

MRS. LYON'S ACHES AND PAINS

Have All Gone Since Taking
Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg-
etable Compound.

Terre Hill, Pa.—"Kindly permit me to give you my testimonial in favor of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I first began taking it I was suffering from female troubles for some time and had almost all kinds of aches—pains in lower part of back and in sides, and pressing down pains. I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the aches and pains are all gone and I feel like a new woman. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—Mrs. AUGUSTA LYON, Terre Hill, Pa.

It is true that nature and a woman's work has produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known. From the roots and herbs of the field, Lydia E. Pinkham, forty years ago, gave to womankind a remedy for their peculiar ills which has proved more efficacious than any other combination of drugs ever compounded, and today Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is recognized from coast to coast as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health—many of them openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and in some cases that it has saved them from surgical operations.

Mysteries of Complexion.
"She has a fine complexion."
"And she gives every man who kisses her a little of it as a souvenir."

Albino seed R.M. Farms for sale on crop payment. J. Mulhall, Box City, Ia.—Adv.

Dog Mothers Kittens.

Mike, a rat terrier owned by William Bailey of Georgetown, was discovered yesterday mothering a pair of kittens he had stolen from the home of a neighbor. Mike had gone to the house, picked the kittens up by the neck, and carried them to his own home, where he was discovered playing with them and making them comfortable in every way. When the two kittens were returned to their mother Mike was inconsolable, and has since refused to eat.—Georgetown (Del) Dispatch to the Philadelphia Inquirer.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Just the thing for dancing. Refuse substitutes. For FREE trial package, address Allen B. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y. Adv.

Glad to See Them Go?

Patience—I see a London railroad station has been equipped with penny-in-the-slot machines for the sale of tickets to persons who wish to accompany friends to the train platform.

Patience—That's too cheap. I know I'd give more than a penny to see some of my friends leave the town.

Good Cause for Alarm

Deaths from kidney diseases have increased 75% in twenty years. People overlook nowadays in so many ways that the constant filtering of poisoned blood weakens the kidneys.

Beware of fatal Bright's disease. When headache or urinary ills suggest weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills, drink water freely and reduce the diet. Avoid coffee, tea and liquor.

Doan's Kidney Pills command confidence, for no other remedy is so widely used or so generally successful.

An Iowa Case

"I wouldn't take one hundred dollars for the good Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me."
Charles D. Hayes, of 133 Ave. B, Albany, N.Y. "My life was a misery with kidney trouble. At first came attacks of pain in my back that in some ways I could not describe. I kept getting worse and the remedies I tried didn't bring me any relief. Finally, I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and five boxes cured me. I haven't had any need of a kidney medicine since."

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
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Navigation in three directions—80 miles. Located on the main line of the Grand trunk Pacific, Pacific Great Eastern and other railroads. Excellent industrial center for lumber, saw mills, agriculture, transportation and parks. Gateway to the famous Peace River Country. On proposed water haul route between Alaska, British Columbia and United States. Most important townsite between Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountains. Lumbering rapidly. Location far superior to Edmonton, Calgary and Saskatoon, which cities made millions overnight. Splendid business openings.

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Barber Supplies

The Kleiblat Barber Supply Co., 615 Pierce St., Sioux City, Ia., will treat you right. Write them.

FUTURE OF PERSIA REGARDED AS VAGUE

From the New York Times.
Students of Persian affairs had awaited with considerable eagerness what is called the "foreign officer's" "Persian Extra." In other words, the Blue Book containing the latest correspondence between the British legation at Teheran and the foreign office. Now that the "Persian Extra" has been published, it is found to throw little light upon what many publicists desire to know—the present state of the Russianization of the northern sphere and the Anglicization of the southern sphere.

The period covered by the correspondence extends from the middle of February of last year to the end of September. Most of the early telegrams and dispatches which passed between Sir Walter Townley, minister at Teheran, and Sir Edward Grey, for a proposed advance of money to the Persian government and the terms of its repayment.

Eventually the India office agreed to the payment from Indian revenues of \$2,000,000, the British share of the Anglo-Russian loan of \$2,000,000. Later the treasury also agreed to advance \$500,000. In March telegrams passed with regard to the departure of the ex-Shah from Odessa for Berlin, and later reporting that he had gone to Nice.

On March 19 the India office announced that \$500,000 had been paid to the Imperial Bank of Persia. Apparently the ex-Shah was lost sight of, since on March 28 Sir Edward Grey telegraphed to Sir R. Redd to know if he were in Venice, and in reply was told that he was not.

Later Sir George Buchanan telegraphed from St. Petersburg stating, on the authority of the minister for foreign affairs, that the ex-Shah was ill in a sanatorium near Dresden, while the Persian government learned that he had gone thence to Vienna.

On April 30 Sir W. Townley telegraphed that he had paid over \$1,000,000 to the Persian government. On the previous day a communication had come from the ambassador at St. Petersburg stating that the ex-Shah could expect support from the Russian government.

In June the telegrams refer mainly to the landing of Salar-ed-Dowleh near Resht, and his defeat by the government forces and the operations in Tannenberg for Resht, and here he is incorrectly reported in July. Telegrams in August and September discuss the question of the pensioning and banishment of Salar-ed-Dowleh, and the final message announces his departure from Kermanshah for Resht, and here he is incorrectly reported in July.

Other telegrams at this period describe the successful journey of Captain Wilson through Luristan and his arrival at Burujird.

FORD PROFIT-SHARING SCHEME IS NOT NEW

From the New York Times.
Although the recent commitment of the Ford automobile plant to a profit-sharing scheme started the entire world to discussing the probable benefits and dangers of this practice, there is nothing new in the idea of dividing profits with workers. The Ford announcement attracted attention chiefly because of the enormous profits to be shared, and because of the liberal terms on which they are to be apportioned.

The plan, which in Germany originated a profit-sharing scheme 70 years ago, and still clings to it, although without enthusiasm. The idea has made little progress in Germany, there being only 39 concerns in the whole empire that are using it. There are but eight or 10 profit-sharing plans in use in Switzerland, and these are small undertakings.

In the United Kingdom the theory of giving the workers an interest in the profits which they help to produce has been largely confined to gas companies. About half of the gas produced is put out under profit-sharing conditions.

In France there are only two profit-sharing gas companies, and profit sharing in that country prevails only among insurance companies and banks, a group that has only one representative in the United Kingdom. Profit-sharing is a feature, more or less, of the lines and quarries, railways and tramways, and metal, engineering and shipbuilding firms in France, while in England it is prominent in the clothing, food and tobacco, and the chemical trades.

In the United Kingdom a very large number of schemes still provide for the payment of the bonus simply in cash, while in the most recent schemes, particularly those of the gas companies, the plan of giving working people facilities in the purchase of shares in the undertaking is largely adopted. Neither of these systems has anything like the same importance in France; payment in cash, though not of course unknown in France, is far less common than in that country.

The French Profit-Sharing society, while the system of encouraging employees to purchase shares in the employer's undertaking is not very general, and is regarded as exposing the work people's profit-sharing bonuses to excessive risk.

Intemperate Complaints.
Secretary Daniels and the representatives of Americans driven out of Mexico who called on him in Washington when their protests may both have been in that mood of exasperation out of which explosively come hot and bitter considered statements. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Daniels would permit himself, in that mood or another, to tell the Americans who went into Mexico were seeking high profits and could not expect their government to protect them.

He might have said that Americans venturing in business in a disordered and remaining in it, accepted certain hazards and could not expect the same protection from their government there that they would have at home. If he said the other he must have been beside himself. It is too strange for credence.

The refugees evidently are wildly excited when they accuse the American naval forces of falling, through timidity, to give them protection in Tampico. They'll gain no sympathy by such a line of conduct. Admiral May governed himself in accordance with the best judgment of the various naval commanders off Tampico, and what they were striving to do was done.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
Author of 'The Perfect Tribute, etc.'

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CHAPTER III (Continued).
"Sacre bleu!" he fung back in his strong sudden voice. "It is my friend, the marshal. Was it you, then, glued up there? Yet another fashion to play with death, eh? Nom d'un chien! You have a star of good luck—you are wearing something great it means, Madame," he bowed to the mother. "You should guard this adventurer. He tells me that his life is of importance to his country, yet he risks it with damnable freedom. I caught him kicking over a precipice, and here he is running his neck into danger again. France will lack a marshal and you to blame—yet he is hard to kill, I confess it."

"He is hard to guard, my Seigneur," La Claire answered seriously. "I never know the next danger. He is more obedient than the others, yet it is he who will make my hair gray. But he is good, my Francois," and her arm slipped around the boy. She drew him close, as if only now realizing how near she had lost him, and here he is looking at the minister for foreign affairs, that the ex-Shah was ill in a sanatorium near Dresden, while the Persian government learned that he had gone thence to Vienna.

"The stranger turned a glance like a blow on the little fellow," Francois demanded, "what made you still so long at the top of the ladder just now? Were you afraid?"
"No, M'sieur," the child answered. "I was looking at the chateau—the new chateau, there is some one living in it now, M'sieur. I thought as I looked that when I grew big and an officer, I might go there and place my soldiers about that chateau. I arranged how to attack it very well. I also arranged how to play the drums, and in a moment had the bear facing again toward the boy and the woman. His brows down, he stared at the lad with his keen hard glance, but he spoke to the mother.

"Who is it, my mother—the fierce gentleman?" Francois asked.
"You are fortunate today, Francois," Claire answered him. "The good God has saved your life from very great foolishness, and also I think you have made a friend. It is the new seigneur."

CHAPTER IV.
COMING TO HIS OWN.
Possibly the greatest human quality is selfishness. It is an echo of the most characteristic quality of man. Napoleon I was essentially a creator. He breathed into France the breath of a life not before there; he took disorganized masses and made of them invincible armies. He clipped territories from countries and made of them kingdoms; beyond all, he made men. A hero is often crisis-born; Napoleon made the crises and shaped heroes to fit them. Again and again he drew out from the mass of common clay a lump in which to shape the golden figure of a leader. He thought of the world as a leaven of possibility; he breathed his own conquering, limitless spirit into it, and in a turn the automatism was a great general, ready to do his work, bound to him for life by a chain of devotion unbroken, unreasoning, self-sufficient, a mystery of that astounding personality.

He made great men and then in his lordly way he set them in frames which suited his fastidious sense of fitness. Out of old France's domains he helped himself to lands and castles and gave them with a free hand to his marshals and his generals.

Six years ago, before Waterloo, he had given the new chateau of Viqueux to his marshal, the Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, whom he had before then fashioned into a very good pattern of a soldier out of material left over from the old aristocracy. Viqueux was a village when all Gaul was divided into three kingdoms, of Rome, a village much the same in 1820. It lay in the Valley Deslemones—"of the mountains"—a league from the little city Deslemones, whose 6,000 inhabitants constituted it the chief city of the valley. Over the mountains, behind the mountain called Le Rose, behind Le Rose loomed that greater mountain called Le Raimue; back of Le Raimue rolled the Jura range. The ancient road of the days of Julius Caesar ran through Viqueux to Rome. It is kept up at present by the government and one may see a man working on it any day. A little river cuts across the hamlet—the Chente; over it arches, steep, like a crooked finger, unbelievably steep, the Roman bridge built in those same times before France was, and used now every hour of every day. Solid and age-defying and dignified, it goes about its business of holding the land together from one day to another. It has done for 2,000 years, as it may do, to all appearances, for 2,000 more. The old road passes over the old bridge high into air and makes an "elbow" as the villagers put it, at its foot, swinging down stream at a right angle; a team of horses rattling down the slope gathers such an impetus that often they bump into the barn of Pierre Beaumare, built stolidly at the turn of the elbow, before their driver can stop them. One wonders why the grandfather of the grandfather of Pierre built his barn at this place, but there it stands, and the horses must accustom themselves.

It is a quaint old village sitting under its mountains, gay with its gardens and poppy fields, strung on its little river and its old, old highway, tied together with its steep-arched bridge. The general looked about him with approval when he drove down a morning from the "new" chateau on the hill. The new chateau, the castle, is 1,000 years old, built before the crusades, in the time of Charlemagne, but yet habitable. It stands not distant from and

glad of the letters, for had not his father said yesterday that it was the best ever grown, that he would wager there was none such in the village, no, not even in the garden of the chateau. He stilled his mother's basket so full that he staggered, and clinging to the slope and made his way past the roses to the left around the lift of Le Rose, across the Pre du Sac, on to the new chateau to the great paved courtyard 100 feet square, past the stables at the left and on to the door. There a big man, dressed beautifully in violet, had refused to let him in, had even refused to take his letter to the seigneur, and the boy was about to go on and grieve when a wonderful little girl also in beautiful clothes, but less lovely than the violet ones, had appeared. Like a fairy she looked, he thought, and like a fairy she had changed everything, and now here he was in the presence of the seigneur, accepting thanks, looking about as much as he might and yet polite, at the unknown splendors of a room in the chateau itself.

General Gourgaud brought down his fist on the table so that it rattled and Francois started, but no Alixe.
"Sabre de bois!" he threw at the two children. "You have ruined my morning between you. I meant to finish those cursed chapters this morning. But let them wait. Having the honor to receive a visit from an officer of high rank, at least I can do so to entertain him. What amusement do you prefer, M'sieur the Marshal? I am at your service."
It was natural to Francois to believe every one kindly; he accepted with simplicity, if with slight surprise, the general's speech.

"Does the seigneur mean it?" he asked.
"But yet," the general shot at him. "The seigneur means it," Francois went on promptly, "I know what I wish."
"Parbleu! you do?" General Gourgaud was surprised in turn at this readiness. "What then?"
"The seigneur has fought battles under the great emperor himself?" the boy asked in an awed tone.
"Yes" came the abrupt answer again.

"Think!" whispered the French boy. "To have fought under the emperor!" Alixe's old soldier's heart thrilled suddenly. The child went on. "If the seigneur would tell me a story of one fight—of just one!"
"Ratisbon, Ratisbon!" clamored Alixe, and she scrambled over the arm of his chair to her father's knee, and he had to hold her back. "Tell about Ratisbon and the ditch and the ladders, father. It's true," she nodded at Francois, encouragingly. "It's really true; he was right there." And she went on, addressing the general. "And when that is done, tell about Austerlitz and the soldiers' drowning under the ice. And when that is done tell about Wagram and—"

"Halt!" ordered the general. "I have not a week to talk. But will tell about Ratisbon if you wish. He settled himself into his deep chair and drew the little girl closer; a dark curl caught on the rough cloth of his coat and lay across his square shoulder; she held his thumb tightly with one hand. The old soldier's face, with its large, knitted peasant cap in his hand, his luminous eyes not stirring from the general's face; outside the hot stillness lay over the park and over the wide fields—where thousands of popples stood red and white, and the wind whistled over the heads higher than the wheat; one heard the rattling of the horses in the paved courtyard where the distant voices of grooms; in the dim room there was no sound.

"One lived in those days, my children. The abrupt strong voice broke the quiet. "War is terrible, but after all one lives—if one is not killed at that day. The deep voice stopped, then went on again. "The Austrians laid Ratisbon and the bridge across the Danube river. The emperor wished to take the town and that bridge. Marshal Lannes was ordered to do it. You see, my children, the walls were very old but filled with Austrian artillery, and the French were on the parapets. An old ditch lay under the walls, a large ditch dry, but 20 feet high and 50 feet wide. All the bottom of it was a vegetable garden. To take that town it was necessary to go down into that ditch and climb up again to the walls, and all the time one would be under fire from the Austrians on the walls. Do you understand that, children? Very well. Twice the marshal asked for 50 volunteers to take the ladders and place them in the ditch. Twice 100 men stepped forward, and it was necessary to choose the 50. Twice they dashed out, carrying the ladders, from behind the great stone barn which had covered them, and each time the detail was wiped out—50 men wiped out. It was the first time, my children, that I stirred against the dark coat, the shining eyes of the boy held, as it fastened there, to the face of the storyteller. Into the silence came a choking sigh.

"Indeed!" General Gourgaud received the statement with his heavy brows in a tremendous frown, and his eyes gleaming with pride in the defiance of his own daughter. "You are lucky to have some one who is really a person to save me from being a brute altogether. But all the same you grand lady and person, you can not hand down the name of Gourgaud. You will die off some day to a brute with a mustache, and leave your father alone in this big chateau, is it not?" He knew her answer, but he liked to hear it.

"I shall never marry anybody," Alixe announced. "I can not ever love any one like my father. I am not in spite of the satisfaction which this speech gave him, it was a sadness to the baron that no grandchild of his name would live in this chateau which he had so soon loved so much. He thought of the world as a leaven of possibility; he breathed his own conquering, limitless spirit into it, and in a turn the automatism was a great general, ready to do his work, bound to him for life by a chain of devotion unbroken, unreasoning, self-sufficient, a mystery of that astounding personality.

Alixe's blue eyes flashed and her hands clutched his coat lapels—she loved the tale. Yet into the mind of Gaspard Gourgaud shot the idea that if he were telling it to a boy of his, he might dream how that boy would march away some day and go such a deed with a memory of his father in his soul. Yet no boy could ever have been so dear to him as this girl, gentle and spirited, elusive, caressing, sweetest always in the world.

CHAPTER V HIS STAR

"Father, father!" Alixe dashed into the library the morning after the tale of Ratisbon. "I told you, mademoiselle, that I was not to be troubled. I am writing my book," the general thundered at the little figure.
"Oh!" Alixe pressed. "Do not drop your eyebrows in that way"; she put a forefinger on each bushy line. "It makes you so ugly, father."
"He put his arm around her. "What is it you wish? Be quick." "Oh!" Alixe danced in excitement again. "There is a queer, little, village boy—but a good boy, father. He has brought you a bunch of lettuce—such white fat lettuce! Will you see him? May I bring him here? He is a very good boy."
"Alixe, you are impayable," the general groaned. "I am your plaything! Yes, bring the good little boy—send for all the village—have in the servants—the French troops under fire."
Alixe, ignoring sarcasm, had flown. In a minute she was back and led by the hand Francois.

"Ah!" the general greeted him sternly. "My friend, the Marshal! You have already begun the attack on my chateau, it seems?"
"No, my seigneur," the boy answered gravely. "Not yet. I bring you some salad as a present. It is from my mother's garden. I chose the best."
"I thank you," said the general with seriousness. "I am not sure if your mother will thank you equally. It is a good present."
"Francois was gratified. La Claire had this morning sent him to the garden with a wide margin of time, and the inspiration had come as he looked down the gleaming row of white lettuce that he would take a tribute and make a visit which the seigneur had asked him to make. The seigneur would be

glad of the lettuce, for had not his father said yesterday that it was the best ever grown, that he would wager there was none such in the village, no, not even in the garden of the chateau. He stilled his mother's basket so full that he staggered, and clinging to the slope and made his way past the roses to the left around the lift of Le Rose, across the Pre du Sac, on to the new chateau to the great paved courtyard 100 feet square, past the stables at the left and on to the door. There a big man, dressed beautifully in violet, had refused to let him in, had even refused to take his letter to the seigneur, and the boy was about to go on and grieve when a wonderful little girl also in beautiful clothes, but less lovely than the violet ones, had appeared. Like a fairy she looked, he thought, and like a fairy she had changed everything, and now here he was in the presence of the seigneur, accepting thanks, looking about as much as he might and yet polite, at the unknown splendors of a room in the chateau itself.

HE PREDICTS BRAZIL WILL DRAW ALIENS

Missionary Thinks Tide of Immigrants Will Turn to South America.

From the New York Times.
The Rev. Dr. William Cabell Brown, who has been a Protestant Episcopal missionary in Brazil for 23 years, stopped at the Wolcott on his way to Rio de Janeiro. Dr. Brown thinks that Brazil is the most progressive of all the South American countries, and that with the immigration laws of this country growing stricter, as he believes they must, because there is no more public land, and a demand is growing for higher standards of admission into the country, the tide of European emigration is bound to turn to Brazil.

Before being transferred to Rio, six years ago, Dr. Brown was stationed at various times in several cities of Rio Grande do Sul. The Episcopal church, he says, is making fair progress in Brazil, though it is the most recent of the Protestant churches to be established in the country, the Presbyterian being the first to enter the field. The church has now 1,500 communicants in the country, of whom 100 are in Rio. When I went to Brazil, Americans were very far from numerous in the country," said Dr. Brown yesterday. "The first Americans to go down there were dentists, and they established themselves all over the country. Otherwise, Americans were slow to take up with business or professions in Brazil. But when the Rio de Janeiro Light & Traction company, largely spoken of as an American and Canadian company, got control of the great railway of Rio seven or eight years ago, Americans started coming in very numerous, and I think they are opening up pretty extensively in a general way. A night or two before I sailed from Rio I met three young men from Boston, who had come down to establish branch offices of American concerns. This is an indication that our merchants and manufacturers are getting into closer touch with the country. Another sign that exports from this country to Brazil have increased enormously of late years.

"There is no question that Brazil is waking up. Our railway men are making good use of them. I suppose it is generally known that ex-President Roosevelt's son Kermit has been turning the railroad business in Sao Paulo, Ambassador Willard, the father of his finances, by the way, was pupil of mine years ago. I met three sons of prominent American railway men who were working on Brazilian railways in subordinate positions, and I believe that all railway men at least recognize the great possibilities of the country. Brazil is so many ways watered that in the near future they will be bound to be a great opening for hydraulic and electrical engineers.

"The Brazilians are exceedingly courteous and hospitable. I have always maintained a high opinion of them since the seizure of Vera Cruz—that of the countries of South America Brazil is the most friendly toward us.
"There are two big features in the possibility of Brazil that I think Americans might look into. One is lumbering and the cattle business. I know of an American company that two years ago invested about \$2,000,000 in timber land in the State of Parana, and of late years other companies have quietly bought vast rights in areas as yet untouched. The country is so enormous that it is still short in means of communication."

"Of course, Brazil is one of the most expensive places in the world to live in," was suggested.
"I believe it is the most expensive place in the world," replied Dr. Brown. "New York is cheap by comparison. Why? The principal reason I have been able to think out for the probable value of many things are manufactured in the country, and the expenses of the government are met practically entirely from customs receipts. The tariff is enormous."

"But it would pay some Americans who keep going to Europe year by year to try a trip to Rio instead. They would see a great deal worth seeing and have some new experiences.
"Of course, the population of Brazil is growing, but the immigration that is coming now is nothing to what must come when the tide changes from the United States. There is a vast amount of land down there awaiting development. Some day the probable value of many things are manufactured in the country, and the expenses of the government are met practically entirely from customs receipts. The tariff is enormous."

The Competing States.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
Papermaking is a continuous industry, the mills generally running through the week without intermission. Continuous industries mean that the average of eight hours each or two shifts of 12 hours each. What the latter means was described as follows by the committee of stockholders of the paper industry of which Stuyvesant Fish was chairman: "We are of opinion that a 12-hour day of labor followed continuously by any group of men for any considerable number of years means a decreasing of the efficiency and a lessening of the vigor of such men."
In confirmation of that opinion William B. Dickson writes in The Survey: "And I will further state that, in my judgment, a large proportion of the steelworkers whom from early manhood work 12 hours a day are old men at 40."
At the last session of the Massachusetts legislature a large proposition was introduced a bill limiting work in paper mills to eight hours a day. It was defeated; and one of the arguments used against it was that it would drive the paper industry out of that state and into other commonwealths which permitted a 12- or 13-hour day.

Probably the argument was unsound, but it shows how competition across state lines may retard labor.

What Is Gravity?

Sir Oliver Lodge in Harper's Magazine.
The first experiment which a baby makes, is connected with the force of gravity. It is born with an instinctive or ancestral dread of the unrestrained action of that force upon its own body; and it is said to be able to cling with tenacity to a stick or branch of a tree. Later on it takes pleasure in dropping miscellaneous objects to see them fall; perhaps to see if they all fall alike.
And a very remarkable fact it is which is thus being observed; the most familiar of all material facts, and one of the least understood—least understood, that is, of all the simple physical facts which must surely be within the limits of human comprehension. For if a philosopher is asked why all bodies tend to move toward the earth, and why they all fall with steady, equal acceleration, unless retarded or checked somehow, he has to reply that he does not know.

The buffalo of the United States and Canada now number about 3,000.