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Select Story.

A BADLY SHOCKED BEAR.

The word electricity brings a prophetic gleam to the eye of the economist. And before he finishes his discourse he is almost sure to speak of the day when improved transmission will make it possible to convey the incalculable power of California's mountain torrents to cities that will spring up as if by magic along the broad, fertile valleys below.

One partial fulfillment of the economist's dream may now be seen in the seventeen-mile transmission line that connects the cascades of Hatcher Canon with a bustling little town in the San Joaquin Valley. From the powerhouse at the cascades the electric current flashes through three shimmering wires which follow the canon for a distance of five miles, and then cross a rugged mountain spur to the plain below.

But the mind of Dan Maloy, the company's lineman, was not burdened with considerations of the great economic era which his calling might herald, or, indeed, with considerations of any kind, unless we may except a glad consciousness that his six feet of brawn and muscle were sufficient to meet any of the emergencies that the day could have in store for him. His joyous good health was such that the prospect of a long, hard trip from the cascades over the ridge in a raw, driving rain did not retard his blithesome step or repress his buoyant whistle.

At noon, some distance upon the mountain, the merry toiler found a pole that seemed to need inspection. Sitting down in the lee of a huge oak, he fastened on his climber. Before ascending, however, it occurred to him that there was no sign of a bear in the neighborhood, and opening his lunch-basket, he began eating dinner.

Not twenty-five yards from him there was a family party also lunching, of which he was unaware until he started after a drink from the spring that tinkled merrily in a near-by brushy gully. Then he disturbed an old bear and her two cubs, all of whom were eagerly feasting on the carcass of a sheep.

Now an intrusion at meal-time, especially in the case of a bear, is a most offensive breach of urbane etiquette, and was in this case the cause of an immediate and furious rush.

The lineman scrambled up the trail from the spring, but a glance over his shoulder assured him that he was no match in a race with this tawny creature. He had his two hundred pounds that heaped upon him, and his feet were slipping on the slick mud. "Right in my line," he thought, making a dash for the big oak under which he had eaten his dinner.

What was his surprise, on gaining what he considered a safe perch, to see the bear "shinning" up after him with the alacrity of a squirrel. The young lineman scrambled out to the end of his limb.

As he slid recklessly down over the bending outer boughs, it occurred to him before dropping to hang till the bear's approach beat his branch nearer the ground, thereby lessening his fall a few feet and giving her that much more distance to descend.

His artifice nearly cost him his life. He dropped to the ground at what he considered the strategic moment, but the branch, following the release of his two hundred pounds that heaped upon him, bent like a bow, and he fell into the arms of his pursuer. She struggled vainly to get her paw on his chest, but he rolled over on his back, and she was obliged to content herself with striking him on the head.

In the moment thus accorded him he sprang for the nearest pole, fortunately only a few feet off, and climbed it in a panic. Just why he made for the pole he never knew, unless, indeed, because it was the nearest thing at hand and "right in his line."

Anyway, he found himself hanging on the under side of the cross-arm, entirely out of breath and wildly wondering what next to do. The bear was ascending the pole, clumsily because it was rather slim for her ample girth capacity, but surely, nevertheless.

Dan drew himself up, and finally sat astride of the cross-arm among the deadly live wires. By this time the bear had reached the telephone-line strung on each side of the pole, about eight feet below the lineman.

But here the bear received her first real repulse. She was afraid of the wires; they looked too much like a trap. However, after a long, angry glare at the frightened man, she tried to get her paw on the cross-arm, she waived this opportunity, and making a few cautious dashes with her paw, began to ascend again.

But mechanical difficulties now interfered. The wires stoutly resisted her progress; besides, the tapering pole afforded a very poor hold for the upward struggle.

While she was wrestling with this dilemma, the two baby bears came rolling up, squatted on their haunches while gazing with expectant relish at the fresh meat perched on the cross-arm, then clambered eagerly to the top of the pole. It took only a few moments for the bear to get her paw on the cross-arm, and she was enabled by enabling her to wriggle under one wire and over the other. Dan's face lighted up with a swift relief. It had occurred to him that a damp bear on a wet pole would be a most excellent conductor for electricity.

upward wriggle, Dan swung the end of his connector against her arched back. There was a slight hiss as it touched her wet hair, and with a wrathful roar and arms wildly flying, the bear tumbled backward, smashing down through the telephone-wires, and scraping her babies off the pole on her way to the ground. The downfall of the bear family was complete. Up above on the cross-arm, the lineman laughed uproariously.

"Well! well! well!" he shouted. "Divided they stand, united they fall!"

For a moment the old bear lay feebly pawing the air. Then she struggled to a sitting position, facing the world and her offspring with an invalid's "Good morning, children!" air that set the lineman off in another roar of laughter.

The little bears, on rushing forward for nourishment and comfort, were brushed aside so roughly that they propped themselves up on their haunches at a safe distance, and cocking their heads to one side, regarded their mother quizzically, as if in wonder at her unkind severity. Then the bear began overhauling herself, and Dan laughed again at her seeming surprise in not finding her skin torn to bloody ribbons.

"Now, old lady," he called down, "the laugh is on you, and you'd better take those babies of yours and hit the trail!"

The bear seemed to be much of this mind herself for a while; but the sight of Dan Maloy astride the cross-arm seemed to recall the indignity he had heaped upon her. Followed at a respectful distance by her "babies," she began to shuffle uneasily about, soon assuming, however, a warlike stride that finally terminated in another charge upon the lineman.

But the charge of a big bear up a small pole is necessarily a laborious affair, and long before she neared the top Dan was ready to receive her. This time, as she approached the coveted legs, she struck at the proffered live wire with her wet paw, and fell limply to the ground, a loose, quivering heap.

Dan did not laugh now, for the baby bears rushed forward, and with soft, low sounds sought to nuzzle the fallen mother. Silently Dan descended the pole.

"Perhaps she'll come out of it," he soliloquized, gazing at the prostrate animal and remembering hopefully how he himself had been struck down once at noon, and had "come out of it" when the moon was shining.

"In case she does," he continued, "we'll arrange to avoid any more of these shocking occurrences."

Procuring a coil of wire from his sack, he gently removed the angry little bears and bound the mother's legs firmly together. Then for an hour or more he worked abstractedly at the wrecked telephone line. When this was repaired to his satisfaction he sat down on a rock, gazed helplessly at the now querulous baby bruisers and their limp mother, until with a sudden desperate burst, he exclaimed:

"What'll I do with these blooming bears?"

The utilitarian mind would have been estimating with great satisfaction their market price as circus exhibits; but Dan, who was no financier at all, dismissed this thought with a curt:

"Let 'em live; they seldom fight if they're left alone, and never do any harm beyond pulling down a strayed sheep occasionally, one that has got to die, anyway."

"The trouble is, though," he added, after a long pause, "if I turn her loose she might think she owns the line, and claw me to ribbons some dark night when I'm out here looking up a 'short.'"

But presently, as he pondered, his merry smile came back. He rose hastily, and closely examined the old bear. She was still warm, and wide were signs of life than she had shown before.

Bursting into a laugh that threw the little bears into a defensive bristle, he hurried to his lunch-basket, took out the screw-topped can that had held his coffee, put it into five or six pebbles, and fastened a stout twist to the ring which served as a handle.

Then turning to the prostrate bear and searching for her stub of a tail, he remarked, with comic gravity:

Lovesick Maiden Held a Prisoner.

NEW YORK.—Miss Luda Ankrin, a 17-year-old Kentucky beauty, is an unwilling prisoner in the palatial home of her aunt, Miss Julia Mays, on Dittmars avenue, Steinway, L. I., while Curtis Day, an adventurous suitor, who has vowed to marry her in spite of locks and bars and dragon aunts, has stormed the house inefficiently for a week to carry off the woman he loves.

Only the foresight and action of the girl's father prevented an elopement in Kentucky, and the extraordinary vigilance of the aunt since—which went even to the extent of calling upon the police—has kept the pair apart.

On the other hand her two sisters, who, like the rest of the world, love a lover, are working hard to bring about the marriage, and the chances are that in the end they will be successful.

The Ankris are members of an old Kentucky family, wealthy in lands and blooded horses, and the young lady's youth and beauty are well known to the neighbors for keeping the sweethearts apart.

Mue, Mays is well known as the proprietor of a rest cure that is patronized by members of the fashionable set of New York.

Luda Ankrin is the favorite niece of Mue Mays, and has spent a good part of her life with her. Last spring she went to Callettsburg, Ky., for the summer, and in a short time was evident a romance was sprung up between her and Curtis Day, a man who was well thought of in his native town, but to whom the Ankris objected.

The affair was not taken seriously by the girl's father until a week ago, when Day formally asked for the hand of his daughter. He was refused with little ceremony and considerable spirit. The young suitor replied that he would marry her anyway.

This happened at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and on the train that left Callettsburg at 3.30 Miss Ankrin was sent away to her aunt in New York with explicit instructions that she should not see nor have any communication with the man who wished to marry her.

For several days she was kept in the house of her aunt, and it was believed the romance was at an end. Early this week, however, Day arrived in town, engaged a detective and instituted a systematic search for his sweetheart. Mue Mays has an office on West Twenty-third street, and finally a detective located her there.

A stormy scene took place between the young man and the aunt, and Day left vowing he would find the girl he loved, and if necessary take her away by force.

Mue Mays, frightened, jumped into an electric cab and started for her home. She stopped at the Astoria police station, and asked for protection, and the officer on the post was told to watch out for the determined young man and prevent him gaining an entrance to the house. It is presumed Mue Mays was followed, for shortly after her arrival home Day appeared.

Miss Hazel Ankrin is with her sister, and she is suspected of being the source of communications between the two. More than a hundred telegrams and twice as many letters have been intercepted, however, but nevertheless the young women seems to know just what her admirer is doing, and where he is.

"I want to marry him, and I will. It is only a matter of waiting if you will not let me now," the young woman assures her aunt after every argument in which Mue Mays tries to persuade her to give up the man she loves.

Elephant's Tooth Drawn by Mules.
Two mules did some effective dentistry in the mouth of Brazil, an elephant, on the railroad line to Columbus, four miles from this city, this morning.

The elephant, a regularly qualified dentist, assisted by a veterinarian and two circus hands, had signally failed to relieve the elephant of a severe attack of tooth-ache.

Brazil stands 12 feet high and is the prize pachyderm of a circus. The show was on the way from this city to Columbus when Brazil began to thrash around her car. One side of the car was shattered covered and the train brought to a standstill.

A diagnosis was quickly and easily made. When the keeper approached Brazil threw up her trunk and opened her mouth, and the man, slipping his head into the opening, saw a big cavity in a tooth. Brazil was roped and thrown on her side. A dentist from a nearby town volunteered to pull the tooth, and the circus folk were called in to assist.

While the elephant was held in position, the dentist tried his hand with his own little instruments. The circus veterinarian then brought forth a huge pair of forceps, and two men laid hold of each handle. The tooth stuck fast, and the men were in despair, when an onlooking farmer remarked he had a pair of "heavy mules."

Leaves His Estate to Pigs.

LAKE AINSLIE, CAPE BRETON, Feb. 10.—Just to get even with his relatives, who, he declared, had fawned on him for years and decided him behind his back while waiting for him to die that they might inherit his life savings, Robert MacDonald bequeathed everything he owned to his two pigs. The estate amounts to about \$8,000 and every cent is to go to the porkers and their keepers.

MacDonald had no near kin, but a dozen distant relatives kept close track of him, and he declared shortly before his death that their only interest was in his money. This belief soured him against the cousins, but they were not aware of the fact and when the old man passed away a fortnight ago they hastened to hear the will read. They were greatly astonished and intensely indignant when they learned of the disposition of the property.

While MacDonald had never been known to keep swine he no sooner learned from his executor that he must prepare to feed than he sent for a neighboring farmer and bought two young pigs, a male and a female. These he caused to be placed and fed in a pen at the rear of the house. He then sent for his solicitor and dictated his will, saying that if he gave his fortune of \$8,000 to his cousins it "would be in the hands of pigs who denied their identities" and that he "might as well give it to porkers which made no pretenses."

By the terms of this unique document the house is to be sold at auction. The funds accruing from the sale are then to be banked and the interest, together with the income from all other funds possessed by Mr. MacDonald at the time of his death, is to be used to feed and care for the two pigs. The attendant is to provide a pen at his own expense and receive for rental and care the sum of \$2 per week, exclusive of the amount for food. The attendant is also to be the executor, for which service he is to receive the regular legal fee.

It is stipulated that when the pigs shall become hogs and multiply their young shall be cared for, as shall their offspring, the fees to the attendant being raised fifty cents per week for every six pigs he raises.

For every pig that dies he is to forfeit ten cents a week for ten weeks, unless death is due to cholera, when the forfeit is to be waived. In event of illness among the hogs the best veterinary in the province is to be engaged.

As the interest on \$8,000 at 4 per cent. amounts to but \$320 per annum, and as the attendant's fees and feeding will exhaust this amount the first year, the will provides that drafts may be made on the principal in order to pay for the care of the pigs in the bank. At this time the hogs and pigs are to be sold and the money devoted to such local charities as the executor may elect.

In case an epidemic takes off the hogs within a given time all that remains of the fund is to be given to three churches to be used in caring for cemeteries. Thus, it is for the interest of the executor to see that his charges live as long as possible. Experts in farming are now busy trying to figure out how long the \$8,000 will last. They base their computations on the probability that the litters will average about eight. There are as many answers to the riddle as there are farmers.

Geese Are Paying Stock.
Geese can be raised at a low cost on the farm, and it is a matter of surprise to me that more farmers do not keep them. Breeding geese can be pastured like cattle and will forage their own living six months in the year, the cost of the grass consumed being the only expense, but they should be fed through the laying and breeding season, and at that time will eat lots of grain.

It is a profitable bird where there is plenty of room and pasture. Geese are coarse eaters and will eat almost any kind of refuse—grass, weeds and waste vegetables from the garden. With a dry place at night they will thrive in a low situation surrounded by marshy ground and not suitable for other poultry. They do not mind cold weather and an open shed is sufficient protection. Fencing is not expensive, as they will not cross any kind of poultry fence over two feet high. They are not subject to disease and insect pests like chickens and turkeys.

I prefer the pure-bred Toulouse breed, which when fat will weigh from 18 to 25 pounds, and are suitable for a class of trade that demands a large fat goose for a good price. The White China breed is a stylish goose, with pure white plumage, yellow beaks and legs, and they are better layers than the Toulouse, but light weight. Do not buy eggs from young, immature geese. Breeding stocks should be 2 years old. Females are profitable up to 10 to 15, males, 6 to 7 years.

Mate three geese to one gander. During the breeding and laying season feed a soft food, one part cornmeal, two parts bran and one-tenth beef scraps, moistened with water or milk. When there is no pasture we feed a great deal of cut clover, scalded the night before, and left in a covered box until morning, and then mixed with the grain feed.

Some of the geese begin to lay in January, but the laying season is at its height in early spring. We make nests in boxes or barrels in out-of-the-way places and the geese will take possession, but in cold weather the eggs must be taken away as fast as laid in order to prevent freezing, leaving a nest egg. Geese can be broken up from sitting and started to laying again. The eggs can be successfully hatched in incubators.

Seven Bears Bagged in 13 Days.
SEATTLE, Feb. 9.—David Boyle, general manager of the Red Cross Mining Co., near Gold Bar, Wash., who is one of the most ardent and successful hunters in the State, brought back to his home with him, after a thirteen-day hunt, just before the season closed, the skins of seven black bears. Mr. Boyle had with him on the hunt, Walter L. Reader, of New York. The territory covered by the hunters is near Lake Label, in Snohomish county, where Mr. Boyle is a large property holder.

Preacher Loses Eye Fighting a Bear-keeper.
CARB, ILL., Feb. 9.—In a quarrel arising over a conference on prohibition and the effectiveness of the local option, which is to come before the Legislature this year for settlement, between Rev. E. E. Moore and Teddy Seifried, a saloon keeper at Maunie, Rev. Moore suffered the loss of an eye and may lose his life.

Seifried is said to have struck him with a club. The preacher fought back, but was no match for his adversary.

In a recent school examination the following question was asked:—
Teacher—Johnny, what is physiology.
Johnny—Physiology is a little red book.

She Wrenched Neck Into Place.

ALLENTOWN, PA., February 3.—To be stretched upon a bed of sickness for nearly 10 years, practically helpless, often suffering great and "incurable" pain, only to be cured of it all by accident, is an experience unique. Suddenly, with a snap and a shock, with intense agony wrenching her frame like powerful electric shocks, followed by unconsciousness, from which she emerged to find the grasp of supposed paralysis loosened, Miss Alice Young realized that her cure was a wonderful one. Slow and steady convalescence until health is practically restored completed this strange page from the history of a patient suffering endured by her—experience which, fortunately, has few parallels in the annals of human affliction. Great as have been her sufferings, the victory of mind over matter, the potentiality of the will, are no less manifest now.

"The greatest test to which my moral and physical courage was subjected was when my physicians for the first time commanded me to get up and walk. I had never had my foot touched for 10 years know what that means," said Miss Young in an interview.

In 1894 Miss Young, while standing on a stepladder trying up housekeys slipped and fell. Stouly built, she landed so heavily that her left arm was torn out of its socket and hung by the muscles. Then began a period of suffering for Miss Young, who is the daughter of the late E. J. Young, for many years superintendent of schools for Lehigh county.

The doctors succeeded in reducing the fracture, but a clot of blood pressed somewhere upon a nerve center, and slowly, but surely, creeping paralysis set in, until, on New Year's morning, 1896, she found herself unable to rise when she attempted to get out of a bed she was destined to occupy until nine and a half years later.

For four years and a half she was perfectly helpless, except that she could move her right hand and arm and her head. One day she discovered that she could move the fingers of her left hand. Her joy was so great that she fainted. Shortly afterwards her nurse, as if the cup of the patient's suffering was not yet full, in moving her out of bed let her drop on the floor. When she was picked up she found her neck and head helpless, and at the base of the neck a big lump appeared. Unseen propped up by pillows her head rolled helplessly from side to side.

In this pitiable condition she lay for four years, cheerful, patient and resigned. She delighted to see visitors, and kept count of them all. One week she had 120, and in one year she entertained 1300 callers. When she was picked up she was advised, for that is what she did. A woman who herself had gone through a severe affliction once said: "I went to comfort and cheer her, but I soon found that it was Miss Young who was comforting me, though my affliction was light compared to hers."

When Miss Young found that she had partial control of the fingers of her left hand she took up the study of the manufacture of lace, embroidery and other fine needlework, and it was not long before she became an expert, with this as her chief means of support, and today she has all the work she can attend to.

One day, suffering as usual from intense headache, she grasped her head in her arms and in her pain gave it a peculiar twist and wrench. There was a sudden shock, a snap like a man snapping his fingers, wrenching the joints through her entire frame, and she became unconscious. When she recovered her senses her first thought was of that lump, and on reaching back she found it was gone, and from that moment on she had complete control of her head and the beginning of her restoration to health had set in.

An osteopathic physician was then called in and he placed her under treatment. So sensitive were the nerves and muscles of her legs that at first even the slightest manipulation caused her such agony that she fainted. Only her unconquerable determination and invincible will enabled her to undergo the ordeal, and slowly but surely strength returned, until the never-to-be-forgotten day arrived when, with the aid of her physician, she was able to walk outdoors. She was taken a short distance from her house to an elevation from which she could see a magnificent stretch of landscape with the Blue Mountains lifting their green summits into the deeper blue of the horizon.

"Never did the Garden of Eden present a fairer vision to Adam and Eve than that day which greeted my eyes on that day over a year ago, after all those years and years of weary pain and suffering!" she said.

She had never seen an electric car, and when in the morning, she saw a car approaching she screamed with terror at the monstrous sight.

Today she needs only the use of a crutch in walking, and the years of her imprisonment are forgotten in the joys of her recovery. The neat little flat which she occupies is daintily furnished and surrounded by specimens of her extraordinary skill and talent with the needle.

Painted His Own Fence.
Louis Weis, who recently built a home in Virginia Place, East St. Louis, is willing to acknowledge that there are few things a professional can do better than an amateur. One of them is painting a fence. The next time Mr. Weis has any billboard decorating to do he will hire a man. It happened this way:

Last Monday night Mr. Weis had a little spare time on his hands. The back fence was in need of kalsomine, and after purchasing a can of paint for \$1 and a brush for 50 cents he started in to do the job. It was then about 7 o'clock, and Mr. Weis remarked to his better half that he would have the 25 feet of boarding properly dyed in "about three shakes of a sheep's tail."

The sun went down and the supper hour passed, but Mr. Weis went on painting. It was too early for the moon to rise and, as it seemed necessary to complete the job, Mrs. Weis offered to hold a lamp while Mr. Weis painted.

The neighbors, attracted by the unusual scene, went over to investigate, thinking, perhaps, burglars were at work. Most of them remained to criticize, censure or offer suggestions. Mr. Weis went on painting. At midnight the job was finished, and Mr. Weis took an inventory. He found that he had ruined one \$25 suit of clothes and one \$10 dress belonging to Mrs. Weis, not to mention damage suffered by his temper. A painter who viewed the job next morning said it would have cost about \$2 to do it right.

In a recent school examination the following question was asked:—
Teacher—Johnny, what is physiology.
Johnny—Physiology is a little red book.