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BY GERALDINE BONNER

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If not a subscriber to this paper send in for a few months while this story is running. We will appreciate having your name on our list.

KEZIAH COFFIN

by Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of Cy Whittaker's Place Cap'n Eri, Etc.

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranging to move from Trumet to Boston, following the death of her brother, for whom she had kept house. Kyan Pepper, widower, offers marriage, and is indignantly refused. Capt. Elkanah Daniels, leader of the Regular church, offers Keziah a place as housekeeper for the new minister, and she decides to remain in Trumet. Keziah takes charge of Rev. John Ellery, the new minister, and gives him advice as to his conduct toward members of the parish. Ellery causes a sensation by attending a "Come-outer" meeting. Ellery's presence is bitterly resented by Eben Hammond, leader of the meeting. Grace apologizes for her guardian and Ellery escorts her home in the rain. Capt. Nat Hammond, Eben's son, becomes a hero by bringing the packet into port safely through fog and storm. Ellery finds Keziah writing a letter to some one, inclosing money in response to a demand. She is curiously startled when informed of the arrival of Nat. Nat calls on Keziah, and it develops that they have been lovers since youth. Daniels remonstrates with Ellery for attending "Come-outer" meeting. Ellery is caught by the tide and is rescued by Nat. They become friends. Ellery meets Grace while walking in the fields, and learns that she walks there every Sunday. The clergyman takes dinner Sundays with the Daniels. Annabel, the captain's daughter, exerts herself to make an impression on him. She notices with vexation his desire to get away every Sunday at a certain time. She watches him through a spy glass. Nat again importunes Keziah to marry him. He says he has had a quarrel with his father, who wants him to marry Grace. Ellery asks Grace to marry him. She confesses that she loves him, but says she fears to displease her guardian. Elkanah Daniels tells Eben about the meetings between Ellery and Grace. Eben declares he will make Grace choose between him and the preacher. Grace finds him in a faint, following the excitement of Elkanah's visit. Just before he dies Eben exacts a promise from Nat and Grace that they will marry. Keziah breaks the news to Ellery and later he received a note from Grace saying she is to marry Nat, and asking him not to try to see her again. Keziah tells the story of her own marriage with a man who turned out to be a good-for-nothing, and who was reported to have been lost at sea, and of her love for Nat, whom she cannot marry because the husband is alive. Captain Nat sails for Manila to be gone two years. He says he and Grace have decided not to marry until he returns. Nat is overdue, and it is feared that he has been lost at sea. Keziah gets a letter from her husband saying he is coming back. Grace goes on a visit to relatives of the Hammonds. A vessel flying distress signals is discovered off the coast. Ellery goes with party to board the vessel. A man is found suffering from smallpox, the rest of the crew having deserted. He is taken to an abandoned shack on shore and Ellery helps nurse him. Before he dies it is discovered that he is Keziah's husband. Ellery, left alone in quarantine, is found wandering in a delirious condition by Grace. She takes him back to the shanty and sends for help. Keziah and Grace nurse Ellery, who is suffering from brain fever. The doctor and Keziah spread a report that Grace and Ellery are engaged. News comes that Nat has arrived safely in Boston. The story of the wreck of Nat's vessel comes out and a home-coming is arranged. Nat fails to appear. Keziah intercepts Nat on his homeward journey and tells him of Grace's love for Ellery. He releases Grace from her promise to him.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"What's the matter?" asked the captain.

Ellery did not answer. He read the note through and then, without a word, handed it to his friend.

The note was as follows:

"Dear John:

"I am going away, as I told you I would if he came. He is coming. Tuesday I got a letter from him. It was written at Kingston, Jamaica, almost three months ago. I can't think why I haven't got it sooner, but suppose it was given to some one to mail and forgotten. In it he said he was tired of going to sea and was coming home to me. I had money, he said, and we could get along. He had shipped aboard a brig bound for Savannah, and from there he was going to try for a berth on a Boston bound vessel. So I am going away and not coming back. I could not stand the disgrace and I could not see him. You and Grace won't need me any more now. Don't worry about me. I can always earn a living while I have my strength. Please don't worry. If he comes tell him I have gone you do not know where. That will be true, for you don't. I hope you will be very happy. I do hope so. Oh, John, you don't know how I hate to do this, but I must. Don't tell Nat. He would do something terrible to him if he came, and Nat knew. Just say I have been called away and may be back some time. Perhaps I may. Love to all. Good by. Yours truly,

"KEZIAH COFFIN."

The captain stared at the note. Then he threw it to the floor and started for the door. The minister sprang from his chair and called to him.

"Nat," he cried. "Nat! Stop! where are you going?"

"Goin'?" he growled. "Goin'? I'm goin' to find her, first of all. Then I'm comin' back to wait for him."

"But you won't have to wait. He'll never come. He's dead."

"Dead? Dead? By the everlastin'! this has been too much for you, I ought to have known it. I'll send the doctor here right off. I can't stay myself. I've got to go. But——"

"Listen! listen to me! Ansel Coffin is dead, I tell you. I know it. I know all about it. That was what I wanted to see you about. Did Keziah tell you of the San Jose and the sailor who died of smallpox in this very building? In that room there?"

"Yes. John, you——"

"I'm not raving. It's the truth. That sailor was Ansel Coffin. I watched with him and one night, the night before he died, he spoke Keziah's name. He spoke of New Bedford and of Trumet and of her, over and over again. I was sure who he was then, but I called in Ebenezer Capen, who used to know Coffin in New Bedford. And he recognized him. Nat, as sure as you and I are here this minute, Ansel Coffin, Aunt Keziah's husband, is buried in the Trumet cemetery."

CHAPTER XX.

In Which Mr. Stone Washes His Hands.

Mr. Abner Stone, of Stone & Barker, marine outfitters and ship chandlers, with a place of business on Commercial street in Boston, and a bank account which commanded respect throughout the city, was feeling rather irritable and out of sorts. Poor relations are always a nuisance.

Mr. Stone had "washed his hands" of his cousin, Keziah Coffin, or thought he had. After her brother Solomon died she had written to him, asking him to find her a position of some kind in Boston. "I don't want money, I don't want charity," wrote Keziah. "What I want is work. Can you get it for me, Abner? I write because father used to tell of what you said to him about gratitude and how you would never rest until you had done something in return for what he did for you."

Captain Ben Hall's kindness was the one thing Mr. Stone forgot when he said no one had ever helped him. He disliked to be reminded of it. It was a long while ago and the captain was dead. However, being reminded, he had called upon a friend in the tailoring line and had obtained for Keziah the place of sewing woman. She decided to become housekeeper at the Trumet parsonage and so notified him. Then he washed his hands of her.

But now he was compelled to soil them again. Keziah had appeared at his office, without warning, and demanded that he find her a position. "Demanded" was the proper word. Certainly she had not begged. She seemed to feel that her demand was right and proper, and his acceding to it the least he could do.

"What a fine place you've got here, Abner!" she said, inspecting the office and store. "I declare it's finer than the one you had when you first went into business, afore you failed. I wish father could have lived to see it. He'd have realized that his judgment was good, even though his investment wasn't."

Captain Hall had invested largely in that first business, the one which failed. Mr. Stone changed the subject. Later in the day he again sought his friend, the tailor, and Keziah was installed in the loft of the latter's Washington street shop, beside the other women and girls who sewed and sewed from seven in the morning until six at night. Mr. Stone had left her there and come away, feeling that an unpleasant matter was disposed of. He had made some inquiries as to where she intended staying, even added a half-hearted invitation to dinner that evening at his home. But she declined.

"No, thank you, Abner," she said. "I'm goin' to find a boardin' place and I'd just as soon nobody knew where I was for the present. And there's one thing I want to ask you: don't tell a soul I am here. Not a soul. If anyone should come askin' for me, don't give 'em any satisfaction. I'll tell you why some day, perhaps. I can't now."

This was what troubled Mr. Stone as he sat in his office. Why should this woman wish to have her whereabouts kept a secret? There was a reason for this, of course. Was it a respectable reason, or the other kind? If the latter, his own name might be associated with the scandal. He wished, for the fiftieth time, that there were no poor relations.

A boy came into the office. "There is some one here to see you, Mr. Stone," he said.

"Who is it?"

"I don't know, sir. Looks like a seafaring man, a sea captain, I should say—but he won't give his name. Says it's important and nobody but you'll do."

"Humph! All right. Tell him to wait. I'll be out in a minute."

Sea captains and ship owners were Stone & Barker's best customers. The senior partner emerged from the office with a smile on his face.

"Ah!" he said, extending his hand. "Glad to see you, Captain—er——"

"Hammond," replied the visitor. "Same to you, Mr. Stone."

"Fine weather for this time of year."

"Fine enough, Mr. Stone."

"Well, Captain Hammond, what can we do for you? Going to sail soon?"

"Not right away. Just made port, less'n a week ago. Home looks good to me, for a spell, anyhow."

"So? Yes, I have no doubt. Let me see—where is your home, captain? I should remember, of course, but——"

"Don't know why you should. This is my first trip in your latitude, I guess. My home's at Trumet."

"Trumet?" Mr. Stone's tone changed.

"Yes. Trumet, down on the Cape. Ever been there? We think it's about as good a place as there is."

"Hu-u-m! Trumet? Well, Captain Hammond, you wished to see me, I understand."

"Yes. Fact is, Mr. Stone, I want to ask you where I can find Mrs. Keziah Coffin. She's a relation of yours, I b'lieve, and she's come to Boston lately. Only yesterday or the day afore. Can you tell me where she is?"

"Why do you wish to see her?"

"Oh, for reasons, personal ones. She's a friend of mine."

"I see. No, captain, I can't tell you where she is. Good morning."

Captain Nat was greatly disappointed.

"Hold on there, just a minute," he begged. "This is important, you understand, Mr. Stone. I'm mighty anxious to find Kezi—Mrs. Coffin. We thought, some of her friends and I, that most likely you'd know where she was. Can't you give us any help at all? Hasn't she been here?"

"Good morning, Captain Hammond. You must excuse me, I'm busy."

He went into the office and closed the door. Captain Nat rubbed his forehead desperately. He had been almost sure that Abner Stone would put him on Keziah's track. Grace had thought so, too. She remembered what the housekeeper had told concerning her Boston cousin and how the latter had found employment for her when she contemplated leaving Trumet, after her brother's death. Grace believed that Keziah would go to him at once.

Nat walked to the door and stood there, trying to think what to do next. A smart young person, wearing a conspicuous suit of clothes, aided and abetted by a vivid waistcoat and a pair of youthful but promising side whiskers, came briskly along the sidewalk and stopped in front of him.

"Well, sir?" observed this person, with cheerful condescension. "Anything I can do for you?"

Captain Nat turned his gaze upon the side whiskers and the waistcoat.

"Hey?" he queried.

"I say, is there anything I can do for you?"

The captain shook his head. "No-oo," he drawled dryly, "I'm afraid not, son. I admit that don't seem scarcely possible, but I am afraid it's so."

"Looking for something in our line, was you?"

"Well, I don't know. What might be on your line—clothes?"

The bewhiskered one drew himself up. "I am connected with Stone & Barker," he said sharply. "And, seeing you standing in our doorway, I thought possibly——"

"Yes, yes. Beg your pardon. I'm sure. No, I don't want to buy anything. I come to see Mr. Stone on a personal matter."

"He's busy, I suppose."

"So he says."

The young man smiled with serene satisfaction. "I'm not surprised," he observed complacently. "We are a busy house, Mr.—er——"

"Hammond's my name. Are you Mr. Barker?"

"No-o, my name is Prince."

"So? Silent partner in the firm, hey?"

"No-o, not exactly." Mr. Prince was slightly embarrassed. "No, I am a—a salesman—at present. Was the matter you wished to see Mr. Stone about a very private one?"

"Middlin'."

"Listen! Listen to Me! Ansel Coffin is Dead."

... hind the closed door of this room came the sound of voices, apparently in heated argument. One of these voices was that of Larry, the errand boy. Larry was speaking shrilly and with emphasis. The other voice was lower in key and the words were inaudible.

"No, sir, you can't," declared Larry. "You can't, I tell you. The boss don't let nobody in there and— Hold on! Hold on!"

The other voice made a short but evidently earnest answer. Larry again expostulated. The workers looked up from their sewing. The door opened and Larry appeared, flushed and excited.

"Where's Mr. Upham?" he demanded. "Mr. Upham!"

Upham was the foreman of the workroom. At the moment he was downstairs in conversation with the head of the house. A half dozen gave this information.

"What's the matter? Who is it?" asked several.

"I don't know who 'tis. It's a man and he's crazy, I think. I told him he couldn't come in here, but he just keeps a'comin'. He wants to see somebody named Coffin and there ain't no Coffins here."

Keziah's nearest neighbor leaned toward her.

"I guess it's somebody to see you," she said. "Your name is Coffin, ain't it?"

"No, no. That is, it can't be anybody to see me. I don't want to see anybody. Tell him so, whoever it is. I can't see anybody. I—Nat!"

"Keziah," he said, "come here. I want you. I'll tell you why in a minute. Come!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEED OF CARPETS FOR ROADS

English Expert Recommends Use of an "Elastic Skin" on the Highways.

A lecture was recently delivered by a member of the board before the Royal Institute of London on "The Road—Past, Present and Future," according to Consular and Trade Reports. The lecturer said the problem was to find the best mode by which a road should be constructed so that its surface would not be broken by traffic, so that the transit might be easier for both passengers and goods, a road which would form neither puddle holes nor exude mud from vehicles ...

POULTRY

MUCH COMFORT FOR POULTRY

Hens Sing and Cackle in Cozy Winter House When Kept Busy Scratching for Their Feed.

In our winter poultry house on cold, snowy days our hens sing and cackle as if they were enjoying summer weather. The house is 14x56 feet, with large windows on the southern exposure. Its equipment consists of clean, inviting nest boxes, self-feeders, with grit and shells, the ground floor banked deeply with leaves and straw, writes George W. Brown of Hancock county, Ohio, in the New England Homestead. We keep the hens busy from daylight until perch time digging after small grain scattered several times daily in the litter. Lawn clippings, meat offal, beets, pumpkins, cabbage and an occasional sheaf of wheat, oats or clover hay suspended from the roof gives them business.

It is the busy hen that lays the eggs. She hustles and has red blood coursing in her veins to keep her warm on cold days. Our perches can be hooked to the roof, and if we have any drones in the flock inclined to spend much of the day on the perch we just hook the perches to the ceiling. They soon get the habit of hustling with the rest of the flock. We have no use for drones on our farm save in our apiary.

HANDY FOR COLLECTING EGGS

Desirable to Keep Separate Box for Each Pen Where Trap Nests Are Being Used.

When trap nests are used it is sometimes desirable to keep a carrying box for each pen which receives the eggs as they are gathered, says the Farm and Home. Number each tray or box to correspond with the number of ...

Handy Egg Tray.

HABIT OF EXCHANGING EGGS

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS?

Simple Prescription Said to Work Wonders for Rheumatism.

This has been well known to the best doctors for years as the quickest and most reliable cure obtainable for rheumatism and backache. It has been published here for several winters and hundreds of the worst cases cured by it in a short time. "From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime." Results come the first day. If your druggist does not have Toris Compound in stock he will get it in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take some patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original, one-ounce, sealed, yellow package. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical laboratories of Chicago.

Literary Betrothal.

Inscriptions in complimentary copies of learned works do not always serve the graceful purpose to which one was dedicated by the celebrated Professor Wilson of Edinburgh.

When the suitor for the hand of Professor Wilson's daughter had gained the young woman's approbation, she of course referred him to her father. Having stated his case, the young gentleman was asked to bid the young lady to come to her father. Her obedience was prompt.

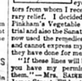
Professor Wilson had before him for review a ponderous volume, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "With the author's compliments."

He tore this fly-leaf out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the anxious lover—and went back to his work.—Youth's Companion.

WOMAN SICK FOURTEEN YEARS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.:—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregulari-...



Make the Liver Do its Duty

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

TORTURED BY UGLY ITCHING ERUPTION

Doctor Recommended Resinol. Half of a 50c Jar Cured It.

Pettit's Eye Salve

Virginia Farms and Homes

WHERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPED

HISTORIC CHRIST CHURCH AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Alexandria, with its cobble-stone streets and its colonial historical significance and its quaintness, has as chief attractions to the sightseer Christ church, in which George Washington worshiped; Carlyle house, in which General Braddock made his headquarters while preparing to prosecute the French and Indian wars on the Ohio river, and the Marshall house, in which Col. E. E. Ellsworth of the New York Zouaves was killed May 24, 1861, for tearing down a Confederate flag.

The town lies on the Virginia side of the Potomac, seven miles below Washington, and its historical associations run back to colonial times and continue down through the French and Indian wars, the revolution, the war of 1812 and the rebellion. George Washington as a surveyor helped lay out the town, and became closely identified with it, Mount Vernon being only nine miles away. Alexandria was Washington's voting place and his market town. He was a member of its corporation council, commander of local militia and a member of its volunteer fire company, while here in a hall that is still well preserved he attended the lodge of Free Masons of which he was a member.

For nearly 50 years the town was in the District of Columbia, until in 1864 that portion of the original district lying on the west side of the Potomac was ceded back to Virginia.

THE HISTORIC CARLYLE HOUSE

Christ church is generally the first point of interest to which the guides conduct visitors. The edifice has been suffered to undergo little change during the last century. When Fairfax parish was created in 1765, George Washington, then thirty-three years of age, was one of its first vestrymen. The church was finished in 1773, and at the dedication Colonel Washington subscribed £36 10s for a pew, the highest price paid. In the vestry room the sexton displays the record of the purchase of the pew.

The Washington pew, a roomy, comfortable pew of the square type, with seats running around three of its sides and a little wooden gate inclosing the occupants, is preserved just as it looked when it was occupied by the Washington family. On the rail is a silver plate inscribed with a facsimile of Washington's autograph. The seat is now reserved for strangers. Nearly every visitor to the church sits in the pew for brief meditation while the caretaker points out features of the interior. On the other side of the aisle, half way down the church, is the pew that was occupied by the Lee family, marked with a silver plate bearing a facsimile of the signature of Robert Edward Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. In front of the church are two mural tablets containing the apostles' creed and the Lord's prayer. They have remained unchanged from the early days of the church and are in old-fashioned English lettering with "f"s instead of "s"s. The communion table, the chancel rail, the reading desk and chairs were all here in the days of Washington, and so was the chandelier with its 12 candlesticks. At the entrance to the church is a tablet enumerating the six colonels who served as honorary pallbearers and the lieutenants who were active pallbearers at the funeral of Washington.

At Fairfax and Cameron streets is the most impressive relic in the town—the Carlyle house. It was built in 1745 by John Carlyle, who married Sarah Fairfax, daughter of Lord Fairfax, and served at major and commissary under General Braddock in the French and Indian wars.

The old hotel is now almost inclosed by other buildings. When built its eastern side was on the water's edge, while its west portico looked out upon Alexandria, then a great British metropolis for the colonies, with a commerce extending to the West Indies, South America and Europe. The river is now some distance away, while the front of the old house is hidden from the street by another hotel built around it. Enough space was provided, however, to furnish a good view of the old portico and the front side of the historic Carlyle house.

A walk down a cobwebby passage or two brings one to the old hotel. The guide points out the room in which George Washington was offered a commission in the British army by General Braddock. The chamber occupied by Braddock is exhibited, in the center of it a camp bed used by the British general during the French and Indian wars. Then there is the "blue room," mildewed and stained now, in which General Braddock held his conferences with the governors of six of the colonies. This council between the governors and the British commanders, General Braddock and Commodore Keppel, led to resolutions reciting that, as the governors found it impossible to raise in their respective colonies the revenue assessed by King George, his majesties ministers should be asked to find out some method of compelling the raising of the revenue. The congress of Alexandria contributed largely to the discontent that led to the revolution. As soon as the residents of the town heard of the action of the council they met in the courthouse and passed a resolution "That taxation and representation are in their nature inseparable." George Washington presided at the meeting.

In the cellar of the old hotel are the dungeons in which captive Indians were imprisoned and hanged and the cellar room in which Carlyle lived for many months as a precaution against Indian attack. The building is of massive stone, which was brought over from England as ballast in ships, and it is in good preservation, although its interior is delightfully dilapidated from the point of view of the antiquarian. Until recently several pieces of the original furniture were in the rooms, but they have been purchased for a stage setting for a colonial drama. A fine mahogany staircase in the main hall is a delightful feature of this colonial relic.

"On this here stairway," recites the young woman who acts as guide, "George Washington met his first defeat. He was coming down these here stairs when the big door there opened and in walked Miss Sally Fairfax on her way to lead the minuet. George Washington was only nineteen years old at the time, but he fell desperately in love and asked Miss Fairfax to marry him. She rejected him. This was the first and only defeat of the great general."

A flight of dark stone stairs leads to the basement rooms, one of which, Carlyle's room, is said by the guide to have been connected with the river bank by an underground passage. Nothing remains of this subterranean way, it having been closed up to prevent accidents.

All Met Death Within Year

Superstition of Thirteen at Table, Though Not Absolutely Correct, Seemed to Be Verified.

"The most interesting case of thirteen at table occurs in the biography of Sir John Everett Millais, who one day unexpectedly found himself with twelve guests at his table, one of them being Matthew Arnold. A lady, discovering the fact, declared that she dared not remain after her painful experience on a former occasion when thirteen were present. To appease her the artist persuaded one of his sons to take his meal in another room. That son returned to the room at the close of dinner to hear Arnold say: 'The idea is that whoever leaves the table first will die within a year; so, with the permission of the ladies, we will cheat the fates for once. I and these fine strong lads (pointing to two of his fellow guests) will all rise together, and I think our united constitutions will be able to withstand the assault of the reaper.' Six months later Matthew Arnold, in the prime of life and apparently in the best of health, died suddenly of heart disease. Shortly afterward the second of the three who had risen simultaneously from table came to a mysterious end in New York, whither he had gone after a grievous disappointment over a play which he had written. How he met his death will probably never be known. He was found shot through the head, whether by his own hand or that of another, none was able to say, though murder was suspected. The third of the three made a voyage, for his health's sake, to Australia, and his friends thought that he at least would survive the fatal period. But he set out on the return journey on the Quetta, which foundered within the year, with all on board, on one of the New Guinea reefs. Such is the story, but, be it noted, there were not thirteen at dinner, and the three who rose left a table at which only twelve had dined."

WHERE ALL ARE WELCOME

Everybody Fed in House Where Great Turkish Chieftain First Saw the Light of Day.

A present center of interest is the house where Mohammed Ali was born, the great conqueror of Egypt. This house is maintained by the government in the same condition as when Mohammed was a baby and swung in a cradle hung from the hooks in the ceiling of the room where he was born. All loved his birthplace, and when he became rich and powerful he founded here a great school attended by poor boys from all the region round about. Here once a week in the great dining room everybody who comes is fed, Turks, Jews, Christians, Greeks, Armenians, Americans even—no one is turned away. As I visited the establishment I saw great fires of logs in the basement of one of the school buildings, and over the fires pots of pilaff cooking. This delicious concoction, made of rice and meat and various delicious sauces, gave forth a savory smell, and I do not wonder that many a hungry mortal who comes for a square meal once a week to this ancient foundation blesses the name of Mohammed Ali.—Christian Herald.

Carry Fourteen Pounds of Bone.

The bones of the average man weigh fourteen pounds.

Hired Crowd of Admirers.

Among George Grossmith's reminiscences concerning the late Sir Henry Irving appears this one: Grossmith was at one time stopping at the same hotel that sheltered Irving in Manchester, England. His carriage was waiting for him, and, as the hall porter opened the door, Grossmith noticed an enormous crowd outside.

"Are these people waiting to see me leave the hotel?" he asked.

"No, sir; they are waiting to see Sir 'Enry 'Irving."

"But doesn't Sir Henry find this a bit of a nuisance?"

The porter replied: "It does worry him a bit, sir; he doesn't like it."

"Well, I'll do him a good turn," said Mr. Grossmith.

Pulling down the collar of his fur-lined coat, adjusting his pince-nez, and pulling his Homburg hat over his brow, Grossmith strutted down the steps with Irving's gait.

The cheering was great, and some of the people even followed the carriage.

When Sir Henry came down a little later he found no crowd awaiting him. Subsequently he mentioned the matter to Mr. Grossman, remarking with a humorous twinkle in his eye:

"You ought not to have done that. I pay these people to come every night."

Argentina Growing Potatoes.

Argentina is steadily increasing its potato crop, importing more than 2,546,000 bushels of seed last year.

SCIENCE and INVENTION

BUBBLING CUP IS SANITARY

Man Designs Bubbler That May Be Placed to Lips While Person Is in Upright Position.

The one great disadvantage of the ordinary bubbling cup sanitary fountain lies in the fact that the drinkers, whether they be men, women or children, tall, short, fat or thin, must place their lips to the cup instead of placing the cup to the lips.

In an endeavor to remedy this disadvantage, one sanitary drinking fountain manufacturer has designed a bubbler which may be raised to the height of the lips, so that the user may stand in a perfectly easy and natural position while drinking. This is made possible by a hose and cup arrangement, the hose consisting of a double tube. The inner tube is the feed pipe for the bubbler, and the outer tube acts as a waste pipe, carrying away the surplus water while the person is drinking. The flow of water through the inner tube is continuous, no matter what the position of the cup, but when the cup is lowered into its position in the fountain basin the water flows over it and discharges into the basin instead of being carried away by the outer tube.

New Sanitary Bubbler.

DEVICE FOR TAKING OWN GAS

Giving Anaesthetics Made Easy and Safe by Two Inventions Shown at Recent Congress.

Practical mathematical accuracy in the use of anaesthetics through the invention of two new devices was announced at a meeting of the New York Society of Anaesthetics, at which many members of the clinical congress were present. One of the inventors, according to the New York World, demonstrated that his appliance affords immunity from pain without affecting consciousness; another showed how anaesthesia may be self-administered; a third stated that death can no longer occur when the agents now approved are scientifically used.

Nitrous oxide ("laughing gas"), although one of the oldest of anaesthetics, has been found to be the most reliable and valuable employed, either alone or in conjunction with oxygen, carbon dioxide or ether. Several forms of apparatus were exhibited by which these substances may be mingled in almost any desired proportion, two of them so simple that anyone could use them after instruction.

DEVICE HELPS IN SHAVING

Soap Is Compelled to Penetrate and Soften Most Unruly Beard by Use of French Invention.

This small French invention is designed to quicken the process of shaving, and, according to one of the Paris scientific magazines, succeeds in its purpose. It consists of a small convex surface composed of xylonite, which is a soluble ferment much like ...

Aid in Shaving.

END OF WORLD IS DESCRIBED

What Will Happen If Our Planet Bumps Into the Sun—Misplaced Faith in Solar System.

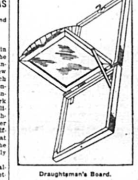
What will be the end of the world? This is a question which was formerly asked of soothsayers and prophets and often answered by them with definite statements and dates which were, to those who believed them, to the last degree disquieting. Such prophets and prophecies have all been proved erroneous, and the Millerites and their kin have all been laughed out of serious consideration, says the Technical World. Science has taught us better, and yet science which seeks always new facts and revised reasoning is now teaching us that our faith in the safety of the solar system is misplaced.

Instead of the eternally changeless procession of the planets about the sun and of our solar system about some other, greater sun, astronomers find grave evidence of what seems disorder in what we thought was perpetual perfection, a disorder which may, indeed probably will, sometime wreck our own planet. It is possible—astronomically considered it is probable—that, unseen within the remote confines of space the vast mass of a dead world is hurtling toward our sun with inconceivable velocity. In time the two will come together and the immeasurable heat produced will make gas of granite and floating clouds of nebulae of us all; for thus worlds die and thus they are immediately in process of being born again, for out of the condensation of this nebulae will come the beginnings of a new solar system which will, in the countless aeons of astronomical time, go through the same process of evolution and decay.

HANDY FOR A DRAUGHTSMAN

Device for Obtaining Perspective Can Be Folded Up Into Flat Surface For Easy Carrying.

An appliance that will be convenient to draughtsmen has been invented by a New York man. It is a folding board of the type on which draughtsmen get their perspective. Three supports are hinged at one end so that they fold up into one flat surface for easy carrying. When in use the two outside sections of the apparatus are laid flat and the middle section is held perpendicularly by a rod connecting it with one of the flat pieces. This middle support holds a transparent sheet divided into squares. A picture is laid on one of the horizontal supports, and the draughtsman copies on a sheet laid on the other horizontal support the reduced image, which is reflected on the transparent sheet—reduced because of the angle. A folding light shield connects the upright with one of the work supports.



Draughtsman's Board.

NOTES OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Europe is showing much interest in hydro-aeroplanes.

Vaccine with live bacilli is now administered to prevent typhoid fever.

A new French bottle cap includes a metal tab which, when pulled, rips off the rim of the cap.

New windshields for automobiles can be adjusted to serve as dining tables for occupants of a car.

Pincers, which lock when closed, requiring considerable force to open them, are a Californian's invention.

TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

COLT DISTEMPER

SPOHN MEDICAL CO.

As to the Wedding Garb.

Colonel Watterson occasionally turns his attention from dressing down candidates to dressing up inquiring correspondents. Listen to this advice from the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"There are two reasons for being married in a dress suit, young man. It's fashionable and it's your last chance to get a dress suit."

This can be considered good advice, founded on observation and experience, even if it is a little pessimistic.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RED, ROUGH HANDS MADE SOFT AND WHITE

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, dry, fissured, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Credit and Confidence.

First Bank Official—I just loaned Bulger $50,000 on his business.

Second Ditto—Is his business good enough to warrant it?

"Sure! He showed that he was employing over fourteen hundred children."—Life.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 22 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Too Much for Him.

The elevator passed the homely man's floor.

"Here, boy," he cried, "let me out on the sixth. I thought you knew that was my floor."

"Excuse me, sah," returned the boy, stopping the elevator and returning to the sixth floor, "I ought to know your face, sah, but de trouble is I have to remember so many ob 'em, an' you's am so complicated, sah."

More Deadly Than the Gun.

A small country boy was carrying a dead cottontail by the ears.

"Hello, son, did you shoot that rabbit?" inquired a city man who had hunted all day with no success.

"No," sarcastically replied the urchin, "I scolded it and it died of mortification."

Connoisseur.

"Mother, is father in the fruit business?"

"No, son. What put that idea into your head?"

"Well, when he took me for a walk the other day he met Mr. Jones, and all they talked about was peaches, pippins and dates."—Judge.

We've Done Our Share.

Woodby—Is there any money in writing for the magazines?

Scribbler—Sure! The postal department is about half supported that way.—Boston Transcript.

Too Hasty.

"Diggs can dash off epigrams without a moment's thought."

"That's just the way they sound."

Agreeing With Her.

"I was a fool when I married you!"

"Yes, and you married a fool!"

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

Stiff Joints Sprains, Bruises

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75 YEARS OF PUBLIC APPROVAL

FOR CONSTIPATION DIGESTIVE DISORDERS

CANADA'S OFFERING TO THE SETTLER

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