

The Daily Press.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, the eminent alienist, has just given the newspaper press a certificate as an important safeguard of the general sanity.

Wireless Telegraphy.

Wireless telegraphy is steadily growing in importance, and our government has been among the foremost in turning the method to practical account.

A notable fact about the vision of insects and one which it may be supposed must largely influence their view of the external world is the number of facets or lenses in compound eyes.

Quail starved to death by thousands in the winter of 1904-05, but last winter they had an easy time except in February and March.

A citizen of Kansas City writes that natural gas has cut down his annual fuel and gas bill from \$175 a year to \$74.

In the Arabic there are 600 words with which to designate the camel. Owing to the fact that "the ship of the desert" is about the most ornery brute in creation, some of them are doubtless unfit for publication.

Japan is reported to have announced its decision to hold in the near future an international exhibition. There have also been reports of a proposed fair at Barcelona, Spain.

Glasgow locks up a scorchers automobile for thirty days, but the constitution of the United States forbids cruel and unusual punishments.

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

Calvert acquiesced eagerly, scenting possibilities. But when they were out under the frosty stars he had the good sense to walk her up and down in the healing silence and darkness for five full minutes before he ventured to say what was in his mind.

When he spoke it was earnestly and to the purpose, not without eloquence. He loved her; had always loved her, he thought. Could she not, with time and the will to try, learn to love him?—not as a cousin?

She turned quickly and put both hands on his shoulders. "Oh Cousin Billy—don't!" she faltered brokenly; and he, seeing at once that he had played the housebreaker where he would have been the welcome guest, took his punishment manfully, drawing her arm in his and walking her yet other turns up and down the long platform until his patience and the silence had wrought their perfect work.

"Does it hurt much?" she asked, softly, after a long time.

"You would have to change places with me to know just how much it hurts," he answered. "And yet you haven't left me quite desolate, Virginia. I still have something left—all I've ever had, I fancy."

"And that is—"

"My love for you, you know. It isn't at all contingent upon your yes or no; or upon possession—it never has been, I think. It has never asked much except the right to be."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said: "Cousin Billy, I do believe that you are the best man that ever lived. And I am ashamed—ashamed!"

"What for?"

"If I have spoiled you, ever so little, for some truer, worthier woman."

"You haven't; you mustn't take that view of it. I am decently in love with my work—a work that not a few wise men have agreed could best be done alone. I don't think there will be any other woman. You see, there is only one Virginia. Shall we go in now?"

She nodded, but when they reached the Rosemary the returning engine was roaring upon the open siding. Virginia drew back.

"I don't want to meet Uncle Somerville just now," she confessed. "Can't we climb up to the observation platform at the other end of the car?"

He said yes, and made the affirmative good by lifting her in his arms over the high railing. Once safely on the car, she bade him leave her.

"Slip in quietly and they won't notice," she said. "I'll come presently."

Calvert obeyed, and Virginia stood alone in the darkness. Down in the Utah construction camp lights were darting to and fro; and before long she heard the hoarse puffs of the big octopod, betokening activities.

She was shivering a little in the chill wind sliding down from the snow-peaks, yet she would not go in until she had made sure. In a little time her patience was rewarded. The huge engine came storming up the grade on the new line, pushing its three flat-cars, which were black with clinging men. On the car nearest the locomotive, where the dazzling beam of the headlight pricked him out for her, stood Winton, braced against the lurchings of the train over the uneven track.

"God speed you, my love!" she murmured, softly; and when the gloom of the upper canyon cleft had engulfed man and men and storming engine she turned to go in.

She was groping for the doorknob in the darkness made thicker by the glare of the passing headlight when a voice, disembodied for the moment, said: "Wait a minute, Miss Carteret; I'd like to have a word with you."

She drew back quickly.

"Is it you, Mr. Jastrow? Let me go in, please."

"In one moment. I have something to say to you—something you ought to hear."

"Can't it be said on the other side of the door? I am cold—very cold, Mr. Jastrow."

It was his saving hint, but he would not take it.

"No, it must be said to you alone. We have at least one thing in common, Miss Carteret—and you and I. That is a proper appreciation of the successful realty."

versation—you and Winton's, you know; and if Mr. Darrah knew, he would cut you out of his will with very little compunction, don't you think? And, really, you mustn't throw yourself away on that Sentimental Tommy of an engineer, Miss Virginia. He'll never be able to give you the position you're fitted for."

Since French was a dead language to Mr. Arthur Jastrow, he never knew what it was that Miss Carteret named him. But she left him in no doubt as to her immediate purpose.

"If that be the case, we would better go and find my uncle at once," she said in her softest tone; and before he could object she had led the way to the Rajah's working-den stateroom.

Mr. Darrah was deep in one of the cipher telegrams when they entered, and he looked up to glare fiercely at one and then the other of the intruders. Virginia gave her persecutor no time to lodge his accusation.

"Uncle Somerville, Mr. Winton was here an hour ago, as you know, and I told him what you had done—that I had helped you do. Also, I sent him about his business; which is, to win his railroad fight if he can. Mr. Jastrow overheard the conversation, purposely, and as he threatens to turn informer, I am saving him the trouble. Perhaps I ought to add that he offered to hold his peace if I would promise to marry him."

What the unlucky Jastrow might have said in his own behalf is not to be here set down in peaceful black and white. With the final word of Virginia's explanation the fierce old master of men was up and clutching for the secretary's throat, and the working complement of the Rosemary suffered instant loss.



"You'll spy upon a member of my family, will you, seh?" he stormed. "Out with you, bag and baggage, before I lose my temphe and forget what is due to this young lady you have insulted, seh, with your infamous proposals! Faveh me instantly, while you have a leg to run with! Go!"

Jastrow disappeared; and when the door closed behind him Virginia faced her irate clan-chief bravely.

"He was a spy, and he would have been a traitor—for a consideration, Uncle Somerville. But I am little better. What will you do to me?"

The Rajah's wrath evaporated quickly, and a shrewd smile, not unkindly, wrinkled the ruddy old face.

"So it was a case of the trapeze trapped, was it, my dear? I'm sorry—right sorry. I might have known how it would be; a younger man would have known. But you have done no unpardonable mischief. Misteh Winton would have found out for himself in a few hours at furthest, and we are ready for him now."

"Oh, dear!" she said. "Then he will be beaten?"

"Unquestionably. Faveh me by going to bed, my dear. Your roses will suffeh sadly for all this excitement, I feah. Good night."

CHAPTER XI

It seemed to Virginia that she had but just fallen asleep when she was rudely awakened by the jar and grind of the Rosemary's wheels on snow-covered rails. Drawing the curtain, she found that a new day was come, gray and misty white in the gusty swirl of a mountain snow-squall.

Without disturbing the sleeping Bessie, she dressed quickly and slipped out to see what the early morning change of base portended. The common room was empty when she entered it, but before she could cross to the door the Reverend Billy came in, stamping the snow from his feet.

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly. "Are we off for California?"

Winton has outgeneraled us. During the night he pushed his track up to the disputed crossing, 'rushed' the guarded engine, and ditched it."

Virginia felt that she ought to be decorously sorry for relationship's sake, but the effort ended in a little paean of joy.

"But Uncle Somerville—what will he do?"

"He is with McGrath on the engine, getting himself—and us—to the front in a hurry, as you perceive."

"Isn't it too late to stop Mr. Winton now?"

"I don't know. From what I could overhear I gathered that the ditched engine is still in the way, that they are trying to roll it over into the creek. Bless me! McGrath is getting terribly reckless!" this as a spiteful lurch of the car flung them both across the compartment.

"Say Uncle Somerville," she amended. "Don't charge it to Mr. McGrath. Can't we go out on the platform?"

"It's as much as your life is worth," he asserted, but he opened the door for her.

The car was backing swiftly up the grade with the engine behind serving as a "pusher." At first the fiercely driven snow-whirl made Virginia gasp. Then the speed slackened and she could breathe and see.

The thrilling wheels were tracking around a curve into a scanty widening of the canyon. To the left, on the rails of the new line, the big decapod was heaving and grunting in the midst of an army of workmen swarming thick upon the overturned guard engine.

"Goodness! It's like a battle!" she shuddered. As she spoke the Rosemary stopped with a jerk and McGrath's fireman darted past to set the spur-track switch.

The points were snow-clogged, and the fireman wrestled with the lever, saying words. The delay was measurable in heart-beats, but it sufficed. The big decapod coughed thrice like a mighty giant in a consumption; the clustering workmen scattered like chaff to a ringing shout of "Stand clear!" and the obstructing mass of iron and steel rolled, wallowing and hissing, into the stream.

"Rails to the front! Hammermen!" yelled Winton; and the scattered force rallied instantly.

But now the wrestling fireman had

MAKING POINTS OF BEAUTY.

Possibilities in What May Be Called Waste Corners.

Paradoxical as it sounds, the ugliest places in a house may often be made its most salient points of beauty. I remember once staying in an old-fashioned country place whose possibilities would have seemed all to the average owner, yet, which was really a most charming habitation because of its mistress's taste.

In her living room was an open fireplace. Not a real bit of colonial, not a modern Dutch tiled affair, but a great yawning, smoke-blackened aperture, whose sole purpose in life seemed to be to hold fire dogs and burning logs when the weather demanded.

To this uninviting chasm this clever woman carried big earthenware pans, borrowed from her dairy, and these she kept filled through all the warm months with whatever nature offered her. The first spring flowers and green leaves that showed themselves in April; daisies, when they came, masses of delicate Queen Anne's lace, bunches of yellow golden rod, clusters of gorgeously-tinted autumn leaves; and every one who came into that room exclaimed involuntarily at the beauty of that fireplace.

I knew another great rambling old house that was possessed of an enormous number of unnecessary landings and halls. Waste room, the woman who lived there cheerfully called it, but she made the most of it. She gave up all notion of a regular sitting-room and developed an astonishing number of delightful corners that were cozy in more than name.

You went up a short flight of steps and were confronted by a cushioned seat, a table littered with magazines, a comfortable reading lamp and a tiny corner bookcase. Another, and you found an open desk with writing materials spread invitingly before you. You turned a corner, and an embryo conservatory, with a twittering canary bird to keep you company, provided a joy of rest for your jaded eyes.

That woman had a great reputation as a matchmaker—a reputation which she laughingly disclaimed. "I never made a match in my life," she said. "If people will get engaged under my roof, please blame the house, not me."

There is scarcely a home that has not tried its mistress' soul because of some special nook that refuses to blend with the conventional arrangement of furniture. Try devoting it to some special thing, a potted plant, a comfortable lounging place, a niche for curiosities; it may be worth your while.—Washington Star.

Fruit Shower and Luncheon. A bride-to-be has just been given a fruit shower and luncheon by a dozen of her girl friends. Each was asked to bring some sort of fruit, a list being made to prevent duplication. The jars of fruit were concealed about the dining-room, and the bride-elect was started upon a hunt for them. All sorts of canned fruits, jellies, marmalades and preserves were contributed. Each jar was attractively wrapped in white tissue paper or put in a box. The luncheon consisted of deviled crabs, olives, hot rolls, currant jelly, tomato salad, lettuce sandwiches and coffee. The ice cream was served in paper cases representing slippers, and the individual cakes were round, covered with icing, and on the top of each stood a tiny china doll dressed in white satin with a long tulle veil. After the guests had finished eating, they were asked by the hostess to recite aloud their favorite recipe and best wish. The recipes were then collected and given to the bride-elect for future use.

The Ubiquitous Plaid. Is extremely popular just now. Plaid velvets are seen as well as silks and woolen goods. Children and grown-ups, too, will wear plaids of every description. It even appears on hats, particularly those for small people. A fetching red hat for a little person has a flat crown of velvet with a full floppy brim of gray plaid silk. Whole gowns are made of plaid cloth or silk, walking suits are made of plaid stuffs, and the most fascinating blouses seen in a long time are of taffeta silk, showing the plaids of the various clans.

Blue and green predominate as a combination in this season's goods. Plaid serges, too, will be a feature in materials. Some of the newest designs show, in addition to the plaid, a satin stripe in a solid color, dividing the material into still larger squares.

Buy the Best. The wise woman never buys cheap things, says a writer. The woman who wants her money to go as far as possible never buys cheap things. The woman who wants her family to look well, and herself to look well, never buys cheap things. They have all learned the expensiveness of some sorts of economy. It applies to all branches of family shopping. Cheap food destroys the digestions of the household, and the doctor's bills more than make up the difference. It pays to feed a family well. By well, is meant simply and wholesomely. Cheap clothes are the bane of the poor. They never look well and drop to pieces when a good suit would still be fresh and presentable.

How to Fasten Rugs. Small rugs will not curl up at the corners if triangular pieces of corrugated rubber are fastened under each corner. Have the rubber extended six or eight inches along the edge of the rugs. Bore small holes in each corner of the rubber and sew through the holes and carpet. The stitches will be hidden by the pile of the rug.

Sweeping Brooms. A heavy broom should always be selected in preference to a light one for thorough sweeping, as the weight aids in the process. In buying a broom, test it by pressing the edge against the floor. If the straws bristle out and bend, the broom is a poor one, for they should remain in a firm, solid mass.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Ask your druggist.

If the shoe fits it's a sure sign a woman will ask for a smaller size.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

No man imagines he is as homely as he is.

For flexibility, smooth finish, stiffness and durability, Defiance Starch has no equal—10c for 16 oz.

Love is seldom blind to the financial interests connected with a matrimonial deal.

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 J. C. Watson.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

There is no reason why men shouldn't love their enemies as they love themselves—especially if they happen to be their own worst enemies.

Novelist Avenged Dog's Death. Gabriele d'Annunzio has erected a monument to his dog. The inscription is long, beginning: "Sacred to the imperishable memory of my greatest and most faithful friend." The dog was killed by a peasant some months ago. The novelist prosecuted the man, who, at the trial, at Florence, said that he killed the dog because it worried his hens. The author had engaged the services of two notable councilors, at an expense of \$1,000, to prosecute. He won, and the peasant was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment.

TERRIBLE SCALP HUMOR. Badly Affected with Sores and Crusts—Extended Down Behind the Ears—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"About ten years ago my scalp became badly affected with sore and itching humors, crusts, etc., and extended down behind the ears. My hair came out in places, also. I was greatly troubled; understood it was eczema. Tried various remedies so called, without effect. Saw your Cuticura advertisement, and got the Cuticura Remedies at once. Applied them as to directions, etc., and after two weeks I think, of use, was clear as a whistle. I have to state also that late last fall, October and November, 1904, I was suddenly afflicted with a bad eruption, painful and itching pustules over the lower part of the body. I suffered dreadfully. In two months, under the skillful treatment of my doctor, conjoined with Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, I found myself cured. H. M. F. Weiss, Rosemond, Christian Co., Ill., Aug. 31, 1905."

Could Take His Choice. At a recent inquest in a Pennsylvania town, one of the jurors, after the usual swearing in, arose and with much dignity protested against service, alleging that he was the general manager of an important concern and was wasting valuable time by sitting as a juror at an inquest.

The coroner, turning to his clerk, said: "Mr. Morgan, kindly hand me 'Jervis' (the authority on juries)." Then, after consulting the book, the coroner observed to the unwilling juror:

"Upon reference to 'Jervis,' I find, sir, that no persons are exempt from service as jurors except idiots, imbeciles and lunatics. Now, under which heading do you claim exemption?"—Success Magazine.

If we could only see ourselves as others see us—but we can't, so there's no use worrying about it.

Let Me Send You a Package of Defiance Starch

with your next order of groceries and I will guarantee that you will be better satisfied with it than with any starch you have ever used.

I claim that it has no superior for hot or cold starching, and

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No cheap premiums are given with DEFIANCE STARCH, but you get ONE-THIRD MORE FOR YOUR MONEY than of any other brand.

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THEY CURE ANEMIA

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Most Successful Remedy for All Forms of Debility.

Anemia, whether it results from actual loss of blood, from lack of nutrition due to stomach trouble, or whatever its cause, is simply a deficiency of the vital fluid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They do that one thing and they do it well.

"As a girl," says Mrs. Jessie Fink, of 180 East Mill street, Alron, Ohio, "I suffered from nervous indigestion and when I was eighteen years old I was reduced in weight to 93 pounds. I was anemic, nervous, couldn't eat or sleep, was short of breath after the least exertion and had headaches almost constantly. I had a doctor, of course, but I might as well have taken so much water for all the good his medicine did me. Finally my vitality and strength were so reduced that I had to take to my bed for several weeks at a time. I could not digest any solid food and for weeks I did not take any other nourishment than a cup of tea or beef broth."

"While I was sick in bed I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I stopped all other medicine and began to take the pills. Soon my improvement was very noticeable. My strength began to return, my stomach gave me no pain and just as soon as I began to take solid food I gained in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly saved my life. I am now perfectly well, have regained my normal weight of 120 pounds and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine."

The celebrated pills are recommended for stubborn stomach trouble, for all cases of weakness and debility, such as result from fevers and other acute diseases. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

CURES SICK-HEADACHE. Tablets and powders advertised as cures for sick-headache are generally harmful and they do not cure, but only deaden the pain by putting the nerves to sleep for a short time through the use of morphine or cocaine.

Lane's Family Medicine. The tonic-laxative, cures sick-headache, not merely stops it for an hour or two. It removes the cause of headache and keeps it away.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes. BEST IN THE WORLD. W.L. Douglas \$4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price.

To Shoe Dealers: W. L. Douglas Jobbing House is the most complete in this country. Send for Catalog.

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES. Men's Shoes, \$5 to \$10.00. Boy's Shoes, \$2 to \$5.00. Women's Shoes, \$4.00 to \$10.00. Children's Shoes, \$1.00 to \$2.00. Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes. For style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. Take no substitutes. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.

Fast Color Leglets used; they will not wear brass. Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles. W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 12, Brockton, Mass.

U. S. NAVY. enlists for four years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 25 as apprentice seamen; opportunities for advancement; pay \$16 to \$70 a month. Electricians, machinists, blacksmiths, cooper, millwrights, yeomen (clerk), carpenters, shipfitters, firemen, musicians, cooks, etc., between 21 and 30 years, enlisted in special ratings with suitable pay, enlisted apprentices 18 to 25 years. Retirement on three-fourths pay and allowances after six years service. Applicants must be American citizens.

First clothing outfit free to recruits. Upon discharge travel allowances 6 cents per mile to place of enlistment. Bonus four months pay and interest in pay upon re-enlistment within four months of discharge. Officers at Annapolis and Hattiesburg, Nebraska. Also, recruiting station, 125 Broadway, New York City. U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATION, P. O. 814, OMAHA.

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