

The Educational Spirit.

Dr. Andrew S. Draper, writing on the trend of our modern education in Appleton's for August, closes his paper with this significant paragraph:

"No one can foresee the destiny of the republic, but that there is an educational purpose abroad in the land which has never before been so pervasive and so ambitious in any land seems clear. It is the spirit of a mighty people, gathered from the ends of the earth, enlightened by the world experiences of a thousand years. It is the spirit of a people with outlook and expectancy. They expect to use the wealth and the political power of the nation to make certain that every son and daughter of the nation shall have the fullest and freest educational opportunity. The functions of the state concerning every manner of educational activity, in and out of schools, are being steadily enlarged and strengthened through the initiative or the common desire of the multitude. Growing appreciation is giving greater heed to the advanced institutions and bringing them to the aid of all institutions, and therefore to the intellectual quickening of the entire country. Everything that the nation, the state, or the municipality can do to aid true learning, without any injustice, it is to be made to do. And the learning which aids doing, and the culture which is the product of labor, are to be of the most worth."

Minnows and Mosquitoes.

Scientists, who have been battling against mosquitoes with crude oil and other devices for destroying the troublesome and dangerous pests, have come to the conclusion that minnows are of more service than oil in ridding water of mosquitoes. Goldfish have been used with great success in Hawaii in destroying mosquitoes, and a test of the services of toy minnows in the same work has satisfied the scientists that the latter are more efficient, and especially so in stagnant water. Southern cities which have been spending considerable amounts in the purchase of oil for destroying yellow fever mosquitoes are now considering the more general use of minnows in stagnant pools, says the Chicago Sun. The city of New Orleans is spending \$50,000 in a campaign against mosquitoes, and the chief city health officer favors the use of minnows rather than any other means that has been tested. Here again a remedy that creation seems to have supplied naturally for the work has been endorsed after much expensive experimenting in other lines.

A New Departure in Banking.

Is the time-honored phrase "in banking hours" to become obsolete? A step, at least, in this direction has been taken in the establishment, in the city of New York, of a bank that never closes except on Sundays and holidays. It does business day and night. At this bank money passes to and fro across the counter from dawn to dawn. What would Father Knickerbocker say to midnight banking? asks the Four-Track News. And yet why not? It is one more great convenience added to modern life. It typifies the spirit of our age. Everything must be ready to our hand. We will not wait until to-morrow for the thing that we want to-day. The buttons of our desires must be where we can press them at will. We telephone, telegraph, travel at midnight—and now we bank at midnight. It is the logic of events; the answer to the onrush of modern life.

John D. Rockefeller is learning tardily the important truth that communion with the world is worth more than great riches, says the Washington Star. For years this man has led a life apart from his fellows. Naturally of a shrinking nature, and secretive to an unusual degree, he has held aloof by means of his money, buying great estates wherein he could lock himself away from the sight of his fellow men, hiring guards to keep the public at a distance, riding in special trains and on private yachts and otherwise maintaining a distance between himself and the ordinary run of men. This very exclusiveness whetted the public curiosity and increased the pressure. Rockefeller made the mistake common to many men of his temperament of thinking to avoid attention by forbidding it.

The average woman would rather have her husband pat her cheek than give her a thousand dollars.—San Francisco Bulletin. Most men, remarks the Chicago Record-Herald, will have to accept this statement as correct, because they have no means of disproving it.

The post office department approves the automobile for rural delivery service, but the carriers are waiting to hear where the bargain counter is located.

A French paper speaks of Secretary Root as "that Yankee intruder" in the affairs of Central and South America. Not an intruder, says the Boston Herald—simply a follower of one James Monroe, and in that capacity a welcome guest.

The fact that there are only about a dozen Americans now in St. Petersburg is an indication that several Americans abroad have decided to do their innocent by-standing in some rather more favorable place.

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "THE CRAFTERS," ETC.

(Copyright, 1906, by J. P. Lippincott Co.)

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Here the matter rested; and, having done what she conceived to be her charitable duty, Virginia was as anxious to get away as heart—the heart of a slightly bored Reverend Billy, for instance—could wish.

So they bade Adams good-by and picked their way down the frozen embankment and across the ice bridge; down and across and back to the Rosemary, where they found a perturbed chaperon in a flutter of solicitude arising upon their mysterious disappearance and long absence.

"It may be just as well not to tell any of them where we have been," said Virginia in an aside to her cousin. And so the incident of tea-drinking in the enemy's camp was safely put away like a little personal note in its envelope with the nap gummed down.

CHAPTER VI.

While the technologist was dispensing commissary tea in iron-stone china cups to his two guests in the "dinky" field office, his chief, taking the Rosemary's night run in reverse in the company of Town Marshal Biggin, was turning the Rajah's coup into a small Utah profit.

Having come upon the ground late the night before, and from the opposite direction, he had seen nothing of the extension grade west of Argentine. Hence the enforced journey to Carbonate only anticipated an inspection trip which he had intended to make as soon as he had seated Adams firmly in the track-laying saddle.

Not to miss his opportunity, at the first curve beyond Argentine he passed his cigar case to Biggin and asked permission to ride on the rear platform of the day coach for inspection purposes.

"Say, pardner, what do you take me fer, anyhow?" was the reproachful rejoinder.

"For a gentleman in disguise," said Winton, promptly.

"Sim'larly, I do you; savvy? You tell me you ain't goin' to stampe, and you ride anywhere you blame please. See? This here C. & G. R. outfit ain't got no surcingle on me."

Winton smiled. "I haven't any notion of stampeding. As it happens, I'm only a day ahead of time. I should have made this run to-morrow of my own accord to have a look at the extension grade. You will find me on the rear platform when you want me."

"Good enough," was the reply; and Winton went to his post of observation.

Greatly to his satisfaction, he found that the trip over the C. & G. R. answered every purpose of a preliminary inspection of the Utah grade beyond Argentine. For 17 of the 20 miles the two lines were scarcely more than a stone's throw apart, and when Biggin joined him at the junction above Carbonate he had his note-book well filled with the necessary data.

"Make it, all right?" inquired the friendly bailiff.

"Yes, thanks. Have another cigar?"

"Don't care if I do. Say, that old fire-eater back yonder in the private car has got a mighty pretty gal, ain't he?"

"The young lady is his niece," said Winton, wishing that Mr. Biggin would find other food for comment.

"I don't care; she's pretty as a Jersey two-year-old."

"It's a fine day," observed Winton; and then, to background Miss Carteret effectually as a topic, "How do the people of Argentine feel about the opposition to our line?"

"They're red-hot; you can put your money on that. The C. & G. R.'s a sure-enough tail-twister where there ain't no competition. Your road'll get every pound of ore in the camp if it ever gets through."

Winton made a mental note of this up-cast of public opinion, and set it over against the friendly attitude of the official Mr. Biggin. It was very evident that the town marshal was serving the Rajah's purpose only because he had to.

"I suppose you stand with your townsmen on that, don't you?" he ventured.

"Now you're shouting; that's me," said Winton, "and if that is the case, we won't take this little holiday of ours any harder than we can help. When the court business is settled—it won't take very long—you are to consider yourself my guest. We stop at the Buckingham."

"Oh, we do, we do? Say, pardner, that's white—mighty white. If I'd 'a' been an inch or so more'n half awake this morning when that old b'ler-buster's hired man routed me out, I'd 'a' told him to go to blazes with his warrant. Next time I will."

Winton shook his head. "There isn't going to be any 'next time,' Peter, my son," he prophesied. "When Mr. Darrah gets fairly down to business he'll throw bigger chunks than the Argentine town marshal at us."

By this time the train was slowing into Carbonate, and a few minutes after the stop at the crowded platform they were making their way up the single bustling street of the town to the courthouse.

"Ever see so many tin-horns and bunco people bunched in all your round-ups?" said Biggin as they elbowed through the uneasy, shifting groups in front of the hotel.

"Not often," Winton admitted. "But it's the luck of the big camps; they are the dumping grounds of the world while the high pressure is on."

The ex-range rider turned on the courthouse steps to look the sidewalk loungers over with narrowing eyes.

"There's Sheeny Mike and Big Otto and half a dozen others right there in front of the Buckingham that couldn't stay to breathe twice in Argentine. And this town's got a police!" the comment with lip-curling scorn.

"It also has a county court which is probably waiting for us," said Win-

ton; whereupon they went in to appease the offended majesty of the law.

As Winton had predicted, his answer to the court summons was a mere formality. On parting with his chief at the Argentine station platform, Adams' first care had been to wire news of the arrest to the Utah headquarters. Hence Winton found the company's attorney waiting for him in Judge Whitcomb's courtroom, and his release on an appearance bond was only a matter of moments.

The legal affair dismissed, there ensued a weary interval of time-killing. There was no train back to Argentine until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, and the hours dragged heavily for the two, who had nothing to do but wait. Biggin endured his part of it manfully till the midday dinner had been discussed; then he drifted off with one of Winton's cigars between his teeth, saying that he should "take poison" and shoot up the town if he could not find some more peaceful means of keeping his blood in circulation.

It was a little after three o'clock, and Winton was sitting at the writing table in the lobby of the hotel elaborating his hasty note-book data of the morning's inspection, when a boy came in with a telegram. The young engineer was not so deeply engrossed in his work as to be deaf to the colloquy.

"Mr. John Winton? Yes, he is here somewhere," said the clerk in answer to the boy's question; and after an identifying glance, "There he is—over at the writing table."

Winton turned in his chair and saw the boy coming towards him; also he saw the ruffian pointed out by Biggin from the courthouse steps and labeled "Sheeny Mike" lounging up to the clerk's desk for a whispered word with the bediamonded gentleman behind it.

What followed was cataclysmal in its way. The lounge took three staggering lurches towards Winton,



"LET'S HIKE OUT O' THIS, PRONTO!"

brushed the messenger boy aside, and burst out in a storm of maudlin invective.

"Sign yerself 'Winton' now, do ye, ye low-down, turkey-trodden—"

"One minute," said Winton, curtly, taking the telegram from the boy and signing for it.

"I'll give ye more'n ye can carry away in less'n half that time—see?" was the minatory retort; and the threat was made good by an awkward buffet which would have knocked the engineer out of his chair if he had remained in it.

Now Winton's eyes were gray and steadfast, but his hair was of that shade of brown which takes the tint of dull copper in certain lights, and he had a temper which went with the red in his hair rather than with the gray in his eyes. Wherefore his attempt to placate his assailant was something less than diplomatic.

"You drunken scoundrel!" he snapped, "if you don't go about your business and let me alone, I'll turn you over to the police with a broken bone or two!"

The bully's answer was a blow delivered straight from the shoulder—too straight to harmonize with the fiction of drunkenness. Winton saw the sober purpose in it and went battle-mad, as a hasty man will. Being a skillful boxer—which his antagonist was not—he did what he had to do neatly and with commendable dispatch. Down, up; down, up; down a third time, and then the bystanders interfered.

"Hold on!"

"That'll do!"

"Don't you see he's drunk?"

"Enough's as good as a feast—let him go."

Winton's blood was up, but he desisted, breathing threatenings. Whereat Biggin shouldered his way into the circle.

"Pay your bill and let's hike out o' this, pronto," he said in a low tone. "You ain't got no time to fool with a Carbonate justice shop."

But Winton was not to be brought to his senses so easily. "Run away from that swine? Not

if I know it. Let him take it into court if he wants to. I'll be there, too."

The beaten one was up now and apparently looking for an officer. "I'm takin' ye all to witness," he rasped. "I was on'y askin' him to cash up what he lose to me las' night, and he jumps me. But I'll stick him if there's any law in this camp."

Now all this time Winton had been holding the unopened telegram crumpled in his fist, but when Biggin pushed him out of the circle and thrust him up to the clerk's desk, he thought him to read the message. It was Virginia's warning, signed by Adams, and a single glance at the closing sentence was enough to cool him suddenly.

"Pay the bill, Biggin, and join me in the billiard room, quick!" he whispered, pressing money into the town marshal's hand and losing himself in the crowd. And when Biggin had obeyed his instructions: "Now for a back way out of this if there is one. We'll have to take to the hills till train time."

They found a way through the bar and out into a side street leading abruptly up to the fir-clad hills behind the town. Biggin held his peace until they were safe from immediate danger of pursuit. Then his curiosity got the better of him.

"Didn't take you more'n a week to change your mind about pullin' it off with that tin-horn scrapper in the courts, did it?"

"No," said Winton.

"Taint none o' my business, but I'd like to know what stampeped you."

"A telegram"—shortly. "It was a put-up job to have me locked up on a criminal charge, and so hold me out another day."

Biggin grinned. "The old b'ler-buster again. Say, he's a holy terror, ain't he?"

"He doesn't mean to let me build my railroad if he can help it."

The ex-cowboy found his sack of chip tobacco and dexterously rolled a cigarette in a bit of brown wrapping paper.

"If that's the game, Mr. Sheeny Mike, or his backers, will be most likely to play it to a finish, don't you guess?"

"By havin' a policeman layin' for you at the train."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, I can think you out of it, I reckon. The branch train is a 'commodation, and it'll stop most anywhere if you throw up your hand at it. We can take out through the woods

and across the hills, and mog up the track a piece. How'll that do?"

"It will do for me, but there is no need of you tramping when you can just as well ride."

But now that side of Mr. Peter Biggin which endears him and his kind to every man who has ever shared his lonely roundups, or broken bread with him in his comfortless shack, came uppermost.

"What do you take me fer?" was the way it vocalized itself; but there was more than a formal oath of loyal allegiance in the curt question.

"For a man and a brother," said Winton, heartily; and they set out together to wlaylay the outgoing train at some point beyond the danger limit.

It was accomplished without further mishap, and the short winter day was darkening to twilight when the train came in sight and the engineer slowed to their signal. They climbed aboard, and when the engineer of construction spoke to the ex-cowboy as to a friend.

"I hope Adams has knocked out a good day's work for us," he said.

"Your pardner with the store hat and the stinkin' cigaroote's—he's all right," said Biggin; and it so chanced that at the precise moment of the saying the subject of it was standing with the foreman of track layers at a gap in the new line just beyond and above the Rosemary's siding at Argentine, his day's work ended, and his men loaded on the flats for the run down to camp over the lately laid rails of the lateral loop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Puppies.

"I didn't enjoy myself one bit," pouted the petted heless, who had just returned from Europe. "I saw a puppy with a grand pedigree over there that I wanted, but pa wouldn't buy him for me."

"Too bad, dear," replied her friend. "Was he a French count or British duke?"—Philadelphia Press.

Newly Mined Opals.

When first taken from the mine opals are so soft that pieces can be picked off with the fingers.

NEW HEAD OF GRAND ARMY



Robert B. Brown of Zanesville, O., elected commander in chief of the G. A. R. at the Minneapolis encampment, enlisted in the Fifteenth Ohio infantry, at the age of 16 years and served in the Fourteenth Army Corps in the Army of the Cumberland until he was mustered out in 1864. He then reenlisted as a veteran soldier, and served as such until the end of the war. He was a private throughout the first three years of his service, and then became a noncommissioned officer. Mr. Brown is now editor of the Zanesville Courier. He was born in 1845.

HAD BOYS' WELFARE IN MIND.

Andrew Carnegie Tells Why Family Left Scotland.

Andrew Carnegie was recently invited to attend the excursion of the old handloom weavers of Dunfermline, Scotland, his native town. He was unable to do so, but from Skibo castle he sent the following letter, in which he gave some reminiscences of his ancestors in the weaving town of Fife:

"By inheritance I think I would be entitled to rank myself with that ancient and honorable guild, for my Grandfather Carnegie and father were weavers in the olden days and very proud of it. My Grandfather Morrison did not have the distinction, but he was a good shoemaker and thought there was 'nothing like leather.' Even upon my own account I should have some claim to membership in the old weavers' society, for I remember well I assisted in 'giving in' the threads to my father when he was 'putting in' his web, and a very proud boy I was in doing so. Well do I remember the morning that my father came home to

WOMAN HAS WON HIGH PLACE.

Dorothea Klumpke Accorded Fame in Scientific World.

The fame of Dorothea Klumpke has been achieved in lines that would not ordinarily make it more special, but she really stands among the notable women of the scientific world. In France she is regarded as the leading woman astronomer, but as an astronomer and mathematician she is accorded a more enduring and precious reputation. She was born in San Francisco in 1861, her father, a native of Germany, having been one of the Forty-niners. Her mother was the strong force in the family, and four of the Klumpke girls have won some distinction. One is a distinguished artist, another a famous physician, and the third a violinist, all making Paris their home. Dorothea has studied in Berlin and Paris and taken all kinds of prizes and degrees from the highest institutions in France. When the international astronomical congress resolved to map the stars a special department was created and

MARRIAGE A LA FINANCE



When He Reaches the Summit He Throws His Companion Down.

tell mother that there wasn't a new web for him to get and the family council decided that we should sail for America, my mother saying: 'Not for our good, we could manage to get along here, but there will be more scope there for our boys.' So we set sail for the new land."

Then and Now. "I suppose," said the modern actor to the stately old member of the profession, "that you got a few press notices when you trod the boards? I am mentioned 15 times in the papers this morning. There are four notices of my new motor car, three items about my dog being lost, five stories about what I like for dinner, and two mentions of my taste in neckties, with one paragraph about my trunks being lost on the line."

"Yes," sighed the old-fashioned, out-of-date actor; "I got a few notices—but they were all based on the impression that I had played my part well."—London Answers.

Happy Oyster Bay.

One of the luxuries of the seashore in Oyster Bay which may be mentioned are crabs, which sell for two dollars a dozen.

Love is Everything.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures where there is no love.—Lord Bacon.

Horse Now Better Than Ever.

Everything bearing upon the history of the horse indicates that the percheros and shire horses of to-day are much heavier and greater in bulk than wild horses ever were, anywhere on the globe. The horse has made gradual and steady progress for thousands of years. He is a better animal than he ever was before.

The furnace of affliction refines us from earthly drossness, and softens us for the impression of God's own stamp.—Boyle.

GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anemia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anemia. I had spells of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to, and such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. About this time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deathly sensations would come over me.

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am perfectly well now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anemia because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

False Alarm.

From the valley there came a cloud of dust and a distant rumble. The man of the stone age rushed up the mountain and perched himself on the highest peak.

"Shucks!" exclaimed the fugitive, as he slipped down to the valley again. "It is only a poor dinosaur roaming about for his breakfast. From the noise I thought it must be an automobile."

And the man went back to his peaceful occupation of hewing an apartment house out of a solid cliff.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Pugs" Ordered from Seattle.

The chief of police of Seattle, believing that prize fighters bring criminals and other undesirables in their train, has ordered all pugilists, trainers and others connected with the ring to leave the city or take up some respectable employment.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little*

Is Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Carloads of Whisky Lost.

Among the few other things lost in the shuffle during the earlier relief proceedings in San Francisco were nine carloads of whisky, and, despite strenuous efforts, the whisky has not been traced yet.

Socrates and Henry George.

The bust of Socrates in the Capitoline Museum at Rome looks like the late Henry George.

Lewis' Single Binder Cigar has a rich taste. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A poor man isn't necessarily a cheap man.

A HEALTHY OLD AGE

OFTENTHEBESTPARTOFLIFE

Help for Women Passing Through Change of Life

Providence has allotted us each at least seventy years in which to fulfill our mission in life, and it is generally our own fault if we die prematurely.



Mrs. Mary L. Koehne

Nervous exhaustion invites disease. This states the truth.

When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks without excessive fatigue, and you break out into perspiration easily, and your face flushes, and you grow excited and shaky at the least provocation, and you cannot bear to be crossed in any thing, you are in danger; you need help; you have given out; you need building up at once! To build up woman's nervous system and during the period of change of life we know of no better medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here is an illustration. Mrs. Mary L. Koehne, 371 Garfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years in my family and it never disappoints; so when I felt that I was nearing the change of life I commenced treatment with it. I took in all about six bottles and it did me a great deal of good. It stopped my dizzy spells, pains in my back and the headaches which I had suffered for months before taking the Compound. I feel that it had not been for this great medicine for women that I should not have been alive to-day. It is a blessing for women of my age, and will surely cure all female disorders."

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick and ailing women to write her for advice. Her great experience is at their service, free of cost.