

A Curious Ferry.
Captain Hambro, while traveling among the Kazaks of Turkestan, discovered a curious way of taking a heavily laden boat across a broad river. The method consisted in piling up the boat as full as it would hold without sinking of all the persons and all their baggage that it was desired to take across. Then the boat was launched. There were no oars and no sails. The motive power was supplied by the horses, the cattle, the sheep and the goats of the nomadic and pastoral people swimming in front and alongside, and so by degrees that were far more slow than they were sure towing the boat to the other side. In one instance which Captain Hambro mentions the river that a party crossed in this manner was 200 yards wide.

A New Sleeping Car Story.
Among the railroad visitors in town recently, says the Cleveland Leader, was F. A. Miller, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. He visited all of the general offices in town and at the Hotel Linden hotel told a story of one of the sleeping car porters who was recently found asleep while on duty. This is contrary to the rules of the St. Paul road, and the negro man was in trouble when found by the inspector on the Pioneer Limited. He had his wits about him, however, and in response to the inspector's inquiry as to what he was doing asleep, he said:
"I'll tell you how it was, boss. I have only been with the company a short time and before coming here I was working on such and such a railroad. The line was so rough that I could not get any sleep. Since I have been working for the St. Paul the road has been so smooth that I just could not keep awake."
Mr. Miller says that while the negro had violated the rules, he was permitted to keep his job on account of his wit.

To Keep Cabbage.
An excellent way to keep cabbages is to put them close together, roots in the ground, and cover them, so as to protect against rain, first placing salt, hay or straw over the heads. By this plan the cabbages will keep until late in the spring, as the stalks will take root and throw out sprouts or greens after the heads are gone. By burying the heads with the roots up, the frost prevents their use, and when the frost leaves them the ground is damp and the heads rot. It will be found of advantage to store cabbage with the roots in the ground, as stated, if for no other purpose than to secure the early greens.

The Evils of Constipation.
are many; in fact almost every serious illness has its origin in constipation, and some medicines, instead of preventing constipation, add to it. This is true of most cathartics, which, when first used, have a beneficial effect, but the dose has to be continually increased, and before long the remedy ceases to have the slightest effect. There is one preparation, however, that can be relied upon to produce the same results with the same dose, even after fifty years' daily use, and this is Brandreth's Pills, which has a record of over 100 years as the standard remedy for constipation and all troubles arising from an impure state of the blood.
Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative, tonic pill your grandparents used and can be found in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

Telling the News in Holland.
In Holland births, marriages and deaths, instead of being recorded in newspapers, are indicated by wind-mills. When a miller gets married he stops his mill with the arms of the wheel in a slanting position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests frequently do likewise with their mills in token of the ceremony. To indicate a birth the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage, and with the two upper sails unfurled. Should a miller die the sails of his mill are all furled, and the wheel is turned around until the arms form an upright cross, in which position they are left until the funeral has taken place.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical profession. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Omissions of History.
Francis Scott Key had just written the "Star Spangled Banner."
"In days to come," he said, "when people hear that song they will stand on their feet and listen to it with uncovered heads."
Yet even he had no premonition that the day would come when the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by a theater orchestra would make the people within hearing rise to their feet as one man, grab their wraps and make a dive for the exits.

His Scheme.
"Gaddie certainly is stuck on himself."
"Oh, I don't know. He's always running himself down."
"Of course; that's the only way he can keep on talking about himself and get people to listen to him."—Philadelphia Press.

Naturally.
Kidder—The weather here very rarely agrees with my cousin.
Katz—How's that?
Kidder—He's the State weather forecaster.

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)
I had nothing left to say. I fell back in my chair, and gazed at the Colonel. At the same moment a sound of rapid wheels struck on my ears. Then I heard the sweet, clear voice I knew so well saying:

"I'll just disturb him for a moment, Mr. Jones. I want him to tear himself from work for a day, and come for a ride." She opened my door, and came swiftly in. On seeing the Colonel she took in the position, and said to that gentleman: "Have you told him?"

"I have just done so, Signorina," he replied.
"I had not energy enough to greet her; so she also sat down uninvited, and took off her gloves—not lazily, like the Colonel, but with an air as though she would, if a man, take off her coat, to meet the crisis more energetically.

At last I said, with conviction: "He's a wonderful man! How did you find it out, Colonel?"
"Had Johnny Carr to dine," said that worthy.
"You don't mean he trusted Johnny?"
"Odd, isn't it?" said the Colonel. "With his experience, too. He might have known Johnny was an idiot. I suppose there was no one else."

"He knew," said the Signorina, "any one else in the place would betray him; he knew Johnny wouldn't if he could help it. He underrated your powers, Colonel."

"Well," said I, "I can't help it, can I? My directors will lose. The bondholders will lose. But how does it hurt me?"

The Colonel and the Signorina both smiled gently.
"You do it very well, Martin," said the former, "but it will save time if I state that both Signorina Nugent and myself are possessed of the details regarding the—"

"The second loan," said the Signorina. I was less surprised at this, recollecting certain conversations.

"Ah, and how did you find that out?" I asked.

"She told me," said the Colonel, indicating his fair neighbor.

"And may I ask how you found it out, Signorina?"

"The President told me," said that lady.

"Well, as you both know all about it, it's no good keeping up pretenses. It's very kind of you to come and warn me."

"You dear good Mr. Martin," said the Signorina, "our motives are not purely those of friendship."

"Why, how does it matter to you?"

"Simply this," said she, "the bank and its executive manager own most of the debt. The Colonel and I own the rest. If it is repudiated, the bank loses; yes, but the manager and the Colonel and the Signorina Nugent are lost!"

"I didn't know this," I said, rather bewildered.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "when the first loan was raised I lent him \$100,000. We were thick then, and I did it in return for my rank and my seat in the Chamber. Since then I've bought up some more shares."

"You got them cheap, I suppose?"

"Yes," he replied, "I averaged them at about 75 cents the five-dollar share."

"And what do you hold now, nominal?"

"Three hundred thousand dollars," said he, shortly.

"I understand your interest in the matter. But you, Signorina?"

The Signorina appeared a little embarrassed. But at last she broke out: "I don't care if I do tell you. When I decided to stay here I had \$50,000. He persuaded me to put it all into his horrid debt. Oh! wasn't it mean, Mr. Martin?"

The President had certainly combined business and pleasure in this matter.

"Disgraceful!" I remarked.

"And if that goes, I am penniless—penniless. And there's poor aunt. What will she do?"

"Never mind your aunt," said the Colonel, rather rudely. "Well," he went on, "you see we're in the same boat with you, Martin."

"Yes; and we shall soon be in the same deep water," said I.

"Not at all," said the Colonel. "Financial probity is the backbone of a country. Are we to stand by and see Aureataland enter on the shameful path of repudiation?"

"Never!" cried the Signorina, leaping up with sparkling eyes. "Never!"

She looked enchanting. But business is business; and I said again: "What are you going to do?"

"We are going, with your help, Martin, to prevent this national disgrace. We are going"—he lowered his voice, unobtrusively, for the Signorina struck in, in a high merry tone, waving her gloves over her head, with these remarkable words:

"Hurrah for the Revolution! Hip! hip! hurrah!"

The Signorina looked like a Goddess of Freedom in high spirits and a Paris bonnet. She broke forth into the "Marseillaise."

"For mercy's sake, be quiet!" said McGregor, in a hoarse whisper. "If they hear you! Stop, I tell you, Christina!"

"Kindly unfold your plan, Colonel," I said. "I am aware that out here you think little of revolutions, but to a newcomer they appear to be matters requiring some management. You see we are only three."

"I have the army with me," said he, grandly.
"In the outer office?" asked I, indulging in a sneer at the dimensions of the Aureataland forces.
"Look here, Martin," he said, scowling, "if you're coming in with us, keep your jokes to yourself."
"Don't quarrel, gentlemen," said the Signorina. "It's a waste of time. Tell him the plan, Colonel."
I saw the wisdom of this advice, so I said:
"Your pardon, Colonel. But won't this speculation be popular with the army?"

If he lets the debt slide, he can pay them."

"Exactly," said he. "Hence we must get at them before that aspect of the case strikes them. They are literally starving, and for ten dollars a man they would make Satan himself President. Have you got any money, Martin?"

"Yes," said I, "a little."
"How much?"

"Ten thousand," I replied; "I was keeping it for the interest."

"Ah, you won't want it now."
"Indeed I shall—for the second loan, you know."

"Look here, Martin; give me that ten thousand for the troops. Stand in with us, and the day I become President I'll give you back your \$300,000. Just look where you stand now. I don't want to be rude, but isn't it a case of—"

"Some emergency?" said I, thoughtfully. "Yes, it is. But where do you suppose you're going to get \$300,000, to say nothing of your own shares?"

He drew his chair closer to mine, and leaning forward, said:

"He's never spent the money. He's got it somewhere; much the greater part, at least."

"Did Carr tell you that?"

"He didn't know for certain; but he told me enough to make it almost certain. Besides," he added, "we have other reasons for suspecting it. Give me the ten thousand. You shall have your loan back, and, if you like, you shall be minister of finance. We practically know the money's there, don't we, Signorina?"

She nodded assent.
"If we fail?" said I.

He drew a neat little revolver from his pocket, placed it for a moment against his ear, and recocked it.

"Most lucidly explained, Colonel," said I. "Will you give me half an hour to think it over?"

"Yes," he said. "You'll excuse me if I stay in the outer office? Of course I trust you, Martin, but in this sort of thing—"

"All right, I see," said I. "And you, Signorina?"

"I'll wait, too," she said.

They both rose and went out, and I heard them in conversation with Jones. I sat still, thinking hard. But scarcely a moment had passed, when I heard the door behind me open. It was the Signorina. She came in, stood behind my chair, and leaning over, put her arms round my neck. I looked up, and saw her face full of mischief.

"What about the rose, Jack?" she asked.

Bewildered with delight, and believing I had won her, I said:

"Your soldier till death, Signorina."
"Bother death!" said she, saucily. "Nobody's going to die. We shall win, and then—"

"And then," said I, eagerly, "you'll marry me, sweet?"

She quietly stooped down and kissed my lips. Then, stroking my hair, she said:

"You're a nice boy, Jack."
"Christina, you won't marry him?"

"Him?"

"McGregor," said I.

"Jack," said she, whispering now, "I hate him!"

"So do I," I answered promptly. "And if it's to win you, I'll upset a dozen presidents."

"Then you'll do it for me? I like to think you'll do it for me, and not for the money."

"I don't mind the money coming in," I began.

"Mercenary wretch!" she cried. "I didn't kiss you, did I?"

"No," I replied. "You said you would in a minute, when I consented."

"Very neat, Jack," she said. But she went and opened the door and called to McGregor. "Mr. Martin sees no objection to the arrangement, and he will come to dinner to-night, as you suggest, and talk over the details. We're all going to make our fortunes, Mr. Jones," she went on, without waiting for any acceptance of her implied invitation, "and when we've made ours, we'll think about you and Mrs. Jones."

I heard Jones make some noise incoherently suggestive of gratification, for he was as bad as any of us about the Signorina, and then I was left to my reflections. These were less somber than the reader would, perhaps, anticipate. True, I was putting my head into a noose; and if the President's hands ever found their way to the end of the rope, I fancied he would pull it pretty tight. But, again, I was immensely in love, and equally in debt. To a young man, life without love isn't worth much; to a man of any age, in my opinion, life without money isn't worth much; it becomes worth still less when he is held to account for money he ought to have. So I cheerfully entered upon my biggest gamble, holding the stake of life well risked. My pleasure in the affair was only marred by the enforced partnership of McGregor. There was no help for this, but I knew he wasn't much fonder of me than I of him, and I found myself gently meditating on the friction likely to arise between the new President and his minister of finance, in case our plans succeeded. Still the Signorina hated him, and by all signs she loved me. So I lay back in my chair, and recalled my charmer's presence by whistling the hymn of liberty until it was time to go to lunch.

CHAPTER X.

The morning meeting had been devoted to principles and to the awakening of enthusiasm; in the evening the conspirators descended upon details, and we held a prolonged and anxious conference at the Signorina's. Mrs. Carrington was commanded to have a headache after dinner, and retired with it to bed; and from ten till one we sat and conspired. The result of our deliberations was a pretty plan, of which the main outlines were as follows:

This was Tuesday. On Friday night, the Colonel, with twenty determined ruffians (or resolute patriots) previously bound to him, body and soul, by a donation of no less than fifty dollars a man,

was to surprise the Golden House, with the person of the President and all cash and securities on the premises; no killing if it could be avoided, but on the other hand no shilly-shally. McGregor wanted to put the President out of the way a once, as a precautionary measure, but I strongly opposed this proposal, and finding the Signorina was absolutely inflexible on the same side, he yielded.

I had a strong desire to be present at this midnight surprise, but another duty called for my presence. There was a gala supper at the barracks that evening, to commemorate some incident or other in the national history, and I was to be present and to reply to the toast of "The Commerce of Aureataland." My task was, at all hazards, to keep this party going till the Colonel's job was done, when he would appear at the soldiers' quarters, bribe in hand, and demand their allegiance. Our knowledge of the character of the troops made us regard the result as a certainty, if once the President were a prisoner and the dollars before their eyes. The Colonel and the troops were to surround the officers' messroom, and offer them life and money, or death and destruction. Here again we anticipated their choice with composure. The army was then to be paraded in the Piazza, the town overawed or converted, and, behold, the Revolution was accomplished!

The success of this design entirely depended on its existence remaining a dead secret from the one man we feared, and on that one man being found alone and unguarded at 12 o'clock on Friday night. If he discovered the plot, we were lost. If he took it into his head to attend the supper, our difficulties would be greatly increased. At this point we turned to the Signorina, and I said, briefly:

"This appears to be where you come in, Signorina. Permit me to invite you to dine with his excellency on Friday evening at 8 precisely."

"You mean," she said slowly, "that I am to keep him at home on Friday?"

"Yes," said I. "Is there any difficulty?"

"I do not think there is great difficulty," she said, "but I don't like it; it looks so treacherous."

Of course it did. I didn't like her doing it myself, but how else was the President to be secured?

"Rather late to think of that, isn't it?" asked McGregor, with a sneer. "A revolution won't run on high emotional wheels."

"Think how he jockeyed you about the money," said I, assuming the part of the tempter.

"By the way," said McGregor, "it's understood the Signorina enters into possession of the President's country villa, isn't it?"

Now my poor Signorina had a longing for that choice little retreat, and between resentment for her lost money and a desire for the pretty house, she was sore beset. Left to herself, I believe she would have yielded to her better feelings and spoiled the plot.

"I'll do it, if you'll swear not to—"

"I've promised already," replied the Colonel, sullenly; "I won't touch him, unless he brings it on himself. If he tries to kill me, I suppose I needn't bare my breast to the blow?"

"No, no," I interposed; "I have a regard for his excellency, but we must not let our feelings betray us into weakness. He must be taken—alive and well, if possible—but in the last resort, dead or alive."

"Come, that's more like sense," said the Colonel, approvingly.

The Signorina sighed, but opposed us no longer.

Returning to ways and means, we arranged for communication in case of need during the next three days without the necessity of meeting. My position as the center of financial business in Whittingham made this easy; the message of bank messengers to and fro would excite little remark, and the messages could easily be so expressed as to reveal nothing to an unscrupulous eye. It was further agreed that on the smallest hint of danger reaching any one of us, the word should at once be passed to the others, and we should rendezvous at the Colonel's "ranch," which lay some seven miles from the town. Hence, in this lamentable case, escape would be more possible.

"And now," said the Colonel, "if Martin will hand over the dollars, I think that's about all."

(To be continued.)

His Weak-End.
Mr. Melville Ingalls, the Western railway magnate, was induced by a friend while spending Sunday with him to attend service at a church, the pastor of which is noted for the extreme length of his sermons.

As the friends were leaving at the conclusion of the service, the Bostonian, with a touch of pride, inquired:

"Dr. Blank is a most eloquent minister, is he not?"

"Very eloquent," was the dry response of the railroad man, "but he has poor terminal facilities."—Harper's Weekly.

Not That Anxious.
"I'd give a million dollars if I could keep from getting bald."
"If you will rub a raw onion on your hair every day it will keep it from falling out."
"Gee! I'm not that anxious to keep my hair!"—Houston Post.

The Rest She Needed.
"Yes," said Mrs. Popley, "I'm going to take the children away to the country for a month or so."
"You'll take your servant girls with you, of course," said Mrs. Nixdorf.

"Most assuredly not! I need a rest myself."—Philadelphia Press.

Nervous.
"Jigsby got an awful scare last night."
"What was it?"

"His youngest boy fell out of bed."
"What did Jigsby do?"

"He woke up and screamed 'Earthquake!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As Others See Us.
The Maid—Now there's Fred Huggins. He's a man after my own heart.
The Man—Well, he's scheduled for a bitter disappointment.

The Maid—Why do you say that?
The Man—Because you are heartless.

LEOPOLD AND HIS LOBBY.

Belgian King Said to Have Influenced Congressional Action.

Leopold II., King of the Belgians, who is alleged to have maintained a lobby at Washington to prevent congressional action touching atrocities in the Congo Independent State, is noted alike for his wealth and his immoral conduct. He has ruled in Belgium since Dec. 10, 1835, and is now in his seventy-second year. The Congo Independent State is the successor to the Congo International Association, which was founded by Leopold in 1882.



KING LEOPOLD.

and which was recognized by treaties with most of the European nations and with the United States. Leopold has made a will bequeathing to Belgium all his sovereign rights in the State, and Belgium is given the right of annexing the State after a certain period of years. The region is controlled by a governor general, who represents Leopold, and who administers the territories of the State in accordance with his orders. The barbarous treatment of the natives has been the subject of European comment for years, and some time ago a commission of inquiry was appointed, two of its members being Belgians, but no report has been made.

HEADS IMPORTANT COMMITTEE.

Iowan Who Assumes Place Made Vacant by Death of Hitt.

Robert G. Cousins, who has been appointed chairman of the House committee on foreign affairs, represents the Fifth Iowa District and has been in Congress since 1893. He is a native Iowan, having been born in Cedar county in 1839. In 1881 he was graduated at Cornell,



ROBERT G. COUSINS.

Iowa, was admitted to the bar the following year, and has practiced his profession since that time. Mr. Cousins has served in the Iowa Legislature and also has been prosecuting attorney. In 1888 he was elected a presidential elector. His home is at Tipton. Mr. Cousins assumes the position made vacant by the death of Robert Roberts Hitt of Illinois.

SPELLING IN THE MESSAGE.

President Roosevelt Used Only Sixteen "Reformed" Words.

In his message to Congress, the first since the adoption of the famous list of 300 words which the Reformed Spelling Committee adopted, President Roosevelt used only sixteen with the new spelling. They are as follows:

- Thruout for throughout.
- Program for programme.
- Thro for through.
- Tho for though.
- Wishr for wished.
- Unlookr for unlooked.
- Thoro for thoroughly.
- Suppre for suppressed.
- Past for passed.
- Discust for discussed.
- Exprest for expressed.
- Altho for although.
- Stopt for stopped.
- Thoro for thorough.
- Thoroughing for thoroughgoing.
- Demagogr for demagogue.

WORLD WANTS AMERICAN WOOD

Exports Increase 33 Per Cent During Nine Months of 1906.

"Practically the whole world is asking for American wood and its products," says the bureau of statistics of the Department of Commerce and labor, in a statement recently issued. The exports of this character have increased 33 per cent during the nine months of the present year over last year. During this nine months the value of these exports was \$59,000,000. This total is raised to \$61,000,000 by adding shipments from American ports to contiguous territory. Ten years ago the total value of exports of this class was \$32,000,000. The bulk of the exports is classed as boards, deals, planks, joists and scantling, and the next largest is furniture.

Interesting News Items.

Eight persons were killed and many buildings were leveled by a windstorm in Mississippi.

The Cafe Martin in New York has offered Count Boni Castellane the job of head waiter at \$10,000 a year.

With four exceptions, the Episcopal clergy of the diocese of Nebraska have signed an agreement that they will not remarry any divorced person who has a divorced wife or husband still living the divorce from whom was secured from cause arising after marriage.

Better Worth Knowing.

A gentleman in an address to a graduating class, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, told the following story of the president of an ocean steamship company, who was taking a journey across the water.

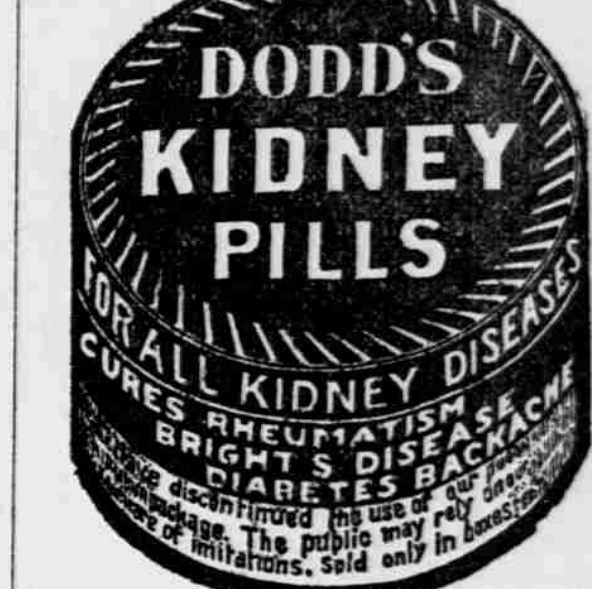
When the ship was in a dangerous channel he became engaged in conversation with the pilot, an elderly man, who had spent most of his life on the water. The president of the company remarked:

"I suppose you know all about the dangerous places in this channel?"

"None," replied the pilot.

"You don't?" exclaimed the president. "Then why are in charge of that wheel?"

"Because I know where the bad places ain't."



One Hundred Years Ago.

Gen. Zebulon Pike was discovering the peak that bears his name.

"The reason why I know I'm the first white man that ever saw it," he said, "is that it hasn't got any patent medicine signs on it."

Regretting that he couldn't spare the time to stop and discover the gold that lay hidden all around him, he took a parting look at the snowy summit of the peak and resumed his toilsome march.

Can it truly be said of any other book than Webster's International Dictionary that it is:

The Standard of the Federal and State Courts? The Standard of the Government Printing Office? The Basis of nearly all the School books in the country? Indorsed by every State School Superintendent? Universally recommended by College Presidents and Educators? Adhered to as Standard by over 99 per cent of the Newspapers? Reliable, Indispensable, Complete, Scientific, Practical, Popular, the Safe Guide for a Professional Man, Business Man, Teacher and Student? Should you not own such a book?

Look elsewhere for advertisement in this paper.

Charity Toward All.
The housewife declined to buy eggs when the man who supplied her regularly called at the door. "The last three or four times," she said, "there have been a number not fit to use, sometimes as many as three in a dozen."

"Well, now, Mrs. Somers, ain't that kind of a ha'sh way to look at it?" the vender asked, in mild remonstrance. "Don't you know that a hen is bound to lay a bad egg now an' agin?"

CHILD'S AWFUL SKIN HUMOR.
Screamed with Pain—Suffering Nearly Broke Parent's Heart—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

"I wish to inform you that the Cuticura Remedies have put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot, and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it grew. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed, and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering, it near breaks my heart. His screams could be heard down stairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial. I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold; and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Summer Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

No Other Course.
The daring explorer had reached the north pole.

"Well, which way now?" asked his assistant.

The explorer looked irresolutely around the horizon.