The CONVICT'S DAUGHTER; or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

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CHAPTER XXI.

The Attempted Assassination of Lang.

The promptness of Schiller in sentencing Lang to fight a duel gave Golden no opportunity to appeal to the people to throw safeguards around his protege. It was Louis' fate to again pit himself in mortal combat against human beings—and that too, without preparation.

Louis, in being notified of his sentence, realized the pit he had fallen into in striking Schiller. He felt that his life would pay the forfeit of his folly. Even if he succeeded in killing his antagonist, which was extremely doubtful at the best, what was to hinder Schiller from condemning him to perform many other feats of skill and strength—one of which undoubtedly could be devised which would silence him forever?

Before Golden retired for the night, Schiller managed to have him duly ordered to make inspection of the outposts. As Paradise Peter and his sentinels had been killed by Lang, he could not raise objection to being ordered to strengthen the guards, and thus was easily got out of the way for the time-being.

In the morning Rogers paid his customary visits to the mines to oversee his regular work, and an order kept him there until far into the night.

Wilson, being convicted of a crime, was not his own free agent, so was unable to assist Lang in any way.

Upon the statute books of paradise is a rule to the effect that "any person convicted of a crime and given a penalty who does not answer to his name when the penalty is to be exacted, lays himself liable to forfeiture of life without the chance." It was hoped by Schiller that Lang being a stranger, would by some means be delayed from answering to his charge and thus forfeit his privilege!

Louis, for the want of proper care and nourishment, was delirious from

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pain in his head, and lay with a fever in a semi-stupor very nearly the whole day. In such sentences as his, the participants, in usual cases, took pains to show themselves quite frequently in the streets to show the people that they were expecting to be on hand when called. As Louis did not appear, rumors were circulated around to the effect that he had run away or was keeping himself in hiding to escape the ordeal.

Perhaps Louis Lang would never have mustered up sufficient courage to face the mob that was clamoring for his blood, but for the interposition of Pearl Huntington. Pearl at last realized the value of the man whom she was forced to accept as her husband. Whether Louis was a criminal or not it made little difference to her—he was a man, and she loved him!

Golden before he rode away on his mission, explained to Pearl that as the wife of Lang, she would be expected to witness the test of strength between him and Whalen, no matter how trying or revolting it might be to her. She was not notified officially of this fact, any more than had Lang been notified that he had been sentenced, but she knew enough now of arbitrary law to understand that ignorance or technicality would not save her or him. When she came to the conclusion that she loved Louis for his noble devotion to her cause (she could think of no other solution of his actions but that he in return loved her) the first thing she wanted to do was to place herself in some position to encourage him with her sympathy.

All day long pearl sat in the parlor of Golden's home' waiting patiently for the appearance of Lang, but he came not. Up till a late hour she had no thought that our hero was prostrated from the effect of his wound, and was at a loss to understand his absence. She heard rumors in relation to the fact that he had run away to escape fighting his duel but she could not believe this. In the first place, to her, it would have been impossible for him to escape. In the secret place, she did not imagine that Lang would abandon her—she had that much confidence in him. At last she could bear the suspense no longer. She could hear the murmurings of the mob, the threats of violence, and in desperation she sought him out. It was well for Lang that he had one true friend free to aid him, for if any one truly needed a friend it was our hero.

Lang attempted to get up several times during the day, but the pain in his head, which brought on a raging headache made it almost impossible for him to remain on his feet. He was in such a condition of mental and physical pain that he hardly cared what became of him later, if only he obtained cessation from pain temporarily. Toward evening he arose, dressed, and in a manner attempted to bring his body subject to his mind. Weak from the loss of blood and famished for drink he sank down upon the floor exhausted

Pearl, knowing, of course, where Lang had been taken, had no difficulty when she set out to find Louis in finding Rogers' home. When she knocked upon the door for admittance, she summoned enough courage to inquire, her way in without waiting for an answer to the knock. She found Louis lying upon the floor in a half conscious condition.

"My poor boy" she said, tenderly raising up his head and resting it in her lap, "what ails you?"

Louis did not speak, but he opened his eyes in a dazed manner as if trying to imagine whose face it was he looked into.

She shook him gently; "Rouse yourself! Don't you understand the risk you are running in staying here? If you do not appear to fight your duel, you will be torn limb for limb!"

Louis, with an effort, struggled to his feet. "Why are you here!" he cried recognizing her.

"I have come to save you!" she answered.

"Save me from what?" he questioned in astonishment.

"Don't you know that you are to fight a duel tonight!"

The momentary unconsciousness disappeared. "I don't understand," he said. "I knew I was to fight for my life, but did not know that it was to-night!"

"To-night" she said, "And unless you appear to carry out your sentence I am afraid you will be lynched!"

"I realize my position now. I understand why Golden and Rogers have not been to see me; they have been spirited away; and unless I arrive upon the scene in time, I forfeit my chance of possibly killing my antagonist, if I am able! I am in no fit condition to battle for my life to-night."

"You are alone—you must fight for your life alone! The life you risked for me!" she cried passionately, gazing with kindness into his eyes. What made you interfere to save me?"

A bandage around his head; a drink of brandy from a decanter, and despite his weariness, Louis was partly himself again. "Because in you I saw purity and innocence being wronged." For a moment he forgot the light he stood in before her. In her eyes he could be nothing but a hardened criminal and people of his suspected caliber are not supposed to have souls like other men.

"You understood the danger you were running?" she asked.

"Yes, I understood," he said, "And I would do the same thing again if I had the chance! Only I would kill Schiller the next time!"

"Knowing the danger you run, you would still risk all to protect me?" she said insinuatingly.

"Why not," he asked in surprise.

"I did not expect to find a—a—a friend like you in such a place as this!" she said.

"Miss Huntington, said Louis, glancing at the clock. "I appreciate what you have done for me. I understand my position. I have one chance in a thousand of ever leaving Paradise even if I escape tonight. If you did not consider me beneath you I might make myself contented here if I win the day! I would not care how the battle went if I felt that after I was gone you would have a protector. But, Fear not; I must, I will win!"

"What can I say or do to cheer you up? How can I ever reward you for your kindness to me?"

"I am rewarded sufficiently," he said, "knowing that you appreciate me, and do not attribute my actions to any unworthy motive."

"I consider you an honorable man," she explained, "and if—" hesitatingly.

"And if I were not a criminal, a desperate scoundrel, you could—"

"I could learn to love you!" smiling through tears which unbidden stole to her eyes.

Louis looked at her in amazement. "Are you positive that you do not love me as it is?" he asked, grasping her hand in his own.

"Perhaps I do," she said without hesitation, "but it would make me feel far happier to know that I had not thrown my love away where gratitude alone would be sufficient!"

Louis drew her unresistingly to him and kissed her. "Trust me," he said, "I can see you have guessed the truth. With your love to strengthen me I can carry the day."

Louis glanced at the clock. It lacked only a few minutes of the time when he should appear to fight his duel.

"It is time for action!" he cried, "I must go!"

"I will go with you!" she exclaimed.

* * *

At precisely eight o'clock, King Schiller rose from his throne, or in the box commanding the view of the pit in the amphitheater, and after bowing to the populace seated around him, said:

"Bring up the combatants!"

Larego, the Italian, the keeper of the beasts, stepped into the ring through an entrance from the rear, and behind him stalked the massive being Whalen, whom Louis was to fight. There was a murmer of admiration at his appearance, followed by hisses when it was discovered that Lang was not in the company.

"Where is this Lang!" demanded Schiller, as if surprised.

There was a commotion at the main entrance! In stalked our hero, hatless, and spotted with blood! He was supporting his wife upon his arm.

"I am here!" he cried.

* * *

Before recording what came next in our hero's life we may as well explain a few of Schiller's actions. It was that honorable and most august person's intention to have Louis killed or maimed before he reached "the hall of justice."

Schiller was playing a desperate game. He knew that he was not loved by his subjects. He had more than half of the people on his trail—and a fortune. His game was to dispose of Lang and to regain Pearl. By threats of torture he expected to compel Dr. Huntington to acknowledge himself heir of "Chesterlee Estate"—and with Huntington through strange fortune now was the only descendent. By marriage with Pearl, as the only child, Schiller meant to become possessor of the immense fortune. This could only be done by disposing of Louis and remaining in a position to subdue the doctor.

Not once had the thought entered Louis' mind of escaping. The hooting of the mob, which roused him to action, partially prepared him for the worst. Ere he left the house he armed himself with his trusty billy. It was well he did so. He had not taken a dozen steps from the house when some one whirled his wife from his arm, while a second form made a murderous strike at him with a club! But Louis was not asleep. He hit one away, then another, and before his assailants had accomplished their purpose he laid both bleeding at his feet!

Even at his best, our hero was almost non-plus. The clock had ceased vibrating after striking the fatal hour of eight. It was only by the greatest difficulty that he arrived at the door of the amphitheater just as Schiller put the question, "Where is this Lang?"

"I am here!" cried our hero; and while the vast crowd rose up to catch a glimpse of the daring man, as if he had been in the building a thousand times he marched his trembling wife down the long aisle and seated her in the box assigned for the councilmen, and with a leap sprang over the wall of the pit into the arena.

(To be continued.)

MEETS HIS BROTHER BILL.

Skipper Gifted With an Amazingly Keen Sight in a Fog.

"Some years ago I was ordered to take a long rest," said a man. "I journeyed as far east as New Brunswick in search of a good place, and being in St. John when an old fisherman friend of mine was getting ready to make a voyage to New York, I took a sudden notion to go with him.

"The weather was bad all the way and when we entered the sound you couldn't see the companionway from the wheel. I never saw such a fog. I was on deck with the old man when we entered the sound. He was standing by the wheel. Suddenly I saw him lean over and bawl:

"'Sloop a-hoo-oo-oy!'

"I didn't hear a thing to indicate the proximity of a sloop or anything else, but those old fishermen from the provinces have a faculty of seeing things in any kind of weather.

"The old man gave his attention to the wheel and presently I heard a faint cry off in the fog.

"'Schooner a-hoo-oo-oy!'

"The old man straightened up and bawled:

"'Is tha-at the Lucy Ann?'

"Again the silence for a moment, and then faint and weak, came the answer:

"'Aye, aye! Is that th' Mandy Jane?'

"'Aye, aye!' bawled our skipper, and he twirled the wheel. He never looked my way and for a time I thought him unconscious of my presence. After fifteen minutes of silence he suddenly turned with an emphatic nod of his head toward that section of the fog from which the answering hail had come and said:

"'That was me brother Bill. I ain't seen him before for a year.' Then he went on with his steering as if nothing had happened."—Washington Star.

CHEAPER THAN THE SUNLIGHT.

Remarkable Argument Put Forward at Town Meeting.

At a town meeting held in Arlington some twenty-five years ago the late W. W. Rawson, father of the well known market gardener, made a remark which the older inhabitants of the town will remember. Among the matters brought up at the meeting was the question whether to use gas or kerosene to light the town. The town had put in a few oil lamps with large reflectors as an experiment. One of these lights was put in front of Mr. Rawson's house, in which he took a just pride.

Wilson W. Jay of the "Heights" made a quiet speech in favor of gas. He thought that care and cleaning would make oil cost more in the end.

Mr. Rawson, always ready for an argument, and with visions of losing his fine oil lamp, arose and said: "Mr. Moderator, kerosene is cheaper now than ever was, known and the town is better lighted than I ever knew it to be, and as regards the cost of gas and kerosene, why, Mr. Moderator, kerosene at 7c a gallon, the present market price, is cheaper than sunlight."

Tally One for the Woman.

Him—"What a happy world this would be if men were kept in their proper places and women were kept in theirs."

Her—"Yes, I suppose so; but it would be rough on the women."

Him—"Why do you think so?"

Her—"Because they would all be guarding the jails."

Jolly Jokes

The Contrast.

The world is just as beautiful
And just as full of fun,
And blessings just as plentiful
And love is just as sun,
As in the days when we were young,
And life seemed made for pleasure
When not a song was left unsung,
Nor stinted in its measure.

But, oh! we miss the dear old friends,
The sweet familiar faces,
The new ones cannot make amends
Nor fill their vacant places.
We miss their loving words of cheer
That used in each morrow,
The tender, sympathizing tear
In winter days of sorrow.

We miss the footsteps at the door,
The touch of loving fingers,
And, though we ne'er shall see them more
Their presence with us lingers.
The flowers they loved, suggest each spring
Some tender recollection—
And autumn, with its glories, brings
Sweet thoughts of their affection.

When Amerthystine rays unite
With gold and amber flushes—
And twilight, with its mellow light,
Is bathed in crimson blushes—
We think of those who passing on,
Are lost to mortal vision—
We loved them so, and yet we know
They're safe in fields Elysian.

—Anna Bagg Halliday.

The Squirrel Hunters.

"The story of the Squirrel Hunters," said The Old Timer, "has never been written, and probably never will be. When Kirby Smith advanced on Cincinnati in 1862 he used his cavalry to screen the movement of his main army, and created a panic in Kentucky and Ohio. When he advanced in force business was suspended in Cincinnati, and practically the whole male population over 15 years of age was organized for work of military duty.

"The defeat of the troops sent against Kirby Smith and their sufferings added to the public excitement and when Gov. Tod suggested that the farmers and others who owned squirrel rifles, and could use them effectively, could save Ohio from invasion by hurrying to Cincinnati, the old men and youngsters acted on a common impulse. They bought powder, molded bullets, and, supplied with home cooked rations and blankets, drove or went on foot to the nearest railroad town, joined with their neighbors in electing a captain for each fifty or 100 men, climbed on the first train that came along, and reported without delay to the General in command at Cincinnati.

"The movement was general and spontaneous, and nearly every county was represented. The first regiment from our county was 500 strong; that from an adjoining county 1,000 strong. The men were mostly from 40 to 60 years of age, and they were a queer lot. They were without military training and as old Major Burbanks of the regular army looked over the gray bearded countrymen he smiled grimly when our Captain said: 'We are not much on the about face, but we know how to shoot. If you know on what road the rebs are coming, just put us there. Don't ask us to cut any monkey shines, but give us a chance to shoot and we will pick the rebs off like squirrels.'

"That day and night 10,000 men with squirrel rifles were across the rebel lines of advance, and the inspecting officer, after satisfying himself that the old codgers were all good marksmen, let it be known that there were 20,000 of the best shots in Ohio in line ready for business. Of course the old fellows in homespun were patronized by the boys in uniform, but they did not care. War was serious business to them, and many who had never been outside of their own counties were nervous and homesick. Others, however, were jolly and venturesome, and as the men with rifles kept coming, the movement became so significant and impressive that the people of the city and the seasoned soldiers came to treat the Squirrel Hunters with touching tenderness and respect.

"When the rebs retreated the Squirrel Hunters returned quietly to their homes and their usual occupations. Only those who reached the front responded when the Legislature called for lists of names. Of the 50,000 afield only 15,000 received the Squirrel Hunter certificates from the Governor. I was proud of one of mine, however, than my son was of his colonel's commission. In every case that certificate, with its picture of a frontier squirrel hunter, represented service to the country without money and without price. There are not a few of them in Chicago, for the descendants of the Squirrel Hunters are widely scattered, but of the older Squirrel Hunters of 1862 there are few survivors."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Regimental Pets.

"Soldiers and sailors, the world over, have their pets."

This remark was made by one who had served both in the army and the navy, and as a sailor had been to nearly all parts of the world reached by water.

"I have served in volunteer and regular regiments, but have never been in a regiment that did not have a greater or less number of pets. Sometimes the pet is a goat, other times a dog, a cat, a rabbit, a squirrel, a monkey, a rooster or a raccoon. I have sailed on several vessels of war, but never on one where there were not pets of various kinds. In all my experience I never saw one of these pets misused by a sailor on a gunboat or soldier in a regiment. The pet of one sailor or soldier is a pet of the whole crew of the gunboat and of the whole regiment.

"The talk of my old friend set memory wandering back to the days when there were thousands of regiments in this land. I do not recall a federal regiment in the days of the civil war that did not have from one to a dozen pets. In conversation with Confederates they have said that their regiments always provided themselves with interesting pets. Dogs were the most generally accepted, but by no means always.

"Wisconsin had a regiment of world-wide fame because of its pet eagle, "Old Abe," who started with it and was with it throughout the entire term of service. The bird was a friend to every member of the Eighth Wisconsin, would strike at any other soldier who came near it. "Old Abe" lived many years after the war, and always had the care and attention of an ex-soldier, whose duty it was to see that he lacked nothing in the way of food or protection, and who always accompanied him on his tours about the country. It will be remembered that there was a constant demand for "Old Abe's attendance upon conventions and reunions. He visited nearly every Northern state in the performance of these duties, and never seemed to be so well satisfied as when traveling about the country, meeting the men who had been his friends and admirers during the great war. He attended the convention in Chicago that nominated Gen. Grant for president in 1868.—Los Angeles Times.

Southern Women in War Time.

We had one cotton mill to spin the warp. The people stood in line to get a bunch of cotton for warp. The filling was made on the spot, and tow. We got our dyestuff from the forest; it was almost as bad on timber as the tanbark trade is now. There was great rivalry among the women to see who could have the prettiest dress. I have a quilt made of cotton and lines, called a "Confederate" quilt.

The clothing for every member of the family was made from the raw material, carded, spun, woven, dyed and made with homespun thread.

The cotton cloth had one peculiarity. It was a great stretcher. It was often exchanged for other things. A man and his wife started to town with cloth sufficient to get some articles; on the way he remembered he needed a gimlet also; he told his wife. They decided to tie the ends of the cloth to two saplings, he to stretch a gimlet out of it.

I took great interest in the silk industry. We fed the worms on mulberry leaves, and such beautiful silk we did have—a bright stripe in a cotton dress made it very fine. A family made gloves, beautiful silk mitts, with bees embroidered on the back. Nothing went to waste. The thorn trees furnished us pins and hairpins. Our millinery was our crowning effort. Hats were made of cotton thread crocheted, put on a block, stretched very stiff and troned, then wired; we had homemade flowers and all kinds of material for trimming. A cloth frame made stiff and covered with scraped cow's horn was much admired, if it did look like a cocoanut cake.—Charlotte Observer.

Commander-in-Chief King.

Commander-in-Chief King is a native of Maryland and a splendid type of those unflinching loyalists of the Border States who remained true to the Flag amid all the trials to which they were subjected. At the age of 17 he enlisted in the sixth Maryland volunteers, and with his regiment followed the fortunes of the Third and Sixth Army Corps in the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac to the close of the war. He was a prisoner of war for six months, and was wounded three times, being disabled for life.

After the close of the war Comrade King, in the face of a hostile local sentiment, took an active part in the organization of the "Boys in Blue," which was afterward merged into the Grand Army of the Republic, of which he was one of the earliest members, being Past Commander of old Dittman Post, No. 1, afterward becoming a member of Wilson Post, No. 1, where he still holds his membership, filling various offices thereunder, until in 1900 he was unanimously elected Commander of the Department of Maryland.

Upon the death of Pension Agent S. L. Wilson, President Roosevelt appointed Comrade King United States Pension Agent for the city of Washington, D. C., which position he still holds and discharges its duties to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

New Medal of Honor.

The recent change in the design of the Medal of Honor was prompted by the fact that the emblem of the Grand Army is almost an exact duplicate of the old Medal of Honor, and that the two have often been confused. The new medal, which will be distributed among all wearers of the old, was designed by Gen. George L. Gillespie, assistant to the chief of staff of the army, and has been patented, so that the experience with the old medal shall not be repeated. It is of bronze, and is suspended from a hidden bar of the same metal by a blue silk ribbon, on which are stamped thirteen white stars. The medal proper includes a five-pointed star, a bar containing the word "Valor," and an eagle with outspread wings. The star is of the same shape and form as the one on the former medal. The five points are joined by a wreath of laurel, and the whole is suspended from the eagle by the eagle by the bar bearing the word "Valor." A hidden bar attaches the ribbon to the wings of the eagle. The ribbon is two inches wide and the width is covered by the eagle's wings from tip to tip.

New Chief of Staff.

Comrade J. M. McCarter, who was recently appointed as chief of staff by Commander-in-Chief King, of the G. A. R., to succeed Col. James M. Schoonmaker, is a well known and highly esteemed member of the order. Comrade McCarty was born in Kentucky and served in the Tenth Kentucky cavalry. At the close of the war he went to St. Paul, Minn., for his health and has been a resident of that city ever since, being prominently identified with its business interests and also active in the Grand Army of the Republic. He was chosen commander of the department of Minnesota, G. A. R., in 1896, and had an unusually successful administration. He was appointed Auditor of the Treasury for the Postoffice Department upon the retirement of Capt. Henry A. Castle, and has given great satisfaction in the discharge of his duties since he took hold of the office.

MINING METHODS OF AMERICA

Why Production Here is Larger Per Capita Than Abroad.

It is not difficult to understand the manufacturing supremacy of the United States when one compares our coal production statistics with those of foreign countries, says the Boston Transcript. The country having a cheap supply of fuel for steam purposes will lead in manufacturing. There are employed in the coal mines of Great Britain nearly 900,000 men, and they produced last year a coal product valued at $100,000,000 more than that of this country. Yet with less than 525,000 coal miners in the United States we produced 150,000,000 tons more of coal than did Great Britain. With us there is an average production per miner of a little less than 1,000 tons of coal per annum. Great Britain produces 287 tons per capita, Germany 242 tons, France 198 tons, and Belgium 166 tons.

These figures show the immense superiority of the American coal miner, yet mine owners testify that it is due to methods rather than men, as the British miners who come here make our best workmen. The difference is that Great Britain largely clings to the antiquated method of pick mining, while here steam has taken the place of muscle and powder has been substituted for picks. In the thicker coal seams there is no longer any pick work and the physical exercise of drilling is no longer necessary.

Yet there is another side to the matter. The mortality from accidents in the Illinois coal mines last year was 2.87 per 1,000 men employed, which is one and one-half times the percentage of fatal accidents in British mines. It is evident that some means should be taken to reduce the death rate and it has been suggested that blasts should not be made while the miners are still at work, but should be set off after hours by men chosen for this dangerous occupation.

CHILD MARRIAGES IN INDIA.

Inconceivably Sad Life to Which Widows are Condemned.

More than 250,000 girls in India, 5 years of age or less, were already married when the last census was taken, and of these necessarily many have become widows. Between 5 and 1 years the number of married girls was well over 2,000,000, between 10 and 15 years it had risen to nearly 7,000,000. Of course, to the girls in the first two categories marriage meant nothing more than a contract entered into for them by others, long before they themselves were capable of understanding it; many of them had been bound by engagements when they were still children in arms; some had even been betrothed before they were born.

Most of the widows of such tender years become so before they know what widowhood means. It is only as they grow out of infancy that they learn the sad life to which they are condemned, a life of misery which is inconceivable to people of western countries, yet is enforced by Hindoo customs. It is a life of hardship, of unmerited shame, of irksome penances and of wearisome attendance at religious functions.

Though the English law in India would recognize the legality of a remarriage of these youthful widows, inexorable custom forbids it and its occurrence is rare. There were in India in 1901 nearly 476,000 widows under 15 years of age, of whom nearly 20,000 were less than 5 years old.

The Business Lie.

Our age is great in some ways; it is an age of invention, but, says the Rev. F. R. Keighley of Windsor, it is also an age of invention for the lie of covetousness and self-interest. How numerous in our time have been the charges for fraudulent advertisement? How many thousands more of those falsehoods have escaped undetected? Our law courts tell us that this kind of lie stops at nothing; it poisons food, it adulterates army stores, it robs without compunction the very poorest. Many men, who would be ashamed to lie personally, excuse this kind of lie; they say, "It is only a business lie"—only "a trick of the trade." But what is a "business lie" when you come to analyze it? It is just a lie told to make money, and of all liars the liar for money is the most contemptible. I say that there is no lie so dishonorable and disheartening as the "business lie," and there is no chance of the betterment of our social and commercial life until the lie of self-interest gives way to Christian honesty and honor.

Other Days.

I must forsake the noisy town, the city's din and rush,
And rest a while in distant woods and hear the hermit thrush;
I long to lie upon the grass and revel 'mid the flowers,
To dream strange dreams of life and death within the lonely bowers.

I long to stroll through the village lanes, the lanes I used to know,
And see the acorns that were familiar in the long ago;
The boys I knew in other days are men, save those who died,
And memories are drifting fast to dearer oblivion's tide.

I long to see the school house as it stood in days of yore,
To play the games we playmates played—we'll play them nevermore!
I long to see the river flow around the village's bend,
To view the changes time has wrought, to see the story's end.

O, flow on, Time, and do your work, flow on your endless way,
'Tis well to cease now and to stop your heedless, mighty sway;
Yet 'mid the lights and shadows and the turmoil wild and vain,
There comes to me a wish for scenes now blended with the past.

—C. Maurice Elfer, in Picayune.

Tips Lead to Bribes.

At the recent convention in Hamburg of the Coal Dealers' association of Germany a number of delegates spoke on the practice of tipping and bribing. They complained that stokers and others having to do with coal used in manufacturing works and large establishments of any kind must be given bribe money, or have their influence used against the coal dealers to prevent the securing of new orders. The delegates urged the necessity of taking measures to abolish the nefarious practice. Americans traveling in Europe find the tipping abuse very annoying. The tipping evil has undoubtedly led to the bribery method which now has become so vexatious to business people.

U. S. SENATOR TOWNE

Credits Doan's Kidney Pills with a Gratifying Cure.

Hon. Charles A. Towne, ex-U. S. Senator from Minnesota, brilliant orator, clever business man, brainy lawyer, whose national prominence made him a formidable candidate for the presidential nomination in 1904, writes us the following:

Gentlemen: I am glad to endorse Doan's Kidney Pills. The remedy was recommended to me a few months ago when I was feeling miserable; had severe pains in the back; was restless and languid; had a dull headache and neuralgic pains in the limbs and was otherwise distressed. A few boxes of the pills effectually routed my ailments and I am glad to acknowledge the benefit I derived.

(Signed) CHARLES A. TOWNE.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents per box.

Submarine Forest.

By means of glass-bottomed boats it has been discovered that the bottom of Monterey bay, Cal., is a beautiful submarine forest of sea oranges, green ribbons, horse tail, sea pompons, etc. Some of the plants are thirty feet in heigh

DISFIGURING HUMOR.

Brushed Scales from Face Like Powder—Doctor Said Lady Would Be Disfigured for Life—Cuticura Works Wonders.

"I suffered with eczema all over my body. My face was covered; my eyebrows came out. I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better; I then went to another doctor. He thought my face would be marked for life, but my brother-in-law told me to get Cuticura. I washed with Cuticura Soap, applied Cuticura Ointment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as directed. I could brush the scales off my face like powder. Now my face is just as clean as it ever was.—Mrs. Emma White, 641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April 25, '05."

Chromite Becoming Scarce.

Chromite, the mineral from which chrome yellows and greens are made, is becoming very scarce indeed. Most of it comes from Turkey to Philadelphia and is worth about $20 a ton.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease

A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Sense of Traffic.

Every town dweller, says the Lancet, should cultivate his "sense of traffic." It first this means that he must take every step in a crowded thoroughfare with a reasoned conscious ness. He will never think of his business or his pleasure while he is in the street, but only of the way in which he is going, of what is before him, of what is on either side of him, and of what he is leaving behind him. At every crossing he will settle his course, so to speak, and look out for dangers from every point of the compass. After very few weeks of this careful self-regulation he will develop the "sense of traffic." Without knowing it, he will see and hear and realize all that moves about him. Street accidents occur to those who have no "sense of traffic."

Lost Pigmies.

A problem which perplexed the last generation was the long extinct pigmy race which centuries ago undoubtedly inhabited the Tennessee mountains. Legends among the Indians told of such a tribe of dwarfs, who were supposed to be of more intelligence than the red men. But these legends were very hazy. A burying ground, however, actually was discovered in the early part of the last century in which all of the skeletons were of pigmy proportions. Some of them were carried away to college museums. But as far as known no scientific inquiry has ever been directed to this question.

HONEST PHYSICIAN.

Works with Himself First.

It is a mistake to assume that physicians are always skeptical as to the curative properties of anything else than drugs.

Indeed, the best doctors are those who seek to heal with as little use of drugs as possible and by the aid of correct food and drink. A physician writes from Calif. to tell how he made a well man of himself with Nature's remedy:

"Before I came from Europe, where I was born, he says, "it was my custom to take coffee with milk (cafe au lait) with my morning meal, a small cup (cafe noir) after my dinner and two or three additional small cups at my club in the evening.

"In time nervous symptoms developed, with pains in the cardiac region, and accompanied by great depression of spirits, despondency—in brief, "the blues!" I at first tried medicines, but got no relief, and finally realized that all my troubles were caused by coffee. I thereupon quit its use forthwith, substituting English Breakfast Tea.

"The tea seemed to help me at first, but in time the old distressing symptoms returned, and I quit it also, and tried to use milk for my table beverage. This I was compelled however to abandon speedily, for, while it relieved the nervousness somewhat, it brought on constipation. Then by a happy inspiration I was led to try the Postum Food Coffee. This was some months ago and I still use it. I am no longer nervous, nor do I suffer from pains about the heart, while my 'blues' have left me and life is bright to me once more. I know that leaving off coffee and using Postum healed me, and I make it a rule to advise my patients to do so." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.