The RING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Illustrations by Dearborn Melvill

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SYNOPSIS.

A foolish young tenderfoot becomes fascinated with the bold, artful wife of a drunken prospector in a western mining town. They prepare to elope in a blinding blizzard but are confronted by the maudlin husband. He is shot by his wife, but the chivalrous boy pins a note to the body taking the crime upon himself. In their flight to the railroad station the woman's horse falls exhausted; the youth puts her on his own and follows hanging to the stirrup strap. Seeing he is an impediment, the woman thrusts her escort into a snow drift and rides on. Half-frozen he stumbles into the railroad station just as the train bears the woman away. Twenty-five years later this man, George Gormly, is a multi-millionaire in New York. He meets Eleanor Haldane, a beautiful and wealthy settlement worker, and co-operates with her in her work. Gormly becomes owner of a steamship line and finds himself frustrated in pier and track extension plans by grafting aldermen, backed by the Gotham Traction company. An automobile accident brings the Haldanes to his country home. Gormly announces that he will be mayor of New York and redeem the city from corruption. The political declaration of the merchant prince produced a tremendous sensation. The whole machinery of the city's detective force is to be used to dig up something damaging to Gormly. The press heretofore unanimously favorable to the merchant candidate, under pressure, divides and the campaign waxes warm. A resolution is introduced granting a gratuitous renewal of the traction franchise. Gormly offers ten million dollars for the franchise. Miss Haldane congratulates Gormly on what she terms a new Declaration of Independence, and he makes an unexpected declaration of love. He is shocked by the confirmation of his suspicions that her father is the head and backbone of the notorious traction company which he is attempting to overthrow. Young Haldane discovers his father's connection with the Gotham Traction company and is incensed. In an interview between Gormly and Haldane the latter practically offers his daughter's hand as a bribe for Gormly to withdraw. Gormly refuses.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I love your daughter in ways that I doubt you are able to understand; but I would not take her on such conditions as those you mean me to infer; I would not degrade her by thinking of her on such terms, even if I lost her forever. I am unworthy of her now, God knows! but I would be so far beneath her under such circumstances that I could not even look at her again. I don't understand how she could have been born of such a father."

"I will not be talked to in that manner by you, sir," cried Haldane, who did not lack courage. "I here and now definitely decline your proposal for my daughter's hand."

"I will take that declination from her, and from no one else!" said Gormly.

"She will repeat it, I am sure, if she hears with what insolence you have treated me."

"And I pray God for the sake of her love toward you and her respect toward you that she may never hear one word of what you have said. I have had enough of this interview, Mr. Haldane."

He turned to the door.

"Wait!" said Haldane.

"To hear another infamous proposition from you?"

"No, sir. But I have something more to say, and it is this: You are not so invulnerable yourself, sir, but that you might be glad for a little judicious silence."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind what I mean. You publish what you have there at your peril! I warn you that in two days thereafter, your name will ring as a scoundrel and a blackguard throughout the United States."

"Having tried bribery and failed, you now resort to threats," said Gormly. "But that you are her father—"

He clenched his fist, stood staring a minute, then shrugged his shoulders, shook his head and turned away.

"You won't be warned, then?" said Haldane.

"Not by you."

"And you intend to publish my connection?"

"Everywhere."

"I shall tell Eleanor that you have done it."

"I shall tell her myself," returned Gormly, tearing open the door. "Haldane," he called, as he stepped into the hall. When the young man presented himself, he thus addressed him: "Your father and I have had a rather painful interview, into the details of which it is not necessary to enter. I have only to say that the story I told you goes to the newspapers tonight. And now," he held out his hand, "goodby. I wish that we might have fought together until the end."

"But we are going to fight together until the end," cried the young man fiercely. "I love my father, and until now I have always respected him. I have been content to follow his lead; but I can do so no longer."

"You will both of you live to regret it," cried old Haldane after a bitter look at the pair. With his head high he marched out through the door. "Do your worst!" he said ere he closed it behind him. "You will see what will happen to you in a day or two!"

"What does it mean?" asked Miss Stewart.

"It means," said Livingstone, "that my father is tangled up with a gang of scoundrels; that he is the brain and backbone of the Gotham Freight Traction company that we are fighting; and that he is in close alliance with the Sachem society. It means that we—my family and I—are dishonored. It means that I no longer have the right to ask you what I had intended to ask you when the campaign was over and we had won, to be my wife."

"Are you asking me now?" cried Miss Stewart ecstatically.

"I would be if it was proper."

"It is proper," she said, blushing divinely.

"You don't mean—"

"You goose!" said the girl. "I don't love your father or your family."

Here Gormly turned and went into the drawing room again. When he came back, which he did not do until summoned by Miss Stewart herself, he confronted the blushing pair.

"You could not have chosen a truer, better man than Mr. Haldane," he said. "And as for you, Haldane, you are the luckiest man on earth."

He sighed with envy and regret as he spoke.

"I want to do something for you now," said young Haldane.

"Well, there is one thing you can do for me."

"What is that?"

"I want to see your sister, and immediately."

"I will have her here in ten minutes," answered the young man, tearing himself away from Miss Stewart without another word.

CHAPTER XIV.

Gormly Resists His Greatest Temptation.

Gormly had faced many difficult situations in his life. Even his successful business career had confronted him with crises of moment. But he had never contemplated anything which imposed so hard a task upon his judgment and his feelings as the approaching interview. What means young Haldane would take to induce his sister to come with him, how much of what had transpired he would tell her, Gormly had no means of knowing of course; but he felt confident that by hook or crook the young woman would be produced, and that a few minutes would find him face to face with her.

He did not in the least know how to begin or what to say, and the more he thought of it the more difficult became the situation. It was well that the time for reflection was short. It is better for a man who has to do great things to do them before the mental and spiritual enemy has time to instill doubts into the mind. And it was with a feeling of relief in his growing apprehension and misery, therefore, that he heard the front door open. He heard voices that he knew in the hall, and in another moment the library door was opened and Miss Haldane entered the room alone. He had risen on her approach and stood confronting her. She was evidently greatly surprised.

"I did not know you were here," she began. "Livingstone did not tell me I did not expect—"

"It was to see me, or rather that I might see you, that you were brought here, and I alone am responsible."

"It is a most extraordinary proceeding," said the girl nervously. "I can't imagine why I was brought to you."

"It was necessary for me to see you," returned the man.

"Then why didn't you come to my house?"

"I could not."

"Why not?"

"There are reasons which will probably render me forever an unwelcome visitor to your house."

"I believe," said the girl slowly, slowly, "that something very serious must have happened, or you would not have had me brought here."

"I can scarcely bear to tell you."

"You alarm me beyond measure!" cried the girl, pressing her hands to her breast as if to still its wild throbbing. "You must not keep me in suspense any longer! What is it that you have to tell me? What is it that is likely to come between us?"

"This," responded Gormly, handing her a few typewritten sheets of paper.

"Am I to read this?" she asked, taking it from him and looking very straight at him.

He was very pale now and she was scarcely less white.

"Wait!" said the man, as she lifted the paper and bent her head. "Perhaps it would be more merciful to tell you."

"Just as you think best. I am a strong woman. I can bear anything. Is it about," there was a long pause—"my father?"

He nodded his head.

"What has he done?"

"Miss Haldane," he began, "I say to you quite simply that I would rather be dead than stand here as I do now with the burden of telling you that your father is the head and front, the backbone, the brains, the genius, the everything, of the Gotham Freight company and the Sachem society."

"My God!" exclaimed Miss Haldane, the paper dropping from her fingers to the floor.

She was paler than ever. She stared at him almost in dumb incomprehension. Her body swayed slightly. Gormly stepped closer to her, seized her gently, supported her to a chair by the library table. She put her face in her hands and rocked to and fro silently.

"It can't be true," she said at last. "You are mistaken. Surely not my father in that sink of corruption and bribery and iniquity and shame! Say it isn't true!"

"I wish to heaven I could say it; but—" The man shook his head. "I told you that I would rather have been dead than have brought this upon you."

"You are not to blame," answered the woman, her sense of justice uppermost. "It is the fact itself that kills, if it be a fact. There must be some mistake."

"I wish there was."

"Are you sure absolutely?"

"Your father confessed it here in this room a half hour ago."

"Why do you tell me of it?"

"Because," was the answer, "the whole world has to know it, and I preferred to tell you myself rather than let you get it from the newspapers."

"You are going to publish it?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"But why—why?"

She threw up her arms in nervous appeal.

"Think," said the man, "it is the one fact that makes my election certain."

"And does your ambition run to the wrecking of my father's good name in order that you may be elected?"

"No. If you will think, you will know that it does not. I am doing it for the sake of honor, for the sake of duty, for the sake of humanity," he paused and raised his own hand. "So help me God!" he cried with upturned face.

"And This Is Why You Made Me That Offer of Marriage?"

"But is it necessary?"

"Absolutely."

"Why?"

"The cause of popular government is being fought out right here. The contest transcends in importance any political battle that has even been waged. If the government of and for and by the people is to be a success, we have to demonstrate it now or else go down, it may be forever. The people have a right to know what is back of the Sachem society, where it gets its enormous corruption fund. I should be a traitor, false to my duty, a betrayer, if I did not make public this knowledge that has come to me."

"It is all true," she said at last. "You say my father was here?"

"Yes."

"He was very much agitated at some news that my brother brought him a short time ago. Does Livingstone know?"

"He does. I told him."

"Why?"

"To give him an opportunity to withdraw from association with us in view of this attack."

"And what did he decide?"

"He decided to stay with me."

"And this is why you made me that offer of marriage now rather than later?"

"Yes. I wanted you to feel, after you had this news, that while I alone knew it, I paid you the highest compliment that I could think of; that my heart was irrevocably pledged to you whatever was to happen."

"That was kind of you. You have always been kind to me."

"I don't see how you can say so after this." He pointed to the paper.

"This," she replied, her eyes following his outstretched hand, "makes a great difference, doesn't it?"

"I don't know. I suppose it will. It does not make any difference in me."

"But don't you see it makes it impossible for me to— you— How could I? The enemy of my father!"

"I don't suppose you could," he answered. "That is another reason why I wrote when I did, because I was fearful that you would hate me when my agency in the unearthing of this was known; that you would receive no communication from me; that our acquaintance would be broken off; and I wanted you to know before it was too late all that was in my heart."

"I am surprised," said the woman, "that you could still continue to love the daughter of—"

"Don't say that," quickly interposed Gormly. "I don't love you because you are anybody's daughter, but because you are yourself. I can't trust myself to speak about it when I see you," he continued, turning away, "and I could curse myself for ever having become involved in such a situation. I wish there was some way out of it. Sometimes I am minded to—"

"There is no way out of it," said the girl quickly.

"No, I suppose not." He turned away from her and began to pace the room with long steady steps.

"Mr. Gormly," she said at last, "come here. Sit down there on the other side of the table. I want to see you."

Amazed, the man complied with her request.

"Now tell me the whole solemn truth. You say my father was here with you before I came?"

"Yes."

"Does he know that you know?"

"It was to see me about that that he came."

"Did he make some effort to induce you not to publish these facts?"

"Naturally."

"What was the effort?"

"He argued with me."

"Is that all?"

"He threatened retaliation."

"Is that all?"

"I think he even pleaded."

"And is that all?"

"Yes," said Gormly, telling her his first lie, telling it bravely, audaciously, even looking her straight in the eye without blenching.

"Mr. Gormly," returned the woman, "whatever he is, my father is not a fool."

"His worst enemy would not so describe him."

"He knew that you were not a man who could be moved by threats or entreaties. You have demonstrated that you can be, in this campaign at least, iron hard, inflexible, immutable. And there is no argument that any mortal man could use which could induce you to hold your hand. Isn't that true?"

"I—I am afraid so."

"What then did he propose to influence you?"

"Great heaven," cried Gormly, "I have told you all that I will tell you; all that you have a right to know! Suffice it to say that he did not move me."

"Mr. Gormly, I ask you, I implore you, I adjure you did my father offer me to buy your silence?"

Gormly stared at her in ghastly horror.

"You don't answer," said Miss Haldane.

"No."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAME SHOULD KILL DISEASE

"Bioroentgenograph" Is Machine That Is Expected to Take Moving Pictures of Our "Innards."

"Bioroentgenograph!" No, it is neither a pill—line nor a disease, nor the name of a count from Muscovy. It is a machine. But, oh, such a machine! Its inventors, two Munich doctors, claim that it will take moving pictures of our "innards," that it will photograph our heart beats, and our breakfast bacon in process of digestion. We hope it won't. In fact, regardless of the disadvantage of their demise from a standpoint of scientific progress, we hope those two prying physicians will choke to death on the name of their invention. It was bad enough in all conscience, for superpsychological novel writers to make moving pictures of our minds and untangle with alarming patience the myriad convolutions of our cerebrum and cerebellum, but when they propose to riddle our whole anatomy to get subjects for cinematograph films, we feel called upon to protest.

Think of the consequence if such an invention becomes common as the camera. Then, when you sing to some fair maiden "My Heart Beats All for You," or "There's a Little Wheel a Turnin' in My Heart," she may level her bioroentgenograph in your direction and prove your perfidious falsehood with one snap of the button. Alas, to think that there was once a day when love was blind as justice!

Du Quesne's First Fight.

A monument of the gallant Admiral Du Quesne has just been provided at Bouchet, where he was buried in 1688, and the story of his first fight is therefore apposite. He was the son of a ship builder and at the age of 17 was placed in command of one of his father's vessels. He sailed forth, espied a Dutch vessel, boarded it, compelled it to surrender and brought it into port. Not until he had been carried through the streets in triumph on the shoulders of his fellow townsmen did it occur to the officials that France and Holland were at peace. That fact being admitted, legal proceedings had to follow, as the result of which the youthful captain was warned to be more careful another time. Richelieu, however, heard of his exploit, and without considering the comity of nations offered him a commission in the navy.

The Queer Part of It.

"The average salary of the ministers of this country is $663 a year."

"That's the queer part of it."

"The queer part of what?"

"Of the fact that so many of the ministers make it necessary for divorced people to go to justice of the peace when they wish to be married again."

For the Hostess

A Good Musical Contest.

There seems to be no end to musical games. Perhaps our young readers do not remember this one as it was printed many years ago. On cards write the following questions:

1. Where is the earth?
2. An old man's friend?
3. What do the weary need?
4. A useful article to a cook?
5. Found plentifully in most rivers?
6. Part of a fish?
7. An important part of a letter?
8. What title is coveted by military men?
9. What do all public speakers do sometime?
10. Not served in barrooms?
11. The most popular style of music with debutantes?
12. What locks the stable when the horse is gone?
13. The one who guesses the most answers?

ANSWERS.

1. In space.	8. Major.
2. Staff.	9. Repeat.
3. Rest.	10. Minors.
4. Measure.	11. Hymns.
5. Bars.	12. Key.
6. Scale.	13. Beats.
7. Signature.	

Choosing Partners.

To choose partners for a card party or a cotillion have small cakes baked in what are called "patty" cake tins and ice with pink for the unmarried girls, with yellow for the men in the same state of single blessedness; with white for the married women and green for the married men. In these cakes put such tiny favors as thimbles, duplicate mottoes, books and eyes, keys, rings, etc. Then the man who gets a key finds the person having a ring and they are mated, the girl with a book finds the man with an eye, etc. This is great fun and is adaptable to any game where a choice of partners is necessary.

A Novel Shower.

A girl who was to marry and go to Maine to live was the recipient of this pretty and novel shower. She was invited to luncheon at the home of her best girl friend and found a most exquisite table ornamented by a circle of small pine trees, each in a white jardiniere. Alternating with the trees were glass candlesticks holding green candles capped by white shades. Inside this circle was a huge wedding cake, on top of which were a miniature bride and bridegroom. All went merry as the proverbial marriage bell, tongues flew and the bride-to-be told of her new home. When the ices were served the honored guest was asked to cut the cake—and behold, her knife went right through into white tissue paper and she found a shower of dainty and useful articles concealed within the fake cake, which in reality was a cheese box topped with tissue paper and thin card board, which had been cleverly iced over.

A Knickerbocker Party.

A mother who was about to put her small son into his first trousers conceived the clever idea of holding a party in his honor on the eventful day. On her card she wrote: "Come to meet our little man Jack at three on Saturday, September 10."

The first game is for the amusement of the children and is called "menagerie." A picture of an animal is pinned on the coat or dress of each as they pass in line. The leader should be a ten-year-old boy, who will be able to manage better than a younger child. He says he wishes to catch a menagerie to go with a circus, and then the children scatter over the house and grounds, making the noise of the animal they are supposed to represent. All the animals must be caught, and if they are especially wary the hunter may employ those already caught to help get the others. When all are caged (placed in a corner designated) he forms them in line, two by two, and they march around to the owner of the circus, who removes the animals.

This is a lively game, keenly enjoyed by all children. For favors have little clowns and serve pink lemonade, ice cream in shape of animals and animal cookies; of course have the snapping motto caps which all children love.

MADAME MERRI.

Simple Dresses

THE costume at the left has the bodice made of broderie Anglaise, cut Magyar, and with a wide right front that is taken over to the left and slopes to basque, which has rrunded corners; tucked lawn forms the yoke and under-sleeves. The skirt has the upper part made in zephyr with a band of broderie Anglaise at the foot. A ribbon to match zephyr is taken round the waist.

Materials required: Three yards broderie 27 inches wide, three yards zephyr 28 inches wide.

For the second there are any number of pretty striped cottons that might be used; in the panel front and back the stripes run perpendicularly, and the sides extending to meet panels at lower part, but are separated from them by a narrow piece in which stripes run horizontally; buttons form trimming on lower part of sides.

The sides and sleeves of the bodice are cut together, the front and back being panels to match skirt; the horizontal stripes are carried up between panels and side.

The yoke is of tucked spotted net; lace falls over shoulder like a collar. The sleeves are trimmed with bands of horizontal stripes, the under-sleeves being of lace.

Hat of black and white crinoline, trimmed with ostrich feathers.

The ribbon waist-band is passed through rings each side, both back and front.

Materials required: Six yards 40 inches wide, 22 buttons, five-eighths yard net 18 inches wide, one yard piece lace 18 inches wide.

IN VOGUE

Much pink linen in coarse weave is seen.

Unouried feathers of every description appear on hats.

Wool embroidery is used in either long stitches of in simply crocheted flowers on velvet girdles or on summer fabrics.

Broderie anglaise or English eyelet embroidery has returned to fashion after a short rest and is a greater favorite than ever.

A few collarless waists are being shown for fall, but the majority of waists are made with a high collar, to look so much better when worn with a wrap.

New cloth coats in the fall showings are generally of heavy rough materials, double faced, with the reverse side of plain color, which is used for the trimming.

Skirts are actually wider; fall models from the greatest manufacturers are cut so as to give a narrow effect, but measure two and a half yards around the bottom.

Repousse Lace.

What the dressmakers term pushed dot lace is the new kind to use on thin frocks. It is really repousse lace worn on the wrong side. The indented part of the dot is turned toward the eye. It is quite an attractive lace, as the patterns are in long sprays of leaves and small roses. This dotted lace is quite fashionable and promises to rank with the best imitation Venetian and Milanese.

Milan lace is also coming into first fashion. It has a coarse mesh and a wide, bold design worked out on it. Filet mesh is also attractive and it is widely used for handsome gowns and coats when it is half covered with thick padded Chinese embroidery.

Birds' Fine Sympathy.

Parrots and even canaries have been known to refuse to eat and have died in sorrow and grief over the loss of their human companions.

"AUTOMOBILING WITH PAY"

PLEASANT WORK—GOOD SALARIES

Chauffeurs and garage men in great demand. More cars sold in 1911, so far, than in any previous year, and 1912 models are now being delivered. Trained Men are wanted. More than 250 men (including 13 regular members of Cincinnati Police Department) have completed our course this summer. Chauffeurs earn from $80 to $125 a month. Next 5 weeks' class starts soon. Write today for booklet, "Automobiling With Pay."

Y. M. C. A. AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL
900 WALNUT CINCINNATI, OHIO

God is closer to us than any trouble can be.

And He's Not Alone.

Howell—What do you think of him?

Powell—He has all of the eccentricities of genius without the genius.

Didn't Break It Around Her.

Ella—Our friend, the pitcher, has a "glass arm."

Stella—I didn't notice it when he called on me last evening.

Folly of Vain Regrets.

The late John W. Gates, an incurable optimist, harped continually on the futility of pessimism. One of Mr. Gates's epigrams, still quoted on the Chicago Stock Exchange, ran:

"He who nurses foolish hopes may be an ass, but he is not such an ass as he who nurses vain regrets."

Masculine Anxiety.

Teddy's mother had been taken suddenly ill one morning while he was at school. On his return, he was admitted to his mother's room for a few minutes, and found his Aunt Alicia sitting by the bed.

"No, Teddy," said she, "mother has been very ill, and must not talk."

"O, my! I'm sorry, mother," gasped Teddy.

Mother smiled at him lovingly.

Master Teddy seated himself on a large chair directly opposite, and, after wriggling anxiously around for a minute or two, delivered himself of the speech.

"Mother dear—now don't try to speak—but if you mean yes, nod your head—this way—and if you mean no, shake your head—this way. Have you seen my baseball bat?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

HIS EXPERIENCES.

"Were you ever in love?"

"No. But I've known heaps of men that were."

Red Cross Christmas Seals.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will this year for the first time be national agent for the American Red Cross in handling the sale of Red Cross seals. A new national office has been opened in Washington, and an initial order has been placed for 50,000,000 seals, although it is expected that double that number will be sold. The charge to local agents for the seals will be 12½ per cent. of the gross proceeds, the national agent furnishing the seals and advertising material, and taking back all unsold seals at the end of the season. Postmaster General Hitchcock has approved of the design of the seal. Owing to the fact that many people last year used Red Cross seals for postage, the post office department has given orders that letters or packages bearing seals on the face will not be carried through the mails.

Easy Breakfast!

A bowl of crisp

Post Toasties

and cream— the thing's done!

Appetizing
Nourishing
Convenient

Ready to serve right out of the package.

"The Memory Lingers"

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

The Search for the Soul

By H. I. McMAHON

COINCIDENT WITH DEATH THE SCALES REGISTERED AN INSTANT LOSS OF THREE-QUARTERS OF AN OUNCE.

THE mystery of life! Will science ever solve that riddle? Will it heed "The Sphinx" in Emerson's famous poem who bade the eager questioner behold himself, the answer and the question, too? Incredible as it may seem, scientists are even now doing that very thing. In the near future you and I should be prepared to hear them announce most learnedly and sententiously the rediscovery of the human soul.

Here and there, in hospital laboratories widely scattered, men of science are groping into the mystery. Like the mediaeval scientists who lived in dread of the ban of Mother Church, they are mostly working secretly and are not telling half they know. For science, that marvellous machine of modern progress, has its church, too, as it were; its orthodoxy and its heterodoxy; its hierarchy of established rulers who excommunicate and set autos-da-fe for expounders of heresies.

So far the evidence these bold investigators have unearthed is chiefly negative, yet nevertheless highly significant. In the first place, one of them found that physical death is accompanied by a sudden loss of bodily weight varying from three-quarters of an ounce to nearly an ounce and a quarter. Some curious experiments of this kind were made by Dr. Duncan MacDougall, of Haverhill, Mass.

His first subject was a man dying of tuberculosis. He selected a patient dying from this disease because so great an exhaustion characterizes its final stages that death occurs with little or no muscular movement. With a patient quiet, the beam of the scales can be kept true and any loss occurring will be evidenced.

In this experiment the patient was lying on a bed arranged on a light framework which was built on very delicately balanced platform scales. He was under observation three hours and forty minutes before death. He lost weight slowly at the rate of an ounce an hour, due to the evaporation of breath moisture and perspiration.

Keenly the physician watched the fading hours and minutes of the almost spent life. And then—suddenly, coincident with death—the beam end of the scales dropped with an audible stroke, hitting against the lower bar and remaining there with no rebound! The scales registered an instant loss of three-quarters of an ounce.

What had gone? It could not have been evaporation of sweat, he decided, for that had slowly left the body at the rate of a tiny fraction of an ounce a minute, whereas the sudden loss at death had been many times as great. It could not have been, further tests satisfied the doctor, the air in the lungs. Dr. MacDougall was startled at the weird phenomenon. Something immaterial, yet evidently forceful and of weight, had departed with the life. What in the world was it?

The physician repeated his experiments in the last hours of various other tuberculosis patients. Always at the supreme moment the stroke of the beam came down with an audible report, and each time the scales told the loss of about an ounce. Could this thing that so suddenly departed be possibly viewed in its upward flight?

Seized with a new hope, the experimenter devised a clear white light to rest along the body of the subject in the dying hour. In other cases he covered the bodies with the rainbow hues of the spectrum, trusting that some change in the distribution of the bands might mark the passage of the unknown, mysterious factor from the frame of the dying man. What color the soul might assume, what space it covered in relation to the body, whether it emanated from the lips or from the head alone—these were some of the momentous questions he thought to settle forever.

But neither the pure white light nor the spectrum bands told aught of the body's departing guest. That it showed no refraction to light was not, after all, surprising. There is one substance or force in the universe that is totally devoid of light refraction, and that is the interstellar ether, the wonderful, perfectly transparent medium in which light itself moves unchecked and unbent. What if the soul were ether?

While the revolutionary theory of the soul as an actual existence of ether or ether-like substance was setting tongues wagging in Boston, a pupil of the famous Dr. Walter J. Kilner of London, was performing experiments just as marvelous in Chicago. Doctor Kilner is a believer in the human aura. He holds that every human being is surrounded by an envelope of a peculiar kind of light which follows and incloses every contour of the form. Thus another imagined myth—the halo and encircling glory that the superstitious ages attributed to the saints—may be demonstrated by a queer scientific reversal as a solid reality.

Kilner's pupil in Chicago is Doctor Patrick S. O'Donnell. He had from his master a set of slides specially designed to make auras visible. These are merely bits of glass glued together with a solution, more or less concentrated, of a dark blue dye termed dicyanin. The observer first looks at his subject through a stronger glass, and then when he has identified the aura as a nebulous haze surrounding the subject he transfers to a weaker glass with less blue pigment, which shows him the aura as "a distinct bluish gray ring extending completely around the body." After the eye has thus been accommodated to the extreme limit of its vision, the lenses can be dispensed with altogether and the unaided, naked sight will discern by itself the aura's bluish glow.

Doctor O'Donnell's first demonstration was merely to establish the fact of the aura, to doubting Thomases. Twelve prominent Chicago physicians and six sisters of the Mercy hospital witnessed the trials. Most of them said the demonstration was a complete success and that they saw distinctly the bands of light encircling the bodies of the girl art models who had consented to pose. Each aura was visible in three parts. First, next to the body, a dark band a quarter of an inch wide, which is known as the etheric double; secondly, the inner aura or band of light, and finally the outer aura.

When one of the physicians drew his hand along the undraped figure of the subject the aura followed it. Sister De Lourdes noticed there were distinct bands of light between the doctor's finger tips and the body of the model under observation. Withdrawal of the hand seemed to pull the color like putty away from the body, causing a decided change of shape in the aura, which, however, soon resumed its original position.

Curious as all this is, it forms but a prelude to the truly extraordinary experiment Doctor O'Donnell made a little later. This offers a strange parallel to Doctor MacDougall's Haverhill experiments, and suggests once more with awesome effect that death may not be merely a cessation of bodily forces, but that it involves the departure from this house of clay of a mysterious visitor.

Like MacDougall, the Chicago physician watched the last moments of a dying man. To his practised eye the aura of the sufferer, a patient in Mercy hospital, was plainly outlined with its dark etheric double and its inner and outer bands of light.

For half an hour or so O'Donnell kept his vigil. The interne in charge of the case finally announced that the patient was sinking. "I kept my eyes fastened on the patient," says O'Donnell, in his account of the weird experience. "Suddenly the aura began to spread away from the body, then it disappeared! At that instant the house physician announced that the patient was dead. What force produces the aura we cannot say just yet. Every living person has one. It is gone the instant death comes."

This inquisitive Chicago doctor has no mind to be made a scientific martyr by announcing soul-heresies, but he is firm in stating his belief that the aura, so evident in life and vanishing so ghostlike in death, is not the resultant of mere bodily magnetism or electrical force. He believes he has discovered the visible effect of some as yet unknown human force, differing widely from the play of electricity or magnetism, and separated as if by a gulf from the chemical and mechanical reactions of the body. In a word, it is inseparable from life, for when life goes the aura goes also. As to whether it be the physical side or aspect of the soul, he refuses to express his private view for publication.

Over in France they are more outspoken, and they are telling of marvels the photographic camera has witnessed and recorded which as yet have been denied to the direct vision of the unaided eye. Consider the experiments of Doctor Baraduc, a well-known savant, concerning the light phenomena above and around the bodies of the dead.

Doctor Baraduc is a psychic as well as a scientist of repute. Between himself and his son Andre a strong bond of affection existed. Frequently each had remarkable telepathic experiences with the other, and both were interested in the study of the soul. When in 1907 Andre died, his father took a photograph of the coffin after the boy had been dead nine hours.

When the plate was developed it was discovered that emanating from the body in the coffin was a formless, misty, wavelike mass, radiating in all directions, with considerable force, touching the bodies of those who came in close proximity to the coffin, as if attracted to them by some magnetic force. On one occasion the force of contact with this mass was so great that Doctor Baraduc received an electric shock from head to foot, which produced a temporary dizziness.

The savant's interest was so aroused after his photograph was taken that he attempted more conclusive experiments immediately upon the death of his wife, who died six months after her son. He set a camera at the bedside and at the moment of her death he photographed the body and shortly after developed the plate. On it were found three luminous globes resting a few inches above the body by fine luminous threads.

Ensuing photographs showed that these gradually condensed and became more brilliant. Streaks of light like fine threads were also seen darting hither and thither. A photograph taken 15 minutes after the death of his wife showed Doctor Baraduc that fluid cords had developed partly encircling the globes of light.

An hour after her death a photograph then taken showed the condensed globe which obscured the head of Mme. Baraduc. Cords appeared in the shape of a figure eight, closed at the top and opened at the point nearest the body. Finally, three hours and a half after death, a well formed globe rested above the body, apparently held together by the encircling luminous cords, which seemed to guide and control it. At last the cords snapped one by one and the globe floated away and vanished.

Are these weird and gruesome luminous phenomena connected with the departure of the aura? And can the aura be the physical manifestation of the soul? These are two questions that need to be authoritatively answered one way or the other, and the experimenters will not rest till the answers are found.

Cured of Flirting.

"What cured him of flirting?"

"He started a flirtation with a lady who turned out to be selling an encyclopedia at £40 a set."—London Opinion.

As You Go.

"Clear up as you go" is an excellent text to work by—a parallel to "Never put off till tomorrow," &c.—and one that many a mother would do well to keep over before her and live up to. It is the putting-off habit that leads to accumulations, to hurry, and, consequently, to badly done work. If clothes need repairing, let them be repaired at once; if things are out of their proper places, put them back again, where they ought to be; before they are irretrievably lost.

Silly Saying Still Lives.

The saying that fish is the best brain food comes of an old long tongue windbag years ago saying: "Thought is impossible without phosphorus." So a Swiss chemist, knowing that fish contained phosphorus, put two and two together and brought forth a saying that will never die.

Saith the Cynic.

Character is like money; when you have a great deal, you may risk some; for, if you lose it, folk will still believe you have plenty to spare.

The First Thimble.

The thimble of plain sewing was invented in the year 1684 by a gallant young Dutch goldsmith of Amsterdam, who devised the "thumb-bell"—for this was its original name—in order to protect his sweetheart's thumb tops when she was engaged with a needle and cotton. The "thumb bell" has, however, become a "finger-bell," but in shape only little change has taken place in it since the loving Hans placed the first thimble on the thumb of this lady love.

Cannon Balls of Stone and Iron.

Stone bullets were used until the year 1514 when they were supplanted by iron. It was near the close of the sixteenth century before leaden bullets were generally adopted. Stone cannon balls are yet used in some of the eastern countries.

Do One's Best.

We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is, whether we shall meet them well or ill.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Snail Millions of Years Old.

A petrified prehistoric snail embedded in the heart of a large piece of blue lias stone, was discovered a few days ago by quarrymen working at Cheddar Cliffs, Wales, upon some large boulders of stone which were displaced in the landslide which occurred some years ago. The discovery is distinctly interesting to the geologists on account of the great age of the find, as, situated upon a very low strata it must be millions of years since the snail lived.

Avoid All Evasion.

Evasions are employed either to avoid speaking the truth or performing a good action. Hence, a lover of the real and true, as well as the tender-hearted and benevolent, hold them in direct and unspeakable abhorrence.

Utilized Spare Time.

"One can accomplish much by utilizing spare moments." "That's right. That tall girl yonder has read seven summer novels this season while she was dummy at bridge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MANY BENEFITS ARE DERIVED FROM MUCH ABUSED FOREST

From Every Point of View It Is One of the Most Helpful Friends of Man—Its Influence Upon Streams Alone Makes Farming Possible in Many Regions—Other Advantages.

(By GIFFORD PINCHOT.)

The object of forestry is to discover and apply the principles according to which forests are best managed. It is distinct from arboriculture, which deals with individual trees.

Forestry has to do with single trees only as they stand together on some large area whose principal crop is trees, and which therefore forms part of a forest. The forest is the most highly organized portion of the vegetable world. It takes its importance less from the individual trees which help to form it than from the qualities which belong to it as a whole.

Although it is composed of trees, the forest is far more than a collection of trees standing in one place. It has a population of animals and plants peculiar to itself, a soil largely of its own making, and a climate different in many ways from that of the open country. Its influence upon the streams alone makes farming possible in many regions, and everywhere it tends to prevent floods and droughts. It supplies fuel, one of the first necessaries of life, and lumber, the raw material, without which cities, railroads, and all the great achievements of material progress would have been either long delayed or wholly impossible.

The forest is as beautiful as it is useful. The old fairy tales which spoke of it as a terrible place are wrong. No one can really know the forest without feeling the gentle influence of one of the kindliest and strongest parts of nature. From every point of view it is one of the most helpful friends of man. Perhaps no other natural agent has done so much for the human race and has been so recklessly used and so little understood.

One of the points of deepest interest to the forester is the reproductive power of his trees. Except in the case of sprouts and other growth fed by old roots, this depends first of all on the quantity of the seed which each tree bears; but so many other considerations affect the result that a tree which bears seed abundantly may not reproduce itself very well. A part of the seed is always unsound, and sometimes much the larger part. But even a great abundance of sound seed does not always insure good reproduction. The seeds may not find the right surroundings for successful germination, or the infant trees may perish for want of water, light, or suitable soil. Where there is a thick layer of dry leaves or needles on the ground, seedlings often perish in great numbers because their delicate rootlets cannot reach the fertile soil beneath. The same thing happens when there is no humus at all and the surface is hard and dry. The weight of the seed also has a powerful influence

Winged Seeds: 1, Basswood; 2, Boxelder; 3, Elm; 4, Fir; 5 to 8, Pine.

on the character of reproduction. Trees with heavy seeds, live oaks, hickories, and chestnuts, can sow them only in their own neighborhood, except when they stand on steep hillsides or on the banks of streams, or when birds and squirrels carry the nuts and acorns to a distance. Trees with light, winged seeds like the poplars, birches, and pines, have a great advantage over the others, because they can drop their seeds a long way off. The wind is the means by which this is brought about, and the adaptation of the seeds themselves is often very curious and interesting.

TO FERTILIZE YOUNG PLANTS

Liquid Manure, Usually Wasted, Contains All Elements of Commercial Fertilizer.

(By W. MILTON KELLY.)

We frequently read or hear of the relative merits of liquid and solid manures discussed, and the assertion that liquid manure is the best and base their claims upon the fact that it promotes more rapid growth to plants when young than the solid manure.

On the other hand it is claimed by a number of excellent authorities that the solid manure is the best on account of its lasting benefits by supplying humus, or partially decomposed vegetable matter, to the soil, which increase the capacity of conserving moisture and also improves the texture.

We believe that the best and most satisfactory results are made when both liquids and solids are used in the same relative proportions as when made.

According to our best informed men in soil culture and fertilizers, liquid manure contains approximately the same amount of fertilizing material as the solid, but the fertilizing elements present in the liquid portion are in condition to render them immediately ready for the growing plants.

The liquid portion of manure which is usually lost, or rather wasted, through imperfect methods of handling and saving, contains the same expensive fertilizing elements that cost a farmer from $20 to $40 per ton when purchased from the commercial fertilizer agents.

It seems to be a pet fancy with many farmers that commercial fertilizer will make quicker growth when used to fertilize young plants than ordinary barnyard manure on account of being more available for the young plants to feed upon.

The above claim may be right to a certain extent if the best quality of commercial fertilizer is used on one plot and barnyard manure on another.

But when we speak or write of the ordinary barnyard manure we must consider the fact that it is not as valuable as when fresh from the stable and contains the full amount of plant food, both liquids and solids, that it contained at the time it was made.

ARTIFICIAL MOTHER FOR PIGS

The illustration shows an artificial sow as arranged by an Englishman. The pigs belong to Mr. Bert Crook, Broughton Road, Melksham, by whom the feeding apparatus was designed and made. The mother sow died the day after giving birth, and the pigs have been successfully reared on cows' milk (diluted). They were 26 days old when photographed. The apparatus consists of ordinary rubber teats fixed through a board, and connected by rubber and glass tubing to the cans of milk behind.

TEACH SCIENCE TO FARM BOYS

One Excellent Method of Curing Discontentment Among Youths With Active Brains.

The skyscraper newspaper editor recently asserted that "all the science there is about farming can be easily acquired by the young man as he grows up with the farm and assimilates it with the practice of agriculture."

It is one of the common and most dangerous mistakes to assume that any boy born and raised on a farm is a natural farmer. There are as many boys born on the farm who ought to be in commercial life as there are boys born in the city who ought to be farmers. No matter where a boy is born he must have a natural love of farming and to this he must apply science in his everyday work to become successful.

If the science of farming was taught to farm boys there would be fewer discontented ones. Many a boy with an active brain and a healthy ambition leaves the farm because he cannot see any scope for his activities. He must have occupation for his brain as well as his muscle and if he had been taught the science of farming he might have found plenty of both to keep him from becoming lonesome and might have remained on the farm.

The monotony of farm life is the result of ignorance as to its wonderful interest and possibilities and when these are understood by either boy or man, contentment and success always follow.

Living From One Acre.

A resident of San Francisco declares that for many years he has made a good living on one acre of land. He sold $1,600 worth of fruit and vegetables beside many chickens.

Close Pasturing.

Never pasture too closely. Leaves are essential to plant growth and enough should always be left to promote a good growth of plants.

WHEN CUPID WAS OFF DUTY

Lover's Bad Cold That Led to Most Unfortunate Misunderstanding With Girl.

Sweet was the lass, low was the gas; it was the evening she expected him to put across the big question.

He did not look well. Something seemed to be troubling him. He tried to say something, but the words stuck in his throat, and the girl, noticing this, turned the gas even lower.

Suddenly he turned to her and cried, "I'm a dub!"

"No," she said, fondly. "You don't appreciate yourself as well as some others do, perhaps. Tee hee!"

"Yes," he persisted stubbornly, "I'm a dub!"

"No," she maintained.

"Yes," he almost shouted. "I'm a dub!"

She was a sensible girl, and so, realizing that he ought to know best, she thanked him kindly for warning her in time and handed him his hat. It was only after the door slammed behind him forever that she realized the awful truth.

He had contracted a nasty cold, and what he had been trying to say was, "I'm in love!"

HANDS BURNED LIKE FIRE

"I can truthfully say Cuticura Remedies have cured me of four long years of eczema. About four years ago I noticed some little pimples coming on my little finger, and not giving it any attention, it soon became worse and spread all over my hands. If I would have them in water for a long time, they would burn like fire and large cracks would come. I could lay a pin in them. After using all the salves I could think of, I went to three different doctors, but all did me no good. The only relief I got was scratching.

"So after hearing so much about the wonderful Cuticura Remedies, I purchased one complete set, and after using them three days my hands were much better. Today my hands are entirely well, one set being all I used." (Signed) Miss Etta Narber, R. F. D. 2, Spring Lake, Mich., Sept. 26, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 2 L, Boston.

Only a Mouse.

"The modern woman isn't a bluff," asserted Mrs. Gobbolink, looking up from her newspaper. "This suffrage movement has more in it than mere ideals. The new woman is brave and fearless. Here is a story of a woman up in Canada who killed a mouse. It seems that she—"

"Impossible!" interjected Mr. Gobbolink. "There must be some mistake—read it again."

Mrs. Gobbolink searched out the paragraph and then blushed vividly. "How stupid of me," she stammered. "I did make a mistake. It wasn't a mouse she killed—Nothing but a moose."

Pictures That Please.

Every once in a while you read about some picture selling for many thousands of dollars, but you can secure a beautiful reproduction of some of the world's masterpieces, ready for framing, absolutely free, by sending the Hewitt Brothers' Soap Company, Dayton, Ohio, a two-cent stamp and twenty-five wrappers from Hewitt's Easy Task, the pure, clean, original white laundry soap.

Not All Smoked.

L. White Busbey, secretary to former Speaker Cannon, was explaining that the speaker did not smoke so much as people thought he did.

"My understanding," suggested one of the party, "is that he gets away with about 20 cigars a day."

"Oh, well," said Busbey, "but he eats half of 'em."—Sunday Magazine.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Play It or Raise It!

A German composer has written an altissimant piece of music called "Hell." There will be any number of people in this country able to play it at a glance.—Houston Post.

The Pure Food Law stopped the sale of hundreds of fraudulent medicines. They could not stand investigation. Hamlins Wizard Oil has stood the test of investigation for nearly sixty years.

If a man smokes in the house and his wife is afraid her curtains will be ruined, he should be obliged to take them down.

Sunshine is worth more than gold, when it is real sunshine and not tox-fire.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

It's one kind of tough luck to strike oil when boring for water.

UNIVERSAL PORTLAND CEMENT

Cement Talk No. 7

Newspapers print nearly every day the story of some *fire disaster* involving the complete destruction of great property values and sometimes the loss of human lives. The annual fire losses of the United States are measured by the millions; in fact, it is stated that over two hundred and fifty million dollars worth of property was wiped out by fire in the United States last year. While it is true that the precautions to prevent fire and fire fighting systems are often inadequate, the main trouble lies in *flimsy, non-fireproof building construction*. Experience has proved that fireproof construction is both practicable and economical. In some industries fireproof building is compelled by law. Reinforced *concrete* has come to the front as the most important agent in building against fire. The use of *cement* in building is becoming more and more common, due to its fireproofness, durability and economy. When building anything from the back porch steps to an office building, concrete construction may be safely adopted. The use of *Universal Portland Cement* in the concrete will insure *cement* of the best quality possible to manufacture. *Universal* is handled everywhere by the best dealers.

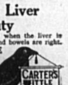
UNIVERSAL PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
CHICAGO-PITTSBURG
ANNUAL OUTPUT 10,000,000 BARRELS

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.



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Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Self-Swinging Cradle

By winding up a spring, the cradle will lull the baby to sleep, and, at the same time operate a fan if desired.

The Finest Thing Ever Invented for the Baby

The Automatic Cradle Mfg. Co., 320 S. Third St., Stevens Point, Wis.

ABSORBINE, JR.

Swollen Varicose Veins

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

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DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

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$2.50, $3.00, $3.50 & $4.00 SHOES

WOMEN wear W.L.Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking boots, because they give long wear, same as W.L.Douglas Men's shoes.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The workmanship which has made W.L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L.Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make for the price

CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom

If you cannot obtain W. L. Douglas shoes in your town, write for catalog. Shoes sent direct from factory to wearer, all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

ONE PAIR of my BOYS' $2, $2.50 or $3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS of ordinary boys' shoes