasure seekers and tired workers had been moving westward for weeks, she walked into the manager's office and asked to be relieved.

He looked up with some annoyance. "Why, you're not going to leave us just now, are you? This is a rushing time. I don't want to break in any green girls just now. What did you say the trouble is?"

"I didn't say," faltered the girl. Her fingers were smoothing out the ruffles of her snowy apron. "But—I'm going away. I'm—called away." There was an air of suppressed excitement about her.

"Well, if you must go, I suppose you must. But of course you understand that if your place is filled satisfactorily, you will in all probability lose your job here."

"I didn't expect to keep it," she answered simply. She walked out of the office, and as she went she felt as strange as if she had suddenly dropped from another planet.

After the lapse of two weeks she walked into the manager's office again. The manager was busy and the one glance he gave her was followed by a frown.

"Didn't I tell you the other day," he said impatiently, going on with his work, "that if you left your place would not be held for you?"

The words "the other day" fell strangely on her ears. She almost gasped. "The other day." Why, it seemed at least a thousand years.

"I haven't come to ask for my place again," she said. "I have come to tell you something—to explain something."

The busy manager glanced up impatiently. "Well, please be quick about what you have to say," he said, and turned in his chair to face her.

There was something in her look that startled him out of himself. He was a practical man, but he was one of those who can see subtler things than they are sometimes given credit for. He had seen this girl many times, nimble and active at her duties, serving the interminable little dishes to hurried diners. It was a part of his own duty to see to it that these girls did their tasks well. But he had never seen her look as she looked now. Perhaps he had read of glorified faces. He may have seen them in pictures, and possibly heard them

spoken of in church. He may have believed in something of that sort, but he was not accustomed to see them among dining room girls.

Her manner was quiet, but it was a quietness underneath, which one divined a whole ocean of tumultuous feeling. She spoke rapidly, but clearly and unhesitatingly.

"I have come back to tell you all about it," she said. "I have come to confess and let you do what is right. I have counted the cost and I'm willing to pay. I want you to send me to prison. I am a thief. I have stolen

from you—from the proprietors of this place."

She paused. The manager was startled. He looked at her sharply, doubting her sanity. This was an unusual thing. This girl's honesty he would have staked anything on, and he prided himself on knowing human nature.

"What do you mean?" he said. "You must explain yourself."

"You remember the linen that was missed, and some of the silver—you were all puzzled, and couldn't account for it. I am the thief."

"What are you saying, girl? And



"But—but would that be right?" she said.

Why are you confessing it now? What made you take it, then, in the first place, and why not return it now?"

"I can't return it because I sold it. That's why I took it—because I wanted the money. I didn't see any other way, and I wanted to go away. I wanted to see the mountains. They seemed to call me—when I saw all the people here day after day going. I wanted to go so many years—all my life—and I had no money. I knew that it would lose me everything, but somehow I felt if I had the mountains to remember the rest of my life, I could stand it, in prison or anywhere."

"But if you had only kept still, you would never have been found out."

"Oh, it is so hard to make you understand," she said. "Don't you see that I never meant to steal and not pay the penalty? I meant all the time to pay the penalty. I don't think I could have done such a thing and never confessed. Oh, haven't you ever in your life, wanted something so much, and wanted it so long, that you felt you would be willing to give up everything else, even the rest of your life if you could only have that one thing. That's the way it has been with me. I don't think I could help having that feeling about the mountains. It must have been born in me—that—that feeling for them. My mother loved them and always said that in a prairie country she was sure she could never live. She had been born in the mountains and they were a part of her life. After awhile my father left the mountain country and my mother died—we all thought of a broken heart. And I grew up and never remembered seeing them, but always, always I longed for them. And so many times I planned to go. I worked and worked, and saved and saved, and always there would be somewhere for the money. Once father had a stroke of paralysis, and there was a doctor's bill, and again my sister's baby died, and had to be buried, and then again another sister was going to be married and she loved pretty things, and I couldn't bear to be selfish and use the money for myself. That's the way it has always been, and we've always been poor. I worked for wages that were barely enough to keep my soul and body together. It seemed to me that I could never see my mountains. There was no other way. I felt sometimes as if I couldn't live very much longer if I couldn't see them just once. Especially of summers after I came here, and saw so many tourists. It seemed to eat into my very soul—the desire to go. Then I thought of taking the things and selling them. I knew it was wicked, for I've always been an honest girl, but I told myself that there was no other way. I would see my mountains, and then I would come back and tell you all, and you could do what you will with me—send me to prison, I suppose. I know that will be right, and I am ready to go."

She stopped and looked at him with that glorified light still in her face. She looked like one who has seen

the glory toward which he has been journeying since the morning, and is satisfied with a mighty peace at evening. The manager looked at her, and knew that she spoke the truth. For a moment there was silence.

"I think I see—a little—how it has been," he said. "I—I believe I understand. We will arrange this between ourselves, and you can go back to your old place in the morning."

For the first time she faltered. "But—but would that be right?" she said. "I have stolen. Mustn't I—oughtn't I—to pay the penalty?"

"Well, if I can arrange it to the satisfaction of everybody it will be all right—in this case—I guess," he said. "You can work it out, you know."

"Oh, how good, how good you are!" The manager turned away hastily from that radiance in her face.

"Don't mention it," he said, shortly. "And if that's all, you may go now," he said.

The next day in the noisy dining room, in her black dress, her white collar and cuffs and her little white apron, she served interminable little dishes of meat and vegetables and desserts to hungry travelers. In her face the glory still lingered.

USE FOR A SCREEN.

Gov. Ames' Notion That It Might Profitably Be Employed.

Oliver Ames, twice governor of Massachusetts, loved a good story, but his friends all knew that any bit of pleasure indulged in in his presence must be of a nature all the world might hear.

The Republican committee of a city in this state, together with several state campaign workers, were gathered in a hotel reception room one afternoon prior to his first election. Mr. Ames was writing at a table, and, emboldened by the gubernatorial candidate's evident absorption, one man told a story which called forth some shamed appreciation. On the strength of the bon mot, the storyteller retired from the room, as he thought, in good order.

"Who is that man?" asked Mr. Ames, after the door had closed.

"His name is Jones," some one volunteered. "He's the largest coal dealer in this city."

"Well," said Mr. Ames deliberately, "if he doesn't screen his coal any better than he does his language, I would not trade with him."—Boston Herald.

Eccentric Logic. In his "Reminiscences of Bench and Bar" Mr. Sergeant Robinson has recorded some choice specimens of eccentric logic in the sentences pronounced by Sergeant Arabin, a commissioner of the Central Court. In sentencing a prisoner convicted of stealing property from his master he thus addressed him:

"Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, this case is that case."

Again, in sentencing a man to a comparatively light punishment, he used these words:

"Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigating circumstances in this case which cause me to take a lenient view of it, and I will therefore give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have irretrievably lost."

He once corrected a talkative witness thus:

"My good man, don't go babbling on so. Hold your tongue, and answer the question that is put to you."

Mother of Twenty-five Children. Mrs. John Mello of Berkeley, Cal., was born in the Azores forty-six years ago. She began married life at the age of fifteen and has had twenty-five children. She has been wedded twice. Her first husband was the father of ten infants, and John Mello of fifteen. Mrs. Mello is the youngest of twenty children by her own mother, and knows of several additional half-brothers. "I don't know just how many," says Mrs. Mello; "I think ten, but maybe more." After her marriage Mrs. Mello came with her husband to California. And before she was sixteen Manuel arrived to prove to his grandfather that the family tradition was just as strong in the new land as in the old. The records of to-day show twenty-five children in thirty years, with seven pairs of twins among them, each time, until the last, a black-eyed boy and a blue-eyed girl.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How They Must Laugh. How they must pity us—they that neither toll nor spin. They that, having found the way, Slyly slip their big hands in. And from the public crib keep taking out. What we are storing there!

How they must laugh at us who shout the glories of our land, who swear allegiance to its laws and soil. Our hands with hard bread-winning toil.

How they must smile at us—they that dwell in idleness. And from our earnings, day by day, Take bodily what they please!

How often must they leer at us who hoe. And hew and saw and risk for bread; How mean and feeble we below. Must seem to them, in heart and head; With proud contempt they, far above, Still let us live—but not for love.

How they must rail at us—they that see us stupidly laboring for little pay. And vainly fancying that we, With worn-out moral codes and lack of wit, Best serve ourselves and God!

How, as we treasure bit by bit—The poor, dull workers near the sod—They oft must laugh, who take our gains. And wonder at our dearth of brains! —S. E. Kiser.

Needn't Pray Below Bangor. We all take things for granted. This was the case at a prayer meeting in Maine when the pastor remarked that if any had relatives in distant lands prayer would be offered in their behalf. Thereupon a man arose and said: "I would like you to pray for my brother. He went away two weeks ago, and I haven't heard from him since. I don't know just where he is, but you needn't pray below Bangor."

LOST 72 POUNDS.

Was Fast Drifting into the Fatal Stages of Kidney Sickness.

Dr. Melvin M. Page, Page Optical Co., Erie, Pa., writes:

"Taking too many iced drinks in New York in 1895 sent me home with a terrible attack of kidney trouble. I had acute congestion, sharp pain in the back, headaches and attacks of dizziness. My eyes gave out, and with the languor and sleeplessness of the disease upon me I wasted from 194 to 122 pounds. At the time I started using Doan's Kid-

ney Pills an abscess was forming on my right kidney. The trouble was quickly checked, however, and the treatment cured me, so that I have been well since 1896 and weigh 188 pounds."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box.

A Dangerous Flower. The florist held a tulip in his hand. "Some people claim a tulip has no smell," he said. "As a matter of fact, it has a dangerous smell. Take a tulip of a deep crimson color and inhale it with profound inspirations, and it will be apt to make you light headed. You will say and do queer things—dance, sing, fight, and so on. For two hours you will cut up in this way. Afterward you will be depressed."

A Gentleman. Come wealth or want, come good or ill, Let young and old accept their part And bow before the awful will. And bear it with an honest heart. Who misses or who wins the prize—Go, lose or conquer, as you can, But if you fall, or if you rise, Be each, pray God, a gentleman. —W. M. Thackeray.

Choice in Color of Skin. The color of the skin is a thing that makes for beauty or mars it among different people. Each race considers its own color preferable to every other. The North American Indian admires a tawny skin and the Chinese dislike the white skin of the Europeans.

The Reason Why. Drummond, Wis., Aug. 21st (Special)—Whole families in Bayfield County are singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the reason why is given in experiences such as that of Mr. T. T. Wold, a well-known citizen here.

"I had such pains in my back that I did not know what to do," says Mr. Wold, "and as I came across an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I sent for a box. That one box relieved me of all my pains. My wife also used them and found them just what she needed. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Backache and other Kidney Troubles."

Backache is one of the earliest symptoms of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it promptly and permanently and prevent it developing into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

Progress. "People that live in glass houses needn't have any fear nowadays," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "There are plate glass insurance companies."

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 1/2-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 oz." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Italians Avoid Bad Habit. To an Italian, charged in a London court with drunkenness, the magistrate said: "Italians don't often get drunk. Don't get English ways."

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lelloy, N. Y.

We know a man who can trace his ancestors back to William the Conqueror, and his ancestors would not care enough about him to trace him to the next corner.

Somebody ought to write a book educating hosts and hostesses in the fact that there is a difference between entertaining people and spending money on them.

One phase of a notion is that which prompts a man to own a sixty-horse power auto in a locality where he can't use over twenty-horse power to save his life.

The acme of goodness is to love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interests of the whole world as far as lies in our power.—John Ruskin.