

CHICAGO YOUTH IS TO MARRY GIRL WHO HAS \$30,000,000 COMING



Above, Barker COTTAGE. Below, Howard Spaulding and his fiancée.

Howard Spaulding, a Chicago boy, is going to marry Miss Catherine Barker, the heiress. And she is an heiress worth having, too. For she is the heiress to just \$30,000,000. The wedding is set for July 31, at a beautiful summer home of young Spaulding's fiancée, "Barker Cottage," near Harbor Point, Mich. Meanwhile several house parties are being held at the summer "cottage," at which bridesmaids and other intimate friends are the guests.

SALLY MAKES A CAPTURE

By ROGER BURCH

"Robin," said Sally, her face close to mine.
 "Yes, Sally."
 "Don't go; everything is lonesome."
 "Robin Cowper has given the word of an honest gentleman of the road to meet the coach at 9 tonight."
 Gently I put her from me. She brushed away a tear, then, brightening:
 "I'll go, too."
 "A petticoat to fight the king's guards?"
 "Petticoat, no; coat and breeches, yes."
 "Too dangerous, Sally. Wait till the coach goes unguarded."
 "Robin, you have taught me the sword; you know my mettle. If you think me a coward, go and find a woman who isn't."
 "Pardon me, Sally! Come along! I'll get a horse."
 I borrowed a fine roan and we galloped, she side-saddle, to Forest Inn. The lads were serious faces. It was a bad job, yet, if we won, we could quit the road for a year, so great was the stake.
 "Our newest member," I said introducing Sally. Giles laughed and welcomed her, but some sneered—until they caught my eye.
 Mine host, Harlow, found a cavalier's suit that fitted Sally so she looked like a boy, but no boy ever showed fair face that valored me for deeds of such daring.
 "The best steel in the company, boy," said Giles, handing her a blade, as a dozen of us galloped into Southcombe forest. The lads caught the name "boy" and called her no other.

Dud Hobart had been raised to command of the troops sent with the coach from Edencourt to guard the king's gold. We would put a prank on him, so, at a spot buried deep in the gloom, we cut the trunk of a tree till it was nearly ready to fall. We waited amid shadows.
 The riders came on. Our horses, well trained, moved not an ear. The troopers had just passed the weakened tree, when a couple of lads put shoulder against it and it fell crashing across the highway, cutting off troopers from coach.
 You may believe there was scrambling. The troopers wheeled, but their horses would not go through the thick branches. The noodles tumbled over each other out of the coach. When they looked into a dozen black masks they made dismal noise. It looked an easy job. I climbed into the coach and rolled out kegs of gold.
 Now, it happened that some one (I can't believe it was dullpate Dud) had put on rear guard, which came dashing up and set up my cullies just when Dud's fellows, having dismounted, came to the rescue of the gold. Outnumbered two to one, my lads never had more furious fighting.
 Dud espied me and pumped for the coach door to cut me through as I bent to pass out. Sally, quick-eyed for my safety, engaged him. Too agile for him, she pricked him and got away from every slash. It could not last long. He was too ponderous, her sword arm too much a dainty woman's. He saw me nearing, gave a savage lunge at Sally to make her skip back, then turned upon me.
 Now happen a woman's trick which I still laugh at. Sally's arm weary, she cast down weapon, and being behind Dud, next instant had both hands in his hair—woman's most natural way of fighting. Men

brave to face death cannot endure being pulled bald. Sally jerked sharply with one hand, then the other, and every jerk made Dud wince. He backed and she steered him toward the trees, where Kit and the roan stood. Gripping a keg under each arm, I followed, ready to use sword if Dud broke away.
 I signale'd a lad to grip more kegs, then whistled them all into the forest. Three had been cut down. Half the king's men were on the ground. Once we were among the trees, the traps were afraid to follow.
 "Let go Dud's hair, boy," I said to Sally.
 "He's my prisoner."
 "Where with him?"
 "To Forest Inn."
 "And then?"
 "Petticoats for him."
 Sally and I escorted Dud back to Edencourt, he strapped to his horse and his hands tied behind. Boldly we dashed into town at full gallop, hitched his horse to a post in the public square and sped away, leaving townsmen and girls to make merrily at his plight.
 To this day Dud is hunting for the boy that made him into a woman.

THE CORNER-LOT TRAGEDY

When Frank P. Morse, publicity agent, traveler, and sight-seer, was making one of his western trips, he struck a town which, he was assured, was about to be caught up in the golden swing of a land boom.
 "Buy a corner lot in this town, and before long you'll be a rich man," a real-estate agent told him.
 Being naturally of a trustful and confiding nature, Morse bought the corner lot. Explicitly speaking, it was a corner lot on the map, but a magical eye could not have picked it out of the wilderness of fields and woods in which it was located at the time of the purchase. Morse, unconsciously acting with great genius the role of the simple sucker, returned to the East.
 At regular intervals thereafter he received notices from the collector of taxes for the city which, being reduced to the vernacular, read approximately as follows:
 "You poor boob, kick in with two hundred bucks. We are about to lay one of the streets which will put the corner into your corner lot."
 After the "simp" had contributed as much in taxes as the land cost originally, he became indignant and wrote a sarcastic letter to the collector, indicating that he would like to take a recess from the tax business and sell the lot. This was the reply he received:
 "Streets are a necessity for corner lots. All such improvements are assessed against the property. Your lot is extremely valuable, hence the big assessments. However, owing to the lack of any demand for property in this city, it is impossible to sell the lot for any cash consideration."

BRYAN'S HAVING A GOOD TIME OUT WEST



W. J. Bryan seated with President C. C. Moore of the exposition.

W. J. Bryan, who used to be secretary of state of the United States, has been having a grand time lately. After visiting his farms in Nebraska, he went to San Francisco to do the fair. He is getting ready to get back into the Chautauquas right away.

HORSE RACES COMING EVENT IN TOLEDO

Fast Steppers will Contest for Purses Amounting to \$10,000

The annual summer meeting at the Lucas County Fair grounds track, Toledo, Ohio, will take place August 3, 4, 5 and 6, and as in other years this meeting is expected to be one of the banner half-mile track meetings of the year.
 In the past the race meets at Toledo have always attracted attention of racing fans all over the country, and it is expected that this meet will prove no exception to the rule. From all points of the compass have entered the pick of the two-lap ovals at this meeting and it's expected that each event will prove a battle royal for first money, as well as for the other positions.

Secretary George Bryce, of the Toledo Racing Association, is authority for the statement that never before in his life has he seen such a mess of speedy trotters as he has beheld at the early meetings of the Ohio Racing Circuit. Miles in 2:12 or better have been needed in almost every trotting race to win. Years ago miles in 2:18 were good enough to cop, but those days are long since past, and in order to get in the money now a nag must show a mile in 2:12 or better. Another feature that is adding greatly to the enjoyment of the races is that fact that so far almost every event has been bitterly contested. It is no unusual thing for each meeting to see an event or two strung out to seven, eight or nine heats before reaching a decision.

On the Ohio and Michigan tracks a number of nags have made racing history this year. Vivetta, a little bay mare by Directum Kelley, has a mark of 2:12 1/2 in a 2:18 stake at Tiffin. In the same class with her is Hydar, a bay stallion who won the \$1,000 2:14 stake at Jackson a short time ago. Jimmy Briggs is a stately gelding in Joe Galagan's stable of whom much is looked for this year, even though he has been shut out twice this year. The Briggs pacer has a terrific burst of speed, but so far has been unfortunate enough to break at important points in his races. Grand Opera is a Canadian entry, who in addition to being the world's ice pacer champion is as yet undefeated this season on the dirt track. Billy Bing, entered in the green trots along the line, has a mark of 2:13 1/4 as a three-year-old on a 1/2-mile oval. Ima Jay, 2:13 1/4, is also unbeaten as yet. Billie Dale, another nifty pacer, is another stake winner of the present season. Less than a year ago he was sold for \$250 to his present owner, William Geogin, of Celina, O. Since then he has made three starts and won them all.

Handy Jim is the winner of the nine-hat race at Tiffin, which caused such a stir in racing circles, stepping the last heat in 2:10 1/2.

All these, and a number of other stars of the first water, will be included in the list that face the starter at the Toledo meeting.

For the meeting here Rod Strader, of Lexington, Ky., has been secured as presiding judge. F. A. Upton, of Rochester, N. Y., will be starter. Both of these men are well known racing officials.

The events are:

Tuesday, Aug. 3.	
2:24 trot.....	\$1,000
2:20 trot.....	500
2:10 pace.....	500
Wednesday, Aug. 4.	
2:16 trot.....	\$1,000
2:20 pace.....	500
2:13 pace.....	500
Thursday, Aug. 5.	
2:17 trot.....	\$ 500
2:20 pace.....	1,000
3-year-old trot.....	500
2:16 pace.....	500
Friday, Aug. 6.	
2:25 trot.....	\$ 500
2:13 trot.....	500
2:14 pace.....	1,000
Free-for-all pace.....	500

A Big Dam.

The Roosevelt dam which is now in the course of construction near Phoenix, Ariz., will be one of the greatest dams in the world when it is completed. It is being built across the gorge in the Apache Mountains, through which the Salt River runs. It will fertilize nearly 275,000 acres of desert land, will be 270 feet high, and will hold three times as much water as the Assuan dam on the Nile.

Where the Blame Belongs.

Man is the artificer of his own happiness. Let him beware how he complains of the disposition of circumstances, for it is his own disposition he blames.—Thoreau.

Consul-General Robert J. Wynne of London reports that before a committee of the British house of commons interesting details were given of the scheme for establishing in Ireland a new electric supply generated by peat gas, the first of the kind in Great Britain.

INSTANCES OF DICKENS'S REMARKABLE POPULARITY

This I think, is a convenient place in which to give three or four out of a large number of instances of my father's widespread popularity, as evidenced to myself at different times among all sorts and conditions of men. When I was an undergraduate at Cambridge I was asked by a friend of mine if I would like to meet Charles Kingsley. As I was a great admirer of his works, I said it would give me the greatest pleasure to do so. Accordingly, I was invited to a large luncheon-party at St. John's College. When I arrived I was introduced to Kingsley, but he did not catch my name, and shook hands with me as a matter of ordinary politeness. In the course of the luncheon some one asked me a question about my father, on hearing which Kingsley—who was seated at the other end of a long table—putting down his knife and fork, said, "Are you a son of Charles Dickens?" And on my answering in the affirmative he came all the way round the table to shake me by the hand.

The next incident took place at Toronto, in Canada. I had been staying there with two of my daughters and we were going by rail to Niagara. When we arrived at the station I found the "boots" of the hotel with a hold-all under each arm and a bag in each hand, and I said to him, "Please take the wraps to my parlor-car—name, Dickens."

"In any way related?" he answered.
 "Oh yes; I am a son."
 Down went the hold-alls and the bags, and, holding out his hand to me, he said, "God bless you, Sir!"

The scene shifts to Jamaica. Some years ago I had to go out to that island to represent several insurance offices in some very heavy litigation which arose out of the fires which followed upon the great earthquake which laid Kingston in ruins. One of the test cases fought at Montego Bay, quite the other side of the island from Kingston, the litigation caused immense excitement, and the papers were full of the trial and published portraits of the counsel engaged. One morning between six and seven, when I was having my early morning walk, I saw a buggy with two comfortable-looking little black people inside it coming toward me. As it came abreast of me the buggy stopped and a little black man, leaning out of it, said:

"Mr. Dickens, sah?"
 "Yes," I replied.
 "Will you shake hands with us, sah?"
 "Certainly—by all means."
 So I first shook hands with his smiling little wife and then with his smiling little self, and then they both proceeded to tell me how greatly they loved my father's books, and so far as I could judge, they had read them every one.—H. F. Dickens, K. C.

Another Windy City Found.

Wellington, the political capital of New Zealand, is one of the windiest cities in the world. Everybody in Wellington catches his hat on rounding a street corner to prevent its being blown into space. A Wellington man is always known in Sydney, Melbourne and other cities, by the determined manner in which he holds on to his hat through force of long habit.—Chicago Daily News.

Heat Measurements.

By means of extremely delicate instruments it is possible to measure the heat transmitted to the earth by the moon or the temperature of the body of a fly walking over the instrument.

Taking Oxygen From Air.
 Consul Brunot of St. Etienne writes that a group of savants of the Academie des Sciences, Paris, recently paid a visit to a factory at Boulogne-sur-Mer to witness the manufacture for industrial purposes of enormous quantities of oxygen and nitro-glycerine, extracted in a liquid state from the atmospheric air. The Consul says:
 "Georges Claude, the inventor of the interesting process, furnished the explanations. As the liquid oxygen flowed out from the generator it was of a bluish hue, while the nitrogen was colorless. Several experiments were made for the visitors to prove the importance of having an abundant supply of oxygen at one's disposal; a forge set up in the grounds showed the wonderful effects of the gas. The fire, which had almost died out, was immediately rendered incandescent by a current of hydroxide from the blowpipe. A bar of iron was brought to a red heat and then melted like lead. Two pieces of iron were welded in a few minutes by the aid of a powerful flame from the blowpipe. Much costly and tedious riveting will be no longer necessary; iron will be welded against iron, copper against copper, etc. The doctors already foresee the possible treatment with liquid air of certain affections of microbial origin, such as osteomyelitis, anthrax and the malignant disease of the skin termed lupus."

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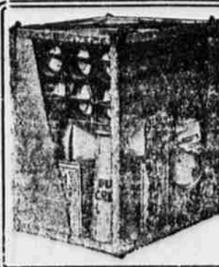
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