

Still, denatured and unpotable alcohol is expected to act as a stimulant on trade.

The autoist who oversteps his auto ought to have the new complaint, the auto heart.

Prince Henry is now ruler of the Kaiser's "navy" though he never polished up the handle of the big front door.

The admen give everybody a square deal, and know to a line how many squares it takes to produce a given effect.

Papermen continue to decline in England. At the end of July the figures were 21.6 in the thousand against 22 in the thousand. What became of the four-fifths of a pauper in the thousand nobody knows, but it was suspected the vivisectionists ought to tell.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt has hired "a little German band" to play daily in his stable so that his steeds will not be frightened by the music when he exhibits them at horse shows.

San Francisco has so far recovered from the shock as to set about planning a world's fair in 1913 to commemorate the discovery of the Pacific ocean.

Dr. Kenaly's speech in the English Tichborne trial lasted 110 days, but the longest continuous talk is supposed to have been that of a member of the legislature of British Columbia, who was in a minority of one, and succeeded in "talking out" a bill by speaking 26 hours without intermission.

A dispatch from Tangier says the sultan of Morocco is swayed by a magician who hates Christians and is inducing the sultan to permit his people to commit outrages upon them.

A picturesque figure will vanish from Paris through the municipal council's decision to abolish the office of "organizer of funeral pomp" at public funerals.

South African mothers, upon leaving their daughters in the company of a gentleman caller, stick a pin in the candle and when it has burned down to the pin the caller understands that it is time to be going.

It is said that President Roosevelt emphatically refused to have a life mask made. He has no objection to sitting or posing for his photograph upon almost any occasion, but he just won't have his face splattered over with clay, and be compelled to breathe for a time through quills.

Travelers in the Holy Land usually bring home with them bottles of water from the River Jordan. It is not likely that this practice will be interfered with by the Kentuckian who has lately secured from the sultan of Turkey the exclusive right to ship water from the river to various parts of the world.

Probably one of the most remarkable escapes from drowning on record fell to the lot of a Boston dressmaker in New York harbor last month.

Five hundred people witnessed the whipping of a criminal at Wilmington, Del. It will be interesting to observe whether the spectacle exerts any definite influence in bringing Wilmington to a loftier plane of morals and refinement than that of cities which have no whipping post.

Mr. Higginbotham's advice in "The Making of a Merchant"—"Let the clock take care of itself"—sounds all right and wise; but don't forget to wind the old alarm clock if you are a sound sleeper.

On February 27 the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Wadsworth Longfellow is to be celebrated by the Cambridge Historical society, notwithstanding the fact that some of the college professors say he wrote mere doggerel.

A Missouri man has been sent to jail for 30 days for stealing an umbrella, and now, says the Minneapolis Journal, we understand that the great moral upheaval in Missouri must mean something.

THE RIVALS

By CHAS. SLOAN REID

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The "Candy Breakin'" at Amos Swoffard's was in progress. Pretty Ann Swoffard was boiling the sorghum and when the kettle was ready to be taken from the fire the girl's two lovers stood ready to assist her, one on either side.

After the contents of the kettle had been distributed, then men began to choose partners for the pulling. Ann was trembling. She feared a repetition of the thing which had happened at the fireplace, and she dreaded it.

But it was Lige who answered her question, as he thrust his hands into his pockets and sadly turned away.

The moon had climbed far over the mountain when Lige left Amos Swoffard's. He was the first of the guests to depart, and he crept along up the trail in no hurry to get home.

Lige Burton and Zeke Pendley were foremen at the Clay Hill mines, and they had to use considerable argument to induce some members of their respective squads to follow them into the old Hellshole tunnel which had been reopened on the morning after the candy breakin' at Amos Swoffard's.

This tunnel had been abandoned two years before on account of its flooding from an underground stream which had been tapped. But the company had installed a powerful pump which had the capacity of relieving the tunnel of over 3,000 gallons of water per minute.

Only a few days after the opening a sudden inrush of water submerged the feet of the miners, and a great shout came down the shaft: All hands out of the Hellshole!

The big new pump, for some unaccountable reason, had stopped working, and the mine was fast becoming flooded. The ore bucket came rattling down the shaft and the men, three at a time, began to ascend.

Up went the bucket a second time and when it descended again the water had reached the men's waists. At the third descent Zeke Pendley made a movement to crowd through the other miners toward the tub but Lige seized his arm.

"We go up last, Zeke," he said; "I don't reckon ye ever heard of a captain a quittin' his sinkin' ship till every man was off, did ye?"

Zeke fell back and the tub arose and descended once more. Again and again the ore bucket rose with its human freight, and descended empty; and in the meantime those still waiting had been swept off their feet at the bottom of the shaft and were struggling hard to keep their heads above water.

"The man 'at stays here much longer will have to be fished out," growled Zeke, as once more he made an effort to reach the bucket ahead of some of his fellows.

"Well, we're goin' to risk it," said Lige, again restraining his fellow foreman, while sustaining himself in the water.

Like drowning rats in a rain barrel five men at the bottom of the shaft struggled almost hopelessly and waited for another descent of the tub. The moments dragged and presently one head sank beneath the water with a gurgle in the throat.

"I persuaded ye in here, little 'un," he murmured, "an' I'm goin' to give ye the lift if I can."

The tub descended. Lige managed to catch the rim, and, pulling it down, commanded one of the last struggling

miners to get into it. This the man did with difficulty, frozen and stiff as he was. And at Lige's further command, the miner extended his hand and grasped that of the man Lige was supporting.

"Zeke an' me'll wait," said Lige and the bucket arose.

Up, up, up, it went, bearing three more human beings to safety and leaving two to continue the uncertain struggle until it could descend again.

"I reckon his a'—a'—up w' me," he exclaimed weakly before the tub had had time to reach the top of the shaft.

Lige heard him, and, contriving to come near him in the water, gave the big man a little support.

"Hold yer grip, Zeke," he said, close to his ear. "Ye've got to hold yer grip—ain't ye a thinkin' about Ann?"

At that moment both men heard the bucket released at the top of the shaft and it was descending rapidly, wildly, for those above realized the necessity for haste.

"Hole yer grip, I tell ye," Burton hissed into Zeke's ear; "the rope's a-comin' on."

And the rope with the ball of the bucket a moment later touched Lige's head.

"Here, Zeke, dern ye, lend a jerk or two," muttered Lige, as he snatched the rope.

But Zeke had stiffened with the cold; and though he seemed to make an effort, he could do no more than barely sustain himself.

"Can't be on one us go," continued Lige, "an', Zeke, on account o' Ann, it's goin' to be you. An' dern yer big hide, Zeke, listen at what I'm tellin' ye, while I git this rope tide round ye, if I can do it. In my cabin, Zeke, big rock—in—hear—raise it—it's just a little I been savin'. Give it to Ann—weddin' present—from Lige—un'stan'?"

Lige gave the faint jerk which signalled those above; and the rope tightened about Zeke's body, and he arose from the water.

"An', Zeke," it was Lige's voice once more, though now very faint and broken, "dern ye—if ye don't treat—er—good—I'll ha'n't ye—Zeke—dern ye—I ye hear?"

A gurgle succeeded, borne faintly up to Zeke's ear in awful conclusion. Lige was landed above the rope again descended into the shaft. But some time elapsed without a signal jerk—and it was drawn up again unburdened.

Both Wives Had Grievances. Two neighbors were confiding their troubles to each other over the back yard fence that separated their premises.

"You know," said Mrs. Higgins, "that my husband is a carpenter?"

"Yes," "Well, I give you my word that all upstairs rooms are unfinished, and the roof leaks whenever it rains, and I can't get Henry to do a thing to 'em."

"You're not any worse off than I am," said Mrs. Clingham. "You know my husband used to be a fireman on a locomotive?"

"Yes," "Well, just as true as I stand here, I always have to get up in the morning and make the fire."

He Made Good. "Give me a little time," said the young man, in concluding his graduation essay, "and I will do something that will arouse the country."

Three months later he was making good. He was peddling alarm clocks in a farming district.—Chicago Daily News

It is. An aching tooth, I rise to shout, is just about the best thing out.—Judge.

With That Exception. "I hope you had no trouble in holding the congregation while I was away," said Rev. Dr. Fourthly, who had just returned from his summer vacation.

"Well, no," said Rev. K. Mowatt lightly, the young clergyman who had occupied the pulpit during his absence, "except on one occasion."

"What's the matter, my boy? You look discouraged."

"I am. My boss invited me out to his house to dinner a few evenings ago."

"Well, that's not so bad."

"You don't understand. I accepted his invitation, and I'm afraid now that I'll have to marry his oldest daughter or lose my job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Our Washington Letter

A Bevy of Pretty Debutantes Will Make the Coming Social Season at the Capital an Unusually Interesting One—Figures Showing the Salt We Eat.



MISS MARGARET SIONTS.

The social world with some shy beauty who has been kept housed, sheltered and almost smothered with accomplishments and learning.

Most all of the girls will make their debuts in December, and so far as now known, the old-fashioned afternoon tea will prevail, with a charming exception, such as a pretty and delicate remark that a certain

There is quite a little story connected with that series of dinners of Mrs. Postlethwaite, however, which was revived by her daughter's marriage.

There is a delightful variety of girls to be presented. One cabinet girl, Miss Emma Shaw; one diplomatic girl, so far as known, Baroness Elizabeth Rosen, who astonished the North Shore

There are more than a half dozen girls from the army and navy sets, and others from official and resident society.

Newest of all the girls in Washington who will be presented this season is pretty, tall, willowy Katherine Jennings, who is one of the most winsome girls ever introduced from what is known in Washington as the "South African contingent."

The daughters of chairman of the Panama canal commission and Mrs. Theodore P. Shonts, Miss Theodora, and Miss Mazuerite, have the double advantage of having been presented at the spring court in London this year.

INTERESTING FIGURES ABOUT SALT. The United States consumes 26,872,700 barrels of salt annually, or a barrel for every three persons in the land.

Only 5,961,060 barrels were produced in this country in 1880, and the consumers were forced to go abroad for 3,427,639 barrels.

The chief salt producing states are Michigan and New York. Statistics recently gathered by the government show that the combined output of these two states amounts to more than two-thirds of the total production of the United States.

REHABILITATING "OLD IRONSIDES." Under an act of congress, "Old Ironsides" is to be rebuilt once more and refitted for sea service.

The work is to be done where she was originally built—Boston—and the money is being raised by the Massachusetts State society, United States Daughters of 1812, through an appeal to patriotic Americans for the preservation of this historical object lesson, which will once more cruise under "Old Glory" as a training ship for naval apprentices.

PRIZE MONEY NEVER CLAIMED. British Admiralty Has Sums on Hand for Destroying Slave Ships.

The days when prize money was looked upon in the navy as an ordinary source of income are recalled by a notification from the British admiralty of money waiting to be claimed.

HAD LOST FAITH IN DOCTOR. "Motions" Failed to Rid Old Negro of Rheumatism.

"Didn't he talk to you at all?" the assistant prosecutor asked.

"Yassir; he talk to me 'fore he put me in de spell. He say he all could cure me if Ah was in a hundred yalms of him and Ah 'gred to pay him de 'tree-ditty."

"Well, boss, hit 'peared to me like dat motion doctah was a-curin' me when he makes dem moves, but jest as soon as Ah gets home dem 'rheumatiz' pains comes back same as ever."

Has Densest Population. Bombay claims the greatest density of population in the world, and its claim is only disputed by Agra, also in India.

PILGRIMAGE TO HOLY HILL

THOUSANDS PRAY FOR CURE AT MIRACULOUS SHRINE. Located at One of the Beauty Spots of Southern Wisconsin—Famed for Many Wonderful Cures—Its Chapel.

Milwaukee.—Pilgrims in thousands, maimed, halt, blind, deaf, victims of the deadly cancer and of the "white plague," the afflicted of every sort, will gather from all parts of the country at the foot of Holy Hill, the famed Wisconsin shrine, there to climb patiently the steep and stony path that leads to the Church of St. Mary at the summit and to find, it may be, that miraculous release from sickness and suffering that so many devout Catholics before them are said to have met with in that sacred place.

Each year sees an increase in the number who make the pilgrimage until of late from 15,000 to 20,000 have visited the place each year.

Holy Hill is a lofty and grandly picturesque place near Hartford, about 30 miles from Milwaukee. The hill has gained great fame as a shrine of sacred pilgrimage. Its popularity has become so great in recent years that its renown has no parallel among the institutions of its kind anywhere in the United States.

The history of Holy Hill is a long series of remarkable events, and through the omnipotent power which is deemed to pervade its sacred precincts the lame walk, the blind see, the maniac raves no more and the afflicted who approach its shrine with zeal and fervent supplications, devoutly invoking divine aid and the intercession of Mary, the mother of God, are said to depart therefrom in many instances, happy over the miraculous acquiescence of an unseen power in their prayerful petitions.

There are few places in southern Wisconsin whose beauty transcends that of Holy Hill and the surrounding country. It is located about six miles southeast of Hartford and covers a tract of ground nearly 40 acres in extent.

The church stands on the highest point of the hill and can be seen for miles away. The building is of brick, with little ornamentation, and of the Gothic style. The church spire is on the end over the main entrance of the

in the welfare of the church. Back of the mensa and projecting from underneath the canopy of the main altar stands the tabernacle, built in accordance with the rules of Catholic architecture, having a double door with lock and key, ornamented in gold with grapes and heads of wheat, the emblems of the sacrament. Underneath and in front of the mensa is a figure of the Lamb of God resting on a sealed book. The candelabra and many of the accessories used in worship are the gifts of charitably disposed persons. On the left of the altar, in the main body of the church, is a confessional. A pipe organ is located in the gallery. To the right in the chancel, suspended from a glass front entitled a "votive tablet," among the vow offerings are several pairs of spectacles left there as proofs of the efficacy of the place in curing eyes impaired by disease. There are also stored in a recess of the church a number of old crutches which have been discarded by men whose lameness has been cured. A peculiarity about the church is that no marriage ceremony has ever been solemnized there nor has any funeral ever been held.

averted a frightful panic, when a canopy fell on a state procession. The private life of Portugal's monarch is rather interesting, because it is more like that of a private gentleman than the daily round of a sovereign. As he rises at five in the morning, he manages to get all his work done before mid-day, then five days of the six he gives over the afternoon and evening to his one amusement—sport.

He has explored every corner of his kingdom in his motor car, and a short time since, when driving through some out-of-the-way place, he had rather an amusing experience. Arriving at a small town, he found a crowd waiting, but no one recognized him. In fact, the chief point of interest at that moment was an old woman, who had had her basket of eggs upset by those who jostled her. The king, with his usual good nature, approached and asked what was the matter. "They say the king is coming through here to-day, so these idiots are waiting to see him. One cannot even do one's daily labor, with this crowd watching for a fat, lazy fellow, who does not work and spends his time in eating." The king laughed, presented her with a coin to pay for the eggs, and to "remember the fat, lazy fellow by," and a moment more the royal car had vanished in a whirl of dust before anyone knew it had arrived—save one dumb-struck peasant woman.

Some of those to whom money is due are, no doubt, still alive, but if they are dead they probably left descendants who if the names were advertised would be forthcoming to substantiate their claims.

As it is, there is little demand for the money in hand. During 12 months dealt with in the statement issued from Whitehall under \$40 have been paid out.—Court Journal.

Heard in Chicago. Ella—You have been married more times than I have.

Stella—Yes, but what of it? Ella—I was going to ask you if marriage licenses were any cheaper by the dozen.

"The assistant prosecutor could do nothing. He sent the old negro to the police clerk hoping that the police might give him redress.—Kansas City Star.

Bombay claims the greatest density of population in the world, and its claim is only disputed by Agra, also in India. Bombay has 750 persons per acre in certain areas.



ST. MARY'S CHAPEL. (Located on Top of Holy Hill, Wisconsin.)



MISS KATHERINE JENNINGS.



25,000,000 POUNDS



OLD IRONSIDES



CONGRESSMAN JENKINS