The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires $2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who had been repulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astruria, and is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Howard recalls a $250 loan to Underwood, that remains unpaid, and decides to ask him for the $2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character she denies him the house. Underwood's absence from a function causes comment among Mrs. Jeffries' guests.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"In a word," laughed the judge, "you mean that any one trained to read my mind can tell just what's passing in my brain?"

"Precisely," replied the doctor with a smile "the psychologist can tell with almost mathematical accuracy just how your mental mechanism is working. I admit it sounds uncanny, but it can be proved. In fact, it has been proved, time and time again."

Alicia came up and took the doctor's arm.

"Oh, Dr. Bernstein," she protested, "I can't allow the judge to monopolize you in this way. Come with me. I want to introduce you to a most charming woman who is dying to meet you. She is perfectly crazy on psychology."

"Don't introduce me to her," laughed the judge. "I see enough crazy people in the law courts."

Dr. Bernstein smiled and followed his hostess. Judge Brewster turned to chat with the banker. From the distant music room came the sound of a piano and a beautiful soprano voice. The rooms were now crowded and newcomers were arriving each minute. Servants passed in and out serving iced delicacies and champagne.

Suddenly the butler entered the salon and, quietly approaching Alicia, handed her a letter. In a low tone he said:

"This letter has just come, m'm. The messenger said it was very important and I should deliver it at once."

Alicia turned pale. She instantly recognized the handwriting. It was from Robert Underwood. Was not her last message enough? How dare he address her again and at such a time? Retiring to an inner room, she tore open the envelope and read as follows:

Dear Mrs. Jeffries: This is the last time I shall ever bore you with my letters. You have forbidden me to see you again. Practically you have sentenced me to a living death, but as I prefer death shall not be partial, but full and complete oblivion, I take this means of letting you know that unless you revoke your cruel sentence of banishment, I shall make an end of it all. I shall be found dead, Monday morning, and you will know who is responsible.

Yours devotedly,
ROBERT UNDERWOOD.

An angry exclamation escaped Alicia's lips, and crushing the note up in her hand, she bit her lips till the blood came. It was just as she feared. The man was desperate. He was not to be got rid of so easily. How dare he—how dare he? The coward—to think that she could be frightened by such a threat. What did she care if he killed himself? It would be good riddance. Yet suppose he was in earnest, suppose he did carry out his threat? There would be a terrible scandal, an investigation, people would talk, her name would be mentioned. No—no—that must be prevented at all costs.

Distracted, not knowing what course to pursue, she paced the floor of the room. Through the closed door she could hear the music and the chatter of her guests. She must go to see Underwood at once, that was certain, and her visit must be a secret one. There was already enough talk.

If her enemies could hear of her visiting him alone in his apartments that would be the end.

"Yes—I must see him at once. Tomorrow is Sunday. He's sure to be home in the evening. He mentions Monday morning. There will still be time. I'll go and see him to-morrow."

"Alicia! Alicia!"

The door opened and Mr. Jeffries put his head in.

"What are you doing here, my dear?" he asked. "I was looking everywhere for you. Judge Brewster wishes to say good-night."

"I was fixing my hair, that's all," replied Alicia with perfect composure.

CHAPTER V.

Among the many huge caravansaries that of recent years have sprung up in New York to provide luxurious quarters regardless of cost for those who can afford to pay for the best, none could rival the Astruria in size and magnificence. Occupying an entire block in the very heart of the residential district, it took precedence over all the other apartment hotels of the metropolis as the biggest and most splendidly appointed hostelry of its kind in the world. It was, indeed, a small city in itself. It was not necessary for its fortunate tenants to leave it unless they were so minded. Everything for their comfort and pleasure was to be had without taking the trouble to go out of doors. On the ground floor were shops of all kinds, which catered only to the Astruria's patrons. There were also on the premises a bank, a broker's office, a hairdresser, and a postal telegraph office. A special feature was the garden court, containing over 30,000 square feet of open space, and tastefully laid out with palms and flowers. Here fountains splashed and an orchestra played while the patrons lounged on comfortable rattan chairs or gossiped with their friends. Up on the sixteenth floor was the cool roof garden, an exquisite bower of palms and roses artificially painted by a famous French artist, with its recherche restaurant, its picturesque tziganes, and its superb view of all Manhattan island.

The Astruria was the last word in expensive apartment hotel building. Architects declared that it was as far as modern lavishness and extravagance could go. Its interior arrangements were in keeping with its external splendor. Its apartments were of noble dimensions, richly decorated, and equipped with every device, new and old, that modern science and builders' ingenuity could suggest. That the rents were on a scale with the grandeur of the establishment goes without saying. Only long purses could stand the strain. It was a favorite headquarters for Westerners who had "struck it rich," wealthy bachelors, and successful actors and opera singers who loved the limelight on and off the stage.

Sunday evening was usually exceedingly quiet at the Astruria. Most of the tenants were out of town over the week-end, and as the restaurant and roof garden were only slimly patronized, the elevators ran less frequently, making less chatter and bustle in corridors and stairways. Stillness reigned everywhere as if the sobering influence of the Sabbath had invaded even this exclusive domain of the unholy rich. The uniformed attendants, having nothing to do, yawned lazily in the deserted halls. Some even indulged in surreptitious naps in corners, confident that they would not be disturbed. Callers were so rare that when some one did enter from the street, he was looked upon with suspicion.

"Yes, I Must See Him at Once."

It was shortly after seven o'clock the day following Mrs. Jeffries' reception when a man came in by the main entrance from Broadway, and approaching one of the hall boys, inquired for Mr. Robert Underwood.

The boy gave his interlocutor an impudent stare. There was something about the caller's dress and manner which told him instinctively that he was not dealing with a visitor whom he must treat respectfully. No one divines a man's or woman's social status quicker or more unerringly than a servant. The attendant saw at once that the man did not belong to the class which paid social visits to tenants in the Astruria. He was rather seedy looking, his collar was not immaculate, his boots were thick and clumsy, his clothes cheap and ill-fitting.

"Is Mr. Underwood in?" he demanded.

"Not home," replied the attendant insolently, after a pause. Like most hall boys, he took a savage pleasure in saying that the tenants were out.

The caller looked annoyed.

"He must be in," he said with a frown. "I have an appointment with him."

This was not strictly true, but the bluff had the desired effect.

"Got an appointment! Why didn't you say so at once?"

Reaching lazily over the telephone switchboard, and without rising from his seat, he asked surlily:

"What's the name?"

"Mr. Bennington."

The boy took the transmitter and spoke into it:

"A party called to see Mr. Underwood."

There was a brief pause, as if the person upstairs was in doubt whether to admit that he was home or not. Then came the answer. The boy looked up.

"He says you should go up. Apartment 165. Take the elevator."

In his luxurious appointed rooms on the fourteenth floor, Robert Underwood sat before the fire puffing nervously at a strong cigar. All around him was a litter of objets d'art, such as would have filled the heart of any connoisseur with joy. Oil paintings in heavy gilt frames, of every period and school, Rembrandts, Cuyps, Ruysdaels, Reynoldses, Corots, Henners, some on easels, some resting on the floor; handsome French bronzes, dainty china on Japanese teakwood tables, antique furniture, gold embroidered clerical vestments, hand-painted screens, costly oriental rugs, rare ceramics—all were confusedly jumbled together. On a grand piano in a corner of the room stood two tall cloisonne vases of almost inestimable value. On a desk close by were piled miniatures and rare ivories. The walls were covered with tapestries, armor, and trophies of arms. More like a museum than a sitting room, it was the home of a man who made a business of art or made of art a business.

Underwood stared moodily at the glowing logs in the open chimney-place. His face was pale and determined. After coming in from the restaurant he had changed his tuxedo for the more comfortable house coat. Nothing called him away that particular Sunday evening, and no one was likely to disturb him. Ferris, his man servant, had taken his usual Sunday off and would not return until midnight. The apartment was still as the grave. It was so high above the street that not a sound reached up from the noisy Broadway below. Underwood liked the quiet so that he could think, and he was thinking hard. On the flat desk at his elbow stood a dainty demi-tasse of black coffee—untasted. There were glasses and decanters of whisky and cordial, but the stimulants did not tempt him.

He wondered if Alicia would ignore his letter or if she would come to him. Surely she could not be so heartless as to throw him over at such a moment. Crushed in his left hand was a copy of the New York Herald containing an elaborate account of the brilliant reception and musicale given the previous evening at her home. With an exclamation of impatience he rose from his seat, threw the paper from him, and began to pace the floor.

Was this the end of everything? Had he reached the end of his rope? He must pay the reckoning, if not to-day, to-morrow. As his eyes wandered around the room and he took mental inventory of each costly object, he experienced a sudden shock as he recalled the things that were missing. How could he explain their absence? The art dealers were already suspicious. They were not to be put off any longer with excuses. Any moment they might insist either on the immediate return of their property or on payment in full. He was in the position to do neither. The articles had been sold and the money lost gambling. Curse the luck! Everything had gone against him of late. The dealers would begin criminal proceedings, disgrace and prison stripes would follow. There was no way out of it. He had no one to whom he could turn in this crisis.

And now even Alicia had deserted him. This was the last straw. While he was still able to boast of the friendship and patronage of the aristocratic Mrs. Howard Jeffries he could still hold his head high in the world. No one would dare question his integrity, but now she had abandoned him to his fate, people would begin to talk. There was no use keeping up a hopeless fight—suicide was the only way out!

He stopped in front of a mirror, startled at what he saw there. It was the face of a man not yet 30, but apparently much older. The features were drawn and haggard, and his dark hair was plentifully streaked with gray. He looked like a man who had lived two lives in one. To-night his face frightened him. His eyes had a fixed stare like those of a man he had once seen in a madhouse. He wondered if men looked like that when they were about to be executed. Was not his own hour close at hand? He wondered why the clock was so noisy; it seemed to him that the ticks were louder than usual. He started suddenly and looked around fearfully. He thought he had heard a sound outside. He shuddered as he glared toward the little drawer on the right-hand side of his desk, in which he knew there was a loaded revolver.

If Alicia would only relent escape might yet be possible. If he did not hear from her it must be for to-night. One slight little pressure on the trigger and all would be over.

Suddenly the bell of the telephone connecting the apartment with the main hall downstairs rang violently. Interrupted thus abruptly in the midst of his reflections, Underwood jumped forward, startled. His nerves were so unstrung that he was ever apprehensive of danger. With a tremulous hand, he took hold of the receiver and placed it to his ear. As he listened, his already pallid face turned whiter and the lines about his mouth tightened. He hesitated a moment before replying. Then, with an effort, he said:

"Send him up."

Dropping the receiver, he began to walk nervously up and down the room. The crisis had come sooner than he expected—exposure was at hand. This man Bennington was the manager of the firm of dealers whose goods he disposed of. He could not make restitution. Prosecution was inevitable. Disgrace and prison would follow. He could not stand it; he would rather kill himself. Trouble was very close at hand, that was certain. How could he get out of it? Pacing the floor, he bit his lips till the blood came.

There was a sharp ring at the front door. Underwood opened it. As he recognized his visitor on the threshold, he exclaimed:

"Why, Bennington, this is a surprise!"

The manager entered awkwardly. He had the constrained air of a man who has come on an unpleasant errand, but wants to be as amiable as the circumstances will permit.

"You didn't expect me, did you?" he began.

Shutting the front door, Underwood led the way back into the sitting room, and making an effort to control his nerves, said:

"Sit down, won't you?"

But Mr. Bennington merely bowed stiffly. It was evident that he did not wish his call to be mistaken for a social visit.

"I haven't time, thank you. To be frank, my mission is rather a delicate one, Mr. Underwood."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Price of Fame.

It was in the office of one of the big theaters. A lot of actors were hanging around, a couple of journalists and a secretary or two. A young woman dropped in for a hasty greeting, and then paused a moment to speak to a very well-known actor whom she evidently met for the first time. The press agent's desk was open, and in a corner fas a package of pictures of the celebrated actor. The latter looked them over, and as the young woman exclaimed that he should give her one he said, with an insinuating smile to the press agent:

"Alas, they are not mine. They belong to Mr. Dash!"

"I can't give any away," said the latter. "Each one costs me 20 cents."

"Surely that is cheap!" the young lady suggested.

The press agent ignored her and turned to the actor.

"Cheap? Do you think anybody would pay that much for you?"

And the young lady laughed and went without her picture.

Cost of Living Increasing.

The price of diamonds has been increased ten per cent. It appears impossible for the poor man to get in on the ground floor anywhere.

Martha Washington, Housekeeper.

In the oldest wealthy families of Virginia all the women knew all about cooking and housekeeping, and had to in order to run an establishment of many slaves, and an ignorant mistress would not have commanded the respect of her cunning negroes, but would have been a laughing stock. Martha Washington owned 15,000 acres of land and hundreds of negroes, yet she knew all about cooking and housekeeping and made the rounds of her household every day, just as did the general his plantation. Martha was neither a sloven nor churl, but true aristocrat of the right sort. Girls should be taught housekeeping by ladies who have sprightliness, vivacity, eloquence and fine manners, so as to correct the miserable false notions besetting the modern Anglo-Saxon word about "menialism."—New York Press.

Proof of Remembrance.

She (after elopement)—"I received a letter from papa to-day. He writes that he had just finished making his will." He—"Did he remember us?" She—"Yes, indeed. He has left all his money to an asylum for hopeless idiots."

Trouble for Bachelor

One of the firms that sell mailing lists to commercial houses in New York is causing a certain unmarried man no end of trouble. In some way they secured his name and got the impression that he had a wife. About a year ago advertisements began arriving at his home addressed to this mythical person. She gets notices of exceptional oportunities offered by the immediate purchase of furs, opera cloaks, mining stocks, automobiles, cut flowers, tailored suits, tickets to winter and summer resorts and world tours, monogram stationery, hats and even fancy hosiery and lingerie. His friends derive pleasure from finding these scattered over his table. One of them asked him why he didn't save them all as a dower for the young person when she finally became extant.

"Not much," he replied. "I'm not going to encourage any such extravagant ideas at the very start. A moderate estimate shows me that $25,000 a year wouldn't cover half the things that she is being induced to buy."

Pistols and Politeness.

Much of the politeness of the old-time southern gentlemen came, and still comes, from the same handiness with the pocket pistol. The same type of politeness existed in England before the Puritan reformation. Now, that reformation regarded superb manners as an invention of the devil, and this belief strongly affected New England, but had little effect on the south, which was less affected in manners and customs by the reformation than was France, far less than England. It would have been a good thing for the south and France if each had got more of it. None can deny that Washington and Stonewall seemed more Puritanical than Cavalier or Gaulois in severe and sober discipline of life.—New York Press.

UNCLE SAM'S PURE FOOD EXPERT AND HIS FIANCEE

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, has been the subject of much good-natured joking ever since the announcement of his engagement to Miss Anna C. Kelton. At the same time, the government's pure food expert is being warmly congratulated, for Miss Kelton, who is a resident of Washington, is most highly esteemed by her numerous friends. The wedding will take place in the near future.

GRAVITY IS A PUSH

Ohio Physicist Gives Old Newton Theory a Jolt.

Assumes Ether to Be Endowed With Vast Kinetic Energy Relative to Atoms—Dr. Brush Explains His Idea of Gravitation.

St. Paul, Minn.—The Newtonian theory of gravitation that has stood for ages was upset when Dr. Charles F. Brush, Cleveland, O., one of the leading physicists of the country, ascribed the falling propensities of matter to a "pushing" property within itself derived from the ether through which it falls, rather than to a "pulling" power from the earth on the falling body.

Doctor Brush established the converse theory that the energy exhibited in the gravitation is fully restored to the ether when the body is raised against the gravitation attraction. Doctor Brush assumes the ether to be endowed with a vast intrinsic kinetic energy, which is in wave form and is translated to the atoms or molecules.

In his paper on the "Kinetic Theory of Gravitation," read before the physics section of the scientists' convention, Doctor Brush, after discussing at length the origin of the energy acquired by a falling body, concludes that the gathered energy comes from the ether through which the body falls. "Conversely," said Doctor Brush, "equivalent energy is restored to the ether when the body is raised against gravitation attraction.

"The ether is assumed to be endowed with vast intrinsic kinetic energy in wave form. The waves are of such low frequency, or otherwise of such character, that they pass through the bodies without obstruction other than that concerned in gravitation. They are propagated in straight lines in every conceivable direction, so that the wave energy is isotropic, being in this respect like radiation in the interior space of a furnace with uniformly heated walls. Distribution of the ether's intrinsic energy is uniform throughout the universe as modified by the presence of matter. Any kind of ether waves capable of exerting motive action on the atoms or molecules of matter will fulfill the requirements.

"Atoms are imagined to be continually buffeted in all directions by the ether waves in paths almost infinitesimally short, but without collision because neighboring atoms follow very nearly paralelled paths. The moving atoms are likened to particles of a precipitate suspended in turbulent water.

"Each atom or molecule is regarded as a center of activity, due to its kinetic energy of translation derived initially from the ether. There is continual absorption and restitution of the ether's energy, normally equal in amount. But the ether is permanently robbed of as much of its energy as it represented by the mean kinetic energy of the atom. This energy deficiency in the ether is not wholly local, but extends indefinitely into space, diminishing in strength as the square of the distance increases.

"A body of matter is pictured as casting in effect a spherical energy shadow consisting of the sum of the shadows of its constituent units, the depth or intensity of the shadow varying with the inverse square of the distance from the center of the body. Another body at any distance will cast a similar shadow and the two shadows will intersect, each body being partially shielded by the other from waves coming from that direction, the extent of the shielding effect depending directly on the mass of the shielding body.

"Of the several components into which the composite motion of each atom can be resolved, that one lying in the direction of an attracting body will be the greatest because the waves from that direction being partially intercepted by the attracting body, are weakest, and the atom will be pushed in that direction by the superior waves behind it. If free to fall, the atom will continually absorb more energy from the stronger waves behind it than it restores to the weaker waves in front, and will thus acquire additional kinetic energy of translation in the line of fall, measured directly by the number of waves involved, i. e., by the distance moved. Conversely, if the atom be forced away from the attracting body restitution of energy will exceed absorption, and the energy expended in moving the atom against attraction will be transferred to the ether.

"It will be seen that gravitation is a push toward the attracting body and not a pull. It is clear, also, that the velocity which a falling body can acquire tends asymptotically to a limit, which is the velocity of the ether waves which push; the velocity of light, if transverse waves are involved."

FIRM GRIP OF BULL-FIGHTING

"Sport" Continues to Amuse People of Southern France, Despite Efforts of Officials.

Paris.—The extent to which the practice or "sport" of bull-fighting still exists in the south of France, despite all the efforts of the authorities to stamp it out, is litle known by the rest of the world. A meeting was recently held at Beziers of those interested in the spectacles and a protest drawn up against the bill of the minister of justice which provides for the punishment by fine and imprisonment of those connected with bull fights.

It developed at this meeting that there are 27 associations for the promotion of bull-fighting in the south of France, with a total membership of 24,000. According to the protest the bill would interfere with the favorite pastime of these and many more people, would be a check to the liberties of the south and would be against the interests of the country. Nevertheless there is an excellent chance of the bill becoming law.

"News Girl" 70 Years Old.

New York.—Anna Eliza Beach, who is said to be the oldest "newsgirl" in the United States, finished her fiftieth year as a paper seller. Miss Beach, who is 70 years old, lives in Caldwell, N. J. She covers a route of eight miles, serving 100 customers with the local paper.

FARM TO SAVE CITY YOUTH

Pittsburg Begins Odd Municipal Experiment in Training Boys for Better Citizenship.

Pittsburg, Pa.—An odd municipal experiment in training for better citizenship has begun in this county with the purchase of 900 acres of farm land, on which 500 boys, all wards of the Juvenile court, shall be taught close to nature, to become good men.

A committee of prominent citizens, led by David B. Oliver, formerly comptroller of public schools of the city and a brother of Senator George T. Oliver, originated the idea, and, aided by the county commissioners, is carrying it out.

Mr. Oliver, who is one of the wealthiest men in Pittsburg, has found that frequently the "bad boys" make the best men, and he is giving his time and money to the project, which really marks a new step in the care of Juvenile court children. The only noteworthy institution like it is at Industry, N. Y., but that is a state institution.

On the land, which is thirty miles from Pittsburg, will be built cottages which will accommodate twenty boys. A head farmer will look after the youngsters.

The present plan for the home is to build a central colony of five cottages around machine, carpenter and blacksmith shops, where boys who want to learn trades will be grouped. Removed, however, from this central group will be fifteen other cottages. They will be occupied by boys who want to be farmers. It is not the intention to segregate the boys, but to keep them apart as much as possible.

Half of each day will be devoted to school and half to work. Of course, a time will be set aside for playing. To still further carry out the family idea there will be a number of school buildings constructed at different places on the farm. Each of the school buildings will accommodate a certain number of pupils. It will be so arranged that children from probably four cottages will go to each school. Thus the farm will correspond to a country community and the school houses to country schools.

It is the purpose of the commission to keep from the home any semblance of a reform school or prison, so that the children who leave can go out into the world without any handicap of any kind in the form of a past to live down.

The only gully in the nearly one thousand acres will be dammed up and there in the summer time the children can swim in the water flowing from Brush Creek. The swimming hole will be shaded by trees on the slopes leading to it and no sulphur from mines will mar its clearness.

LONG DEFERS A RESTITUTION

Anonymous Letter Received by Aged Man Containing $500 for Team Stolen in 1865.

Lancaster, Pa.—An unusual occurrence took place at Washington borough when Rev. H D. Boughter, pastor of the Church of God, was handed at his rectory a letter by a man and told to hand it some time during the day to Uriah Douglas, now nearly eighty years old, and a retired resident.

Rev. Mr. Boughter went to Mr. Douglas's home and the letter was opened. To their surprise it contained five new $100 bills. A note on the inside said the sender had done Mr. Douglas a wrong forty-five years ago, and here was money enough to pay for it with interest, and that he would hear from him in a few days.

Mr. Douglas recalls that in 1865 a team had been stolen from him, and from which nothing had ever been heard, and it is believed this is the man who handed over the letter. He had purchased the team with bounty money received from the government after the close of the war, and while at the picnic at Highville the team was stolen and nothing but the lines left.

The supposition is that the man who handed the letter to Rev. Mr. Boughter is a wealthy ranch owner of the west, as several young men about that time went west and have made good. Mr. Douglas is an invalid and can use the money.

CHARGES LOSS UP TO BRUIN

Old Pennsylvania Man's "Bear Book" Kept Since 1858, Means Pay for Sheep in Blood.

Cross Fork, Pa.—A few days ago when Philip Bostley, a small farmer on the First Fork of the Sinnemahoning, lost three sheep in a raid made upon a flock by a family of black bears, he went to a drawer in his kitchen cupboard and marked something down in a little book. There isn't another such book in all Pennsylvania as that one. It is a book in which is kept an accurate account of the losses suffered through the foraging of black bears. In it are entries and notes and remarks, until the volume is not only unique, but one of the most interesting.

The first entry was back in 1858, the year that Bostley went into the Sinnemahoning country to settle, and when the only shoat he owned was captured and killed and carried away by bears. But before the winter was over he shot the fellow who did it, with two others besides.

Then he bethought himself of keeping a "bear book," not only to record his losses because of bears, but also his profits from the same source. He has tried every year since then not to let the bears get ahead of him, and because of the recent slaughter of sheep the old man feels called upon to kill at least two bears this winter. He is so old that he had concluded to do no hunting this season, but his slain sheep must be avenged, and everybody who knows Phil Bostley knows that the bear family will surely pay with their own blood for the raid on the Bostley sheep flock. The three sheep, he estimates, would have brought him at least $25, counting another season's wool. Two black bears, if their hides are in good condition, will net him $40, and as Bostley has always charged the bears with compound interest that amount he calculates will about even the score.

There was but one season in which he was unable to even his account with the bears ever since his residence in the wilds of the "Sinnemahone," and that was one winter in which a pair of bears killed a very valuable hunting dog, upon which he could place no money value, and though during that season he killed and trapped seven black bears the account of that year is still unsatisfied. It is a mortgage against the general bear family, which the old man will never reconcile.

Bell to Guide Mariners.

London.—The Trinity house authorities have placed a bell buoy on Atherfield ledge, a dangerous reef of rocks, where many ships have met with disaster. H. M. S. Duke of Edinburgh stranded there in August last. The bell sounds a note which can be heard distinctly for many miles round.

Sixteen-Pound Trout.

London.—Seiners at Blagdon lake, Somersetshire, caught a 16-pound trout, which is believed to be the largest ever caught in English waters.

OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider This Advice.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

SPRENGER BROS.
Makers Peoria, Ill.

PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

His Head Was Hard.

It is a common belief that the negro's head is hard, capable of withstanding almost any blow.

The following story told of a prominent young dentist of Danville, Ill., would seem to indicate something of the kind, anyhow. Two negro men were employed on tearing down a three-story brick building. One negro was on top of the building taking off the bricks and sliding them down a narrow wooden chute to the ground, some thirty feet below, where the other was picking them up and piling them.

When this latter negro was stooping over to pick up a brick, the former accidentally let one fall, striking him directly on the head.

Instead of its killing him, he merely looked up, without rising, and said: "What you doin' thar, nigger, you made me bite my tongue."—The Circle.

No Purchase Recorded.

There was a dealer who tried to sell a horse to the late Senator Daniel of Virginia. He exhibits the merits of the horse, and said, "This horse is a reproduction of the horse that General Washington rode at the battle of Trenton. It has the pedigree that will show he descended from that horse and looks like him in every particular."

"Yes, so much so," said Senator Daniel, "that I am inclined to believe it is the same horse."

Woman as Bank Cashier.

Miss Ethel Boynton is cashier of the National Bank of Bayside, L. I., the only woman in the state holding such a position. She says that to be trustworthy a man or woman must first be kind, then he cannot find it in his heart to betray the trust that is reposed in him.

Literary Atmosphere.

"Mark Twain was not a widely read man. How do you supose he ever managed to turn out so much good stuff?"

"I don't know, unless it was because he smoked so much."

Commercial Anxiety.

"A clockmaker must be the most uneasy of manufacturers."

"Why so?"

"Because there is always the prospect of a strike in his works."

Domestic Amenities.

Father—I think the baby looks like you.

Mother—Yes, it shuts its eyes to an awful lot.

A man may go up when you kick him, but you cannot claim credit for kindness.

Women Appreciate

Step-savers and Time-savers.

Post Toasties

FOOD

is fully cooked, ready to serve direct from the package with cream or milk, and is a deliciously good part of any meal.

A trial package usually establishes it as a favorite breakfast cereal.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.