State Library

Thirty-third Year on the Supreme Bench Rewarded By Promotion | An exchange says: "Associate

Associate Justi
lan Tuesday ra
gratulations of hi
friends upon re
thirty-third year
Court Bench. A
sociate Justice of
bunal, Justice H
Chief Justice unt
of the late Chief
takes his place.
was 77 years of a
has been eligible
seven years.

For Medical

I have just bought
Pure Mountain Aqu
the thing for those w
Medical purposes.
of Jous

DESCRIPTIO
PRIZE 1

Height, 14 ft. 9
3 1-2 in. Depth,
Weight, 850 lbs.
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ed anti-rust pedi
genuine walnut
ink and walnut
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and out.

WARRANTED FOR
Manufactured F
one of the Largest
in the United State

Some Girl will
some Piano.

What To Do With

What shall we
trusts", is a quest
About Town has b
to answer, says the
orat. An exchan
that we might deal
of them as follows
Shoot the gun tru
Plant the seed tru
Stop the bottle tr
Lick the finger tr
Bury the coffin tr
Love thy neighbo
Smash the chain t
Hammer the nail tr
Lock the safe t
Bridle the leather
Shelve the clothes
Bottle the stopper
Resolve the sound
Freeze on the cla
Stick it to the glu
Smoke out the pipe
Suspend the gallo
Seek it to the sock
Sew up the breech
Nail it to the lumb
Fabricate the lab
Stave it to the coo
Cut out the pattern
Plug it to the tobac
Talk it round in ta
Hand one to the f
Put the cradle tru
Cripple the artifici
Put our foot on the
Put the shoe into th
Take the sheriff out
trust.

Make it so hot for
holders of the icy trus
can stand it limitless.

Take the steel tr
horns and wrestle
there is not a grease.

Robertson County

From the Tribune In

Judge Kenton and
W. H. Mcgowan and
Davis, made a trip the
Hill, Bourbon and
counties in Judge K
one day last week.

Judge J. I. Osborne,
ter, Miss Rose, of
were here last week
being entertained in tak
tions in aunts he is
Attorney in our Circuit

Mr. John T. Rogers
ent, Ohio, came over
on a week or ten day
his old home near Bo
Rogers' son Samuel
Woodward High Scho
cinnati.

Miss Ann Myall, aged
last Thursday at the ho
nieces, Misses Ann
Myall, at Maysleick, w
had always made her h
was born in England,
vout member of the
church, is survived by
er, Joan Myall of Mays
one sister in England.

After an illness
several years, "Squire
Humble, Robertson's o
one of her best know
passed away at his home
tral Ridge turnpike Mond
aured nearly 76 years, h
been born on the Hillsd
1834. He settled where
nearly all his life, in th
which time this entire
was practically a solid
timber, and of the heav
drei acres comprising h
There is probably noth
largest quantity of timb
to be found on any farm
county, one tract
ing some 60 or 75 acres.

Largest Circulation.

CARLISLE MERCURY

NE PAGES—NO to

1910

PAID MORE

ne's That Was Entire Crop
Tobacco Brought.

ance of the misfortune
ly those who could
pool's holding this year
ed by the Lexington
the experience of John
f Fayette county, who
sold his tobacco on the
n breaks.
gust 20, Mr. Tookey pur-
he half interest of his
John McMillin, a crop
pounds. Believing that
t to pool the 1910 crop
ed and that they
ry prices would be paid
ys not in the pool. Too-
$12.50 per hundred for
yer's half. December
ed his crop, receiving
y hundred. The half
ht about July and the
ap brought only $428, so
gave away his tobacco
about $100 besides.

A Selfish View.

roads are all right, but
that has been framed to
tax of five cents on each
th of property in this
hardly equitable. In the
ve months Mercer coun-
pended over $30,000 on
g. But for the road tax
ate would be cut half in
ew, when the people of
nty, and many other
ts have done likewise,
relieved themselves for
ted by the
ation in taking them to
ch in counting that have
wealth but did not care
selves to build roads,
r and other counties
e? It is our opinion
of the money will be
the mountain counties,
ities have boasted of
ldd mineral wealth, and
want good roads let them
mselves to build them,
other counties have done.
ky, Virginia, adjoining
ty, last week voted $750,
road purposes, 1,000 votes
r the proposition and on-
ainst it. That is the on-
way to get good roads.—
burg Herald.

s Caldwell and brother,
ve, of Millersburg, but
Canada, sold part of
nd holdings last week at
some profit. They going to
they bought $30 acres
and received for them sold
s to a Railroad Company
igh money to pay for the
1,500 acres and cleared
ables.

New and Up-to-Date

type faces only can be
in our Job Branch

A Shattered Romance

A True Story of the Secret Service

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY, *Former Chief U. S. Secret Service*

HIS professional crimes are as plain to a constantly working laboratory of the most ingenious plots for overreaching the offices of the law. Ever awake, ever thoughtful and ever active—at glaring noonday as well as at black midnight—in the brown cabin front and lowly tenement—everywhere and at every hour is this insidious enemy of social order wide awake and on the alert.

It takes an acute mind and level head to succeed against and bring the unprincipled criminal to the bar of justice. During our civil war counterfeiting blossomed into a fine art. It became almost employment in every element of trade and profession. Secret detectives were impotent to totally eradicate the evil, expose the plots and defeat the operations of these criminals, although many arrests had been effected.

To avoid and destroy these vampires of society it was often necessary to resort to measures of scouting wrong that good results might be obtained. One of the most dangerous criminals that fell into the hands of the secret service division during my official career was one Thomas Brownie, the son of a man of wealth, occupying a fine residence on an aristocratic street in New York City.

Young Brownie was possessed of a handsome, refined face, slight figure, polished address and the soft polish of a man thoroughly trained in the best circles. Reared with the notion of a good and tender mother and supplied with every luxury by a kind and indulgent father, it seems quite unaccountable that he should choose to enter the society of criminals. On account of his experience in dodging the officers of the law he gained the confidence of many of the leading counterfeiters and forgers of the country. When I first learned of him he was leading the life of a map of inexhaustible means. His extravagance in dress and living was in keeping with the man of millions. Through various sources of information it was discovered that he was handling counterfeit money in a wholesale way and that he was connected with what was then known as the Minor Band of "Coinkickers."

He had for some time been cute enough to deal in the bogus stuff in a manner to baffle the skill of the government officers. On more than one occasion when the officers thought they to almost in their grasp, he would manage to elude them and disappear from their sight. The time came when neither the subtle ingenuity of his plans nor the wealth and respectability of his family served to shield him from the hands of the law since he was a difficult man to capture, but was intimidated by no remarkable skill and adroitness he met his match at last.

It was while at the height of his criminal career that he met a very attractive broadway with the air of a look of indescribable contempt and inexhaustible wealth that indicates suffering for his position had been gathered and brought to my office. I at once detailed the arrest and plans were laid for his capture.

At about the same time he suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts and the officers were unable to discover his hiding place.

Wherever the officers sought him in a place where his presence had been reported they were always just a little too late. He was thus very seeking but elusive to location.

When such was the case he would be some other part of the city. In the course of time he was spoken of among the detectives as a will-o-the-wisp, as he was forever flitting about.

Two secret service officers were detailed to keep a careful watch upon his father's residence, where he spent his evenings and day, this was kept up without success. The men were in quest of never put in an appearance there. Finally the men were sent to go out and in were an elderly gentleman and a young lady, the latter appearance, presumably his daughter. There could be no question as to her being the handsomest representative young lady in the city.

One of the detectives employed in watching the house was a prepossessing young Italian. I will call him Louis Bertini. He was well educated and of good family, and at the end of a serious, sanguine temperament and a fiery disposition. He was a young man of twenty-five.

Late one pleasant afternoon several days after the young Italian had taken a position near the Brownie residence, a stylishly attired young lady was seen coming down the front steps of the house, carrying a young boy. She entered a carriage in waiting and it rolled away at a good crate pace. Bertini followed on foot and was able to keep the carriage in view. When the young lady reached the same place of the steamer "Providence," then piping here from New York and Fall River, Mertin was close at her heels. She stepped up into the grand salon and after moving about for a few moments beckoned to a not-brown chambermaid. When the servant came near the young lady opened a pearl inlaid portemonnaie, and taking from it a ten dollar bill, requested her to procure a stateroom and passage ticket to the city of Boston.

A few minutes afterwards the chambermaid returned and informed the young lady that the staterooms on the boat were all engaged.

The young lady seemed greatly disappointed and said it was a sorry predicament for her to be placed in; and if the deep drawn sigh she uttered was an index of her feelings at that moment, she was not only greatly disappointed, but at a loss to know what to do.

Mertin, who was near at hand, was even than the diamond solitaires that adorned her ears.

The detective's heart was throbbing wildly. He could scarcely contain himself. It was a case of love at first sight. The hot blood of one Italian was surging to his head. He was quite bewildered.

Collecting his scattered senses he was soon able to convince the young woman that he was a man of consequence, and that while their meeting was but casual, he was greatly delighted because of the opportunity offered to make her acquaintance.

It was late in the evening when they bade each other good night with a promise to meet again on the arrival of the steamer at Fall River in the early morning.

Mertin had not only discovered that Miss Brownie was lovely and fascinating, but that she was frank, confiding and truthful. She had nothing to conceal. He had learned every thing he was a young and wealthy maiden who had courageously withdrawn from her father's home with the purpose of meeting a much loved but wayward brother. How that would be help sympathizing with her? Love through his representations in regard to himself were falsely made for the purpose of obtaining her confidence, he believed he was sufficiently shrewd to square himself with her the proper time.

As deception is offtimes a part of the detective's stock in trade, he thought there could be no great harm in it, after all was considered. It seems that he told her the secret of his being the son of an Italian nobleman of great wealth and that he was traveling incognito for the purpose of convincing the aristocracy of the man he was seeking to marry, and that he was sure that she was going to help him.

This was his opportunity, thought Mertin, to ingratiate himself into the good graces of this young woman and thus obtain a foothold in Brownie's affections.

The two engaged detective had no great difficulty in securing the coveted stateroom. Brownie's stories are always sufficient to reserve an extra ticket or two for special purposes.

When Mertin returned to the grand salon and handed the young lady her tickets she was profuse in her thanks and expressed her deep obligation. As she held the tickets between her jeweled fingers she beamed a smile and displayed a set of pearly white teeth, encircled by a pair of ruby lips, and all such area! More sparkling as she kneeled as he was enraptured by such a vision of loveliness. The moment he pointed himself to the front door with the politeness of a true gentleman. Please excuse me, young lady, I am very much pained to witness your distress and I should be glad to assist you. If you will allow me I think I can provide you a stateroom."

In modest terms she thanked him for his kindness and confidingly offered him the ten dollar bill that had been returned to her by the chambermaid.

Never mind the money until I know what I can do for you."

He thought well. The money, he thought, is not responsible for the sad state of affairs. Besides the making of her acquaintance might be the means of her regaining for him covering the whereabouts of the man he was seeking. He was quite sure that he was sure that she was going to help him.

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and fled to Canada, where she was expecting to meet him.

Learning this, the detective was deeply interested, not only in the matter, but in the sister as well. Indeed, she was the most attractive person he had ever seen. To his mind she was everything that a woman should be. Wealthy, educated and affectionate, she was brave and romantic enough to accompany her brother in battle the cold world for the purpose of rehabilitating his wayward brother. So gentle and unassuming did she appear that he was sure she had a heart overflowing with love.

As these thoughts came meandering through his brain he saw in his eagerness the opportunity of his life. He would make her instrumental in saving the brother and thus win the fair girl's gratitude—perhaps her love. He felt sure that he could trust to her generous heart to forgive him for deceiving her by palming himself off as the son of a nobleman.

When the couple arrived in Boston they went at once to the Lincoln House, where they took breakfast together. The detective now thought Miss Brownie more fascinating than ever. He felt the opportunity he threw discretion to the winds and he wooed in the most approved Italian style. Pressing her with an ardor more impetuous than conventional, he asked her to become his wife.

It appears that her deep sorrow her soft words, and above all, her tears, had so completely unnerved him, that he forgot the conversation he had had with the chambermaid on the Providence, where she hoped to meet her brother. Thomas Brownie, she had learned through a friend that her brother was leading a life of counterfeiting and that he could, if given an opportunity, use his government officers in a position to arrest a number of counterfeiters. Mertin had did not know the particulars, but was sure that her brother would get out of his son and that he was ready to undergo almost any sacrifice and pay any reasonable amount of money for the purpose of saving his life.

What he said was quite reasonable, and after questioning her for some time I had about come to the conclusion that her offer, if carried out as proposed, would be a good thing for the government.

There was a number of counterfeits then on the market and I was exceedingly anxious to break up the gang by arresting its leaders and securing the plates. The Minor gang had first and last cost the government a considerable sum of money. While talking over the details of the proposed surrender I leaned back in a window and raised the shade, upon which the sun suddenly shone forth, lighting up the room and casting a few rays fully upon the face of the lady before me. Drawing my chair a little nearer and more in front of her I was enabled to look her straight in the face. My eyes resting on hers seemed to discover a look of fear which I turned her head. I straightened up a little and stared at the ceiling to rise.

"Keep your seat," I commanded, in an authoritative tone.

At this moment a new defiance mingled with terror in her eyes. At first I had detected nothing in her appearance or actions to arouse suspicion. As was quite natural, she now seemed anxious to have her brother attributed to a disturbed condition of her mind on account of the actions of her brother—a natural sequence of the treatment he had received at the hands of the Spanish government. Thinking that perhaps I was too, that her hair had not the glossy appearance of natural gold, I gave it quite sure she was in disguise.

"Before this business goes any further," I said, "I want you to remove your false hair and wipe the paint and powder from your face."

As I arose in front of her she started up with an indignant look and attempted to push me away. In a flash, I had her hair in my hands. In a quick jerk, its fastenings gave way and it rolled on the carpet. There was no longer any one for conceal ment. Thomas Brownie stood before me. The game was up. There was no more room for doubt. He began peeling off layer after layer of his feminine apparel. When he had fully disengaged himself from his dress maker's cards he opened his traveling bag and proceeded to clothe himself in masculine attire.

While he was at dining this interview remained in the hall, was now requested to come into the room, as he handed him a pair of handcuffs and secure a condolement of his brothers offense through the assistance of the Italian consul at New York. This ray of light was presented in the Italian style and must have sounded hopeful to the ears of Miss Brownie. Her face now fairly beamed with joy as she assured him she would willingly give all she possessed in the world to effect such a result. She promised to marry him should he succeed in saving her brother from prosecution for his past offenses.

The day following I received at my New York office a letter marked "personal," which read as follows:

"United States Hotel, Boston, Mass. "My Dear Chief:

"I write to inform you that I arrived here this morning in company with my sister of Brownie. Through cunning I made her acquaintance and secured everything. She is on the way to meet her brother Thomas. She tells me that he intends to remain outside of the United States unless a compromise can be effected. She says he has suffered so terribly information and assistance from the convicting of such men as Minor, I was anxious to make it. I chose to sacrifice my self and the next train that left for Boston took me with it. When I arrived there on the following morning I went directly to the United States hotel, where I met a thoroughly astonished Italian. He was much surprised at my unexpected appearance.

I soon learned enough to place me in a position to inform you of the case so far as the detective was concerned. I at once detailed a personal interview with Miss Brownie, which was soon arranged. After the first surprise at the sight of her brother, Miss Brownie was overjoyed at the opportunity offered. I found myself in the presence of a tall and stately young woman, tastefully and fashionably dressed. She held by her hand a little boy whom she wielded with consummate grace. Her face was lighted up with a smile of my business. Inviting me to be seated, she began the conversation and explained to me her position in Montreal, where she hoped to meet her brother. Thomas Brownie, she had learned through a friend that her brother was leading a life of counterfeiting and that he could, if given an opportunity, use his government officers in a position to arrest a number of counterfeiters. Mertin did not know the particulars, but was sure that her brother would get out of his son and that he was ready to undergo almost any sacrifice and pay any reasonable amount of money for the purpose of saving his life.

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WAS SIRE OF TEXAS

Moses Austin, Grandfather of the Lone Star State.

Former Republic Asked to Care for Moses's Remains and Pay Famous Pioneer Who Made Possible Its Founding.

Potosi, Mo.—Washington county officials have recently appealed to Texas state officials to arrange for that commonwealth to care for the grave and home of Moses Austin in this city. Moses Austin was the father of Stephen F. Austin, honored as the father of Texas. As truly as Stephen F. Austin was the father of the former republic and the late state, Moses Austin was its grandfather. It was the dream of his life to make the trip and planned the colony that made possible the work of his son as founder of the republic.

It is believed here that the recent removal of the body of Stephen F. Austin from a lonely grave in a Texas village to state honors, with the special city that was named for him, and the erection of a fine memorial there, will arouse sufficient interest in the Austin family to result in arrangements being made to care for the almost dismantled tomb and the decaying log cabin here.

The cabin stands on one corner of a public square in this city. It is said that it left of the once pretentious Dutchman Hall, Moses Austin's stately home. At the time of the Louisiana purchase there was no more elaborate private estate in the whole Mississippi valley than Dutchman Hall, where the owner entertained such notable men as Aaron Burr, Andrew Jackson and Thomas H. Benton.

Moses Austin, under a grant from the Spanish government, opened the first lead mines and built the first lead smelter in America. He was at the head of the first bank established in St. Louis and was a member of the first Masonic settlement period.

He conceived the idea of settling Texas with Americans, and it was under a treaty negotiated by him with the Mexican government that the first American colony was established in Texas. The consumation of these plans necessitated an overland trip from Potosi to the Rio Grande in the midst of which resulted in the death of Moses Austin.

Stephen F. Austin continued the work of his father, but the American colony into the southwest wilderness and helped to free Texas from Spanish rule.

Moses Austin's body lies in a rickety, weed-covered tomb in the Presbyterian churchyard, but a few blocks distant from the log cabin. A marble slab, set into the tomb in the square, sets in a poetic tomb of hand-hewn rock, bears this simple inscription:

MOSES AUSTIN.
DIED 1820.

When the condition of the tomb was called to the attention of Washington county officials, it was their opinion that Texas residents would be pleased to have the tomb taken in charge, hence the letter to a state official starting the condition.

Had Cost England Many Millions.

London.—Harmond Hassam, the Assyrian scholar and explorer, whose cruel treatment by King Theodore involved England in a $45,000,000 war with Abyssinia, which ended in the suicide of the African ruler, died a few days ago in the English village of Ewell, where he had been many years in peaceful retirement. He was born in northern Mesopotamia, opposite the site of the ancient Nineveh, and was the son of a native of Mosul, and was connected with the British Museum.

In June, 1868, after having held a British political post for a time, at the Indian ocean end of the Red sea, the chief of the English mission went to King Theodore of Abyssinia, who had imprisoned and maltreated the British consul and several other Britishers, and demanded the release of the prisoners. At first he was treated with consideration, but afterward he and two of his companions were shut up in the fortress of Magdala and were kept there almost two years in chains. They suffered from misery, cold and hunger, and were in constant fear of death. When Great Britain sent to Abyssinia a punitive expedition, under Lord Napier, King Theodore shot himself to death to avoid the humiliation of capture.

ST. AUGUSTINE OLDEST CITY

The Sea Wall at St. Augustine.

THE RECENT Cuban barbarous treatment of the Spanish in Florida ponteola and, among other things, has caused the aged St. Augustine, serve to call attention to this our oldest and perhaps most interesting city. The enormous business done in this city was wedded with invading sea water, which threw on the fingers of his left. He wore other diamonds, with here and there a ruby.

Mr. Blum sometimes squeezed into society. He was supposed to be a banker, but as a matter of fact he had borrowed another money on its jewelry so often that society couldn't exactly turn him out of doors. It was even whispered in society that Mr. Blum was a great catch, but at the same time he had very poor luck getting caught.

Mr. Denham was introduced to Mr. Blum. Mr. Blum was introduced to Miss Ethel Lynn. In three minutes Mr. Blum had made up his mind to be a winner. In two days Miss Ethel had made up her mind to detest him. Mr. Blum, backed by the good aunt, Mr. Blum proposed. The girl said that she could be happy with a young to know her own mind, and begged for time. This was very wise in her. It was much better than tears, threats, protestations and a garret and a crust.

Early came, and Mrs. Denham moved down to her manor house. Mr. Blum was invited, and would have gone elsewhere, but there was no hotel in the town. He hovered down with a few others for a month to see how it would end, that they stick out like knots on a

The question now was where was Ethel Mr. Blum. He had a hard time within a mile of Mrs. Denham's country house. He had to be in quarters in service. Mrs. Denham and Ethel, knowing that they had not been mutually attracted, had taken a cottage in the city of Texas before inviting him to the country.

Ethel was a poor little girl of nineteen in the hands of an ambitious aunt, who was looking at Mr. Blum and at the same time at the Spanish castle, and thought, in her simplicity, that the castle was a handsome one to show to her friends. Mr. Blum took his chance. He sent a bouquet of roses to Ethel. Ethel was flattered and schooning, and in this the lover could see that it was a miserable time until a bright idea came to him. He wrote a letter, addressed to Mr. Blum.

"Dear sir: My brother has a motor boat and I have a sailboat."

"Yes."

"My aunt has never been in one. Neither has Mr. Blum. I am going to take them out. It may be a long cruise, and I may not be for three days. Do you think it would be the right thing for me to go with Mr. Blum? I will be for the good ship. It will be for the good of the cause. I need a chaperon."

"If you take Blum out it will encourage him," replied the jealous young man.

"Will it? That's all a young man knows."

"He'll feel romantic and talk about the whispering waves and all that."

"Oh, he will!"

"And sand—"

"And you do just as I tell you. When you are out in distress you cuque out to her. Don't be too big a prude. Let Blum do all the work. I want the situation to strike in on my aunt and Blum. Though there is nothing Grecian about the stubby, square lower with stars from one end, nor is there suggestion of Grecian architecture in the small, square pillars which uphold the roof.

Along the sea wall one finds many quaint and curious buildings, and all through the town reminders of Spain are thickly scattered. The city wall has been kept in good condition, and the gateway is about the only tangible reminder of it that is left.

town and the establishment of the rort at his tongue's end, and once he is started on the story there is no stopping him until he has finished.

Fort Marion is the water end of the old Spanish works, which began at the city gates and ran around the north side of the town. Between the entrance and the main fort there is a barbican, a small fortification which may have had its iron gates and its drawbridge, and is surrounded by a moat and originally connected by two drawbridges, one of which extended from the city gate and the other from the city port, which is now the only"entrance.

In the casements are to be seen the old cannon which the conquistadores had gained the enmity of the commander of the governor were outlines in chalks. Let it be whispered, however, that the chalks were the work of some Spanish prisoners, who had built the first lead mines and built the first lead smelter in America. He was at the head of the first bank established in St. Louis and was a member of the first Masonic settlement period.

He conceived the idea of settling Texas with Americans, and it was under a treaty negotiated by him with the Mexican government that the first American colony was established

Mr. Blum Is Invited

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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Mrs. Charles Denham, widow of the deceased stockbroker, was supposed to be worth one million dollars in cash. She was not worth one-fifth of that sum. Between what people supposed and what was a fact, Mrs. Denham was placed in an embarrassing position. She had spent money in a way she was really in need of money.

Mrs. Denham had a niece. She hadn't legally adopted her, but the idea was one of the family, and was told almost ever other day that she was to inherit what the aunt might leave at her death. That is, she was to inherit if she was alive and good and married the man the aunt should select for her. Otherwise a garret and a crust must take her in the lot.

It was not curious that Miss Ethel Lynn, the niece, fell in love at nineteen with one of the very chaps her aunt had in mind for her to marry. Society lecturing her about and seeking to guard her against it.

Earl Manning had a very slim patrimony. He was a gentleman of the best, which had never been sailing in and two actions as almost landlocked bay, was headed for the open sound and the tumbling waves.

In the winter Mrs. Denham was down and out. In ten, after many days of gotha and long suggestions, Mr. Blum said he would give all three days or he left land to the fishes. A moment later he added all four on his right hand. Then the craft breached to and began to wallow in the trough of the sea, and Mr. Blum was soaked with the flying spray and the shower of rain. He thought that she was a fool ever to have proposed such a trip, and he turned to the girl to say that if he lost his life his brother would see to it that she spent the rest of her days in a due regard.

Mr. Denham was no gentleman. He swore before ladies. Mr. Blum was selfish. When he was a motorman making out to them he stood up and waved his hand and shouted.

"Fifty—a hundred dollars to save my life!"

The motor seemed to have a hard time getting the people, and two or three times the young man at the wheel appeared to be on the point of abandoning the rescue. Mrs. Denham prayed, her hair flying in wildness and appealed. Mr. Blum raised his price to $150—$200 in cash and the rest at sixty days.

Miss Ethel worked her way to the cabin of the craft and made ready to cast a rope. She was finally cast and Mr. Blum was hauled in by the young man who had gone out to assist. Mr. Blum stepped ashore to offer his aunt's attention to the man who had saved his life. Mr. Blum stepped ashore to say that he was happy and so forth, but had done only his duty as he had seen it.

And how did it end? The gossips say that the wedding came until Thanksgiving, and meanwhile Mrs. Denham, in a fit of mania for jealousy on the part of the boy, and Mr. Blum will not have to part with his seven thousand.

AUTOGRAPHS OF THE GREAT

Collector Had Most Difficulty in Getting Former President Roosevelt's.

An Oak Park autograph collector, Mr. Ellis, has recently added to his valuable collection in the middle west, was telling of his experiences in collecting the other day.

"Of about 300 persons to whom I have written for autographs, I had the most difficulty in getting that of former President Roosevelt to send me his. Yes, sir, I had to. When I first received the notion of obtaining his signature I wrote to him at the White House, with only a few words in it, and he sent it back letter, wrote something like this:

"'Dear Mr. Roosevelt: I have written three times for your autograph, but have not yet been favored. I would esteem the signature of a President of the United States as a great favor.'

"I received the autograph four days later.

"Lord Kitchener, field marshal of the British army, who made a visit to this country a few years ago through the United States, refuses to give his signature to anyone seeking it for an autograph.

"It's no sign, you know, said the gentleman, that I pleased him with my name on the back of my card. 'It's the most it strikes me, I'm sorry for you.'

"Yes, sir, I'm never done and never will."

"Others are not so modest, however. Alfred Austin, poet laureate of Great Britain, sells his autograph for 50 cents apiece, American money. All his revenue from this source he turns over to a London charity. Julia Marlowe sells her autograph for $1 each, and Kate Douglas Wiggin, the author, 50 cents apiece. Mrs. Wiggin turns the proceeds over to charitable purposes."—Chicago News.

The American Home

WILLIAM A. RADFORD Editor

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE to readers of this paper, on the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is without doubt, the highest authority on the subject. Address Editor All Inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 26 Fifth Ave., Chicago. Inclose only one-cent stamp for reply.

When going into a building project there are three considerations of importance that present themselves. In the first place there is the design, or outward appearance of the structure, next the arrangement of the dwelling for comfort and convenience, and last the cost of the building.

There is quite be a wide range of choice in regard to the first factor—the design or outward appearance of the house. This is a matter to be decided according to the taste of the owner and the requirements of the building site. It is provential that tastes differ widely, so there can be no definite fixed requirements along that line. Also the needs of different localities vary greatly. It has been said that we have more crimes of our houses to please the neighbors or to make a brave show from the street. Accordingly this first factor, that of outward appearance, may at times be of very little real importance, although of course every one would prefer to live in an attractive a dwelling place as possible.

All things considered, the interior of a residence is far more important than the exterior. Real satisfaction in a home comes from the comfortable, cozy and inviting feature of the living rooms, the bright cheerfulness of the dining room, and the convenieness provided not only in the kitchen and pantry, but also in the other parts of the house. It matters little what the outside appearance is—granted, of course, it is not grotesque—if the interior is comfortable and home-like and so arranged that the work can be done easily.

The third factor, that of cost, very often seems to be, if not most important, the most insistent of the three. Most home builders have a definite figure and make up their minds not to go over it. The outside design can be changed from one style to another and the interior arrangement is a matter of choice, so one plan being absolutely essential. But with the cost it is different. Most of us have to carefully determine, before we begin, just what can be afforded; and if the figure decided upon should be exceeded disastrously, the fault is yours.

It is just as well, too, that this is so. It leads to economy and close figuring and careful attention to the details of the work, and this leads to satisfactory results.

It seems to be quite the habit of many building contractors, and also with the architects, to be too optimistic when quoting on preliminary estimates. The prospective builder is misled, perhaps unintentionally, into believing that a much more stately structure can be for the first cost than the second.

banker has in his new $20,000 residence are attempted to be incorporated into the plans for a little little $5,000 house it is certain that there will be wide differences between the preliminary estimates and the final figures offered in the final bids based on the complete plans and specifications.

Take a house of moderate cost, especially if it is of great size, the only safe way is to make a firm reasonable bid for the job. Let all the little costly luxuries and to retain only the essentials which are necessary for comfort. Many features can be added a few years after a building is put up just as well as while the house is being built.

In the designs illustrated herewith the interior of the house has been made most important while the outside is of neat and trim appearance. Still, there is nothing elaborate about it, it being designed just as economically as could be possible. A perfectly simple house with a big roof has proved itself to be the most economical of any; and when properly arranged makes a comfortable and satisfactory a home as could be desired.

The first floor plan of this home is exceptionally good. From the central square hall one finds the living room occupying the entire space at the left, while to the right is the dining room with the kitchen just back of it. The stairway goes up with a single turn and is so arranged that the front stairway from the reception hall and the hall stairway from the kitchen open onto a common landing, thus saving the expense of an extra stairway and the space usually occupied by one.

The living room is designed in accordance with the most modern ideas. It is very large and comfortable, 12 feet by 22 feet in size. In addition there is an alcove containing a wide fireplace. This room would always be the center of the home life, cheerful and inviting and capable of accommodating a large number of persons without crowding.

On the second floor four good-sized bedrooms with a abundance of closet rooms are provided. The bathroom is conveniently located, the plumbing fixtures there being directly in line with those in the kitchen. This is quite a money-saving feature.

The cost of this house is estimated at $2,000. This is very moderate for a residence of this size, 32 feet 6 inches being the width and 28 feet the length. This figure contemplates the use of good quality hardwood finish and floors for the first floor and yellow pine for the second

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