CARLISLE MERCURY.

G. R. KELLER & SON, Pubs.

CARLISLE, · KENTUCKY

IMPORTANT NEWS NOTES OF A WEEK

LATEST HAPPENINGS THE WORLD OVER TOLD IN ITEMIZED FORM.

EVENTS HERE AND THERE

Condensed Into a Few Lines for the Perusal of the Busy Man—Latest Personal Information.

PERSONAL.

Rear Admiral McCalla, U. S. N., died at Santa Barbara, Cal., of apoplexy.

Rev. Alexander McLaren, the noted Manchester (England) preacher, died at Edinburgh.

Paris reports say the engagement of Jay Gould and Miss Beatrice Godfrey Van Brunner will be announced soon.

Lieut. Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, R. N., holder of the farthest south record, lectured in Chicago and was presented with the Helen Culver gold medal by the Geographic society of Chicago.

Princess Nobuko Fumi-no-Miya, 18-year-old daughter of the emperor of Japan, was married to Prince Asaka.

Senator McCumber of North Dakota has rallied from the effects of a second operation and physicians at Washington report his condition to be encouraging.

Thomas H. Croft, founder of Pasadena and a California resident since 1873, has been committed to the state insane asylum at Patton, Cal., following a stroke of paralysis.

Informal announcement was made in New York of the engagement of Miss ...

Representative Lee O'Neil Browne of Ottawa, Ill., Democratic leader of the lower house of the legislature, was indicted by the special grand jury at Chicago on a charge of bribing Charles A. White, Democratic member from O'Fallon, Ill., to vote for William Lorimer for United States senator. The specific charge mentioned in each of the 11 counts of the indictment is that Browne paid White $850 at the Briggs house, in Chicago, on June 16, 1909, as part of a total bribe of $1,000. At the same time the grand jury returned indictments charging perjury against Representative Robert E. Wilson of Chicago and Michael S. Link of Mitchell. They are accused of having perjured themselves in testifying before the grand jury that they had not participated in the alleged "jack pot" distribution at St. Louis, which was one of the features of the White "confession" on which the Browne indictment is based.

The horror of the great earthquake at Cartago, Costa Rica, is growing by leaps and bounds. The loss of life, at first estimated at 500, is now placed, according to the latest news from the ruined city, at not less than 1,000, and it may largely exceed that figure. Hundreds were seriously injured in the collapse of buildings. The property loss will amount to many millions of dollars.

William Randolph Hearst entered suit in the federal court against Henry Watterson individually, for $100,000, and the Courier-Journal for the same sum. The suit against Mr. Watterson is based on his editorial which, according to the petition, applauded the attack made on Mr. Hearst by Mayor Gaynor at the Press banquet in New York and "accepting as proven Gaynor's charges."

Fire, caused by an older child playing with matches, resulted in the loss of two lives at Deimling, Mich. The home of Matt Servis was destroyed and a three-year-old girl and an infant were burned to death. The parents were absent.

The Northern Baptist convention, comprising several denominational societies, opened its fourth annual session in Chicago.

King Edward is seriously ill. Sudden and unexpected announcement was made that the monarch is suf- ...

THE LATE KING EDWARD VII.

CAREER OF EDWARD VII., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN

England's dead king, Edward VII., whose full title was "king of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of all the British dominions beyond the seas, emperor of India," was the eldest son and the second child of Queen Victoria and Albert, the prince consort. He was born November 9, 1841, in Buckingham palace and was christened Albert Edward.

At his birth he was created prince of Wales and by virtue of that dignity he became also knight of the garter. As heir apparent to the British throne he succeeded to the title of duke of Cornwall and its emoluments, and as heir to the crown of Scotland he became great steward of Scotland, duke of Rothesay, earl of Carrick, baron of Renfrew and lord of the isles. On September 10, 1849, he was created earl of Dublin, this title being conferred on him and his heirs in perpetuity. Among the other titles and commands held by Edward were duke of Saxony, colonel of the Tenth hussars, colonel-in-chief of the Rifle brigade, field marshal of the British army and field marshal of the German army.

The prince received a most elaborate, broad and carefully planned education. At first he was under the charge of four private tutors, and subsequently his education was directed by Baron Stockmar and Charles Kingsley. In order to give him a taste of college life, he was sent for one session to the University of Edinburgh, for one year to Oxford and for four terms to Cambridge. During these years he acquired a wide gen- ...

... completed when disquieting rumors of the king's ill health, which had been current for several days, were confirmed by the postponement of the ceremony. It was announced that the king was suffering from perityphlitis, and on June 24 he underwent an operation. After some weeks of the greatest anxiety, he recovered, and the coronation took place August 9.

During the long years of his princehood Edward's public duties consisted solely in the office of representing the royal family at all manner of public events, and he performed these duties well. But the deadly monotony of such a life was too much for the vigorous man, and he found relaxation in amusements that frequently gave rise to scandals and that gave the world a wrong impression of his real character. He was especially fond of the theater and among his boon companions for years were actresses and actors. Also he developed a great liking for Paris and often visited that gay capital incognito. The Riviera and Biarritz likewise were familiar with the face of the prince of Wales.

But all this, as has been said, was only his relaxation, and after coming to the throne his conduct always was so circumspect that not the most captious critic could find any fault with it.

As a diplomat Edward was unexcelled among the monarchs of Europe. His influence was always thrown to the side of international peace where compatible with national honor, and his advice and example had a steadying effect on all Europe. He looked ...

RESULTS HARD TO FORECAST

Politicians in Two States Look Into the Future With Much Misgiving.

AWAIT RETURN OF ROOSEVELT

Situation in New York and Ohio Apparently Will Be Tangled Until His Return—Conservation Issue in James River Dam Bill.

Washington.—Reinforced pressure is being brought to bear daily on Representative Nicholas Longworth, to secure his consent to be a candidate before the Republican state convention for governor of Ohio. He is still coy. Mr. Longworth, as the world knows, or ought to know, is the son-in-law of former President Theodore Roosevelt. The Ohio representative has told President Taft several times that he is, and will continue to be as long as the present Taft endeavor is continued, a strong and sincere supporter of the administration's policies.

There are some politicians in Washington who look on the declaration of the fealty of Mr. Longworth to the administration as being evidence in part that the Ohioan believes that his father-in-law, when he comes back, likewise will declare fealty. Other politicians say that there is nothing to this, and that "Nick" acts for himself in political and personal matters without regard to the advice or suggestion of his wife's distinguished father.

If the "son-in-law representative" should become the candidate of the Republicans for the governorship nomination in Ohio, there are those who say emphatically that he will draw the Roosevelt Republicans to his banner, ...

... senator from the state of New York. The friends of Mr. Root say that nothing has happened to change the colonel's opinion of the senator, and that if any man can bring Mr. Roosevelt to the belief that Mr. Taft is absolutely sincere and is doing all that he can along the lines of progressive legislation, that man is Elihu Root.

Most recent political gossip is to the effect that when Colonel Roosevelt comes back he will enter the field against Chauncey M. Depew for United States senatorial honors in New York state. Republicans, "insurgents" and regulars alike, and the Democrats also, say that if Mr. Roosevelt should make up his mind to be a senator of the United States there would be no contest between him and Mr. Depew worthy of name. The feeling is that the colonel would sweep everything before him, at least as far as the Republicans are concerned, and that his only fear of defeat would come from Democratic victory in the state, a victory which would elect a Democratic legislature.

James River Dam Bill.

Will President Taft veto the James river dam bill?

On the answer to this question intense interest is hanging. The conservationists of the country believe that President Taft will see his way clear to forbid the enactment into law of the bill, but the friends of the measure insist that the president, being "judicial minded," will find that it is drawn in strict accordance with law, and that he cannot fail consistently to affix his signature.

If the president makes up his mind to sign this bill when it comes before him, he will nullify one of the acts of Theodore Roosevelt which the friends of conservation say showed more conclusively than anything else the real heartfelt interest of the colonel of Rough Riders in measures to safeguard the people's heritage of natural resources.

Issue Closely Drawn.

This matter in the minds of many resolves itself into this: "A sharp-drawn issue, with conservation as its basis, between the resource-saving policies of Theodore Roosevelt and those of William H. Taft." It has been charged by some of the extreme conservation- ...

IT WEARS YOU OUT.

Kidney Troubles Lower the Vitality of the Whole Body.

Don't wait for serious illness; begin using Doan's Kidney Pills when you first feel backache or notice urinary disorders.

John L. Perry, Columbus, Texas, says: "I was taken sick about a year ago. My limbs and feet began to swell and my doctor said I had Bright's disease. I then consulted another doctor who told me I had dropsy and could not live. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me promptly, and I owe my life to them."

Remember the name—Doan's.

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

PRETTY NEAR IT.

The Maiden—How did you act when you were under fire? Did you shrink?

The Soldier—I don't know as I shrunk, but I tried to make myself as small as I could.

EVERY POST OFFICE IN THE UNITED STATES USES THIS INK.

Thaddeus Davids Co. are the oldest ink manufacturers in the country, having been established in 1825. They make nothing but the very best goods, ...

The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY Ray Walters

SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage, and not able to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him. She finds him in an attitude of prayer, babbling an incoherent jargon.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

The next thing she remembered, she was unclosing her eyes as she had done early in the morning and the man was still watching by her side. She had been so utterly wearied by her strange adventure, by her long wrestling with thirst and starvation in the open boat that before she knew it weariness overcame her. He had watched by her side without molesting her. It was late in the evening now. The problem of the night had to be faced. This time the man took the initiative. He walked along the shore a little way and then looked back at her, and repeated the process once or twice as a dog might have done who was desirous of bringing his master to some appointed place. Understanding she rose and followed him. He led her along the sands now shadowed by the tall palms until they came to the rivulet, where she stopped and drank once more. They passed it, he plunging bodily through its shallows; she leaping from rock to rock until she reached the other bank. He went swiftly around the face of the cliff. As she passed the point she saw that it curved suddenly inward away from the shores into a sort of amphitheater and fair in the center of the face she perceived an opening. He halted there and entered fearlessly, she following.

The cave was roomy and spacious, at least it seemed so in the fading light. In the morning when the sun shone through the opening, it would be flooded with daylight, but now when the sun was sinking behind the hill, it was quite dark. It was dry and clean and apparently empty. The man stood looking at her smiling, at least there was a suggestion of a ... might be builded? Would she be free from the terror of molestation, which in spite of herself sought expression in her voice and manner? Would she be permitted to pass the night undisturbed? Was her power over him sufficiently definite to be established and to be of value? Suppose she had not succeeded in mastering him, in dominating him? She shuddered at the probabilities involved. Of all the beasts of the field, the most terrible when he is a beast is man.

She was not a weak woman. She was above the middle height, athletic, splendidly developed, accustomed to the exercises of the gymnasium and the field, but her strength was no match for his. One ray of safety appeared in the fact that she believed him ignorant alike of the extent of his power or of the possibilities of the situation. She wondered what strange thoughts were going on in that latent brain over which by the use of moral force and courage she was striving to establish domination. She rejoiced to find that even in the midst of her anxieties she could think so clearly about the situation.

Did he know his lesson, she wondered. She could only hope. If she only had a weapon, she thought, the weakness of sex might be equalized. There was nothing. Yes, her thought reverted to the womanly pair of scissors. With trembling hand she drew them forth and clenched the little tool of steel tightly. It was a poor dependence but the best she had. And then she drew quietly back into the recesses of the cave and sat down leaning against the wall, her eyes bright with dread, anticipation and curiosity. She watched and waited, resolved if necessary to remain awake the long night through.

Outside the man had stood motionless a long time after the final repulse. The dusk had not yet melted into dark out there and he was easily visible against the sky framed by the opening as a dim picture. She was hardly aware of the intensity with which she watched him and she was greatly surprised when she saw him at last kneel down upon the sands. She saw that the palms of his hands were pressed together in front of him; that his head was bowed, that his attitude was that of prayer! He was saying some- ...

... then? So long as his mind slept, his soul slept, his consciousness slept, she was safe, but when they, too, awakened, when whatsoever light there might be that dawns in personality dispelled the night of idle dreams in which he lived, what would happen then?

Instinctively she shrank from the thought of the future. She was as one who had a potent talisman in her hand and feared to put it to the touch. So the fisherman in the Arabian tale, if he had known the contents of the corked bottle thrown up from the sea, might have hesitated ere he drew the stopper and released the prisoned spirit. She must watch, she must wait, she must be on her guard. She forgot that when she had called him "Man" and laid her hand upon his shoulder she had begun an evolution which no human power could stop.

Never had the hours seemed so long and so strange to her. Nothing happened. Even the capacity to think gives out in the strongest mind, the acutest brain, temporarily or otherwise. She was very tired; the silence was oppressive; the rusty scissors fell from her hand and at last she slipped down upon the sand and drifted away into that slumber, that suspension of consciousness in which for the moment she was even as the man.

The upper edge of the sun was just springing from the sea when its level rays woke her. She opened her eyes to find the man standing in the opening.

CHAPTER III.

The Word of the Book.

This awakening was not as had been that of yesterday. She prided herself on being in full possession of her faculties at once and she arose instantly and stepped out upon the sand. The man gave way to her respectfully as she passed through the entrance. The mind is brightest in the early morning after sleep. She would give him another concept before the uses of the day impaired his receptivity. She had differentiated him from the rest of creation when she taught him that he was a man. She would show him now that his was a divided empire by declaring herself a woman. She laid her hand upon her own breast and said ...

... "No" and encouraging him with "Yes" until he had some idea of those words also. It was a relief to her to get them firmly fixed in his mind, for they provided him with alternatives to the man and woman words on which he harped.

After a while they started around the island. It was perhaps six or eight miles in circumference. There was a sand beach everywhere, except in one place where the rocks came sheer down to the shore. From what she could tell by an inspection of the surface there was an under-water entrance to some cave in the rocks which some day might be worth exploring.

On the other side of the island from the cave, which was already denominated home in her mind, she came across the remains of a ship's boat deep bedded in the sand. The boat had been perhaps wrecked and broken on the barrier reef, or possibly it had sailed through the entrance near at hand—the only opening in the encircling guard of splintered rock which she had seen—and had been hurled upon the beach where it had lain through years until buried in the shifting sand. Only the gunwales of the boat and the stem and the stern were exposed. She had no idea as to what its condition was, but she promised that so soon as she could she would make shift at something for a shovel and dig it out. She gazed at it for a long time wondering if it were an explanation of the presence of the solitary inhabitant of the island, but nothing was to be gained by it.

A little stream she noticed trickled from under a thick covert across the sand toward the sea. She turned and idly walked away from the beach, following the stream. The man, who had stood with her watching the boat, did not for a moment notice her, but so soon as he discovered her direction, ran after her and without offering to touch her barred the way with extended arms.

"No, no!" he cried, his first real spontaneous use of the word.

She stopped, reflected, waved the man aside and went on. There was something in the coppice that he feared. She had not known that he possessed the faculty. Her curiosity ...

He Stood for a Long Time on the Sand.

... not be free. She could always secure a few moments respite from his presence, at least she had done so heretofore, but she did not dare to try how he would sustain longer absences, hence the necessity for establishing herself in the cave as a harbor of refuge, a sanctuary.

At first glance there was nothing within the little apartment, washed out ages ago from the hard stone by what action of water she could well imagine, but as she scrutinized it closely she noticed in a recess a part where the rock wall cropped out in a sort of low shelf. On the shelf—wonder of wonders!—lay a book. Next to humanity, a book, she thought, would be the most precious sharer of her solitude.

It was a small, leather-bound volume. Dust in the form of tiny particles of sand lay thick upon it. The cave was sheltered from the prevailing winds else it might have been buried, but under the circumstances it might have lain there for ages and in that dry, pure air have suffered no deterioration or decay.

Crusoe was petrified when he saw the footprint in the sand. The woman was not less startled or less amazed when she saw the book on the rock. With a little cry of delight she stepped toward it, bent down, lifted it up, handling it carefully in spite of nervous exultation, shook the dust from it, and opened it. She instantly let it fall from her hands with a look of disappointment and disgust. One glance was enough. The book was the Bible. She had no interest in the Bible, a collection of ancient genealogies and time-worn fables, myths for the credulous and impossible legends, mixed up with poetry whose inspiration was trivial and history whose details were false. For this woman, who had forgotten how to pray and who had abolished God, had little use for the Book of Books. Rather any other printed page, she had thought bitterly, than that one.

She had acted upon impulse, not in her disdain for the Bible and that for which it stood—that was grounded upon reason and philosophy, she fondly believed—but in her action in casting it from her. It had no more than rolled upon the sand at her feet when, with swift reconsideration, she stooped ...

She Shrank Back with a Sudden Cry of Horror.

... lighten it through the medium of time-worn superstition.

Below the shelf, not quite buried in the sand, there was a small metal box. She knelt down, scraped the sand away and presently uncovered it. It appeared to be of silver. It was of such a size that she could clasp it easily in her hand. She opened it not without some difficulty and found within it—nothing! Well, not exactly nothing, but certainly that for which she could see little value. There were several hard pieces of stone of a reddish color chipped and shaped in curious fashion. She turned the box over and examined it on all sides. There were initials upon it, a monogram. She rubbed it clean with her hands and studied it carefully—"J. R. C." The box had belonged to the same person, John Revell Charnock.

She laid the box aside and searched the cave further. There was absolutely nothing else to be seen. Disappointed, vaguely, although she had expected nothing and had gotten more, indeed, than she might have imagined if she had thought about it, she laid the book and box down upon the ledge ...

... all that she had worn except the blouse and skirt, including her sadly worn shoes and stockings. Thus lightly clad she came out on the sand again. He did not notice any change in her condition. As a matter of fact she gave him no time, for she flashed across the sand at full speed and plunged boldly into the smiling water of the lagoon. He followed her instantly and swam by her side with scarcely any exertion whatever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fortune Awaits Lucky Man

Invent Varnish That Will Satisfy Piano Manufacturers, and Affluence Is Yours.

The piano manufacturer was talking. "A fortune of a million dollars, at least," he said, "awaits the man who can invent a varnish which will respond to changes of temperature in exactly the same rate at which wood responds. ...

... ished surface, provided the temperature was kept even, but changes, especially if sudden, are fatal to the beauty of the case."

The Tourist on Tour.

Till we have been accustomed to traveling we have a propensity to stare at and admire everything—and to be on the search for novelty, even in circumstances in which it is ridiculous to look for it. I have been upon the full silly gape to find out things that I had not found before, as if a street in Paris could be composed of anything but houses, or houses formed of anything but brick or stone—or that the people in them, not being English, would be walking on their heads. I shall shake off this folly as fast as I can, and bend my attention to mark the character and disposition of the nation. Such views naturally lead us to catch the little circumstances which sometimes express them; not an easy task, but subject to many errors.—Arthur Young, "Travels in France, 1787."

The Question.

Stella—You have two proposals? ...

MADE WELL AND STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Jefferson, Iowa.—"When my baby was just two months old I was completely run down and my internal organs were in terrible shape. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and mother wrote and told you just how I was. I began to gain at once and now I am real well."—Mrs. W. H. Burger, 700 Cherry St., Jefferson, Iowa.

Another Woman Cured.

Glenwood, Iowa.—"About three years ago I had falling and other female troubles, and I was nothing but skin and bones. I was so sick I could not do my own work. Within six months I was made sound and well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I will always tell my friends that your remedies cured me, and you can publish my letter."—Mrs. C. W. Dunn, Glenwood, Iowa.

If you belong to that countless army of women who suffer from some form of female ills, just try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years this famous remedy has been the standard for all forms of female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, fibroid tumors, ulceration, inflammation, irregularities, backache, etc.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

Trial Bottle Free By Mail

FITS

Epileptiode Cure:

DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York.

Whole Country Is Stirred.

One of the most interesting reports at the recent meeting of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis was that of ...

... that mean, auntie?"

"I didn't quite catch what the guide said," replied the old lady. "Oh, Mr. Guide, won't you kindly tell us what it says on that building?"

"Def-en-dum!" roared the guide through his megaphone, dividing the word into three sections.

"That's what it is," said the old lady. "A deaf and dumb asylum."

Tit for Tat.

Stranger (to prominent clergyman)—I came in here, sir, to criticise your church management and tell you how it ought to be run.

Prominent Clergyman (amazed)—What do you mean, sir? How dare you? Who are you, anyway?

"I am the humble editor of the paper you have been writing to."—Life.

None.

Prof.—If a man has an income of $2,000,000 a year, what is his principal?

Stude—A man with such an income usually has no principle.

What Thinking Takes Out

Of the brain, and activity out of the body, must be

Put Back by Proper Food

Or brain-fag and nervous prostration are sure to follow.

If you want to know the keenest joy on earth—the joy that comes with being well, try

Grape-Nuts Food

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.