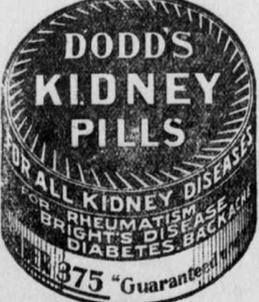


Softened the Blow.

From the Richmond Courier. There's a prominent judge living in the rural districts of Virginia, where bathtubs are not to be found in every home, who was the proud possessor of such a luxury, which he permitted no one else to use. One day he found that someone had been using his tub, and, reaching the conclusion that it could be none other than Mary, his housemaid, he summoned her to appear before him and charged her with having transgressed his unwritten law. Mary confessed her fault, and the judge, after enjoining her to sin no more in this manner, as freely forgave her. Observing that the man seemed somewhat hurt at the "calling down" he had thus given her, the judge, by way of softening the rebuke, said: "It is not that I object to your using my tub, Mary, but I hate to think that you would do anything behind my back that you wouldn't do before my face."



Marriage in Scotland. From the London Daily Mail. Civil marriages are greatly on the increase in Scotland, and their arrangement provides a lucrative business for a certain class of solicitors in Glasgow and other large towns. All the newspapers, particularly those circulating in the country districts, contain many advertisements, of which the following is an example: "Marriages privately completed, 10 shillings. Particulars sent free; experienced law agents; convenient to all stations." This is to say, for the modest sum of 10 shillings these men are prepared to secure the tying of the nuptial knot for any couple according to the law of Scotland. The extent of this business is shown by the figures for last year, when 1,368 couples in Glasgow were married before the sheriff—an increase of 121 over 1907 and an increase of 204 over 1906.

The ceremony is of the simplest form. The couple go before the registrar of marriages and declare that they accept each other as man and wife. On reaching the sheriff they are simply asked if they are the persons whose names are given. On two witnesses, however, devote the real part of the ceremony, which is to swear that one of the parties has lived in Scotland for 21 days previous to marriage and that they have accepted each other as man and wife of their own free will and while in their sound and sober senses. Generally speaking, the registrar on these marriages with disfavor, some even treating them contemptuously. One sheriff has been known to marry a dozen couples in succession. The late Sheriff Principal Guthrie, a most religious man, always gave such couples the parting advice to go and get decently married by a minister. During the last year representatives of every trade and profession presented themselves before the sheriff at Glasgow, these including doctors, lawyers, music hall managers, teachers, students and commercial travelers.

Reflections of a Bachelor. From the New York Press. The more a man can fool a woman the more it's because she wants to be fooled, though she can see through it all. If a man wears a necktie that matches his girl's ribbon it convinces her how delightfully he makes love. A girl takes it for granted that if she is much prettier she couldn't help being a little vain about it. When a woman's garter comes undone it's a sign she will try to make a man think she is taking a burr out of her skirt. It's next to impossible for most people to realize that when a rich man is hungry he can like steak and fried potatoes just the way they do.

The largest known species of orchids grows in Cayton. The leaves measure up to 10 feet in length, and a single plant will have as many as 3,000 blossoms in one year.

SURPRISED HIM.

Doctor's Test of Food. A doctor in Kansas experimented with his boy in a test of food and gives the particulars. He says: "I naturally watch the effect of different foods on patients. My own little son, a lad of four, had been ill with pneumonia and during his convalescence did not seem to care for any kind of food. I knew something of Grape-Nuts and its rather fascinating flavor and particularly of its nourishing and nerve-building powers, so I started the boy on Grape-Nuts and found from the first dish that he liked it. His mother gave it to him steadily and he began to improve at once. In less than a month he had gained about eight pounds and soon became so well and strong we had no further anxiety about him. An old patient of mine, 73 years old, came down with serious stomach trouble and before I was called had got so weak he could eat almost nothing, and was in a serious condition. He had tried almost every kind of food for the sick without avail. I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts with good, rich milk and just a little pinch of sugar. He exclaimed when I came next day, 'Why, doctor, I never ate anything so good or that made me feel so much stronger.' 'I am pleased to say that he got well on Grape-Nuts, but he had to stick to it for two or three weeks, then he began to branch out a little with rice or an egg or two. He got entirely well in spite of his almost hopeless condition. He gained 22 pounds in two months, which at his age is remarkable. I could quote a list of cases where Grape-Nuts has worked wonders.' 'There's a Real-Go' Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The House of the Black Ring Copyright, 1905

By F. L. Pattee

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. "That man tried to hire me. He offered me \$500 in postage stamps if I'd let him go. He said it was hid in that cave." "Cave" snapped the Squire. "That don't go. I've lived here all my life, and I should have known if there was a cave." "But we can prove it two minutes, Squire Hartswick," broke in Jim, eagerly. "It's only a few steps. Amos, you can see that by the looks of him. They have got a cut down there, but we don't know anything about it. I say it's nothing more'n right that we take a look at it—at the outside of it, if nothing more. Come on, sheriff."

"That's fair," assented the man. "There's no risk in doin' that. Come on, Squire. Now, Farthing, no monkey business. I've got a revolver here, and I'll plug you the minute there's foul play." The Squire hesitated a moment, then followed the trio into the Run.

Over Central Pennsylvania lies a blanket of limestone, 500 and more feet thick. Imagine from the top of this a mighty layer lifted like a slice from a loaf, and behold a chaotic landscape of winding caverns sparkling with stalactites, huge chambers and niches in myriad colors—a section of a sponge, a cut across an ant-hill. Those born on the granites and the schists never overcome their wonder at the limestone. Its vagaries are ever new and astounding. Great streams burst out of the mountain gaps, wind awhile through the alluvial, then are sucked down suddenly by the maw of a sinkhole; again miles away they burst into the daylight, boiling springs with mighty rush of water sufficient to turn great mills. Farmers plowing in the field sink out of sight in a twinkling, horses and all; a field as smooth as a floor, suddenly in an autumn flood springs a leak; there is a sink-hole in the center, and by night there is a chasm a quarter of a mile in depth. And still it is pulling gradually down acre after acre of the fertile land.

It is the country of the weathered and grotesque out-croppings, of thin, jagged rock over the rock, masses of sink-holes, and ice caves, and blind caverns—millions of them unmeasured and unsuspected by man. "Here we are," said Jim at length. "The mouth of the cave is in that rock heap." They threw the light plants of lanterns into a jagged fissure lying low amid the tangle of juniper. "See that big stone? Give it a push on the left side."

Amos bent over and pushed the stone. It rolled back noiselessly, disclosing a black void. "I swanny now! That's mighty neat, ain't it?" He looked up at the ring of faces. "A feller might hunt a week and not find that. Let's go in." "Nosuh! It's a trap. Don't you go in there." The old man spoke decisively. "It's a cave all right," Amos flashed the rays of the lantern far into the hole. "And it's where them robbers have made their headquarters, just as I would a rattler. Squire, you come on behind with your lantern."

"Now I don't know," he said, hesitatingly. "I'm goin' in whether or no, and I'm goin' to run for sheriff next fall. Here, give me your revolver." "All right, we'll go in. Amos, you go ahead; Jim, you go next, and remember I've got my revolver right in my hand. At the very first sign of monkey business I'll shoot you as quick as I would a rattler. Squire, you come on behind with your lantern." "Nosuh. You don't catch me in there," he snapped, but Amos was already out of sight. Jim, Jim, Jim, following closely. Then the sheriff crept into the narrow opening and the Squire stood alone. All was silent save for the waters of the Run, which glibbed and hissed at his feet. He stood a moment undecided; then he, too, crawled in.

The place was damp and narrow at first and so low in places that they had to bend almost double, but all at once they emerged into a chamber as broad as the Run, and the light plants of lanterns in the dim light, as a barn. The roof seemed to be made up of innumerable points like icicles, wet and gleaming, some a brilliant yellow, others dull and lustreless. The floor was jagged and irregular, made up of bluish slates and broken fragments from the roof. The walls near them glistened under the light of the lanterns as a freshly smeared with paint. Amos was the first to break the silence.

"Wal—Hie—be—dumbuzzled!" explained Jim, gesticulating with his head. "See, there's the remains of our lantern; she found it at the entrance and took it in. We sat on these rocks right there, and she seemed nervous and excited. She made us keep as still as death, and every little while she would say, 'Hark!' and listen as if she expected to hear something awful. She went to the entrance two or three times, and she would come back saying we couldn't go out just yet, but that we must go the very first minute we could. After a long while we heard a noise way off that direction. She jumped up as if the roof was coming down, and told us to run for our lives. We started, and Tom smashed the lantern against the rock there. We tried to get out, but lost the direction, and while we were trying to find it, two men with a lantern came right round that rock there." "Was there two of them?" asked the sheriff. "Yes, the one up there in the barn and a little black haired one. Tom stood right there, and Lona stood there. The minute the big one saw them he stopped short a minute and started as if he was going to run, then he began to swear. He pulled out his revolver and said he would shoot Tom like a snake and me too. Then Lona made a dart for him and tried to get the revolver and it went off. I made a leap for him and landed him right there on that fat place. The little feller stooped over Lona a minute and then ran."

ments by telephone for the preliminary hearing. It would of course be a mere matter of form, and soon over, and the sooner the better; for the prisoners must be safe in the county jail before night. But the justice before whom the hearing was to be held could not arrive before 10, and the Squire fretted and fumed.

By 8 o'clock the space about the store was crowded as if for a farmers' picnic. Every available place for a hitching post, for rods up and down the road, was taken. The people were even scattering into the Hartswick grounds. The morning, however, was eventless until shortly after 9, when a strange hush came over the multitude—a hush so instant and complete that those within the house noted it and looked out. Squire Hartswick even ran to the porch. An unfamiliar buggy was on the driveway, and the woman by the driver's side could be mistaken for Rose Hartswick. The Squire rubbed his eyes, and fumbled for his spectacles. Then he bustled out to meet her.

"Why, Rose—this crowd mean, father? Quick, what's happened?" She leaned far over in her eagerness. "How did you get here? What are you here for?" he blurted out almost brutally. "I came because I was needed. Now tell me what you're doing. Tell me. There was a dangerous light in her eyes. "Go to your room, Rose. I'll see you there." He turned abruptly and started toward the barn.

"Father!" she called commandingly, but he did not stop or turn. Then she saw her mother's face at a window, and ran quickly up the path. "Rose—why, Rose!" "Tell me, mother, what is it? What's happened?" "The sheriff's here, and they are going to have a trial." "What for?" "Somebody broke into the store, and the sheriff arrested Jim Farthing and his father."

"What proof have they got?" She was fairly shaking in her excitement. "They found the goods in Mr. Farthing's barn." "The goods stolen from father's store?" "Yes; and they found Karl's stamp book there, too." "Where's the sheriff? I must see him this instant." "He's in the dining room, but Rose." But he disappeared into the dining room where the sheriff was making preparations for the coming trial. "Are you the sheriff, sir?" "I have that honor, madam," he replied importantly. "I shall be glad to attend the trial. I have important evidence."

"You'll have to speak to the judge, madam." "All I ask is to be allowed to remain in the room; will you allow that?" "That's all right here. We'll be ready in a minute." He placed a chair for her near the window. "There was a commotion in the front hall; the justice had arrived—a florid, stout gentleman with a stern eye. Squire Hartswick, who was with him, stopped short when he saw Rose, then strode over to her angrily. "This ain't no place for you," he whispered sharply. "There won't be only men here. Go to your room at once."

"I shall stay right where I am, father," she replied calmly. "What?—what's that? Indeed, you won't stay here; I forbid it." "You have no authority." She looked at him coolly, and settled back in her seat. "We'll see about that. Here, sheriff, conduct this lady out where she belongs." "I told her that she might stay here, and she may unless the judge orders differently." "Squire Myers, are you going to allow women spectators in this court? I don't care to have my daughter here during the trial."

"The sheriff will have important testimony, very important testimony," she said earnestly. "Let her stay." The old man dropped into his seat with a look on his face of mingled wrath and apprehension. "The justice took his place at the head of the dining room table, and arranged half a dozen sheep bound volumes before him. "Let the prisoners be brought in," he said.

There was a moment of silence, then the entrance of the sheriff, the three prisoners and the six deputies. Jim, erect and alert, cast a curious glance about the room and stopped short as his eye fell on Rose. A tide of color leaped to his face and ebbed as quickly, leaving it deathly pale. Rose gave no sign; she sat motionless and impassive. Then the group seated itself at the end of the table opposite the justice. The trial, like all rural hearings, was to be an informal affair. The charge was to be brought against the prisoners, each was to have a chance to speak for himself, and then the justice was to bid them over to appear at the next term of court. He announced in due form the nature of the three cases. The first would be that of James Farthing, charged with breaking and entering the postoffice in Sugar valley, and causing the death of Karl Keichline, the postmaster. (Continued Next Week.)

Ignorance Aids Appetite. From the Washington Post. Merritt E. Gates, secretary of the board of Indian commissioners, was describing the splendid work that his board is doing to wipe out the tuberculosis scourge which at one time threatened to make the American Indian extinct. "But the Indian," said Mr. Gates, "needs to be educated in sanitation. He is shockingly ignorant there. In fact he is as ignorant as an old farmer I used to know in Warsaw. A man he was frying a bit of bacon. 'Grand bacon, that,' said the friend, sniffing affably. 'Grand bacon!' Well, I guess it is grand bacon," said the old man, turning the slices in the pan. "And it's none of your murdered stuff, neither. That pig died a natural death."

Not to Be Forgotten. From the Washington Post. Mr. Hammond's face was so ugly as to be almost grotesque, although nobody ever thought about his looks after hearing him talk. "If I hadn't known I was one of the homeliest people in the world, I might have been surprised at a remark made by old Pomp, the body servant of one of my southern friends," he once said. "I hadn't seen Pomp for 15 years, and as I had grown from a boy to a man in that time, I did not expect him to remember me," he said. "Howdy, Marse Hammond, sah!" the moment he caught sight of me. "So you remember me, Pomp?" I said. "Couldn't neber forgit yo' face, Marse Hammond, sah; grined Pomp. 'Hit's so kinder complicated.'"

Tourists in British Columbia must be careful of the trophies or mementos they buy or try to buy. A new game law prohibits the dealing in or offering to buy or sell the heads of mountain sheep, elk, moose or caribou or the teeth of elk or wapiti.

MEMORY OF MILLER IS THE WONDER OF ALL At 80 Can Recall Happenings of Infancy—Endowed With Sixth Sense.

Fruitland, Md.—Josiah Fooks, of Fooks Mill, near here, has a memory that probably is unequalled the world over. Though 80 years old, his mentality is as strong and active today as that of a man of only half his years, while his physical strength and powers of endurance are marvelous. He remembers very well the days when he wore short dresses, and he declares that not since the day when he put on his first trousers has he been half so happy.

Visitors from Salisbury, Fruitland and the surrounding country flock to Fooks Mill on Sunday afternoons to hear the venerable Miller relate the many interesting little incidents that happened in his boyhood days and take up matters that were of national import three score and ten years ago. But Fooks' wonderful retentive memory is a mere bagatelle as compared with a certain peculiar "sense" with which he seems to have been endowed. Local physicians and men of letters hold to the opinion that Fooks was especially favored by his creator in that he gave him a sixth sense, hence his rather long sobriquet, "The man with the sixth sense, or The Memory Man."

Recalls All He Has Read. While doubting Thomases may experience some little difficulty in getting it all down at one gulp, nevertheless it is true that Fooks remembers very distinctly all that he ever has read, and that is a great deal, and can sit for hours and recite verbatim newspaper articles he read in the long ago. Could he hold out, the opportunity to give a doubting Thomas a recital "sitting" of about two months' duration would afford him a great deal of pleasure and amusement. The old miller also is a Biblical scholar one does not have the pleasure of meeting every day. While his Scriptural interpretations may not always have the trademark of the up to date divinity school stamped upon them, yet they are worthy of the consideration of the student of the thinking mind. There is not a book in the whole Bible with which he is not thorough familiar, and his interpretations of the Scripture and the ideas which he advances concerning the soul of man, not by any means confined to the doctrines taught in the Bible, shows the master mind of this simple, unostentatious man, who all his life has been content to "live by his mill," like the proverbial Dusty Miller, and take long range observation of what the outside world was doing and study his Bible hunched in by the sylvan beauty surrounding his old water mill.

Can Quote Bible. It is a safe claim that the old miller can quote more Scripture than any man in the world, for where is the man today who can recite from memory chapter after chapter anywhere in the Bible, word by word, just as it is written. Fooks can do it. Where is the man who can pick up the latest edition of a metropolitan daily, read a column or two of news or a special article in an offhand way, and then repeat it just as it is written in the paper. Fooks is the man who can perform this feat, and has done it a thousand times or more. In fact, there is hardly anything of interest that he has read that he can not give to his auditors verbatim. The speeches of great orators and writings of great authors he has at his fingers' ends, and he knows Shakespeare's plays better than most children of today do their evening prayer.

The Latest College. Senator Depeux says that a man can obtain a very liberal education if he will read the best books while his legs are kept ready to accompany him.—News Item. Pa's versed in Greek and Latin. He can speak in German, too; He knows some Esperanto, And is up in "parley-vo." Though he never was in college, He is wise in spite of that. For he studied Greek while mother Was putting on her hat.

Though he never heard a lecture, The philosopher he knows; All the "ologies" he's mastered, In the sciences he hasn't. Read about, while sitting there, Waiting patiently for mother To adjust her wealth of hair. He's familiar with the poets, All the sages he can quote, He is up on Aristotle, He is up on Darwin wrote. He is up in mathematics, And he learned it all I guess, Waiting patiently while mother Went upstairs to change her dress.—Detroit Free Press

The Obligation of the Land Owner. From the Atlantic. While great fortunes have put it in the power of man to acquire land in great tracts, nature has placed a limit on the ability of even the most capable to manage it properly if it exceeds the dimensions which reason and common sense would dictate. It might easily happen, for instance, that one of our modern millionaires should purchase a tract as large as one of our own states; and yet the man does not live who could manage a farm the size of the smallest county in the smallest state, in such a way as to get even moderately good results from the whole of it. By a farm is, of course, meant a tract of land suitable for general agriculture, and not a pasture range, which is rightly held in much larger areas. But be the land tillage, pasture, or woodland, the standard of conduct for him who assumes its ownership and management is precisely the same. "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the tree yielding fruit," see that you do not hinder it; do not take the land out of commission; this law is written large in the needs of the world, and it lays upon the land-owner an obligation so sacred and so imperative that it is only denied his best power of mind and body, but forbids him to undertake more than he can carry out. For he has assumed the kingship of a portion of the universe; he is dealing directly with the forces of nature and of evolution.

Reflections of a Bachelor. From the New York Press. A girl wants a hammock on the piazza either because she is engaged or because she is trying to be. Even the man who cuts the lawn thinks the way he does it is proof he understands public affairs. A widow has learned better than to trust a man, but she has also learned how to bear disappointment. The great trouble a woman has about keeping a secret is that if she does not doesn't seem to her a real secret. A man doesn't seem to be able to put in a book for the hammock unless the whole family stands around and admires the brilliant way he screws it in. Napoleon said, no matter how raving or raging, he never argued to let himself get angry over the throat.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman. I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health. If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Disraeli Among the Lords. From the Westminster Gazette. Disraeli was a past master of the art of flattery, but his audacity carried him out of danger. Soon after his elevation to the house of lords he was asked by a brother peer how he felt in his new surroundings. "Oh, don't ask me," he groaned, "dead and buried." Then remembering that his questioner was of the company which he was condemning, he added, "and in the realms of the blest!"

Powerful Motives. From THE-BITS. Teacher—Yes, children, when the wax broke out all the abled-bodied men who could leave their families enlisted in the army. Now, can any of you tell me what motives took them to the front? Bright Boy (triumphantly)—Locomotives.

The sweetest town in the world is Grasse, in the foothills back of Cannes, on the French Riviera. All through the year Grasse is really one big bubbling cauldron where are distilled gallons, barrels, hogheads of perfumes.

SKIN ERUPTION CURED. Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful that Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scratched Constantly—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven. "When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

In the matter of kindness to animals it is said that the Turk can not be surpassed. Thus at Stamboul the wandering dogs are treated with great gentleness and when puppies come into the world they are lodged with their mother at the side of the street in improvised kennels made out of old boxes lined with straw and bits of carpet. In 1908 the American merchant marine carried only 1 1/2 per cent of the freight between the United States and Uruguay. The first cannon to be cast in one piece was made by an English ironmaster in 1543.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC NOTHING LIKE IT FOR THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleaning, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do. THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness. THE EYES when inflamed, tired, aching relieved and strengthened by Paxtine. CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh. Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean. FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR BY MAIL, 75c. LARGE SAMPLE FREE! THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.