# An Invisible Hand

**&&&&&&&&&&** 

recalled her to her niece, whom the maids had raised to a sitting position. She was staring wildly around, as if terribly frightened.

"Is he dead?" she asked in a whisper. "No, dear child, no" her aunt answer-

ed reassuringly.
"Thank God," she muttered, and again lost consciousness.

A few minutes later she revived once more, where the sight of the prostrate man being carefully screened from her by those around, she was assisted into the house, where she lay on a sofa in the morning-room, with strict injunctions from her aunt not to speak until she returned. until she returned.

For Lady Bysshe had now set herself the task of breaking the news of Max's condition to the count. She found him wrapped in his dressing gown and seated in a chair patiently waiting his valet's return; he being quite ignorant that anything unusual had occurred. "That sounds like your step, Margaret," he remarked as she crossed the threshold.

"My dear," she remarked as they drew near home, "I think I will ask Goeffrey down from Saturday till Monday, next week. What do you say, dear?"

"He may not be able to come; he must have so many social engagements," Edith answered, striving to appear unconcerned.

"But he always seems to enjoy himself here, and he brightens us up. And

"It is I," she answered, her voice shaking in spite of herself. "Did you want me?" he asked in sur-

prise, turning toward her.
"Only to tell you that an accident has happened to Max."

"Edith was with him; but she can say aothing yet. She has just recovered laughing and crying hysterically.
"Edith was with him." he said signi"Edith was with him." he said signi-

from fainting, poor child."

"Edith was with him." he said signicantly, his eyes fixing themselves on space as if something had suddenly appeared to him; then with deeper terror on his face than it had yet expressed, he asked to be taken to Max. "I must see him; I must be with him," he said his voice shaking, his hands outstretched to feel the way.

She led him out of his room, and along a wide corridor until they reached a lobby at the head of the grand states."

laughing and crying hysterically.

"It was foolish of me to faint again," she said, "but I got a fright. I had no idea I was so weak-minded; but we never know ourselves," she added smilingly.

"What frightened you, dear child?" her aunt asked.

"You will think it is nonsense, and so it is; but Urbano's face seemed to wear a horrid mask, like one of those wicked-ly grotesque things Japanese actors wear when they play tragedy. It was

along a wide corridor until they reached a lobby at the head of the grand staircase, where, hearing the sound of roices and the shuffling of feet, they stood still, holding their breaths.

"The doctor must have come, for they are bringing Max in," Lady Bysshe turnested.

Or he may be dead," the count said "Tes you, doctor?"

"Yes, the groom met me on my early your son dard without waiting for further guidance he tremblingly groped his way along the wall and down the stairs, at the foot of which a friendly hand was laid on his arm, while a roice said, "Excuse me, count, but I think you had better remain here just at present; for if my patient suddenly regains consciousness it will only existe him to see you, and your presence san do no good."

"It's you, doctor?"

"Yes, the groom met me on my early rounds and I hurried here at once. I the sufficient of what she believed was Max's suicide, must have been much greater than was first apparent. Doctor Hopkins could only advise perfect quiet, give tonics, and leave nature to reassert her strength, a proceeding which Lady Bysshe thought the most sensible.

CHAPTER XX.

am having your son carried into your

"Is there danger?" the count gasped.

whole days seemed to pass before Ur-sano came to announce that the ball had seen extracted and that so far no danger was apparent. "Your Excellency," said the valet, using the form in which se always addressed his master, "may some into the room, for the doctor says the patient will not recover conscious-aess for some time," and he led the

sess for some time," and he led the sount toward the study.

No sooner had he gone than Lady sysshe hurried to her niece, who was ying on a couch, her shoulders supported by pillows, her face looking wan and terrified.

"Is he still living?" she asked in a rightened voice.

Urbano's words were repeated.
"I am grateful," Edith said fervent"Oh, I am grateful." Hopking.

"I am grateful," Edith said ferventby." "Oh, I am grateful."

When presently Doctor Hopkins
joined them, their first inquiries were
for his patient. The bail, he told them
had been imbedded in a fleshy part of
the left breast and had been extracted
with little difficulty. Had it penetrated
half an inch farther it must have
haused instant death. At present he
lid not fear danger, but there was an
immense loss of blood and consequent
weakness; the wonder was that the
wounded man had not bled to death;
he certainly would have done so had
not the bandages been put on so soon.
Though Max was naturally strong, his
recovery would be slow.

When he came to feel Edith's pulse
he notice a discoloration on her wrist.
Without pretending to see it or pausing,
he stated that she had received a severe
shock to her nervous system, that her
strength must be kept up, and that he
would send her a tonic. He suggested
a drive in an open carriage, said that
he would see her again in the afternoon, and bowed himself out with
smilling affability.

"I am sure he is an extremely clever
man," said Lady Hysshe.

"I am sure he is an extremely clever man," said Lady Bysshe.
"Yes," Edith assented, as she smiled.
"It seems as if he understood the case."

### CHAPTER XIX.

EDITH'S DECISION.

All that day Max lay still and listiess in a semi-conscious condition, on the couch they had hurriedly prepared for him; his father seated beside him in troubled silence, his ears strained to catch the slightest sound indicating pain or uneasiness in the patient.

In the afternoon the doctor came again and declared his patient was doing well as could be expected and that no fears for his safety need be entertained.

With this assurance Lady Bysshe EDITH'S DECISION.

With this assurance Lady Bysshe with this assurance hady by the every night work her niece for an airing during the every night

**ଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊଊ** The sound of Edith's voice suddenly early afternoon in an open carriag There was no mistaking the fact that Edith was interested in Goeffrey Bys-she, though whether she was in love with him or not her aunt could not say. The sole objection that could be urged against him was his age, which was nearly double her own; otherwise he was eligible, for he had already distinguished himself at the bar and in the house, and it was probable he would one day sit on the bench. He had an income independent of his profession. She declared him to be high-minded and she thought him a man of deep feeling who would make an excellent husband to the woman he loved; and that he loved Edith, Lady Bysshe had

"My dear," she remarked as they drew near home, "I think I will ask Goeffrey down from Saturday till Mon-day, next week. What do you say,

self here, and he brightens us up. And I am sure we want something to en-liven us after Max's effort to introduce

another tragedy to the house."

At the end of her drive Edith appeared more tired and listless than when "It's dangerous or you would not come to break it to me?"

"I bope it is not sent with the peared more tired and listless than when she set out, and leaned heavily on her aunt as she went up the broad granite steps leading to the entrance. "The stood up grasping the back of this chair, his eyes staring blankly, a took of suffering on his face that made aim seem old and broken. After a minute's hard struggle he said, in a low voice that shook, "I can bear it now; it will be a kindness if you let me know the worst at once. He is dead."

"No, no, he is only wounded. As yet we don't know how it happened; it was an accident with his revolver. The factor has been sent for and everything possible is being done."

The count sank into his chair, as if he no longer had strength to stand, and buried his face in his hands. His shoulders shook.

"Was he alone?" he asked, suddenly realing his head.

"Was he alone?" he asked, suddenly realing his head.

"Edith was with him; but she can say soothing vet. She has just recovered in a sunt as she went up the broad granite steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused while steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused while steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused while steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused while steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused while steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused while steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused while steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused while steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused with his to keep twe hall both paused with his steps leading to the entrance. On the following the hall both paused with his steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused with hall both paused with his steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused with his steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused with his steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused with his steps leading to the entrance. On reaching the hall both paused with his study. The valed about Max of Urban, who had say farewell to keep them near him.

a horrid mask, like one of those wickedly grotesque things Japanese actors
wear when they play tragedy. It was
only my imagination, of course, but—"
"Your nerves are playing you sad
tricks," her aunt told her.
"I am sure they are," Edith agreed,
"I must be weaker than I thought."
Lady Bysshe was alarmed by her

Lady Bysshe was alarmed by her niece's condition, for Edith had up to this been remarkable for her calmness

GOEFFREY PROPOSES

"Is there danger?" the count gasped.

I must know."

"I cannot tell until I have examined the wound. Please stay here and I will send for you at once if I think there is any necessity."

"I will remain with him." Lady Bysshe said, when with the helplessness and docility of a child the count allowed himself to be led to the far end of the great hall, where he sat perfectly quiet, his face blanched, his eyes full of iterror. Once he muttered, "If I could ynly see my boy."

GOEFFREY PROPOSES.

Three weeks later than the date of his sudden attempt upon his life, Max was still an invalid, confined to his own rooms.

To account for his desperate act, he had told his father of his visit to Monte Carlo, his loss at the tables of the money he had borrowed of Lord Surreymore, and the letter received from the latter's solicitors; frankly stating that he had proposed to Edith that, if accepted by her, he might borrow from the money lenders. He finally added To account for his desperate act, he had told his father of his visit to Monte Carlo, his loss at the tables of the money he had borrowed of Lord Surreymore, and the letter received from the latter's solicitors; frankly stating that he had proposed to Edith that, if accepted by her, he might borrow from the money lenders. He finally added that, in his rage at being refused, he attempted his life that he might be revenged on her and escape his creditors.

tempted his life that he might be revenged on her and escape his creditors.

The count had heard the confession in mute misery for he could not reproach his son who had just escaped a suicide's death; but that he was terribly distressed it was plain to Max, who heaped on himself the reproaches his father had spared; declared he only brought misery on those around him, and promised amendment.

brought misery on those around him, and promised amendment.

"I know," he said with sulky regretfulness,"I have shut myself out from Edith's good graces forever. I have made her afraid of me and she will hate me in the future. What a fool I was, for I shall certainly never get such a chance of marrying a fortune again," and his small eyes fixed themselves disconsolately on the wall.

"What's to be done; oh, what's to be



Caller-Is the baby like his father? Mrs. Newpop-Yes; he keeps me up

done about those bills?" the count moaned, for Max had given him the list of his debts. "I am not rich, but still I must find some way of paying them. I will write to Lord Surreymore, and he will give me time; and as for the others, I shall see what can be done. If you had only heeded what I said about gambling-

"All this bother would be spared. But look here, I swear I'll never touch a card again," Max said repentantly.

a card again," Max said rependant,
"And I mean it this time."

The count remained silent, glad to
hear these words, but fearing from his son's character that such resolutions were not to be depended on in the of temptation

Edith showed little sign of improvement as time went by. Her nights were sleepless, she started at every noise, she dreaded being alone, and a gloom seemed to settle on her who formerly had been, even in her moods, so calm and cheerful.

At these symptoms her aunt's anxiety for the girl's health increased; and Doctor Hopkins declared that the best remedy for his patient was a thorough change. Italy was decided on without hesitation.

It was therefore, arranged that she should be taken to Genoa, there to remain for the winter months, providing the place suited her. There were Eng-glish doctors there, whose advice might be depended on if consultation became

On hearing of this move, the count, who usually agreed to his sister-in-law's decision, showed some dissatisfaction.

The count had no further objection to offer; but said, in his usual gentle way, it was selfishness that made him regret their going and that urged him

to keep them near him.

accident.' "It wasn't an accident, though we have been lucky enough to make people believe it was. But you had better know the truth. Max asked her to marry him, and when she refused he caught her wrist and showed her a revolver, swearing there would be another tragedy in the house unless she accent. tragedy in the house unless she accept-

tragedy in the house unless she accepted him there and then."
"The scoundrel," Goeffrey muttered wrathfully. "The scoundrel."
"She thought he meant to kill her," added Lady Bysshe.
"And yet she refused him," he said, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.
"She had too much spirit to be frightened into a consent, and too much honesty to give a promise not meant to be esty to give a promise not meant to be

kept."
"The brute. I should like to give him a sound thrashing." "He has punished himself severely;

"He has punished himself severely; for he nearly put an end to his promising career. But ever since Edith has been in a terribly nervous state, and the doctor thinks a thorough change will be the best remedy. Poor child, she will be glad to see you," Lady Bysshe added, stealing a glance at him. The barrister felt grateful for that last sentence that gave him hope and courage. For, from the day Edith and her aunt called at his chambers, the sight of this girl suddenly set him thinking that he had missed something sweet and fair in this life. Secretions sweet and fair in his life; something he had heretofore ignored or over-looked in the hurry and strife of an ambitious career; something that could not be compensated for by honor or gain, and beside which the world's awards were as nothing.

These reflections once more impressed him during his drive to the hall, but the cloudy mood they induced was suddenly brightened when presently he saw her eyes flash with pleasure as they met his own, and she let her hand rest in his, as if she felt strength, comfort and protection while it lay there. it lay there.

She grew cheerful when he sat beside her, and declared herself by no means the invalid her aunt imagined, but the thinness and pallor of her face, and the frightened look it expressed in repose, belied her words.

belied her words.

Lady Bysshe left them, saying she would take off her bonnet and have tea sent into Edith's room, which was radiant with the soft light of candles and warm in the glow of a ruddy fire.

The sudden barking of her Skye terrier at some noise outside made Edith almost bound from her chair, though next momant she was laughing at her nervousness. But her startled look and the flush sweeping over her face show-

the flush sweeping over her face show-ed him how unstrung she was, and brought him back to realities. "I wish I had known before today that you were ill," he said.

"I am sure you would have come to see me," replied Edith making no effort to supress the pleasure his words gave her, "but I feared you were too busy to be disturbed, although Auntie spoke of inviting you down." spoke of inviting you down."

"Do you think any business in the world would keep me away, if I thought you were ill?" he asked bending forward, the swelling veins in his forehead showing how intense hear better. showing how intense were his feelings, a glow coming into his dark face. She made no answer, but the light in

her eyes deepened as she suddenly re-alized that he was about to speak the words she had longed to hear. "If so," he went on, "you have not guessed how dear you are to me; how

happy it makes me to feel to be near you, to hear your voice, to touch your hand. I have longed and feared to tell you this, almost from the time you and your aunt came to see me. It may be madness on my part, you may not care for me, but I cannot help telling you that you are more than everything else in the world to me, and that I love you with all my heart and soul."

"You love me—you really love me?" she said in a low voice, as if speaking to herself, as if scarcely able to realize that so great a happiness had fallen to

### her share. (Continued Next Week.)

Slavery's Emblem. Philadelphia Inquirer: It is lawful to go without a vest: it is permissable, when off city pavements, to carry your coat on your arm—just to show that you have one; you may carry your hat in your hand—same reason; but you must wear your collar, no matter how hot and uncomfortable it makes you. hot and uncomfortable it makes you. No wonder the collar is an emblem of

Land Hunger.

Whatever may be the disposition of the farmers of the east, a serious land lunger possesses the farmers of the west. They have a feeling based on actual knowledge that there is not much really good land to be possessed. that the really agricultural portion of the Mississippi valley capable of cultivation without irrigation has been quite fully occupied, and that therefore a piece of good land is the beginping of a fortune, if not in the days of the present owner then for his of a fortune, if not in the days
of the present owner then for his
posterity. The opportunity to homestead or obtain land by purchase at
a low rate afforded by the opening of the Indian reservations this summer thows how intense this land hunger

has become. We have not cared to urge our readers to risk much on these reserva-tions. We have rather discouraged it, because we realized that very few would win prizes, that most of this

would win prizes, that most of this land is of comparatively little value or otherwise undesirable, and that there is bound to be a good deal of vexation and disappointment and no little loss.

There was a time when homesteading land paid largely. It was, however, when homestead lands in the humid district were plenty and a man could have pick and choice. Even then, however, it is an open question whether the farmer who worked on a farm by the month for five years and saved his wages could not buy the land outright for which the homesteader had given five of the best years steader had given five of the best years of his life, and he and his family sub-He could not go with them, he said, his blindness would only make him a burden on them, and he disliked the idea of women traveling alone; it would make him anxious about them. "But we shall not be alone," Lady Bysshe replied. "Though I will not take a man, for he would only bother us, we shall have our maids with us. There are no brigands in the country now.

put of life.

How, then, can this land hunger be satisfied? It is in itself a healthy sign. The man who gets hold of a good piece of land, improves it wisely and farms it well, has laid the foundation of a fortune. He will not be a million-sire. He will not, possibly, be a very rich man from an eastern standpoint, but he will be in no danger of the sheriff. He can educate his children in habits of industry, thrift and economy and sterling honesty. Can give them a good education if they are fit for it, and can have for himself and wife a maximum of the real comforts of life and the minimum of its dis-

wife a maximum of the real comforts of life and the minimum of its discomforts. Why, then, should not the bwnership of a good piece of land be highly desirable today?

There is, in the humid sections a good deal of land that can be purchased at from ten to twenty dollars per acre, land which if properly farmed (and by this we mean if it is asked (and by this we mean if it is asked to grow the crops which its Creator intended it to grow) will make the farmer comfortable and happy. And we think the chances for achieving success are a good deal better on this kind of land than in any of the Indian reservations that are now reservations that are now being opened either for purchase or homesteading. We advise every man who is by nature fitted to be a farmer to get hold of a piece of land, if he can do so without burdening himself with debt. Until he is able to pay from one-third to one-half down he had better not buy if

one-third to one-half down he had better not buy it.

We must not expect a continuance of the prosperity of the last four or five years. We don't anticipate any great disaster, but prices are always proverbially unstable. In the very nature of things adversity follows prosperity and prosperity follows adversity, as the waves follow each other to the shore. It has always been so, will always be so, and therefore we don't advise any man to burden himdon't advise any man to burden him-self with debt which he cannot carry comfortably in case there should be two or three years of dull times. Many a man has been ruined by buying high priced land and involving himself in obligations that have compelled him to let go or keep his nose to the grindstone for years to come.

We would rather take our chances now on a small portion of irrigated land at a high price than on any land that is now open to homesteading anywhere in the United States. The great agricultural development in the the irrigated sections of the plains and mountain states, and there, we believe, in the next generation will be found the highest type of civilization on this continent.—Wallaces' Farmer.

To a Young Ass. Poor little foal of an oppressed race!

I love the languid patience of thy face;
And oft with gentle hand I give thee
bread. And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head. But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed,
That never thou dost sport along the glade? And (most unlike the nature of things That earthward still thy moveless head

is hung!
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of misery! thy future fate?
The starving meal, and all the thousand "Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?" Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial

pain
To see thy wretched mother's shortened chain?
And truly, very piteous is her lot—
Chained to a log within a narrow spot,
Where the close eaten grass is scarcely While sweet around her waves the tempt-

While sweet around her waves the tempting green!
Poor Ass! thy master should have learnt to show
Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe!
For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
Half famished in a land of luxury!
How askingly its footsteps hither bend!
It seems to say, "And have I then one friend?"
Innocent foal, thou poor despised forlorn!
I hail thee, brother—spite of the fool's scorn!
And fain would take thee with me in the

And fain would take thee with me in the

Of peace and mild equality to dwell,
Where toil shall call the charmer health
his bride.
And laughter tickle plenty's ribless side!
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about as lamb or kitten gay!
Yea, and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale fashion's vacant
breast.

breast.

Emperor William as a Smoker.

Leslie's Weckly: The German emperor has now taken to the smoking of a most elaborate pipe, with specially prepared Havana. This marks a great advance on the mild cigaret with which he comthe mild cigaret with which he com-menced his sovereign career. After that he crept to equally mild straw-colored cigars, of Dutch make, costing a penny, though these he indulged in only at the close of the day. His present habit he has inherited from his father, who was a great smoker of the well known student pipes, such as Bismarck substituted for cigars toward the end of his life, and no popular portrait of "Unser Fritz" was thought to be perfect without his long, big bowled pipe. The old emperor neither smoked nor snuffed, although the latter habit was adopted by Frederick the Great, and continued by three of his successors, But the greatest smoker of all the Hohen zollerns was Frederick's father, Frederick William I., the kidnaper of giants, whose only parliament was the famous "Tatak-

## **BISMARCK AGAIN WORRIES KAISER**

Book by Count Mittnacht Causes the Royal Ire to Rise Violently.

DOES JAPAN NEED MONEY?

aermans Think Maybe So, Because the Mikado Conferred the Bank of Marquis on a Jew Who Presumably Had It to Loan.

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.) Berlin special: Germans are wonlering what will happen to the Wut-tembergian minister of state, Count Herman von Mittnacht, who in his that his clients ought to be acquitted on

tembergian minister of state, Count Herman von Mittnacht, who in his book on the life of Prince Bismarck has touched the kalser's tenderest spot.

The book, which has just appeared, and the first edition of which is already exhausted, not only glorified the late Iron Chancellor, but it severely riticises the kaiser for his treatment of Germany's greatest statesman and liplomat, whom he rudely told to resign in 1890, when he was still a hot sign in 1890, when he was still a hot headed young man, evidently jealous because Prince Bismarck put him completely in the shadow.
In biting sarcasms the count attacks

the snobs at court who tried to win the favor of the young kaiser by hu-niliating the fallen statesman in every ossible manner as soon as they saw hat his power was gone. There is no doubt that several court-

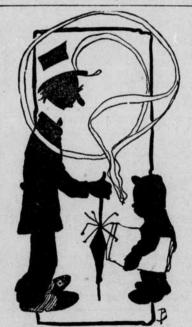
ers now very close to the kaiser are smarting under Count Mittnacht's nerciless lashes and some of them are said to even think of challenging him

But this is not all. The count, who, probably more than any other Gernan living is familiar with the persons who played the chief parts in the reation of the German empire, takes tway with halo with which the present taiser laboriously has surrounded the lead of his grandfather, the first Gernan emperor. Wilhelm der Grosse nan emperor, Wilhelm der Grosse. Without directly saying anything about the first Hohenzollern bearer of the mperial crown, he proves that Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse was a most mediore person, without any special gift or talent, who was carried to a power on the shoulders of Prince Bismarck and Field Marshal Von Moltke, to whom all honor for the creation of the

mpire justly belongs.

When one knows how much work it has cost the present kaiser to instill tinto the minds of his subjects that his grandfather had every claim on the litle of "the great," and that Bismarck and Moltke were only his tools who and Moltke were only his tools, who carried out his plans, it is easily understood how furious this book has made nim, written by a man who stood in the very midst of the events when he himself was hardly out of his swadiling clothes

That he will take revenge on Count Mittnacht in some way no one doubts.



Old Gent-What, Roosevelt's? Mickey-Naw; de president of Eight Ward Moonlight Socials.



Her Idea. Mr. Fresh-Minerva was a spinster. Miss Cutting Hintz—Yes; and she was also the goddess of wisdom.



Sure. Mr. Benton Holme-Here's a button Mrs. Benton Holme—Why, so it is. He—A drunken man hur Mr. Benton Holme—Well, sew it on. wife's pocket in the dark.

but how he will do it is the question which now occupies the German mind.

Secret Service Activity. The murder of the Russian Minister Von Plehwe seems to have inspired both the Russian secret service men in Germany and the German police to new activity. Immediately after the assassination or-ders were received from the kaiser, who fears for the life of his friend, Czar Nicholas, that every political suspect in Germany, as well as every person of no com-mercial standing, who receives or sends mail to Russia, must be closely watched,

and that there must be no slips.

As a result of this hundreds of people are now under close surveillance and many houses have been searched, whereby thousands of pamphlets threatening the lives of both the czar and the kaiser have been discovered.

At Bromberg, in eastern Prussia, a large anarchistic printing establishment was found in a cellar, but the men themselves succeeded in making their escape.

It is thought that this establishment

was connected with the gang of anarchists who were recently tried at Konigsberg on a charge made by the Russian consul general of having conspired against

the rather novel grounds that Russia is not a civilized country and that there was no German law to forbid plotting against the lives of any rulers but those of civilized nations. To prove his claim he stated that the czar's government maintained agents in

the Balkan states to create disturbances, and also that Russia was responsible for the assassination of King Alexander of Servia and Prime Minister Stambuloff of Bulgaria.

Labor Issue in America most interesting book, written by Councillor of State Alfred Kolb of Weisbaden, deals with the labor question in the United States.

The author, who is a most conservative man, some time ago went to America, where he worked as common laborer in a brewery and a bicycle factory in Illinois without any one having any idea of his true position.
"I went to America," Councillor Kolb

writes in his book, "with the intention of gathering material for a book in which I had hoped to prove the injustice of the demands of the working classes, but my practical experience entirely changed my view of the labor question.
"I found problems of whose existence I

had no idea and I cannot deny that my sympathies are no longer with the employers, and must admit that most of the demands made by the unions are just and These and other similar expressions with

which the book abounds, written by a man who was formerly ultra-conservative. have, of course, been greeted with great satisfaction by the socialists, who claim that every fair minded person under simi-lar circumstances would come to the same conclusion.

All Potsdam is discussing an incident which happened the other day and which has caused an enormous sensation at At the moment when Prince William, the oldest son of the kaiser, left the im-perial palace on horseback to take part in

A Court Scandal.

a military maneuver, an elegantly dress-ed young lady, holding a small baby in her arms, descended from her carriage and knelt down in front of the crown prince's horse. The young prince stopped his horse and the young lady handed him a petition in which she asked him to compel a court official who had seduced her and who was the father of her baby, to marry her.

The names of both the young lady, who is said to be of an excellent family, and of her faithless lover have so far been kept secret, but since his return from Norway the kaiser has ordered an investigation and has promised the girl to see justice done.

Famous Castle for Sale.

The famous old Hohenzollern castle, Abenberg, in the village of the same name, near Nuernberg, is advertised for sale, and it is feared that unless the reichstag makes an appropriation to buy up the castle it may be snatched up by some American multi-millionaire, who would probably be delighted to acquire the castle where the founders of the noble famlly of Hohenzollern were born.

The castle, which in its present form vas built in the eleventh century, was the 'Stammschloss' of the Burggrafs, of Nuernberg, from whom the Hohenzollerns It is more than improbable that the

reichstag will see any reason to appropriate money to buy the castle, and the kaiser is said not to be in a position to pay for the large and costly estate out of his own pocket.

Rome Will Retaliate.

The city of Rome, which recently, very much against the will of the majority of its citizens, was embellished with a great Goethe monument, has decided to take revenge on the kaiser and present him with

Money is now being collected for an imposing statue of the famous Italian poet Dante, which, it is hoped, will give the people of Berlin as many unpleasant hours as did the kaiser's present to the Romans. Titles for the Jews.

Japan must be in need of money, is the conclusion at which Germans have arrived after the receipt of the news that a Jew been made a real marquis by the mikado. The first Jewish marquis is Dr. Emil Rothmann, for years physician to the imperial family at Tokio.

Should the mikado make up his mind to be liberal with his marquis titles there are any number of German Jews who would readily supply Japan with money enough to carry on the war indefinitely.

Grit for Fowls.

There is nothing so essential to the health of a fowl of any kind as grit of some kind. Fowls on a range are supposed to get all the grit that is necessary for them, and they can subsist, but it will be found economical to give them some better grit than they can pick up on the range. Most of the substance on range is of a smooth nature to begin with and consequently does not have the grinding power. Any-thing that has sharp edges will do even to glass, but there are grits like the mica and others that are cheap and relfable and to our mind much the best to use. Crushed oyster and clam shells give good results, but the greatest fault give good results, but the greatest fault to find with them is the shortness of time in use. The juice of the gizzard softens them too quickly and their work is done. Old crockery or queensware pounded up is good. For fowls in confinement some kind of grit is essential and the probabilities are that this kind of stock are better prepared with grit than almost ay other. As the grit is the teeth of the chick, it will be seen how necessary it is for the comfort and health. Get a hunderd grit is the teeth of the chick, it will be seen how necessary it is for the comfort and health. Get a hunderd pound sack for the hens and see the improvement in their health as well as increased egg supply. More especially will this be true in the winter time for then the snow covers much of the ground and the finding of suitable grit is an impossibility. Treat the birds grit is an impossibility. Treat the birds right and they will repay you double for their care.

He Know.

She-What is the most fruitless task you ever knew undertaken? -A drunken man hunting for his