



Photograph of a shaggy bruin recently taken in the Rocky Mountains.

GOD'S ABIDING PLACE.

HIGHEST HEAVEN LOCATED IN FAR AWAY STAR ALCYONE.

Washington Preacher Who Said Hades Was in the Sun Makes Another Startling Discovery—Supreme Celestial Beings.

Washington.—"The third heaven, the highest of all, the abiding place of God, is on the star Alcyone, immeasurably larger than any other known body, larger than the sun so many times that to make an estimate is an exercise for the mathematician rather than the theologian. Hell is in the sun, and everything outside hell is either heaven or a part of the heavenly system."

Rev. Zed Hertzell Copp, pastor of Bethany chapel, having thus located hell in the sun, is now willing to indicate in a general way where highest heaven may be found, also he is willing to locate in a general way where paradise and the ordinary or natural heavens may be found.

"Paul says: 'He was taken up to

the third heaven," said Mr. Copp, in explaining his addition to the geography of the supernatural regions, "and heard things not lawful for him to utter. He could not utter them because he could not find human expressions strong enough to convey his ideas.

"There are three heavens: 'First, the actual heaven, the canopy above the earth.

"Second, paradise.

"Third, the heaven of heavens, or abiding place of Jehovah.

"Scientists know that there is a planet or star around which all other stars and planets, including our own solar system, revolve. That is the star Alcyone, of the first magnitude as to size, and said to be thousands of times larger than any other known body.

"God, the creator and law giver, naturally and religiously might be expected to have his abode in a central place from which to rule the rest of his creation. Alcyone is the greatest of his handiworks. It is no violence

to suppose that the Deity is so nearly like his creature man as to show a preference for the greatest of his works, and make that his abiding place.

"Now, as to the composition and social order of the highest heaven. Undoubtedly it is made of the finest materials; as fine as a combination of all the colors ever seen by the human eye and as pleasing to the senses as all the perfumes of earth and all the music of all the birds joined together. Inexpressibly beautiful, it may well be suggested that the stones we call gems on earth are but waste pieces from the celestial structure.

"In this place the inhabitants are beings of the highest rank, but little lower than divinity itself, clothed with majesty, power, and learning. Earthly kings surround themselves with the best and noblest of their subjects. Is it a violent supposition that the divine king does likewise in the composition of his court?"

"For the second heaven, commonly called paradise, I have no precise location. That is the place to which the malefactor crucified at the same time as Christ went with the son of God. You remember Christ said, 'This day shall thou be with me in paradise.' Paradise is probably located outside the present solar system, but where, I have no idea. It is a state of rest, peace, joy, gladness, and contentment, where there is a literal return to communion with God, a restoration of man to his image as he left the hand of his creator, without any of the human frailties; a restoration to the original Adamitic stage. Going there brings a person into touch with all heavenly beings, from whom they learn wisdom and power as exemplified in themselves."

Woman on Police Force.

Ottumwa, Ia.—The Ottumwa police department has a new claim to distinction in the person of Mrs. Florences Jacques, wife of Capt. W. H. C. Jacques, one of the foremost attorneys of Iowa, who has been appointed to the regular police force and adorned with star No. 3.

Mrs. Jacques is a liberal minded woman, a member of one of the best families of the city, prominent in society, and, above all, an ardent supporter of the humane laws of the state, in which her sphere of duty will be confined.

It was in order that she might better prosecute this branch of the state government that she was given a star and placed upon the force as a police officer. She will either wear or carry her star with her whenever on duty and her badge must be respected the same as that of any police officer. There is no salary attached to the position.

Europe's Extinct Aurochs.

Professor A. Martens of Magdeburg has reviewed all the early literature and documents relating to the famous wild ox of Europe, the aurochs, or urus, and shows that it was not identical, "\$5,000 won't pay for the build-animal also lived in Europe in the time of the aurochs. It is on record that a herd of thirty aurochs were living in Poland in 1564. In 1627 a few half-domesticated aurochs were still in existence, but the race has since become extinct. The typical color of the aurochs was black, but there was a gray variety in Poland and a red one in Germany.

LIFE INSURANCE ACTIVITY.

The New York Life's Business Nearly Up to the Legal Limit.

The New York Life Insurance Company announces that its new paid business during the half year just ended was over seventy million dollars. As the new law allows no life company to write over one hundred and fifty millions per year, it would appear that this company is working nearly up to the limit. The New York Life gained such headway before the law was passed and suffered so little, comparatively, from the Armstrong investigation, that the question with its management has been how to keep business down to the limit, rather than how to reach it. No other company is writing nearly as much as the law allows. The New York Life has evidently become a preferred company.

The company's payments to policy holders during the six months ending June 30 were \$21,660,761. It is interesting to note that this amount was almost equally divided between payments under policies maturing by death and payments made to living policy holders. Thus, while death-claims were \$11,180,626, the amount paid for matured endowments, annuities, trust fund installments, for purchased policies and for dividends was \$10,480,135. Modern life insurance, as practiced by the best companies, embraces a wide field, and covers many contingencies. It is money saved for the aged, as well as money provided for the families of those who die prematurely.

"Sensible to the Last."

An old Scotch lady used to be attended by a doctor to whom she invariably gave a guinea when he went to see her. He had told the friends with whom she lived that her death would probably be sudden, and one day he was hurriedly sent for, as she appeared to have become unconscious. On his arrival he saw at once that the old lady was dead, and, taking hold of her right hand, which was closed, but not rigid, he calmly extracted from it the fee which she had provided for him, and as he did so he murmured: "Sensible to the last."

Modesty of True Greatness.

About Ben Adhem had just found out that his name led all the rest. "Still," he observed, with a modesty as rare as it was charming, "the season is young yet. I've made a few lucky hits, it's true, but just as likely as not I shall be at the bottom of the percentage column in battling before the season ends." Smilingly accepting the bouquet of cut flowers sent to him by an admirer in the grandstand, he stepped up to the plate, struck out, dodged a lemon thrown at him by a disgusted bleacherite, and went and took his seat on the bench.

Generous Mr. Kraft.

"Mr. Kraft, the merchant," said the college president, "has offered to donate \$5,000 for a new building to be known as 'Kraft hall.'"

"But," said the dean of the faculty, "\$5,000 won't pay for the building we want."

"Oh! no. You see, Mr. Kraft's generous offer is contingent upon our securing donations of \$10,000 each from ten other public-spirited citizens."—Philadelphia Press.

MEAT OR CEREALS.

A Question of Interest to All Careful Persons.

Arguments on food are interesting. Many persons adopt a vegetarian diet on the ground that they do not like to feel that life has been taken to feed them, nor do they fancy the thought of eating dead meat.

On the other hand, too great consumption of partly cooked, starchy oats and wheat or white bread, pastry, etc., produces serious bowel troubles, because the bowel digestive organs (where starch is digested), are overtaxed and the food ferments, producing gas, and microbes generate in the decayed food, frequently bringing on peritonitis and appendicitis.

Starchy food is absolutely essential to the human body. Its best form is shown in the food "Grape-Nuts," where the starch is changed into a form of sugar during the process of its manufacture. In this way, the required food is presented to the system in a pre-digested form and is immediately made into blood and tissue, without taxing the digestive organs.

A remarkable result in nourishment is obtained: the person using Grape-Nuts gains quickly in physical and mental strength. Why in mental? Because the food contains delicate particles of Phosphate of Potash obtained from the grains, and this unites with the albumen of all food and the combination is what nature uses to rebuild worn out cells in the brain. This is a scientific fact that can be easily proven by ten days' use of Grape-Nuts. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in piggs.

LOVE'S VICTORY

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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Vivia was a mystery to the whole seashore party—the butterfly "set" who had come down to the sea to rest and recuperate after their winter's dissipation. They had been there but a few days when Vivia Marchwell appeared among them. Who she was, from whence she came, none knew.

The men loved her. Richard Howe's artist-soul blossomed out suddenly in the passion flower of love after one glance from those haunting eyes. And Carl Neville, poet and dreamer, was fostering a passion too mighty for that frail frame. Nor artist nor poet were destined to stir the slumbering depths of Vivia Marchwell's heart.

"Oh!" she said over and over again, "these men love me, and they want an answering love from me. I wish I could, oh! I wish I could love some good man. But I never can, I never can. I think my heart is dead, and its ashes are over the sea."

Then Richard and Carl's friend, Herbert Bell arrived from the city.

Down the beach the three friends sauntered, asking questions and answering.

Herbert Bell paused suddenly. "Who is that, Carl?" he whispered, glancing toward a group of girls a few feet distant.

"Which?"

"The girl with dreams in her eyes." Carl Neville understood, indefinite as the words were.

"Vivia Marchwell," he said. "You shall be presented this evening—and prepare to lose your heart. But be warned in time, for Miss Marchwell has no heart to give in return. She cannot love, she says."

"You seem to know the state of the lady's mind," laughed Herbert; "I think I understand. Oh, well, I shall not trespass."

But a nameless thrill shot through Herbert Bell's heart that evening as he met the fathomless eyes "with dreams in them."

That same night Vivia Marchwell lay awake and questioned her heart. "Why does the face of this man haunt me so?" she asked. "I cannot close my eyes but his face glows in the mists before me, and my heart thrilled at the sound of his voice like a harp to the touch of a master hand."

There was a grand piano in the drawing-room, and Herbert Bell sought it the following morning. You would know, to see him touch the last.



A Tall, Foreign Figure.

keys, even before the sound came forth, that he was king and master there. Heaven endowed him with great musical talent, and all that education could add had been added. You knew this when the sound rolled out beneath his masterly touch. Vivia Marchwell knew it, sitting hidden there in the bay window. It touched her soul and opened the fountains of her heart as they had not been opened in years.

She was weeping, her face upon her hands, when the music ceased. Herbert Bell sought the window and stood amazed at the sight.

"Come," he said. And Vivia Marchwell went.

"My darling," he said, and folded his arms about her.

The shrill whistle of an approaching train, a few miles distant, broke suddenly upon the silence, and Vivia shuddered as in an ague chill.

"What is it," she said, looking in her lover's eyes, "that chilled me so then? The shriek of that engine cut my heart like a knife."

Two hours afterward she knew. Standing in the bay window, through the early twilight she saw the tall figure—a tall, foreign figure, with a Spanish cloak thrown over the shoulders and a wide-brimmed hat slouched over the eyes.

She clutched Herbert Bell's arm with hands like ice and her face grew ghastly. As the stranger passed the bay window he lifted two fierce, black eyes—eyes that Herbert Bell saw in his dream—and touched his hat with a mocking smile.

A moment later he entered the room, and Vivia Marchwell dropped down at Herbert Bell's feet. He stooped to lift her, but the swarthy stranger was in advance.

"Oh, God pity me," she moaned, as the dark face of the stranger bent

over her. "Paul! Paul Inerzo, I thought you were dead. I saw you go down—down into the sea. Must you haunt me even after you are dead?"

The stranger laughed. "I am sorry I was so selfish as to live," he said, "but that being the case, what more natural than that I should follow my wife. I am glad to find her so faithful," and the fierce eyes like coals of fire, were lifted to Herbert Bell's face.

"And now," he continued, "having found her, I shall hasten with her over the sea, where her numerous friends are anxiously waiting. We will start early in the morning, my love. The house is full, I understand, but I will accommodate myself with the sofa and my cloak during the night, and to-morrow morning, remember, we will go."

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I will go." But in the morning, while Paul Inerzo lay in a sound sleep upon the sofa, Vivia Marchwell was many leagues distant, and under the door of Herbert Bell's room she had slipped this note:

"Dear Herbert: Yes, dearer to me than any other man was, is, or ever will be. I am going away and you may never see me again, but I want to tell you who and what I am. My real name is Vivianca Markweller. I am an Italian, and was born in Florence. In my infancy I was betrothed to Paul Inerzo, a Spanish nobleman's son. As soon as we grew older the thought of the union became more and more distasteful to me, and when at 18 my parents commanded the nuptials to be celebrated, my whole soul abhorred it. He was vicious, wild, bad, unprincipled. But they forced me to it. Herbert, they made me marry him. He was very wealthy, and one of a noble race, and I was married to him, and then when the whole terrible truth rushed over me, that I was chained for life to this man, I fled from him—from the very altar—ere the words were scarcely said which made us one. Out into the night I sped through streets and by-alleys until I reached my home. Then swiftly covering my bridal robes with a thick, dark cloak, I sped out again—on, on, I knew not whither. I was mad, I think, and I never paused until the morning light broke upon me. Then I sank exhausted at a peasant's threshold and begged for food and shelter. I drew off one of my rings and gave it to her, asking, imploring protection. For one day I rested here, and then on again, anywhere only to flee from this man; sometimes resting a few days with the peasants and buying their protection, for I had gold and jewels—oh, beautiful, priceless jewels on neck and arms and hands. At last, through one kind good man's aid I was on board a ship bound for America. I had purchased clothing and all things ready for the life upon the ocean and in the unknown land to which I was going. We were rocking upon the waves almost within an hour of sailing, when suddenly, as I sat upon the deck, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning, I met the dark, evil eyes of Paul Inerzo. 'My dear,' he said, 'I have concluded to accompany you on your trip to the new world. How pleasant it will be to spend our honeymoon thus!' And then he leaned upon the rail and looked mockingly in my face. The boat rocked suddenly just then, and I saw him reel and fall down—down. 'Man overboard,' the cry rang out, and the boats were lowered, but he was not found. A few moments later and we were out at sea. 'Free, free,' I cried, with a great joy in my heart. I came to America, entered an academy as teacher of Italian, living much secluded and retired. I have been in America two years and I never knew what subtle instinct led me down to the seashore for a season of rest and recuperation. I had thought, after I met you, it was of divine origin. I think now my evil genius told me to go. But for this he would not have found me, I sometimes think. But I am going to flee from him even if it is to the utmost extremity of the earth. And now, dear Herbert, farewell. V. M."

And Herbert Bell, he went back to his old home, and every Sabbath the grand organ rolled out its wonderful symphonies beneath his touch, only with a new and added beauty and volume, and the great love and grief of his life found utterance thus, and so he lived until two years passed away.

Then one morning a note was handed him by a boy. "A lady from the White Inn, sir, sent this," he said. It was only this—

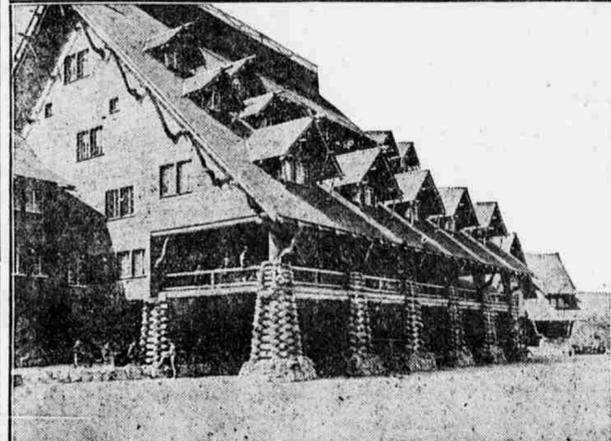
"He is dead and I am free. V. M."

But Herbert Bell understood, and with a great joy in his heart he went to her. She was alone, and without one word he took her in his arms. "I have been very patient," he said, at length, "for I felt sure God would send you to me at last, and He has."

"Yes," she whispered, "but oh, Herbert, it has been so long. I have fled from place to place, and each time Paul Inerzo tracked me, and each time, thank God, I escaped him. He was crushed between the cars and instantly killed, three days past, in trying to spring upon the moving train where I had a moment before entered. I come to you even as I left you."

"And nothing shall ever part us, my darling," he said; "nothing but death." "Nothing but death," she echoed.

HOTEL IN YELLOWSTONE PARK



Old Faithful Inn, one of the large and comfortable hotels in Yellowstone National park.

GIVES UP HIS TITLE TO WORK

Son of Lord Leitrim Said to Have Served as Stoker on Steamer.

New York.—According to Engineer Dobson of the steamer St. Louis, the titled Englishman who recently left his home and a life of ease to make his own way in the world and who started his career of labor by securing employment on the steamer St. Louis as a stoker, is Lord Francis Patrick Clements, the 22-year-old son of the late earl of Leitrim. The young man in carrying out his purpose, it is said, renounced his position as heir presumptive to the earldom and has also sacrificed the £40,000 a year income that goes with the title. The family has made every effort since the young nobleman left the family estate at Mulroy, County Donegal, Ireland, a month ago, to induce him to abandon his purpose, but in vain. He is now somewhere in this country earning his bread.

Engineer Dobson describes the young nobleman as being of good stature and strong build. When he was hired as a stoker under the name of Sloane his real identity was unknown. On the first day out he was almost overcome by the hard shoveling, but after the first day he was as able as any of the other men to perform his work.

He landed in New York with eight dollars in his pocket—his wages for the trip—the clothes on his back and hardened hands. What his plans were he told no one on board, except to say that he intended to get work in New York.

Clements preserved his incognito

all the way across. It was not until the ship returned to Southampton that the stokers through inquiries made by his relatives learned that they had been working side by side with a prospective earl.

PIGS AS DAIRY ROBBERS.

Cow Secretly Adopts Invaders as Her Own Family.

Doe Run, Pa.—Walter T. Wood, of this place, runs a dairy farm, where he has a herd of 31 cows. Among these are 15 which he raised himself, each of which gives a daily supply of from 40 to 60 pounds of milk. One evening recently, when the cows were brought into the stable, Mr. Wood noticed that one of them had little milk, and he made some observations the next day.

In the barnyard he had eight shoats, weighing about 150 pounds each. It did not take long to solve the mystery as to the thieves of his milk. The largest shoat hunted out this particular cow, stood under her finally, and sucked the udder completely empty.

Mr. Wood put the cow back into the stable, and the next day, when released into the yard, the shoat performed the same stunt. Other shoats learned the trick, and finally there were three of them. Mr. Wood then ran into the house for his camera.

Mr. Wood got his pencil, after the picture had been made, and, figuring at four cents a quart for milk and \$8.50 per 100 pounds for pork, he concluded that it was not a profitable transaction; so that the cow is now tied in her stable and the shoats have to go on skim milk.

VIKINGS EVER IN MINNESOTA?

Finding of Ancient Anchor Thought to Be Proof of Presence.

Crookston, Minn.—Photographs have been taken of the ancient Norse anchor found on the state experiment farm the other day, and copies of these will be sent to the Swedish and Norwegian governments in the hope of ascertaining the true historical value of the discovery. The anchor itself will be sent either to the Smithsonian Institution or some museum, and efforts will be made to connect it with the supposed visit of the Norsemen to the continent of North America centuries before the discovery by Columbus.

According to tradition, Lief Erikson left a party of 60 men when he touched on the North American coast, and it is possible that this anchor is a relic of that little band, of whom nothing ever was heard afterward.

The anchor is light, weighing not more than 30 pounds. It consists of a rather heavy cylindrical center piece and from sockets on either side prongs project, the prongs swinging on iron pins through the center of the cylinder.

From the nature of the stratum of clay in which the anchor was found it is certain that the earth had not been disturbed for centuries, as the clay was not mixed with the least particle of black dirt. The depth at which the anchor was found and the fact that it was imbedded in solid clay probably accounts for its good state of preservation.

Efforts are being made to discover other evidence of the Norsemen's presence in this part of the country.

BATHE WITH TEDDY BEARS.

Girls Hug Fuzzy Toys on Their Way to the Beach.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Many visitors, who supposed that the teddy bear craze had reached its limit with carrying the attractive toy animals as honored companions on Boardwalk parade and automobile run, received a surprise when girls carried monsters of the fuzzy bear family down to the beach for baths.

Without a moment's hesitation the daring young women waded out into the surf, lugging their pets and followed by curious crowds.

Mrs. S. S. Charles, of New York, claims the distinction of introducing the fad, which was followed by half a score of summer girls, who appeared to enjoy the sensation which they produced.

One girl, who refused her name and carried off her charge in a hurry to dodge photographers, met with a mishap when a big wave toppled her and the bear over in the surf and disoriented lifeguards were compelled to "rescue" the bear to placate his excited mistress, who burst into tears when her treasure floated on top of a big breaker.