QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1900.

VOL. XVIII.

The cotton mills in the State conmme all'the cotton grown in North Carolina.

Every statesmen in Europe will low want to wear Uncle Paul whiskers.

A rain of lead, as described by army correspondents, differs from other rainstorms in that a good many people are able to dodge the drops.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says she believes a woman will be elected President of the United States before the and of the twentieth century. Now is the time for our girls to get on the right side by being born in log houses.

A stir of indignation has been caused in Germany by the assertion of the London Times that the British Befeats in South Africa were mainly caused by the close imitation of German military institutions in the British army.

The vaccination of American mules intended for service in the South African war has been decided upon by the British authorities. The man who undertakes to perform the operation will be a greater hero than any of his kind at the front.

The newest fad extant is progressive dinners. In some parts of New Jersey they have supplanted progressive euclie. The guests eat their coups at one house, their fish at another, and so on through a regular course dinner. What next?

It was the sense of the recent meet. ing of the Missouri Teachers' Association that it should encourage all carefully drawn plans for the gradual introduction of manual training for boys and household economy for girls into the seventh and eighth grades of all public and private schools.

A Dake goes to South Africa to fignt, attended by four servants and with an outfit of horses and carriages; and now there is to be a "corps of gentlemen for service in the republic." All of these gentiomen will doubtless have their guns loaded for them; and perhaps the servants will get on the firing-line and do the shooting and the dying. In this way campaigning may he day a very comfortably. be done very comfortably.

England failed to see Russia at the gates of Herrt. She failed to see the gaies of Herrt. She failed to see the peril of Gordon. Britain rested in fancied security while the slaughter of her army was arranged in Afghan faller select in that morning, and while thinking it over he must have faller select in the state of the faller of the fall istan. She trusted the Sepoys until the last fatal day when they began the work of butchery with the arms England had placed in their hands. The capacity of the British nation for going to sleep and remaining asleep amid disturbances is astonishing.

One form of trust that we do not re-One form of trust that we do not remember to have seen mentioned is the local boards of fire insurance underwriters organized now in nearly all sections of the country, says The Pathfinder. These boards now name rates of insurance and these rates must govern. Formerly one company might take a risk at half the premium another company charged, and the open competition doubtless tanded to keen rates down. Now, however, i von want insurance you must pay the arbitrary rate or go without, and a company that cuts rates is subject to expulsion from the board. As a matter of fact many agents do cut the rates, nevertheless.

The old vaccination fight is raging in Salt Lake City, in a combined opposition to an order of the Board of Education excluding from the public schools all childnen who cannot furnish evidence of inoculation. The board thought it had ample power under the statutes for its action, but a local Judge of a contrary view issued a mandamus requiring the board to admit all children. To avoid complying with this demand, and nevertueless to avoid siding in the spread of the disease, the board adoptes an ingenious plan. It took an appea from the local decision to the Suprem Court and, pending action by the latter body, it closed all the schools. Smallpox is not so prevalent in Utah as it is in some of the other Western States, but there is enough of it to cause considerable alarm.

The University of Chicago has re pented of its ways and will spell ac cording the dictionary for a while longer, instead of according to its pronunciation. A few months ago is decided that the world had wasted enough time on useless ughs in "though" and similar words; it divorced, without alimony, the me from the program, and the ue from the demagogue. Fortunately the press was alive to the dangers besetting the English language -a language it does not itself treat with too much respect, though it expects the universities to-and from the solemn Dial to the lightest of paragraphers. its members railied to the support of the silent letters. President Harper was inundated with clippings making fun of him and his spelling-for poor spelling may be forgiven only when unintentional-until the University shook to its foundations, and the orthodox spelling was reinstated. a mistake by st-ying and listening spector at the banking office.

WHEN JAMES MONROE WAS PRESIDENT.

Though fashion plates were quite un-Was ever beauty like arrayed? Enchantment's spell has never flown From dainty lace and rich brocade. The dames, the maids, the gowns they

Were taste and grace and beauty blent. And hearts were warm unto the core. When James Monroe was President.

The beaux, rare gentlemen, forsooth,
Wore wigs combed up in powdered puff,
And no one blashed to take, in truth,
From silver box a pinch of snuff.
Sweet Courtesy held high command,
And men were peers to all intent,
The mark of rank an honest hand,
When James Monroe was President.

—Rey

When burning seemed as diamonds bright,
They'd scarce have traded candlestick
For twinkling incandescent light,
The dames, the maids and gailants all,
Who long have slept 'neath earthly tent,
The same whose presence graced the bal,
When James Monroe was President,

Ab, long the years that intervene,

yet, laugh, ye scoffers, as yo may, Still Parity's acknowledged queen, And Courtesy is king to day;

I, Hearis bent as warm to-day as then, And churity's as kindly meant As 'twas 'mong those, God's noblemen, at. Whon James Monros was President.

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Youth's Companion.

A STORY OF SACRIFICE.



the way of watching them naturally enough. After the court ad-journed in the early afternoon he al-ways took a ride on his bicycle and

ever failed to visit the beautiful stretch of boulevard recently opened along the string of lakes.

They both came of good families, or at least well-to-do families, and their manner led him to think there was good lawding the think there was

good breeding behind them. How, then, did he come to know that they loved each other? you ask. How was it possible not to know it? He was not always past fifty, and he had a good means. good memory.

So when the judge noticed the way
"he" looked at "her" and the way
"she" looked at "him" and the ten-

lerness of the young man's courtesy he judge knew well enough how mat ters were. She was a beautiful woman,

not over twenty, and gave one in im-pression of triguess and neatness. A woman would say sho wore a becom-ing suit that fitted her. She was pe-tite, with one of those fresh, sparkling faces so seldom seen among over-

ting faces so seldom seen among over-worked society girls.

He was a manly chap of twenty-two, athletic, bronzed and thorough-ly "fit," as my nephew says. My nephew plays on the "varsity" football team and is authority in our family on such matters.

One dreamy Indian summer after-

wood the judge went up among the trees on the side of the lake to a fallen asleep.

He was suddenly aware that just outside his shelter a man and woman were talking. He did not know what

He soon discovered that they were "bis lovers," as he called them, and they were discussing some unhappy circumstance regarding their affec-

What could be do? There was no they would never know that any one had overheard them. He decided on the latter alternative and remained perfectly quite. But try as he would it was impossi-

ble not to hear their whole conversa-

"But what difference does that make?" asked the young man. "You know perfectly well, Alice, that if it were a thousand times worse, that if it were you yourself, I would marry

"Oh, but think of it, Ned! Think what your friends would say! 'Ned Grant married the daughter of an embezzler serving his time in jail."

The judge couldn't help wendering if this were the son of Grant on the Supreme bench, whom he had never met, although he knew his father in-

to see you cry, you know." Then followed a silence during which Alice must have been in some

way comforted, for she said in a steady "No, my dear boy. I have been very weak to see you so often and have these rides. I should have re-fused and tried to forget you. But, Ned, I couldn't. I can't think of any thing but you-and-I do love you

More silence. Then: "And, Ned, this really must be the last. I can't marry you. No, dear please don't go all over it again. know that it would be a great wrong to you to say yes. It would always be a hindrance to you. We would have no friends, and a young lawyer must have friends. Who would come to your house if they knew your wife

was the daughter of Raud, the em-That was where the judge almost discovered himself. He sentenced Rand to twenty years' hard labor, and he had still fifteen years to serve. It was a queer case and not quite clear. So this was the motherless girl he had

heard so much about.
"Nov, see here. Alice," the young make a quarrel and it takes two to make a separation. So while you may think it best not to see me again I shall not give you up and I shall see you every opportunity I can, so long as it doesn't bother you. Dad knows all about it and he's with me.'

The judge wanted to shout "Good for dad," but he didn't. Then they got no to go, and after mother longer silence they left him alone. He knew all about the trouble. and pretty mean he felt about it, too.
As he rode slowly home he turned the little traged, over and over in his mind, and the m re he thought about it the more he selt that no had made and asked them to send him an in

And tallow moulded round a wick When burning seemed as diam

How the Judge Helped the Lovers.

By George Lincoln

> HE judge fell into | At last he evolved a plan calculated to ease his own conscience and give the young man some courage. So the judgo sent him this letter: "Mr. Edwin Grant-I had the misfortun

"3r. Edwin Grant—I had the misfortune to overhear part of your conversation with Miss Rund to-day, although in quite an accidental manner. If, as I surmise, you are the sou of Grant, of the Supreme, you are made of the right sort of sluft to regard Miss Rand's views as only a temporary obstacle to your happiness. I sentenced Rand, and if you care to call on mo I should be glad to see you. Perhaps we may think of some arguments to make Miss Rend look at the case differentity. At any rate I agree with his boson, your father, and am also with you. Yours, Robert Stonew."

The part day the index and the line of the control of the con The next day the judge was obliged

to go to a distant city to act as referee in a case.

The Rand case was almost purely circumstantial one and hung on the handwriting in which the false entries

had been made in the books. The handwriting experts all agreed that the entries had been made by Rand, indeed, the prisoner admitted as much. He had pleaded "not guilty," and when he desired the results of the control of the contro whon he admitted the identity of the handwriting there was little left to do for him. His counsel was completely

bailed by the admission and Randre-fused to explain it is any way. Try as he would, the lawyer could elicit nothing further and the jury had to bring in a verdict of guilty.

It could never be found how Rand had discussed to the same than the had disposed of the sum he embezzled. In fact, not a penny of the missing money was ever found, and the bank charged it to profit and loss.

Hooper, the president of the bank, was in constant attendance at the trial and expressed great sorrow for Rand. Shortly after the sentence Hooper left the bank and went to another city, where he engaged in a private bank-ing and brokerage business. It was in this city that Judge Storrow was now sitting.

One night at the club the conversation drifted round to money and bank-ing. The judge made the remark that wished to procure a letter of credit for his niece who was going abroac and some one suggested Hooper's house as the best place to get it.

"By the way," said his adviser,
"you sentenced the cashier of the
bank of which Hooper used to be
president, didn't you?" The judge

said he did.
"Well," continued the man, "that's the way some men treat those who have been kind to them. My wife grew up in the village where Hooper and Rand were boys together. Rand was not in very good circumstances, while Hooper had plenty of money. was not in very good circumstances, while Hooper had plenty of money. At that time Hooper was quietly buying up a great deal of land through which he knew a railroad was projected. He let Rand in on the ground floor, lent him money and then, when they realized, collected Rand's notes. and in this way they both made money and Rand's share was a moderate for tune to a man in his circumstance It wasn't many years before Randhad lost his money in foolish investments. Then Hooper got him the position of cashier in the bank where he was president. It seems pretty tough for Rand to have stolen all that money The directors asked Hooper for his

The directors asked Hooper for his resignation, of course, and he was obliged to come here and start fresh. Now this was a part of the story that the judge had never heard before. It little agreed with his personal impressions, which of course had nothing to do with the "law and evidence." He had an idea the Rand was not that sort of a man, and curiously enough, he had acquired an actipathy for Hooper. artipathy for Hooper.
That night he woke thinking of the

Gradually he found himself forced to a conclusion for which there was little reason—he somehow thought that Hooper was the guilty man and Rand the innocent. He had known a few similar cases of quixotic gratitude.

The next day he called at the bank ing house of Hooper & Co. As he was leaving he met Hooper face to face. The man went white and staggered against the door jamb as if he ha been struck.
"Why-how d'y do? Why-I didn't

expect to see you," he shauncred "Anything we can do for you?"

The judge looked him square in the eye and said: "No, Mr. Hooper, noth ing you can do, unless—but never aind now," and he gave him a pecu iar look under which Hooper quailed The judge had not gone two block pefore one of the clerks came rushin fter him and said Mr. Hooper wanted aim to come back. He found Hoope

striding the floor and mumbling to "My God, judge, do you know!" he "I know you are a scoundrel," the

judge replied, surprised out of his "I did it, judge; I did it,"
"I know it," calmly replied the udge.

"I came to this city because couldn't stand meeting you and I have ever had a happy or an easy moment since. I've lived in constant fear o

apprehension."
The judge looked at him and could scarce restrain his contempt and in dignation. Stepping back, he turned the key in the lock and put it into his pocket. Then he went to the telephone and

"Now," he said, "before either of "Now," he said, "before either of us leave this room you are going to write the whole story. You will sign it in the presence of witnesses and inside of two weeks Rand will be a free man. You will be arrested at once, but for two weeks, for my own reasons, you will continue to conduct your business and a headquarters man will be always with you. You can explain his presence in any way that you like. Now

sit down and write." Hooper shrank from the task, but the judge insisted. When he had finished and was ready to sign there came a tap at the door and a stranger was ushered in. He locked the door after him and the judge had a low conversation with him. The confession was duly signed and witnessed.

It set forth Hooper's necessity to obtain funds further than those available and how he had taken from time to time, showing Rand fletitious notes, so that Rand had every reason to suppose the bank was making loans. In short, he had made the entries in perfect and faith. feet good faith and then when stealing was made known he had kept silence remembering all the benefits received. It was, of course, a questionable thing for him to do, considering his family. But there was no doubting the unbility of the man's character.
That hight the judge started for

bome, having disposed of the case. There the next day he laid the confession before the governor and his lawyer, who took the preliminary steps to release Rand.

"Now," said the judge, "this tangle can be straightened out. You bring Alice here two weeks from tonight and I'll try to change her views."

"You have the night same. The index of the town of the two weeks from tonight and I'll try to change her views."

"Under the night same. The index of the two weeks from the two weeks from the first the night same. The index of the two weeks from the tw At last the night came. The judge was decidedly nervous. The bell rang and in came Ned and Alice. He had told her about the judge and she blushed prettily when he was intro-

After he had explained at some After he had explained at some length that his excessfropping was quite accidental he began to argue again with her on the matter. She took the same high ground as before—that it was doing Ned a wrong. And she had a pretty good case, too. At least he said:

She nodded and the judge sitently anded her a long typewritten docu-ient. It was the witnessed confesneut. It was the witnessed confesand knew the whole story.

Ned stood near carefully watching

er, and as the deor opened noiselessly e saw John Rand waiting for his She read it through without looking

she caught his eye and ran to him with a cry of "Father!" Chicago Record.

The Postoffice Department has recently been stirred up in a remarkable manner by a young woman in Iowa. She happens to have a lover in one of the regiments now on duty in the Philippine Islands, and recently made complaint of the inefficiency of the postal service, directed to the Postmaster-General and also to the member of Congress from the district in which she lives. She was boiling with ndignation because she had written renty-four times to her lover in the hilippines and had received no rely; indeed, she had not heard a word om him since his departure on the roopship from San Francisco, and was confident be had written her regularly, as he had promised to do, and that his letters had either been destroyed or were lying in some corner where they had been overlooked or were lost on the way, or that he had been killed by the Filipinos and General Otis had neglected to report his death. She denounced the expansion policy of the adminis tration, declared that it was a cruel and a wicked war, and demanded that her lover should be sent home at once.
As the young lady's father is a per-

sou of some prominence in a political way, the Congressman took up the matter with the Postoffice Department, nd a cablegram was sent to the Super intendent of the Postal Service in the Philippine Islands at the cost of \$3 a ford, ordering an investigation.

The report has just been received. The special agent to whom the case ras assigned says that he found the girl's lover without any difficulty, enoving good health and an average state of happiness. He promptly admitted that he had received a lot of etters from his sweetheart in Iowae couldn't remember whether the exact number was twenty-three or wenty-four-but they had come in unches by every transport and had ocen duly delivered at the camp of his company. He also acknowledged with equal candor that he had not answered any of them because the weather was too hot, and he wasn't much of a writer, anyhow. He liked to receive letters, but hated to answer them, and declared he had told the girl so before he left home. There-fore, he did not see why she was making such a fuss about it. He would write her by the next mail and scold her for making an official matter of their love affair.

A copy of the report was sent to the member of Congress, with the request that he forward it to the young lady. -Washington Correspondence Chicago Record.

In order to give hooks for cranes reater strength for a certain quantity of metal, a foreign inventor constructs hem of steel bars welded together. and, when roughly shaped, are stamped out, causing them to assume at the bight or bent portion, where the greatest stress occurs, a double chancel-like section comprised of an upper and lower flange, united by a central connecting web, thus disposing the metal into a girder form. By such manufacture it is stated that the metal is disposed to the best advantage to resist the stre

TALES OF PLUCK

AND ADVENTURE.

Rooming With a Bear. IVONIA is a part of our globe where fondness for pets coexists with love of sport. A Russian subject from that province tells me of the strange consideration evinced by one of her acighbors for the feelings of a bear, writes a correspondent of the London News. The animal had an odd fency for sleeping indoors and in a bed. To humor him a room in a tower was always left open for the animal. Some aights he came and availed himself of the hospitality, but often he stayed to the hospitality, but often he stayed to the woods. If he arrived at his lower, and mounted the long flight of steps which led from outside to his prevented his entrance, the bear made a horrible noise, grewling and battering the door.

In Livania during the him Varh. IVONIA is a part of our globe

sach other without prior arrangement, and they arrive prepared to stop the light. It not infrequently occurs that many carriages converge at the same time on one country house, with the result that as many as forty beds may be required. A large influx of risitors arrived one night at the house That evening Ned Grant called, saying he had failed to find the judge at home on previous evenings. He knew enough of law to appreciate some of the house. The host met him, radi-

The young man would fain have, gone further, but the nearest cour' house was ten miles off, his he e to stay, and at last retired to rest in a "So there is no way of turning you?

You would marry if your father were not in prison for embezziement?"

The inquired if he might not bar our the bear (the door had but a continuous state of the continuous state of the state latch), but he was told that no fasten-

nent. It was the witnessed confes-tion. Rand had been living quietly with the judge for the last few days and knew the whole story.

and knew the whole story.

and witnessed confes-poisty it shut out. He "would not let isoufin the place have a wink of sleep."

Begides, "he wasn't coming very like-y." And further, "there wasn't any means of altogether fastening the loor." "It was left on the latch on purpose." The last words of a rather sleepy cousin to the new comer were: "Better take the bed in the far cor-

Then has she lay back in the chair council this ere and ran to him.

The guest can hardly be said to the chair council this ere and ran to him. ith a cry of "Father! Father!"

Hooger is still serving his time.—

Bruin kept him awake at first, and then Bruinhimself. For in the small nours a shambling step and a sound SOLDIER A POOR CORRESPONDENT. of claws on the steps and balustrade roze the blood in the unhappy youth's Why the Love Letters to Manlla Were ceins. The noise came nearer. There Not Answered. was a fumbling at the latch. With

that was only another danger; the bear night see him. Bruin, a great, curled | teenth year a band of twenty Apaches ump above the blankets, became in made a descent on her father's ranch ine time visible to his fellow lodger, one day when but three men were at Then the bear snored! There was confident in that sound. But soon he colled about, and growled and grouned colled about, and growled and ground colled about, and growled and growled and growledges. As the Indians approached the house with yells and fired guns at the college. discontentedly. The heart of the matcher beat painfully found. He lared not rise. He had not nerve anough to pass the sleeping animal and rush down the steps. Terror paralyzed the youth, and prudence whispered that "inactivity" can be sometimes "masterly."

The slow hours dragged on. All the company had assembled downstairs at preakfast, but Bruin still slept, and the timid cousin watched him with eyes that burned and throbbed. At tast the host eaid: "Where's Ivan? Where's the bear, too?" and a messenzer was dispatched to the tower, there to find a pallid guest and his uninvited companion. The messenger routed out the bear, who had b kept as a pet when a cub, and who

dress and join the breakfast party. Pocket Knife His Only Wcapon. A wolf skin, badly cut about the left side and slashed across the neck and back, has been received by W. R. McFadden & Sons, taxidermists, of

Denver, for full mounting.

There is a story in these slashes and cuts and the order that the skin be full mounted as a trophy. It is full of desperate courage and goes to prove that a lone welf is. cowardly creature that he has been

the gaping slashes around the heart grabbed the little fellow and held tell how the battle waged and was him until assistance came. wen, and Bouldin's mangled arm and | The place at which the accident or sovereignty.

Bouldin is a slicep herder and grazes his flock near Deer Trail, Col. One I saw a huge gray wolf galloping to-wards the head of the flock. Bouldon was armed with only a from his own body and threw the

knife time and again before he would elease his hold.

The next spring the gray wolf made was for the herder's flank, just above the hip. He missed his hold but cut two long gashes in the flesh. He got s terrible rip from Bouldin's knife as he came. Then the man and beast fought furiously. The wolf would alternately snap at Bouldin's side and

then mangle the protecting arm.
Bouldin kept digging at the wolf's

ing the door.

In Livonia, during the brief Northsrn summers, the local magnates visit
and other without prior arrangement,
and terrible maintains cannot teem, both
upper and lower, measure considerably over an inch in length, and the
grinding teeth were sharply cusped
and terrible weapons in tearing.

Coolness Saves Ilim.

George Landford, one of the great-est carsmen ever graduated by Yale, has lost his left arm in an accident in the Joliet (Ill.) mills of the McKenn Steel Working Company, of which he is superintendent. While inspecting some of the faulty machin osition so perilous that he had hesitated to order any mechanic to perform the task, Langford was blinded by steam, and, groping, caught his hand in a pair of cog-

The cogs wound in his hand and arm to the shoulder, and then Lang-lord - aged to free himself. Ampu-

was performed forty-five mines after the accident. The patient's
iffo was despaired of during the
evoning, but later he rallied, and
now, on account of his magnificent physique, he is said to be out of denger.
At the time of the accident the white-hot steel bars were rolling through the presses, and in between them Laugford crept. A misstep would have burned him to death. Just before the bars enter the rolls

streams of water are turned upon them. When the water was turned on a dense cloud of steam rose and completely enveloped Langford.

Langford retained not only his consciousness when his arm was caught, but pressure of mind, and, throwing his weight to one side, gradually weeked the arm to the wheel and extricated it. Then creeping out h rose and walked quietly away, with arm hanging limp at his side. If fell exhausted at the threshold of the factory, but did not lose conscious-ness. When relief came he directed

the method of binding up the arm t stop the bleeding.

Langford refused to take an annes hetic, and for the success of the operation the physicians were obliged to administer chloroform by strategy.

Langford rowed in the Harvard

one day when but three men were at home, her father being away with the

doors and windows, the young girl and her three men fired back and killed three of the savages without themselves receiving a scratch. The Indians fell back and concealed themselves behind the stockade of the corral. In the meantime it was necessary that the little band in the house should have reinforcements, and Netie, assuming command, insisted that

it should be she who should risk he life and go for help. Giving three sharp notes on a little silver whistle, her pet horse came to the back door and was let into the house. The girl saddled and bridled him, and, riding him out of a door opposite to the hiding place of the In-dians, was half a mile away before was really only half a wild beast and they discovered her. She fortunately helped the nerve-shattered youth to met a force of eight cowboys, who met a force of eight cowboys, who gladly agreed to return with her. Nettie acted as guide and leader. As they seared her home shots were felling hot and heavy. Night had fallen in the meantime, and under cover of the arkness they came within a hundred

Michael Stasko, fourteen years of represented. It shows, too, that a age, heroically gave up his life to man, armed with only a pocket knife, is a terrible power among beasts when Joseph from drowning in a clay bank it comes to a hand-to-hand conflict.

The hide was sent in by William H.

Bouldin.

Bouldin encountered the wolf in a hand-to-hand fight. The hide and Michael skated over, and jumping in

soveral long, gaping parallel cuts curred is so located that, owing to a in his left side near the flank tell how steep embankment, although at least curred is so located that, owing to a desperately the bandit of the plains twenty persons witnessed the heroic endeavored to maintain his right of act, no assistance could be given the boys until Robert-McCoy came with a rope, which he tied around his own ody, and was lowered down and day last week he was out as usual swung on the ice. After gaining the with the herd and about evening, as ice he found that he could not get he was grazing back to the ranch, he near Michael, who was strugglin with his little brother, who was then unconscious. McCoy took the rope ocket knife. He had barely time to to the boy, telling him to hold fast jerk the small-bladed weapon out and and be drawn out. This the little open it before the wolf was upon him, here did not do, but instead tied i Bouldin held the knife in his right around his brother and told them to hand and guarded his throat and abdomen with his left arm. The wolf's dead. Before Joseph was handed up first spring was at the man's throat, to the top of the bank Michael, who He was warded off but his teeth was completely exhausted, sauk. The snapped together on Bouldin's arm body was recovered in a few moments, rith a grip like a steel trap. Bouldin but life was extinct. Joseph remained to in the left side with his unconscious for a day.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT ********

The solutions to these puzzles will apear in a succeeding issue __ 17 __ 65.-Rhombold.

Across—1. Name of a State. 2.
Mountain nymph. 3. A frame. 4.
To expose. 5. To evaporate.
Down—1. Pronoun. 2. To perform, 3. To exist. 4. To remedy, 5. A fertile spot. 6. Something ow-ing. 7. Sheltered place, 8. Musial note. 9. Consonant. 66.-Charade.

My first relates to my mother.
My second is myself—none other.
My shed is myself—none other.
My third's the name of my big brother.
Whole is a warrior of the east.
A brave but most ferceious beast,
Who wouldn't care it he had to smother
Myself, my brother, or my mother. G7.-Metagram.

Whole I am something everyone wants, change my head and I succes sively become: An impetuous move ment, a wound, an instrument of tor ure, to reduce to a pulp, hasty, par of a window and to purify.

63 .- Word Half Square. 1. A test. 2. To rave. 3. A tavern. 4. A preposition. 5. A let-

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES 61 .- Metagram-Neat, beat, scat, meat, feat and heat.

62.-Work Square-I R I S R A R E IRON SEND 63.—Rhomboid— C A L M GLEE EDDY 61.-Buried Poets-Beaumont, Hall, Landor, Read, Howard, Crabbe.

THE IRONY OF FATE, Lover's Strategy Turned to the Advan

In a final and desperate effort to win he admiration of the girl he loved; and to make her realize that he was as brave and courageous as his rival Louis Humphrie, who lives in Phila-delphia, almost drowned himself and his little sister on a recent afternoon in the Delaware River. The girl jumped into the river to give her brother the opportunity to save her life, but both of them were overcome by the cold water, and Walter Yom; Humphria's rival, pulled them That night it was aunounced

Yoman and the girl in question won soon be married. Since she has been old enough to carry her father's dinner bucket Mamie Johnson has been the idol of the young rivermen. Among those who bowed beforeher were Humphric and Yoman. Early in the winter Yoman was fortunate enough to save a child from drowning at the risk of his own life. Humphrie went to see the girl on Friday night and laid his case before her. She told him that she had pledged her troth to Yoman.

With a dollar bill he secured the ser-

vices of his ten year old sister in the morning and pledged her to secrecy. At noon, when Mamie climbed up the at noon, when Manne climbed up the zide of the barge, she was closely followed by Humphrio's little sister. Hardly had Humphrio reached the top of the barge when his sister, true to her word, fell headlong into the river. In an instant Humphrie had dived in behind her. He had not reckoned on the coldness of the water, and before had taken half a dozen strokes hi flugers became numb, he felt himsel sinking and called for help.

Several ropes were thrown to him but it happened that the one which fell into his hands was held by Yoman, who towed them in and lifted them both to the bank. Meanwhile, Mami was fairly dancing with excitement. and when poor Humphrie was being led up the bank toward his home she ran to Yoman and throwing her arms

around his neck, cried:
"I knew all the time that you could do it, and I'm so glad that you saved Louis. He is such a good friend of ours.'

The Telephone Voice a Mechanical Eche It is hard to realize that the voice one hears over the telephone is not the voice of the person who is talking. It seems exactly like the real tones drawn out thin and small and carried from a long distance by some me-chanical means—but it is not. When one speaks into the instrument, a little diaphragm, like a drumbend, be gins to ribrate, and each vibration sends a wave of electricity over the wire. These waves set up a mimic vibration in another disphragm at the opposite end, which jars the air and produces an imitation of the origin roice. This is not a very scientifi explanation, but it's accurate. The autograph-telegraph, which makes a facsimile of handwriting, is a fair parallel. Your message is written with a pen attached to a special electric apparatus, and a little ink siphon at the other end of the line exactly imitates every dot and curve. The result seems like the real thing, bu s morely a first-class counterfeit.

Kitten in Her Hat. Genius is the only word to describe the ingenuity of the French actress who won a prize at one of the act-resses' clubs for the most artistic and startling innovation in dress. The present rage for fur gave her inpiration. She was the happy pos-essor of a very docile and very white spiration. kitten. Selecting a black hat, she re moved the feathers and trained the kitten to lie on the rim in such a manner that her face was framed b huge gilt buckle, appearing to rest upon her front paws. After a training that would do credit to a circus performer mademoiselie appeared at t is not beyond the impossible that Parisiennes who adopted the live lizard and turtle craze will now adorr their headgear with cats instead of birds.

"Butterflies as pets? Yes, it sounds strange, does it not?" said a lover of insects recently, "but I know of several persons who have kept them for vieks. One woman of my acquaintance fe I her delicate-winged pet on sugar and water and the effect was disastrous; the poor little butterfly be

GERRATE POEM FIRST REALLY COOD WAR POEM 36/040/040/046

mere meter, says the New York Press;]
Long since our men went forth, superb and glistening,
Flushed with the flerce experiency of fight;
But on us women of England, waiting, listening,
Oreaming alone at night—
O Lord, have mercy!

They revel high, to war's grim banquet bid-To the dregs they drain life's cup, but we sit here sit here.
Silent, obscure, in cloudy shadows hidden,
Fortured with hope and fear—
O Lord, have mercyl

The little feet that once with sweet caress-The mother fondled, feet of her Through what red sea of slaughter pressing
Beneath an allen sun?
O Lord, have mercyl.

In night filumed alone by the scarlet luster.
That lights the valley of death from while,
to while,
We hear the winds of winterrage and blus-Around our lonely isle— O Lord, have mercy!

On us, who grudge not that which we are giving.
Flesh of our flesh, life of our very life,
Thou, who art Lord both of the dead and living,
On mother, daughter, wifeO Lord, have mercy!

HUMOR OF THE DAY. What is the champion conundrum? Life, because everybody has to give

it up,

He sat and sighed ers they were wed;

"How long! How-long!" was what he said

Now they are one his money files—

"How short! How short!" he said cries.

—Chicago Record.

"I understand Turner is quite an athlete." "Yes. His great specialty is running up and jumping board The Chief-"Any trolley victory?" Reporter-"Yes; a the crosstown line got a plug

Nell-"That Bjones gir she picks her company. She does; she picks them to pi -- Philadelphia Record. Gotham-"Do they have ar

iou piers in England?

ing Lords in Pa

That, de

-"Well, you; th

out and expedd." "Pa, why do folks call the bird of wisdom?" "Because he sense enough not to come out a around until all boys about your sizare in bed."—Indianapolis Journal. "Uncharitable!" cried Remon. "My nucle was the most uncharitable man who ever lived. Why, he passed to over and left every cent of his form to charity."—Philadelphia North

American. "My marriage is an unhappy one but it is my own fault." "You pot dear! But why are you to blame? "He told me that he was unworthy my love, but I didn't believe him."

Rochester Sunday Herald. The Bachelor-"It is said that man rarely marries his first love. The Widow-'True, but he usual gate revenge by constantly holding her up as his ideal to the woman he does marry."—Chicago News.

What broke him up in business "Slow collections." "I thought sold goods for cash only?" "He d It was the firms he owed that had the trouble in making the collections, and they closed him out." -- Chicago Tr

Friend-"How are you getting on Seedy Author—"Good. I've got the material on hand for a splendid comedy, besides." "You are fortu-nate." "Yes, all I need now is the material for a new pair of trousers."-Tit-Bits.

Tit-Bits.
A poet sat at his desk one day,
And dashed off a beautiful rhyme
Of gold and jewels in such a way.
That it made folks think his time
Was occupied handling gems so rar
But most off it was netually spent
In wondering if he'd dine on air—
For the neat hadi's neath. For the poet hadn't a cent.
-Chicago News. "Tomuy," said a father to his precocious five-year-old son and heir,
"your mother tells me she gives you
pennies to be good. Do you think
that is right?" "Of course it is," relied Tommy. "You certainly don

want me to grow up and be good for nothing, do you?" The Dun-"I called to see if you could settle that little account today." The Debtor—"Really, do you know, I think you are the most curious man I ever know. To think you should take so much trouble to find out such a little thing as that."-Bos ton Transcript.

Food Show Physiognomics. There's a new face! The Food Show face.

It is awful. As bad as the gum chewer's face.
You'd think the majority of Food Show visitors were suffering from something that prevented their holding their mouths still. And so they go, round and round, from booth to booth, exhibiting this rightful face.

It's chew, chew, chew!

Ugh! Why haven't they the grace to stand by a booth till they've sufficiently masticated their "sample." But no, they evidently consider economy is wealth, for they conomize their time by doing their chewing and promonading at ones. All those old familiar "before" and "after" pict-ures are nothing to the "living pictures" seen every day .- Philadelphia

Tax the White People.

The Chickasaw nation requires al! white people living within its borders to pay a tix of \$1 a year for the privilege of staying and helping to reclaim the aforesaid Chickasaw nation. In addition to this, for every cow and calf, each steer or other bovine the farmer must yi-ld twenty-five ceuts cach year. And the merchant must pay one per cent. of the value of his goods: a tax to the Chickesaw as.

NO. 14.

Out of the multitude of indifferent poems which have come from factory and study since the first run was fired in the Boer-British war the following, which appears in the Pall Mail Gazette, has merit beyond its mere meter, says the New Yock Press;]