Mr. Meeson's Will

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"Well, what can I do for you? Mr.—eh! Mr."—and he put on his eyeglasses and referred to his notes—"Mr. Short—you wish to file a will, I understand; and there are peculiar circumstances of some sort in the case?"

"Yes, sir; there are," said Mr. John Short, with much meaning. "The will to be filed in the Registry is the last true will of Jonathan Meeson, of Pompadour Hall, in the County of Warwick, and the property concerned amounts to about two millions. Upon last mention day the death of Jonathan Meeson, who was supposed to have sunk in the Kangaroo, was allowed to be presumed, and probate has been taken out. As a matter of fact, however, the said Jonathan Meeson perished in Kerguelen Land some days after the shipwreck, and before he died he duly executed a fresh will in favor of his nephew, Eustace H. Meeson, the gentleman before you. Miss Augusta Smithers—"

"What!" said the learned registrar, "is this Miss Smithers, whom we have been reading so much about lately—the Kerguelen Land heroine?"

"Yes, I am Miss Smithers," she said, with a little blush, "and this is Lady Holmhurst, whose husband—"and she checked herself.

"It gives me much pleasure to make your acquaintance, Miss Smithers," said the learned doctor, courteously shaking hands, and bowing to Lady Holmhurst.

"The best thing that I can do, sir," went on John Short, impatiently, "will be to at once offer you inspection of the document, which, I may state, is of an unusual character," and he looked at Augusta, who, poor girl, colored to the eyes.

"Quite so, quite so," said the learned registrar. "Well, has Miss Smithers got the will? Perhaps she will produce it."

"Miss Smithers is the will," said Mr. John Short.

"Oh—I'm afraid that I do not quite understand—"

"To be more precise, sir, the will is tattooed on Miss Smithers."

"What?" almost shouted the learned doctor, literally bounding from his chair.

"The will is tattooed upon Miss Smither's back," continued Mr. John Short, in a perfectly unmoved tone; "and it is now my duty to offer you inspection of the document, and to take your instructions as to how you propose to file it in the Registry—"

Meanwhile, poor Augusta had got her jacket off. She was dressed in an evening dress, and had a white silk scarf over her shoulders. This she removed.

"And so that is the will," said the registrar, "well, I have had some experience, but I never saw or heard of anything like it before. Signed and attested, but not dated."

"No," said Augusta, "there is no date; I could not stand any more tattooing. It was all done at one sitting, and I got faint."

"I don't wonder at it, I am sure. I think it is the bravest thing I ever heard of," and he bowed with much grace.

"Ah," muttered Eustace, "he's beginning to pay compliments now, insidious old ruffian."

"Well," went on the innocent and eminently respectable object of his suspicions, "of course, the absence of a date does not invalidate a will—it is matter for proof, that is all. But now, Miss Smithers, as you have once put yourself in the custody of the Registry in the capacity of a will, might I ask if you have any suggestion to make as to how you are to be dealt with? Obviously, you cannot be locked up with the other wills, and equally obviously it is against the rules to allow a will to go out of the custody of the court, unless by especial permission of the court. Under these circumstances I am, I confess, a little confused as to what course should be taken with reference to this important will."

"What I have to suggest, sir," said Mr. Short, "is that a certified copy of the will should be filed, and that there should be a special paragraph inserted in the affidavit of scripts detailing the circumstances."

"Ah," said the learned doctor, polishing his eyeglasses, "you have given me an idea. With Miss Smithers' consent, we will file something better than a certified copy of the will—we will file a photographic copy. The inconvenience to Miss Smithers will be trifling, and it may prevent questions being raised hereafter."

"Have you any objections to that, my dear?" asked Lady Holmhurst.

"Oh, no, I suppose not," said Augusta, mournfully; "I seem to be public property now."

"Very well, then, excuse me for a moment," said the learned doctor. "There is a photographer close by whom I have had occasion to employ officially. I will write and see if he can come round."

In a few minutes an answer came back from the photographer that he would be happy to wait upon Dr. Probate.

The task proved an easy one enough, and the dark lines of cuttle ink upon Augusta's snowy skin would, the man said, come out perfectly in the photograph. He departed, saying that he would bring a life-sized reproduction to be filed in the Registry in a couple of days.

After that the learned registrar shook hands with them, and said that he need detain them no longer, as he now felt justified in allowing Augusta out of his custody.

And so they departed, glad to have got over the first step so pleasantly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of course, Augusta's story, so far as it was publicly known, had created no small stir, which was considerably emphasized when pictures of her appeared in the illustrated papers and it was discovered that she was young and charming. But the excitement, great as it was, was as nothing compared to that which arose when the first whispers of the tale of the will, which was tattooed upon her shoulders, began to get about. Paragraphs and stories about this will appeared in the papers, but, of course, she took no notice of these.

About a week later a motion was made in the Court of Probate on behalf of the defendants, Messrs. Addison and Roscoe, demanding that the court should order the plantiff to file a further and better affidavit of scripts, with the original will set up by him attached, the object, of course, being to compel an inspection of the document. This motion, which first brought the whole case under the notice of the public, was strenuously resisted by Mr. James Short, and resulted in the matter being referred to the learned registrar for his report. On the next motion day this report was presented, and, on its appearing from it that the photography had taken place in his presence and accurately represented the tattoo marks on the lady's shoulders, the court declined to harass the "will" by ordering her to submit to any further inspection before the trial. It was on this occasion that it transpired that the will was engaged to be married to the plaintiff, a fact at which the court metaphorically opened its eyes. After this the defendants obtained leave to amend their answer to the plaintiff's statement of claim. At first they had only pleaded that the testator had not duly executed the alleged will in according with the provisions of I. Vic., Cap. 26, Sec. 2, and that he did not know and approve the contents thereof. But now they added a plea to the effect that the said alleged will was obtained by the undue influence of Augusta Smithers, or "that the will had herself procured the will, by an undue projection of her own will upon the unwilling mind of the testator."

James and John, the legal twins, fought like heroes, and held their own although their experience was so small—as men of talent almost invariably do when they are put to it. But it was difficult for Eustace to keep them supplied even with sufficient money for out-of-pocket expenses; and, of course, as was natural in a case in which such enormous sums were at stake, and in which the defendants were already men of vast wealth, they found the flower of the entire talent and weight of the bar arrayed against them. Naturally Eustace felt, and so did Mr. James Short, that more counsel, men of weight and experience, ought to be briefed; but there were absolutely no funds for this purpose, nor was anybody likely to advance any upon the security of a will tattooed upon a young lady's back. This was awkward, because success in law proceedings so very often leans toward the weightiest purse, and judges, however impartial, being but men after all, are more apt to listen to an argument which is urged upon their attention by an attorney general than on one advanced by an unknown junior.

However, there the fact was, and they had to make the best of it; and a point in their favor was that the case, although of a most remarkable nature, was comparatively simple, and did not involve any great mass of documentary evidence.

The most wearisome times go by at last if only one lives to see the end of them, and so it came to pass that at length on one fine morning about a quarter to ten of the Law Courts' clock, Augusta, accompanied by Eustace, Lady Holmhurst and Mrs. Thomas, the wife of Captain Thomas, who had come up from visiting her relatives in the eastern counties in order to give evidence, found herself standing in the big entrance to the new Law Courts, feeling as though she would give five years of her life to be anywhere else.

"This way, my dear," said Eustace; "Mr. John Short said that he would meet us by the statue in the hall." Accordingly they passed into the archway by the oak stand where the cause lists are displayed. Augusta glanced at them as she went, and the first thing that her eyes fell on was "Probate and Divorce Division, Court I., at 10:30, Meeson vs. Addison and Another," and the sight made her feel sick. In another moment they had passed a policeman of gigantic size, standing in a long but narrow and ill-proportioned hall.

To the right of the door on entering, a black bag full of papers in his hand, stood Mr. John Short, wearing that air of excitement upon his countenance which is so commonly to be seen in the law courts.

"Here you are," he said, "I was beginning to be afraid that you would be late. We are the first on the list, you know; the judge fixed it specially to suit the convenience of the attorney general. He's on the other side," he added, with a sigh. "I'm sure I don't know how poor James will get on. There are more than twenty counsel against him, for all the legatees under the former will are represented."

Meanwhile they had been proceeding up the long hall till they came to a poky little staircase, whereby the court floor could be reached. On getting to the top of the staircase they turned to the left and then to the left again. If they had had any doubt as to which road they should take it would have been speedily decided by the long string of wigs which were streaming away in the direction of Divorce Court No. 1. Thicker and thicker grew the wigs; it was obvious that the cause celebre of Meeson vs. Addison and Another would not want for hearers. Indeed, Augusta and her friends soon realized the intensity of the public interest in a way that was as impressive as it was disagreeable, for just past the Admiralty Court the passage was entirely blocked by an enormous mass of barristers. There they were, choked up together in their white-wigged ranks, waiting for the door of the court to be opened. At present it was guarded by six or eight attendants, who, with the help of a wooden barrier, attempted to keep the surging multitude at bay.

"How on earth are we going to get through" asked Augusta, and at that moment Mr. John Short caught hold of an attendant, explaining that their presence was necessary to the show.

"I suppose I must let you through by the underground passage from the other court," said the man, as he led the way to the Admiralty Court.

They were conducted down a sort of well that terminated in the space occupied by the judge's clerks and other officers of the court. In another minute they found themselves emerging in a similar space in the other court.

Before taking the seat that was pointed out to her and the other witnesses in the well of the court, immediately below those reserved for Queen's Counsel, Augusta glanced round. The body of the court was as yet quite empty, for the seething mob outside had not yet burst in. But the jury box was full, not with a jury, for the case was to be tried by the court itself, but of various distinguished individuals, including several ladies, who had obtained orders. The little gallery above was also crowded with smart-looking people. As for the seats devoted to counsel in the cause, they were crammed to overflowing with the representatives of the various defendants—so crammed, indeed, that the wretched James Short, sole counsel for the plaintiff, had to establish himself and his papers in the center of the third bench sometimes used by solicitors.

(To be continued.)

SHARPEN THEIR SABERS.

Americans Respond to Recent Order from War Secretary.

The United States has rather laid aside the saber in favor of gunnery, but now comes the "lesson" of the far east, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The Americans are sharpening their sabers and searching for old ones that have remained in store since the civil war. This is the result of an order from the Secretary of War. And an agitation against the new rod-bayonet may possibly produce yet another order. The agitators would like to see it replaced by the old knife-bayonet, or at least lengthened if it can be retained. It was chosen for its lightness and is not only thin but also short. As the new Springfield rifle is also short the length of the arm for bayonet work is the shortest in the world. That would not matter if battles are really to be decided by rifle fire and gun fire alone, but if once it is believed in an army that men will have to defend their lives with their bayonets the moral question is at once introduced. No army could afford that leakage of confidence which would be the result of using a mistrusted weapon.

This is to say no more than will meet with general agreement. It is not by any means necessary to assume that the "lessons" which the Americans are acting upon are true. Before we can be convinced that the bayonet will really play again a Napoleonic part, we must be properly informed as to the quality of the Russian gun and rifle fire, which, in the first place, was directed to stop the Japanese rushes.

Whatever be the truth about that, it is extremely interesting to see that a considerable part of instructed military opinion in America is in revolt against changes which have their counterpart in Great Britain—a shorter-barreled rifle and a shorter bayonet reach. The new Springfield rifle is six inches shorter in the barrel than the Krag-Jorgensen. The official tests were thought to prove that the short barrel was as accurate as the old one; but the odd thing attached to the bayonet work at the time was that the new bayonet was not only not lengthened to compensate for the shorter rifle, but was actually made shorter than the old one. Roughly, the length of the American rifle with the bayonet is now fifty-four inches, the new barrel being twenty-four inches. The French measurement over all is seventy-one inches, the German sixty-nine inches, the Russian sixty-eight inches, the Japanese sixty-five inches and the British sixty-one inches in the case of the old rifle, and about five inches less in the case of the new rifle. In these rough measurements parts of an inch have been disregarded. As for the rod-bayonet, it is comparable as an infantry weapon with what the majority of our cavalry officers appeared to desire as a cavalry weapon after the Boer war.

Peanuts as a Food.

"Peanuts," said a man who sells them at a stand on Grand avenue yesterday, "are very 'filling.' A person can make a pretty fair meal on a sack of peanuts, and lots of people do. Almost every day tramps come up here and buy peanuts. A tramp told me the other day that a nickel's worth of peanuts was a day's food for him. He said he once lived on peanuts three days before he got tired of them. If you want to try the 'filling' properties of peanuts, eat a nickel's worth after breakfast. You won't care for any lunch, and the chances are you won't eat much dinner."—Kansas City Times.

The Psychological Moment.

"Yes," said the married man, meditatively, "when you see a woman hanging out a line of clothes, and the line slips and lets the blessed lot down in the mud, that, my boy, is the psychological moment in which to leave that woman alone."

Siena, Italy, is famous for the large hats of its women, and the long horns of its cattle. The hats, which we know in America as Leghorn hats, are a peculiar product of Siena, although they are known abroad by the name of the city from which they are exported.

Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them.—Reccobonl.

"EAST LYNNE" VILLAGE GOES TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

East Lynne, that is to say the village which, under that name, is the scene of Mrs. Henry Wood's novel, "East Lynne," is being sold. The whole village is to go to the highest bidder and whoever buys in the estate will find himself possessor of an English parish complete. There is the village, manor farms, pasture lands and orchards.

On the map of England, East Lynne figures as an obscure but very ancient Worchestershire village under the name Abberton. It is Abberton, however, which contains the hall in which Lady Isabel had her youthful home, where she returned as the bride of Archibald Carlyle, whom she quitted in a fit of pique, only to return again, disguised as Madame Vine, to nurse her sick child and then to pass away after having confessed her folly and received her husband's forgiveness.

Few popular novels, perhaps, have contained more glaring literary faults than "East Lynne," but few have ever equaled it in popularity. Mrs. Henry Wood wrote "East Lynne" in 1861, when it first appeared in "Colburn's New Monthly." As soon as it was completed, it was issued in book form. It went through edition after edition in Great Britain, was pirated vigorously in America and translated into every known language, including Parsee and Hindustani. One of the librarians in Madrid, years after, told the author's son that the most popular book on the shelves was "East Lynne." For forty years it has, as a play, had a successful run on the stage. Numerous versions of it were produced between 1861 and 1890, but from none of them did the author profit a cent. "East Lynne" has made more than $1,000,000 for others, and only fame for its author.

The story is, from the modern point of view, defective in almost everything which makes a novel a work of art; but it cannot be said to lack incident or interest. Half of its popularity at the time of its publication was undoubtedly due to the reaction then setting in against inane and impossible goodness. It was a protest against the conventional hero, and on the stage it was one of the earliest of modern "problem" plays, before "problem" plays were recognized and labeled. It requires great good will to the author to believe that the heroine could return to her husband's house and remain there without the husband seeing through the transparent disguise of a pair of blue goggles. Modern criticism is apt to characterize Lady Isabel as a very silly woman and her husband as a very dense specimen of manhood.

While Mrs. Henry Wood was not skillful in character drawing, she is said to have had in mind a former owner of Abberton Hall when she drew Mr. Carlyle. This gentleman restored the old church and was generally admired in the neighborhood for his uniform kindness and generosity.

Abberton is the modern spelling of the Ebriton of the Domesday Book, and it goes back to Saxon times, when its owners were the abbots of Pershore. In the reign of Edward I., the name was changed to Albreton, and in 1524 all the manorial rights and patronage of the parish were granted to Thomas and Francis Sheldon by Henry VIII. Until late in the eighteenth century the Sheldons held the manor, but then the estate passed into the hands of F. Laslet, who represented the borough of Worcester in Parliament for some years.

The parish church of Abberton possesses many points of great historic interest. It is believed to have been a chapelry as early as the twelfth century and is dedicated to St. Edburga, the saintly daughter of the Saxon King, Edward the Elder. From early childhood Edburga manifested deep religious feelings, and these culminated in her assuming the veil of a nun in later years. It is told of her that when one day her kingly father offered her glittering jewels and gold in one hand and a book of the Gospels and a chalice in the other, she chose the latter. It was inevitable that such a pious woman should have miracles associated with her name, and many are reported to have been wrought in remote times around her shrine at Pershore.

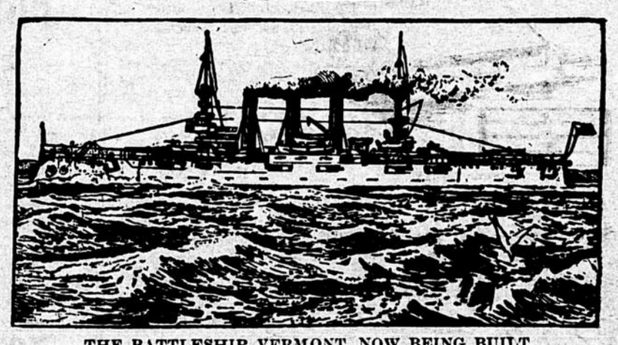
The present church building is not the one in which Edburga worshiped. There have been two restorations, but some portions of the windows of the old church still remain, and there is a Norman font which is well preserved, although credibly reported to be 800 years old.

There are many magnificent tombs of the Sheldon family, both at Abberton Church and at Beoly. Those at Abberton date from 1659 and are under the western tower of the church. The register of the church is also full of curious antiquarian interest, for it goes back to 1661 and has been carefully kept by a succession of rectors.

The manor hall of Abberton is situated within easy distance of Birmingham, and the grounds march on the south side with the estate of the Duke of Orleans. It stands on an eminince surrounded by fine forest trees and commanding views of the Malvern Hills, the Lench Woods, the fertile and charming Vale of Evesham, and the Cotswold Hills. The hall is a commodious building, and the most interesting relic of its early days is a stone and brick Elizabethan chimney with the date 1619 carved on it.

Flevel Manor, which is also situated in the parish, was once the property of Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who, however, lost it in one of the social and political upheavals of his time. At the dissolution of the monasteries all the lands fell into the hands of Henry VIII., who parted with them to the Sheldons, and it was in this way that that old family came into possession of the entire parish.—Montreal Star.

BIG COST OF MODERN NAVY.



THE BATTLESHIP VERMONT, NOW BEING BUILT.

While the struggle between Russia and Japan taught no new lesson of prime importance, in the opinion of naval architects, it emphasized the fact that the time is fast coming when only the richest nations can afford to go to war. In other words, war is destined to diminish if only on account of the very lack among the smaller nations of proper material wherewith to conduct it.

The coming battleships, those now being designed in this country and in England, for example, will cost when complete, about $6,000,000. For the smaller nations a fleet of such enormously expensive engines of war is out of the question, and when the nations that can afford to build these fleets meet smaller nations in war, as the United States met Spain in 1898, then must come such one-sided battles as Manila and Santiago.

The tendency in naval construction is to build heavier ships than have ever been seen, to make these ships as speedy as possible and to arm them with the heaviest guns. This tendency, it is interesting to know, is not a result of the Russo-Japanese war. Though emphasized and advanced by the engagements that have taken place in Oriental waters, nevertheless, the tendency antedates the war. It is to be seen in the battleship Vermont, which was recently launched at the Fore River yards at Quincy, and which has a displacement of 16,000 tons and will carry four twelve-inch guns. It is equally noticeable in the new British battleships of the King Edward class, which have a displacement of more than 16,000 tons and which carry four twelve-inch, four 9.2-inch and ten six-inch guns.

The Real St. Mars.

Admirers of Dumas pere—whose name is still legion—should read M. Arrede Barine's "Geolier dans le XVIIIe Siecle," in the Revue de Paris. It gives one quite a different idea of St. Mars, governor of the Bastile and other prisons, from what we should have gathered from the relations with him of Aramis and the rest. Benigne d'Auvergne—St. Mars, like that of Athos and the rest, being only a nom de guerre—was obsequious even to cruelty to the commands of Louvois or other minister for the time being, and was in consequence looked upon by his master as a model jailer, who would stick at nothing.

His principal characteristics were avarice, which enabled him to amass a large fortune out of the sums allowed for the prisoners' "beef," and a desire for rank, which was skillfully played upon by Louis. Originally a corporal in the Mosquetaires, the Roi Soleil, though according him the rank of a lesser noble, steadily refused to promote him to a commission until quite late in his career, when he probably knew too much to be denied anything. And then there are those who think that an absolute king is necessarily an aristocrat.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Somehow a woman finds a lot of comfort in saying that she can't buy a switch because she is never able to match the shade of her hair.

The politeness of a good many people begins and ends with "Excuse me."

SLAIN BY A WOMAN.

Terrorist's Revenge on Sarahoff, Ex-War Minister, for Atrocities.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, in a dispatch sent by way of Eydtkuhnen, East Prussia, says: "Lieutenant General Saharoff, former minister of war, was assassinated. The government had deputed General Saharoff to visit the province of Saratov for the purpose of quelling the agrarian riots there. A woman belonging to the so-called 'flying columns' of the revolutionary movement called at the house of the Governor of Saratov and asked to see General Saharoff. She fired three revolver shots at the general, killing him on the spot. When arrested the woman who committed the crime declared that she had executed a decree of the terrorists' section of the Social Revolutionists."

The news of the assassination of Lieutenant General Saharoff, former minister of war, had been preceded by the most horrible stories of the manner in which Saharoff had been repressing the agrarian disorders. He corralled peasants with Cossacks and then had them beaten with the soldiers' whips. In so doing Saharoff pursued

the system adopted by Prince John Obolensky, former governor general of Finland, in suppressing the agrarians in the vicinity of Kharkov several years ago. At that time the prince caused the peasants to be whipped by relays of Cossacks and compelled them in turn to beat their comrades.

Father Gopon, leader of the workingmen at the inception of the labor troubles nearly a year ago, which led up to the present revolutionary movement, has been condemned to death by a tribunal named by the Central Revolutionary Committee. Two emissaries of the committee were named to carry out the sentence. Treachery to the cause of the people is the charge made against Father Gopon on which the Revolutionists condemned him.

On his return recently to Russia, after being abroad, where he was compelled to flee after "red Sunday," Father Gopon argued strongly against a continuance of the strikes which have become of such frequent occurrence in Russia. Immediately the revolutionary leaders declared he had been influenced by the government.

Father Gopon was summoned by a formal communication to appear and answer the charge, but he did not do so. The trial was held in his absence and both written and verbal testimony was offered before the tribunal. A unanimous verdict was returned, finding him guilty and condemning him to death. Subsequently the Central Committee affirmed, the sentence of the tribunal and proclaimed the necessity of executing the former priest.

Fugitives who have arrived at Vienna state that the conditions in Odessa and Bessarabia are desperate. During the rioting of the last few days they assert 8,000 persons, including many students, have been killed. The Governor has posted placards about the city, giving notice that the troops will fire upon the people at the least provocation.

The Comic Side of The News

Next time Kansas wants to elect a Senator who can keep out of jail.

This would be an opportune time for Poland to get a divorce from Russia.

The grand dukes may, like Pa McCurdy, be willing to rebate some of their salaries.

The Sultan of Turkey is the least worried of all the powers about Macedonian reforms.

Each one of the insurance magnates seems to have had his own pet method of grafting.

And the flag of freedom is being raised everywhere save over the palace at Peterhof.

It is illegal to take snapshots at Odessa. The camera doesn't lie about massacres.

Charges and countercharges indicate that President Castro's path is not paved with asphalt.

One good reason for giving thanks at Thanksgiving is that no presents go with the day.

Japan's "protectorate" over Korea will be exercised firmly, but with the utmost politeness.

Wives of Russian strikers are convinced a moral victory does not feed and clothe the children.

We sometimes find that what we thought was the golden rule is only so on the exposed side.

The people of Panama seem determined to have Uncle Sam take the burr as well as the chestnuts.

Secretary Taft and the board of engineers agree that the Panama canal will be built "on the level."

Count Witte is finding it more difficult to bluff the Russian workmen than the Japanese diplomats.

Neither ukase nor manifesto seems able to cement the growing fractures in that "All-the-Russias" combination.

Hall Caine still suffers with that dizzy feeling resulting from his attempt to walk lockstep at the American pace.

Norway's choosing a king by a big majority, instead of a President, looks like turning the clock of progress backward.

He Had to Watch Them.

The late George M. Stearns, the noted Massachusetts criminal lawyer, was a great lover of poker. He was also very fastidious in his personal habits and immaculate in his dress.

One night he was out until a late hour with a convivial party, indulging in his favorate amusement. The next morning at the breakfast table his wife, observing with surprise his untidy appearance, remarked:

"George, can't you spit without soiling your shirt bosom?"

"George" looked at her a moment, and then remarked solemnly: "Mary, if you had been in the party I was last night, you wouldn't have turned your head to spit."

Tennessee Praise.

Dayton, Tenn., Dec. 11.—(Special.)—Among many prominent residents to praise Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. N. R. Roberts of this place. He tells of what they have done for him, and his words will go deep into the hearts of all who are suffering in the same way. He says:

"I was a martyr to Kidney Trouble, but Dodd's Kidney Pills completely cured me. I shall always keep them on hand in case there should be any return of the old trouble, but I am thankful to say they did their work well there has not been the slightest sign of my old complaint coming back. The pain in my back used to be terrible. If I got down I had a hard job to get straight again. But my back is like a new one now and I can stoop as much as I please. I don't believe there ever was any medicine half so good as Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Infrequent Occasions.

"You must try to love your papa as much as he loves you," said the visitor.

"Oh, I love him more," replied Tommy.

"Indeed? Doesn't your papa love you very much?"

"Not much. He says he only loves me when I'm good."—Philadelphia Press.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding Protroding Piles. Druggists are authorzed to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

A Tip for Her.

Mr. Stammerton—Oh, Viola!—er—that is, M—M—Miss Sere, I—er—lul—lul—lul——

Miss Sere (coyly)—Yes, Mr. Stammerton, say it. Don't be afraid.

Mr. Stammerton—I'm afraid it's g—g—going to t—t—t—take me a—long to say it that you'd be better remark "This is sudden" now.—Philadelphia Press.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

History Leaves No Data by Which to Estimate Its Height.

The exact date of the building of "Nimrod's Folly," as the Chaldeans say in alluding to the Scriptural tower of Babel (the Armenians speak of it as the Tower of the Confusion of Tongues) or the height to which it penetrated the rarefied atmosphere of the oriental plains will perhaps never be known. The date of the laying of the foundation of the famous structure is usually set at 2,257 years before Christ, or in the year of the flood 101.

The expression of the sacred historian that its top was to "reach unto heaven" is now generally set down as a strong Hebrew phrase denoting a very lofty tower, but not necessarily meaning that one would reach to the abiding place of the Lord and His hosts. Proof that this is probable may be found in several places in the holy writ. The walls of the cities of Canaan are described by Moses in similar phraseology. The spies sent out by him returned and reported that the cities of that country were great and were "walled up to heaven." See Deuteronomy 1:28, 9:1. There is a Jewish legend in the Talmud which tells us that God did not put a stop to the building of the tower until after it had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, which is equal to nearly twelve English miles.

The sacred historians have not in a single instance left data upon which we can base a calculation of its exact height and general dimensions, and it is because of this omission that the imaginative orientals and other ancient writers have given such fabulous and extravagant traditions concerning it. Even St. Jerome alleges from the testimony of eyewitnesses who claim to have seen and examined the ruins of the skyscraping shaft that in his day (born 345 A. D.) it was over four miles high. While considering these untenable notions it may not be out of place to mention that other fanciful writers make its height range all the way from a single furlong to 5,000 miles in height.—Pittsburg Press.

A BRAIN WORKER

Must Have the King of Food that Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus.

"I tried foods easy of digestion but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved.

"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack.

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains all the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.