

A CURSE CONFIRMED.

(Original.) Herman Fielder was starting on what he proposed should be his last trip as a guide across what is now the Simpson pass of the Alps. That was more than three centuries ago, and a guide's duties were far different from what they are now.

On the first night after beginning the ascent the two men stopped at a little inn midway between the low ground and the summit kept by an old Swede, Johan Evard, and his wife for the entertainment of those making the pass.

The next morning before daylight Arshag was heard storming and lamenting. Herman and the old couple went to him, and he accused the latter of stealing his jewels.

"You accuse us of theft—we who have kept this inn ever since we were young people, we who have entertained many strangers and have always borne good characters! Rather look to your guide to recover your loss. It is not we who could know that you carried jewels, but he."

All three were searched, and the gems that had been placed in Herman's pocket were found there. Arshag was but half convinced that the guide was the thief, for it was not likely that he would keep stolen property on his person.

There was a gorge to cross directly in front of the cabin. The party crossed it, and when on a crest on the other side Herman stopped and turned, the others doing the same. The air was perfectly still. There had been an unusual snowfall, and far and near the peaks were covered. The only sign of a human abode in all that vast waste of snowy heaps was the inn on the other side of the gorge.

Handily had the echoes of his voice died away when there was a sound—the muffled boom of a cannon—and in another moment the whole side of the mountain beyond and above the cabin began slowly to move. Snow, ice, rocks and torrents poured in one confused gigantic torrent down on the inn and its keepers. Above the roar there came a mingled human shriek, and the spot where the cabin had stood was buried fifty feet beneath the snow.

In that superstitious age only a few scientists knew of the delicate balances of nature and that a human voice setting the air to vibrating could cause an avalanche. The party regarded the destruction that had come to the innkeepers a direct confirmation by the Virgin of Herman's curse. All knelt reverently and with awe made the sign of the cross.

The diamond merchant, convinced that the old couple had stolen his diamonds and that the treasure had been swept away by the avalanche, went back to Greece, and Herman married Agatha, giving up the profession of guide. Several years after the death of the innkeepers, having failed to earn a living, he returned to his former calling. On his first trip, when he reached the place where the inn had stood, he found it bare of snow. He sat down to rest under an overhanging rock and, seeing some rotted cloth tucked away in a crevice, pulled it out, scattering a lot of jewels at the same time. They were the stolen treasure.

Herman returned from his trip wealthy, for it would in those days have been impossible to find the Greek merchant. Besides, it was considered that the Blessed Virgin had enriched him as well as having protected him.

Why Not Try POPHAM'S ASTHMA REMEDY? Gives prompt and positive relief in every case. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00. Trial package by mail 10 cents. Wm. Popham, M.D., Prop., Cleveland, Ohio. Sold by C. H. Kendrick & Co., Barre, Vt.

NEMESIS OF POSTAL FRAUDS

Joseph L. Bristow to Don Toga

DEFEATED EX-SEN. LONG

Persistency, Through Honesty Distinguished Him—Practically Driven From Capital by President, Returns Day He Leaves White House.

Washington, Aug. 15.—Another new member with an infinite capacity for making trouble will soon be on his way to the Senate. This is Joseph L. Bristow of Kansas, former fourth assistant postmaster general, who appears to have gone through the Republican primaries of the Sunflower state like a trans-Mississippi cyclone, thus sweeping away the political prestige of Senator Chester L. Long.

Up to date, the man in recent years who has had to a great degree a monopoly of "stirring up things" in the Senate, and encountering the wrath and dis-



GENERAL BRISTOW.

quest of the old, ruling, traditional senators, is La Follette of Wisconsin. He may be expected to have a most interesting and capable competitor in the person of Mr. Bristow.

Bristow is one of those Cassidians with the lean and hungry look, who has always been regarded as dangerous. It would seem this idea has reason to support it. Certainly, the experience of Mr. Long would warrant the notion. So, also, would the experience of the manufacturers in the post-office department whom Bristow trailed down relentlessly and pertinaciously. Tall, thin, stooping and angular, Bristow has a great capacity for hard work and a most amazing fund of energy on which he is at all times ready to draw.

To say that Washington was surprised at the triumph of Bristow over Long is putting the case mildly. Only a few well-informed folk, who knew something of the depth of radical sentiment in Kansas, were prepared for what happened. In Washington Long has been known as one of the "Roosevelt senators." No one has gone to the White House more persistently than he, and when the Taft movement got under way, Long appeared in the role of one of its most enthusiastic supporters. He could not really have done otherwise, for Kansas is a Roosevelt state, and for Long to have opposed Taft would have put him out of the running for the Senate at the very outset.

But the difficulty with Long was that while in the Senate he was going through the outward motions of supporting the administration, his opponents out in Kansas were able to make a showing on the proposition that he was aligned, as far as appearances would permit him, with Aldrich and the conservative Republican wing of the Senate. To charge a man with being one of Aldrich's aides and abettors out in the middle west means his political damnation unless he can disprove the charge, and Long was unable to do it.

Along came William Allen White of the ready pen and he championed Bristow with vigor. To make matters worse for Long, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin went to Kansas and devoted his days and night to defeating Long. Bristow will probably be received in caustic fashion by most of the Republican senators. But he is likely to be heard. He will never make the mistake of failing to be as radical as Kansas wants him to be. He has been elected by the radical Kansas Republicans and he can be depended upon to adhere to the policies that the men who chose him advocate, that is, the Roosevelt policies without any toning down or shading.

State Lines. Since 1872 New York has been carried three times by the Democrats and six times by the Republicans.

Vermont was the first state to enter the Union after the original thirteen. This was March 4, 1791. In the matter of paper production New York, Maine and Wisconsin rank first, second and third respectively. Vermont pays the lowest salary to its governor (\$12,500) and Illinois the highest (\$12,000). New York's chief executive gets \$10,000.

Dr. Hallock's HAINS KILLS WIFE'S FRIEND

Remedies 60 Years of Cures \$1 Box Free

Dr. Hallock's Elvita Pills for all weak, worn out and nervous people, nervous weakness, nervous exhaustion, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, indigestion, and general debility. Will accomplish what all weak men desire. \$1.00 per box at receipt of 10 cents to pay postage.

DR. HALLOCK CO. 114 Court St., Boston, Mass. Office located 60 years at the same old stand, corner Court and Stoddard Sts. Oldest in the country.

Shoots Down Wm. E. Annis, Brother Assisting

REGATTA CROWD SEES IT

Capt. Hains, Seeking Man He Accused of Being Intimate With Mrs. Hains—Visits the Bay Side Yacht Club and Shoots Annis Six Times.

New York, Aug. 17.—Capt. Peter Conover Hains, Jr., United States army, son of Brig. Gen. Peter Conover Hains, United States army, retired, fired five shots of a revolver into William E. Annis of New York, owner and publisher of Burr McIntosh's Monthly and other magazines, late Saturday afternoon on the landing stage of the Bay-side yacht club at Flushing, L. I. Annis, whom Capt. Hains' brother had accused of having been improperly attentive to the captain's wife, died in the Flushing hospital a few hours after the shooting. A crowd of gayly dressed women and yachtsmen, among whom was Mrs. Annis, witnessed the tragedy.

Capt. Hains, accompanied by his brother, Thornton Jenkins Hains, well known as an author and amateur yachtsman, walked to the landing stage of the club as Annis and a club member named Harway were disembarking from a boat, and at once opened fire upon the man whom he holds responsible for the disrupting of his home. Annis attempted to get behind Harway, but Capt. Hains, reaching under Harway's arm, emptied his revolver upon his enemy, five shots taking effect. Immediately there was a commotion on the club veranda, where Mrs. Annis had fainted, and a dozen yachtsmen rushed to the front to the assistance of Annis. Before they could get to the side of the wounded man, however, T. J. Hains, the captain's brother, had whipped out a revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who interfered. "This is an affair between these two," he said calmly. Annis, with two bullets in his abdomen, one in the arm and two in his legs, was hurried to the Flushing hospital.

Capt. Hains and his brother, neither of whom appeared in any way disturbed, awaited the arrival of the police on the club boat, where they conferred with themselves. At the police station the captain refused to divulge the motive that had prompted him to shoot Annis, but Thornton Hains declared that Annis had paid improper attention to his brother's wife and that the captain had no other course open to him than to kill Annis. He then sent the following telegram to his father, Gen. Hains: "Annis is shot. Come to the Flushing jail." Later in the evening Capt. Hains telephoned to his lawyer, W. C. Percy, asking him to come to the Flushing jail.

Capt. Hains is attached to Fort Hancock as quartermaster, having entered the army at the end of the Spanish-American war with the rank of a 2nd lieutenant of artillery. He is a graduate of the naval academy at Annapolis but left the navy in 1904, soon after graduating. His father, Brig. Gen. Peter Conover Hains, is a West Point graduate, with a distinguished war record.

Both capt. and Mrs. Hains have friends in Washington, who have kept close track of an application for divorce filed by the former last June, and they recall the fact that Capt. Hains eloped with his wife, a Miss Claudia Libby of Winthrop, in 1900, when she was a school girl of 16. So far as is known at Washington, they had lived happily together until last May, when Capt. Hains returned from a trip to the Pacific coast on a summons from his brother, who claimed to have made discoveries of improper conduct on the part of Mrs. Hains. At that time Capt. Hains summoned his father, Brig. Gen. Hains, who, upon returning, stated that his daughter-in-law had made a confession to him that convinced him of the correctness of the son's position. The couple have three children, who are in the custody of Gen. Hains.

Annis, soon after arriving at the hospital, revived sufficiently to say a few words, but soon relapsed into unconsciousness. To the hospital authorities, who questioned him as to the causes which had led to the attack upon him, he replied that he preferred to say nothing. Dr. Ambler, coroner of Flushing, arrived at the hospital after the wounded man had lost consciousness and was unable to obtain an antemortem statement. After examining a number of witnesses, the coroner ordered Capt. Hains and his brother held for arraignment before a magistrate today.

When the would-be rescuers of Annis attempted to get by Thornton Hains, who was standing them off with a revolver, they were awed into non-interference by the display of a belt full of cartridges by Mrs. Hains. Police Capt. Albert Ruthenberg, in command of the Flushing precinct, was unable to elicit any statement from either of his prisoners, both declaring that they would have nothing to say until after they had consulted their lawyer. Annis was about to take his wife and two friends out sailing when he was intercepted on the landing stage of the club. He had just brought his sailing yacht, the Pam, to the boat preparatory to taking his guests out on her when Capt. Hains opened fire on him.

JINGLES AND JESTS

To a Tomato.

Survivor of the season's crimson rout, Whose comrades have incarnadined my platter, Late laggard of July, and just about To pass away into a pinkish batter, I pause to dash The tear drop from my eye, before I mash!

I shall not feel, I think, such fond regret When dying roses make the lawn look spangled, Nor when, too soon, across the slackened net The last white orb of summer has been volleyed.

As now I do, Soft spheroid, in eviscerating you.

What garden was it, languorous with scent, Where first the morning sun began to mottle Your homely features in the heart of Kent?

And ere they packed you in the leaf-lined pottle On what low bed Of patent compost did you hide your head?

I cannot say. But, anyhow, the stream, The still, white stream of Lethe laps you closely; The sifted sweetness mingles with the cream; You perish, but you shall not perish grossly.

A form so fat Deserves some pomp—Great Heavens, what was that?

Vile ingrate! Scarlet hypocrite! Is this The way you treat the fervor of a poet?

What madness of the gods, what Nemesia (You looked the nicest of the lot, you know it)

Has made me sing The mausoleum of a creeping thing? —Punch.

Another Charge. Those seven jokes that led the van, The old Egyptian prized 'em, But now it seems that wicked man Besoetrus plagiarized 'em. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Finicky. Guest—You're early in the water today. Bath—Yes; I hate to bathe after so many others.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Comparison. Young Mr. McNagg Is a terrible jagger. He goes to a stag And comes back with a stagger. —Cleveland Leader.

Technically Speaking. He printed a kiss on her fair, fair cheek, Although she held aloof, His lips in the powder left one broad streak. And this she showed as proof. —Chicago Tribune.

The Green Eyed Monster. Carsons: The cook seems offended. Gehbart—Yes; she thinks the family is paying altogether too much attention to the chauffeur.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Sad. There once was a young man in Me. Who suffered such terrible pe. At getting the mitten When he was love smitten That at last he went wifely sane. —Judge.

Our Flexible Language. "What did the professor do to Billings?" "He called him up and he called him down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unpicturesque Salvation? They tell us the fire engine thrilling Will soon be a thing of the past, Its glories of nickel and polish Aside in the scrap heap be cast. The hose will be coupled by fireman To high pressure salt water mains, Who put out the whole conflagration With never a thrill for their pains.

Since customs are passing and changing, Of old habits ringing the knell, Will ministers after their methods To be in accordance as well? Will somebody snatch us from burning, When comes that new era and day Without any picturesque features, In high pressure commonplace way? —Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THE CHILDREN WHO SUFFER FROM COLIC, SOOTHING THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAINS, TEETHING, AND FEVERISHNESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOOTHES THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAINS, TEETHING, AND FEVERISHNESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOOTHES THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAINS, TEETHING, AND FEVERISHNESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOOTHES THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAINS, TEETHING, AND FEVERISHNESS.

DYNAMITE IN THE MAKING.

Workmen Encircled By Death in Gallons and Tons.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things, says Leslie's Weekly. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts haphazard and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitroglycerine, a cupful of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds and thousands of gallons.

It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters and merrily tumbling in minute Niagara into immense vats, where the delectable yellow peril pursues its journey powdered. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through apertures of lead coils, driven only by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draught ale and piped to the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitroglycerine expert into one of those big cauldrons. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses.

Around you are other houses, at uniform distances apart and connected by a series of narrow-gauge tracks, where workmen are railroading nitroglycerine from here and pulp cotton from there, to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatine. Greatest care is taken in rolling the produce from house to house. As soon as a loaded cart is ready to pass out of the nitroglycerine house, for instance, a semaphore-signals from an adjoining station to which the consignment is carefully hurried.

Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbonic, red cross, hercules, judson and giant powder, forcite, or what you order, it develops quasi virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatine, in which more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation. Death, carbide and sleeping enderles you in gallons and tons. Annihilation threatens at every turn in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there also, alert, responsive, reliable.

WOULD HAVE COMPULSORY MARRIAGE.

Omaha Man Proposes Young Men Should Be Forced to Marry at 32.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 15.—This side-stepping Cupid by the young fellows in Omaha must be stopped," declares M. Logasa, Republican candidate for representative, whose platform is built principally of a big plank providing for the compulsory marriage of every youth by the time he reaches the age of 23. "There's too much dodging of family responsibilities," went on Logasa, "and if I'm elected you bet your boots I'll shake up the swains around here good and sharp. Omaha needs more married men, and if I land as representative she'll get 'em, too."

Logasa has a bill all ready to spring on the legislature. He is carrying it around in his pocket, but he won't tell what penalty it prescribes. His secrecy has caused consternation among the young bachelors of this city. They waste many good minutes on their jobs in speculating whether it will be the whipping post or the stocks or life imprisonment or highway work in the chain gang or a terrible increase in their poll tax.

The mysterious Logasa contends that the young elapsers of Omaha are spending too much money on the girls for automobiles and ice cream and trolley rides and summer shows, just for fleeting pleasures of flirtation. He wants to see them buckle down to business, walk up to the minister bravely and run up the long bills for rent, furniture, groceries, baby carriages and other necessities incident to sincere endeavors to halt race suicide.

The mysterious Logasa contends that the young elapsers of Omaha are spending too much money on the girls for automobiles and ice cream and trolley rides and summer shows, just for fleeting pleasures of flirtation. He wants to see them buckle down to business, walk up to the minister bravely and run up the long bills for rent, furniture, groceries, baby carriages and other necessities incident to sincere endeavors to halt race suicide.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Easy For Aunt Mahaly.

"These stockings are so full of holes that they are worthless, Aunt Mahaly," said a lady to an old colored woman with a large family who was a pensioner of her family. "No'm, dey ain't," replied Aunt Mahaly, calmly appropriating them. "Rastus en Verbena got show nobow, en Gem chiluns what got yaller meat kin ewar two pairs at de same time you know, Mis' Jo, dat de holes in all dem stockin' ain't gwine bit de same places."—Youth's Companion.

Very Insulting.

Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the rushes of his famous landscape, "Chill October," which has thrilled us all with the ineffable sadness and mystery of the dying summer. He worked on so steadily that he failed to observe a watcher, until a voice said: "Eh mon, did ye ever try photography?" "No," said the artist, "I never have."

"It's a deal quicker," quoth his friend, critic, eyeing the picture doubtfully. Millais was not flattered, so he waited a minute before replying, "I dare say it is." His lack of enthusiasm displeased the Scot, who took another look and then marched off with the Parthian shot. "Ay, and photography's a muckle sight mair like the place, too."—Everybody's Magazine.

Fee For Sleeping in Churches.

Napping at the Lawrenceville Sunday school will hereafter cost 25 cents. Uncle John Sanders is responsible for the new way of keeping people awake in study hours. Uncle John complained to the members about the way they had been straggling into school and of taking a quiet nap. As a result it was decided to charge those who went to sleep 25 cents a Sunday for their lodging. The new rule went into effect Sunday.—Columbia Dispatch.

Children's Fishing Contests.

Five hundred children from Sheffield, members of the Rechabite lodges and bands of hope, have had their annual cutting and fishing competitions at Ekington, Derbyshire. This is the sixteenth year of the competition, which began with thirty-two children. The children pay three-half pence a week, and each child receives a prize worth 8 Shillings 3 pence, while the thirteen who caught fish received extra prizes proportionate to their catch. The catches ranged in weight from a quarter of an ounce to two ounces.—London Standard.

55,402,330,113 CIGARETTES WERE SMOKED LAST YEAR

An Average of More Than Six Daily for Each Smoker in This Country.

Washington, Aug. 15.—There were 55,402,330,113 cigarettes smoked in the United States during the last fiscal year, according to government statistics just issued—25,000,000 is perhaps a fair estimate of the number of men and boys in this country who smoke tobacco. So, on an average, each smoker consumed 2,216 cigarettes last year, or 6 1/4 a day, the fraction representing the very small but a cigarette smoke throws away.

But of the 25,000,000 smokers many millions smoke cigars or pipes and some smokers roll their own cigarette. So the average number each cigarette smoker consumes daily must be much higher than 6 1/4. The government statisticians are very proud of their accuracy in carrying out a figure so high as fifty-five thousand four hundred millions to the very last number—13. Perhaps there is a warning to cigarette smokers in these last two figures. Anyhow, the cigarette habit is growing tremendously in this country.

A DRUG STORE DEAL.

Involving an Actress, the Soda Water Man and an Accident.

Josephine Cohan, the actress, ordered a chocolate sundae, or some similar abomination, at a drug store uptown the other day. When she sat down to drink it, one of the long feathers on her hat touched a cigar lighter. Naturally they blazed up. The clerk, being a thoughtful young man, wrested the glass of ice cream soda away from Miss Cohan and poured it on her hat, completely extinguishing the flames. Miss Cohan, uttering un-studied exclamations as the congealed sweetness trickled down the back of her fair young neck, rose and did a few rough steps. Then she started to go away. "One minute, miss," said the clerk. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

Miss Cohan said yes, she had forgotten a lot of things. She had forgotten the sense she was born with, for one thing, going into a place where they first set fire to her and then emptied a half portion of frozen garbage down her lingerie waist to suppress the fire demon. "You'd be a star at Coney, young man," was her decision. "I'm for you in the 'Fighting the Flames' cast any day."

But the clerk said he wanted a dime for the soda. Miss Cohan peevishly inquired what soda he was talking about. "I have had no soda here," said she. "You handed me one, and then before I got the connection with an arid palate established you tore it away to dump on my new hat."

But the clerk said he wanted a dime, just the same. Miss Cohan said she'd pay a dime for a soda in that dump the day following her commitment to Mattewan. "Whenever you see me breeding in here and demanding a platter of your best fire extinguisher, blow the whistle," said she. "I'm off for the funny house."

But the clerk said he wanted a dime for that soda. He said it in such a nasty way that Miss Cohan got real mad. "My hat cost \$50," said she, "and you've ruined it. Give me \$49.00 change and let me go." And that's the way the matter stands. Miss Cohan walks blocks out of her way now to make a false start through the drug store door and then, as if suddenly recollecting, turns away with a scream of terror. The clerk goes behind the prescription counter and makes faces in a mirror.—New York Letter to Cincinnati Times-Star.

SONS AND SIRES.

George Painter of Lima, O., who had suffered several years from paralysis, was cured by taking a hammock. Dr. James Augustus Henry Murray, one of the greatest scholars of England and famous as editor of the Oxford New English Dictionary, has been made a knight by King Edward.

Eighty-one years old and never a toothache and never a tooth lost—that is, since he lost his baby teeth! This man is Captain William Dix of West Trenton, Me., hale and hearty, who reads without glasses.

Lieutenant Commander Retzmann, recently in command of the battleship Braunschweig, has been selected as the German naval attaché at Washington. This will be his first diplomatic assignment. He is young and a bachelor.

Willis Fletcher Johnson is the head of New Jersey's new state civil service commission. Mr. Johnson is a journalist of standing, having been connected with the New York Tribune since 1880. He is also connected with a number of progressive societies.

Lord Wolsley, who has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday, has probably had more narrow escapes from death than any other living British officer. In his younger days his lordship was so daring that he earned from the Ashantees the title of "the general who never stops."

Admiral Rostrom, who has filled the post of assistant minister of marine in the Russian cabinet, has received command of the naval forces in the Black sea. The present Black sea commander, Rear Admiral Wira, retires and is given the honorary position of member of the naval council.

