HANNA'S KINDLY DEED

LEADER'S HEART WAS TOUCHED BY SMALL GIRL'S MISERY.

Daughter of Political Foe, With Whom He Had Had a Bitter Fight, Secured Pardon for Her Convict Father.

We had in prison a man I call Davidson. He belonged to an opposing political faction, which Hanna had crushed. The Hanna men found irregularities in Davidson's conduct of public affairs and he got five years. When I grew to know him, he discussed his case with me. As many Ohio people suspected, he was the scapegoat of his gang—the more guilty men escaped. Davidson had a quiet little daughter about thirteen years old who came in, scared half to death, every visiting day. And once when she applied to me for a permit Hanna stood in the office.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Davidson's daughter," I replied.

He followed her with his eyes.

"It's a shame to have her coming here," he said.

I was always pleading the cause of convicts who had not received a square deal, and I took this opportunity to speak for Davidson.

Senator Hanna seemed scarcely to hear me. He kept looking off toward the door, and he said something about a pardon.

"That would be a generous thing to do," I said; "he's been a political enemy."

"For that," said the senator, "he could go hang! It's the little girl there." He choked, and I saw that his eyes had filled with tears. Suddenly he started for the telephone saying: "Hold her when she comes back." He called up the governor's office. In as natural and matter-of-fact way as though he were buying a collar he ordered a pardon for Davidson. "Send it over here at once!" he added.

When the little girl returned to the gate, her eyes bleared from crying, Mark Hanna engaged her in conversation. He had her laughing as a runner entered and handed him an envelope.

"Here's something for you, my dear," he said after he had opened it—"a pardon for your father."

It was a minute before she understood; but when I left them she had thrown her arms about his neck and they were both crying."—Will Irwin in the Saturday Evening Post.

Open Safe With Trumpet.

To make safes burglar proof by abolishing all locks, keys and keyholes, Thorne Baker of London utilizes the well-known sensitiveness of a tightly stretched wire to respond to its own musical note. The wire is in the safe. To open it one must blow a trumpet or sound a tuning fork in the precisely correct key. The wire is connected with an electric battery. When the note is sounded the wire vibrates and turns on the current which operates the locking mechanism.

As a greater safeguard, Mr. Baker puts three wires, tuned to three different keys, and each operating a lock. So it is necessary to sound three different notes on the bugle, trumpet, organ or tuning fork in order to open the safe.

The one evident objection to this locking apparatus is that one or more of the wires might get out of tune, in which case the safe could not be opened until the right key was found.

Steamer Wrecked in Hay Field.

The remains of an excursion steamer may be seen in a hayfield 300 feet above the Lake of Loen, in Norway. This oddly placed wreck is the sole relic of a terrible landslip which took place in 1906, when the whole side of a mountain suddenly slipped into the lake, raising a great wave over 300 feet high, which drowned everybody living along the shore, over 60 people perishing. The steamer, which was moored on the lake at the time, was carried on the crest of the wave over a perpendicular cliff and deposited, as already stated, more than 300 feet above the normal level of the water, over a quarter of a mile away from its anchorage. It is a torn and battered wreck, every bit of woodwork has been wrenched off and the twisted steelwork testifies to the force of the wave which cast it ashore.—Wide World Magazine.

Ominous Reply.

Mrs. Pankhurst, at a dinner in New York, said that the militant suffragettes could not love their country as now constituted—they could not love her till, transformed, she gave votes to all.

"We are in the position, omitting the ignominy of it," Mrs. Pankhurst said, "of the beautiful chorus girl of seventeen, who married Gobsa Golde, the septuagenarian millionaire.

"The day of the wedding, speeding California-ward in Gobsa Golde's magnificent private car, the old man took his bride's hand in his and said:

"'Dear, do you love me for what I am, or for what I was?'

"Tightening her cigarette in its long tube of gold and amber, the beautiful girl answered calmly:

"'I love you, Gobsa, dear, for what you will be.'"

Expert Testimony.

Patent-Medicine Man—Did you get any more testimonials for our new cure for obesity?

His Partner—Here are letters from three jockeys and a grand opera soprano.—Puck.

DEVIL DANCERS OF CEYLON

Natives Have Implicit Faith in Their Ability to Cure All Forms of Disease.

Despite the advance of medical knowledge throughout India, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, devil dancers are still called into requisition in many parts of Ceylon for curing all kinds of sickness. When a native is taken ill his relatives first apply medical treatment. If, after some days, this appears to be ineffective, it is concluded that the sickness ness is one incapable of cure in this manner, but is caused by some inimical influence, and must therefore be due to either a glance of the evil eye, the action of a demon, or some evil planetary action. The soothsayer is then sent for, and this worthy, after examining the patient, names the demon or spirit responsible for the malady. An offering is then made to the demon in the form of food, a coin, or a piece of cloth. Then follows the professional dance, carried out by the devil dancers. Two men clad in gorgeous garments and wearing strange headdresses and masks go through a number of grotesque and extraordinary evolutions to the beating of the tomtoms, making weird noises the while. This is kept up for hours, sometimes all night, and is always performed within sight of the sick person. In the complete ceremonies of the demon called Samni Yaka, who causes convulsions, severe toothache, headache, etc., no fewer than 32 different masks are worn in turn by the dancers. Curiously enough, observers state these strange ceremonies usually have a favorable effect upon the patient's illness.

Cornmeal.

According to the agricultural department at Washington, cornmeal constitutes a very nutritive and cheap food. In fact, for three cents one can get more nutriment out of cornmeal than he can out of five cents' worth of flour. That is, 60 cents' worth of meal will give a man more bone, muscle, nerve and brain than $1 worth of flour will.

That is the commercial aspect of the case, but for joy, satisfaction health and hope the cornmeal is as far ahead of flour as it is in the economic estimate. A good bowl of mush and milk—how good it sounds and how good it is! Take a great spoonful of it, and it twangs the strings of the harp of health till every little fiber and nerve falls into a beautiful melody of life. Exactly so too, with corn bread, pone and dodger.

In these progressive days one can find bricks of cold cornmeal mush at the grocers, ready for slicing and frying, as much in a brick as will do for three or four persons, the finest happiest, nutritiousest eating under the sun—for five cents a brick. It is said that the trouble these days is with the cost of high living. We deny it. Here is the highest kind of living at the very lowest cost.—Ohio State Journal.

Dug With Wrong Kind of Tools.

The heirs of the recluse who was supposed to have buried some money on his farm near Abilene did not find the money, although they made a systematic search over the place with picks and spades. "The great trouble with them was that they used the wrong tools," says the Lincoln Republican. "If they had taken a team of horses and a plow and had gone over the land first with that and then followed it up with another team and a drill containing wheat and had just had a little patience, by next fall they would have been able to realize something for their efforts. It has been demonstrated a number of times that there is no gold under the ground in Kansas, but there are plenty of rich farmers in this section of the state who can testify to the fact that there is gold in the land if the right kind of refining process is used and a little patience is exercised while the refinery is doing its work."—Kansas City Star.

Right Spirit.

"The right Thanksgiving spirit," said Secretary Brayn, at a dinner in Washington, "was well exemplified one afternoon in the west.

"I was passing through a rich farming country, when a superb wheat field caused me to dismount with my camera.

"'You must positively let me trespass on your property,' I said to the farmer, 'long enough to photograph that field of wheat. It's the finest I ever saw.'

"The farmer, as he opened the gate, gave a laugh that had the true Thanksgiving ring in it.

"'You're welcome to photograph the field,' he said. 'You'll have to do it instantaneous, though—she's growin' so fast.'"

Logical.

The Englishman and German were arguing about their different navies.

"Oh," said the German, "there is always something the matter with your navy. Only yesterday a battleship was fast in the mud."

"Well," said the Englishman, "if a battleship is fast in the mud it would be a record-breaker in the open sea."

Just the Man.

"I understand you got into jail," said the warden, "on account of a glowing mining prospectus."

"I was quite optimistic," admitted the gentlemanly prisoner.

"Well, the governor wants a report on conditions in my jail. I want you to write it."

THE ROSARY.

"The Rosary" is the next week's attraction at the Valentine starting Sunday matinee.

In "The Rosary" there are three distinct love stories. The principal one being that of Bruce and Vera Wilton. The husband and wife love each other with their whole hearts. She is a devout woman, but he is a born Atheist. Being a man of much business interests, Mr. Wilton neglects his home, and Vera resorts to the greeneyed monster to bring her husband back to her.

The second love story is between Kathleen O'Connor and Charley Harrow. Kathleen is a little Irish girl, who believes the man she will marry must know the Irish history thoroughly. Charley knows nothing of the Irish history, so Kathleen attempts to teach him.

In the love story between Lesura and Skeeters, the audience finds that contrariness to a mans vanity makes him only the more interested in the pursuit of the one thing upon which he prides himself greater than all else.

All of this love is in "The Rosary" and with a competent cast representing it, the play is worth attending.

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS WIT

Life of Labouchere of London Truth Replete With Incidents Worth the Telling.

One of the most fascinating of the many books of biography that have appeared during the present publishing season is the one dealing with the life of Henry Labouchere. It is crammed with good stories told by or about this remarkable man, most of them relating to his career in the diplomatic service.

While he was in Washington he planned a little holiday excursion, and he was just about to start when he received a letter addressed in the well known handwriting of his chief.

Suspecting that the instructions it contained would render his holiday impossible, he put the letter unopened in the tail pocket of his coat and proceeded to carry out, with great satisfaction to himself, the holiday he had planned.

Then, when he was quite ready to return, he opened the letter, which he had carried the whole time in his tail pocket, and found that his suspicions of its contents had been very well founded.

He sat down, therefore, and wrote a nice letter of apology to his chief, beginning: "Your letter has followed me here—" Which, after all, was nothing but the simple truth!

Some of his most amusing diplomatic experiences occurred in Germany, and he was especially proud of the popularity he enjoyed at Frankfort, which he explained in this way:

Sometimes there was a ball at court, which the foreign diplomatists were expected to attend. At the first ball Labouchere attended he found himself at supper next to a grandee very gorgeous in stars and ribbons. When a servant came to pour out champagne, which Labouchere detested, he shook his head.

The grandee immediately nudged him. "Let him pour it out," he said.

Labouchere signed to the man to pour out the glass of champagne, and the grandee explained in a whisper that their host never gave his guests more than one glass. "So you see," he added, "if I drink yours I shall have two."

"After this," Labouchere used to say, "there used to be quite a struggle to sit next me at court suppers!"

Stomach Troubles Disappear.

Stomach, liver and kidney troubles, weak nerves, lame back and female ills disappear when Electric Bitters are used. Thousands of women would not be without a bottle in their home. Eliza Pool of Depew, Okla., writes: "Electric Bitters raised me from a bed of sickness and suffering and has done me a world of good. I wish every suffering woman could use this excellent remedy and find out, as I did, just how good it is." As it has helped thousands of others, it surely will do the same for you. Every bottle guaranteed, 50c and $1.00. At all Druggists. **H. E. Bucklin & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.**

IOWA'S WALLED LAKE.

Mystery in the Water and the Stones That Surround It.

One of the curiosities of the west is the "Walled lake," a hundred miles west of Dubuque, Ia. Some two or three feet higher than the surrounding surface, the lake has a wall ten feet wide on the bottom and five feet on the top, and the wall varies in height from ten to fifteen feet. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this strange lake is that the stones used in the construction of this wall vary from three to 100 pounds in weight and there are no stones whatsoever in the entire country surrounding the lake for five or ten miles.

There is no record, history or Indian legend to tell who brought these stones to build this wall, and to make the scene more mystifying a belt of woodland half a mile in length composed of oak surrounds the lake. With this exception, the entire country is a rolling prairie. The trees must have been planted about the same time the wall was built. In 1856 there was a great storm, and the ice and the lake broke down a large part of the wall, and the farmers living in the country were obliged to repair the wall to prevent their farms from being flooded. This curious lake covers a ground surface of 2,800 acres, and the water is twenty-five feet deep and as cold and clear as ice. No one seems to be able to tell where the water goes to or comes from, but it is always fresh and clear. —C. Gilbert Percival in Health.

Razed by an Earthquake.

Since 1861 the city of Mendoza, in Argentina, has not erected a structure above one story in height. In that year the greatest disaster which ever befell the place, an earthquake, demolished the town, and the inhabitants have been haunted ever since by the fear of a return of such a holocaust. The ruins of the great cathedral, whose walls crashed down upon the crowd of supplicants who had gathered within for protection, still stand as a warning. The old abandoned town lies about a mile from the new town and is a mass of ruins, scarcely a single house remaining intact.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FOE OF THE FLYING FISH.

Albacore Actually Jump Out of the Water to Catch Them.

The home of the flying fish is along the path of the north Atlantic trade winds. In "Memories of the Sea" Admiral Fitzgerald of the English navy says that in sailing down the trades you find the sea fairly alive with these fish, which are relentlessly pursued by the albacore, the largest of the mackerel family.

From my commanding position at the end of the jib boom I could look straight down on the strange scene. There was a shoal of some dozen albacore swimming along ahead of the ship. Sometimes one or two of them would dart off on either bow or right ahead for thirty or forty yards and then drop back again until they were straight under where I was sitting. The ship was going about seven knots. As it sailed along the flying fish would rise out of the water before it, spread their wings and soar away to the right or left. Often I could see exactly what happened. As the flying fish rose one of the albacore darted off in pursuit and kept almost underneath him until he dropped into the water again; then there was a splash like the rise of a salmon, and the flying fish flew no more.

But the albacore did not always wait for the flying fish to touch the water. On several occasions I saw them actually take their prey in the air by making a huge jump out of the water.

BODY SNATCHERS.

Fate of Hare, the Last of His Odious Tribe in London.

The skeleton of the last of the body snatchers treasured in King's college hospital recalls that there must be Londoners still living who remember Hare, who, with his accomplice, Burke, first substituted murder for resurrecting corpses in order to supply subjects for the dissecting rooms. Burke, whose method of smothering the victims gave his name as a new verb to the language, was hanged on the testimony of his accomplice, for Hare turned queen's evidence and was released.

Forty years or so ago Hare was a well known figure in London streets, for Sergeant Ballantine in his "Life" describes him as one of the most persistent blind beggars on the streets about 1870. Few people recognized the cold blooded murderer in the middle aged stout man, clad in a white smock and led about by a dog. His blindness he owed to the fact that on leaving prison Hare found work in some lime kilns. The laborers discovered his history and threw him into a pit of lime. It was a terrible vengeance, for it destroyed his eyesight. And as it is not fifty years since he was a striking figure in London streets some people should recall him.—London Spectator.

It is with life as with men—we make friends by being a friend. — Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

DUPLICATING AN ACCIDENT.

Showing How It Happened Is Sometimes a Dangerous Risk.

"Showing just how an accident happened is sometimes serious business," said the adjuster of an accident insurance company. "The settlement of a claim isn't made any easier by having some reckless person insist on illustrating just how the thing occurred and then losing a hand, an arm or perhaps his life, before your very eyes.

"I shall never forget an elevator accident that occurred in the early days of my adjusting. The elevator was in an old building which had been remodeled for apartments and offices.

"A tenant rang the elevator bell on one of the upper floors. As there was no response to his signal, he put his head over the metal lattice work that inclosed the shaft to see if the elevator was up or down. Just then the elevator started, the heavy weights came down and crushed his skull.

"When I came to look the ground over the janitor insisted on showing me just how the man met his death. As an illustration he put his head out into the elevator shaft. Again the elevator started, the weights came down as before, and instead of one claim to settle there were two, although of course the latter one was set aside on the ground of gross carelessness.

"Another case was where a woman employed in a steam laundry had four fingers so crushed that amputation was necessary. The next day in an attempt to show me 'just how the thing happened' another woman lost her entire hand, and amputation was necessary above the wrist.

"Nowadays when I go to the scene of an accident I say: 'Give me full particulars. Show me the place and the position of the injured person, but for heaven's sake don't duplicate the accident for the sake of showing me "just how!"'"—New York Sun.

CROUP AND COUGH REMEDY.

Croup is a terrible disease; it attacks children so suddenly they are very apt to choke unless given the proper remedy at once. There is nothing better in the world than Dr. King's New Discovery. Lewis Chamberlain, of Manchester, Ohio, writes about his children: "Sometimes in severe attacks we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup, coughs and colds." So can you. 50c and $1.00. A bottle should be in every home. At all Druggists. **H. E. Bucklin & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.—Adv.**

HE ASKED FOR A COT.

And He Got a Cot, or What They Call a Cot, in Scotland.

A resident of Terre Haute was traveling in Scotland and met a congenial acquaintance on the train. The new found friend insisted that he be permitted to show the Indianian the best hotel in the small place where they were both stopping. When they got to the hotel it was full. As the Indiana man was only going to stay one night, he said he was not particular, but would sleep any place.

It was finally agreed that he should sleep in the hotel parlor. But the lounge proved too hard. So he called the porter.

"I can't sleep on this lounge. Bring me a cot, will you, my boy?" he asked.

"A cot, sir? Did you say a cot, sir?"

"Yes, a cot. I can't sleep on this."

"Did you say a cot, sir?"

"Yes. You put a cot in here for me. I'm going out, but shall return presently."

When on his return he opened the door to what he thought was the parlor he was amazed to find a cradle near his suit case. He summoned the porter.

"Boy, I asked you to bring me a cot. That is not a cot. That is a baby's bed."

"No, sir; that is a cot, sir."

"Well, but I can't sleep in that. What I want is a cot—a long frame, you know, with springs on it," at the same time measuring with his hands.

"Oh, I see, sir," replied the boy. "You don't want a cot, sir. What you want is a stretcher, sir."—Indianapolis News.

BEARDS AND BARE FACES.

Shaving Was at One Time Considered Almost a Crime.

We need not go so far back as the eighteenth century to find Englishmen who held that shaving was "agen God and nature." In the nineteenth, James Ward, R. A., in a "Defense of the Beard," set forth eighteen reasons for retaining it, mainly Scriptural, re-enforced by artistic considerations. "What would a Jupiter be without a board?" As late as 1860 Thelogos published a treatise entitled "Shaving—A Breach of the Sabbath and a Hindrance to the Spread of the Gospel." One of his points was that "Providence had manifestly designed the beard as a protection for the throat and chest." But what about the woman's throat?

Nowhere was there more prejudice centuries ago against beards than at the inns of court. The "black books" of the inns tell us how offenders were fined for wearing beards, and sometimes were even compulsorily shaved by order of court. And the prejudice against the bearded barrister still lingers. Vice Chancellor Bacon carried his dislike to bearded or mustached barristers so far that he always refused to bear them. Even now there are very few leading counsel with beards, and I can remember only one unshaved barrister of the greatest eminence, the late Judah Philip Benjamin, Q. C.—silver tongued Benjamin, who wore a mustache and a goatee. — London Chronicle.

Wit of Beau Brummel.

Beau Brummel's popularity depended less upon his dress than upon his perfect self possession, his grace of bearing, his wit, his good looks and his good humor, according to Leon H. Vincent's "Dandies and Men of Letters." He was a handsome fellow, although the shape of his nose had been "modified" by the kick of a horse.

"His reputation for bright and caustic sayings was very great. The industrious biographer has collected all he could lay hands on, and there is life in them yet. Take, for example, this: Byng, one of the dandies, was blessed with a remarkable head of hair which curled naturally. Brummel saw him one day in a gig with a French poodle by his side and saluted him with, 'Ah, Byng, how do you do?—a family vehicle, I see.' And from that time on, we are told, the well haired dandy was known as 'Poodle Byng.'"

A Lesson In Natural History.

An indulgent grandfather was entertaining his grandchildren by turning the leaves of a book on animals. Coming to the kangaroo, he called their attention to its peculiarities and especially to its enormous tail. Passing on, after awhile he thought he would try them to see how much they remembered of this talk about the kangaroo. He asked, "What animal has the biggest tail?" After a moment's thought one little girl spoke up, "I know, a snake; it's all tail." — Indianapolis News.

Higher Education.

"Can you give me a job as office boy?"

"I might. How are you on spelling and arithmetic?"

"We didn't pay much attention to those studies at our school. But I can model clay and do worsted work."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hides His.

"Perkins believes that a man's character can be determined by his handwriting."

"I don't remember seeing any of Perkins' handwriting."

"No; Perkins always uses a typewriter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

YOUR UNCLE SAM SAYS EVERYONE MUST PAY IN ADVANCE FOR HIS PAPER