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## HOUSE WITH CANNON TO KEEP OUT WOMEN

NONE OF THE FEMALE SEX HAS SEEN INSIDE OF NYGREN'S PALACE SINCE ERECTED.

Oakland, Cal.—A house, the interior of which no woman has ever seen. For seventeen years, or ever since it was erected, its doors have been closed to womankind. It rises to a height of four stories, and cannon stick out from the concrete foundation, giving it the appearance of a fortress. It is occupied by a confirmed bachelor, who says: "Get married? I guess not!" Such is the house located at No. 3753 Brookdale avenue, and owned, occupied and conducted by E. A. Nygren, an ex-soldier.

Since 1899 Nygren has dwelt alone in his eccentric lodge, sleeping at night in the topmost turret, like a minute man prepared for any emergency. His house is built after the manner of a Moorish fort. From the concrete base fourteen six-inch cannons bristle out in defiance to the would-be despoiler of homes. Resting on top of this base is a smaller circular story, on top of this another, and the whole structure is topped by a little watch tower. In the yard a fountain plays over a bellicose-looking mediæval turret, and even the tankhouse takes on the aspect of watchful waiting, with two big eyes cut through the top story.

"It's just a fancy of mine," explained Nygren. "Besides, I get more air and sunshine with the house built like this. I'd like to sell. It's too expensive a place for a bachelor. The birds are building nests in my cannons and the place is running down. Get married? I guess not. When a fellow gets as old as I am and has a little money saved up, he grows suspicious of all the women."

Nygren is a philosopher. His favorites are Fichte and Descartes. "They're both egotists like me," he said. "I'm an egotist."

Nygren is also an author. In the evening he locks himself in his tower and pens his ideas into a huge book, which he calls "The Millennium." In this he has rearranged society into one great nation, with one language, organized industrially and governed along military lines. Men are to work but two hours a day and Chicago is to be the industrial capital of the United States.

### CLAIMS TO HAVE TAKEN PICTURE OF A GHOST

The claim to have photographed a ghost is made by Rev. Charles Tweedale, vicar of Weston, Yorkshire, in an affidavit made before the commissioner of oaths, which is supported

by Mrs. Tweedale and their son. Mr. Tweedale, who a few years ago attracted attention by reports of psychical phenomena at the Weston vicarage, told the correspondent of the Yorkshire Post that on December 20 last his wife, their son and himself were at luncheon, when suddenly his wife cried out that she saw the apparition of a man with a full head of hair and beard standing at the other side of the table, to the left of their son.

Mrs. Tweedale directed attention to the figure, but neither the father nor his son could distinguish it. Telling his wife to keep it there, although on reflection he admits he does not know how Mrs. Tweedale could compel the figure to remain, he got his camera, which was loaded with quarter-plate slides.

The vicar then placed the camera on a window sill and focused it up the room, the distance between the camera and the position where his wife said she still saw the figure being about three and one-half yards. The light not being favorable for an interior picture, he gave an exposure of 25 seconds. Mrs. Tweedale described the figure as that of a little man and said the top of his head appeared to be about on a level with her son's shoulder.

Mrs. Tweedale and the boy sat at the table while the plate was being exposed. The resultant negative appears to have corroborated Mrs. Tweedale's vision. Mr. Tweedale explained that he personally developed the plate shortly afterward and it had not left his possession.

The negative is a quarter-plate size and reproduces the corner of the room. In the foreground is the dining table, the white cloth of which reflects the light into the corner. Sitting at the table is Mr. Tweedale's son and opposite him there is a shadowy but distinct impression of the head and shoulders of a little old man, with abundant hair and flowing beard.

The figure, which appears to be in a semi-recumbent position, almost hides that part of the furniture and a piano which lies behind it, and this, in Mr. Tweedale's opinion, conclusively proves that the apparition had definite objectivity, although invisible to the normal vision of himself and his son.

In response to the suggestion that the camera may have played a trick upon him, the vicar said he had carefully examined conditions as they were at the time. The camera is in perfect order. No person of similar appearance ever had been photographed by him and none of the family recognized the figure disclosed on the negative. His wife, he said, clairvoyantly saw the figure which she described, and upon the sensitive plate being exposed a figure was disclosed and was recognized by Mrs. Tweedale as being like the man she saw.—London Cor. Chicago Herald.

## SEVENTH CAVALRY WANTS FLAG BACK

BELIEVE MEXICAN TROUBLE OFFERS OPPORTUNITY TO RECOVER LOST EMBLEM.

Knoxville, Tenn., April 1.—That the brilliant work of the United States Seventh Cavalry, now in Mexico in pursuit of Villa, may result in the regiment having restored to it its right to a regimental flag is more than probable, inasmuch as the members of the regiment to a man entered Mexico with such an end in view. According to First Lieut. and Acting Capt. T. H. Brown, of Troop M, of the regiment, all its officers and men crossed the boundary determined to perform such signal services as will bring about a restoration of the flag which has been denied the regiment since its annihilation in Gen. Custer's last fight, when its flag was lost. The information comes in a letter to Capt. Brown's brother, F. M. Brown, of this city.

To have this flag restored, this regiment must conquer a foe, or do some signally brilliant service. It is said here that the Seventh is the only regiment in the service without a flag. The Seventh, under Col. Dodd, was in the Philippines until two months ago and was then transferred to Douglas, Ariz., and from Douglas via Columbus entered Mexico along with the Tenth negro cavalry. The men were forty-eight hours in the saddle, the first two days out, and their determination to capture Villa is an inspiration. It is said that when its band plays "Custer's Last Fight," the men of the regiment always rise in a frenzy of cheering.

### Rheumatic Pain Stopped.

The drawing of muscles, the soreness, stiffness and agonizing pain of Rheumatism quickly yield to Sloan's Liniment. It stimulates circulation to the painful part. Just apply as directed to the sore spots. In a short time the pain gives way to a tingling sensation of comfort and warmth. Here's proof—"I have had wonderful relief since I used your Liniment on my knee. To think one application gave me relief. Sorry I haven't space to tell you the history. Thanking you for what your remedy has done for me."—James S. Ferguson, Philada, Pa. Sloan's Liniment kills pain. 25c at druggists. 3

### Just Enoughness.

"Know well what the people inarticulately feel for the Law of Heaven is written there"—Carlyle.

I heard another scrap of street wisdom this morning. Piercing the roar of the clattering elevated train, it came to me in a pleasant baritone. Two men occupied one of the cross seats. Ruddy-faced, clear-eyed men they were, well dressed, all their faculties trained upon the business day before them, as guns upon an enemy. Having read their favorite morning papers, they were chatting of a man's qualifications for a post that might be tendered him.

One of them finished the recital of his qualifications with this: "He is a master in handling men. Whatever he does, he does just enough."

They got off at the next station, but the echo of their words remained. He "does just enough." There is the art of management of mortals, there is tact in a phrase. There is a fine art of just enoughness.

It is one of the secrets of successful acting. An actor plays a scene with too much emphasis and he is written down by the critics as a rant. If he plays it with no little earnestness his performance is catalogued as colorless. If he plays it with just enough of fire, just enough of delicate grace, he gives what all will agree is a well-balanced and artistic rendering.

The master of painting will blend his colors so that there is just enough of shade. If he is too lavish with his colors it will be said of him that his style is too florid and some will be bold enough to call him a dauber. If there is not enough of color, his picture will be derided because its tints are too pale and it will be asserted that his colors are no weaker than his art.

The musician must sing with just enough force. If too much, his method will be rated as explosive. If too little, his style will be described as anaemic, his notes blurred. It is what constitutes artistry, this just enoughness.

If it constitutes artistry in the arts it means in business, as my neighbors, the business men, said, "mastery of the handling of men,"—and women.

The good conversationalist is the one who talks just enough. He must not sweep his listeners away on the tide of his oratory unless he occupies a platform and they are there to listen. At a dinner table or during an evening call he is a bore. For conversation is like handball, a game

of give and take, and there should be as much taking as giving.

The good hostess is one who gives you just enough attention. If she presses her society upon you constantly, you wish you hadn't come to her party. If she has no eyes for you, you feel neglected. Truly, just enoughness is another term for tact.

So in the art of comforting. There are comforters foreordained for their work of solace. There are those who, by their presence and efforts, double our grief. The obtrusive comforter is a pest. The person who gives too little of sympathy is a human glacier.

I know a woman who was plunged into hysterics by the letters of condolence she received.

"So many of them tell me what a world of woe this is," she said between gasps of hysterical laughter and a downpour of tears. "As though I didn't know it. Can't anyone soothe or strengthen me?"

Granted that it is a difficult art to write a letter of consolation. But two elements may be present in any such letter, the note that you are personally sorry that the affliction has befallen the one who receives the letter, and some assurance of what that person has been to and done for the departed. Too much sympathy weakens, too little chills.

"Just enough" is a worthy motto. They who adopt it will always have friends and welcome and success.

### The Mail-Order House.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood

When fond recollection present them to view—  
The church and the store, and the school in the wildwood  
And all the loved spots that my infancy knew.

Last summer I wandered again to the village,  
But found not a neighbor of old, or his spouse:

The streets were deserted, the farms needed tillage—

The town had been killed by the mail order house;

The village had vanished when merchants were banished.

The town had been killed by the mail order house.

But one lone survivor, as scared as a rabbit,

I found, and asked why the village was dead:

"The town got the mail-order habit,

And that was what killed it forever," he said.

"It was not a war, epidemic, or pillage,

No, foeman's invasion or robber's carouse:

The money that should have developed the village

Was all sent to the mail-order house—

The money we earned here—never returned here,

When it was sent to the mail-order house."

### HENDERSON COURT AGREES TO APPOINT COMMISSION

Henderson, Ky., April 1.—Henderson county will vote on a \$400,000 road bond issue. This became a fact when the fiscal court agreed to the naming of commissioners to handle the funds under the state aid law. The action came as a surprise, as the court at a previous session had voted unanimously against the naming of commissioners. Those back of the road bond movement were preparing to petition the court to call off the election.

### A Good Family Cough Syrup.

Can be made by mixing Pine-Tar, Acornite, Sugar, Hyocyanus, Sassafras, Peppermint, Ipecac, Rhubarb, Mandrake, Capsicum Muriate, Ammonia, Honey and Glycerine. It is pleasant, healing and soothing, raises the phlegm, and gives almost instant relief. For conveyance of those who prefer not to fuss, it is supplied ready made in 25c bottles under name of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. Can be had at your druggist. Insist on getting Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey and see that the formula is on the package. 3

### The Slacker Gets Back.

Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, was talking in New York about England, whence he had just returned.

"Everything is war, war, war, over there," he said. "Dear help the young man who is not in khaki! He has a dreadful time."

"Now and then, tho, one of these slackers—as they are called—gets a bit of his own back.

"A slacker, for example, was passing a prison camp near London, when an interned German shouted at him from behind the barbed-wire fence:

"Hey, Kitchener wants you!"

"The slacker frowned. 'What?' he said.

"'Kitchener wants you!' the German repeated.

"'Well, by Jove,' said the slacker, 'he's got you all right.'"—Washington Star.

# HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Patron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for special instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 14c



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