

John Jacob Astor is a regular auto-crater. He is the owner of more motor cars than any other man in the United States, and is constantly adding to his store.

A negro who claimed to be 100 years old is dead in Illinois. As he never boasted of having nursed Thomas Jefferson he may not have exaggerated his age, either.

New York burglars are traveling around to business in automobiles. If you wish to avoid being mistaken for a burglar or a capitalist, don't travel in an automobile.

Thousands of Chinamen are cutting off their plait in China and one was arrested for "mashing" in Chicago lately. The yellow men seem to be advancing in the ways of civilization at a brisk gallop.

A Georgia sheriff has prevented a lynching by carrying the proposed victim away in an automobile so swiftly that the mob couldn't keep up. The mob may try, however, to obtain revenge by having the sheriff prosecuted for exceeding the speed limit.

The London county council has passed a law which makes the throwing of a banana skin on the sidewalk a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of 40 shillings. It generally costs more than that to repair the damages of the man who steps on a banana peel.

In 1904 the United States sold in China fabrics to the value of \$4,782,141. In 1905 sales of the same goods amounted to \$12,566,093. The boycott seems to have satisfied the demands of Chinese patriots without at the same time doing any great injury to American merchants.

The year continues its earthquake and volcano record. Emulous of Vesuvius and others which have been displaying their pyrotechnic possibilities, La Soufriere, on the West Indian island of St. Vincent, has started its internal fires and is giving an interesting exhibition.

An ordinance has been introduced in the Mexico city council making the skating rink license ten dollars a week and prohibiting the use of pianos in such places of amusement. It says the Mexico, Mo., Ledger, there is a place on earth calculated to make a woman forget mother, home and heaven it is a skating rink.

Some day there may be a United States of Central America. A party has lately been organized in San Salvador, the leaders of which hope to bring about a federation of the Central American republics. The experiment of federation has been tried once or twice, but the people are better qualified for it now than they used to be.

It is said in New York that there are seven dictators in the financial and business world, and that those men are John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, James J. Hill, James Stillman, George F. Baker, Jacob Schiff and E. H. Harriman. These seven men represent interests that cover every possible phase of business enterprise in America.

A Florida man has devised a scheme by which he declares any man can make his own ice at a cost of two cents a hundred pounds, the process taking only five minutes. He advertised widely that he would give the formula to the world at the rate of two dollars a head. This beats the cold and tedious business of cutting ice from his standpoint, but the United States postal authorities say the only trouble with the scheme is it is a fraud.

A new law of France provides for a "rest day," and even gay Paris is taking to the idea with relish. In fact, the employees in some establishments which have disregarded the requirements of the law are in such earnest that they have made a lively demonstration. It is evident that a great many French people are more willing to observe Sunday than has been supposed. And as the law is in the interest of good morals as well as good order, there will be general approval of those who seek to enforce it.

Recently Imago, the Italian tenor and the greatest singer of the age, desiring to leave for his children some record of his genius, had made, upon specially prepared plates for reproduction in the phonograph, several records of his songs. Two of these records have been preserved in a museum in Paris. The plates were made with great care and are sealed in metal boxes, containing also chemical compounds for their preservation. The boxes are labeled and dated. One will be opened 50 years from now and the other at the end of a century.

Damascus, whose pedigree is the longest of living cities, is losing its character. An enterprising Belgian company is cutting through it with an electric tramway, and is sprinkling electric lights in its ancient streets. What is more, the motive power for these installations is derived from the harnessing of the river falls 22 miles off, so that no feature of the modern invention is spared the place whence the Jew of Tarsus escaped in a basket over the wall. The British consul reports that 3 1/2 miles of the tram line are already being laid.

A great many of those who are returning from the woods and the seacoast assert with great satisfaction that they have been for weeks "out of the reach of the telephone and the telegraph and the daily paper." But let these same men and women fall to connect with the telephone in at least two minutes; let them wait beyond what they deem ample time for an expected dispatch, or let their paper be delayed for, say, 15 minutes, and what a row they make.

Hoopskirts have appeared in Chicago. And it's the Windy City, too.

## Gilbert's Sacrifice

By Troy Allison

The chief sat back in his revolving chair and tapped his fingertips together absently.

"I never knew you to take so long to wind up a case, Gilbert," he said slowly.

The detective flushed slightly, and answered with the abrupt, nervous manner characteristic of him.

"It is the most clewless case I ever tackled," he said shortly. "There was absolutely nothing—no sign—no evidence except that small piece of cloth sticking to the back of the desk where Mr. Rawlton usually hangs his penholder. The cloth had evidently been snagged from a rough overcoat. The man who wore the overcoat may have escaped in several ways, the library was a first floor back room with windows opening into a garden. The servants had been allowed to go out for the night, and there was absolutely no one in the house except the man who was murdered. No one was seen entering—or leaving—yet the pistol he was shot with could not be found. The pavement left no tracks—the next door neighbors on each side were off in the country—so there is nothing—nothing on earth except that small piece of tan overcoating for a clow. I've nearly worn it out in the last five months trying to get inspiration from it—but inspiration refuses to come. Old Rawlton had no enemies, so far as I can find. He was a bachelor, and his property was all willed to a hospital, so I can find no motive for the crime."

The chief nodded understandingly.

"You do seem up against it this time, Gilbert," he said, "but you'll win out yet—if anybody can. Your record doesn't show a single failure." Gilbert got up and lit a cigar.

"It's hung on long enough—I want to devote my entire time to it for the next month," he said, taking his hat and came from the table. "I will either succeed or give it up in 30 days from now."

Gilbert went to his office and sat down at his desk.

"Miss Silverton, will you please bring the book containing notes in the Rawlton case," he said to his stenographer. His work had long ago placed him upon a basis that made the office and stenographer a necessity.

The girl stopped her machine suddenly, and her typewritten letter fluttered to the floor.

"Just one second," she answered nervously, "has anything new developed?"

There was a disgusted despair in Gilbert's voice. "No—I simply want to look at that piece of tan cloth again," he growled. "Perhaps it has changed color—or something by now. Sherlock Holmes could have put it under a microscope and found the name and correct address of the wearer done in India ink upon one of the light threads. He would have also been able to have explained satisfactorily exactly why it had been put there—and not one of his many admirers would have doubted that it was a natural thing to mark a garment that way. Let's have the piece of cloth, Miss Silverton, and come help me look at it—maybe your woman's intuition may be what's needed. I've sworn to discover the truth within 30 days."

Gilbert heard a smothered exclamation, and turned in time to see his stenographer fall senseless to the floor.

He was by her side in an instant, bathing her forehead with water from the cooler.

"Poor little girl," he said beneath his breath, "I've been a brute to work you so hard during the hot weather. She's awfully delicate, anyway." He looked at the soft brown hair clinging with moist tendrils to her white forehead.

The girl's eyes flew open widely.

"Please say you won't do it," she gasped, and her thin delicate fingers clung to him like a frightened child's.

"Don't do what, little woman?" he asked in amazement. "I wouldn't for worlds do anything that would displease you," he finished softly.

Her fingers clung to him and she sobbed upon his shoulder convulsively.

"Will you try to find out who did it, will you?" she pleaded. "They would hang me if you did!"

The detective's face turned suddenly ghastly.

"Good God!" he said hoarsely, "tell me what you mean!"

She clung to him, entirely unnerved, and kept her frightened face pressed against his coat.

"I was there—that night," she whispered, "and I have been so afraid they would hang me."

Gilbert picked her up bodily from the floor and put her in the chair by his desk.

"I want to know every detail," he said sternly. "Who did it? Not you, Mary. O my God, not you!" he groaned.

"No—no! But they wouldn't have believed me," she looked at him imploringly, "for I was there—it was a piece of my raincoat you found on the nail, and—I carried the pistol home in my pocket," she added pitifully.

Gilbert seized her hands almost roughly. "I can't bear the suspense—tell me—tell me quickly why you were there and how it occurred."

"He did it himself—he was half drunk—and insanely unhappy. I went there to get my sister's letters," a morbid flush came over the paleness of her cheeks.

The man went to her suddenly and put his arm around her.

"Your young married sister?" he asked quietly.

She looked at him with a flood of gratitude in her gray eyes.

"Yes—she's my twin sister—she was Mr. Rawlton's typewriter before she ever knew Dick,—and she had written some very foolish letters. Mr. Rawlton was madly in love with her and wanted to marry her. Marjorie is foolish and imprudent, but she's a good girl," anxiously. "She had let him give her a diamond ring and handsome presents of all kinds. After she met Dick—she sent them all back. Mr. Rawlton has worried her ever since. The notes were undated, and he has, when drinking, threatened to show them to Dick. Marjorie was very delicate just then and when she received the note containing his threat—I thought it would kill her—I went to see Mr. Rawlton that night myself. I made the appointment with him over the telephone, and he had sent the servants out purposely. He had been drinking—he took the letters out of the desk and waved them tauntingly in my face. There was a pistol in the same drawer where the letters had been. He picked it up suddenly and said he had a great mind to blow his brains out—just to make the mix unhappy for the rest of her life—to let her think she was the cause of it. He was as crazily intoxicated by then as a man could possibly be. I seized the pistol to prevent any chance of his harming himself. The pistol went off, hitting him in the forehead. I only had one lucid idea—that I must not be found there. I put the letters in my pocket, and the pistol, which had been partly in my hand when the shot was fired—I also put in my pocket unconsciously. I slipped through the side window and went home. That's all," she said.

Gilbert lifted her face with both hands and looked into her eyes.

"Why did you apply to me for a position as stenographer?" he asked quietly.

She returned the look quietly as one who had told the worst and no longer feared.

"I saw in the papers that you had charge of the case, and I wanted to be where I would know the minute you found out anything. I could not bear to expect to see my name in any paper I chanced to pick up. The suspense was too dreadful."

Gilbert sat on the edge of his desk and reviewed the circumstances rapidly.

"No—there's too much circumstantial evidence—you would perhaps be acquitted, but there would always be people who remembered—and who doubted," he said. "Mary, will you put the affair in my hands entirely and let me manage it as I think best?"

Her face suddenly relaxed into relieved content.

"I could not find more capable hands," she answered softly.

At the end of 30 days Gilbert reported to the chief.

"You can mark me down one failure," he said, lighting a cigar, nonchalantly. "I'm tired of the blooming thing. I'll acknowledge that I haven't been able to give it my undivided attention. The fact of the matter is—I'm going to be married to-morrow to Miss Silverton, granddaughter of old Gen. Silverton, you know."

The chief raised his spectacles above his shaggy eyebrows.

"Confound it, Gilbert, I thought you had more sense than the rest of 'em! But there are times when no man has the use of his brains."

He rose and put his hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"But good luck to you, boy; good luck! I shan't expect anything—er—sensible—of you just now." (Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

A Confident Assertion.

"What kind of a dog is that?" asked the inquisitive man.

"I dunno jes' what kind of a dog he is," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley "but he's got good stock in 'im. Dat dog is so many kinds of dog dat dar's got to be a good dog somewhere."—Washington Star.

another what my nationality can be. Even now, you will notice, there is a little crowd buzzing over the register. "Phtholgyrrh" is good English spelling for "Turner," too. In "pith" there is the sound of "t" as in "phthisis." In the "ole" there is the sound of "ur" as in "colonel." The "gn" is "n" as in "gnat." Finally, in the "yrh" there is the sound of "er" as in "myrrh." There you have it. Phtholgyrrh—Turner."

The World as It Is.

A world without mistakes and without sniffling would be a world without real men and women, without literature, without music, without painting or sculpture, and without love, and even without history, for history is a record of struggles toward better and higher things. Without obstacles to overcome and errors to correct men and women would lapse to a level with beasts mentally, intellectual and spiritual development would die of something akin to fatty degeneration or emphysema. After all, it's a pretty fair sort of a world as it stands. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Gossip from Washington

President Resumes Work at White House After His Summer Vacation—Death Calls Col. "Ike" Hill—Special Attorneys to Fight Trusts.



WASHINGTON.—President Roosevelt, sunburned and in fine health from his vacation, is again at his usual round of duties at the White House. The day after his return from Sagamore Hill he was at his office about nine o'clock and began work while a procession of laborers were pushing wheelbarrows filled with gravel up a gangway to the White House roof and dumping it almost over his head to be used in roofing the west wing of the building. Although a small amount of work has been working on the building since July it is not yet fully repaired.

The president weighs over 200 pounds but his flesh is firm and hard from outdoor living and exercise. He was in the best of spirits and before the cabinet met he received numerous visitors. Among these was Admiral Call, of the Italian navy, accompanied by a number of his officers, accompanied by the Italian naval aid at the White house, Lieut. Commander Keys. The president greeted the Italian officers cordially, told them he knew the history of Italy and greatly admired the king. Members of congress were scarce, owing to the fact that the new rate law compels all to pay fare.

Usually the Roosevelt children return from Oyster Bay with a procession of new pets. This time they brought only the old ones, including Rollo, the big Newfoundland dog; Skip, the bear dog, and the horses. Slippers, the six-toed cat, passed the summer in Washington and was greatly rejoiced at the family's return.

PASSING OF A NOTABLE CAPITAL FIGURE.

In the death of Col. Isaac R. Hill, known for generations back as "Ike Hill, of Ohio," the house of representatives has lost its most unique character. Col. Hill had been a unique figure in national and Ohio politics for two decades. Always a staunch Democrat, he associated himself actively with its party history, especially in his home state. For years his peculiar personality of form and vernacular have impressed the delegates to nearly every party convention, both national and state. He came to Washington originally when John G. Thompson, of Columbus, was made sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives, and has been attached in some capacity to the lower branch of congress ever since.

Many are the stories that have been printed about "Ike" Hill. In fact, so constantly has he been in the public eye that there are really few good ones that remain unold.

In conversation Hill was as picturesque in the use of language as he was dignified in dress and carriage. He was original and quaint in his remarks, as witness the expression, "mark my words, young fellow, before next grass," etc., when he meant to say something would occur before springtime.

A new preacher had come to Newark at the time Col. Hill was a candidate before a primary and the colonel never tired of telling how he made the acquaintance of the gentleman of the cloth. "I was walking down to the polls," he said, "when I came up to this stranger. He was saying to me: 'Good sir, I'm a newcomer to your bustling town. I have always felt it to be my duty to interest myself in the political affairs of the community in which my lines have been cast. I am the new minister of (naming the church) and am on my way to the primaries. I understand there is a candidate named Ike Hill, who is unregenerate, a gambler, liberal in every sense, and in every way unfitted to receive the suffrages of a sovereign people. What do you know about him?'"

"I didn't waste no words, but said to this immaculate gentleman: 'Sir, I am the identical son of a pirate,' or words to that effect."

For years no political convention in Licking county, or in Newark was complete without Hill. He took a hand in state politics, too, and was for years state central committeeman in the Seventeenth Ohio district for the Democrats.

Though Col. Hill from the age of 20 was always in politics, yet he never ran for office but once, and then he failed. This was away back in the early '70s, in Licking county, when there were ten candidates for the office of county sheriff. "Ike" Hill stood next to the top of the list, but was beaten by Ed Williams. He made a vow then never to "run" for another office, and he kept it.

ODD HISTORY IN OFFICIAL FILES.

There is some queer history locked up in the files of the various government departments. A few days ago the apartment clerk of the treasury department unearthed a letter written by Horace Greely in 1856 recommending Cornelius Vanderbilt for appointment as a member of the cotton claims commission.

The photographer of the treasury department has a negative made of Gen. Grant when the latter was bearded. It requires a second look to detect any of the familiar features of the silent soldier.

In the bookkeeping division of the office of the auditor for the post office department is a record and all the correspondence relating to the shortage in the accounts of Abraham Lincoln as postmaster at New Salem, Ill. Lincoln's shortage was not large and was promptly paid.

On file in the treasury department is an application for promotion filed while John Sherman was secretary of the treasury. It bears the following indorsement from Secretary Sherman: "Promote this man \$200 a year, as he was useful to me in my race for the senate."

In another department is a copy of a land warrant and a receipt attached in the acknowledging the donation of land and money made by the United States on the occasion of his visit to this country following the revolutionary war.

"TRUST BUSTERS" TO BE REWARDED.

Attorney General Moody, under authority of the statute permitting the hiring of special assistants at salaries not exceeding \$7,000 to help him in the prosecution of trusts is building up a corporation of trust breakers that promises to be responsive to popular sentiment in every judicial district in the country. These special places will be the rewards for bright district attorneys or assistant district attorneys who show the attorney general how to do things to the trust magnates.

Until Knox became attorney general the connection between the United States district attorneys and the attorney general was nebulous. Sometimes the attorney general called upon them to do something other than prosecute moonshiners and counterfeiters, but not until Knox came into office were any of them entrusted with anything worth while.

Moody continued the utilization of the district attorneys, and good work against a trust is now a certificate of merit which in many instances is followed by promotion to special assistant to the attorney general in Washington. Before Knox inaugurated the system which Moody is now bringing to perfection no district attorney ever hoped for anything better than he had, simply because appointments in the offices here were rewards of merit for political work.

FRAUDS IN LETTER BOXES.

"The reason why postmasters in large cities exercise care in the renting of letter boxes to patrons," said a post office official, "is because, unless the applicants are known or identified to the postmasters, they might rent boxes to persons in fraudulent occupations."

The post office department has accomplished great reforms within recent years toward stamping out of fraudulent concerns who used the mails to reach their victims, but there is one abuse which has not yet been reached, mainly for lack of suitable legislation, and that is the private letter box.

Postmasters are required to cause the applicant for a box in the city post office to certify over his signature that the box shall not be used for the promotion of any fraudulent purpose or in pursuance of an illegal business. They also require him to furnish his address, business in which he is engaged, if any, as boxes are often rented to persons not engaged in business and to women whose correspondence is large, and to give a reference. It has not been found that this rule is oppressive or obnoxious to any person who does not desire to use the box for an improper purpose, but it has been found that it shuts out a great many persons who wished a box for legitimate purposes.

"The private letter box should be abolished and the attention of congress ought to be called to its abuse in large cities. It is often impossible to locate persons engaged in conducting fraudulent and unlawful correspondence through the mails. For a small sum these individuals can rent a box in some store, usually a cigar or stationary store, through which to receive letters addressed to them, instead of having them addressed and delivered to their places of residence from the city post office."

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WHAT WE OWE TO INSECTS.  
They Are of the Greatest Benefit to Growing Flowers.

Prof. Darwin said that if it had not been for insects we should never have had any more imposing or attractive flowers than those of the elm, the hop and the nettle. Lord Avebury compares the work of the insect to that of the florist. He considers that just as the florist has by selection produced the elegant blossoms of the garden, so the insects, by selecting the largest and brightest blossoms for fertilization, have produced the gay flowers of the field.

Prof. Plateau, of Ghent, has carried out a series of remarkable experiments on the ways of insects visiting flowers. He considers that they are guided by scent rather than by color, and in the connection he is at variance with certain British naturalists. Whatever may be the attraction in flowers to insects—as yet, it appears undefined—it is certain that the latter visit freely all blossoms alike, making no distinction between the large, bright-colored ones and the less conspicuous blossoms like those of the currants, the lime, the planetree, the nettle and the willow.

To Give Work to Russian Company.  
As nothing came of the attempt last year to raise in Balacava by the British consuls with her treasure during the Crimean war, the Russian admiralty officials at Sebastopol now propose to trust the task of bringing up the treasure to a Russian salvage syndicate.

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PAIN IN THE JOINTS  
PAIN IN THE MUSCLES  
PAIN IN THE BONES  
PAIN IN THE NERVES  
PAIN IN THE SKIN  
PAIN IN THE EYES  
PAIN IN THE EARS  
PAIN IN THE NOSE  
PAIN IN THE MOUTH  
PAIN IN THE THROAT  
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PAIN IN THE MUSCLES  
PAIN IN THE BONES  
PAIN IN THE NERVES  
PAIN IN THE SKIN  
PAIN IN THE EYES  
PAIN IN THE EARS  
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PAIN IN THE MOUTH

St. Joseph's Liver Regulator  
has been on the market for twenty-five years—it is put up in large tin boxes—it is guaranteed to give satisfaction and to keep its full strength in any climate. It should be used in all cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Dropsy, Liver Complaint, Heart Palpitation, Chills and Fever, and all derangements of the liver and kidneys.

LIVER DISTURBANCES NINE YEARS.  
Mr. W. A. Kelly, of Mayucha, S. C., was afflicted with liver troubles for many years, and the following letter tells how he uses St. Joseph's Liver Regulator and

MAKES HIS OWN TONIC.  
"For about nine years I had heart troubles and pains in the head, resulting from liver disturbances. I tried various kinds of local treatment but they did not help me any. I began using St. Joseph's Liver Regulator and it helped me at once. I have taken several boxes and now use it as a tonic. I put the contents of one tin box into a pint bottle and then fill it up with good whisky. Three times a week I take a good swallow of this tonic at bed time and it eases and removes all my pains. It is a great remedy."  
W. H. KELLY.

Full directions in every box for making tea or bitters.  
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We want a few active and thoroughly experienced salesmen in this locality with sufficient money to buy orders for our new and improved safety Low Pressure Hollow Wire Glass Gas Light. A quality needed in every store and home and fully complying with insurance laws. To such a man we will give exclusive sales rights in his territory and we will advance him \$500.00 in advance. Further particulars on request. The Standard Glass Light Co., 909 S. Second St., Chicago, Ill.

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