

The Jap certainly is sharper than a serpent's tooth.

New York's chauffeurs have struck their employers for more money. For once the pedestrian escaped.

A magazine is to be printed for the blind. Those who won't see have already their favorite periodicals.

Having dipped his hands into its money chest, the duke of Marlborough has no further use for the Vanderbilt family.

Clergymen must now pay full fare on almost all railroad lines. What they lose in cash, however, they ought to gain in self-respect.

And now an Englishman talks of the "joyous American face." Of course the English face is notoriously animated and cheery.

A Cuban editor has been wounded in a duel with a military hero. He should have remembered the old saying about the pen.

The Pullman company declares that its sleeping cars are hotels. It does not go so far, however, as to suggest that its porters shall hereafter be referred to as chambermaids.

Those who question the happiness of bachelor girl existence have a conspicuous example in Miss Helen Gould, one member of the Gould family who keeps out of hot water.

A minister in North Carolina refuses to curtail the length of his sermons at the request of his congregation. Probably he believes that those who want short sermons are the most in need of long ones.

After all, England seems to have adopted the phonetic spelling. The British Medical Journal says that the following words have been officially registered as designations of whiskey: "Cracystobellidionment," "Aga-phyon," "Sempermickelment" and "Skabridantyluge."

The empress of China has already ennobled an Englishman and made his ancestors of the highest rank. Here is an opportunity, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, for members of the American nobocracy to secure vigorous and deep-rooted family trees.

Those people must be "kidding" who say that Capt. Kidd buried treasures on Deer Island. As the money found secreted in the earth there was minted a hundred years or more after the pirate's death, he would have to be as immortal as the veritable Flying Dutchman to have concealed coin of the nineteenth century on the piece of land near Shirley Gut.

The most popular novelist among the girls of the British empire, according to a recent investigation conducted through libraries and book stores, is Henry Seton Merriman, and the most popular poet is Teennyson. "Alice in Wonderland" is more read in the British colonies than in the mother country, and boys books are as interesting to the girls as books written for girls alone.

Post office receipts reflect quite accurately the growth of business and population. The receipts for the fiscal year which closed June 30, 1906, were larger by more than \$15,000,000 than during the preceding year. This is the largest increase for any year in the history of the service. The excess of expenditures over receipts was about \$10,500,000, which was \$4,000,000 less than in 1905.

The American marine continues to win good opinions, however his services are utilized as a fighting man or in more peaceful fashion. He was among the first to go to the defense of law and order in Cuba, and now reports showing that when the cyclone swept over the island American marines went gallantly to the rescue and accomplished much work in saving life and property. It has come to be a proverb that Uncle Sam's marines are the most "dependable" of their kind, no matter what the duty required.

Kansas has a new rule, drawn by the state board of health, which is an interesting contribution to the solution of the pure food problem. "The sale at retail within the state of Kansas for human food of any domestic or wild fowl or game or fish that has been kept in cold storage with entrails, crops and other offensive parts undrawn is prohibited. The service for food of any such domestic or wild fowl or game or fish is also prohibited." With each state lies the responsibility of protecting its people against impure food produced and consumed within the state, and many of the states are waking to their responsibility.

And Papa Zimmerman objects to spending any more money on the palace of the duke and duchess of Manchester. There's the deuce to pay with about all the splendorous international marriages.

A Yale professor says the present method of spelling is not scholarship, but solacism, which makes it very much worse than we thought.

Somebody has invented a phonograph that can be heard a mile. The only protection will be a long range rifle.

Bandit Raisuli has seized a Moroccan port and will collect the customs. He has never learned the more refined process of cornering food supplies and raising prices for the purpose of securing a satisfactory income.

Consuelo paid a big income to get a duke, now she pays a big income to get rid of him. It costs us a pretty penny to be rid of both of them, but it is almost worth it.

A New York paper wants to know who we should do an "L." Mainly to make bad handwriting more legible.

A DESPERATE GAME

By Julian Ralph

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Barney Moriarty had done well for himself. Starting with nothing but health and ambition, he got a city lot on the strength of money he did not have, and then got the money on the strength of owning the lot. After this he built a monument to his own success in the form of an apartment house in which he set up his own home, and on the granite front of which he blazoned his triumph in carved letters reading "Moriarty Maisonette."

By a mere chance, no one except Florence, the elevator boy, was at hand when Miss Cordelia Byrne called to inspect the fifth floor back, which was advertised for rent. She took it and her furniture came the next morning, when Mr. Moriarty was again absent.

Miss Byrne was about 20 years of age, slender, of middle stature and dressed habitually in black or dark blue. How anyone who looked at her melting blue eyes, her sensitive pouting mouth, and her pale complexion, enriched by her auburn hair, could have found reason to doubt her goodness, few men would be able to say. Among her belongings was an upright piano, and she and it combined altered the temper of the people in the Moriarty Maisonette with a suddenness, and to a degree, which was astonishing. This was because she and it either knew but one tune, or, at any rate, played but one. This was a dainty, rapping trifle by Paderewski.

On the first afternoon, and evening Miss Byrne played the Paderewski peasant dance over some dozen times. Now when the exquisite, rollicking, merry, melodic current, well through the wall to the fifth floor front, through the floor to the fourth story suites and through the ceiling to the sixth story's tiny homes, the "star" tenant sat entranced, his slender better half leaned forward, plucking her youngest from the floor to bid it listen to "the poety moo-sicks." Upstairs and downstairs the delighted tenants blessed the day that Moriarty's builders scamped their work, leaving the house so like a colander that Cordelia Byrne could play them all into the seventh heaven of delight with Paderewski's peasant dance—so suited to the joyous temperament of the Irish audience and to their pretty taste in music.

Miss Byrne was taken into the warmest corners of the hearts in the Maisonette on that night. She could almost have demanded instant membership in the Bloomingdale Bowling club, to which nearly all the tenants belonged.

That was, as we recollect it, on a Friday night. The following Wednesday found everything unchanged except the temper of Moriarty's tenants.

That night the Pinochle club, composed of six of the male tenants of the Maisonette, met in Mr. Mahoney's apartment. Five of the members were on hand promptly and waited for Mr. Moriarty, the sixth, to arrive. Miss Cordelia Byrne, in the rear suite on the same floor with the Mahoneys, regarded the club members with that choice morceau of Paderewski's to which we have referred, and with which all the men and women in the Maisonette had for some time been familiar.

The plot was afoot. The innocent proprietor of what he once boasted as being "the happiest bunch of homes on the island" was to be trapped when he came for a night's enjoyment, by a rebellious band of tenants who had sworn that either they, Miss Byrne or her piano must leave the house on the first of the incoming month.

Meanwhile Miss Byrne finished the one hundred and sixty-eighth rendition of the dainty peasant dance, and closing the piano, moved across the neat and cozy parlor, faintly perfumed with a delicate odor of lilac, to the little writing table and penned a note to her sister. We may read over her shoulders as she writes:

"There is nothing to write, only I know you are wondering. It is win all or lose all with me. I may go back to the counter of a department store—but it won't be until I have to."

"I've taken the little money mother left me and furnished the apartment and dressed myself with the quietest taste, so as to look ladylike on the smallest outlay. I've thrown myself headlong into everything that's doing in a swell church, and I am so quiet and demure that I don't think you'd recognize your merry romp of a sister if you saw me. Butter wouldn't melt in my mouth and I never lift my eyes above the sidewalk. I should have thought by this time some man would break his neck, almost to get acquainted with me, just to see if he couldn't make me raise my eyes."

"The trouble is that I only see women at the church, and I made a bad choice of an apartment house because the men here are nearly all married and are such oysters that not one has yet made my acquaintance. The landlord is single, though, and rich."

"Not that I want to fool anybody, Lou, dear. Only, I'm as good as any girl that's got a home and a husband—and love. I'm too good to stand and yell 'cash here, cash!' behind a counter, year in and year out with a flimy, one-a-thousand chance of marrying a floor walker before I die."

'good riddance to bad rubbish' with the lot of us."

"Hold on, now," said Moriarty, "what's the use of such talk between friends? Leave it to me. I'll go and see the girl and give her the Ki-bosh, all right. What's her and her planner to me, where the likes of you old friends is concerned?"

When Miss Byrne opened the door to receive his visit, she greeted him with such evidence, though guarded and blushing, pride, as would have flattered any man alive. As she set out a chair for him, she said that he was the first visitor who had honored her apartments and that she thought it most kind of him to pay her this high compliment. She was not so overcome with delight but that she thought herself to open the door into the hall and leave it open during his visit. Then she sat opposite to him, at a well chosen distance, suggestive



Sat opposite him.

neither of familiarity nor prudish decorum. And, all the time, she let flow a current of the most shrewdly chosen remarks, the purpose of which was eiled by great maidenly simplicity and modesty.

Sometimes a very obscure little woman reveals the genius of a great diplomat in ways such as these.

While Mr. Moriarty was yielding to a sense of shame for having planned 'ness to so pretty a little lady, he gradually became interested in the matter, as well as the manner, of her speech. He learned of her loneliness, her piety, her domesticity and of her very respectable family connections. His sympathy was first aroused, then its admiration. His gallantry yielded to devotion. He was nettled like a noth; and as the wings of his freedom were rumped in the meshes of her attractions, he felt the danger that threatened. But he made no effort to escape. He was a very willing captive.

"But how rude I have been!" Miss Byrne presently exclaimed. "I have not asked whether you had any special errand. Or, did you really come to offer me the first kind word I have had in my new home?"

"I heard your planner," the clumsy fellow began in reply, "and—and— He pretty nearly blurted out the truth."

"Oh! did you like the little piece I was playing?"

"'Twas the most angelic tune ever I heard in my life," Moriarty answered, recovering his native tact.

"Then do let me play it for you. Oh, I don't mind a bit."

She ended the performance with a melody of Irish airs, played with a fair amount of cleverness. She was finished. And the last string which held Moriarty's heart in place was loosened; both that organ and his brain went afloat upon the troubled sea of love.

When, at length, he bid Miss Byrne good night, she dropped a hint that her pious duties at St. Catharine's were interesting her to such a degree that she was seriously thinking of "taking the veil" and devoting herself to the church. The rogue said this so soberly, with such half expressed suggestion of earnestness and doubt of her worthiness that she put Moriarty in an agony lest she should take holy vows before it would be fit time for him to propose marriage to her.

Facing his friends at the card table somewhat later, he was unable to conceal his scorn for their unmanly behavior of an hour before.

"We'll pass no words," said he, "except that I'll be saying this: Come or go, as you will, but that lone girl'll not be inconvenienced by anybody or anything while she does us all the honor to seek shelter under this roof!"

KINDNESS BROUGHT A FORTUNE.

Good Samaritan Receives One-Fifth of Rich Man's Estate.

FOR REAL CHICKEN STEW.

Famous Dish as It is Prepared in Virginia.

If chicken can be had, try the famous stew of Virginia, which contains in addition to the chicken, new corn and tomatoes, onions, beans and potatoes. A little later squirrels may be used in the place of the chicken. In either case the stew is a meal in itself. Allow to two or three chickens or squirrels, which should be cut in small pieces and laid in cold water to draw out the blood, one quart tomatoes, peeled or sliced, or a quart can of tomatoes, half a dozen ears of green corn parboiled and sliced potatoes, one gallon water, with butter, black pepper, sugar and salt to season; put the water on in a kettle to heat, adding a tablespoon of salt; when it has come to a boil and cooked five minutes, put in the onion, beans, corn and potatoes; pepper the chicken or squirrel and all cover closely and simmer gently for two and a half hours, stirring often from the bottom to prevent sticking; now add the tomatoes, with two tablespoons of sugar, and stew an hour longer; when almost ready to serve the dinner, add a half cup butter cut in small pieces and rolled in flour; boil ten minutes to thicken, and serve.

ON THE LUNCHEON TABLE.

Ideas for Decorating and Serving Simple Meal.

For a simple luncheon there is nothing prettier than scarlet blossoms, arranged in a glass bowl, with sprays of fern to form a contrast to the brilliant red.

Colonial glass is again in fashion and is much cheaper than cut, the design being simple it is more appropriate for an informal occasion.

The conventional courses may be dispensed with and stuffed peppers can take the place of raw oysters or grape fruit.

Plates, painted in cherries or fruit, harmonize well.

A fruit salad can be sent to the table in crimson apples, with the stems tied with ribbons to match.

Place cards can readily be made at home by cutting out small pictures of apples and pasting them on the corners of each.

Mushrooms, instead of being served in china cups, may be put in those made of paper in the shape of crimson roses.

Gray Costume Most Effective.

A gray costume of the gray that is youthful in effect—not the stone gray suitable for elderly women to wear in a street costume—is extremely serviceable, and can be made most charming, trimmed with braid and with white lace in yoke and sleeves. A narrow braided waistcoat in white or some delicate color gives a good contrast. The coat can be either short or long. If short, it must be on an elaborate model; in fact, the elaborate model is the best to choose under all circumstances. As the gown is intended for afternoon or theater wear, it should be consequently quite distinct in style and effect from the more simple model suitable for morning or street wear. Chiffon cloth and chiffon, the new weaves of soft silk or satin, as has been said, are fashionable in waists to be worn with the cloth skirts and coats. Even a lightweight cloth waist seems too heavy under a cloth or fur coat, while houses are so overheated now that it is not comfortable to be too heavily dressed. All these materials can be found in shades to match the cloth, and are extremely satisfactory.

Suet Pudding and Sauce.

One cup of molasses, one cup of raisins and one cup of chopped suet; one cup of our milk with a rounded teaspoonful of soda beaten into it; season with one-quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon, clove, nutmeg and allspice, each; add pinch of salt and flavor enough to make a stiff batter. Mix well and steam four hours. Sauce—Beat one cup of sugar thoroughly with one cup of boiling water. Let it stand in a bowl over a steaming tea kettle until it foams, then remove at once and set on back of stove till you serve the pudding.

Mending Frazzled Linen.

When the hemstitching is beginning to wear on a good-sized dolly or napkin and the linen center remains good and strong, cut the dolly all around the hemstitching and make a new hem, drawing the threads just far enough away from the old line to find a strong place. This will give you a smaller dolly practically new. If you do not want to spend the time or take the trouble to hemstitch, make a tiny hem and edge it with a narrow lace heavy enough to match your linens.

Grapes For Hats.

Grapes are much in evidence upon the new hats and most luscious color effects are obtained in them, for they shade through many of the fashionable colorings and are particularly effective in the browns, purples, blues and greens. Golden yellow, white and purple grapes are often combined and flowers or plumes are frequently used with the fruit.

A Good Washing Fluid.

To one gallon of soft soap take four ounces of sal soda and one-half gallon of rain or softened water, and one and a half gill spirits of turpentine. Place them all in a pot over the fire and allow the mixture to boil a few minutes. It is then ready for use. It can be kept in an earthen stoneware vessel.

Varnishing Wall Paper.

Before being varnished wall paper should first be given a coat of weak glue to prevent the varnish penetrating too deeply into it, and other wise the paper would to a certain extent, become transparent. After the glue has been dried thoroughly apply white shellac varnish.

Critic Not a Friend.

JOSHUA TAKES COMMAND

A STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

(Copyright, 1906, by the author, W. A. Edson.)

Scripture Authority: — Joshua, Chapter 1.

SERMONETTE.

"As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee." What an inspiration for Joshua at the beginning of his active leadership of God's people. This was God's message to his heart. In his new capacity he was comparatively untried, and the way before him was unknown. To what did God direct his thoughts? To the record of God's faithfulness in his dealings with his servant Moses, and as swiftly as these passes before the mind's eye of Joshua the long and glorious history of Moses' walk with God and his victories through him, God adds this encouragement: "So I will be with thee."

There is always inspiration in studying the lives of men and women who have walked close to God and wrought mightily for him. Take the life of Paul, as told in the Scriptures, and we learn what the power and love and grace of God can do in and through one man. Take from modern times the story of Moody's ministry, and we find what God can accomplish through the consecration of a man of ordinary talents, but of extraordinary faith and obedience to the divine will.

Over every such life we see the writing of God: "As I was with them." That was the secret of their power and success. God was with them, that is, the life was so brought into harmony with God and God's will that he could use it. Can we grasp the immensity of the thought of God's union with a human life so that he can say of it: "I was with him?" As we read the record of a Moody we marvel at his power and success, but the explanation is that "God was with him."

And now what is the message to your heart and mine? Let us sit before God and contemplate what he has wrought through others, and then let us listen carefully that we may catch his words as he speaks and says: "So I will be with thee." Here is all the promise that any soul needs. It involves and includes everything. It means vital union with God. It means God's power and love and grace flowing through my life and your life to the blessing and transforming of the world about us. "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee" is a message which may come to every heart. God help us to get near to God, so as to hear his voice.

The little word "then" in the tenth verse is worthy of emphasis, for it forms the important link between the preparation for an important work and the beginning of that work. When God had spoken his message to Joshua, "then," and he till then, did he take up the command of the people and direct the preparation for the forward movement to the Promised Land. The qualification of the utmost importance in a leader is that of preparation to discharge the duties that will devolve upon him. For these 30 days of mourning and immediately following, Joshua understood that it was by his hand that the children of Israel were to be led out, and yet we find no over-confidence, no haste to assume command, but a quiet waiting for the endowment of power from on high, for divine wisdom and direction in taking the first step. If those whom God has chosen to lead his people would realize this, there would be fewer mistakes and greater progress made.

THE STORY.

THE 30 days of mourning had ended, and still Israel lay encamped in the plain of Moab. The memory of those days made their hearts tender and submissive. Moses' words were still fresh in mind, and confidently and hopefully they looked forward to the certainty of their possession of the Promised Land.

But Joshua made no move. And the people recognized him as the leader in Moses' stead, and they waited.

"Is it not time that Joshua was pushing forward?" they asked one another. "The days of mourning are ended. Why do we longer remain in this place? Here is the place of sorrow, for it is here we have lost our great leader. Here is the place of encouragement, for the blessing of Moses was spoken upon us in this place. And now the Promised land beckons us on. God will give it us. Why do we not go forward?"

But Joshua remained in seclusion in his tent. To him the great responsibility was throwing him more and more upon God, and during these days of mourning he sought the divine presence. Over and over again he studied the last words of Moses, seeking to know the perfect will of God concerning his people. Over and over again he reviewed the past history. Ah, how they had rebelled; how they had murmured against Moses; how they had suffered for their mistakes and sins. Just 40 years ago they had been upon the border land and had lost the blessed privilege of entering the Promised Land because of unbelief. Would they now escape that pitfall? he asked himself. He knew the task of leading the people was a heavy one, and

during these days of meditation and prayer, he searched for more light, for more wisdom, for God-given courage which would make him indifferent to every difficulty and danger.

Ah, to Joshua it was no light, or small thing that he should have been called to lead God's people, and he dared not go lightly or carelessly forward. A true humility, God-given we may be sure, as it comes to every soul upon whom God has placed special burdens of leadership, subdued his spirit, and made him realize that it was God who was their guide and leader; and it was only as he looked to him for help and strength could he hope to lead that people. He knew God had called him. He knew that the blessing of Moses rested upon him. He never would forget that solemn moment when the imperial leader had placed his hands upon his head and in the hearing of the whole congregation, had said:

"Be strong and of good courage; for thou must go with the people unto the land which the Lord hath sworn unto their fathers to give them; and thou shalt cause them to inherit it."

"Oh, God," he cried in the intensity of the yearning of his soul that he might do the will of God, "Oh, God, forbid that thy servant should consider lightly the great responsibility thou hast placed upon him. Help me to realize thy strength and thy faithfulness, and my own weakness and need."

"He prayeth," the men whispered who had come to Joshua's tent to inquire concerning the future movements of the people, and they quietly withdrew, not letting Joshua know that they had mistrusted him and had impatiently sought his presence. But new courage came into their own hearts as they had listened to his words. They realized as never before that it was not the earthly leader after all, but God, the unfailing guide and leader of Heaven, in whose hands their destiny rested. And they went forth among the people and stilled their questions, saying:

"Joshua prayeth. Moses is dead, but God hath given a leader to us in his servant Joshua. And truly God is our leader, for Joshua waiteth before God for wisdom and understanding in leading us."

There is nothing that can inspire confidence in the hearts of God's people like the realization that the leader is living close to God and is looking to God for guidance and help. It turns the thoughts to the higher source of help and strength. It destroys that feeling of man worship, it prevents that building up of a personal following, and it fixes allegiance where it belongs—in God alone. And so, as the prayer of Joshua shed abroad its influence upon the people, they rested their hearts in the new hope and faith, and waited.

It was the hour of the evening sacrifice. The priests had slain the lamb and placed it upon the altar, and the smoke of the burning sacrifice was ascending straight up towards God, and faintly the people caught the significance of the great meaning of that offering, the shedding of blood whereby an approach was made unto God. And while the congregation waited Joshua appeared before them, for that day, in the quiet of his tent, God had said to him and had spoken, saying: "Moses, my servant, is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses. From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage; for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I swore unto their fathers to give them. Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and thou shalt have good success. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Godly fear and joy filled his heart as God ceased speaking, and inspired with the new hope and purpose breathed upon him by the words of the Lord, Joshua went forth from his tent and, as we have said, found the congregation gathered for the evening sacrifice. His coming stirred the people and they shouted for very joy. "Joshua has come! Joshua is our leader! Joshua will now lead us forward."

And when Joshua had stilled the people, he rehearsed in their ears all the words of the Lord, telling them that God had renewed his covenant made with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and would surely give them the land.

"Let the officers of the people come together to me, that we may plan for our departure," Joshua concluded. And when these men, these leaders of the people, had come together to his tent, he said, with a vigor which showed that though he could wait patiently before God for his endowment of power, and for his word of guidance, he could act with promptness when the way was made clear:

"In three days we shall pass over Jordan. Pass therefore through the host of Israel and command the people to prepare their victuals, for we are to go in to possess the land, which the Lord your God giveth you to possess it."

To Educate the Orphans.

The Alliance Israelite has assigned a considerable sum for the education of orphans of Bialystok pogrom. The local relief committee, in consequence of limited means, is only able to render slight assistance.

Only a Month to Christmas. If there is something especially nice that you wish to buy this year for a Christmas gift, you should send to Lord & Taylor, Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, New York, for a copy of their new catalogue. The well-deserved reputation which that house has enjoyed for 81 years is an absolute guarantee of complete satisfaction.

High or Low. Mrs. Baker: "I wish, my dear, you would design my winter hat for me." Mr. Baker (an architect): "All right, my love, I will. Shall it be skyscraper or bungalow?"

DREAM REVEALS HIS NAME.

Man Who Forgets Identity Found to Be Prosperous Banker.

Sacramento, Cal.—A dream has cleared up the mystery of the man who forgot his identity. Several days ago a well-dressed passenger on a train from the east visited the police station and requested the aid of Chief Denny toward ascertaining who he was, where he had come from and what he was in Sacramento. On all other subjects the man was perfectly rational, but he was at an utter loss to account for his identity or his presence here.

Thinking that the man's lapse of memory was due to some sudden shock or to illness, the chief had him quartered at the county hospital, where the case ever since has baffled the physicians. The man, who is of middle age and fine physique, seemed in normal health, but still his memory on the all-important subject was a blank and his effects offered no clue.

City Attorney Howe visited the county hospital and learned from the strange patient that he had experienced a dream the night before in which he imagined himself the recipient of a letter upon which were the words "Dixon, Coon Rapids, Iowa." Thinking that the incident might lead to something, the city attorney looked up the name in Bradstreet's and found A. Dixon rated as the president of the National bank at Coon Rapids, Iowa. He at once sent a telegram making inquiries about the unknown man and promptly received a reply asking him to give Frank E. Dixon the best of care.

From the message the conclusion is drawn that Frank E. Dixon is the man's name, and the authorities are satisfied that the dream will be found to have lifted the strange mystery veiling his history.

FIND WATER UNDER THE CITY.

Many Owners Get Good Supply from Beneath Buildings in New York.

New York.—The underground ponds, rivulets and old wells of Manhattan island have for years had little real value. In some instances, to stem the flow of water from subterranean channels has cost real estate operators many thousand dollars. Now practical use is being made of the underground water. The factory site or office building plot with a natural supply of water is considered much more valuable than property lacking such a supply, and the well digger is busy.

Among the large business concerns which have recently had wells dug on their premises are Downing & Lawrence and the American Manufacturing company of Brooklyn and Egan & Eisman of Manhattan. The natural supply of water on the Downing & Lawrence property is about 100 gallons a minute, on the Lippman & Eisman site 75,000 gallons a day, and at the American manufacturing plant 150 gallons a minute. Artesian well water is inferior to city water for boiling use, as it causes a scale to form more quickly. Nevertheless, it can be put to many good uses in business buildings, greatly reducing water bills.

FINDS SHE IS NOT A WIFE.

Woman After 19 Years Learns She Has Not Been Legally Married.

Megia, Pa.—A jury in court has awarded to Jane C. Clymer the sum of \$3,758.75. Her suit was for \$3,000 and interest. The case was one of the most peculiar ever tried here in the county.

Levi H. Clymer, now dead, was married three times. Jane C. Clymer was his third wife. The second wife was in court aiding the executor under the will in their protest as to the payment of the amount claimed by the plaintiff. It was shown, however, that the plaintiff had lived with Clymer for 19 years and he thought that she was his legal wife. A bill of separation was put in evidence between the deceased and the second wife, which was claimed to be a legal separation or equal to a divorce.

In law, however, the separation did not amount to a divorce, but the plaintiff testified that she had lived with Clymer for 19 years, believed that she was his lawful wife, that she had loaned him \$3,000 on property in Lansdowne borough, and also that during several years' illness she had taken care of him. The jury gave her the amount of the mortgage and interest.

MARRIED THE SAME MAN TWICE.

Wife Finds Husband is Bigamist and Asks to Be Freed from Him.

New Orleans.—The suit filed by Mrs. Coralie Amelia Bernier in the New Orleans district court, asking for the formal annulment of her marriage, develops the remarkable fact that, although she twice married the same man, she was yet unmarried. Mrs. Bernier married, in 1902, in St. Bernard's parish, a man calling himself Loya M. Lemoine. Some years after the marriage she discovered that this was an assumed name, and that Lemoine was Louis M. Thompson in reality.

Fearing that the marriage under a false name might invalidate their marriage, she insisted on a second marriage under the true name, and this was solemnized in Mandeville less than two months ago. The publication of the marriage brought out the fact that Thompson had one wife already in Helena, Ark., and the twice married woman now asks that she be freed from him.