

**No Revenge for Antiquity.**  
Ambassador Lloyd Griscom, at a dinner that he gave to a party of Phila delphans visiting Rome, praised its well-known American veneration for antiquity.

"It is seldom enough," said Mr. Gris com, "that we find an American philo matric before the treasures of Rome's past. I have only found one such per son. He is a southerner, and I gave a day to showing him about. The first church we visited was, I think, the Ara Coeli on the Capitoline Hill.

"This church, Calhoun," said I, is 600 years old."

"Humph," said he, "it smells a lot older."

**TEN YEARS OF PAIN.**  
Unable to Do Even Household Re- cesses of Kidney Troubles.  
Mrs. Margaret Emmerich, of Clin ton St., Napoleon, O., says: "For fif teen years I was a great sufferer from kidney troubles. My back pained me terri bly. Every turn or move caused sharp, shooting pain. My eyesight was poor, dark spots appeared before me, and I had dizzy spells. For ten years I could not do housework, and for two years did not get out of the house. The kidney secretions were irregular, and doctors were not helping me. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me quick relief, and finally cured me. They saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Trials of a Campaign.**  
Miss Mayne (on vacation)—O, auntie it's such a luxury to have nothing to do but just to lie in a hammock with my pre cious Shelley or even the "Vicar of Wake field."

Elderly Relative—Child, if I hear of any more such scandalous doings I shall write to your mother!—Chicago Tribune.

**Deafness Cannot be Cured**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condi tion, hearing will be destroyed forever. In cases of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists. Write for Catalogue.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Involuntary Contributions.**  
"Ordinary Individual—I see President Roosevelt has been offered a dollar a word for the story of his hunting adven tures in Africa next year. If he had been paid at that rate for his message to Congress—gee!

Predatory Trust Magnate—Huh! They cost a lot of us a good deal more than a dollar a word!

**You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.**  
Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder that cures itching, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c.

**An Expensive Fire.**  
She was a splendid servant, but she didn't know anything about gas to cook with, so he went to the kitchen with her to explain about the range. So that she could see how it was op erated he lit each of the many burners. While still explaining a message called him from the kitchen and he left her saying, "I guess you will find that it will work all right now, Martha."

He didn't see the cook again for four or five days, then, upon entering the kitchen, he said, "Well, Martha, how's that range doing?"

To his utter consternation she re plied:

"Dead, sir, that's the best stove I ever did see. That fire what you wanted for me four days ago is still burning, and it ain't even lowered now."

**FASHION HINTS**



There is a suggestion of an apron front to this gown, emphasized by the two tons of silk used. It is trimmed in sateen, and is in a very simple but effective pattern. The hat has a French touch, showing the ribbon bow outlined in tiny pink roses and forget-me-nots.

**An Assemblage.**  
"Good gracious, what an early rise that Mrs. Gladst is!"

"There must be a bargain sale some where."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Try Merine Eye Remedy**  
For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes, Green Discharge, Pink Eye and Eye Strain. Merine Does Not Stunt! Soothes Eye Pain. Is com posed of Experienced Physicians' Com pounds no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Merine for Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Merine. Try It in Baby's Eyes for Early Eye Strain. Merine at all Druggists. The Merine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill. and You Interesting Eye Books Free.

**The Pirate of Alastair**  
By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND  
Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.  
Copyright, 1908, by J. B. Lippincott Company. All rights reserved.

**CHAPTER V.**  
Three days passed before anything hap pened to disturb my equanimity of mind, and I was getting back to my accustomed serene outlook on the beach when at dinner I found a tiny note lying at my plate. Charles frequently stopped at the Penguin Club on his way from marketing, to see if by chance any mail had lodged there for me. This time he had discovered the diminutive missive affore said tucked into the box that was reserved for me, and which usually con tained only the daily papers. The en velope was square and of a delicate shade of violet and gray, and my name was written on it in a fine, bold hand. Inside was a single sheet:

"My Dear Mr. Pirate or Hermit (whichever you are):

"I shall visit the Ship Friday after noon—when the tide is low."

There was no name, not even a bare initial.

I looked at my calendar—I was apt to forget the days of the week—and found that it was already Friday. I folded up the note and put it in my pocket, hardly knowing whether to be vexed or pleased. The truth of the matter is that I found Miss Graham's last visit disconcerting. It seemed absurd, but she had in some strange manner changed the tone of the beach. Instead of being a place for calm, solitary musing, it had assumed the air of a spot not meant for company. I had never before felt the need of pointing out the pink shades of the sands and the golden crests of the rolling combers, nor of requiring another's admiration of the circling gulls. Now I did, and the result was that the more beautiful the beach, the more restless was I, and the less I was able to enjoy it.

I was not so dull as to miss the cause of this change, and that was the reason why the note both vexed and pleased me. I was vexed that I should be glad, and yet glad that I was in the way of being further vexed.

I looked at the barometer after din ner: it was falling. I glanced at the sky: it was still a deep, dome-like blue, but it was clouded with streaks across it that betokened storm. The wind was veering into the northeast; we might have had weather at a moment's notice. At the appointed time I went up the beach and clambered aboard the ship. There was no one on board. I descended into the cabin; that was empty, and I sat at the edge, and coming again on deck, saw Miss Graham starting across the causeway. It was low tide, and the path was above water, covered with shells and barnacles. I threw over a rope-ladder that I had made and hung at the side, and helped her on board. She had on a soft, white lace hat that dropped at the edges, and looked delightfully summery. Her gown was white; indeed, the only color she wore was a gold chain and locket that hung about her neck. She pointed proudly to her stout tan walking-shoes.

"I am wiser to-day," she said; "much more of a sea-woman."

I had thought once before that I had met fully the essence of exploration of the Ship; but now I found that I had not. Like two inquisitive children play ing at being explorers, we ransacked every corner of the cabin, thumping the boards for secret hiding-places, peering into the dim recesses of the bunks. She opened the brass-bound chest. "There was a brand found in it?"

"Nothing."

"It seems a shame. How are we ever to find the clue if not in the chest?"

"We must look for it out of doors," I said. "Perhaps if we wish hard enough, the spirits of the old rovers will come back."

So I took cushions that lay with my painting and an easel, and a seat on deck, and I lit my pipe, and told her all I had dreamed about the Ship, and how I was sure, if we only had sufficient faith, that a man would come out of the sea to sail her again and bring her as fine adventures as any she had known.

"How different you are from most of the men I have met!" she said. "Now, you seem quite in your setting. It al most makes me doubt that I'm only six hours from town."

"You're not, you're a thousand miles from town, in another world, in another sphere. We don't talk the language of town out here on the Ship; we talk a different tongue."

She shifted so that she could look over the sea, her chin still propped in her hand. "Talk that tongue," she said in that little tone of command peculiar to her.

I talked of the sea and ships, of treas ures hidden under the waves, of derelicts that floated for years without being sighted, of the Ancient Mariner and the Flying Dutchman and all the thousand and one legends of ghost ships and their crews. Meanwhile I watched her, took in the dreamy lustre of her eyes—gray that shaded to blue—the soft brown color of her cheeks and brow, the curling gold of her hair beneath her big white hat, and the delicate little hand that plucked her chin. I noted the locket, oval and flat, with her initials B. G. intertwined, and the heavy gold links of the chain that softly stirred with her even breaths. She was a child listening to world-old stories, but I knew she was also a woman who had come to change Alastair.

I stopped, and for a time we both sat silent, while the benediction of that glorious afternoon rested upon our spirits. There seemed no limitation to the world. The sea stretched out far past the Shifting Shoals and melted into the sky, and that in turn rose immeasurably high, only the white clouds decked the deep blue, casting patches of shade, silver tipped, upon the waves, and that gave us the lure of contrast.

Barbara looked up—I think it was then that I first called her Barbara to myself—and over at me.

"The world itself is so much more wonderful than anything it contains, and the beauty of it is so much greater than my single beauty, isn't it?"

I could not agree, looking into her deep, serious eyes, so I held my peace.

"Why is it, I wonder, that we only think these things, only really live, so rarely?"

There was something in her words that made me hope; they seemed to say that she had often felt thus.

"One exists so much, but lives so lit tle," I said; "but I could imagine circum stances when one would be always liv ing."

Her eyes changed, the depths in them vanished, there lay only the surface light that mocked me.

"One?" she echoed.

"Two," I answered. "The moment of thought in the Club, as he had changed so swiftly as the shadow of one of those clouds flying beneath the sun.

"You are a great dreamer," she said. "Are you also a man of action, I wonder?"

"Give me the chance."

"Give you the chance? Men of action don't wait for the chance; they make it."

"If I were Caesar, I would order the tide to come in."

The red blood flushed her cheeks, her eyelids dropped. I forgot everything but the picture that she made—the loveliest picture that I had ever seen or dreamed.

Next moment she sprang up. "But the tide is still out," she said, "and all your wishes will not bring it in. I must be going home."

I was up and standing beside her, leaning on the bulwark. "But you will come again? You'll come again to the Ship and take tea with me, or take supper on the Ship? When will it be?"

"Wait; not for a day or two."

She crossed the deck, and drawing out a small handkerchief, held it to the breeze.

"The wind is from the northeast," she said. "That means a storm. We may have to wait many days."

"Several, not many," I answered.

She gave a little cry; the handkerchief had blown from her hand and over to the shore.

"Get it for me," she said.

The wind set me on my feet. I recovered the handkerchief and came back, to find her half way across the causeway.

"Thank you. This is the second way you've done of leaving the ship on foot."

"But it's not the best way," I answered.

"I went with her to the great gate of the club and said good-night."

"Oh," she said. "I forgot and left the cushions on the chain, how could I have done that! A good sailor should make things tight."

"I will," I assured her.

A storm was certainly coming; it sang in the boughs of the pines as I hurried through them, it grew in the gathering clouds that hid the beach, it roared in the loud waves that threw themselves on the shore.

I crossed the mussel-backed path, and climbed on the ship. As I picked up the cushions something slid from them on to the deck. It was a locket, the locket she had worn on the chain about her neck, and it lay open, face upward, looking at me. I saw a small, round photograph of Rodney Islip.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
There was no mistaking those fea tures; they belonged as unquestionably to the man in tweeds as did the locket to Barbara Graham. Moreover, the pho tograph did him justice, and showed an extremely prepossessing, slightly smiling face, and that I considered added little to the injury.

I snapped the locket together and put it in my breast pocket; then I buried the cushions down the cabin-steps, pulled over the hatches, and left the Ship. I was in a very different humor from that of an hour before.

All the way down the beach I pondered the matter. How came the locket to have dropped from the chain, how came it to have fallen open when the catch seemed so strong? But these were petty, trivial questions, the merest introductions to the great, all-absorbing question—how came Rodney Islip's picture there?

Alas, there seemed only one plausible explanation, and I remembered the slight air of proprietorship the amused smile as though at some hidden joke, that had struck me when Islip had come upon us drinking tea. So they were in all like hood to be married, and I a poor fool that had been batted back and forth like a shuttlecock between them. I tried to laugh at the thought, but I could not, a head in air, stumble over a broomstick, but the laugh was not even a passable imitation.

The storm was coming, and I was glad of it. I wanted no more of this fine weather when a man was led to lapse into rose-colored dreams and fancy himself a prince with the world as his realm.

The rain began to spin against my face. The storm was coming fast, and the waves barked angrily at my feet like hounds yelping. But I would not run, I would not even turn up my coat-collar to keep off the wet; I would walk stolidly and let myself be soaked, for the poor, middle-brained idiot that I was.

But what of her? Barbara Graham looked to me like a consummate artist, playing with me when she was a trifle weary of the company of her accredited admirer. I knew that women sometimes did such things; I did not consider that she was the worst of her sex, but merely a striking instance of the sex's insincerity. Yet she had looked like a child, as gulle-blew as a maid in short skirts and braided hair, when she had watched the sea, and then I remembered those sudden flashing changes when the imp of subtle mischief had danced in her blue-gray eyes. She was just a bundle of mischief, to whom a new man was simply so much sport. Yet I envied Islip, who had the strength of his heart, which shows how strangely inconsistent I had grown.

Charles had foreseen the storm and had made things tight about the cottage; moreover, he had built a fire in the living-room, which was also the dining-room, to take the chill out of the rapidly dampening air. Ordinarily, I would have been glad to get in and change into dry clothes and stand in front of the fire, snug and comfortable, but now I was as much out of sorts as though the cottage had been a house of cards and had suddenly tumbled down about my head.

Poor Charles! He was soon to feel the rawness of my temper. I had no sooner closed the door than I called to him to get into his oilskins and go to McMillon's with an order to him to have my horse at the back door by 8.

"Yes, Mr. Felix," said Charles. "It's going to be a bad night, sir, asking your pardon."

"I'm going to the Penguin Club, Charles," I answered, "and I don't care if the heavens fall on the way."

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," and Charles departed, wearing a doubtless at the strange new master he had found. He knew what I thought of the Penguin.

I changed into my storm clothes— heavy riding breeches, with a leather jacket that buttoned up to my chin. I put the locket in a little pasteboard box and placed it in an inside pocket. Doubtless Miss Graham valued that small gold oval trinket with her monogram worn on the outside and her lover ensigned inside, and she should not have to wait until the storm passed to learn that she had not lost it. It would do no harm for her to be disturbed for a few hours; then I would end it.

Charles came back and said that Nero would be around at 8. I had supper in silent state, and then sank into gloomy thought before the fire. Confound me for being such a simple, gullible fool, I who had scarcely laid eyes on a woman before at Alastair! That was the trouble with the affair. In town I should have been prepared, properly eyed and breast-plated, but here she had come upon me in my own natural wilderness, on my own simple boat in my Ship of day dreams, where everything was as free and open as the sea.

Charles eyed me askance as I pulled my oilskin hat about my ears and vaulted upon Nero. Even the poor beast must have looked at me suspiciously, for this was no night for riding on any simple errand. I must be the bearer of tidings, a figure stepped out of a rough-and-tumble story. Had I only known how that night was to carry me far afield, and how that ride be the first swift gallop in to a strange and swirling enterprise!

The pines shot their water into my face as I galloped along the narrow road. The sandy footing gave now and again, and I had to let Nero's instinct save us from foundering in the bogs which the heavy rain was making of the country. The night was black as pitch; the wind, risen to a hurricane, screamed through the forest in a thousand varied voices, each more harsh and ominous than the last. Several times, riding out from the middle of the road, wet branches driven by the gale flung themselves against me and almost throttled me from my horse. I crouched low, bending forward for safety and that might have led to the murky thickness of the road. Several times Nero stumbled and I almost pitched over his head.

The lights at the gate of the club were out; they were evidently not expecting visitors. I rode Nero to the stables, left him with a groom, and strode into the club's main hall. I must have presented a sorry spectacle; my tight-buttoned leather jacket, my riding-breeches and boots, all soaked and running with water, my hair and face dripping when I took off my oilskin hat that buckled under my chin.

"Take my name to Miss Graham," I said to the clerk at the desk, and he recognized me and sent a butler to find her.

"Miss Graham is in the sun-parlor on the porch to the right of the main-door," reported the butler, "and says she will see you there."

(To be continued.)

**MARY LAUGHLIN'S ART.**  
**Domestic Crisis Made Her Great, If Not Rich and Famous.**  
"And what," asked the guest, after the first excitement of meeting was over, and the two old friends had settled down for a "good talk," "and what has become of Mary Laughlin? Is she still as wonderful as ever?"

"A hundred times more so," her hostess answered, promptly.

"What is she doing? Has she be come a famous artist, as you expected? The last thing that I heard definitely was that she took the first prize at the academy, and you looked for great things from her."

The other woman smiled the slow smile of one whose thought wanders back through memories years.

"Mary Laughlin is greater than we ever dreamed," she said. "For six years she has been painting dinner-cards and favors."

"Painting dinner cards?"

"They are exquisite dinner cards," the friend declared, whimsically. "They are all the rage."

"But dinner cards! Helen Andrews, what do you mean?"

"I mean," Mary's friend said, gen tly now, "that Mary has proved herself greater than her art. The year that she was to go abroad her sister's hus band died, leaving her with no means and four little children. She could not support them and care for them too, so Mary came to the rescue. To make name and reputation great enough to support them by paintings would have taken years, and money was needed at once. So she began dinner favors. They are all living together, as they have for seven years. The children adore her."

"But—her genius!" the other woman cried. "What a cruel sacrifice!"

Mary's friend smiled again. "Wait until you see Mary," she said.

They saw Mary a few days later. From being an impulsive girl, she had grown into a woman, strong, poised, self-reliant, joyous. That she had had her battles no one could doubt, but the completeness of her victory was shown by her generous, unobtrusive recognition of the successes of her old comrades at the academy. She talked much of them—of the one who had won fame as a portrait painter, of the two who had become well-known illustra tors and of many others. And all the time she talked the guest was conscious of the exquisite atmosphere of the simple little home. She had not meant to speak of it, but the question came in spite of herself.

"Don't you ever long for it—the painting—yourself?"

Mary Laughlin's steady eyes met hers quietly.

"I was narrow," she said. "I thought art was the one thing in the world. I was in danger of missing—woman hood. I am not only content, but glad."

On the way home the guest broke the silence but once.

"You are right—you! Mary Laughlin is great," she said—Youth's Com panion.

**The Last Word.**  
She—And do you believe that a wom an always turns to the last page first when she picks up a book? He—Well, I have no reason to doubt it. I know it is the nature of the fair sex to want the last Pick-Me-Up.

Seeking and blundering are so far good that it is by seeking and blunder ing that we learn.—Goethe.

**LONGING.**  
Come to me in my dreams, and then By day I shall be well again! For then the night will more than pay The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou canst a thousand times, A messenger from radiant climes, And smile on thy new world, and be As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never canst in sooth, Come now, and let me dream it truth; And part my hair, and kiss my brow, And say, "My love, why sufferest thou?"

Come to me in my dreams, and then By day I shall be well again! For then the night will more than pay The hopeless longing of the day.

—Matthew Arnold.

**DAISY'S GREAT FAULT**

It could hardly be said that Winthrop Mosier courted the girl. Some thing of the sort was hinted, more or less broadly, by Spink in the office, but Winthrop repelled the soft im peachment with horror and distress. This was by reason of his abnormal modesty.

"You ought to be kicked for even supposing such a thing," said Winthrop to Spink. "Miss Considine is gracious enough to receive my visits occasionally," he went on, "and her mother has been exceedingly kind to me—far more so than I had any right to expect. I have been entertained by the family most hospitably, but I hope I would be the last to presume upon their goodness. I suppose you were only joking, Spink, but I must say I consider such jokes in very bad taste."

Whereupon Spink subsided, contenting himself with a wink to the other fellows.

It seemed to most people that it was hardly necessary for Mosier to depre ciate himself in the way he habitually did. He was certainly not much to look at, being undersized and washed out in appearance. The color in him really appeared to be diluted to a point where it was doubtful, it was hard to tell whether his eyes were blue or gray, or whether his hair was faxen or bleached brown. He had a funny little snub nose, a wide, thin-lipped mouth and imperceptible eyebrows. As to his ability, that was just about the average. The office considered him a fairly competent man and paid him a fairly good salary, which seemed to Mosier most astonishing.

"I don't understand it, at all," he said to Spink. "I know fellows who are twice as clever as I am—good, steady fellows, too, who aren't doing half as well. I know there are hun dreds of better men out of employ ment altogether. Even here—look at Dinsey and Kraus. They ought to be where I am and I ought to be where they are."

"Sure," replied Spink, kindly. "A fool for luck!"

To go back to Miss Considine: The young man continued his visits to the house and for a long time there was nothing to distinguish the attentions he paid the daughter from those which his little best friend was agreeable to both, and showed no particular dis tinctness if the girl happened to be out when he called. In course of time, however, all that changed.

The first sign Spink noticed was a pronounced moodiness. He and Mosier, it must be said, were roommates. Sometimes Mosier dressed himself with great care and went out, presu mably to call on the Considines, for three or four evenings hand running. At other times he remained in his room for an even more extended pe riod, reading "Lalla Rookh" and other poetry of a distinctly sentimental na ture. If Spink spoke to him he replied in monosyllables and he sighed until his companion complained of the draft. His appetite for breakfast was poor and occasionally he neglected to shave himself. Spink, who was not a young man of great experience, was inclined to attribute all this to liver trouble. "Last made Mosier mad."

"What is it, then?" asked Spink. "At last it came out, in a despairing epiphonon."

"It's Miss Considine," confessed Winthrop.

"What about her?" Spink inquired. "What's wrong with her?"

"What's wrong with her?" echoed Mosier. "Nothing's wrong with her. It's me, Tommy. I'm afraid I've allowed myself to fall in love with her."

"I don't see why that should make you feel bad," said Spink.

**POPULAR SCIENCE**

A recently invented life-saving raft for use on Paris lakes frequented by skaters is supported by small balloons, so it will not sink should the ice break.

The second largest masonry arch in the world, recently completed for an Australian railroad, is 278 feet, 6 inches long and has a rise of 78 feet.

In training its cavalry recruits, the German army is making use of a machine, driven by electricity, in which all the movements of horses are simulated.

A New York electric light company is using a rotary pump, mounted on the rear of an automobile and driven by its flywheel, to pump out flooded manholes.

During a severe storm at Hacketts town, N. J., lightning struck the street lighting system passing through thirty-three tungsten lamps, without burning them out.

For some explained reason 60-inch searchlights have proved unsatisfactory in the navy, and they have been abandoned in favor of the 30 and 35-inch ones.

One of the most interesting and dis puted questions in American arche ology is that of the origin and age of Fort Ancient, in Warren County, Ohio. The State of Ohio has recently pur chased this site, which is to be turned into a public park. Mr. Warren K. Moorehead believes that Fort Ancient is 800 or 900 years old. He regards the more modern articles found in a grave in its vicinity as later intrusions. He does not, however, regard the ques tion of the age of this most interesting structure as yet settled, and says that many years of study and exploration will be required to clear up the mys tery.

A striking indication of the great stimulus which the cultivation of rub ber plants has received within a few years is given by the latest report of the director of agriculture for the Fed erated Malay States. In 1897 there were 345 acres of rubber plants under cultivation there. In 1900 the area had increased to 4,933 acres; in 1905 to 43,288 acres, and in 1907 to 126,225 acres. The fall of the price of rubber in 1907 did not interrupt the industry, but simply led to improved methods of production. Even at the lowest prices, the profit of the farmers, over the cost of production, is said to be more than 100 per cent. The greatest enemies of the rubber plants are root fungus and the termites.

Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg describes, in Science, the remarkable skull found several months ago in some excava tions made near Chappelle-aux-Saintes, in France, and exhibited in the Paris Academy of Sciences. The strata in which the skull was buried are of the Pleistocene age. The skull is described as that of "a man of extremely low type, an ape man, or perhaps of a man age of greater cranial capacity than any at present known." Professor Perrier is disposed, on the whole, to regard it as a human skull. It has a marked gorilla-like look, but the brain cavity is very much larger than that of the gorilla or of any other existing anthropoid. The limb bones—for parts of the skeleton were also found—are curved, and present a conformation in dicated that the creature walked more often on all fours than erect. "The bones," says Professor Kellogg, "seem to be fairly intermediate be tween those of a man and those of the present-day anthropoids."

**BASEBALL STATIONERY.**

1908

DEAR SIR,

OWING TO THE DEATH OF MY DEAR

I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO COME TO THE OFFICE THIS AFTER NOON.

YOURS,

YOUR

**Must Have Been.**

"Heard some one talking about you, lovey, to-day."

"Indeed, what were they saying?"

"I couldn't catch it all from where I sat, but from time to time I could hear some mention of the sugar trust."

No girl's switch ever matches the color of her hair.

It is difficult to keep a purse fat on a slender income.



**LONGING.**  
Come to me in my dreams, and then By day I shall be well again! For then the night will more than pay The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou canst a thousand times, A messenger from radiant climes, And smile on thy new world, and be As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never canst in sooth, Come now, and let me dream it truth; And part my hair, and kiss my brow, And say, "My love, why sufferest thou?"

Come to me in my dreams, and then By day I shall be well again! For then the night will more than pay The hopeless longing of the day.

—Matthew Arnold.

**DAISY'S GREAT FAULT**

It could hardly be said that Winthrop Mosier courted the girl. Some thing of the sort was hinted, more or less broadly, by Spink in the office, but Winthrop repelled the soft im peachment with horror and distress. This was by reason of his abnormal modesty.

"You ought to be kicked for even supposing such a thing," said Winthrop to Spink. "Miss Considine is gracious enough to receive my visits occasionally," he went on, "and her mother has been exceedingly kind to me—far more so than I had any right to expect. I have been entertained by the family most hospitably, but I hope I would be the last to presume upon their goodness. I suppose you were only joking, Spink, but I must say I consider such jokes in very bad taste."

Whereupon Spink subsided, contenting himself with a wink to the other fellows.

It seemed to most people that it was hardly necessary for Mosier to depre ciate himself in the way he habitually did. He was certainly not much to look at, being undersized and washed out in appearance. The color in him really appeared to be diluted to a point where it was doubtful, it was hard to tell whether his eyes were blue or gray, or whether his hair was faxen or bleached brown. He had a funny little snub nose, a wide, thin-lipped mouth and imperceptible eyebrows. As to his ability, that was just about the average. The office considered him a fairly competent man and paid him a fairly good salary, which seemed to Mosier most astonishing.

"I don't understand it, at all," he said to Spink. "I know fellows who are twice as clever as I am—good, steady fellows, too, who aren't doing half as well. I know there are hun dreds of better men out of employ ment altogether. Even here—look at Dinsey and Kraus. They ought to be where I am and I ought to be where they are."

"Sure," replied Spink, kindly. "A fool for luck!"

To go back to Miss Considine: The young man continued his visits to the house and for a long time there was nothing to distinguish the attentions he paid the daughter from those which his little best friend was agreeable to both, and showed no particular dis tinctness if the girl happened to be out when he called. In course of time, however, all that changed.

The first sign Spink noticed was a pronounced moodiness. He and Mosier, it must be said, were roommates. Sometimes Mosier dressed himself with great care and went out, presu mably to call on the Considines, for three or four evenings hand running. At other times he remained in his room for an even more extended pe riod, reading "Lalla Rookh" and other poetry of a distinctly sentimental na ture. If Spink spoke to him he replied in monosyllables and he sighed until his companion complained of the draft. His appetite for breakfast was poor and occasionally he neglected to shave himself. Spink, who was not a young man of great experience, was inclined to attribute all this to liver trouble. "Last made Mosier mad."

"What is it, then?" asked Spink. "At last it came out, in a despairing epiphonon."

"It's Miss Considine," confessed Winthrop.

"What about her?" Spink inquired. "What's wrong with her?"

"What's wrong with her?" echoed Mosier. "Nothing's wrong with her. It's me, Tommy. I'm afraid I've allowed myself to fall in love with her."

"I don't see why that should make you feel bad," said Spink.

**POPULAR SCIENCE**

A recently invented life-saving raft for use on Paris lakes frequented by skaters is supported by small balloons, so it will not sink should the ice break.

The second largest masonry arch in the world, recently completed for an Australian railroad, is 278 feet, 6 inches long and has a rise of 78 feet.

In training its cavalry recruits, the German army is making use of a machine, driven by electricity, in which all the movements of horses are simulated.

A New York electric light company is using a rotary pump, mounted on the rear of an automobile and driven by its flywheel, to pump out flooded manholes.

During a severe storm at Hacketts town, N. J., lightning struck the street lighting system passing through thirty-three tungsten lamps, without burning them out.

For some explained reason 60-inch searchlights have proved unsatisfactory in the navy, and they have been abandoned in favor of the 30 and 35-inch ones.

One of the most interesting and dis puted questions in American arche ology is that of the origin and age of Fort Ancient, in Warren County, Ohio. The State of Ohio has recently pur chased this site, which is to be turned into a public park. Mr. Warren K. Moorehead believes that Fort Ancient is 800 or 900 years old. He regards the more modern articles found in a grave in its vicinity as later intrusions. He does not, however, regard the ques tion of the age of this most interesting structure as yet settled, and says that many years of study and exploration will be required to clear up the mys tery.

A striking indication of the great stimulus which the cultivation of rub ber plants has received within a few years is given by the latest report of the director of agriculture for the Fed erated Malay States. In 1897 there were 345 acres of rubber plants under cultivation there. In 1900 the area had increased to 4,933 acres; in 1905 to 43,288 acres, and in 1907 to 126,225 acres. The fall of the price of rubber in 1907 did not interrupt the industry, but simply led to improved methods of production. Even at the lowest prices, the profit of the farmers, over the cost of production, is said to be more than 100 per cent. The greatest enemies of the rubber plants are root fungus and the termites.

Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg describes, in Science, the remarkable skull found several months ago in some excava tions made near Chappelle-aux-Saintes, in France, and exhibited in the Paris Academy of Sciences. The strata in which the skull was buried are of the Pleistocene age. The skull is described as that of "a man of extremely low type, an ape man, or perhaps of a man age of greater cranial capacity than any at present known." Professor Perrier is disposed, on the whole, to regard it as a human skull. It has a marked gorilla-like look, but the brain cavity is very much larger than that of the gorilla or of any other existing anthropoid. The limb bones—for parts of the skeleton were also found—are curved, and present a conformation in dicated that the creature walked more often on all fours than erect. "The bones," says Professor Kellogg, "seem to be fairly intermediate be tween those of a man and those of the present-day anthropoids."

**BASEBALL STATIONERY.**

1908

DEAR SIR,

OWING TO THE DEATH OF MY DEAR

I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO COME TO THE OFFICE THIS AFTER NOON.

YOURS,

YOUR

**Must Have Been.**

"Heard some one talking about you, lovey, to-day."

"Indeed, what were they saying?"

"I couldn't catch it all from where I sat, but from time to time I could hear some mention of the sugar trust."

No girl's switch ever matches the color of her hair.

It is difficult to keep a purse fat on a slender income.

**POPULAR SCIENCE**

A recently invented life-saving raft for use on Paris lakes frequented by skaters is supported by small balloons, so it will not sink should the ice break.

The second largest masonry arch in the world, recently completed for an Australian railroad, is 278 feet, 6 inches long and has a rise of 78 feet.

In training its cavalry recruits, the German army is making use of a machine, driven by electricity, in which all the movements of horses are simulated.

A New York electric light company is using a rotary pump, mounted on the rear of an automobile and driven by its flywheel, to pump out flooded manholes.

During a severe storm at Hacketts town, N. J., lightning struck the street lighting system passing through thirty-three tungsten lamps, without burning them out.

For some explained reason 60-inch searchlights have proved unsatisfactory in the navy, and they have been abandoned in favor of the 30 and 35-inch ones.

One of the most interesting and dis puted questions in American arche ology is that of the origin and age of Fort Ancient, in Warren County, Ohio. The State of Ohio has recently pur chased this site, which is to be turned into a public park. Mr. Warren K. Moorehead believes that Fort Ancient is 800 or 900 years old. He regards the more modern articles found in a grave in its vicinity as later intrusions. He does not, however, regard the ques tion of the age of this most interesting structure as yet settled, and says that many years of study and exploration will be required to clear up the mys tery.

A striking indication of the great stimulus which the cultivation of rub ber plants has received within a few years is given by the latest report of the director of agriculture for the Fed erated Malay States. In 1897 there were 345 acres of rubber plants under cultivation there. In 1900 the area had increased to 4,933 acres; in 1905 to 43,288 acres, and in 1907 to 126,225 acres. The fall of the price of rubber in 1907 did not interrupt the industry, but simply led to improved methods of production. Even at the lowest prices, the profit of the farmers, over the cost of production, is said to be more than 100 per cent. The greatest enemies of the rubber plants are root fungus and the termites.

Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg describes, in Science, the remarkable skull found several months ago in some excava tions made near Chappelle-aux-Saintes, in France, and exhibited in the Paris Academy of Sciences. The strata in which the skull was buried are of the Pleistocene age. The skull is described as that of "a man of extremely low type, an ape man, or perhaps of a man age of greater cranial capacity than any at present known." Professor Perrier is disposed, on the whole, to regard it as a human skull. It has a marked gorilla-like look, but the brain cavity is very much larger than that of the gorilla or of any other existing anthropoid. The limb bones—for parts of the skeleton were also found—are curved, and present a conformation in dicated that the creature walked more often on all fours than erect. "The bones," says Professor Kellogg, "seem to be fairly intermediate be tween those of a man and those of the present-day anthropoids."

**BASEBALL STATIONERY.**

1908

DEAR SIR,

OWING TO THE DEATH OF MY DEAR

I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO COME TO THE OFFICE THIS AFTER NOON.

YOURS,

YOUR

**Must Have Been.**

"Heard some one talking about you, lovey, to-day."

"Indeed, what were they saying?"

"I couldn't catch it all from where I sat, but from time to time I could hear some mention of the sugar trust."

No girl's switch ever matches the color of her hair.

It is difficult to keep a purse fat on a slender income.

**POPULAR SCIENCE**

A recently invented life-saving raft for use on Paris lakes frequented by skaters is supported by small balloons, so it will not sink should the ice break.

The second largest masonry arch in the world, recently completed for an Australian railroad, is 278 feet, 6 inches long and has a rise of 78 feet.

In training its cavalry recruits, the German army is making use of a machine, driven by electricity, in which all the movements of horses are simulated.

A New York electric light company is using a rotary pump, mounted on the rear of an automobile and driven by its flywheel, to pump out flooded manholes.

During a severe storm at Hacketts town, N. J., lightning struck the street lighting system passing