

A HOME OF SORROW

Building Dedicated to the Unfortunate Erected at Baden-Baden by Sorrowing Grand Duchess.

Only a few minutes walk away from the sanitarium called the "Weltkurort," in Baden-Baden, there has stood for a number of years another building, which, with its balconies, its facades and its picturesque walls of hewn sandstone, presents a highly artistic appearance. This is the "Ludwig-Wilhelm-Pflegehaus," the Ludwig Wilhelm asylum.

This asylum is a bequest of the grand duchess, Louise von Baden, who caused it to be erected in the year 1888, at a time when the heavy hand of fate had robbed her of father, of brother and of son. In her dedication announcement she expressed herself thus: "Heavily visited during these last months, both as mother, as sister and as daughter, I have thought much upon the lot of other women who, alike buffeted, have come, and are still to come, to Baden-Baden in quest of the health which they have lost in their struggle against adversity. To provide for such is my wish, and to them I dedicate this building." And after her youngest-born and lamented son she named it the "Ludwig-Wilhelm-Pflegehaus."

TEMPORARY BLINDNESS.



Wilkins—Binks says he doesn't know you at all.
Binks—I'm not surprised, he never sees me, you know.
Wilkins—But I thought you said you were members of the same church?
Binks—Yes, but I invariably take up the collections.

CALHOUN'S OLD HOME.

"South Carolina has a tract of ground which it is preserving for the southern children of coming generations, as the government is saving Mount Vernon for those of the nation," said W. D. Evans of Clemson, S. C.

"I refer to the former home of John C. Calhoun. Calhoun's home was a beautiful estate of 1,100 acres. A part of the land is now occupied by Clemson college, and the campus is one of the largest and most beautiful of any college in America. The state has taken steps to preserve the Calhoun property and makes annual appropriations for keeping the grounds and the old house and outbuildings in order. It is a typical southern mansion, with wide verandas, and was the scene of many a notable gathering in the lifetime of South Carolina's most beloved and famous statesman.

"The Calhoun home is dear to the hearts of all South Carolinians, for we shall always look with reverence upon the memory of one of America's greatest men, as Calhoun was universally conceded to be."

MENTAL FATIGUE.

A Washington scientist has recently been conducting a series of experiments on "mental fatigue," and his conclusions throw doubt on the old theory that the mind "loses its power to work as a rubber ball loses its power to bound," and that sleep charges the mind with energy. On the contrary, this investigator finds that the degree of inability caused by mental work is very much less than has been supposed and he questions whether the results obtained by investigators who have sought to measure mental fatigue in school children were not due to the use of methods which did not measure the distance for mental effort.

MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Nodd—When I want to get rid of my wife for a few days, I just send for my relatives.
Tedd—But how do you get rid of your relatives?—Life.

WITTY DRIVERS OF CABS

London Jehus Have Shafts of Sarcasm for Those Who Fail to Treat Them Liberally.

Paul Morton, the president of the Equitable Life Assurance society, was walking on La Savie about the London cabbies.

"A hansom or a four-wheeler is supposed to be cheap in London," Mr. Morton said, "but let the average American tourist go driving about in one of them day after day, and at the week's end the size of his expenditure will shock him.

"Of course, it is impossible to ride in a London cab and pay only the legal fare of a shilling for two miles. Try cab-riding without liberal tipping, and the cabman will assail you with the most brilliant and witty sarcasm.

"I know a lawyer who, through ignorance, rode from the British museum to the Ritz hotel in Piccadilly, and only gave his driver the shilling required by law.

"The driver looked at this shilling and bit his lip. Then, in the most courteous manner, he motioned to the lawyer to get in again.

"Go on," he said. "Do step in again, sir. I could ha' drew ye a yard or two further for this 'ere."

ITALY LOOKING FOR COAL.

Italy is poor in coal. No coal fields of carboniferous age exist in the country. Peat and lignite, or wood coal, are its only mineral fuels. Thus, as in Ireland, the utilization of the former is an important national problem. And a company has been recently formed under the title of "La Societa per l'Utilizzazione dei Combustibili Italiani," to utilize peat and lignite for the production of electricity. It is proposed to erect a generating station at Toscano, near Lake Brenta. The company has been started at Milan with a capital of £12,000. It may be noted that the price of electricity in Italy carries from 6.72d to 8.65d per unit. It is cheapest in Rome and Parma, and dearest in Genoa, Turin and Palermo. In this utilizing one of her natural assets in the production of electricity, Italy is setting an example which might well be followed in Ireland, which is similarly rich in peat.—London Globe.

COUNTLESS EDITIONS.

The man in the moon was smiling in the same old way.

"Dearest," whispered the tall youth in the duck trousers, "that kiss I just gave you reminded me of a picture."

"Gracious, George!" responded the blushing girl. "What kind of a picture?"

"Why, a print."

"How funny, George!"

"Yes, my dearest?"

"C-could you supply a reprint?"

And after that the prints and reprints ran through so many editions the old moon man stopped smiling and grinned his broadest.

CANARIES TO RENT.

"Canaries have served an odd purpose this season," said a dealer in birds. "They have been used as one of the features in house and church decorations. At weddings, commencements and social affairs of all kinds where lavish decorations were in order cages of canaries have been hung here and there among the flowers and foliage. Most of these birds were rented for the occasion. In the spring and early summer the demand for canaries as part of a decorative scheme was so great that I kept more than a dozen extra birds on hand for renting purposes."

RECORD GAME BAGS.

To kill on an average of 100 Belgian hares a day is a record well worth being proud of. Hunters in the Argentine Republic have bagged this number in a day many a time. But it is due more to the multiplicity of the hares than to good marksmanship. There are such numbers of these animals in that country that in some regions they overrun the place.

GOING AND COMING.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment-house.

"Probably some one in the dentist's rooms on the floor below getting a tooth out," said the host.

"But it seems to come from the floor above."

"Ah! then it's probably the Poppleys' baby getting a tooth in."—Philadelphia Press.

INVENTORS HARD AT WORK

Both in England and Germany Applications for Patents Show a Large Increase.

Inventiveness is on the increase and brought last year, according to the comptroller general's report 30,000 applications for patents, which is the highest number recorded in any year, being 2,425 above the total for 1905, says the London Daily News. Three hundred fresh specifications are expected every week. One day, November 5, brought as many as 153.

Women inventors sent in 600 applications during the year. The report does not disclose the problems which were engaging their minds, whether for the benefit of their own sex exclusively, in regard to some simplification of feminine attire or domestic worry, or for the general good of humanity.

Germany, ever vigilant and always with an eye on British industrialism, sent in 3,257 applications for patents, which for the first time surpassed the year's total of the United States.

The year's increased total is in a large measure due to activity in the motor-car industry. The motor omnibus has given rise to a considerable number of devices to prevent skidding. The continued liability to puncture of ordinary pneumatic tires still keeps inventors busy; they are seeking other means of obtaining resilient action for wheels.

CAN'T FORGET IT.



"But what is your objection to him, dad? You were young yourself once, remember."

"I know, my dear, I know. Do not remind me of the fact. It was then I met your mother."

LEGHORN FOUGHT SAVAGELY.

A prize white leghorn rooster was Nawab Emir, sultan of the hennery at 471 Madison avenue, Elizabeth, N. J. Kottlieb Thalman, a gardener, employed by Miss Sarah E. Abbott there, entered the sultan's dominions. The rooster, furious, flew at the man, scratched his face, pecked at his eyes and fought savagely until Thalman pierced the fowl's heart with his knife.

Thalman's face was criss-crossed with deep scratches, and his eyes were so swollen that he was taken to the hospital. His sight will be affected for some time.

All the hens to which the rooster had been paying respectful attention moped after its death. The hens will go on a sympathetic strike, it is feared.

SAVE THE HAWKS.

It has been demonstrated by careful examinations of the stomachs of these hawks, carried on under the direction of the department of agriculture at Washington, that poultry and game-birds do not constitute more than ten per cent. of their food.

All the other beneficial animals preyed upon, including snakes, will not increase the proportion to 15 per cent., so there is a balance of 75 per cent. in favor of the red-tail.

This is a fact that every gunner should remember, since the hawks destroy so many injurious rodents that they should never be shot unless in the act of stealing chickens.

THOUGHT HE MEANT VACATION.

"Where shall you spend eternity?" demanded the solemn man, with the frayed vest.

"Down on the farm, as usual," replied Muchpop. "But say, old fellow, it ain't really that bad."—Houston Post.

ON THE TRAIL.

Investigators of the Capitol steal seemed to be in the air.

"It's all right," they explained, "we're merely looking for the man higher up."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE ORIGIN OF CROCHET

Idea of Ingenious French Woman Now Gives Employment to Many Girls in Ireland.

Few people are aware how the art of crochet originated and, like most artists, it owes its invention to nature. In the early part of the nineteenth century Mdle. Riego, a French woman, was walking one day in the harvest fields. Her attention was struck by seeing the harvesters making a chain from the long straws which they knotted together on the points of their reaping hooks and when finished they tied the sheaves together with this novel binding. Mdle. Riego was ingenious enough to evolve the art of crochet from this idea; she procured a small hook and tried what she could do with a chain of cotton, and gradually, thanks to her artistic skill and unwearying patience, crochet became a reality. Mdle. Riego was very friendly with the nuns at the Black Rock convent, Dublin, and taught them how to crochet the many beautiful designs she created, in which patterns of the finest antique laces were reproduced, and these patterns are still used at the convent, where the nuns have established work rooms where the crochet industry gives employment to many Irish girls.

A BORN DIPLOMAT.

Canvasser—Good morning, madam. I'm introducing a polish for cleaning silver. It is superior to anything now on the market and the price is only 50 cents a box.

Mrs. Smart (sharply)—Don't want any.

Canvasser—Sorry to have troubled you, madam. I see the lady next door was right.

Mrs. Smart—Eh! What did she say?

Canvasser—She said I needn't waste my time calling her, as you had no silver.

Mrs. Smart—The impudent thing! Give me six boxes!

PECULIAR FOOTGEAR.

"Pampooties" are the peculiar footgear worn in the Arran islands, off the coast of Ireland. They consist simply of a piece of raw cow-skin, with the hair outside, laced over the toe and round the heel with two ends of fishing line that work round and are tied above the instep. In the evening, when they are taken off, they are placed in a basin of water, as the rough hide cuts the foot and stocking if it is allowed to harden. For the same reason the people often step into the surf during the day, so that their feet are continually moist.

NEW ALGERIAN INDUSTRY.

The fiber of the dwarf palm—a tree until lately regarded as worthless or harmful—is developing an important Algerian industry. Factories are multiplying, and to these the natives bring the palm leaves, which are transformed into vegetable fiber by a steam carding machine, and then spun and braided. The material has the advantage over horsehair of being proof against moths and insects. It is being used for mattresses, woven products, harness and carriage work, military bedding, various tissues and even hats.—Springfield Republican.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.



Both—Isn't he fat?

PRINCESS HAD NOTICED.

Mme. Melba, during one of her first seasons at Covent Garden, was singing in "Lucia," when some false curls she was wearing fell to the ground. It was impossible to pick them up, so she went on singing, hoping that the then prince and princess, in their box near the stage, had not noticed. But afterward the princess said to her: "And they were such nice curls, too!"

WANTED TO FORGET.

Hewitt—Why did you give up that memory system?

Jewett—I got so that I could remember where I had borrowed money.

THE UP-TO-DATE SHOPPER

Clerk Would Have to Be Something More Than Mind Reader to Have Satisfied Her.

A fashionably-dressed young woman came hurrying into a book store recently and approached a salesman with the statement: "I want to get a book—it's a red book—not very thick! No, I don't know the name of it or what it is about, because I haven't read it. It has a picture—it is something round, done in gilt. It may be the name."

"I wish you would hurry and hunt up the book, because I am taking a train to New York and I want it to read on the trip. I saw some one reading it on the train the other day and laughing over it, and that's why I want it."

"Of course I am not expected to know what it is, but I should think any one who knew books and was handling them all the time ought to know!"

"No, I don't think it was either of those books—it was thicker than that one and more on the cerise shade than that one."

"Well, I can't wait any longer for you to hunt it up."

As the young woman passed out of the shop she turned to her companion and remarked, audibly: "Strange how stupid some of these clerks are! Well, I wasn't going to really get it anyway. I just wanted to find out what it was!"—Youth's Companion.

NO CHANGE.



Conductor—This car goes through without any change.

Passenger—That's why I boarded it. I'm in the same predicament myself!

CERTAINLY A GREENHORN.

A man from the country, in charity one will say from the country, although he may have been a Bostonese, entered a Broadway restaurant a few days ago, and while waiting to be served gave his attention to an electric fan revolving just above his head, says the New York Times. It was a high-pressure fan, noiseless, and almost, if not quite, invisible because of its rapid motion. The stranger gazed at it for some considerable time and was heard to mutter: "I don't believe there is anything there at all." With that he put up his hand to confirm his belief. Immediately there was a yell that almost threw the place into a panic. The man sprang into the air, rushed out of the door, and as he disappeared was heard to say: "I monkeyed with the buzz-saw all right."

FOUND WATCH UNDER BUSH.

The gleam of gold attracted the attention of Mrs. William Koke the other day when she examined the roots of a sumach bush that she had pulled on a lot adjoining her home in the east part of the city, which she had recently purchased.

Close examination showed a gold watch, about which the fibrous roots of the shrub had intertwined. The timepiece was in good condition, although it had evidently lain where found for years. The initials "A. A. K." on the case have not yet led to the clearing up of the mystery of how the watch happened to be there or its ownership.—Mankato Correspondence St. Paul Pioneer Press.

NOT TO BE CORNERED.

"Somebody just told me," said the wife who has got home from the country, "that you were seen at a cafe on the Boulevard with a lovely bit of chiffon. Was it true?"

"Let me think," said he. "That must have been my father. I dined at a cafe down there last week with him."

"Does he wear chiffon?" she asked, scornfully.

"Sometimes," he answered, "he sports a chiffon tie."

Notice to Our Customers

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and were commended it as a safe remedy for children and adults. Kerr's Pharmacy.

Is Marriage a Failure?

One would judge so from the St. Joe Gazette:

Forty-two divorce decrees have been granted in the two divisions of the circuit court in eight days. Of this number twenty-three have been awarded by Special Judge W. D. Rusk, and nineteen by Judge C. A. Mosman.

That more persons are being divorced than are marrying appears to be the case. Since the opening of court only thirty-six marriage licenses have been taken out, and the divorce mill still grinds.

Another Series of Sermons.

You and your friends are cordially invited to hear another Series of Sunday evening Sermon at the Christian church in Falls City on "Conversion and Non Conversion," discussed in the following order by the Minister, beginning Sunday evening Oct. 20th, 1907.

"Conversion of A Nobleman."
"The Salvation of A Wicked Church Man."

"The Salvation of A Good Man or the most Wonderful Conversion on Record."

"The First Convert in all Europe, or How The Lord Opened a Heart."

"The Conversion of a Jailor."
"A Trembling Judge."

"King Agrippa."

In the spirit of love, in the light of the Scriptures, and in fear of God all these subjects will be presented. Bring your Bibles and your friends, you will be welcome and treated kindly. Services begin promptly at 7:30 p. m. "Come let us reason together."

D. L. DUNKLEBERGER, PASTOR.

HIS PRODUCTS IN DEMAND

Miners in Early Days in Montana Were Willing to Pay High for Vegetables.

Ray Woodworth of Moscow, Idaho, was one of the early arrivals at Bannack, when the placer gold was discovered in Grasshopper gulch, and also moved near Virginia City and resided there when that famous placer field was in its glory.

Mr. Woodworth says that he came to Bannack from Denver in 1863, and took up a ranch near what is now known as Taylor crossing, between Dillon and Bannack.

He brought a lot of garden seed along with him, believing that garden vegetables would be a delicacy so craved by the miners that they would pay handsomely for them and that he would make more money with his spade and garden rake than with the rocker and pan.

He succeeded very well near Bannack, and when there was a rush to Alder gulch, he went there and took up a ranch in the Madison valley, not far from Virginia City, where he continued raising vegetables and selling them to the miners.

He raised the first wheat crop ever raised in the territory of Montana, and sold his wheat for 28 cents a pound.

"I lost \$2,000 on one load of rutabagas, and it was this way," he said: "I hired a freighter to haul a big load to Helena, paying him four cents a pound, and told him to sell them for nine cents a pound, thinking that was high enough for them."

"A few days after he left the ranch I heard that the vegetables were retailing at 50 cents a pound, and I sent a courier after him to tell him not to sell for less, but the messenger arrived at Helena a few hours after he had sold the load for nine cents a pound. The dealer retailed them at 60 cents.

"I also lost some money on a load of turnips. They froze en route, and I secured only 18 cents a pound for them."

"I sold many potatoes to the Alder gulch miners for 35 cents a pound, after cutting all the eyes out of them to save for seed."—Anaconda Standard.