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## PARIS PLAGUE OF RATS.

Return of Rodents Finds Rat Catchers Guild Out of Business. In the days when Eugene Sue wrote his novels of the underworld of Paris the Rat Catchers' Guild formed a highly remunerative and active profession so active, in fact, that the rodents gradually disappeared except along the river front and were rarely found in cellars as high as those on the Montmartre when the new system of drains were instituted.

With the rising of the Seine, however, and the "backing up" of the sewers, says a Paris letter, the animals came back to their old haunts and again took up their lairs in cellars and basements of houses, and at night would be seen scampering about the streets. Unfortunately Paris was quite unprepared for the invasion. The Rat Catchers' Guild, whose members used to receive a handsome price for riding a house of the pests and then sold their skins to furriers, was no more.

Only one rat catcher is left, an old man named Henri Dayve, who is the municipal rat catcher of the city of Paris. He alone is left, and he has no successors, for the calling is no longer lucrative, and so he finds himself suddenly lifted into notoriety by the new plague of rats as being the only rat catcher left in Paris. However, it seems that it is setting to work bravely, but it is something awful for a great city to be attacked by a plague of rats and to possess only one rat catcher, and he not a Pled Piper of Hamelin.

## Comfort and New Strength

Await the person who discovers that a long train of coffee ails can be thrown off by using

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The comfort and strength come from a rebuilding of new nerve cells by the food elements in the roasted wheat used in making Postum.

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## NOVELS, LONG AND SHORT.

### English Plans for Shorter Stories.

A plan to shorten novels to an average length of about 50,000 words and to sell them to the general public mainly through the large department houses for 50 cents apiece, is being put forward again both in this country and Great Britain.

The idea is bound to fail, as far as the length of novels is concerned, says the New York World. An arbitrary measure of 50,000 words or of any other number cannot be fixed for what should be a work of art. Novels differ as widely as pictures in scale, and nearly all that have lasted for many years are long.

"Don Quixote" has about 600,000 words, "Tom Jones" about 500,000; "Vanity Fair," esteemed by many the best novel in the English language, about 500,000, and all the other important Thackeray novels, except "Henry Esmond," are nearly as long. With a few exceptions the Dickens novels contain about 400,000 words apiece. Neither Thackeray nor Dickens was at heart a historical novelist, and when they undertook work of this kind they ran out quickly.

George Elliot needed at least 200,000 words to tell a story; George Sand used nearly a half million in her masterpiece, "Consuelo"; Dumas spent a quarter of a million on "The Three Musketeers," and three-quarters of a million more on its two sequels, "Twenty Years After" and "The Vicomte de Bragelonne." "Les Miserables" stretches out to 650,000 words; Tolstoy tells the fall of "Anna Karenina" in 400,000, and he puts 700,000 in "War and Peace." The famous Polish trilogy of Sienkiewicz exceeds a million words.

Almost the only instance of a short novel of the very first rank is "The Scarlet Letter," which is but 75,000 words. However, there are only four or five characters in it and the action of the present day are not able to produce great effects because they must write for the passing moment, and by the time they get acquainted with their own characters they are compelled to bid them farewell.

### A BIT OF TREACHERY.

Carl Hagenbeck, the most eminent owner, exhibitor and trainer of wild animals in the world, has had many adventures in his half century of experience. Some of them are described in a recent book, entitled "Beasts and Men." On more than one occasion an elephant has come uncomfortably near putting an end to Mr. Hagenbeck's career. One of the worst accidents happened at the end of the '60s. About that time he purchased a menagerie at Trieste, which included among other beasts a female elephant, which stood about eight feet high. It seemed to be a thoroughly good-tempered animal, its only fault being that it occasionally had the sulks—a not uncommon characteristic," comments Mr. Hagenbeck, "in all feminine creatures."

He soon made friends with the elephant, which he named Lissy, and he never passed its stall without giving it a handful of food. He was, therefore, he believed, justified in thinking he had quite won its heart, and as it never showed any sign of violence, it did not occur to Mr. Hagenbeck that it might be dealing with a grossly deceitful creature.

The elephant was learning a trick in which it had to swing its keeper into the air with its trunk, and then slowly set him upon the ground again. The word of command, which was given to the beast when it had to perform this simple exhibition was: "Lissy, apport!"

"One day," to continue in Mr. Hagenbeck's own words, "I found Lissy alone in her stable, the keeper being absent. It must have been a devil that made me feel a desire to be raised or high by her, after the manner of her keeper. I stroked and fondled her, and then taking hold of her trunk, called out the word of command: "Lissy, apport!"

"Then followed one of the most vilely treacherous acts of which I have ever heard. Lissy began to obey the order, but I soon felt she was bent on mischief, for the embrace of her trunk was unpleasantly vigorous, and I soared high into the air.

"But once I was more quietly deposited once more upon my feet. "Instead of this, Lissy dashed me violently against the wooden barrier in front of her stall, and I went flying over into the menagerie. "I lay almost senseless upon the ground until the old keeper, Philippe, appeared to help me home. "Fortunately no bones were broken, but I was terribly battered and bruised, and for weeks could only hobble about with great pain."

### Retraction with a Sting.

Senator Murphy Foster, at a dinner in Washington, said of a certain retraction: "It was a retraction without value. It recalls the Nola Chucky scandal. "Dear Washington, in the heat of a revival, shouted from the pulpit of the Nola Chucky chapel: "I see before me ten chicken thieves, including that Calhoun Clay." "Calhoun Clay at once rose and left the church. He was very angry. He brought several powerful influences to bear and the deacon promised to apologize."

"So, at the following revival, the old man said: "I desire to retract my last night's remark, namely—I see before me ten chicken thieves, including Calhoun Clay. What I should have said, dear brethren and sisters, was—I see before me nine chicken thieves, not including Calhoun Clay."

The Cigarette Stand of the Futaba. Dealer—No, young man, we can't sell you any cigarettes. Youth—But I'm 21. Dealer—Perhaps. You'll have to bring your mother here to prove it. Youth (dubiously)—I'm afraid that's us. Mother owns up to being only 19 herself.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A man learns to respect the rights of others because his own are trampled on so much.

# The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"And what did you do?" asked Jen, much interested in this strange history. "I went in later on, and found that my mother had gone to bed. I said nothing at the time, as I was afraid of Dido. Afterwards, when Maurice was killed, and you said that the devil-stick had killed him, I went to Dido and accused her of the crime. She was fearfully not strong, I said nothing to her, or indeed to anyone. I told a lie to you to save my mother; what else could I do? But now I tell you the truth, and I wish you to protect us both against the evil of Dido and Dr. Ewald."

"You believe that Dr. Ewald killed Maurice?" "I am sure of it. When I became ill through the terror of the secret which I possessed, Dido prepared poison under the pretense of curing me, but I now know that she did so to re-fill the devil-stick. She then sent it to Ewald, and he killed Maurice. Also he stole the body with the assistance of Dido."

"Almost the only instance of a short novel of the very first rank is 'The Scarlet Letter,' which is but 75,000 words. However, there are only four or five characters in it and the action of the present day are not able to produce great effects because they must write for the passing moment, and by the time they get acquainted with their own characters they are compelled to bid them farewell."

"I cannot be quite certain if he does," said Isabella, after a pause, "but I fancy he has some idea of it. When he has seen me late he has always been so nervous and silent. At our last meeting, also, he told me that we were to fear nothing."

"I'm not," said Jen, reflectively. "Undoubtedly you are," said Miss Dallas. "I must have learned the truth in some way; but I cannot imagine how. Well, good-by, good-by. I shall see you later on, when we have this scandal under lock and key."

"On consideration, Jen thought it would be best to say nothing definite to David about his discovery. If the young man, from a feeling of honor towards an unhappy woman, kept silent, the Major was the last to break it. Jen decided to merely hint to David that he knew the truth, and to let the arrest of Ewald tell its own tale, and unroll the lid's lips, by showing that Mrs. Dallas was innocent of the crime. To this conclusion, he entered his own gates, and rather to his surprise he met David, considerably agitated, advancing to meet him.

"Inspector Arkel and Dr. Ewald are waiting for you in the library," said Sarby, rapidly. "I know it. I sent for them. I wish the first to arrest the second." "Arrest Dr. Ewald! On what grounds?" "On the grounds of having murdered Maurice," said Jen, coldly. "Yes, you may look astonished, David, but it is the truth. Without your assistance I have discovered that Ewald is guilty. 'I know the reason of your silence.' "Who—who told you?" stammered the young man, as pale as death. "Miss Dallas."

"Isabella!" David looked terrified.

CHAPTER XX.

Before Jen had time to inquire the meaning of David's strange exclamation, the young man had turned on his heel and was hurrying back to the house. Surprised by this behavior, and suspicious of its reason, the Major called out to him to stop; but, without taking any notice, the young man increased his pace, and was soon lost to sight. Jen went after him, and on entering the library found that only Arkel was present.

"Where is Dr. Ewald?" demanded the Major, anxiously. "He went up stairs a few minutes ago to see your servant," replied the Inspector, rising. "Mr. Sarby was with him."

Jen started. Evidently David had returned before him in order to see Ewald, and to gain private speech with the doctor, had conducted him to Jagard's sick-room. For the moment Jen still suspicious of Sarby's behavior—had it in his mind to follow; but a few minutes of reflection convinced him that this was unnecessary. Ewald did not know all the conversation which had taken place between himself and Isabella, therefore he could inform Ewald of nothing new. But, indeed, the Major pondered why David wished to speak privately with the doctor. It looked, to him, as though the two men were in league.

"Well, never mind Dr. Ewald just now," he said, aloud. "He had his duties to perform, and I have mine. Sit down, Mr. Arkel. I suppose you wonder why I have sent for you." "Well, no, Major. I presume it is in connection with the case."

"You are right. I wish to know if you have discovered anything new." "Yes, Your messenger, Battersea, was wandering about your grounds on that night." "Battersea?" cried Jen, thunder-struck. "Did he see the body carried off?"

"He did not see it taken out of the house," explained Arkel, referring to some notes which he held in his hand, "but he saw it put into the carriage, which was waiting in the winding lane at the foot of your grounds. Two people carried the body into the carriage—a man and a woman—but Battersea cannot give me their names."

"I can, however," said Jen, grimly. "I'll give you the names later on, Mr. Inspector. In the meantime, he good enough to conclude your report of Battersea's confession. It interests me deeply."

"I thought it would," replied Arkel, with a look of satisfaction. "Well, the man and the woman put the body into the carriage—a doctor's brougham. When the body was placed in the carriage and the door closed, the woman went away. The man mounted the carriage-box and drove off. It appears that there was no coachman."

"I don't wonder at that," rejoined the

### enough to do to save your neck from the halter."

"I am afraid so, indeed, Major; therefore, I must have assistance. There is nothing like being provided in time with counsel for the defence; therefore, I must ask Mr. David Sarby to defend me from these absurd charges."

"I'll" cried David, starting up with pale cheeks. "I defend you!" "Assuredly," replied Ewald, fixing a piercing glance on the young man. "Do you refuse?" "Of course he does," cried Jen, wrathfully.

David raised his head and looked at the Major, at the doctor, at the Inspector. "No," said he, in a firm voice to all three. "I accept. I shall defend Max Ewald."

### (To be continued.)

### LUNCHES AT ONE CENT EACH.

They Are Fed to Half-Fed Children Who Would Resent Charity.

A heaping portion of Indian pudding with milk and two crackers was the menu for the lunch served at the Winthrop School yesterday, and as long as the service proves as successful as it has in the past the lunches will be continued at 10:30 each morning, so that none of the little children who come to school with appetites half-satisfied need go home famished.

The high cost of living which has shrouded the breakfasts at home almost to a minimum operates to send some children to school with insufficient nourishment to do justice to themselves in their work, the Boston Post says.

At the Winthrop School it was decided that any plan that seemed to include charity would prove a failure, as children are the quickest persons to form class barriers and look down on their playmates who may not be able to have food enough at home.

Miss Emmeline F. Torrey, teacher of domestic science, believes that she has solved the problem in the recent lunches served each morning. If cost of preparation and service were added it would be impossible to make the meal otherwise than charitable, so Miss Torrey has a class of eighteen girls, ranging in age from 10 to 13, prepare the dishes and serve them. Thus the cost that the children pay covers the entire cost.

The cup of pudding and crackers, together with the milk, which was served yesterday to each hungry pupil had enough nutriment in it to equal nearly three large slices of bread with butter. The quality, Miss Torrey said, was well suited for the needs of the children.

All the teachers in the school say that the tentative working of the plan thus far has been to provide much more wideawake children after the lunch hour and to do away with the eagerness to have school dismissed.

### GOES STRAUSS ONE BETTER.

Joseph Holbrooke Calls for Weid Instruments in the Orchestra.

Having heard "Elektra" at the Manhattan opera house, New York, you have some idea of how Herr Strauss is capable of expanding an orchestra to over 100 pieces, some of which are quite unknown to the ordinary musician, says a London letter to the New York Times. Joseph Holbrooke, however, in an orchestra concert in Queen's Hall last Friday apparently went Strauss one better. His concert was the prelude and a scene from his three-act music-drama, "Dylan," which was produced for the first time in London.

The scoring of "Dylan" is on a colossal scale, as is shown by the fact that 120 members of the London Symphony orchestra have been engaged. In addition to the ordinary instruments of the modern orchestra, the composer has scored for one bass flute, which has long since fallen into disuse and which, Grove's "Dictionary of Music" says, "requires a great deal of breath and has a tone not strong, but of very fine quality;" one oboe d'amora, an absolute instrument; three saxophones, comparatively new and not much used; an unlimited number of concertinas, which are discovery of Mr. Holbrooke; every imaginable percussion instrument; one tubaphone, which is a little known instrument, and one celesta. All these extra instruments have been especially made for Lord Howard de Walden, who has presented them to Mr. Holbrooke.

In spite of the extraordinary amount of noise occasioned by "Dylan," it has considerable merit in the orchestration, Mr. Ronald says. And he has expressed a wish to "place on record my appreciation of the astounding technique shown by this young man in scoring for such an enormous orchestra."

### How Roberts Won the Victoria Cross.

Roberts noted that a sowar of the squadron with which he rode was in great danger from a sepoy with a fixed bayonet. The contest of sword against bayonet would have ended disastrously had not Roberts intervened and disposed of the bayonet. That was barely done when he noticed in the distance two sepoy fleeing with a standard. He galloped after the rebels and overtook them, and then he had a close fight for the possession of the standard. He cut down its chief bearer. While wrenching the staff from the man's grasp with both of his hands the other sepoys turned his musket on him and fired. The muzzle was within a few inches of Roberts' person, and there would certainly have been an end of him had not the musket refused to go off. As it was, he rode away unhurt with the standard, and for those two courageous and gallant acts in close succession Roberts got the Victoria cross.—Cobbett's "Life of Roberts."

### Flexible Statistics.

"What do those statistics of yours tend to prove?" "I don't know," answered the mathematical expert. "I'm just getting up the figures for this man. I don't know which side of the argument he intends to use them for."—Washington Star.

### A Defeated General.

"What has become of your New Year's resolution?" "Well, having held out long enough to satisfy all requirements of bravery and honor, it capitulated last night for humanity's sake."

### EGGS AS OMENS.

### Curious Divination Custom Among Hill Tribes in Farthest India.

The egg enters in a peculiar way into the lives of the people of the Khasi Hills, in Assam, Farther India. No event of any importance in the life of a Khasi takes place without divination by egg-breaking. The number of eggs broken for omens is only limited by the resources of the owner. Groups wandering for hours, and accompanying their ejaculations by furiously banging an egg on the ground, until in time they are standing in a disgusting mess of egg shells, yolks and the blood-red saliva caused by beetle-chewing. When the success or failure of some prospective event is in question, the custom is to drop an egg on a peculiarly shaped board, and then, from the configuration of the splashed yolk, and the position of the bits of shell, draw an augury concerning what is likely to happen. When it is desired to discover the cause of some sickness or misfortune, the man addresses the egg after this fashion: "Oh, egg, I am only a man, and ignorant, and I can divine nothing. You can communicate with spirits, and between them and us have intercourse. Now, say, who has done this—who has caused this man to fall sick? If the spirit is in

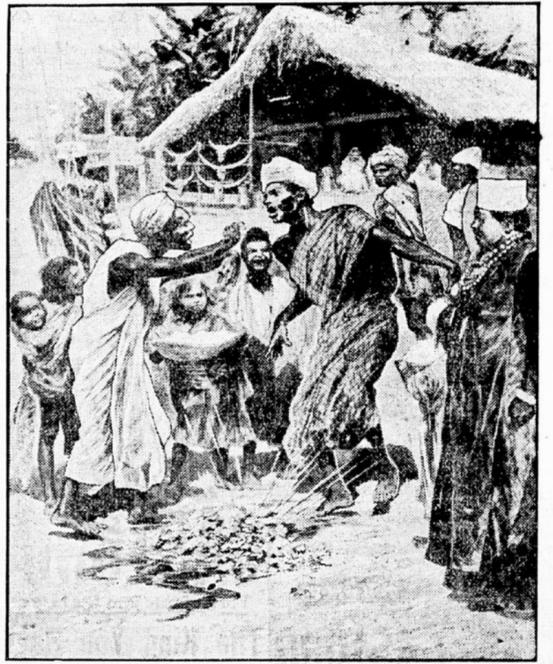
### about. So I told Leopold then that if I were to make any further investments I would prefer my own State, where I know what things are."

But afterward Leopold came to Walsh again and they became interested in some mining ventures in Colorado.

Walsh made and lost a couple of fortunes before good luck finally stuck and made him one of the biggest figures in the mining world. His first \$10,000 was made in Leadville, Colo., in the days when that town was rich and riotous and the bad men abounded. The height of mining romance was exemplified in his chance discovery of the Camp Bird mine in the San Juan basin for which he afterward refused an offer of \$35,000,000 and which netted him more than a million a year for a long time.

His social success at Newport and Washington was accomplished partly by his wife, who was Miss Carrie Read, and by his daughter Evelyn, who was married not so long ago to Edward McLean, son of John R. McLean, proprietor of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

They were responsible for the lavish and wonderful entertainments given at his three houses in Connecticut, Denver and Washington. The residences themselves were furnished with the prodigality and richness of the royal palaces of Europe. And the

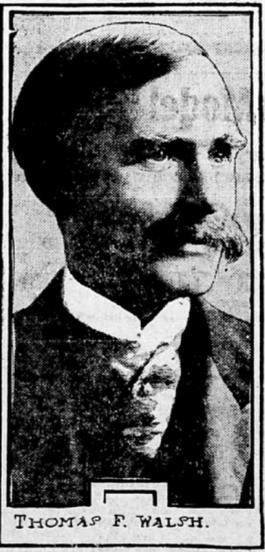


DIVINATION BY MEANS OF EGGS.

### THOMAS R. WALSH.

A Typical Successful Irishman, Who Made Millions Here.

"The best thing about Tom Walsh is that he never forgot he was an Irishman," is the way a toastmaster once referred to the tact and graciousness of Thomas R. Walsh, whose spectacular career as a millionaire mine owner closed with his death in Washington. From a millwright fresh from Tipperary County with only \$50 in his pocket, he won so many millions from his mines in the West that he was consulted in business matters by King Leopold, the recently deceased King of Belgium who was known as "the royal rake." The promoter's personality is shown in the story he once



THOMAS R. WALSH.

told of how he was approached by Leopold.

"The King edged up to the mining business," he said, "and, after throwing a few bouquets at me about my shrewdness and ability and my success, he casually mentioned that he himself was thinking of trying his hand at mining in the Congo Free State. He said if he could find some capable and shrewd American with successful mining experience, he would like to have him take charge there. Of course, I knew he meant me and that I'd have to invest in something I didn't know anything

hospitality dispensed therein was on a truly royal scale, commensurate with the enormous fortune—estimated at \$50,000,000—which Mr. Walsh had accumulated.

Perhaps his greatest social achievement was that which began the Walshes' social career in 1899, when he was appointed commissioner for Colorado to the Paris Exposition. He chartered a boat on the Seine, spent over a million in decorating it and then proceeded to give entertainments to the rich and gay Parisians. They accepted him at once and it was these series of entertainments that led to the introduction of the family to the King of Belgium.

After a period of this sort of pleasure, Walsh was glad to get back to his mining and farming—he was a farmer, too, and knew about all there was to be known about irrigation. It was for this knowledge that he was appointed a member of the American Board of Trade and he was also a member of the Washington Academy of Science and the National Geographical Society. He was a good dinner speaker and an enthusiastic clubman, having membership in the best clubs of Denver, Washington and New York. During his residence in Washington, where he moved after making his fortune, Walsh helped to beautify the capital city as a member of the Board of Trade and he was also a member of other civic organizations in the various cities where he lived.

### Littest Father.

The woman who came to clean up was telling how she left her boy to take care of the baby. The boy was two and one-half years old. The baby was six months.

"That's the youngest little father I ever heard of," said the flat dweller she was cleaning up for. "Do you look them in?"

"Yes," said the cleaning woman. "Poor little fellow," said the flat dweller. "Locked in to burn in case of fire! Some day when you are cleaning up for me I want to go over and see that little father, who ought to be in the cradle himself, taking care of the six-months-old baby. I want to just sit there and look on awhile. Poor little fellow!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Trapped.

The perpetually clever man listened solemnly to the tramp's hard-luck story.

"That's the same old yarn you told me last week," he said, winking at his companion.

"Maybe it is," admitted the weary one as he started on. "I'd forgotten having met you. I was in the penitentiary last week."—Success Magazine.

Greatly Overestimated.

Hewitt—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Jewell—I think you've overestimated the number of people who mind their own business.—Brooklyn Life.

We have noticed that when a woman goes to visit a dear old friend, she smugs longer if the friend has a new automobile than if the friend has a cross baby.

If your conscience isn't anything more than fear of being found out it may help a little.