

## Her Secret, and His

The family call me Babbles, because I tell too many things and have fluffy hair. I feel that I am a blot on the family escutcheon; for I've never done anything fine or noble; while Lucy Lee, my sister, went to Smiths, and came home with her notebooks full of wonderful statements.

Omar Khayyam is my Persian pussy cat.

Every year on Jan. 3 we start for the City of Mexico. The main office of the Randolph Explosive company is there. Father is president of the company and goes there to look after the business. Lucy Lee goes to look after him, to put in his studs. I go to look after Lucy Lee.

By Jan. 5 we reached El Paso, crossed the Rio Grande and had gotten into Mexican territory. I looked out upon vast stretches of alkaline plains decorated with cacti, until I felt like a large prickly cactus, myself, and turned to Lucy Lee for solace.

Now, Lucy Lee had a grand game, which she invented for railroad journeys. She took a large sheet of paper and blocked it off into squares corresponding to the berths. Then she would look at the passengers with half-closed eyes and write things in the squares.

And so she wrote until every soul in the Electra was put into one of the neat squares. Every soul but one.

"Lucy Lee," I murmured. "You haven't put Lower 3 into his square." "Is there any one in Lower 3?"

"Well, rather," I replied. "You old sneak."

Then Lucy Lee let her big eyes rest studiously on Lower 3. "He looks as if he might be Marcus Aurelius about to write out his noble reflections."

"Nonsense," I didn't know who Marcus Aurelius was. "I think he has done something desperate and is running away from it." He had a look in his eyes that made me want to go up and say, "Never mind, it will all come out right."

The train was pulling into the City of Mexico. I took a final glance into my bag. Something was missing. I called to Lucy Lee.

"Your nightgown!" said Lucy Lee. "Cassius must have carried it out with the linen."

Cassius was called but knew nothing. "I suspect some one has stolen it." Cassius lived on the gloomy superstition that all men are black sheep until proven white.

"Cassius Pullman," I cried. "That's the telegram said: 'Brown eyes, smooth shaven, six feet.' There's our man."

With the tail of my eye I saw dark blue uniforms and buttons stamped with the emblem of the republic. The arm of the law was about to stretch forth and pluck—whom!

I stepped gayly over to the table where the man with the brown eyes sat.

"Marcus, dear," and I laid my hand heavily and dug my seal ring into his knuckles. "Here are strawberries for our breakfast." I took the seat facing him. Then I said, scarcely moving my lips: "The police are behind. Don't turn."

Two brown faces stared down at us, stolidly as Aztec gods.

"Pardon us, Senorita, but this gentleman—and one of them laid his hand on Marcus.

"Senora, if you please—and this gentleman is my husband." If I had had a thousand husbands, I could not have been haughtier.

"We're wrong, Terrazas," said the shorter man. "The telegram did say he was alone."

The man opposite me sat and looked in amazement at me. "Why have you done this? Of course, you've read about me in the Morning Herald?"

opened his valise, tumbled his things about and produced a roll of muslin. It was mine. I seized it.

"Sir," blazed my father, "what is the meaning of this?"

"It means," said Marcus Aurelius, "that there has been an absurd mistake. I'm not exactly in the souvenir business."

Then Cassius put in, "I put Lower 3's things in your daughter's seat when I was making his berth."

"And in the transfer I got more than belongs to me."

"The car roared loud and merrily as only a car of gentlemen rovers can."



"The police are behind. Don't turn." Things are free and easy south of the Rio Grande.

"City of Mexico," called the conductor. Father hustled his brood into the carriage, and we spun rapidly toward the turbid.

And so the incident was closed. But it was reopened with a startling stroke. That night, rolled up in the gown, I found \$100,000. It was in the new one-thousand-dollar bills as fresh as from a bank.

Into what black mystery had I been woven?

The next morning I was up bright and early. As Lucy Lee and father were sluggish, I tucked Omar under my arm and we started over to the cafe at the Jardía. In the patio of the hotel I bought a great bunch of roses and a basket of strawberries.

As we entered the cafe, I saw Marcus Aurelius eating his breakfast. At the same moment two men, who entered behind me, were speaking in Spanish.

"The telegram said: 'Brown eyes, smooth shaven, six feet.' There's our man."

With the tail of my eye I saw dark blue uniforms and buttons stamped with the emblem of the republic. The arm of the law was about to stretch forth and pluck—whom!

I stepped gayly over to the table where the man with the brown eyes sat.

"Marcus, dear," and I laid my hand heavily and dug my seal ring into his knuckles. "Here are strawberries for our breakfast." I took the seat facing him. Then I said, scarcely moving my lips: "The police are behind. Don't turn."

Two brown faces stared down at us, stolidly as Aztec gods.

"Pardon us, Senorita, but this gentleman—and one of them laid his hand on Marcus.

"Senora, if you please—and this gentleman is my husband." If I had had a thousand husbands, I could not have been haughtier.

"We're wrong, Terrazas," said the shorter man. "The telegram did say he was alone."

The man opposite me sat and looked in amazement at me. "Why have you done this? Of course, you've read about me in the Morning Herald?"

"No, I haven't," I replied. "and I don't want to."

"But I do want to know to whom the money belongs."

Bank of Kansas City. I was cashed there." Then he smiled. "But it got into your bundle by mistake."

"I didn't know just how to receive it, unless you meant it for allmomy."

"Allmomy!" he stared. "Do you like my looks?" I said. "My color scheme. I hope you do, for I'm your wife."

I told him the marriage law of the hot countries and how he had been entangled.

He stared. "This is startling." But I could see that he was not much frightened. "I had expected to marry another girl down here. She was to have come by Eagle Pass, but this came instead."

He handed me a telegram, which read: "Decided not to come. Risk too great. Good luck to you, Adelaide."

"The money was for her," he said quietly.

The business energy of my father descended in an enormous mantle upon my shoulders. "You must get out of the city at once. The train for Vera Cruz starts in half an hour. We'll go to the ticket office at once. At Vera Cruz you can get your steamer for Central America."

When I went back to the cafe father and Lucy Lee were eating breakfast. Father was devouring his Herald. "Another poor fellow gone astray; and the First National Bank of Kansas City is out \$100,000. The paper says he's here in Mexico."

"Oh, Babbles," cried Lucy Lee, "it must have been that bad-looking man that got off at Chihuahua."

I said nothing; and still it is a family legend, that I can't keep a thing over thirty seconds.

That afternoon the Wells-Fargo Express company forwarded to the First National Bank of Kansas City a package. It contained \$100,000.—H. Morris, in Los Angeles Times.

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL LABOR. Why Workman Thought Bishop Had a Soft Soap.

That recent utterance of President Charles Norton Eliot of Harvard, to the effect that a man with his health and a congenial occupation could not work too many hours a day inspired J. H. Maddy, "press agent" of the B. and O. road, to tell the following:

"Two street pavers were working in the hot sun one afternoon when one of them looked up and said:

"Me back's almost bruk. 'Tis hard wurruk and long hours. Old loike to be after havin' that mon's job, now,' indicating a rotund bishop who was passing. 'Sure, he has things easy, O'll go ball!'"

"Whist, ye growler!" exclaimed his companion, doffing his hat as he saw the churchman. "His rivenure wurruks all the toime, day and noight."

"Arrah, that may be!" was the quick response; "but the lucky devil don't know it!"—New York Times.

Here's Hopin'! Year ain't been the very best—Purty hard by trouble pressed; But the rough way leads to rest—Here's hopin'!

Maybe craps wuz short; the rills Couldn't turn the silent mills; Here's hopin'!

Where we planted roses sweet Thorns come up an' pricked the feet; But this old world's hard to beat—Here's hopin'!

P'raps the bulldin' that we planned 'Gainst the cyclone couldn't stand; But, thank God, we've got the land—Here's hopin'!

Maybe flowers we hoped to save Have been scattered on a grave; 'T is the heart's still beatin' brave—Here's hopin'!

That we'll see the mornin' light; That the very darkest night; Can't hide Heaven from our sight—Here's hopin'!

Gave Him Too Much Energy. A man in an apparently moribund condition was recently taken into a hospital in Melbourne, Australia, and in order to revive him an electric shock was administered. The results were startling and unexpected. A demonic energy was instantaneously infused. He sent the doctor sprawling on the floor and flung a couple of assistants out of the window. Then he proceeded to wreck the ward, while nurses ran away shrieking and barricaded themselves. He had done \$500 worth of damage before the police arrived.

An Authority. Peter McArthur was once talking with a friend, when he quoted another man as financial authority. His friend disputed the right of the person quoted to be considered an expert. Mr. McArthur insisted that the man had a right to speak like an oracle.

"What is your definition of an authority?" asked his friend.

"My idea of an authority," retorted Mr. McArthur, "is a person who bluffs beyond my limit."—New York Times.

A Man of Business. The angry father kicks the young man from the front steps.

"Sir," says the young man, picking himself up. "I would like to call your attention to the goods handled by my house. We make the best line of soft-rubber soles and heels that you can find anywhere."

Father goes back to the house, rubbing his chin and wondering whether, after all, he has not made a mistake in refusing to welcome so great a business genius into his family.

One Definition. "Say, pa," queried little Johnny Bumpernickle, "what's a phenomenon?"

"A phenomenon," replied the wise father, "is a man who is able to get his laugh in at the proper time when a woman is telling a funny story."

## WORK AMID DANGERS

EMPLOYES IN DYNAMITE FACTORY IN CONSTANT PERIL.

Frivolous Accident Likely at Any Time to Cause Fearful Explosion—Men Seem to Become Used to Their Surroundings.

Dynamite factories are in full swing near Dover and Farmingdale, N. J., and the men who work in them seem well content with their dangerous occupation. They wear rubber-soled shoes, and their tools are covered with rubber or are made of wood, so as to avoid the possibility of friction and consequent accident.

As a further safeguard, the various utensils in which the deadly explosive is mixed or manipulated are lined with lead, and a mishap is of rare occurrence. Nevertheless, these men know that the fabrication of dynamite constitutes a work of danger, and many of them develop "nerves" when they are new at the business. This trouble wears off quickly, or, as in some instances, not at all, and the victim is seized with nervous chills and tremors whenever a loud noise is heard in the factory. Finally he is obliged to give up his position and seek work of a more congenial nature.

The men are paid from \$2 to \$2.25 per day, and the labor is not particularly heavy, nor are the hours as long as those of other workmen. No smoking is allowed from the moment they enter the factory until they leave, and only men of quiet, steady habits are engaged. A spirit of good comradeship seems to exist between the workers, and they talk to each other in the most friendly way. But woe be to one of their number who earns for himself the sobriquet of "Butter Fingers," a term applied to individuals who allow things to slip from their hands to the floor. He is sure to earn the enmity of his companions. This is due to the fact that sometimes a slight jar, such as is caused by the dropping of even a small substance, will precipitate an accident, and the culprit who evinces such carelessness more than once may as well resign gracefully before he is frozen out by his fellows.

The dynamite workers are a very intelligent body of men. Many of them possess a comprehensive knowledge of chemistry and can tell visitors to the factory all about the destructive agent which they handle under the direction of scientists.

One of these workmen, a middle-aged Swede, claims Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, as a relative. What he does not know about explosives is not worth knowing. He talks of the properties of nitro-glycerine with the fluency of one who has made an exhaustive investigation of the subject, and he says that he devotes every spare moment to experimental physics. Why a man of his type should elect to remain in a dynamite factory in the role of an ordinary workman is a problem which he alone can solve. But evidently he likes his job in the nitro-glycerine department, and he talks enthusiastically of the results achieved by his distinguished relative's invention, not only in warfare, but in the works of peace, such as the mining operations of New York's rapid transit underground system, which will presently do so much to facilitate travel and traffic.

Men of various nationalities work side by side in these New Jersey factories, and when representatives of the different countries were asked if they minded the element of danger in their daily labors they answered in the negative, and a few of the more communicative workers expressed the opinion that there was more chance of being killed in Philadelphia by a trolley car or automobile than by an explosion at their post of duty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HE GAVE THE PARTICULARS.

How a North Dakota Man Described a Piece of Land.

"In making a deal last year," said a Detroit speculator, "I came into possession of the deed to a certain piece of land in North Dakota. The value of the real estate was put at \$600 and I paid taxes on it in January and in February I wrote to the postmaster of the nearest town to send me particulars concerning my holdings. I sent him \$2 for his trouble," said the speculator, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and he earned the money. He wrote back:

"Went over to see your land. "Cussed poor road all the way. "Cussed poor road back again. "Most of your land is under water. "What ain't under water is afflicted with drought. "You've either got to wet it all up or dry it all out. "Can't burn up or run away. "Keep your taxes up and pray to the Lord. "Glad you sent me \$2 instead of the lead. "If you want any further particulars I'll ship you a barrel of water."

Quick Work. The Chilean battleship Libertad, a sister to the Constitution, launched at Barrow-in-Furness, England, was but ten months in building. The contract for the unfinished Missouri was let more than four years ago, and she is but 400 tons larger. "It is claimed for the Libertad, and we think with much show of truth," says Scientific American, "that she is, for her size—11,800 tons—the most powerful fighting ship afloat."

## PHYSICAL CULTURE SCHEMES.

A Letter That Was Sent to Ex-President Cleveland.

Methods for getting rid of superfluous fat are numerous. Schools abound where remedies are suggested by correspondence and apparatus furnished for keeping the scales' indicator from making a century run when one steps upon it. To secure the name of some prominent man as a testimonial for a school's ability to reduce weight is an ambition of all instructors in physical culture.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland is a much sought after man for testimonials. "The system of our school would be of great value to you," read one of the letters received by the statesman. "You would be benefited by physical culture."

"And physical culture would be greatly benefited by me," scrawled the ex-president across the letter, and then placed it in the return envelope.—Washington Times.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 60 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. J. C. Kline, Ltd., 80 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

No Division. "Whatever is yours is mine, too," said the young bride.

"I guess not," said the husband, curtly.

She pouted. It was his first assertion of authority.

"Why not?" she inquired.

"Because I won't have it so."

"But it must be so," she insisted.

"Not much," he said. "Now, for instance, there is my wife."

"Oh," she cried, joyfully, and fell upon his neck, for surely she wanted herself to be all his.—Comfort.

On the Other Hand. "She may have a temper, but she is interesting. Did she ever get over the death of her first husband?"

"Yes, but her second husband is insensate."—Cassell's Journal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it."—Mrs. LAURA L. BARNES, 607 Second St., N. E., Washington, D. C.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

\$20 PER THOUSAND copying short letters; enclosing stamp for instructions, copy of letter, etc. Ad. EAGLE WHOLESALE CO., Dept. 3, Chicago, Ill.

## MRS. RATH'S BABY

Tired Mother's Touching Story of Anxiety and Suffering.

Cuticura Brings Blessed Cure to Skin Tortured Baby and Peace and Rest to Its Worn Out Mother.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Helena Rath was taken sick. Single-handed, she did all the housework and washed, cooked and mended for her husband, Hans, and their six children. After a plucky fight to keep on her feet, Mrs. Rath had to yield, and early in 1902 she took to her bed. What followed she told to a visitor, who called at her tidy home, No. 321 Tenth Ave., New York City.

"I hired a girl to mind the children and to do whatever else she could. I couldn't stay in bed long. Sick as I was, it was easier for me to crawl around than to lie and worry about my little ones. So I got up after a few days, and let the girl go. I had noticed that she had sores on her face, hands and arms, but I paid no attention to that until Charlie, my youngest, began to pick and scratch himself. He was then ten months old, and the girl had paid more attention to him than to any of the others. Charlie was fretful and cross, but as he was cutting teeth, I didn't think much of that. Even when a rash broke out on his face I wasn't frightened, because everybody knows that that is quite common with teething babies. Several of my others had it when little, and I thought nothing about it.

"But the rash on Charlie's poor little face spread to his neck, chest, and back. I had never seen anything quite like it before. The skin rose in little lumps, and matter came out. My baby's skin was hot, and how he did suffer! He wouldn't eat, and night after night I walked the floor with him, weak as I was. Often I had to stop because I felt faint and my back throbbled with pain. But the worst pain of all was to see my poor little boy burning with those nasty sores.

"I believed he had caught some disease from the girl, but some of the neighbors said he had eczema, and that is not catching, they told me. Yes, I gave him medicine, and put salves and things on him. I don't think they were all useless. Once in a while the itching seemed to let up a bit, but there was not much change for the better until a lady across the street asked me why I didn't try the Cuticura Remedies. I told her I had no faith in those things you read about in the papers. She said she didn't want me to go on faith nor even to spend any money at first. She gave me some Cuticura Ointment—I think the box was about half full—and a piece of Cuticura Soap. I followed

the directions, bathing Charlie and putting that nice Ointment on the sores. "I wouldn't have believed that my baby would have been cured by a little thing like that. Not all of a sudden, mind you. Little by little, but so surely. Charlie and I both got more peace by day, and more sleep by night. The sores sort of dried up and went away. I shall never forget one blessed night when I went to bed with Charlie beside me, as soon as I got the supper dishes out of the way and the older children undressed; when I woke up the sun was streaming in. For the first time in six months I had slept through the night without a break.



"Yes, that fat little boy by the window is Charlie, and his skin is as white as a snow flake, thanks to the Cuticura Remedies. I think everybody should know about the Soap and also the Ointment, and if it is going to help other mothers with sick babies, go ahead and publish what I have told you." MRS. HELENA RATH.

The agonizing, itching, and burning of the skin as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair, and crusting of the scalp, as in scalded head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum,—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent are such stands proven beyond all doubt. No statement is made regarding them that is not justified by the strongest evidence. The purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy have made them the standard skin cures, blood purifiers and humor remedies of the civilized world.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the civilized world. PRICES: Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle (in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 50c. per vial of 24); Cuticura Ointment, 50c. per box, and Cuticura Soap, 25c. per tablet. Send for the great work, "Eczema of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, and How to Cure Them," 64 pages, 300 Illustrations, Testimonials and Directions in all languages, including Japanese and Chinese. British Depot, 57-58, Chancery Lane, London, E. C. 4. French Depot, 8, rue de Valenciennes, Paris. Australian Depot, R. J. Jones & Co., Sydney. PUTZKER DRUG AND CHEMICAL COMPANY, Sole U.S. Importers, Boston, U. S. A.



Opened his valise. nonsense. It's been taken by mistake."

Then father came in to get brushed and the thing was explained to him. At such times it was not necessary to look him up in Dunn's agency. The explosive business was written in the blue fire of his eye and in his blazing voice.

"Cassius, you will please find Miss Randolph's wearing apparel at once."

Marcus Aurelius jumped to his feet,