

# THE STORY TELLER

## GREAT SCHEMES.

I'm going to write great poems some day. Exactly when I will not say. Just now some things are in the way: I'll begin—well, a week from Tuesday.

There are pictures, too, I mean to paint. My plans, as yet, are a little faint. But my notions are really new and quaint. As you'll see a week from Wednesday.

A great drama I have in mind. As soon as I can find a striking, original, refined.

Perhaps a week from Thursday.

I hope to form a stock company. Enormous dividends I'll earn. I'll coupon bond. I'll have "burn." About a year from Friday.

Dr. no—I'll invent a toy. Some simple gimcrack to give joy to each enraptured girl or boy—I'll work on that next Saturday.

I can't decide which scheme to choose. Each idea seems too good to lose. Meanwhile I'll take my Sunday snooze—tomorrow's only Monday.

—Tudor Jenks, in the Woman's Home Companion.

## A Million Dollar Fire

By H. L. Dawes

WHEN Thomas Proctor entered my office one October morning ten years ago I little thought the day would prove to be the most eventful in the lives of three men.

I had aided Proctor financially in several promising business ventures, and they all wound up in disaster, which was not due to any mismanagement on his part, but to a combination of unfortunate circumstances.

After the last collapse Proctor obtained a situation at a salary which barely supported his family. This went on for about two years, when his employer failed and Tom was again stranded. He had been without employment about a month, when he called at my office that October morning.

I gave him some good advice and encouragement, and what to him was more substantial, some dollars to relieve his immediate necessities.

Proctor expressed his gratitude in his blunt, homely fashion, and added, earnestly: "Perhaps this is the turning of the tide, Mr. Burrows," and I replied: "I hope so with all my heart."

At that time I was a director in a large transportation company, and thinking that possibly I might secure a position there for my young friend we started on a search at once.

On the way downtown we stopped at a wholesale house to buy a hammock to lend to a friend in Florida.

The clerk informed us that as the hammock season was over all their stock had been packed away on the top floor, so we ascended to the fifth floor in the elevator and then climbed two flights of stairs, entering a room occupying the whole area of the building.

A clerk was busily engaged with a gentleman whom I recognized as Hon. Moses Oglethorpe, multi-millionaire, the richest man in the state. The clerk went downstairs for something, leaving us alone—a millionaire, a merchant and a poor man.

Suddenly we were startled by the clanging of gongs, a knocking of bugles and a commotion in the street.

We all rushed to the window, drawn thither by the natural desire inherent in the breast of the average American to witness the rush of the fire engines.

"Great Scott! gentlemen," exclaimed Tom, excitedly, "the fire is in this building! I smell smoke! We must get out!"

We all rushed to the door, Proctor reaching it first. As he swung it open he was driven back by a sheet of flame and smoke.

"No chance to escape by the stairs," said he; "perhaps there's a fire escape; you stay here while I take a look," and with that he ran to the front, side and rear windows. When he rejoined our little group the answer was plainly written on his face.

In that time of awful peril and danger Tom Proctor was cool and collected, so we naturally looked to him to find some avenue of escape. Ten minutes before he was the most insignificant person in the room, a penniless bankrupt, realizing his own insignificance more keenly because of the presence of a modern Cæsar.

A few moments had changed the standing of the two extremes of our trio, and Proctor had jumped to the head of the class, for we were in a situation where brains were of more account than dollars.

He carefully examined the room, hoping to find a skylight, but was unsuccessful. Then he sought the windows again, thinking he might discover a coping or cornice by which we could reach some adjoining building, but with the same hopeless result.

Then we ran to the windows to see if there was any chance of help from the firemen. A cry of horror reached our ears as the crowd in the street caught sight of us.

The firemen raised ladders against the side of the building, but our hearts sank, for the ladders reached only the window of the fourth floor.

One cry reached our ears, but it sounded like a death sentence. Some one, evidently a fire chief, roared through a trumpet: "Jump! it's your only chance!" at the same time pointing to a group of men holding a large blanket directly beneath us.

"My God!" groaned Oglethorpe; "that's suicide to jump from this height. It makes me dizzy to think of it."

Proctor was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and talked to us as calmly as if discussing a business scheme in my private office.

"It's a case of roast or jump," said he, as we came together for a final conference, "that's the whole thing in a nutshell. The only redeeming feature in the case is that each of us can choose the way it makes him best to die. Personally it makes little difference to me. Death by fire isn't really so horrible as

it appears, and as for jumping you will lose consciousness long before you reach the ground. After all, my case is much worse than yours, gentlemen. Your families will be well provided for, but God only knows what will become of my wife and children when I'm gone."

"See here, young man," Oglethorpe exclaimed, grasping Tom by the arm. "I can't be roasted in this hell-hole like a rat, and to jump is still worse! Why, man alive, I'd give a million dollars—a million, do you hear?—to be landed safely on the ground!"

I glanced at Tom—for an instant forgetting our perilous situation—and noted that, unimpaired by Oglethorpe, he was gazing intently to one side; then suddenly his face lighted up with a gleam of hope.

"All right! I accept the contract. No time now for any business formalities. Shake hands on it. You witness this, Mr. Burrows," said he, nodding his head in my direction, at the same time extending his hand to Oglethorpe.

They hastily grasped each other's hand, and I bore witness of the strangest business transaction on record.

"That's as binding as if drawn up by a regiment of lawyers," exclaimed Oglethorpe when the simple ceremony was completed. Then he added: "My word is good for that amount, never fear, if I get out of this place alive."

Placing the million dollars aside roughly, Proctor ran to a case of drawers under the counter a few feet away. On the upper drawer was tacked a white card which bore the simple legend: "Fish lines." It was only the work of a second to pull the drawer out and select a heavy, strong line, about the size used in codfishing. The drawer underneath was labeled "Sinkers," and from this he grabbed a lead sinker, which he deftly fastened to the end of the line. From the wall he tore down a sign which read: "No smoking allowed" on the back of this card he wrote in plain letters: "Hitch on a rope, quick!"

"Making the card fast to the line near the lead he rushed to the window followed by Oglethorpe and myself.

We watched the descent of that white messenger with breathless interest, for our lives were in the balance and time was precious. Three souls hanging to a cod line and a piece of common everyday cardboard.

A man on the ladder seized the card and read its message. Waving his hand upward to signify that he understood, he ran nimbly down the ladder, darted across the street to a ladder truck, and with the help of a comrade seized a coil of rope, which they flung on the ground directly under our window.

To prevent the line from chafing on the stone trimming under the window sill, Proctor leaned far outward and carefully obeyed the command to "haul."

"This is a kind of a fish worth fishing for," cried he, with enthusiasm; "sort of a goldfish, hey, Mr. Oglethorpe? Ah, my beauty, now I've got you fast!" he exclaimed, as the end of the rope slipped into his hands.

I believe that Tom had been to sea a couple of voyages when a youngster and evidently the old sailor instinct returned the moment he got hold of that rope.

He yanked it in over the window sill hand over hand till it fairly hummed. When the last fathom fell at our feet Tom grabbed it and with a quick turn of the hands tied a loop, which I think sailors call a "bowline." Slipping this bowline over Mr. Oglethorpe's head and down to the hips, he said to him, tersely: "Now, then, Mr. Oglethorpe, you're to sit in this bowline; hold onto the rope with a death-grip. Don't be afraid; you can't fall out if you try. Mr. Burrows and I will lower you down, and all you have to do is to keep yourself away from the building with your feet. You may bark your shins, but that's nothing. Lively now, there's not a moment to lose!"

After a few more instructions and no little urging, the man of money laboriously crawled over the sill; we slacked away on the rope and his head disappeared from view. We had a turn at the rope around a steam pipe and had no difficulty in holding Oglethorpe's weight, although he was a heavy man.

Presently we heard a tremendous cheer from the crowd below, which told us that Oglethorpe was safe. Running to the window, we saw him descending the ladder with the help of a fireman.

Tom hauled up the rope again and in an instant I was ready to descend. His instructions to me were the same as to Oglethorpe, only he added: "If I don't get out of this alive, Mr. Burrows, you see that Bessie and the babies get the million." He glanced uneasily over his shoulder to the rear of the room, where the flames were just beginning to break through.

I made a feeble protest—I meant it, too—that it was only right that he should go next. He replied almost angrily: "Stop your nonsense, Mr. Burrows, and get out of that window! I'll take two turns around this steam pipe, so as to hold you all right, and you'll be on the ladder in a jiffy."

I have a dim recollection of twisting and turning, at the same time falling down, till it seemed as if I was dropping into a bottomless pit in the infernal regions. Before I knew it I was standing on mother earth once more with Oglethorpe shaking my arm off.

We looked upward, expecting to see Proctor climb down the rope. To our surprise of every one he pulled it up a third time. "What's the fool doing?" exclaimed the fire chief standing near by. "Why don't he slide down that rope? Guess he's lost his head."

"He knows what he's about," said the millionaire. "Look!"

To our amazement the rope dropped from the window with knots in it about six feet apart.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the chief, "that's a trick worth knowing. Wonder how he did it in such a short time."

We saw Tom's feet come through the window, where he had to maneuver a moment to wind his legs around the rope; then he slid down from one knot to the next easily and gracefully, disdaining to use the ladder, and finally landed within our midst with the cheery salutation: "All present or accounted for!"

I heard Oglethorpe whisper to the chief a contribution to the firemen's relief fund of \$1,000 for the possession

of that rope, which was duly accepted, and it was afterward generously divided with Tom and me.

Tom called to see me the next day, smiling and happy.

"I've got the million all right, Mr. Burrows," said he, "and have been walking on air ever since. Have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. The papers laid it out so thick that I had to sneak through the back streets to get here, people stare so at me."

In the quiet of my private office he explained to me some of the details of the escape from the burning building, which show that brains count in an emergency.

"It was this way," said he. "When our position seemed hopeless and it looked as if we were doomed to a horrible death, Oglethorpe lost his head and acted half crazy, and you, Mr. Burrows, were in a trance, dazed like."

"Twice before in my life I had looked death square in the eye, and learned by experience that one stands the best chance for his life by keeping cool, with his wits on the qui vive to take advantage of any favorable method or means of escape."

"Unless the fire was gotten under control within a short time, a rope was our only hope. Then I remembered a story. You may think it a queer time to think of such a thing as a story, nevertheless it did its part toward our salvation. It was the tale of a prisoner confined in a high tower. A friend outside shot an arrow through the window; attached to the arrow was a silk thread, to the thread a cord, and to the cord a rope. All these the prisoner pulled up successively, and when he secured the rope his escape was easy."

"About the instant that story was running through my brain Oglethorpe offered the million dollars and I caught sight of the sign 'Fish Lines.' That solved the problem. You know the rest."

"But right here I would like to justify myself concerning that million. I don't want you to think I took advantage of Oglethorpe because his life was in danger; I merely profited by his generous offer. It was a matter of business, pure and simple, and the fact that he paid up like a man is proof that he considered it a square deal."

"How about that string of knots in the rope?" I asked. "I'm very curious to know how you did it, and so are some of the firemen."

"Oh, that's a simple trick I learned at sea," he replied. "You make a coil of half hitches, pass the end of the rope through the center of the coil, and it comes out with knots about a fathom or so apart."

"By the way, Mr. Burrows, that was the turning of the tide, after all."

And I answered: "Well, I should say so!"—Boston Globe.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Over 600,000 pounds of tea is consumed in England daily.

More than 100,000 acres of peat are said to be still available in the Canadian province of Ontario.

A Vermont fox, close pressed by two hounds, dashed across a railroad track in front of an advancing train, which killed the dogs.

There are 45 states and six territories in the union, not including our new possessions. Utah was the last state to be admitted into the union, the date of admission being January 4, 1896.

The hottest mines in the world are at Comstock. On the lower levels the heat is so great that the men cannot work over ten or 15 minutes at a time. Every known means of ventilating the heat has been tried in vain. Ice melts before it reaches the bottom of the shafts.

The practice of eating arsenic is very prevalent among the peasantry of the mountainous districts of Austria, Hungary, and France. They declare that this poison enables them to ascend with ease heights which they could not otherwise climb without great distress to the chest.

In the Emerald Isle the Murphys head the poll, with 62,600, being most plentiful in Wexford and Carlow; the next most frequent names are Kelly, 55,900 (Kildare); Sullivan, 43,600 (Cork and Kerry); Walsh, 41,700; Smith, 37,000; O'Brien, 33,400; Byrne, 33,000 (principally in Dublin and Wicklow); Ryan, 32,000; Connor, 31,200; O'Neil, 29,100; and Reilly, 29,000.

## UNCLE SAM CAN'T LOSE.

With Honolulu and Manila He Commands the Gates to the Pacific.

If it be westward that the star of empire takes its way, Uncle Sam owns the upper and perhaps the best, and France the lower and less useful, gateway into this new world. At Hawaii, says Ainslee's Magazine, is the natural midway between the warm and genial Pacific and the hot and luxuriant districts of the tropics wherein most of the Pacific islands lie. At Tahiti is the radial place below the equator, a little less removed from the center of heat and farther from the origin of travel than Hawaii. Both abound in beautiful scenery, in temperature admirably equal, in life and habits half indolent, half industrious; in products both tropical and semi-tropical. Both form an admirable preparation for the things beyond. The soldier boys who stopped in Honolulu on their way to Manila had their first taste of bananas and pineapples as they came directly from the field. They wished that they might stay in the soft and luscious air forever; that is to say, those who did not remain long enough to be down with the fever or to be sent home in the hearse ship. For there are fevers in Hawaii, as in almost all of the islands of the Pacific.

## M. GALLIFET AND HIS FISH.

He Caught It in the Presence of Napoleon III. and It Made Trouble.

In the etats de service of Gen. Gallifet, the present war minister of France, there is a curious note which should endear him to the hearts of all fishermen. After paying a just tribute to his abilities, the note reads: "But, unfortunately, he selects extraordinary companions."

Thereby hangs a fish story. Long ago, in the days of the second empire, Gallifet was the aid-de-camp of Napoleon III. At St. Cloud his quarters were just over the imperial bedroom. Everything around him was very grand and very gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear and the surrounding scenery was beautiful, but the young lieutenant felt like a prisoner. Early one morning while seated at his window trying to drive away the blues with a cigar, he espied below in the crystal water an enormous carp. The instincts of the angler, strong in Gallifet, made the young man's eyes snap and set his heart a-throbbing.

The big fish was the private property of the emperor. Consequently, it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless. It surrendered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gallifet went to the trunk, brought out his trusty line, he hooked and fastened a hook and an artificial bait. With his accustomed skill he cast the line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.

Here the lieutenant's fun ended and his trouble began. The fish landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water and caromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. Then it began to execute a genuine pas-de-carp among the smithereens.

The emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead, called the water-trickling through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstairs to find out what was the matter. Gallifet heard him coming and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window, and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the imperial pond. But the slippery thing was hard to hold; so he tossed it into the bed and covered it up with the bedclothes. When the emperor entered the room he noticed immediately the quivering bedclothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the floundering fish. His majesty's face assumed an almost jimmie expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took in the entire situation, smiled and left the future war minister to meditate upon the mysteries of a fisherman's luck.—N. Y. Sun.

## PERSONALLY CONCERNED.

Two men were arguing upon the question of the need of general and immediate spelling reform, and the discussion waxed earnest.

"Look here, Ferguson," said one of the two, at last, "why are you so bitter in your opposition to reforming the language?"

"Because," replied the other, bringing his fist down with emphasis, "I have just invested \$12 in a new dictionary!"

Mr. Ferguson's argument, it may be added, is not without force. There are many other persons ready to back it up on the same ground.—Youth's World.

## CONCEITED FELLOW.

She—You men don't seem to realize that a girl can't imagine anything worse than to have a young man kiss her against her will.

He—No? I should think it would be worse to have us refuse to kiss you when you're willing.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## GENEROUS.

Boy—The butcher is downstairs and says he must have something on account, no matter how small it is.

Larduppe—All right. Tell him not to send me any more bills for six months and to add the 12 cents he saves in postage to my credit.—N. Y. World.

THAT GOOD LITTLE BOY.

They say he's the best little boy in the town.

He never does anything wrong; though he wears an old jacket that's faded and brown.

They say that he's never been known to frown.

And he's good as the day is long. And if I am careless or tired of play, And leave all my toys on the floor, They make such a fuss, and they always say:

That my things had better be given away To that good little boy next door.

He must be a dreadfully good little boy. If he's like what I've heard them say. He'd be to bring in the cows at night, And think it is silly to play with a kite, And would rather study than play. No matter how hard I try to do right, It's just no use any more.

For it's: "Oh, don't, Teddy!" from morning till night, And: "Teddy, I wish you were half as good as that good little boy next door."

Why is it I hate to go after the cows, And study at school all day? Why is it I always break my noise? And can't get along without making noise? And why do I like to play? But if I'm not anxious to pick up the chips, Or sleep on the garret floor, Or rock the baby on his mother's knee, They always speak of the willing ways Of that good little boy next door.

I often watch for that good little boy That I hear so much about; But I never see his face at the door, Or hear him talking, and then, what's more, He never seems to come out. But I think if I knew him quite well, you see, And coaxed him to tell me, or Watched how he does it, it seems to me That some day or other I really might be Like that good little boy next door.

—G. E. Billings, in Youth's Companion.

## DEVOTED PAPA FROG.

He Holds His Little Sons and Daughters on His Back and Carries Them Wherever He May Go.

Here is the picture of a male frog with the little tadpoles living on his back, discovered lately by Dr. August Brauer, of Marburg, Germany. For a little fellow it has a pretty long name, but perhaps its paternal devotion has earned it the Latin name, arthropods sycheloides boettgeri. It has been noticed before that some species of frogs living in Venezuela and the island of Trinidad the male bears the young on its back, to which they hold by their mouths. But this new species is the first one on which so many as nine little ones were discovered, and besides, they do not hold on by their mouths, but seem to be stuck to the papa frog's back and sides by some gummy substance, which holds them in place until they are large enough to care for themselves. Like all tadpoles, these still have the tails, which will soon drop off, and if you look carefully you can see the beginnings of their legs just in

## PAPA FROG AND HIS FAMILY.

front of their tails. It is a wonderful device of nature that the female sometimes deposits her eggs on the back of the male, where they hatch out, and the little tadpoles grow until they attain a certain size. Such is, of course, not the case with our common frogs, but in these rare species, only lately found by naturalists, is a strange reversal of what seems to be the usual law that the mother takes care of the young. In this species the eggs are not laid on the back of the male, but on the ground, and only after they are hatched do they take up their position on papa's back. And there they may ride, not for a trot upstairs or through the hall, as little children do, but until they are big enough to walk around and look for their own food. It would hardly be an exaggeration to call this kind of a frog the most paternal of animals.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

## WONDERFUL CREATURE.

Nature Has Given the Chameleon the Power to Change Its Form Almost Instantaneously.

The chameleon has for ages been an object of curiosity, not only on account of its ability to change its color at will, as one might suppose who had read accounts which mentioned only that one characteristic, but also on account of a remarkable power which admits of the creature instantly changing its form. At times it takes upon itself almost the exact form of a mouse; again, with back curved and tail erect, it is the exact counterpart of a miniature crouching lion, which no doubt gave origin to its name, chameleon. By inflating its sides and flattening back and belly, it takes upon itself the form of an ovate leaf, the tail acting as the petiole, the white line over the belly becoming the midrib.

When thus expanded it also has the extraordinary power to sway itself over so as to present an edge to the observer, thus greatly adding to its means of concealment. As is well known, the least excitement, as in handling, will cause a change in the color. In its normal state it is of a light pea green. When excited, the groundwork remains the same, but transverse stripes about 30 in number appear on the body. These stripes, which are of a very dark green to begin with, soon change to inky blackness. The prevailing idea that the chameleon takes upon himself the peculiar hues of whatever he is placed upon is as curious and widespread as it is erroneous. Placed in boxes lined with red or blue silk, they retain their pea green color, with no leaning toward the brighter hues of the surroundings.—Brooklyn Eagle.



THAT GOOD LITTLE BOY.

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—G. E. Billings, in Youth's Companion.

## BRUIN WAS CURIOUS.

Bear Examines a Lazy Camper's Bed and Is the Cause of an Unpleasant Awakening.

It was while in the Yellowstone National park that this joke was played upon one of a jolly crowd of young people. The government keeps a great many wild animals at this place, and visitors are not allowed to shoot or even throw stones at them, so they become very tame. The bears in particular, big, clumsy, awkward fellows, loiter around the hotels to eat up everything that is thrown out of the kitchen.

At the hotel where this particular party was stopping, one of the brown cinnamon bears would even come up on the porch to sleep, like a big dog, and would now and then go shambling into the office on chilly days and lie down in front of the fire.

Some of the party thought it would be great fun to camp out for awhile, and they got some tents, which they pitched in the woods. One of the party was a lazy kind of a fellow who liked to sleep in the daytime, and almost



AN UNPLEASANT AWAKENING.

every afternoon he could be found snoring away on the cot in his tent. His friends thought it was about time to stop this after-awake, and they got one of the cub bears, that was really as tame as a big kitten and almost as playful, and one afternoon while the sleeper was tucked up as usual under his canvas cover, they put the cub inside his tent.

Bruin was newly always hungry, and at first he went sniffing around to find something to eat. But pretty soon he heard the snoring, and at first he was going to clear out, but his curiosity got the better of him, and he went over to the corner in which the cot stood and began hauling at the covers to see what kind of an animal it was that was making such a funny noise.

When the sleeper awoke to find a big bear bending over him, he gave a yell, and a leap that sent young bruin sprawling, and ran away as fast as he could. When he found out the joke that had been played upon him he was "mad as a hornet," but after awhile he could see the fun and laughed with the rest of them. But he wouldn't go out camping any more.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## STOLEN TRADE SECRETS.

How the Mysteries of Some Notable Crafts Were Obtained by Enterprising Competitors.

Few inventions are at present worked secretly, as the patent laws now provide the protection which in olden times was wanting. One hundred years ago whatever a man discovered in the arts or mechanics he concealed. Workmen were put upon their oath never to reveal the processes used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by precautions which now appear to be fanciful and silly.

But neither locks nor oaths availed against the ingenuity of envious or inquisitive rivals. One after another trade secrets were revealed, until the wise patent laws did away with all necessity for secrecy. The secret of the manufacture of citric acid was stolen from an old chemist who had a shop near Temple Bar, in London, by a chimney sweep, who dropped down the flue and took good note of the process.

The secret of the manufacture of tinware, which was discovered in Holland and kept a secret for 50 years, was stolen by James Sherman, a Cornish miner.

The history of cast steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy.

In 1760 a Sheffield watchmaker became dissatisfied with the watch springs in use, and after many experiments succeeded in making cast steel. In 1770 he had a large factory making this steel. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every means within reach—true and faithful men hired, large wages paid and stringent oaths administered.

It did not answer. One midwinter night a traveler knocked at the gate. It was bitterly cold, the snow fell fast and the kind foreman gave the wanderer shelter from the storm. He sank upon the floor and soon appeared to be asleep. But in reality he kept his eyes open, saw the whole process, and when he departed in the morning he carried with him the secret of making cast steel.

## ANTS MADE A BRIDGE.

A naturalist found that some black ants were devouring the skins of some bird specimens on a table, so he made tar circles on four pieces of paper and put one under each leg of the table. Pretty soon he found the ants busily at work again, and, looking at the tar circles, found each one was bridged by bits of sand which the clever ants had brought in from the street.

## APT TO GIVE THEIR AGE AWAY.

Old-time actors and actresses are now having a controversy as to which ones among them appeared in the original production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

One would naturally think, says the Chicago Times-Herald, that instead of wrangling about it in public the guilty parties would try to keep the matter quiet.

## COULDN'T STICK WILLIE.

Teacher—Willie, what's the masculine of "laundress"?

Willie Wiseguy—Chinaman!—Brooklyn Life.

# That Tired Feeling

Just as surely indicates that the blood is lacking in vitality and the elements of health as does the most obstinate humor that the vital fluid is full of impurities. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures that tired feeling by enriching and vitalizing the blood, creating a good appetite and invigorating every organ of the body.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I had that tired feeling all the time. Was as tired in the morning when I rose as I was when I went to bed. I took four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel like a new man. I could work hard and not feel tired. I recommend Hood's to all who need a good medicine." A. P. CHARTER, Creston, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all drug stores. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. E. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## The Proper Response.

Mamma—Why did you let him kiss you?  
Daughter—Well, he was so nice; he asked me.  
"But haven't I told you you must learn to say 'No'?"  
"That's what I did say. He asked me if I'd be very angry if he kissed me."—Philadelphia Press.

## Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to shake in, your shoes. It cures the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Sore, Hot, Chafed, Aching, Sweating feet and Itching Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, etc. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Very Strange.

Sunday School Teacher (finishing the narration)—And this is the story of Jonah and the whale.  
Johnny Cusmo—Isn't it strange they knew what a Jonah was that long ago?—Harlem Life.

## \$18 Per Week.

A salary of \$18 per week and expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Compound and Lice Killer among Farmers. Ad's with stamp. Accept Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

## Wrong Impression.

He—Am I right in presuming to think you care for me?  
She—No, you are left.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The Makers of Carter's Ink Say:

"We can't make any better ink than we do; we don't know how to. We can make poorer ink, but we won't." Carter's Ink is the best.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

## If you want to be content and prosperous.

Get in summer, cool in winter, seeds in spring, and loaf in the fall.—Atchison Globe.

## Piso's Cure is the best medicine ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.

Wm. O. Eadsley, Vanuren, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

## It isn't fair to measure other people in your half bushel, but you probably do it.

Atchison Globe.

Each package of PUTNAM'S FADELESS DYES colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

## Some people have faith in odd numbers—and the favorite is number one.—Chicago Daily News.

## Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Wildcherry and Tar Instantly.

Pile's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

## Gained 45 Pounds

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was very thin and my friends thought I was in consumption.

"Had continual headaches, backache and falling of uterus, and my eyes were affected.

"Every one noticed how poorly I looked and I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"One bottle relieved me, and after taking eight bottles am now a healthy woman; have gained in weight from 95 pounds to 140; everyone asks what makes me so stout."—MRS. A. TOLLE, 1946, Hill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Pinkham has fifty thousand such letters from grateful women.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. Free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

# That Tired Feeling

Just as surely indicates that the blood is lacking in vitality and the elements of health as does the most obstinate humor that the vital fluid is full of impurities. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures that tired feeling by enriching and vitalizing the blood, creating a good appetite and invigorating every organ of the body.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I had that tired feeling all the time. Was as tired in the morning when I rose as I was when I went to bed. I took four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel like a new man. I could work hard and not feel tired. I recommend Hood's to all who need