

WILL OF GROVER CLEVELAND

Document Probated Gives No Hint to Value of Estate.

PROPERTY GOES TO WIDOW

Ward of \$10,000 is Created for Each of the Four Children and Small Bequests Are Made to Relatives.

TRENTON, N. J., July 11.—The will of former President Grover Cleveland was probated today. The probating took place at the home of Mrs. Cleveland in Princeton. Surrogate John W. Cornell went there for the purpose. Mrs. Cleveland arrived in Princeton from New Hampshire today. The will is in Mr. Cleveland's own handwriting and states no disclosure as to the extent of his wealth. After some minor bequests and the creation of a fund of \$10,000 for each of the four children the remainder of the estate is left to Mrs. Cleveland. In the will Mr. Cleveland expresses the desire that he be buried in the place where he should die, and that his body be not removed unless it should be absolutely necessary to have it repose by the side of his wife's body. Witnesses to the will are Prof. Andrew P. West and Prof. John Finley, New York, who were at Princeton and acknowledged to Surrogate Cornell that they witnessed the signature to the will. Mrs. Cleveland is made executrix and Frank B. Hastings executor under the will.

Text of Will.

The text of the will is as follows: I, Grover Cleveland, of the borough of Princeton, in the state of New Jersey, do make, publish and declare this my last will and testament, hereby expressing my revoking all previous wills by me made. First—I hereby direct that after payment of all my debts and funeral expenses an equal and moderate sum shall be set aside at my grave and paid for out of my estate. I desire to be buried wherever I may reside at the time of my death and my body shall always remain where it is until it shall be absolutely necessary that it shall repose by the side of my wife and in accordance with her desire.

Second—I give to my niece, Mary Hastings, daughter of my sister, Anna Hastings, the sum of \$500 to be paid to her as soon as practicable after my death.

Third—I give to my friend, Richard Watson Glider, the watch given to me in 1883 by the said Glider, and the chain attached to it, the same when last worn by me.

Fourth—I give to each of my four daughters the sum of \$2,000 each.

Fifth—I give to Frank S. Hastings, my good friend and former associate in business, the most personal memento I can leave to him, the seal ring I have worn for many years, which was given to me by my dear wife and with whose hearty concurrence this gift is made.

Legacy to Children.

Sixth—I give to my two daughters, Esther and Marion, and to my son, Richard W. Cleveland, the sum of \$10,000 each, to be paid to them when they respectively arrive at the age of 21 years. Until these legacies are paid, or until lapse of time, the same shall be kept invested and the income and interest thereon shall be paid to my wife, and the aggregate of said income shall be applied by her to the support, maintenance and education of said children in such manner and in such amount as she shall deem best, without any liability to any of said children on account thereof. If, however, either of my said daughters, shall, before her legacy becomes payable, cease for any reason to reside with her mother, then and at that time the income arising from the investment of her legacy shall be paid to said daughter. In the event of any children shall die before his or her legacy shall be actually paid, leaving no child or children, then the same shall lapse and become a part of the residuary estate disposed of by this instrument.

Seventh—All the rest and residue of my estate and property of which I may die seized or possessed of every nature where the same may be situated, I give, devise and bequeath to my dear wife, Frances F. Cleveland, executrix, and Frank S. Hastings, executor of this, my last will and testament.

Witness my hand and seal at Princeton, N. J., this 26th day of February, 1906.

GROVER CLEVELAND

The foregoing document, which bears date, signed by Grover Cleveland, the testator therein named, in the presence of each of us and each of us being present at the same time, and the said testator did then and there acknowledge and declare to us and each of us that said instrument was his last will and testament, and thereupon, we did in the presence of each other and of the said testator, and at the request, subscribe our names hereto as attesting witnesses.

JOHN F. FINLEY, New York City, N. Y. ANDREW P. WEST, Princeton, N. J.

MILLIONS OF PIRATE GOLD

Ancient Mariner Holds Secret and Signs for Boat to Beach.

Dublin, Ireland and gold doubloons worth \$100,000, taken in piracy and buried in the South Sea Islands, glitter in the tale told by G. M. Faulkner, treasurer and manager of the Corporation Security company, at 185 Summer street. He is advertising stock for sale in a treasure finding expedition to go and get the ancient plunder, and the South Sea Trading company is incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts.

Captain James Brown, of 268 Calla street, Providence, is an ancient mariner of 70 years, and has known about the treasure for 27 years, and although he's known all about where the treasure was, he hasn't needed the money until lately. Now he wants to buy a boat and do it up.

So say Mr. Faulkner and the captain. When Captain Brown was in his teens he fell in with Captain Henry Smith, of Kingston, Jamaica, the son of a pirate and rifler of Spanish ships on the mysterious western coasts of South America. Old Smith buried his ill-gotten gains on Loco's Island, off the coast of Ecuador, where scores have turned up the sands in vain attempts to find it. The reason they always failed was that old Smith told the boys where it was, and they had dug it up and gone over

toward Australia and buried it on a lonely island.

So say Mr. Faulkner and Captain Brown. They in 1831 Smith and Brown drifted over to Sydney, Australia, and fell in with marvelous good news. For two British steamers had sailed out of that port loaded to the cuppers with guns and gold, and Smith and Brown got together a crew of the boldest spirits and sped forth on piracy boat. After a donkey stern chase, says Mr. Faulkner, of Boston, the rakish craft that flew the black flag overtook the treasure ships on the high seas and slew every man jack of their crews. On this important point there is Captain Brown's affidavit. They scuttled the British steamers after taking the rich cargoes aboard their own, and set sail for the secret island, where they buried the new treasure beside the ancient plunder of Smith's father.

Then Smith died a scurvy trick, if what Mr. Faulkner says is so, for he poisoned all his mates except Brown and the steward, the one to help navigate the long boat and the other to do the cooking and keep him alive. Then he scuttled the pirate ship and hid back to Australia. When sufficiently near the coast to be safe he decided to get rid of the rest. So he shot the steward and killed on Brown. But Captain Brown had the drop on him, and the body of Smith went over the side into the sea with a bullet hole to let the waters in.

So says Mr. Faulkner. Brown was now the sole possessor of the great secret, and he kept it tight well. Along about 1896, however, he began to need the money. He had been smuggling arms and ammunition to the Cuban insurgents and a cargo was confiscated. It left him penniless.

Now his chance has come. He has an option to buy the Ethelwold, one of the steamers of the United Fruit company, for \$35,000. So the company has been organized with a capital of \$100,000 to raise the funds. No money has been paid in yet, but there's \$10,000 in sight, and they are advertising for more in order to get the thing underway.—Boston Herald.

TIPS ON POWER OF ECONOMY

Saving Power of Self-Denial Mounts Into Seven Figures.

How much can the American nation save by wearing its old clothes this year? The report of the census of manufactures for 1906 shows that the factory product of men's clothing for the year was valued at \$28,796,771. One-third of this, or considerably less than one-third on the basis of retail prices, would more than equal the entire balance of trade in this country's favor for the month of December.

There were \$2,523,333 worth of felt hats sold in 1906. By wearing their felt hats 50 per cent longer than they have been accustomed to doing plain Americans can in a year effect a saving greater than the estimate of Mr. Rockefeller's total benefactions during 1906, the record year for philanthropy.

Yet it is not always with clothes that people first adopt a policy of retrenchment. Let them, for example, cut down by only one-third for only one-half a year the amount they spend on fresh beef, leaving the other items of the butcher's bill unaltered. That six months' saving would be greater than the sum paid last October over the counters of the company which endured the longest run in the history of banking institutions. Contract by the same proportion the consumption of all kinds of meat—and many well-qualified persons think this would be abundantly worth while on hygienic grounds alone—and a sum equal to the entire government surplus of November, 1907, would be saved in less than ten months.

As to the commodities which are classed as real luxuries, the facts are equally striking. Enough cigars were "withdrawn for consumption" in 1906 to provide about eight one-half cigars per week for every cigar smoker, on the assumption that one-fifth of the total population, including babes in arms, may fairly be put down in that class. Even for mere purposes of illustration no one would be cruel enough to suggest treating the cigar as the colonists once treated their tea. But in a great emergency like this the average smoker might consider cutting down his allowance to one cigar a day. That trifling act of abnegation would make a difference in the country's cigar bills of more than \$5,000,000 a year. Statistics show that we are not a whisky drinking nation at our worst. Yet we could save \$10,000,000 a year on whisky alone and still give one-fifth of our population a stiff dram every Saturday night. Here is another matter. In the recent piping times our per capita consumption of this beverage, babies and all, rose to more than twenty gallons. Put down beer drinkers as one-third of the population, and each of them could have approximately eighteen glasses a week. Reduce that only two a day and the margin of saving is over \$20,000,000.

MEN'S \$15 SUITS AT \$5

Choice of Entire Retail Clothing Stock on Sale at Brandeis.

THOUSANDS OF NEW SUITS MONDAY

New Sets Brought Forward and Men Unable to Be Watted on Saturday Can All Be Satisfied Tomorrow.

Brandeis sale of an entire retail clothing stock is an overwhelming success. Every man's suit in the purchase worth \$15 to \$20 is being sold for \$5. The crowds at the sale Saturday were immense and in spite of the gigantic stock and the extra force of salespeople, hundreds were unable to make their selection. For Monday we have replenished the stock with new lots brought forward from the purchase. Omaha men who come to Brandeis Monday will be able to select at greater leisure. Varieties will be just as great as Saturday and bargains just as wonderful. Many of the young men's suits are in heavy weights, and it would amply repay you to buy one of these suits for future use.

Many of these suits are the celebrated Stein-Block and other well known brands. Your unrestricted choice of any suit in this great purchase Monday at \$5.

FAVORITE YARNS SPUN BY TAFT

Selection from the Varied Experiences of the Republican Candidate.

Among his friends and intimates William H. Taft is renowned as a story-teller. He enjoys hearing a good story as much as he delights to recount one. He is exceedingly prone to illustrate a point in an argument with an anecdote. Most of Mr. Taft's stories are the result of personal experience. His long services in the cabinet and on the bench of the United States court provided him with many of his best stories. The following examples are furnished from the memory of a friend of Mr. Taft, who heard them from the lips of the republican candidate for the presidency.

"Old Judge Thompson, who lived in southern Kentucky, was walking downtown one day," said Mr. Taft, "when a bristly young lawyer said, shortly, 'Howdy, Judge' and was about to pass on, when the judge halted him. Judge Thompson was a stickler for the amount of deference he thought was due him for his judicial position and mental attainments. 'So he bristled at the rather formal greeting of the lawyer and said sternly, 'Young man, I fine you \$10!' Completely surprised, the offender said, 'Why, Judge?' 'For contempt of court, sir,' replied the judge. 'Contempt of court?' exclaimed the lawyer. 'Why, Judge, I didn't know the court was in session right here on this sidewalk.' 'Sir,' thundered the judge, 'this court is always in session, and therefore always an object of contempt, sir. Go and pay your fine to the clerk immediately.'

"Tom Marshall, another Kentuckian, got on a rampage one day in court," said Mr. Taft, "and delivered himself of some sentiments that aroused the ire of the judge, who imposed a fine of \$10 for contempt. Marshall protested that he had not a cent. 'Borrow it of a friend,' early returned the judge.

"Well, your honor," replied Marshall, "you are about the best friend I have. Will you lend me the \$10?" 'Remit the fine,' directed the judge, turning to the clerk of the court, 'the state is much better able to lose \$10 than I am.'"

"One of the old time lawyers of the south whom I know," said Mr. Taft, "was holding court down in Tennessee," said Mr. Taft, "would tell with roars of laughter an incident that happened to him soon after he had put out his shingle. His office had previously been occupied by a cobbler. One day when he was busy getting up a case an Irishman came in looking for the cobbler.

"The cobbler's gone," said the Irishman. 'He is,' said the lawyer, shortly. 'And what might you be either selling?' asked the Irishman, regarding the sparse furnishings and the few books in the office. 'Blockheads,' replied the lawyer, 'shure, business must be good,' retorted the Irishman, looking hard at the lawyer; 'I see you're all sold out but one.'"

"Mr. Taft takes great delight in recalling to Mrs. Taft's memory an incident which occurred last fall, the morning the Tafts landed in Yokohama, Japan. Several newspaper men, Americans, English and Japanese, were in the party that boarded the steamship. One of the Japanese reporters, ignorant of the identity of Mrs. Taft, but recognizing her as a member of the party, interviewed her industriously. Finally he got around to the subject of Mr. Taft's candidacy for the presidency. 'Do you know Mr. Taft well?' asked the reporter. 'Fairly well,' thought, replied Mrs. Taft. 'He is a candidate for the presidency?' 'I believe so,' said Mrs. Taft. 'Do you think he will make a good president?'

"He ought to, I think," promptly replied Mrs. Taft. 'He is an excellent husband.' 'Is that so?' Interestingly queried the reporter. 'May I ask how you know?' 'Certainly,' said Mrs. Taft. 'I am his wife.' The reporter failed to see the joke and the interview appeared verbatim.

Some one asked Mr. Taft upon his return from a recent speaking tour in the west if the trip did not fatigue him. He replied: 'Somewhat, perhaps, but not the way a farmer friend of mine once complained he was fatigued. He had another farmer brought before a justice of the peace on a charge of assault and battery. And was asked to give his version of the affair. 'Well,' began the farmer, 'I went up to Bill's place to talk over a little business, and got to arguing. He accused me of something that I hadn't said, and I called him a liar. Then he up and knocked me down, and before I could get on my feet he grabbed me by the whiskers and dragged me all over the place.' 'Were you hurt or frightened while this was going on?' demanded the lawyer for the defendant. 'Well, no, I can't say that I was frightened much,' replied the farmer, 'but, by gosh, I was pretty well tired out when he got through.'—New York Herald.

GATES THROWS MONEY AWAY

Noted Promoter and Speculator Gives Chums a Lively "Good Bye."

Kissing his old mother good-bye on the eve of an auto trip to Europe and his heart melted by memories of boyhood days in St. Charles, Ill., John W. Gates electrified the old Fox river town by unbelting and doing things with the fifth medium of exchange, which appeared recently: even f. Gates. Here are a few of the things he did:

Bought a farm for \$5,000 and gave it to a friend.

Yielded to the son of a friend to come and go to Europe with him, and took him along.

Threw quarters and half dollars into the streets for boys to scramble for.

Got shaved by the town barber and gave him a \$10 gold piece.

Bought a box of 5-cent cigars, best in the town, took one and told the dealer to "send them around to the old boys."

Gates' purchase of a farm for \$25,000 and then giving it to a friend was perhaps the most interesting stunt he did.

He drove into the country with E. J. Baker and David Wilson, two old friends. They were almost back to St. Charles before Mr. Gates, looking critically over Mr. Wilson's rock farm, considered one of the finest in the Fox river valley.

"I have that," said Wilson. "How much will you take for it?" demanded Mr. Gates. "Twenty-five thousand dollars," said Wilson. "It's mine," said Gates. "Make me a deed."

Baker had coveted that identical farm for years. He grew gloomier and gloomier. They were almost back to St. Charles before Mr. Gates, looking critically over Mr. Wilson's rock farm, considered one of the finest in the Fox river valley.

"Here," he said to Baker. "You're delivering, so you just take this deed to that chunk of land I've bought."

Baker fell back in the car speechless. It was some moments before he could find words to express his gratitude, and then Gates waved him back.

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INTRICACIES OF THE NEW HATS

It Requires Touch of Skilled Makers to Produce Desired Effect.

A striking new hat displayed in a Fifth avenue shop has a big crown of net and lace, a brim of leghorn and a simple felt of lace falling over this straw brim quite to its edge. The brim droops sharply all around and is quite wide at the back, but narrows toward the front, running in sharply at the center front so that it is not more than two or three inches wide at this point.

This shaping of the brim is popular throughout the province of the bonnet and is becoming because it leaves the front hair

and brow uncovered, while furnishing a soft clinging fullness around the sides and back of the head.

The width of the back brim or frills varies, but often the frills fall almost to the shoulders, while on the models they do not fall below the tips of the ears.

These shapes, as may be imagined, require most skillful writing in order that the frills may fall in the correct and graceful lines and that the crown drapery may have the right support. In fact this new old bonnet in its really successful form calls for a designer who is an artist, and workers capable of materializing his ideas. Clumsily made, such creations are hopeless, and the contrast between the models exhibited in the really smart shops and those shown in the cheaper places is an object lesson in millinery art.

NEW AMERICAN HOSTESS

Widow of "Silent Smith" Welcomed to London's Fashionable Set.

A new American hostess, and a very important one, is Mrs. James Henry Smith, widow of "Silent Smith" who, to the great joy of the eligibles of both sexes, has decided to reside in England for at least a year. Mrs. Smith, who is now appearing in colors for the first time since her husband's death, has taken the late Lord Nunburnholme's big house in Grosvenor square, and she intends, after Ascot,

to give several dinner-dances there for her daughter, Miss Stewart, and his niece, Miss Margherita Drexel, both belles.

Mrs. Smith has also leased Sir Charles Forbes' famous castle in Aberdeenshire for the autumn, which predicates the fact that she intends to entertain lavishly during the shooting season.

Another belle who has attracted attention at several dances because of her unusual height is the daughter of Oliver Lilla. She positively towers over some of her partners.

The country around Ascot is dotted with Americans who have taken houses. Mrs. Anthony Drexel, Mrs. Foster Palmer, Mrs. J. J. Astor, Princess Hatfield, Lady Curzon and Miss Van Wart are all entertaining race parties.

At Ascot the extreme fashions are always displayed.

Decorative Hatsman.

Huge hats are still in vogue, and there are some new ones of pearl, which are stuck through the hair at the side, just above the ear, and this gives the effect of a rather barous adornment. Some of these large pins are very handsome, for they are made of cut jade, ivory or finest jet.

A New Color.

"Rust" is the very latest creation in the color line, and it is—the name implies—a sort of reddish brown. At present it is said to be rather a popular shade for dress materials, because it allows of almost any color last-violet, green, pink or blue will harmonize with it equally well.

The Subotic Plague.

destroys fewer lives than stomach, liver and kidney diseases, for which Electric Bitters is the guaranteed remedy. See. For sale by Boston Drug Co.

GREEN LINEN AND BLACK LEATHER.

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MILLINERY MORE INTERESTING

Mid-Summer Styles Become More Intricate, but Also More Interesting.

The millinery shops have been more interesting during June than they usually are so late in the season, and women who had flattered themselves that their summer supply of hats was secured early have yielded to temptation and bought at least one more hat since the latest things in midsummer millinery have been on view.

For they are altogether bewitching, these late season models, things quite apart from the hats to which we have grown accustomed during the springtime. Not that spring shapes and trimmings are out of date. Far from it, but the usual weighing and balancing of experimental modes has taken place, certain models have been found good and retained; others have been found wanting and relegated to the undiscriminating.

Lighter and more summery trimmings have given a new aspect to some of the former shapes, and moreover a host of new ideas or of new variations upon old ideas have been sent across seas to us within the past month.

Having noted the emphatic favor accorded to director models, the Parisian milliners as well as the Parisian dress-makers have turned their attention chiefly to experiment with the fashion ideas of that period and have evolved many quaint fantasies and a few undeniably charming creations; but they have not confined themselves to director times in their search for inspiration and have seized upon picturesque ideas wherever they could find them.

HERO HURRIES FROM TOWN

Catches Baby on the Fly and Saves the Mother, Constitutes a Drummer's Stout.

By an unusual exhibition of presence of mind John T. Hayes, a traveling salesman, saved the lives of a woman and a baby and stopped a runaway horse as it was about to dash into a panic-stricken crowd on the sidewalk at Naugatuck, Conn.

After his feat Hayes donned the praises of the persons he had saved, denominated giving his name, and hurried from the city on the next train that passed through.

Hayes was at the depot waiting for his train to arrive when he noticed a commotion on the street outside. Going to the street he saw a horse and buggy tearing down the street toward the depot, a runaway. A woman was on the seat with a

baby in her arms swaying to and fro with the motion of the wagon, and apparently preparing to jump.

Although the street was crowded, no one made an attempt to stop the horse. Several persons shouted to the woman not to jump, but as the horse neared Hayes she was seen to make ready to spring. "Throw the baby to me," shouted Hayes.

The woman understood, and as the horse cleared the street the little body into the air. Hayes caught the baby as it flew toward him and held it.

"The crowd began to cheer when it was seen that the baby was unharmed, but still no one attempted to follow the woman and the horse. Again Hayes showed his presence of mind.

Placing the baby on the sidewalk, he jumped onto a bicycle and followed the horse down the street. Besides being a good catcher Hayes proved an expert bicyclist, and caught up to the horse before it had gone three blocks. He jumped from the wheel and caught the horse by the bridle. He was dragged along the street and was badly bruised, but stopped the horse a few feet away from a crowd of men and women too frightened to move from the path of the runaway.

As soon as it was seen that the woman and the baby had been saved the crowd began to make a hero of Hayes. He dodged them, however, hurried back to the depot, and caught his train just as it was pulling out.—Hartford Courant.

IS SUNBURN ALLIED TO HEALTH

Notion That "Tanned" Persons Are in Rugged Health Pronounced a Delusion.

Again are many young men and maidens, with not a few of their elders, walking, running, and variously riding about the country with heads bared to the sun. They do this despite many incidental discomforts and a decided diminution of such personal charms as they may possess, from a notion that such exposure conduces to health. We cannot at the moment think of any belief that has less of fact for foundation than this one, since it has none at all.

On the contrary, for a white man or woman to go bareheaded under the trench sun of an American summer is distinctly and seriously injurious, a statement that cannot be doubted by anybody who will give a little intelligent consideration to the known effects of fervid sunlight on pigmented skins, or who will call to mind how the more successful and brainy races in hot countries dress themselves.

The Arab, though a swarthy fellow, wraps himself closely, head and all, in



The Picnic Luncheon

Finish It Right With a Dish of

"Delicia"

The Perfect Ice Cream

BRICK OR BULK

Fresh Fruit Flavors

The Fairmont Creamery Co.

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the voluminous folds of a heavy woolen garment before he ventures on a desert journey, while all through the hot parts of the east men of the higher and ruling classes, instead of going with bare heads, wear enormous turbans.

In neither case probably is the costume a conscious adaptation to climatic necessities, but the men who through the centuries have thus protected themselves have survived and prospered, while those who did not do it have either died out or sunk to the level of commonest laborers, stupid and hopeless.

This is the lesson of universal experience, but it is unheeded by our bareheaded brigade, who cling to the delusion that anybody who is deeply "tanned" must inevitably be in rugged health. As a matter of fact, that has nothing to do with health, except as it is a protection from sunburn, and as it usually goes with an outdoor life and the inhalation of much fresh air.

Instinct, the infallible guide, protects everybody except negroes to keep in the shade when the sun is hot and bright; it is only fallacious reasoning from inadequate and misunderstood data that leads 100,000 white folks to discard their hats in summer.—New York Times.

Hailstorm Stories.

Large stories are told of the damage done by hailstones in Minnesota last month. However, old England itself has gone statistics to show in that line. On May 20, 1897, a terrific hailstorm visited Bedford, Sussex. Some of the "bolts" measured four and a half inches in circumference after lying on the ground for fully seven minutes. On July 24, in the same year, the most disastrous visitation of the kind in modern times ravaged parts of Sussex and the adjacent counties.

Hail and poultry were killed and crops ruined.