

Brief Telegrams

Milwaukee has a population of 312,968, according to the city census which has just been completed.

Richard Henry Little of Chicago, the war correspondent during the Japanese-Russian war, was one of the principal speakers at the Chautauqua at Rockwood, Ill.

Rev. Myron W. Haynes, pastor of the Belden Avenue Baptist church, Chicago, is accused of securing half-rate railroad tickets by "gross misrepresentation."

Dun's weekly review of Chicago trade says the movement of leading commodities is testing the facilities of the railways, and money is in increasing demand.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, poetess, editor of St. Nicholas Magazine, and of several stories for children, died at her summer cottage in Ontonagon Park, Norrisville, N. Y.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the Atchison, Kan., corn carnival, to be held September 13 and 14. A big feature will be troops from Fort Leavenworth.

The Evening Post says that the Standard Oil company is about to absorb the San Francisco Gas and Electric company and the San Francisco Coke and Gas company.

The secretary of the interior has ordered the withdrawal from entry of 160,000 acres of land in the LaGrande, Ore., land district on account of the Umatilla irrigation project.

Computer Herbert R. Morgan of the United States naval observatory, has accepted the position of astronomical director of the Morrison observatory of Pritchett college, Glasgow.

John Wanamaker addressed the convention of the Negro Business League at New York, telling the negro business men that their success had no dependence on the color.

Marine hospital officials at New Orleans have trouble with believers in the arsenic treatment, who claim to be immune and refuse to take sanitary precautions against the yellow fever.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt and their children, with some of the members of the other Roosevelt families, went up shore several miles from Sagamore Hill and had a picnic under the trees.

It has been ordered by the state health department that all persons entering Texas by northern gateways must furnish health certificates signed by legal health officers and properly attested.

Miss Stella McMullin, of St. Louis, gave up her life in a vain effort to save Frederick Churchill, quartermaster of Light Battery A, from drowning in the Mississippi river, where they were bathing.

Federal Judge Baker at Indianapolis decides that a public service corporation cannot give an option for the purchase of its plant in its charter, and that a municipality has no power to enforce it.

Charges have been filed in the department of justice by citizens of Globe, A. T., against Associate Justice Tucker of the territorial court, which, it is said, involve the judicial and personal conduct.

Kermit Roosevelt, the second son of the president, left Oyster Bay, N. Y., for Deadwood, S. D., on a visit to Captain Seth Bullock, supervisor of the Black Hills forest reserve, and will hunt and fish for three weeks.

The new Dominican college of the Immaculate Conception, which has been some years under construction at Brookland, a suburb of Washington, D. C., has been dedicated. Cardinal Gibbons presided at the ceremony.

Ell Titus, for twelve years general live stock agent for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, died at Kansas City of locomotor ataxia, aged 59 years. He was stricken with paralysis seven years ago and had not walked since.

The foreign office denies categorically and officially the report that Count Lamsdorff, the foreign minister, has resigned or has attempted to resign.

William E. Curtis writes that the people of all classes in Arizona are waging a strenuous campaign against the joint statehood plan, and declare the attempt to merge their territory with New Mexico is extremely unjust.

The Isthmian canal commission has adopted as a coat of arms for the government of the Panama canal zone and for the use of the commission a shield showing a Spanish galleon of the seventeenth century, under full sail, coming head in between two banks—the sky being yellow with the glow of the sunset—in the shield, the colors of the arms of the United States. Under it is written "The Land Divided, the World United."

William A. Russell, the new American minister, presented his credentials to President Castro, by whom he was cordially received at Caracas.

Bowlegs are so common in Cincinnati that they are valueless as a means of identification in court.

Thomas H. Shevlin has given \$60,000 to the University of Minnesota for a woman's building, which will contain a gymnasium, a luncheon room, etc.

Roland W. Diller, pioneer settler of Illinois and intimate associate of Abraham Lincoln for many years, died at his home in Springfield.

The Cosmopolitan. The Cosmopolitan (New York) shows that it is fully able to live up to its claim of being the magazine of timely interest. At least three articles in the September issue are distinctly of that nature. None of the other periodicals of the month contains so interesting and important an article as that by Garrett P. Serviss on the "Artificial Creation of Life." Mr. Serviss describes in great detail the latest developments of Dr. Loeb's experiments with parthenogenetic creation, and also tells so far as may be of the English scientist Burke's work to create life by chemical action. There exists no more fascinating subject than this attack on one of Nature's most impregnable secrets, and it behooves every intelligent reader to keep pace with it.

Enamel on Cards. The enamel on address cards is produced by rubbing over the card a mixture of Krennits white, which is a fine variety of white lead. When dry the surface is rubbed with fannel dipped in powdered talc and polished by vigorous rubbing with a hard brush.

Ole Bull the Patriot. Ole Bull, the wizard of the violin, is everywhere known. Ole Bull, the patriot, Norway's lover and beloved, is a character less familiar to the general public. A most fascinating bit of history is the record of Ole Bull's passion for his country and his share in Norway's development; and this is the subject of Margaret E. Noble's "Ole Bull as a Patriotic Force," announced to appear in the September Century. "One of the world-voices," Ole Bull is called, "one of those world-voices in which perfect command of a difficult technic is made, in its turn, only the instrument of a higher impulse—the heart of a whole people pressing forward to the utterance." The recent secession of Norway gives timeliness to Miss Noble's paper.

Laugh at Sultan's Jokes. When the Sultan of Turkey "commands" a theatrical performance he orders a number of his own jokes to be interpolated, the court being carefully coached that they may laugh at his creations and politely ignore the more genuine humor.

Everybody's Magazine, September, 1905. Comparison of the City of Today with the City of the Future is a cheerful exercise. And plenty of material for the comparison is offered in the September Everybody's. There is, for instance, the intensely modern biography of James R. Keene, the great Wall street magician, whose contests with Jay Gould and with "Standard Oil" are brilliantly described by Mr. Lawson in a particularly absorbing installment of his "Frenzied Finance." It is a chapter from the very heart of the life of today, this story of a man, according to Mr. Lawson, "of infinite strategy and daring."

Japs Are Born Sailors. A Japanese marine officer has explained why Japan has such good sailors. Most of her coast vessels are small, but there are a great many of them, and almost any man taken from a fishing village has had enough experience to enable him to become an efficient sailor in a short time.

O. Henry, Champion of the Down-Trod. O. Henry's "Unfinished Story" in the August McClure's was a stinging lash at the snug employers of girl labor at starvation wages. Whether the author had any deeper motive in writing his caustic little tale than the compelling force of the tragedy the conditions suggest, only O. Henry knows; but down in Texas, the author's native state, the official organ of the State Federation of Labor lifted the story bodily from the magazine and accompanied it with an editorial giving it direct application to some department store owners whom they accuse by name.

Remarkable Memories. Extraordinary memories, such as seem to have been common in the old times, are still to be encountered in India, where there are Hindu priests who can repeat the 300,000 lines of Mahabharata accurately.

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 3/4-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.

Bagpipes From Norway. It is a curious fact that bagpipes were invented in Norway and thence imported into Scotland in a period when a portion of the country fell into Scandinavian hands.

Word from Br'er Williams. "Yo got de gold fever, all right," said Brother Williams, "but you ain't got de diggin' principle."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Western Wife

She walked behind the lagging mules That drew the breaker through the soil; Hers were the early rising rules Hers were the eyes of wifely toil. The smitten prairie blossoms fair, The sod-home faded from the scene; Firm gables met the whispering air, Deep porches lent repose serene. But with'ring brow and snowy tress Bespeak the early days of strife; And there's the deeper wrought impress— The untold pathos of the wife. O western mother! in thy praise No artist paints, nor poet sings. But from the rosary of days God's angels shape immortal wings! —Will Chamberlain in National Weekly.

THE INVULNERABILITY OF PRESTON BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLHOPE

When Jack Preston once said to his wife that nothing in the world could possibly shake his faith in her, he believed, conscientiously, that it was the truth. That not the slightest thing had ever happened, either before their marriage or after it, to interfere with this conviction, may have had a great deal to do with its firmness. But Preston's opinion seemed, to himself, to be based upon his own fine fidelity in his wife's integrity; upon a conception that was too liberal to descend to pettiness.

On this same subject, Mrs. Preston entertained her own separate views—not unmixt with considerable doubt. And the doubt rankled. Finally, it assumed such proportions, that she set about evolving a means of experiment whereby she could ascertain a solution that would be entirely satisfactory. In doing this, there were a great many things she failed to consider at all—as offset by the one passion to discover whether her husband was really so invulnerable as he imagined himself.

One morning, she went into her study with a determined plan in view. She tore up half a dozen sheets of paper before she finally managed a letter to her satisfaction. It ran as follows:

Mr. J. H. Preston, New York City. "Dear Sir:—Heed a friend's disinterested and well-meant advice and keep a sharp eye on your wife. A great many more things than this might be said, but a word to the wise, etc."

She made a careful type copy of the above, sealed and clicked off the address to her husband's postoffice box. Then she locked her desk, pinned on her hat and went hurriedly out into the street, walking with a sort of guilty, nervous haste till she reached a mail box. Dropping it in quickly, she reversed her steps with more of leisure and returned at once to her sitting-room and study.

When Preston came in, half an hour later, his wife was industriously engaged upon her correspondence.

"Care about going out to the races this afternoon?" he asked after a little, idly fingering the pages of a magazine.

Mrs. Preston hesitated a moment. It took a good deal of will power to resist, but she made up her mind and must play the part she had set herself.

"I am very sorry," she replied, studiously, "but some friends have invited me to go automobiling, and—" she paused.

"Some friends?" "Yes; the Kelbys, you know." "I know, of course. But—" "Well?"

"Well, it seems that you always have something else on hand when I ask you to go anywhere." "Purely a coincidence. Experience should teach you that I'd far rather go with you."

"Then break this engagement and come with me," he pleaded. "Impossible. It would spoil the party, and I couldn't take such a responsibility on my shoulders."

Preston colored, crossing his knees. The next morning at breakfast Preston greeted her as usual. There were no constrained silences; no forced gaiety to hide any inward emotion. At dinner it was just the same. At the opera that night, and again in the morning.

Mrs. Preston had begun to hope and thank heaven in the hope that her husband had never received that letter. She did as she pleased, went where she pleased and remained away as long as she felt disposed to, and all without question or explanation. Her husband was always the same.

But the strain had commenced to tell upon her. On more than one occasion she was on the point of blurring out the whole thing, but prudence held her back. And so the days passed.

One morning Preston announced his intention of going duck hunting. Mrs. Preston watched him feverishly, as he made a few hasty preparations, exchanging his coat for a shooting jacket, and the soft gray Alpine for a riding cap.

When the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away, she went back to her husband's dressing room with a beating heart. It was the work of a minute to empty the pockets of his coat. There were several letters, some memoranda and a box of matches.

Mrs. Preston examined letter after letter with eager eyes, her fingers trembling beyond resistance as she went through them. Yes, the anonymous letter was there; it had been opened and read, then—and ignored! All at once the door opened and



closed and Preston himself came quickly into the room. "I forgot my ammunition—the most important thing—" he began, then stopped short in the middle of the floor. "Jack!" He answered her with a surprised look, taking in the situation at a glance. "I found this letter," she said, coldly. "What do you think of it?" "What do I think of it?" he asked, coming closer. "Why—I haven't really thought much about it." He smiled. "Then you care so little—" "Things of that sort have a way of not worrying me much, Kitty." He took the letter from her hand as he spoke, and held it up so that the light could shine through. "Did you examine the water mark on this?" he asked, giving her cheek a playful pinch of deprecation.

Mrs. Preston felt her heart lurch and tears of vexation crowd, smarting, to her eyes. "We haven't a corner on stationery, have we, Jack?" she asked, with a lame attempt at indignation. But Preston shook his head and smiled again. And Mrs. Preston is still at sea.

QUESTION HE OBJECTED TO. Victim of Cyclone Would Answer All but One. "Yes," replied the man from Arkansas when asked if he had ever experienced any cyclones in his locality, "I've been through a cyclone or two, and I don't hanker after any more."

"Can you give us any particulars about them?" was asked. "Why, yes, a few. When the last cyclone came along I was out in the field plowing with a four-mewl team. I started to run for cover, but I had not gone more'n four rods when the wind picked me up, and the next thing I knew I was astride of the back of one of them mews, and we were both in a tree top, 50 feet above the ground. The handles had been twisted out of the plow and driven right through the trunk of the tree and one of the other mews was hanging to them by his tail."

"That was a queer thing. And so you were left in the tree top?" "I was." "And—and—" "That's all." "But I want to ask you—" "I don't care to say anything more."

"But look here," said the questioner. "You were blown into a tree top along with a mule and—" "Please don't press me sir." "But can't I ask you how you got down?" "Oh, yes, you can ask that and welcome, and I'll answer you that some fellers came along and chopped the tree down. I thought you was going to ask me if the wind blew my hat-band off and if I ever recovered it again, and that's a question I ain't going to answer for anybody."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rags. Dey call me Rags; I s'pose de're right; I ain't dressed up. Ye see Dat guy dere wid his fine togs on, he wouldn't play wid me. His dad runs a policy shop; and my dad played his game. An' wot he done t' my old man I tell ye was a shame. Me mudder said afore dad died he earn't two bucks a day. An' dat guy's dad, me mudder sez, got most of my dad's pay.

When Hadley's Reign Began. A few years ago, when Timothy Dwight succeeded as president of Yale university by Arthur T. Hadley, the exercises attendant upon the transfer of authority were marred by a heavy fall of rain, which drenched the column of people moving across the campus in honor of the event.

President Dwight and Prof. Hadley, the former old and bent and gray, and the latter comparatively young, erect and strong, were at the head of the column, walking arm in arm. Some one handed the couple an umbrella, and Prof. Hadley was about to open it, when the older man, who is noted for his kindly heart and witty remarks, as well as for his profound learning, took it from his hands and said, as he unfolded it and placed it over their heads: "Let me carry it, professor. Your reign will begin to-morrow."

For Health and Economy use Calumet Baking Powder

"Best by Test" Used in Millions of Homes John Milton in Russia. The most popular author in all Russia is John Milton, whose "Paradise Lost" is read in every peasant's cottage. "Paradise Lost" is the book most in demand in the village library. At a fair in Moscow there were seen five or six different translations of "Paradise Lost," with illustrations, at a few pence apiece. Milton is to the Russian peasantry what Shakespeare is to the Germans.—Sphere.

Two English Golf Stories. Here are a pair of this season's golf stories imported from England. A golfer drove a low ball over a river and a salmon jumped at it with such vigor that it jumped right out on the bank and was secured with the golf ball in its mouth. Another player killed a lark with a golf ball in his morning round and another with the same ball in his afternoon round.

Function of Fish Bladders. The air bladder of fishes is the provision within their bodies which enables them to rise or fall in the water. According to the dilation or contraction of the bladder they may regulate the depth in the water at their pleasure.

Lesson for Women. Jersey Shore, Pa., Aug. 28th (Special)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done worlds of good for me." That's what Mrs. C. B. Earnest of this place has to say of the Great American Kidney Remedy.

CUTICURA GROWS HAIR. Scalp Cleared of Dandruff and Hair Restored by One Box of Cuticura and One Cake of Cuticura Soap.

Lake Turns Red. Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has the curious property, every tenth year, of turning red, owing to the presence of certain water plants, which are not found in any other lake in the world.

Feat in Telepathy. Tom I can read your thoughts. Clara—I can hardly believe it, for if you could you wouldn't sit so far away. Try One Package. If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.