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How a Nation Was Made

By DONALD CHAMBERLAIN

"Count," said King Victor Emmanuel at a time when both were playing a diplomatic game to keep the European powers from standing in their way of affecting the unity of Italy, "on whom can you rely to befriend us?"

"No one," was the laconic reply. "In that case we shall have to fight them all, which means we shall not succeed in our purpose."

"I have but one object, your majesty, in what I am doing now. I wish to compel the emperor of France to decide in our favor. He is the only sovereign who wavers as to what is his interest. He is supposed to have been elected by the people, and the cause of the people against those who rule by divine right is growing stronger every day. In half a century it will be the main question of the day. Ours is the cause of the oppressed against oppressors. Therefore it is the cause for which the Napoleonic dynasty stands. On the other side the emperor of France cannot ignore his interests on the side of the church. If I can get a lever by which I may pry him over to our side we win. He is too powerful for any of the other powers to oppose."

"But how get such a lever?" "Does your majesty remember the Princess Paolini?"

"The woman who turned the heads of all the men in the capital last winter and caused three duels?" "The same. She is enthusiastic for Italian unity. She came to me to ask how she could serve her country. At the time I was wishing for that lever I have mentioned. I told her to go to Paris, worm herself into the confidence of some one close to the emperor and, if possible, possess herself of a state secret that Napoleon would not have known. He hates our main enemy, Austria, and, whatsoever action he takes with us, will in the end play her false. If we can get some written evidence as to what he intends for the power that deserted the husband of Marie Louise to join the allies we can restore it to him in exchange for his good will in our present necessities."

In a chateau near Paris the Princess Paolini was sitting in an easy chair, while Emile Levoisier sat near. Levoisier was the Emperor Napoleon's private secretary.

"I dare say," remarked the princess, "that the emperor reposes great faith in one who must necessarily know his secrets."

"I am a locked safe," was the reply. "Iron safe locks may be picked," pursued the princess, "by those possessing mechanical skill. Were I the repository of state papers of great importance I should keep them on my person."

"That's exactly where"—He stopped short. He did not suspect this woman of having any interest in his documents, but it was not the part of one in his position to tell any one where he kept his important papers. But his mind was rather on the woman than on his documents, for she had enthralled him.

Presently she said she felt faint and would like a glass of wine. He called a servant, and a decanter and glasses were brought. He poured a glass of the wine for her, looking at her anxiously. She sipped it languidly and said:

"To drink alone is like kissing waxy lips. Drink with me." Levoisier poured himself a glass of the wine and was about to drink when she put her hand on his.

"In the closet of my room are some biscuits that I invariably take with wine between meals. Will you go and get one for me?"

"I will send"—She looked at him as if hurt that he would not himself do this favor for her, and, rising, he left the room. He had no sooner gone than she took a powder from her casket and dropped it in the glass he had left. He returned in a few minutes with the biscuit, and they drank together.

It was not long before Levoisier began to nod, and, rising, he staggered to a lounge and lay down. He was soon in a deep sleep, and the princess, searching his pockets, found a document. It proved to be a memorandum of a proposition to be made to the czar of Russia for an alliance against Austria with reference to disposition of certain Balkan provinces. Leaving Levoisier sleeping on the lounge, she went to her room, gathered what she needed for immediate use and left the chateau.

Two days later she stood in Cavour's cabinet. "Well," he asked anxiously, "what success?"

The princess handed him the stolen document. He cast his eyes over it rapidly, then muttered thanks that were inaudible.

"I fear that your highness has everything a woman can wish for," he said, "and I shall not be able to reward you."

"I have done it for Italy," was the reply. Cavour waited for advices from the Tuilleries, which came in due time. An Italian princess had possessed herself of a paper important to the emperor. If the government would see that it was returned unused the emperor would reciprocate. The paper was returned and a request made that Napoleon would not interfere with Victor Emmanuel's efforts to establish Italian unity. The request was granted.

As Smart as His Boy.

When Sir William Gilbert was twenty-seven and was known to the world as a promising writer, his father, who was a retired naval surgeon, wrote a semimetaphysical, semimedical book entitled "Shirley Hall Asylum," his first book.

Edith A. Brown, when preparing a biography of the younger man, having heard that the son was the incentive from without which spurred into action the inherent but dormant literary talent of the father, asked if such was the fact.

"Yes," replied the author of the "Bab Ballads" and the wittiest librettos ever written. "I think the little success which had attended my humble efforts certainly influenced my father."

"You see," he added, with a suspicion of a smile, "my father never had an exalted idea of my ability. He thought if I could write anybody could and forthwith he began."

A Question of Brains.

At a club frequented by doctors the discussion came up recently whether a person could live without a brain. During the discourse one of the doctors said: "When I was practicing medicine in Indiana a remarkable case came under my supervision. A man while out hunting had leaned upon his shotgun and the weapon had gone off accidentally, making a large wound in his head just above the ear. The brain was laid bare and in bringing the patient to the hospital a handful of the gray matter leaked out. He was trepanned and finally recovered, his mental faculties apparently as good as ever."

"Your story is interesting," interrupted an auditor, "but it sounds to me somewhat inconsistent."

"Why so?" questioned the narrator. "Because," answered the other doctor, "if he had ever had a handful of brains he wouldn't have leaned on the gun."—National Monthly.

Great Crest of the Sierra.

Mount Whitney, the highest point in the United States, is not an isolated mountain peak, like Mount Shasta or Mount Rainier, but is the loftiest point in the great California crest or enormous saw tooth ridge of the Sierra Nevada, including many eminences almost as high. Mount Whitney is 14,501 feet above sea level. Among those of slightly lesser height are Mount Russell, less than a mile distant, 14,190 feet; Mount Williamson, 14,384 feet; Mount Muir, 14,265 feet; Mount Langley, 14,042 feet; Mount Barnard, 14,003 feet, and Mount Tyndall, 14,025 feet. The most distant of these is less than six miles away.

By a strange freak of nature the lowest point of dry land in the United States is less than eighty miles from the highest. The lowest point is in Death valley and is 276 feet below sea level. It is said that from this point Mount Whitney can be easily seen on a clear day.

An Ignoble Use.

Washington Irving in "Crayon Papers" says: "I was once at an evening entertainment given by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House to William IV. The duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, Napoleon, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the grand staircase stood the colossal statue of the emperor by Canova. It was of marble in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of Victory. Over this arm the ladies in tripping upstairs to the ball had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington! Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay.

Qualified.

"This," said the able manager, "is a difficult part to play. The character doesn't have to speak a word during the performance, and yet he is on the stage the greater part of the time. Do you think you can do it?" "I should think I can!" exclaimed the actor. "I'm well qualified for the part. I've been married for twenty years and haven't had a chance to say a word yet."

Old Love Letters.

Wife—I came across a bundle of your old love letters today. Husband—Did you read them over? Wife—Yes. Husband—And what was the effect of that perusal? Wife—I wondered which was the bigger fool—you for writing them or I for marrying you after receiving them.

A Hint.

"Yes," said the young student thoughtfully, "when I get interested in a subject I never stop until I have embraced it thoroughly."

"That's nice," was the hesitating reply. "Do-do you think I'm an interesting subject?"

Wisdom of Solomon.

The reason Solomon is called the wisest man is because he never tried to tell each of his wives that she was the only woman he ever loved.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Both Busy.

"The girl who knows she is pretty makes a fool of herself." "And the girl who doesn't know she is pretty makes a fool of some man."—Houston Post.

The Competitors.

"Is there much competition in your office?" asked Miss Skittles. "Sure!" replied the facetious Miss Skids. "Between the mirror and the clock."—Puck.

Reunited By Chance

By F. A. MITCHEL

We peddlers—I mean we who drive about the country selling our wares—meet with some very strange experiences.

On one of my excursions that I have with a double team and a mule wagon loaded with everything a farmer's wife could need I was looking about me for a place in which to put up for the night when I came to a house standing beside the road that looked inviting except for a certain loneliness there was about it. We know instinctively when a place is occupied and when it is deserted, and the moment I looked at this one I knew that no one lived there. Nevertheless I determined that if I could get into it I would stay there all night. The lock on the gateway leading to the barn had fallen, and I had no trouble in driving in my team. The barn was as easy of access as the gate, and I drove both horses and wagon in under cover. I had feed for the animals with me and, having fed them, went to the house.

Looking in through a window, I saw furniture which seemed to be new—that is, it had evidently never been used. Something like mold had got thick upon it, indicating that it had been there for a long time. A screwdriver from my wagon acted in place of a jimmy to raise a sash, and I effected an entrance through a window.

I explored the house, all of which had been evidently newly furnished. Indeed, some articles had not been unpacked. In an upper story I found the plastering had in part given way from water let through a roof that needed repair, the water having run down a wall against which stood a mantel. The mantel had been displaced and leaned forward. Beside it on the floor I picked up a letter which, though it had been drenched, I could see had never been opened, and with difficulty I made out the address. The postmark had been too far damaged by water to be legible.

I made myself as comfortable as I could during the night and the next day drove on to the nearest postoffice, where I turned over the letter to the postmaster. He read the address and looking up at me, asked where I had found it. I told him, and, taking up a hand magnifying glass, he studied the postmark for awhile, then said to himself rather than to me:

"That must have been the day before the intended wedding. Now I remember Sam asked me to send any letter that might come for him to his new house. Andy!"

A young fellow about eighteen came from the rear part of the office, where he had been stamping letters, and the postmaster asked him:

"Can you go back far enough in memory to recall delivering a letter to Sam Joslin a day or two before the day he was to have been married?"

The young man ransacked his memory for awhile, then replied: "Yes, I can, because I didn't find Mr. Joslin there, and I didn't find any one in the house either. I went all over it and finally concluded that the front sleeping room upstairs on the mantel was the best place to leave it. So I set it up against the wall and left it."

"Did the mantel stand flush up against the wall?" I asked. "No. It was a wooden mantel and had warped, leaving a crack. I set it up so that it wouldn't slip down the crack."

"But it did, all the same," I said. "I remember that I got caught in a terrific windstorm on my way back. Maybe it shook the house and the letter fell into the crack," suggested Andy.

"Maybe that letter or Sam's not getting it explains the split," suggested the postmaster.

"What split?" I asked. "Why, Sam Joslin was to have married Annie Springer and had back and furnished a new house. The day of the wedding Annie didn't appear. Sam had taken her away from Bill Edwards, a good for nothing fellow, who had been courting her, and Sam, who was an impulsive man, made up his mind that at the last minute she had thrown him over and had concluded to marry Bill. Sam got a fit on him and shutting up the house, went away and has never been back here since."

He opened the letter, but the ink had been so blurred that it would have required a long time to decipher had it not been very short. It read:

Oh, dearest, our wedding must be put off. I have just heard that mother is dying, and I must go to her at once.

I went on peddling tin pans, wash boards and the like, leaving the postmaster to work out the romance. Six months later I drove by the house in which I had found the letter, and I saw at once as I approached it that it was no longer deserted. I drove my team into the barn, and a young man and woman came out to learn what I meant.

"Reckon I'll make myself at home here," I said.

"By what right?" asked the man angrily. "I'm the man that found a letter here some time ago."

The two looked at each other; then the man grabbed one of my hands and the woman the other, and the man said:

"You come right in and occupy every room in the house."

I was a good while getting away from that couple.

Buoyancy of Fresh and Salt Water.

A Chinese lad dropped his ball in a narrow hole and could not get it out. So he poured water in the hole, thinking that he would float the ball to the surface. As the ball was slightly heavier than water, it remained on the bottom. Then he thought of mixing salt with the water, as he knew that salt water would float denser objects than fresh. This he did and was rewarded with the floating ball.

This particular fact is demonstrated at the mouths of rivers. Objects rolling along the bottom of a fresh river, too heavy to come to the top, will rise when they are carried out to sea. The general rule also applies to floating bodies. For instance, a ship with a cargo on the sea will sink sometimes a foot on entering a fresh water port. On the other hand, if she leaves a fresh water port with her cargo she will rise when entering the ocean. So a ship may be loaded apparently too much at a wharf and still be all right on the waves.

In building a dam the fact of salt water's being heavier than fresh must be taken into consideration, and the dam for the same head must be a good deal stronger; this, too, without taking into consideration the bending of waves, etc.—St. Louis Republic.

British Civil Service.

Life in a civil service office is a very drab affair today. But sixty years ago it appears to have had its compensations. Sir Algernon West, who entered the admiralty in 1851, recalls, in his "Reminiscences," the figure of an official "always dressed in a black and snuffy suit." It was the chief clerk. This gentleman "occasionally came to the office in the morning dressed in a great frilled shirt front and evening clothes and announced that, as he was going to dine out that evening, he should not be at the office the next day. Frederick Locker, who always wore kid gloves in the office for fear he would dirty his hands with ink . . . was evidently not impressed with the dignity of the man or his office, for on my asking him what his duties were he said, 'All I know is, that whenever I want a clean towel or a piece of fresh soap, I always ring the bell and send for the chief clerk!'"—London Citizen.

An Unfortunate Phrase.

"Franz der Kaiser," Napoleon's father-in-law, who was a rather weak and silly ruler, had nevertheless a thoroughgoing belief in absolutism and in the divine right to rule of even the most incompetent of the Hapsburgs. His abilities, such as they were, were best displayed in catechisms that he wrote and printed for the use of his humbler subjects and in peevish criticisms of those of superior intelligence.

According to the author of a recent life of Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria entitled "An Imperial Victim," the emperor once raged against his doctor for remarking that he had "a good constitution."

"Never let me hear that word again!" he said. "Say robust health if you like. There is no such thing as a good constitution."

Switzerland's Navy.

Long before Germany was to be reckoned with as a sea power Switzerland possessed a fleet equipped for warfare. Eight hundred years ago on all the larger Swiss lakes armed galleys were maintained by the rival cantons. Skilled shipwrights had to be imported from Genoa for the construction of these vessels, some of which carried crews of 500 men. The largest Swiss dotilla was maintained on the Lake of Geneva, when the inhabitants of Geneva were at war with Savoy. Since the neutrality of Switzerland has been guaranteed by the powers there has been no need for warships on the lakes. The Swiss, however, possess a mercantile navy, which carries a considerable amount of trade over the 342 miles of navigable waterways in the republic.

Line of Duty.

Uncle Luke had been over into Calhoun county to see the son of his old master, now grown to ripe age and judicial office.

"Luke, how does Mr. John look?" asked the old gentleman. "He's getting stout, eh?"

"Yas, sah," agreed Luke. "Ah will say dat w'en Ah saw Mas' John ev'ry buttin on his wals'coat was doin' it's duty, sah."—New York Post.

Hardly Possible.

"Landlord, what is this inscription on your windowpane?"

"Some say it was scratched with a diamond by the poet Cowper, but others say the authenticity is doubtful."

"I think so myself. Where would a poet get a diamond?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It Had a Charm.

"I do miss Mrs. Jones. She told me all the news of the parish."

"Oh, that was only gossip—no truth in it!"

"Well, there, I liked to 'ear it. Truth or lies, 'twas all news to me."—London Punch.

Artistic Temperament.

The Prima's Husband—I see a Stock Exchange seat has sold for \$50,000. The Prima—My, how I'd like to sing in that house!—New York Post.

Odd Temperament.

Physician—For your ailment absolute rest is a sine qua non. Patient—But, doctor, my system won't take any quinine.—Buffalo Express.

It is in men as in soils where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.—Swift.

No "Water" in Bell Telephone Stock

Even the most radical enemies of "big business" admit that there is no "water" in Bell Telephone stock. The Bell organization last year paid less than a 6% dividend on actual physical valuation of the property.

In a recent speech in New York, Congressman Lewis, of Maryland, in advocating government ownership of telephones, said:

"Be it said for the Bell System, that it is the one great corporation in our country that has not issued tons of counterfeit capital. Its stock and bonds today represent the actual contributions of its shareholders in money to a great common enterprise, and we will not have that unfortunate circumstance to deal with in the valuation of their properties."

Private enterprise and initiative have made American telephone service the cheapest and most efficient service in the world.

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Don't waste your time and money on worn-out land that is high-priced simply because it was once worth its present price! The richest virgin soil is waiting for you in Manitoba—and the Alberta-Saskatchewan district. You can buy it for practically the same price per acre that the mere manuring per acre of soil in many parts of the U. S. cost! Fertile Canadian West offers you not only soil of wondrous productivity, but it also offers you a splendid climate, churches of all creeds, splendid public schools, exceptionally good markets, fine hotels and transportation facilities that are unequalled.

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Here is land adapted to grain growing, to poultry raising, dairying, mixed farming and to cattle, horse and sheep raising. You decide for yourself what kind of farming you wish to follow. The Canadian Pacific helps you select the land best adapted to your purposes. And when you have selected it, we arrange to have **Your Farm Made Ready by** building a house, a barn, a well, a fence and tell us an expert on the case and send him to your farm. Let us put you on a farm to most advantage. Write for full particulars. We will tell you that bushel crop in Canada this year!—Write for Randomly Illustrated Books. Address

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