



Have you ever heard of Lake Chelan? Do you know where it is or what it is? Unless you have lived or traveled in the northwestern part of the United States, it is ten to one that you must answer no.

Yet Lake Chelan is one of the most picturesque bodies of water in America, and one of the most interesting, and its shores are being dotted with the pretty summer homes of scores of wealthy residents of Washington and Oregon.

Situated almost in the center of the state of Washington, this lake is sixty miles long and of an average width of one mile and a half—so long and narrow and winding that it has more the appearance of a big river. Its depth is almost incredible, and its waters, replenished by glacial streams, are icy cold and as clear as crystal. Almost straight up from its surface its shores rise to mountain height, and so steep is the slope below the water that seldom is any beach to be found.

To the present time Lake Chelan has not been easy of access, which



The Little Lake Steamer.

largely accounts for the fact that it is so little known. Wenatchee is the nearest railway station, and from there one must go some forty miles up the Columbia, either on one of the stern-wheel steamers which carry passengers and freight up and down that river, or in an automobile. The steamer trip is rather slow but decidedly interesting. Several times the vessel must be pulled through rapids by means of a cable anchored to the shore, and the stops are frequent—wherever, indeed, a white rag on a stick is discerned on the bank. Your landing is made at Chelan Falls, an inconsequential hamlet, and there you take a seat in a four-horse coach. It is a ramshackle old vehicle which seems on the point of breaking down, which it really does on occasion, but in it you will have a ride to remember. Slowly it creeps up the steep road over the hills, skirting tremendous ravines, rounding huge boulders, much of the way following the Chelan river, a turbulent stream which in its short course of three miles from lake to river has a fall of 376 feet. From the summit the old stage driver makes quick time down to the town of Chelan, so quick that often your heart is in your mouth as the vehicle whirrs around sharp turns while the pebbles thrown from the horses' hoofs rattle on the rocks a couple of hundred feet below.

Chelan, a progressive little city, lies at the south end of the lake, and the peacefully beautiful scenery gives you no hint of the rugged grandeur that characterizes the body of water farther up. Early in the morning you board a neat little steamer or gasoline launch and start on the voyage of exploration. Gliding swiftly over water that is as beautifully blue as that of the Bay of Naples, you soon come to a bend, and there the prospect opens up. On the right the land is still comparatively low lying and is being planted

with fruit trees, but on the left the hills quickly grow into mountains, here tree-clad and beautiful. Again a turn, and again the scene changes, for now the heights become rugged and steep, and immense cliffs, straight as though cut with a gigantic knife, separate them. Down each of these cliffs tumbles a sparkling, roistering little cataract that from a distance looks like a thread of frosted silver. During centuries of earnest effort the larger of these streams have deposited at their mouths little triangular patches of gravelly soil, and on almost every patch some wise man has built an attractive summer residence and surrounded it with pretty trees and shrubs. To be sure, his front yard is usually a series of steps, and his kitchen garden is made on shelves, but that only adds to the charm.

The boat now approaches the Narrows, where the mountains on each shore seem to lean toward each other and their giant reflections almost fill the lake. For the right bank now has become as precipitous as the left, and steep slope of peculiar formation having the appearance of a bubbly, billowy cascade of mud suddenly hardened into stone. In the background snow capped peaks now appear, and the nearer summits are tortured into fantastic shapes ever changing and so fascinating that one never tires of looking at them. At Twenty-five Mile creek Nature gives you a respite, for there the mountains recede a bit and permit a large circular opening of bench land, a spot of exquisite beauty. But at once the steamer carries you on to scenes that are unrivaled for grandeur, sliding along under the walls of Round mountain. This is a bare bluff rising from an imposing precipice, its dry face gashed by chasms and crossed by great rock terraces. Here the lake bottom is at its deepest—1,419 feet below the surface, or 340 feet below sea level.

Next Black Cap claims your attention and admiration, a towering rounded rock faced into a bald bluff and boldly fronting the lake, and after it a dozen more heights as grand and imposing. Where Fish creek flows in from the east is a long point of sandy soil where an enticing fishing resort has been built, but the boat stops only a moment, and soon after you come to the north end of this wonderful lake and to Stehekin. Really Stehekin consists only of a hotel—and a very good one—and the home of a park ranger. Whether you want to or not, you must remain there over night, and you do not regret it. After a bountiful and well cooked dinner you are ready for the walk to Rainbow Falls, several miles up the lovely little Stehekin river that flows from the glaciers which are always in sight glistening on the mountains miles away up the canyon. Through beautiful forests of pine and beech and fir you wander until a musical rumbling tells you that the cascade is near at hand.

Rainbow Falls is as pretty a waterfall as one would wish to see. Straight down from the brow of a cliff 300 feet high plunges a little mountain stream, into a self-made basin from which it overflows in another fall to its rocky bed in the Stehekin valley. If you chance to see it in the dry season, as I did, the cataract is the more beautiful.



Summer Home on Lake Chelan.

tiful, for then this stream is so shattered by projecting rocks near the top that it comes down like a stream of sunlit mist filled with glittering pearls. And when the afternoon sun strikes on it, there is thrown across the fall the gorgeous rainbow that gives it its name.

Absolutely unexploited by tourists and preserved from exploitation by the wisdom of Uncle Sam who has made this a national forest reservation, Rainbow Falls is such a delightful spot that one can scarcely tear himself away. But you must return to the hotel, for one more interesting sight awaits. As the sun is sinking toward the ice-topped mountains you climb in to a skiff and in ten minutes row over to the Painted Rocks. On the face of a sheer bluff are several groups of fantastic human figures, painted in imperishable pigments by Indians of some prehistoric time. They are so far above the surface of the water and the cliff is so unclimbable that the wonder is how the primitive artists managed to get to the place. Probably their comrades let them down from above, or possibly in that long gone day the lake level was much higher than now.

"When you go to Lake Chelan, be sure to see the petrified deer," said a friend in Seattle. "It stands on the bottom in about twenty feet of water and can be seen clearly when the lake is calm. It is supposed to have been killed and to have fallen into the lake, where it was petrified."

This sounded interesting, so the first thing I asked the skipper of the little steamer was: "Do we go where we can see the petrified deer?" "No, I'm afraid not," he replied with a grin. "The truth is I haven't ever seen it myself, though I've heard tell of it. Anyhow, some folks say they have seen something that looks like a deer."

"How about that petrified deer?" I asked the proprietor of the hotel at Stehekin who made the return trip with me.

"Petrified deer? Go on! Some one has been telling you fairy tales," he said.

And now Walter was back. And to his mother, he was still the boy who was going to make so much of his life, though he was almost thirty. He had been gone six years that time.

"You are going to stay home with me, dear," she said. "It will be hard



Rainbow Falls.

said. "Do you suppose if there had been any such thing here it would have been left undisturbed? Why, I'd have had it up myself long ago."

So I did not see the wonderful petrified deer, but Lake Chelan needs no such marvel to make it one of the most attractive places in this country of ours. Soon it will be easy to reach, too, for the branch of the Great Northern railway from Wenatchee to Oroville will be completed this year and will run through Chelan Falls, and the road from there to Chelan is to be greatly improved.

Voice of Experience. "What do you think of the speeches on tolls?"

"Well," replied the self-made man, "it reminds me of the days when I was pilot of a canal boat. You can't hope to run a canal without a more or less emotional style of expression."

When Walter reached the door he was astonished at the vision that he saw before him. It looked like Nancy, but it was an idealized Nancy, the Nancy of whom he had dreamed during those lonely years in Nevada.

"Why!—this isn't Nancy!" he gasped, staring at the beautiful young girl who stood smiling at him.

"No, I'm Elizabeth," answered the girl, blushing at his frank stare of admiration. "Nancy is out this evening. Won't you come in, Mr. Jameson?"

The news of Walter's arrival had already spread through the village and reached the Dayton home. It was well for him that he had not heard the sathing remarks that Nancy had made about him.

When he took his leave an hour later, the young man realized that, whatever his love for Nancy might have been, the image that he carried in his heart had now a striking resemblance to Elizabeth.

And he was bound in honor to ask Nancy to be his wife. That was the irony of it! When he called the next evening and met her his heart sank. How could he ever have loved Nancy, this woman with the affected air and the peevish lines about her mouth?

Though his welcome was not an effusive one, Nancy was hospitable, in virtue of old associations. Her talk was vivacious, and all about the balls and parties to which she had been. She spoke of her beaux, with a sly glance at Walter, and lamented the tediousness of life in a small town.

It was not until he was about to leave that Walter summoned up courage to say what was uppermost in his mind.

"Nancy, do you remember what I told you last time we parted?" he asked.

Nancy's heart beat quickly, but it was not with love. She had not had a proposal for six months, and she was longing for another scalp to hang at her girdle.

### HER CAST-OFF BEAU

By GEORGE C. HAMILTON.

"I guess that good-for-nothing Walter Jameson will be coming home soon, now that the old man has cashed in," was the gossip's verdict in Hicksville.

And when, a few weeks later, Walter did arrive from the West, to take care of his widowed mother, the gossip winked and nodded to one another as much as to say, "I told you so."

Walter had been the unsuccessful one of the family. His sister married a rich lawyer in New York; his elder brother was a successful lawyer in the same city. But Walter had never succeeded. At last his father had bought him a ticket to Nevada—it was in the days of the gold boom—and told him not to let him see his face again.

Walter did not feel any particular regret at leaving a father who had never shown him any affection. But his mother had cried, and that made him feel badly—also leaving Nancy Dayton. They had been sweethearts once. But that was when they were twenty-one—before Walter had shown himself a non-de-well.

Nobody had believed in him, and Nancy least of all. She grew up to be a flirt. When he told her he loved her—the second time he came home penniless—she laughed in his face.

"I'll win you yet, Nancy," he answered, and went away. Yes, there was one person besides his mother who believed in Walter, but he did not know it. That was Elizabeth, Nancy's little sister. She had all the faith that a child has in one whom she instinctively recognizes to be misjudged. But a man in love with a young woman of twenty-three pays scant attention to her sister of fifteen.

And now Walter was back. And to his mother, he was still the boy who was going to make so much of his life, though he was almost thirty. He had been gone six years that time.

"You are going to stay home with me, dear," she said. "It will be hard



She Laughed in His Face.

to keep things going, and your father left only two thousand in insurance, but we will do our best together."

But she looked wistfully after him the morning after his arrival, as he walked over to the Dayton house. She had seen Nancy Dayton grow into a sultry, discontented girl of twenty-nine. Nancy had never married. She had refused several good chances, because she wanted to begin life where her parents had left off—with a comfortable income.

When Walter reached the door he was astonished at the vision that he saw before him. It looked like Nancy, but it was an idealized Nancy, the Nancy of whom he had dreamed during those lonely years in Nevada.

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"No, Mr. Jameson. What was it?" she inquired archly.

"That I was coming back to marry you," he answered.

Nancy's shrill laugh pierced the air. "Well, you certainly have carried out

the first part of your determination, about coming back," she answered. "But as for the second—why, I think you have another guess coming, Mr. Jameson."

Walter's face turned crimson. After all, it is not exactly pleasant to have one's offer of marriage laughed to scorn, even though one has made it out of a sense of duty.

He looked into Nancy's mocking face and said good-by. But that was not his last visit to the Dayton home. On the contrary, he called frequently after that—only it was to see Miss Elizabeth. And sometimes words were said which brought the color into her fair face and a look of unutterable happiness into her eyes.

Of course, Nancy was not slow to see what was transpiring. She taunted Elizabeth in her sisterly manner.

"Well, Elizabeth, if you want my cast-off beau, of course it's all right," she said. "Only he'll always be a pauper, and if I were you I would send him right about face without delay."

That Walter had asked Nancy to marry him since his return Elizabeth did not know. The words stung her. Walter was not slow to notice the change in her manner the next time he called.

"Elizabeth, what have I done to offend you?" he pleaded.

"You haven't offended me, Mr. Jameson," replied the girl. "Only—people are saying—"

"What, dear?" asked Walter taking her hand in his.

"That—that you are making love to me because you can't get Nancy," she faltered, and tried to run away. But Walter caught her.

"Now you listen to me," he said. "It's true I did ask Nancy to marry me when I came back. But it wasn't because I loved her, Elizabeth. As soon as I saw you I knew that I had loved you all the time. It was because—I felt honor bound, my dear. And when she refused me my heart just leaped up to think it was going to be you."

"How do you know it's going to be me?" asked Elizabeth.

"For answer he took her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

"Isn't it?" he demanded eagerly. And Elizabeth said "yes." And then he told her the momentous secret which was shortly to set all the town gazing.

For it was really true. And when he bought his mother the finest house in the place, and it became known that he had made his fortune in the Jameson gold mine, all Hicksville rushed to invite him to its homes. But Walter and Elizabeth were too busy with their preparations for the coming wedding to think much about social life just then.

As for Nancy—there were four new lines about her mouth forever after, two on each side; and its downward droop was decidedly accentuated.

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### NEEDLESS WASTING OF TIME

Man Who Heedlessly Interrupts Busy Worker May Properly Be Termed a Thief.

There are in this great world of peculiar contradictions many men who would never flinch another man's property, but have no moral scruples against stealing his time.

To the busy worker time is a valuable commodity, minutes are reckoned in terms of dollars and cents. Needless interruption of their work therefore steals from them dollars and cents.

Who steals another man's time, by lounging around and engaging him in conversation foreign to the work in hand—often foreign to any work that concerns either of them—is self-branded as more than a "time thief." He is stamped as a man whose own time is without value; a drone who has come idly buzzing into a hive of workers.

When a young man needlessly distracts the attention of his fellow workers when those fellow workers are "earn out" in work that must be done he steals time, not only from the fellow workers, but from his employer as well. That time is being paid for by his employer.

Furthermore he is stealing from his fellow workers a measurable amount of their efficiency by hampering them in turning out their work.

And it reacts upon himself. His employer, observing, says: "This young man not only trifles instead of trying to keep busy, but interferes with the work of others. I cannot afford to keep him in my employ. He is stealing from me—doubly stealing!"

If a young man is not a worker with those whose time he steals, but merely an idle visitor, he is an industrial porch climber, none the less a time thief.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," but to observe his industry—not to distract his attention from work.—Success Talks to Young Men.

Not New to Her. A party of Clevelanders entertained some holiday visitors recently, and having showed them everything interesting in Cleveland proper, they had to take them out to Newburg for a view of the asylum. The superintendent was in a genial frame of mind, and he conducted the bunch personally. "Here is a queer case, ladies," he said, pausing at a particular cell. "This man has the delusion that he possesses the motive power that runs the universe. He is perfectly harmless, but he actually believes that without him the world would not move. Strange notion, isn't it?" "Why, not at all!" exclaimed one of the women. "My husband has the same idea, and he always has had it. He is crazy, too!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Use of Peat in Canada. The experimental work conducted by the Canadian government in regard to the manufacture of peat proved so successful that there are now two private concerns producing peat, one at Alfred, Ont., and the other at Farnham, Quebec. It is said that the peat manufactured by the Canadian government and used by private persons is satisfactory for grates and also good for cooking.

### TO END RIVER FLOOD

"Dry" Reservoirs Will Prevent Miami River Overflow.

Ohio Legislature Passes Enabling Legislation and the Work of Construction Will Commence at a Very Early Date.

Columbus, O.—For protecting the Miami valley in Ohio from future floods such as that by which it was devastated in the spring of 1913, a complete system of "dry" reservoirs has been passed by the Ohio legislature, and the work of actual construction only awaits the necessary court hearings for determining relative benefits and damages to individual property holders. The work, as planned, is estimated to cost \$12,000,000. Great areas of farm land as well as eight cities of Ohio, having an aggregate



population of about 200,000, will be protected by the system of reservoirs. The property valuation of the protected district is estimated at \$250,000,000. The fundamental idea of the dry-reservoir plan is to impound the excess waters of a flood and retard the flow until the crest of the high water has passed. From careful surveys and computations made by the engineers it is found that about 55,000,000,000 cubic feet of water fell over the Miami basin above Dayton during the five-day storm of March, 1913. A system of six or seven dams has been planned with a sufficient capacity to hold back 40,000,000,000 cubic feet. These dams will be built of earth, will be from 40 to 70 feet high, and will be placed across the valley from hill to hill in suitable locations. Reinforced concrete tunnels, large enough to allow the normal flow of the river to pass through, will be placed through the bottom of each dam. These tunnels will be kept open at all times, and when the water coming in from the upstream side of the dam exceeds the normal flow of the river, the excess will be held back by the dam. When the supply is reduced the reservoir will empty automatically. To prevent the destruction of the dams in case of unprecedented floods, each will be provided with a spillway to relieve the dam of some of the surplus. The carrying capacity of the river channel is estimated as 8,000,000,000 cubic feet per day, so that the system will afford ample protection during a heavy storm than last year. An expert has estimated that approximately 280,000,000 cubic feet of water, or enough to have raised Lake Erie with its 10,000-square-mile area a height of 4 feet, fell in Ohio and Indiana during this storm.—Popular Mechanics.

### WAS "BABE IN WOODS" 3 DAYS

Spanked Boy Runs Away and Gives Neighborhood a Scare in Iowa Town.

Hopkinton, Iowa.—Recently Gerald O'Connell, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connell of Hillsdale, a suburb of Worthington, Iowa, was spanked for persisting in desiring to accompany his father to town. In anger the little fellow muttered that he would run away, but no heed was given to his complaints.

A few hours later, however, it was discovered the child was missing and diligent search failed to locate him. The alarm was given and neighbors were called in to assist.

The search continued three days, the little fellow being found over three miles from home, apparently little the worse for his stay of three days and two nights in the woods. The country over which he had strayed was rough and hilly, and how he lived through these three days and two nights without food and shelter, and withstood a rain that fell is the wonder of the neighborhood. When discovered Gerald still maintained his attitude of independence and resentment.

Funeral Outfit for Live Wife. Birmingham, Ala.—W. D. Langston ordered an expensive casket and an imposing array of carriages for his wife's funeral, but when the undertaker went to the Langston home he found the wife very much alive and anxiously awaiting the return of her tardy spouse.

60 Per Cent of Blindness Preventable. Chicago.—Fifty per cent of blindness is preventable, declared Alderman Willis O. Nance, chairman of the city council committee on health, in a speech. He said air rifles and explosive golf balls were responsible for the loss of many children's eyes.

Loses Much of Water Supply. New York.—Rains have doubled the overflow at the Craton dam and it is estimated the city is losing daily one billion gallons of water valued at \$100,000.

Takes "Hell" From Man's Name. Chicago.—Judge Carpenter took the "Hell" out of the name of Frank Heilmiller, an alien, when he admitted him to citizenship, and hereafter he will be known as Frank Miller, citizen.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

### PRIVATE JONES WAS LATE

Under the Circumstances the Probabilities Are That Congratulatory Visit Was Postponed.

Corporal Jenkins married "on the strength," and in due course his wife presented him with a son and heir. His pals all flocked around to tender their congratulations and to tenderly taste Bill's bitter beer.

Private Jones was on his way when he met Sergeant Brown returning. "Where are you off to?" asked the latter.

"Oh, I'm going around to see Bill and wish him luck with that young ster of his," was the answer.

"Then you're too late," said the sergeant solemnly.

"What!" exclaimed Private Jones. "Surely it hasn't gone and died?"

"No, the youngster's all right, but the barrel is out!" was the grim response.—London Tit-Bits.

Makes the laundress happy—that's Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful, clear white clothes. All good grocers. Adv.

Love stories are so attractive that a girl is liable to forget to wash the dishes.

The mystery of the Mona Lisa smile has at last been solved. The artist caught her expression when she was trying to laugh at one of her husband's jokes.

Superfluity. "You never admit having made a mistake?"

"What's the use?" asked Senator Sorghum. "When I make a mistake, there are always plenty of people to talk about it without my joining in."

### HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 25¢ Skin Book. Address postpaid "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

A Puzzler. An American woman made the ascent of Vesuvius recently with a small party which included Mrs. Cook, widow of the famous tourist manager. The display within the crater was unusually fine, which the American at dinner smilingly attributed to the presence of Mrs. Cook.

After several moments of silence, two Englishmen exclaimed in one breath, "But how could they manage that?" —Youth's Companion.

Their First Thoughts. Wine Drummer (to widow of dead customer, a composer)—May I ask how old your husband was when he died?

Widow—Only forty. Who knows how much more he might have done?

Wine Drummer—Ah, yes—and if we calculated it at only a hundred bottles a year!—Pileggi's Blatter.

Some Bootless Remarks. The whole-souled fellow is not half so likely to go on his uppers as the half-souled ones. The former is usually better heeled and doesn't peg out and leave a fellow in the lurch when he finds it necessary to revamp his fortunes after business affairs have run counter to his desires.

Waste little time in arguing with people who don't care.

A woman's idea of saving money is to have things charged.

EYE STRAIN Relieved by Quitting Coffee.

Many cases of defective vision are caused by the habitual use of coffee.

It is said that in Arabia where coffee is used in large quantities, many lose their eyesight at about fifty. Tea contains the same drug, caffeine, as coffee.

A N. J. woman writes to the point concerning eye trouble and coffee. She says:

"My son was for years troubled with his eyes. He tried several kinds of glasses without relief. The optician said there was a defect in his eyes which was hard to reach.

"He used to drink coffee, as we all did, and finally quit it and began to use Postum. That was three years ago and he has not had to wear glasses and has had no trouble with his eyes since.

"I was always fond of tea and coffee and finally became so nervous I could hardly sit still long enough to eat a meal. My heart was in such a condition I thought I might die at any time.

"Medicine did not give me relief and I was almost desperate. It was about this time we decided to quit coffee and use Postum, and have used it ever since. I am in perfect health. No trouble now with my heart and never felt better in my life.

"Postum has been a great blessing to us all, particularly to my son and myself."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-Ville," in pkgs.

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### SOON RAN OUT OF WHISKY

Unreasonable to Expect Liquor to Last Long in Family That Could Not Keep Cow.

A veteran surgeon of the Civil war, who still practices in the Piedmont section of Fauquier county, Virginia, where his patients include the wealthy horse fancier of the bluegrass and the shiftless, poverty stricken mountaineer of the Blue Ridge hollows, was recently summoned to the bunkside of a

bank, chin-whiskered hill-billy, stricken with a sluggish fever.

Some two months prior a barrel of whisky had been added to the meager possessions of the hill-billy's family—the estate of the acquisition does not enter into this tale—and of this the good doctor had learned; not, however, through any member of the hill-billy's family.

Desiring to tone up the patient with a stimulant the doctor concluded his instructions thus:

"Now, madam, the best thing for day, it finds its way to general public acceptance, begetting in the lay mind terrors of insanity and death which haunt every unfortunate victim of insomnia. The fear of not sleeping is one of the commonest causes of insomnia. Yet I do not know of any medical evidence anywhere of disastrous results from insomnia, and have myself never seen any harm arise from sleeplessness, apart from the harm done by the