

Peck's Bad Boy in Airship

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

HE VISITS A COMPATRIOT

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I have spent a good many terrible nights, in my time, but I never spent such a night as I did up the tree, the night I fired the nigger chasers into the barbecue crowd in Africa, with hyenas and jackals sitting on their haunches and looking up at us, licking their chops, and yapping for us to come down and be chewed.

Once when I was quite a bit younger, a party of us boys went to rob a melon patch, and the farmer shot us in the pants with rock salt, and chased us up a tree, while the dogs stood at the foot of the tree all night and barked, and the salt in our wounds was making us smart awful, but it was not so dangerous as this hyena stunt.

Once I went home from church with a girl, and on the way back home the father of the girl came out with a ghost sheet over him, with phosphorus eyes, and scared me into a hon coop, and as I was praying to die, a negro with a dark lantern came to steal the chickens, and when he saw me in the coop he gave me some chickens he had stolen from another coop, and he ran one way and I ran the other, and I guess he went around the world one way and I the other, and we met last night at the barbecue, where he started back around the world the other way when my fireworks went off.

But I was not so scared in the hen coop, with the ghost, and the frightened negro, as I was up the tree, looking down the throats of the hyenas, with the lions howling around sniffing at the remains of the barbecue, and a few tigers waving their tails from side to side, waiting for us to drop off the limbs.

Pa went to sleep a-straddle of a limb because he was tired, and the cowboy went to sleep on another limb because he was drunk, and your little Henney was on watch, crying to be put to bed.

When daylight came the animals slung away into the jungle, and when it got light enough I could see black faces peering through the bushes trying to find out if it was safe to return, so I woke Pa and the cowboy, and told Pa his subjects were coming into camp to cut his liver out, and toast it on a forked stick, and Pa climbed down from the tree and kicked the fire, and as the negroes began to come nearer he said: "Welcome to our beautiful city."

Pretty soon all of the tribe returned, but they did not know to Pa like they used to, until the old king showed up.

He was so scared he was fairly pale, and he had a grouch too, and Pa noticed it for he said to the cowboy: "You go and fill that gas bag and get ready to sail, because there is going to be a mutiny, and we have got to get out of this country pretty quick, or they will eat us," and the cowboy went to work to inflate the gas bag.

Pa stood around trying to look like a saint, and he pointed to the sun, just rising over the hills, and got on his knees to worship the sun, and motioned for all the tribe to do likewise, but they turned their backs on Pa, and the sun, and surrounded the old king whose place Pa had usurped, and by the motions they made and the few words I could understand it was evident they proposed to drive us out of the tribe. The old king came to Pa and said his tribe wanted to have peace again, and wanted him to run the shebang, and they wanted an old-fashioned cannibal feast, and that they insisted on eating Pa and the cowboy and myself, roasted. Pa said all right, he was willing to be roasted in the evening but not in the morning. He said white meat always tasted better in the evening, after a ride up in the clouds, and he proposed to the old king that we all three, with the king, take a nice ride in the sky cart, take along all the gold we had, visit an adjoining tribe, buy all their wives, and herd them, and let the cowboy drive them back to camp and then they could roast us and have the time of their lives.

This looked good to the old king, and he went and dug up all the gold and diamonds they had, and put them in a bag, which was tied to the bamboo frame of the airship, and after breakfast we got ready to sail.

We fixed a sort of chair for the king to ride in, tied with rawhide to a cross

stick right in front of where the cowboy always sits, and I heard Pa whisper to the cowboy that he would head the ship direct to the coast, and when we got away from the camp a few miles, Pa would give the signal and the cowboy was to cut the rawhide rope and let the king take a fall out of himself.

Pa steered the airship south, and occasionally the negro king would yell and point to the east, where the tribe was located whose wives we had designs on, but Pa kept his direction, and after running an hour or so we came to a beautiful lake of blue water, and Pa told the cowboy to get ready to throw off about 200 pounds of dead weight. The cowboy said: "Aye, aye, sir," and got his knife ready. Pa let the airship down about 50 feet above the water of the lake so the fall would not kill the negro king, and when we got nearly across the lake, Pa said: "Cut the rope," and the cowboy reached over with his knife and cut it, and down went Mr. McGinty, hanging on to the rope, and turning over in the air a dozen times, and striking the surface of the lake

with a splash that shot the water up nearly to the airship. "So long, you Senegambian cannibal," said Pa, as the king struck the water, and the airship shot up about 50 feet higher.

"Give my love to 40 or 50 of your wives," said the cowboy, as he sheathed his knife. "Take that from your little Henney," says I, as I lit a giant firecracker and threw it down near him, where it exploded like a bomb. And then as we went along through the air we watched him loosen himself from the chair and strike out for the shore, swearing in negro dialect that he would eat us yet, without salt, and then we got out of sight of the lake, laughing at our escape and wondering where we would land.

We sailed along for a couple of hours, and passed over villages of natives, but Pa said he would not take chances on another nigger king, but would run the ship toward the coast as long as the gas held out, and on we went until after mid-day, when the gas bag began to flap as though the gas was escaping, and Pa acted nearly crazy, because we were over a dense jungle, filled with wild animals, and not a thing to eat.

After 2 o'clock p. m. we sighted a clearing ahead, with nice modern houses, and as we got nearer we could see herds of Jersey cattle, and giraffes, and horses and elephants, and the queerest mixture of wild life and civilization, and the nearer we got the more it looked like a Yankee settlement, and when Pa saw some automobiles and a tennis court, with men, women and children playing tennis, and riding around in gasoline and steam autos, and a creamery and a windmill and an ice house, he said that was the place he was looking for, and he pointed the airship for the clearing, and told the cowboy to get the anchor ready.

The people on the plantation saw the airship and quit playing tennis, the autos pointed toward where we were going to land, and when we threw out the anchor and came down to the ground and made a landing right on the golf links near the tennis court, we were soon surrounded by 20 or 30 men, women and children, and Pa got out and took off his hat and made a bow that would have captured any people of any nationality.

Pa was going to speak to the people in French or German, but a man in riding breeches came up and in the purest English, said: "I beg pardon,



They Turned Their Backs On Pa and the Sun.

and we sat around a regular dining table, eating off our regular dishes, with knives and forks, and listening to people talk our language, and laugh right out loud, the first experience of the kind we had enjoyed in six months, and we thought how only a few hours before we were with a tribe of cannibals, billed to be eaten at sundown, and we thought how small the world was, and joined in the prayer offered by the host.

THE WEALTH OF FRANCE.

Better Distributed There Than in Any Other Country.

"We never tire of telling the world that we are a great financial democracy, possessing immense wealth," said Frederic F. Flahaut, a banker of Paris, France, who is making a pleasure tour of this country.

"France's wealth belongs to a majority, and not to a minority of her people. The rich and the excessively opulent, possessing millions, are hardly to be counted by units; they may be designated by name. The large fortunes are limited to a few people—possibly ten persons possess each something like \$20,000,000 and over; 100 may have between \$2,000,000 and \$10,000,000; 600 may have between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000; 4,000 have from \$400,000 to \$1,000,000, and 12,000 have from \$200,000 to \$400,000 each. Out of 10,000,000 voters we have from 7,000 to 8,000,000 who are capitalists and owners of interest-bearing stock, landed properties, holders of Parisian bonds, credit foncier bonds, railroad bonds, national bonds; members of co-operative bodies, people who put by for the rainy day small sums in the banks, that serve to assure life or insure against death. It is not the rich who resort to the co-operative companies or to the savings banks. The manner of distribution of property, real and personal, constitutes the fortune of France."

Youth and Manhood.

It is a fine thing in the springtime of youth to poetize and theorize, and then in the years of manhood to rule from a higher throne and to crown thoughts with deeds. It is like the sun, which in the morning merely paints the clouds and lights up the earth, but at midday fructifies it with heat, and yet continues to shine and to paint rainbows on stormclouds.—Jean Paul Richter.

He announced that a similar banquet will be an annual event the rest of his life, providing he does not marry meanwhile.

Wants the Credit.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a hypocrite?
Pa—A hypocrite, my son, is a man who publicly thanks the Lord for his success, then gets mad every time any body insinuates that he isn't mainly responsible for it himself.—Chicago Daily News.

ATTEND TO BURNS AT ONCE

Neglect Often Means That a Scar Is Left Which Means Permanent Blotch or Worse.

SMALL burns are too lightly regarded; though seemingly light, if they are not properly treated or if the blood is in bad condition they may fatally mar one's beauty.

A young girl dropped some hot fudge on the forefinger of her right hand. It did not pain very much, and after the preliminary scream little attention was paid to it.

The blister that was raised was allowed to break rather than be opened carefully with an antiseptic needle; poison got into it, the finger became infected and eventually had to be removed below the second joint.

Exclude air from any burn, however slight. This can be done in several ways. If no other remedy is at hand, common kitchen soap applied in a thick paste helps remove pain.

Wrapping the burned place in a moist wet in baking soda or keeping it moist with witch hazel will quickly give relief, even to rather severe burns. A good proportion for the former is to use a heaping tablespoonful of the soda to a pint of water.

Do not neglect a burn as soon as the first sting is passed. Should there be the least sign of inflammation or of pus accumulating call in a doctor at once.

PROPER CARE OF THE NAILS

Adequate Attention Necessary for the Woman Who Would Have Her Hands Beautiful.

PRETTY nails are considered a great beauty. At the base they should be a white crescent, and the nails should be as dry as the dawn. Beautiful nails are compared by the poets to onyx, and, in fact, in Greek onyx means nail. According to the mythological legend: "One day Love, finding Venus asleep, cut her nails with the iron point of his arrow and flew off. The clippings fell on the sands of the shore, and as nothing which comes from the body of an immortal can perish, the fates carefully gathered them up and changed them into the quasi-precious stones which are called onyx."

The "art of manicuring" was originated by Stitts, who was Louis Philippe's pedicure. His descendants are still famous in France, and the Stitts method, which totally condemns the use of steel either under or around the nail, undoubtedly is the proper and scientific one. Madame Stitts says: "An orangewood stick with a little French amandine will keep the nails perfectly smooth and clean underneath. Why roughen them with a piece of sharp steel or thicken them with an acid? And as for cutting and lacerating the cuticle around the outside of the nail, why, that was intended by nature as a selvage (histere), and if you cut it, you make it ragged just as you would the selvage on a bit of cloth. As well cut the border of the eyelid or ear."

The nails should be cut in a curve which follows the shape of the end of the finger. The surface of the nails should also be polished. One hour a week spent in caring for the nails is sufficient to keep them in good order, if they are rubbed and cleaned carefully each day.

Persian Effects.

Persian effects are still good, and are conspicuous among the best members of trimming collections. One of the most charming classes of trimmings is the one in which the beads work plays a large part. In these trimmings fine silk braids of exquisite weave furnish outlines and the beads a solid filling for the centers of motives and for borders. The loveliest greens, blues, rose colors, etc., are worked out in these braids and beads. The solid beadwork of to-day is not embroidered on a background, like Indian work, but is made in woven and strung patterns, the result of lighter effects.

VISITING COSTUME.

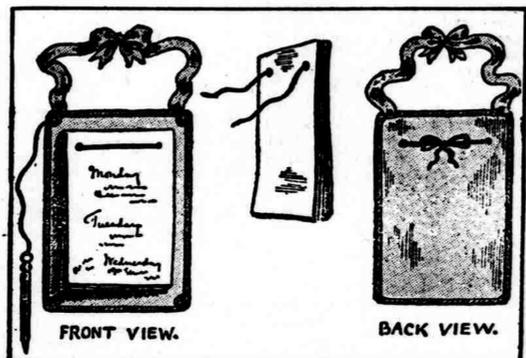


Satins are to retain their prestige throughout the autumn and winter, and manufacturers are launching several new varieties of this popular fabric. Satin directoro, marvelously soft and supple, is one of the best of these variations upon the satin theme, and is particularly designed to meet the demands of the clinging directoro models. This modish costume has a princess skirt of prune color cloth with satin cascade coat drawn slightly across front. As will be noticed, the sleeves are cut in one with fronts and backs. The braiding is done in self tone soutache and the buttons and gretlets are of black passementerie.

IN VOGUE

Fancy gilt and flowered ribbons are used as daily bag accessories. The small three-cornered continental hat, or tricorne, revives among the straw shapes for spring. It is a pretty fashion to add a frill of soft satin or very closely-plaited chiffon to the lower edge of fur muffs. The milliners are introducing flowers made of chiffon and in a more novel manner, though it is really quite old, composed of beads strung on fine wire.

For Memoranda



THERE are many ways in which our unused half sheets of Lote paper may be utilized for making memoranda on, and our sketch shows a very handy little board, designed to answer this purpose. A stout piece of cardboard forms the foundation, and this is covered both back and front with dark green art linen and edged with a silk cord. On the left-hand side a pencil is attached by a fine silk cord, and there is a loop of ribbon at the top, by which the holder may be hung up by the side of the writing table or at some other suitable place. Through the upper part of the board two small holes are made, and through the upper part of the half-sheets of note paper two holes are pierced with a penknife, to correspond with the holes on the board. Through the holes in the paper and through the holes in the board, a fine silk cord can be passed and tied in a bow at the back of the holder, thus keeping the paper on the board firmly in its place. A glance at the sketches will explain all this, and the sheets are easily torn off one by one after they have been used. A board of this kind is also very useful for shaving papers, and can be hung up by the side of the dressing table or over the post of the looking-glass.

GARNITURE FOR SPRING HATS.

Floral Ornamentation is Used in the Brightest Colors.

In floral garnitures the latest offerings of the season are little cowslips in the natural tones of brilliant yellow, as well as in fancy tints and black. They are especially attractive when associated with violets, the colors affording a delightful blend and imparting a smart, cheerful expression to the entire hat.

A feature of note is the entire absence of the bandeau this season. The hats, whether large or small, low or high of brim, are posed deep over the head of the wearer, with just the slightest slantwise tilt, and in many instances almost touch the eyebrows.

Large and small hydrangeas in the faintest and most delicate tones of soft mauve-pink and blue are in evidence, and so are Iris-lilies (natural size and natural colors, mostly), daffodils and narcissus.—Vogue.

Neck Wear and Gloves.
New jabots are made of point d'esprit with a border of plain tulle,

they are long and full. Other new ones show a roll of white linen bordering the point d'esprit. Jabots of malines tulle bordered with a finger's depth of green, blue or, indeed, any shade that matches the toilet, are decidedly pretty and smart. White gloves are quite set aside for those of pale tints, if for toilets of ceremony, butter color, strawberry, pearl gray and silver gray with the natural suede colors are the correct tones. For morning they are of darker shades, of thick kid, and fasten with one large button.

To Lengthen Skirts.
When making dresses from goods that will shrink, or for growing girls, run a tuck by hand or with a loose tension on the machine, on the right side of the goods very near the bottom. Turn up the hem and tuck will be on the wrong side. When ready to lengthen take out the tuck and no stitches will show. To make dress shields for thin waists, cut white flannel the size desired, trim edges with lace and use them same as rubber shields. They will keep the waist dry and they look nicely.

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

National Association Warns Against Use of Quack Remedies.

In view of the constant agitation and misrepresentation with regard to the treatment of consumption, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has issued a statement in which it states that the only sure cure for this disease is fresh air, rest, and wholesome food.

Hardly a week passes without some quack "doctor" or "eminent specialist," informing the public that he has at last discovered the sure cure for tuberculosis. After examining every one of these so-called cures, several hundred in number, the National Association states that, one and all, they are misrepresentations or fakes.

Two Classes of "Cures."

These so-called "cures" are divided into two general classes. The first class of "cures" includes the quack remedies and nostrums with which the public is being constantly deceived. These range in kind from "good whiskey" to pig's blood or ultra-violet rays. Some few of them, for instance, are cod-liver oil, lime dust, malt, vegetable teas, and numerous inhalations of supposed germicides, besides a large number of well-known patent and proprietary medicines and numerous disinfectants. None of these are cures for consumption. They are rather for the most part of a dangerous character, and patients who take them may be running a serious risk. Consumption is caused by a germ which destroys portions of the lungs or other affected tissues. No drugs, medicines, inhaled gas, or home-made remedies can, by any means, kill the germ or close up the cavity in the lungs, as is so often claimed for these specifics. Neither is it possible to inhale a sufficiently strong germicide to kill the consumption germ. Such an inhalation would kill the patient before it would kill the germ.

Another class of "cures" for consumption, by which many people are deceived, includes the secret remedies advertised by unscrupulous "doctors" and "professionals" at the heads of so-called "institutes." These people advertise that they can cure consumption at home by means of remedies which are secret and known only to them, or sometimes they advertise that they can cure consumption at the "institute" where he claims he has a drug which will surely cure consumption. A "doctor" in Minnesota says he has a new remedy which he himself will exploit for the benefit of humanity. A Colorado specialist has advertised a new method of curing the disease. A St. Louis druggist claims to have found how to "dynamite" tuberculosis germs. An "institute" in a western state has been opened recently, which pretends to cure consumption, without resort to fresh air treatment, largely by means of massage, osteopathic manipulations and some secret methods. Again, the National association asserts that the very fact of secrecy in these cases tends to discredit the so-called cure. No responsible physician will find a cure for disease and refuse to make it known because of pecuniary motives.

Cure Possible.

These two classes of "cures" are not "cures" at all. Consumption is a curable disease, however, and in some places more than 75 per cent of the patients under treatment have been restored to health. The essentials for the cure of consumption are rest, fresh air and wholesome food. A large number of physicians have been working for years to perfect a vaccine, or anti-toxin for tuberculosis, or to find some agent such as tuberculin which will assist in the cure of the disease. Thus far, the experiments have not furnished a product which will either absolutely cure or prevent consumption, or render the patient immune against the disease. Many of these serums have proved effective in increasing the resistance of the patient and thus helping in the cure, but no scientist of repute today claims to have discovered a tuberculin which will produce a cure without the combined aid of fresh air, rest and wholesome food. For information address Nebraska Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 408 City Hall, Omaha.

FLEET TO TAKE PART IN PARADE

Admiral Sperry Will Send Battalions to Washington for Inaugural.

Washington.—Admiral Sperry sent by wireless telegraph to the Navy department the names of the battleships of his fleet, which will remain at anchor in Hampton Roads until after March 1, in order to send battalions from their crews to the inaugural parade in Washington. These vessels are the Connecticut, Virginia, Louisiana, Wisconsin, Georgia, Illinois, Kearsage and Kentucky. The last three of which will be placed out of commission on their arrival at their home navy yards.

Revolted Crime in France.

Marseilles, France.—The discovery of a revolting crime, recalling in detail a case which occurred in Paris in 1871, has caused a sensation here. The body of an 8-year-old girl, torn by twenty-eight knife wounds and further mutilated by burns, has been found in a populous quarter of the city. It was learned that the child had been ill-treated before being killed. A man who had been living with the girl's mother, who is a widow, has been arrested, but his guilt is as yet unknown.

Grand Duke Vladimir Dead.

St. Petersburg.—Grand Duke Vladimir, who had been slightly ill for some time, died suddenly here. One of the attending physicians visited the grand duke and spoke most reassuringly of his condition. Half an hour later, while taking tea with the members of his household, he was seized with asthmatic spasms and died almost before a priest arrived. The grand duchess was present at the time and his sons, Grand Duke Boris and Grand Duke Andrew, arrived a few minutes later.

HOME TONIC FOR OLD PEOPLE

Wonderful results, eventually restoring full physical vigor, are obtained from the following: To one-half pint good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce Tonic compound, which can be procured from any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring.



Musical Note.—Signor Harmonetti is at Present Engaged in Composing a New Heir.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Tenderness.

It was in the hotel of a western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of yowl yells.

"What in the world is that—a murder going on upstairs?" he demanded. "No," said the clerk, as he slammed the book and lounged toward the stairs. "It is the spring bed up in No. 5. That tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one of the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything more I can do for you for a few minutes."—Youth's Companion.

Professor Munyon has just issued a most beautiful, useful and complete Almanac; it contains not only all the scientific information concerning the moon's phases, in all the latitudes, but has illustrated articles on how to read character by phrenology, palmistry and birth month. It also tells all about card reading, birth stones and their meaning, and gives the interpretation of dreams. It teaches beauty culture, manicuring, gives weights and measures, and antidotes for poison. In fact, it is a Magazine Almanac, that not only gives valuable information, but will afford much amusement for every member of the family, especially for parties and evening entertainments. Farmers and people in the rural districts will find this Almanac almost invaluable.

It will be sent to anyone absolutely free on application to the MUNYON REMEDY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

Early Morning Poems.

"Why, Hiram," began Mrs. Dusenbery, glancing up from her favorite newspaper at her husband on the opposite side of the table, "did you ever hear of a man who writes four magazine poems every morning before breakfast? Must be quite a strain on him to do all that writing on an empty stomach. Don't you think so, Hiram?" "Well, I dunno about that," responded Hiram dryly. "I reckon a man wouldn't have such a terrible strain on him writin' the sort of magazine poems we run across now-days with his stomach an' head both empty!"

Poor Pat.

The surgeon of a large hospital was paying a visit to the patients when he came to a cot whereon lay an Irishman who was not bearing his pain very bravely, for he was groaning loudly. "Oh, come, my poor fellow," remonstrated the surgeon, "try and bear your pain like a man. It's no use kicking against Fate." "Shure, your roight, sorr," groaned the Irishman, who had been severely kicked by a mule, "specially whin they're the fate of a mule!"—Exchange.

A Republican Reliance.

Three-year-old Norris is fond of the Twenty-third Psalm, sometimes repeating it instead of his regular evening prayer. Last autumn the name of the successful presidential candidate was often heard at the dinner table, and Norris unconsciously fell into the habit of rendering one passage of the Psalm in this reassuring fashion: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Lippincott's.

PRIZE FOOD

Palatable, Economical, Nourishing.

A Nebr. woman has outlined the prize food in a few words, and that from personal experience. She writes: "After our long experience with Grape-Nuts, I cannot say enough in its favor. We have used this food almost continually for seven years.

"We sometimes tried other advertised breakfast foods but we invariably returned to Grape-Nuts as the most palatable, economical and nourishing of all. "When I quit tea and coffee and began to use Postum and Grape-Nuts I was a nervous wreck. I was so irritable I could not sleep nights, had no interest in life. "After using Grape-Nuts a short time I began to improve and all these ailments have disappeared and now I am a well woman. My two children have been almost raised on Grape-Nuts, which they eat three times a day. "They are pictures of health and have never had the least symptom of stomach trouble, even through the most severe stage of whooping cough they could retain Grape-Nuts when all else failed. "Grape-Nuts food has saved doctor bills, and has been, therefore, a most economical food for us."

"Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in pgs. 'There's a Reason.' "Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

HIS GUESTS ALL WIDOWS

Spry Old Man Banqueted 76 of Them, Young and Old.

Portland, Ore.—W. C. Brown, known in the little town of Dallas, Ore., as "Uncle Billy," entertained 76 widows at a banquet. The number included all the widows in his town and the immediate vicinity. It was strictly an invitation affair, and if any were omitted it was by inadvertence.

"Uncle Billy" is a widower and is looking for a wife. He is 84 years old, and celebrated the event with the widows' banquet. The oldest of his guests was 91 and the youngest 24. He presided at the banquet and called upon many of the guests for toasts.

Another feature of the celebration was a shower of nickels he scattered from the courthouse steps to the small boys. He distributed \$100 in this way.