INITIALS ONLY

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE" "THE FILIGREE BALL" "THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES"
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES W. ROSSER

COPYRIGHT 1911 BY STREET & SMITH
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY DODD, MEAD & CO

SYNOPSIS.

George Anderson and wife see a remarkable looking man come out of the Clermont hotel, look around furtively, wash his hands in the snow and pass on. Commotion attracts them to the Clermont, where it is found that the beautiful Miss Edith Challoner has fallen dead. Anderson describes the man he saw wash his hands in the snow. The hotel manager declares him to be Orlando Brotherson. Physicians find that Miss Challoner was stabbed and not shot. Gryce, an aged detective, and Sweetwater, his assistant, take up the case. Mr. Challoner tells of a batch of letters found in his daughter's desk, signed "O. B." All are love letters except one, which shows that the writer was displeased. This letter was signed by Orlando Brotherson. Anderson goes with Sweetwater to identify Brotherson, who is found in a tenement under the name of Dunn. He is an inventor. Brotherson tells the coroner Miss Challoner repulsed him with scorn when he offered her his love. Sweetwater recalls the mystery of the murder of a washerwoman in which some details were similar to the Challoner affair. Sweetwater gets lodgings in the same building with Brotherson. He bores a hole in the wall to spy on Brotherson. He visits him and assists the inventor in his work. A girl sent by Sweetwater with Edith Challoner's letters is ordered out by Brotherson. He declares the letters were not written by him. Sweetwater is unmasked by Brotherson, who declares he recognized him at once. The discovery is made that the letters signed "O. B." were written by two different men. Sweetwater goes to Derby in search of the second "O. B.," whom he expects to locate through one Doris Scott, mentioned in the letters. She is found acting as nurse for Oswald Brotherson, who is critically sick and calls the name of Edith in his delirium. Sweetwater comes across a peculiar hut in the woods. He sees a load of boxes marked "O. Brotherson," taken into the hut under the supervision of Doris Scott. Doris tells Challoner of seeing in a dream the face of the man who killed Edith. The door bell rings and she recognizes in the visitor the man of her dream. It is Orlando Brotherson, who requests an interview with his brother. It develops that Orlando is working on a flying machine. Oswald is told of Edith's death.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

"Chance?" he repeated. "Orlando, I believe in God."

"Then seek your comfort there. I find it in harnessing the winds; in forcing the powers of nature to do my bidding."

The other did not speak, and the silence grew heavy. It was broken, when it was broken, by a cry from Oswald:

"No more," said he, "no more." Then, in a yearning accent: "Send Doris to me."

Orlando started. This name coming so close upon that word comfort produced a strange effect upon him. But another look at Oswald and he was ready to do his bidding. The bitter ordeal was over; let him have his solace if it was in her power to give it to him.

Orlando, upon leaving his brother's room, did not stop to deliver that brother's message directly to Doris; he left this for Truda to do, and retired immediately to his hangar in the woods. Locking himself in, he slightly raised the roof and then sat down before the car which was rapidly taking on shape and assuming that individuality and appearance of sentient life which hitherto he had only seen in dreams. But his eye, which had never failed to kindle at this sight before, shone dully in the semi-gloom. The air-car could wait; he would first have his hour in this solitude of his own making. The gaze he dreaded, the words from which he shrank could not penetrate here. He might even shout her name aloud, and only these windowless walls would respond. He was alone with his past, his present and his future.

Alone!

He needed to be. The strongest must pause when the precipice yawns before him. The gulf can be spanned; he feels himself forceful enough for that; but his eyes must take their measurement of it first; he must know its depths and possible dangers. Only a fool would ignore these steeps of jagged rock; and he was no fool, only a man to whom the unexpected had happened, a man who had seen his way clear to the horizon and then had come up against this! Love, when he thought such folly dead! Remorse, when Glory called for the quiet mind and heart!

He recognized its mordant fang and knew that its ravages, though only just begun, would last his lifetime. Nothing could stop them now, nothing, nothing. And he laughed, as the thought went home; laughed at the irony of fate and its inexorableness; laughed at his own defeat and his nearness to a barred Paradise. Oswald loved Edith, loved her yet, with a flame time would take long to quench. Doris loved Oswald and he Doris; and not one of them would ever attain the delights each was so fitted to enjoy. Why shouldn't he laugh? What is left to man but mockery when all props fail? Disappointment alone was the universal lot; and it should go merrily with him if he must take his turn at it. But here the strong spirit of the man reasserted itself; it should be but a turn. A man's joys are not bounded by his loves or even by the satisfaction of a perfectly untrammeled mind. Performance makes a world of its own for the capable and the strong, and this was still left to him. He, Orlando Brotherson, despair while his great work lay unfinished! That would be to lay stress on the inevitable pains and fears of commonplace humanity. He was not of that ilk. Intellect was his god; ambition his motive power. What would this casual blight upon his supreme contentment be to him, when with the wings of his air-car spread, he should spurn the earth and soar into the heaven of fame simultaneously with his flight into the open.

He could wait for that hour. He had measured the gulf before him and found it passable. Henceforth no looking back.

Rising, he stood for a moment gazing, with an alert eye now, upon such sections of his car as had not yet been fitted into their places; then he bent forward to his work, and soon the lips which had uttered that sardonic laugh a few minutes before, parted in gentler fashion, and song took the place of curses—a ballad of love and fondest truth. But Orlando never knew what he sang. He had the gift and used it.

Would his tones, however, have rung out with quite so mellow a sweetness had he seen the restless figure even then circling his retreat with eyes darting accusation and arms lifted towards him in wild but impotent threat?

Yes, I think they would; for he knew that the man who thus expressed his helplessness along with his convictions, was no nearer the end he had set himself to attain than on the day he first betrayed his suspicions.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Hut Changes Its Name.

That night Oswald was taken very ill. For three days his life hung in the balance, then youth and healthy living triumphed over shock and bereavement, and he came slowly back to his sad and crippled existence.

He had been conscious for a week or more of his surroundings, and of his bitter sorrows as well, when one morning he asked Doris whose face it was he had seen bending over him so often during the last week: "Have you a new doctor? A man with white hair and a comforting smile? Or have I dreamed this face? I have had so many fancies this might easily be one of them."

"No, it is not a fancy," was the quiet reply. "Nor is it the face of a doctor. It is that of a friend. One whose heart is bound up in your recovery; one for whom you must live, Mr. Brotherson."

"I don't know him, Doris. It's a strange face to me. And yet, it's not altogether strange. Who is this man and why should he care for me so deeply?"

"Because you share one love and one grief. It is Edith's father whom you see at your bedside. He has helped to nurse you ever since you came down this second time."

"Edith's father! Doris, it cannot be. Edith's father!"

"Yes, Mr. Challoner has been in Derby for the last two weeks. He has only one interest now; to see you well again."

"Why?"

Doris caught the note of pain, if not suspicion, in this query, and smiled as she asked in turn:

"Shall he answer that question himself? He is waiting to come in. Not to talk. You need not fear his talking. He's as quiet as any man I ever saw."

The sick man closed his eyes, and Doris watching, saw the flush rise to his emaciated cheek, then slowly fade away again to a pallor that frightened her. Had she injured where she would heal? Had she pressed too suddenly and too hard on the ever gaping wound in her invalid's breast? She gasped in terror at the thought, then she faintly smiled, for his eyes had opened again and showed a calm determination as he said:

"I should like to see him. I should like him to answer the question I have just put you. I should rest easier and get well faster—or not get well at all."

This latter he half whispered, and Doris, tripping from the room may not have heard it, for her face showed no further shadow as she ushered in Mr. Challoner, and closed the door behind him. She had looked forward to this moment for days. To Oswald,

"I Have No Son."

however, it was an unexpected excitement and his voice trembled with something more than physical weakness as he greeted his visitor and thanked him for his attentions.

"Doris says that you have shown me this kindness from the desire you have to see me well again, Mr. Challoner. Is this true?"

"Very true. I cannot emphasize the fact too strongly."

Oswald's eyes met his again, this time with great earnestness.

"You must have serious reasons for feeling so—reasons which I do not quite understand. May I ask why you place such value upon a life which, if ever useful to itself or others, has lost and lost forever, the one delight which gave it meaning?"

It was for Mr. Challoner's voice to tremble now, as reaching out his hand, he declared, with unmistakable feeling:

"I have no son. I have no interest in life, outside this room and the possibilities it contains for me. Your attachment to my daughter has created a bond between us, Mr. Brotherson, which I sincerely hope to see recognized by you."

Startled and deeply moved, the young man stretched out a shaking hand towards his visitor, with the feeble but exulting cry:

"Then you do not blame me for her wretched and mysterious death. You hold me guiltless of the misery which nerved her despairing arm?"

"Quite guiltless."

Oswald's wan and pinched features took on a beautiful expression and Mr. Challoner no longer wondered at his daughter's choice.

"Thank God!" fell from the sick man's lips, and then there was a silence during which their two hands met.

It was some minutes before either spoke and then it was Oswald who said:

"I must confide to you certain facts. I honored your daughter and realized her position fully. Our plight was never made in words, nor should I have presumed to advance any claim to her hand if I had not made good my expectations, Mr. Challoner. I meant to win both her regard and yours by acts, not words. I felt that I had a great deal to do and I was prepared to work and wait. I loved her—" He turned away his head and the silence which filled up the gap united those two hearts as the old and young are seldom united.

But when a little later Mr. Challoner rejoined Doris, in her little sitting-room, he nevertheless showed a perplexity she had hoped to see removed by this understanding with the younger Brotherson.

The cause became apparent as soon as he spoke.

"These brothers hold by each other," said he. "Oswald will hear nothing against Orlando. He says that he has redeemed his fault. He does not even protest that his brother's word is to be believed in this matter. He does not seem to think that necessary. He evidently regards Orlando's personality as speaking as truly and satisfactorily for itself, as his own does. And I dared not undeceive him."

"He does not know all our reasons for distrust. He has heard nothing about the poor washerwoman."

"No, and he must not—not for weeks. He has borne all that he can."

"His confidence in his older brother is sublime. I do not share it; but I cannot help but respect him for it."

It was warmly said, and Mr. Challoner could not forbear casting an anxious look at her upturned face. What he saw there made him turn away with a sigh.

"This confidence has for me a very unhappy side," he remarked. "It shows me Oswald's thought. He who loved her best, accepts the cruel verdict of an unreasoning public."

Doris' large eyes burned with a weird light upon his face.

"He has not had my dream," she murmured, with all the quiet of an unmoved conviction.

Yet as the days went by, even her manner changed towards the busy inventor. It was hardly possible for it not to. The high stand he took; the regard accorded him on every side; his talent; his conversation, which was an education in itself, and, above all, his absorption in a work daily advancing towards completion, removed him so insensibly and yet so decidedly, from the hideous past of tragedy with which his name, if not his honor, was associated, that, unconsciously to herself, she gradually lost her icy air of repulsion and lent him a more or less attentive ear, when he chose to join their small company of an evening. The result was that he turned so bright a side upon her that toleration merged from day to day into admiration and memory lost itself in anticipation of the event which was to prove him a man of men, if not one of the world's greatest mechanical geniuses.

Meantime, Oswald was steadily improving in health, if not in spirits. He had taken his first walk without any unfavorable results, and Orlando decided from this that the time had come for an explanation of his device and his requirements in regard to it. Seated together in Oswald's room, he broached the subject thus:

"Oswald, what is your idea about what I'm making up there?"

"That it will be a success."

"I know; but its character, its use? What do you think it is?"

"I've an idea; but my idea doesn't fit the conditions."

"How's that?"

"The shed is too closely hemmed in. You haven't room—"

"For what?"

"To start an aeroplane."

"Yet it is certainly a device for flying."

"I supposed so; but—"

"It is an air-car with a new and valuable idea—the idea for which the whole world has been seeking ever since the first aeroplane found its way up from the earth. My car needs no room to start in save that which it occupies. If it did, it would be but the modification of a hundred others."

"Orlando!"

As Oswald thus gave expression to his surprise, their two faces were a study: the fire of genius in the one; the light of sympathetic understanding in the other.

"If this car, now within three days of its completion," Orlando proceeded, "does not rise from the oval of my hangar like a bird from its nest, and after a wide and circling flight descend again into the self-same spot without any swerving from its direct course, then have I failed in my endeavor and must take a back seat with the rest. But it will not fail. I'm certain of success, Oswald. All I want just now is a sympathetic helper—you, for instance; some one who will aid me with the final fittings and hold his peace to all eternity if the impossible occurs and the thing proves a failure."

"Have you such pride as that?"

"Precisely."

"So much that you cannot face failure?"

"Not when attached to my name. You can see how I feel about that by the secrecy I have worked under. No other person living knows what I have just communicated to you. Every part shipped here came from different manufacturing firms; sometimes a part of a part was all I allowed to be made in any one place. My fame, like the ship, must rise with one bound into the air, or it must never rise at all. I was not made for petty accomplishment, or the slow plodding of commonplace minds. I must startle, or remain obscure. That is why I chose this place for my venture, and you for my helper and associate."

"You want me to ascend with you?"

"Exactly."

"At the end of three days?"

"Yes."

"Orlando, I cannot."

"You cannot? Not strong enough yet? I'll wait then—three days more."

"The time's too short. A month is

There Came a Light Knock at the Door.

scarcely sufficient. It would be folly, such as you never show, to trust a nerve so undermined as mine fill time has restored its power. For an enterprise like this you need a man of ready strength and resources; no one whose condition you might be obliged to consider at a very critical moment."

Orlando, balked thus at the outset, showed his displeasure.

"You do not do justice to your will. It is strong enough to carry you through anything."

"It was."

"You can force it to act for you."

"I fear not, Orlando."

"I counted on you and you thwart me at the most critical moment of my life."

Oswald smiled; his whole candid and generous nature bursting into view in one quick flash.

"Perhaps," he assented; "but you will thank me when you realize my weakness. Another man must be found—quick, deft, secret, yet honorably alive to the importance of the occasion and your rights as a great original thinker and mechanician."

"Do you know such a man?"

"I don't; but there must be many such among our workmen."

"There isn't one; and I haven't time to send to Brooklyn. I reckoned on you."

"Can you wait a month?"

"No."

"A fortnight, then?"

"No, not ten days."

Oswald looked surprised. He would like to have asked why such precipitation was necessary, but the tone in which this ultimatum was given was of that decisive character which admits of no argument. He therefore merely looked his query. But Orlando was not one to answer looks; besides, he had no reply for the same importunate question urged by his own good sense. He knew that he must make the attempt upon which his future rested soon, and without risk of the sapping influence of lengthened suspense and weeks of waiting. He could hold on to those two demons leagued in attack against him, for a definite seven days, but not for an indeterminate time. If he were to be saved from folly—from himself—events must rush.

He therefore repeated his "No," with increased vehemence, adding, as he marked the reproach in his brother's eye, "I cannot wait. The test must be made on Saturday evening next, whatever the conditions; whatever the weather. An air-car to be serviceable must be ready to meet lightning and tempest, and what is worse, perhaps, an insufficient crew." Then rising, he exclaimed, with a determination which rendered him majestic, "If help is not forthcoming, I'll do it all myself. Nothing shall hold me back; nothing shall stop me; and when you see me and hear my car rise above the treetops, you'll feel that I have done what I could to make you forget—"

He did not need to continue. Oswald understood and flashed a grateful look his way before saying:

"You will make the attempt at night?"

"Certainly."

"And on Saturday?"

"I've said it."

"I will run over in my mind the qualifications of such men as I know and acquaint you with the result tomorrow."

"There are adjustments to be made. A man of accuracy is necessary."

"I will remember."

"And he must be likable. I can do nothing with a man with whom I'm not perfectly in accord."

"I understand that."

"Good-night then." A moment of hesitancy, then, "I wish not only yourself but Miss Scott to be present at this test. Prepare for the spectacle; but not yet, not till within an hour or two of the occasion."

And with a proud smile in which he flashed a significance which startled Oswald, he gave a hurried nod and turned away.

When in an hour afterwards, Doris looked in through the open door, she found Oswald sitting with face buried in his hands, thinking so deeply that he did not hear her. He had sat like this, immovable and absorbed, ever since his brother had left him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Silence—and a Knock.

Oswald did not succeed in finding a man to please Orlando. He suggested one person after another to the exacting inventor, but none were satisfactory to him and each in turn was turned down. It is not every one we want to have share a world-wide triumph or an ignominious defeat. And the days were passing.

He had said in a moment of elation. "I will do it alone;" but he knew even then that he could not. Two hands were necessary to start the car; afterwards, he might manage it alone. Descent was even possible, but to give the contrivance its first lift required a second mechanician. Where was he to find one to please him? And what was he to do if he did not? Conquer his prejudices against such men as he had seen, or delay the attempt, as Oswald had suggested, till he could get one of his old cronies on from New York. He could do neither. The obstinacy of his nature was such as to offer an invincible barrier against either suggestion. One alternative remained. He had heard of women aviators. If Doris could be induced to accompany him into the air, instead of clinging sodden-like to the weight of Oswald's woe, then would the world behold a triumph which would dwarf the ecstasy of the bird's flight and rob the eagle of his kingly pride. But Doris barely endured his as yet, and the thought was not one to be considered for a moment. Yet what other course remained? He was brooding deeply on the other subject, in his hangar one evening—(it was Thursday and Saturday was but two days off) when there came a light knock at the door.

This had never occurred before. He had given strict orders, backed by his brother's authority, that he was never to be intruded upon when in this place; and though he had sometimes encountered the prying eyes of the curious flashing from behind the trees encircling the hangar, his door had never been approached before, or his privacy encroached upon. He started then, when this low but penetrating sound struck across the turmoil of his thoughts, and cast one look in the direction from which it came; but he did not rise, or even change his position on his workman's stool.

Then it came again, still low but with an insistence which drew his brows together and made his hand fall from the wire he had been unconsciously holding through the mental debate which was absorbing him. Still he made no response, and the knocking continued. Should he ignore it entirely, start up his motor and render himself oblivious to all other sounds? At every other point in his career he would have done this, but an unknown, and as yet unnamed, something had entered his heart during this fatal month, which made old ways impossible and oblivion a thing he dared not court too recklessly. Should this be a summons from Doris! Should (inconceivable idea, yet it seized upon him relentlessly and would not yield for the asking) should it be Doris herself!

Taking advantage of a momentary cessation of the ceaseless tap tap, he listened. Silence was never profounder than in this forest on that windless night. Earth and air seemed, to his strained ear, emptied of all sound. The clatter of his own steady, unhastened heart-beat was all that broke upon the stillness. He might be alone in the Universe for all token of life beyond these walls, or so he was saying to himself, when sharp, quick, sinister, the knocking recommenced, demanding admission, insisting upon attention, drawing him against his own will to his feet, and finally, though he made more than one stand against it, to the very door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sense of Plants.

The sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see light but not to distinguish objects. This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster and coral, etc., which possess no localized visual organ, but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunshine. Similarly, it is easy to gauge the influence of light on plants. Cultivate a plant in a room with a window only on one side and its stalks in growing will incline toward the source of light. Physiologists explain this by suggesting that the side to the dark grows more quickly than that exposed to the light. There remains, however, the fact that the plant has reacted to the light of whose effect it was conscious.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch. Of this the most illustrative example is, as its name implies, the sensitive plant. Another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the catch-fly, whose two halves close down upon the other by means of a central hinge.—Harper's Weekly.

Liars Tagged Here.

Dyaks, natives of Borneo, are extremely truthful. So disgraceful, indeed, do the Dyaks consider the deceiving of others by an untruth that such is handed down to posterity by a curious custom. They heap up a pile of branches of trees in memory of the man who has uttered a great lie, so that the future generations may know of his wickedness and take warning from it.

The persons deceived start the tugong bula—the liar's mound—by heaping up a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the path from one village to another.

Every passerby contributes to it and at the same time reviles the memory of the man who told the lie. The Dyaks consider the addition to any tugong bula they may pass a sacred duty, the omission of which will meet with supernatural punishment.

Nothing Else to Do.

"What are the wild waves saying, mother?" "I do not know, my child." "But why do they dance all day long?" "Well, my child, they cannot play bridge."—Kansas City Journal.

PUBLIC ROADS

WASTE ROAD BUILDING FUNDS

Department of Agriculture Points Out Need of Constructing the Right Kind of Roads.

The office of public roads of the department of agriculture is making a strong effort to focus the mind of the country on the fact that maintenance and effective repair are of equal importance with the actual improvement of bad roads. Investment of money in new roads does not become real economy until provision is made for keeping these new roads in condition after they are built. If a new road was built and then allowed to fall into disrepair, much of the original investment is simply wasted.

Europe, generally speaking, is ahead of the United States in the matter of road improvement, but Great Britain is struggling with a problem similar to the one that confronts the people of the United States. In England, Scotland and Wales there are no fewer than 2,140 separate authorities who between them, administer 175,487 miles of roads, or an average of only 82 miles apiece. In Scotland, apart from the big cities there are over 200 burghs, one-half of which have but ten miles of road apiece to maintain. Needless to say, such a minute mileage is insufficient to keep the road plant fully occupied all the year around, and renders the employment of a skilled engineer impossible for economical reasons.

Officials of the office of public roads when called upon for assistance by the various states are pointing out that road building is an art based on a science, and that trained men and experienced men are necessary to secure the best results from the expenditure of road funds.

Statisticians have found that although the average expenditure on the improvement of roads exceeds one million dollars a day, a large portion of the money in the United States is wasted because of the failure to build the right type of road to meet the local requirements or the failure to provide for the continued maintenance of the improvement.

The various states and counties within the past six months have taken a greater interest in road improvement than ever before in the history of the United tSates, and there is now a strong movement to conserve the roads of the country where they are improved. Scientific maintenance will be one of the chief features of the work of the office of public roads throughout the present year.

KEEPS ROADS IN CONDITION

Device Known as Chuck-Hole Filler Has Been Invented by Idaho Man for Work in Country.

A simple device for keeping country roads in good condition, and known as a chuck hole filler, has been invented by an Idaho farmer. By means of an 18-inch steel disk or blade, which revolves upon one end of a steel rod fastened to a rear axle

A Machine for Keeping Country Roads in Good Condition.

of the vehicle at such an angle that the disk is slightly out of line with the rear wheel, the disk cuts and throws the dirt toward the wheel, and a drag 3½ feet long, immediately behind the disk, levels the surface as the vehicle is drawn along the road. The machine weighs about 150 pounds.

Good Roads.

The making of good roads is one of the most important duties of the American people, and their prompt repair and careful maintenance is essential. There is probably no subject in which the progressive farmer is more deeply interested than that of having roads connecting him with his markets over which he may be able to haul the greatest possible load. Good roads, like all other good things, are too expensive to build and of too much value to be neglected.

Missouri Has "Shown."

It is estimated that the voluntary labor by business men and farmers put on the roads of Missouri for two days was worth to the state in money value about $1,500,000 besides the impetus given the good roads movement, whose value cannot be calculated in dollars and cents. One leading ambition of every state ought to be for its good roads, and Missouri, in strict accordance with its motto, has "shown" the other states how practical the ambition is in its own case.

Hens Too Fleshy.

There is such a thing as getting the hens too fleshy. They are apt to become lazy and sit around all the time. Stop feeding such heavy food.

Establish Egg Trade.

Establish, if possible, a brand of eggs which will in itself be guarantee of good quality.

Dust Bath Enjoyed.

Allow chickens of all sizes a good dust bath. They enjoy it, from the smallest to the largest.

And Then Everybody Smiled

Young Man Seized Opportunity for Display of Gallantry, but Fortune Was in Fickle Mood.

She was young and fair. Her neat, trim figure, with its natty coat, the corners of which the March breezes sportively toyed with, glided down Broadway. Many admiring glances followed her. His eyes followed her, never loosing sight of her for a block. A longing possessed him to know and be known by the fleeting beauty. Would fate grant him this boon?

While he was thinking this the beauty reached a pavement which looked suspiciously wet and slippery. She uncertainly picked her way over it. She had not gone many steps before she gracefully balanced herself for an instant, then suddenly slipped and sat down on the pavement.

Here was the chance of a lifetime for him. He pressed forward rapidly and reached the young woman, who was struggling to rise to her feet. With all the courtesy of which he was capable, he leaned forward, saying:

"Permit me," making a movement of tending his services to help her to her feet.

That moment, while being rewarded with a smile from the lips of the beauty, an uncertainty came over him as to the hold he had upon earth. First one foot flew up in the air, while he balanced himself on the other; then he reversed the position.

Just as the beauty glided on her way he lost his balance and sat down on the same spot she had vacated while the witnesses commented with an audible "Ah."

Hector MacDonald Tradition.

"Sir Hector MacDonald, famous as the only man, I think, who rose from the ranks in the British army to the rank of a general officer, did not die by his own hand, but is still alive, I firmly believe," said Col. W. H. [illegible] of St. Paul.

"I became convinced of this while in China, where I went to observe the maneuvers of the then new Chinese army following the Russo-Japanese War. An incident that occurred on our march into the interior made me believe this. It was simply the recognition of MacDonald by one of the party, who declared that he could not be mistaken. I believe that at that time Hector MacDonald was at the head of the Chinese army and that he still occupies that position. Unless I am mistaken, I saw MacDonald myself in that country."

In Auto Society.

Miss Goggles—Mrs. Mode claims she has a model husband.

Miss Tires—Humph! A last year model.—Puck.

THE CARLISLE MERCURY

The ELECTRICAL WORLD

COLLECT DEPOSIT OF CARBON

Soot Is of Fineness Desirable for Various Purposes—Work of Bruno Thieme of Berlin.

Wires are somewhat blackened when thrust into a candle or acetylene flame, but it appears that an electrified wire may collect a large deposit of carbon. Bruno Thieme of Berlin places in the flame two copper wires, one about half an inch above the other. These wires are electrodes of a battery current, and the carbon on the cathode—or negative—quickly forms a thick growth, branching out into the flame. The greatest effect is obtained with a current of 12 to 25 volts. Reversing the current transfers the carbon to the other wire, and with the current of an electric influence machine or induction coil there is sometimes a deposit at the anode. The soot being of a fineness making it desirable for various purposes, an apparatus for producing it continuously was devised. A long flame was formed by gas issuing from a series of holes in a horizontal tube, and a wire was passed through it with a piece of wire gauze suspended above. By means of an electro-magnetic relay the soot was automatically shaken off when it reached to the gauze and short circuited the current. By introducing copper or other salts between plate or wire electrodes, metallic deposits were obtained, similar to the electroplating from solutions, but usually at the anode.

PREPAYING FOR COOL BREEZE

Coin Placed in Slot Closes Motor Circuit and Remains Until Proper Time to Drop Out.

A coin-in-the-slot electric fan is the latest idea of an ambitious inventor guided perhaps by the forecast of Edison that we will one day shop by means of automatic vending machines.

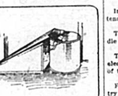
Prepayment Fan.

The coin placed in the slot closes the motor circuit and remains in the contact jaws until a coin ejector, actuated at the end of a predetermined number of armature revolutions by a worm shaft driven by the motor, forcibly removes the coin and drops it into the box, thus stopping the motor. A means is also provided for the continuous operation of the fan by a coin magazine which automatically feeds the coins by the operation of a plunger as soon as the fan has turned the number of revolutions paid for by each coin.

CATCH RATS BY ELECTRICITY

Weight of Rodent's Body Causes Primary Circuit to Close, Hurling Little Animal Into Can.

The latest of the many forms of rat traps to have been devised is one constructed by Millis Knickerbocker of New Lenox, Ill. A wooden box with an incline cover is placed beside a deep tin can with perpendicular sides. At the end of the cover is a hinged platform held in place over the can by springs, says the Popular Electricity. This platform is connected by a copper wire with one side of the primary circuit of an induction coil, and two dry batteries are located inside the box. A small hook to which bait is fastened is attached in front of the platform. The only way in which the rat can get to the attractive morsel is by way of running up the incline cover and onto the platform, which is immediately pressed downward by the weight of the rodent's body. The downward move of the platform to the shelf under it to which the other side of the primary circuit is attached, causes the primary circuit connection to be closed. The electrical current which is suddenly developed by the secondary winding is then sent into a pair of copper wire windings on the platform. This gives the rat a severe shock and hurls it into the tin can, from which no rat can escape. The platform springs back into place just as soon as the rat leaves it.



Electrical Rat Trap.

ELECTRICITY TO KILL FLIES

Insects Strike Charged Wires and Fall Dead Into Trough—One Feature Is Its Cleanliness.

Few things are more significant of the earnestness of the campaign against the fly than the invention by an Arkansas man of an electric fly killer. A few years ago a piece of adhesive or poison paper was considered sufficient. This new method of execution consists of a tent-shaped wire frame with troughs at the bottom, the troughs forming the base. This frame is connected with an electric light socket, and the wires charged so that the instant a fly strikes them it is killed, and rolls down the incline into the trough. If this device is placed on the sill of an open window the slaughter of incoming insects will be tremendous. A good

Electric Fly Killer.

feature of this fly killer is its cleanliness, and there is none of the buzzing that forms an annoying accompaniment to some traps.

NEW ELECTRIC BARBER POLE

By Day It Revolves and by Night It Is Illuminated by a Small Electric Lamp.

It is said that the striped barber pole originated in those good old days when every barber was supposed to be a surgeon. In days of old, when knights were bold, cuts, contusions, bruises and wounds were not at all infrequent. Then it was part of the barber's business to dress wounds. The striped pole served to guide the unfortunate one to the nearest barber-surgeon. Whether or not this skill in surgery helped when the razor slipped is not stated in history.

Only recently has the barber pole been electrified. By day it revolves and by night it is illuminated by a small electric lamp. The electric or revolving barber pole has for a middle section a glass cylinder that is two feet or more in height by about eight inches in diameter, this section being supported on an ornamental base or on a stout brass rod rising from the sidewalk. The glass section of the pole is surmounted by an ornamental cap.

Within the glass section of the pole is another cylinder made of a thin, light-weight, translucent material upon which are painted the traditional spiral stripes of red, white and blue, the familiar sign of the barber. This inner cylinder is pivoted top and bottom and made to revolve by means of a tiny electric motor attached at the top. Current is carried to this motor on a wire leading from an electric light fixture within the building and up out of sight inside the pole's base. Within the inner cylinder of the electric revolving barber pole are two incandescent electric lights by which the pole can be illuminated at night.

ELECTRICAL NOTES

The islands of the West Indies are to be connected by wireless.

• • •

Indirect electric lighting is now extensively used in large buildings.

• • •

The lead and zinc mines of the middle west are adopting electric power.

• • •

The steam roads of Berlin will be electrified owing to a rapid increase of traffic.

• • •

Fourteen steel plants in this country are equipped with electric smelting furnaces.

• • •

Electricity has been found the cleanest and best power for large packing houses.

• • •

Auto factories are said to be healthful places for workmen because of electricity employed.

• • •

Hamilton, Ontario, proposes an electric sign a mile long and about 100 feet high advertising the city.

• • •

Recent experiments demonstrate that it is quite impossible to produce miniature diamonds in an electric furnace.

• • •

It is estimated that more than two and a half billion dollars are invested in the electrical supply stations in this country.

• • •

A German physician's new electrical treatment for obesity compels patients to perform muscular work automatically and independent of their will by stimulating their muscles.

• • •

The famous Egyptian temple of Rameses II., 22 centuries old, has been illuminated with electricity for the benefit of tourists.

Truly a Venerable Person.

The maiden lady of uncertain age became indignant when the census taker asked her age.

"Did you see the girls next door?" she asked; "the Hill twins?"

"Certainly," replied the census man.

"And did they tell you their age?"

"Yes."

"Well," she snapped as she shut the door in his face, "I'm just as old as they are!"

"Oh, very well," said the census man to himself, and he wrote down in his book:

"Jane Johnson—as old as the Hills."

For Worn Books.

The most beautiful books are bound with leather. If in constant use the calf or morocco soon becomes worn. To remedy this condition use equal quantities of white of egg and water beaten together. Apply with a soft brush or piece of flannel. When thoroughly dry, polish with a fresh piece of flannel.

CHIMESETTE AND COAT COLLAR MAKE NOVEL COMBINATION

THIS neck piece is a novelty, serving the purpose of an ornamental coat collar and a chimesette to match, both in one piece. To make it successfully one must first select a strong but filmy pattern in the machine-made laces. They will stand washing and not draw out of shape. They do not need to be stayed with net, as the threads of which they are woven are very firm.

In order to make this neck-piece fit, a good sailor collar pattern of tissue paper is to be laid over the coat collar and brought under the lapel. The chimoisette ends are then cut from paper and curved out to fit the neck in front, with the paper extended at each side to meet the sailor collar. Pin the pieces together where they meet and remove the collar. After trimming away the superfluous paper, paste the two pieces together.

When the pattern has been cut in this way, it may be found to be a little irregular. Just one-half of it is needed in cutting the lace, so this irregularity does not make an difference.

The collar is cut from all-over lace

folded either crosswise or lengthwise. On this double fold of goods place half of the pattern and cut the collar by it.

It is not a bad plan if the lace is of a very open pattern to baste it to a paper foundation before binding the edges.

A narrow fold of fine net headed with a cord or soutache braid finishes the collar. Cut the fold on the straight of the net in a strip two and one-half times as wide as the finished fold is to be. Fold it and baste it to the collar. If soutache braid is used it may be machine stitched to place at the same time as the fold. Narrow lace edging or beading may be used instead or a very small and fine finishing braid.

Small fancy buttons finish the chimesette at the front, but it fastens with tiny hooks and eyes placed under them.

This neck piece is made up in many materials. It is pretty in French embroidered batiste, in plain wash net or of the finest crochet laces. When made entirely by hand something is added to its value. It is a novelty that will make an acceptable Christmas present. One who knows how to make fine tatting could make up the piece of little tatting wheels. Such a development will produce a gift worth several dollars.

For practical wear, however, the machine made wash laces and nets are best of all. It is the crisp freshness of such little accessories that makes them charming.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Malines Frills for Plain Frocks.

Providing they can be kept fresh-looking, there is no easier way of dressing up the plain little frock in serge or dark silk which nearly every girl has for early autumn wear than a wrist, neck and plastron set in white malines. The wristlets are merely very full three-inch-wide frills, shirred onto narrow ribbons by which they may be attached to cuffless sleeves, and the collar consists of two frills—one of three-inch width overlapping one of four-inch width—at the center of the back, where they are wired to stand up and whence they taper gradually to beneath the chin, where they lie flat and are secured under a narrow velvet pump bow. The plastron is a bib-shaped affair of finely tucked malines extending from the shoulders to below the bust and further lengthened and widened by a three-inch frilling.

Jet Popular.

The shopkeepers, and before them the manufacturers, have had their eyes open to the coming of the fashion for jet. Ornaments of every sort of jet can be had—even jet butterflies are sold. Jet shoe buckles, to wear with black satin or velvet slippers, can be had in several styles for 75 cents a pair. They are durable because they are not subject to tarnish, rust, or the ravages of dust. They are a little bit brittle, and for this reason the plain square or oval buckle, rather than one made of cut jet mounted on metal, is preferable.

Powdered Coiffures.

White wigs met with enough success at Paris fetes of the late summer, and at fashionable watering places, to indicate that powdered hair will be in vogue for evening in the coming winter. The high helmet-shaped coiffure will also probably be adopted, as it is suited to the period of style when the hair was powdered.

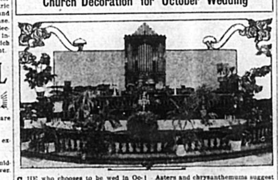
Separate Coats.

The fashion of wearing a jacket of different material from the skirt it, curiously enough, adopted both for walking and riding. Many women may be seen with a khaki or white pique coat worn over a skirt of classic serge or homespun. The coats are made slightly shorter than last year, and are a little closer fitting.

In Fixing the Hem.

Often in refixing the hem of the ready-made habit I find that there is an amount of cloth left to be cut from the bottom of the skirt. I finish the hem, take the part to be cut off and trim it within an inch of the stitching. Then I edge this inch with narrow lace. If the hem flares up it looks like a petticoat.—Exchange.

Church Decoration for October Wedding



SHE who chooses to be wed in October, has the best chance of a bright and wonderful day and is sure of an Indian summer honeymoon of glorious weather. June brought its troop of lovely brides this year, but those of October will outnumber them according to the gossip of those who report the doings of the social world.

Before this the bride and her maids and all her feminine "kinery" are ready with their gala day attire. But it has become a pretty custom to leave the decoration of the church to the young friends—or old—of the bride, and October offers a splendid chance for the effective decoration of church or home with the familiar and dear things that grow about everywhere.

Whether gathered from the woods and fields, or loaned by the bride's friends—the necessary greenery is not hard to obtain.

Modern churches, with their ample rostrums, are easily decorated. The first requisite to a successful result, is to know when to stop—to be careful not to crowd in more than the spaces justify. Then we are to remember that green and the darker tones of autumn foliage should predominate with the more vivid colors sparingly used.

The windows and the altar are positions of greatest advantage for the placing of church decorations. Guarding against over-crowding does not mean being skimpy in placing foliage and flowers in their places, but in so placing the decorations that the attention will not be taken away from them by unnecessary decorations elsewhere. Except for greenery the isles down which the bridal party moves to the altar or departs therefrom should be left untrimmed.

Boughs and vines from the forest will take care of the windows and ferns are pretty placed among them. With foliage for a background the flowers for the altar should be chosen in only one color or a color with white. White alone in blossoms is very beautiful especially if autumn leaves are chosen to be used with them.

Asters and chrysanthemums suggest themselves for the October wedding. There is a wide choice of color in either of these. The chrysanthemum is a regal flower. Big, white ones used with a setting of autumn leaves, palms and ferns will make a decorative scheme to be proud of.

An altar is pictured here in which green, white and pink made up the color picture, set against the light gray of the church walls. It is a charming decoration. There was ample room here for placing the growing plants and the cut flowers. Added to these, cut glass candelabra, with wax candles, gave the sparkle and glow of candle light. This light was, of course, not needed but it was a beautiful touch among the greens and flowers.

About the altar small potted plants were placed, ferns and green foliage, set at rather wide intervals at each side. At each side a large jardiniere containing a foliage plant with green leaves striped with white (like "ribbon grass") displayed the stately disposition of its leaves. Small tables provided the necessary height on which to place the plants and flowers. A small stand at each side held the candleabra.

In this church the altar has two levels—and upon the second the choir is placed. The organ stands at the back. A choir of women, dressed uniformly, and in white, is an added attraction and the singing of the wedding march more effective than an organ rendering alone.

For a home wedding the windows, mantels and doorways provide the points of greatest advantage for placing flowers and foliage. Greater latitude in using color is possible because there are separate rooms each of which may be decorated in its own color scheme. But nothing should be introduced that will prove other than an attractive background for the wedding party. Therefore the apparel of the bride and her attendants must be considered and decorations made with reference to them. Autumn foliage provides many colors.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

THEN HE ABANDONED VISIT

Missionary Found Out Why He Was Being Sent as Messenger to Cannibal King.

Jack London, preparing to embark on another cruise around the world, told in Santa Barbara of the strange experiences of his last cruise.

"But we had no such hairbreadth escapes as that of a missionary we met in Samoa," he said. "This good fellow was preaching in one of the islands in which cannibalism is practiced. While trying vainly to make converts he was captured by a cannibal king. To his surprise, he was immediately released. His release, however, was made on the condition that he carry a small sealed packet to a neighboring king.

"The missionary was so grateful that, meeting unexpectedly a detachment of English sailors, he refused to accompany them to safer territory. The sealed packet from his benefactor would be delivered as he had promised. But an officer in the midst of the discussion opened the packet.

"Therein, besides a number of pungent little onions, was a letter containing these simple but significant words:

"'He will be delicious with these!'"

PITIED THE HUNGRY GUEST

Naive Explanation for Bringing More Food Than Customer Had Ordered.

Smithson had been traveling all night, jolted and jostled by the train as it raced on its journey north.

Toward seven o'clock in the morning he reached his destination, and now, being ravenously hungry, hastened from the station to a neighboring restaurant, where he impressed the one and only waiter then astir with his immediate need for coffee and two big boiled eggs.

Five minutes later this meal was served.

"But, waiter," said Smithson, as he glanced at the table, "why in the world have you brought me three eggs? I only ordered two."

"Oui, m'sieu," replied the waiter; "but m'sieu he did look so 'ungry that I bring dree eggs, thinking that von might fail him."—London Answers.

PIMPLES ALL OVER FACE

1413 E. Genessee Ave., Saginaw, Mich.—"Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me of a very bad disease of the face without leaving a scar. Pimples broke out all over my face, red and large. They festered and came to a head. They itched and burned and caused me to scratch them and make sores. They said they were seed warts. At night I was restless from itching. When the barber would shave me my face would bleed terribly. Then scabs would form afterwards, then they would drop off and the so-called seed warts would come back again. They were on my face for about nine months and the trouble caused disfigurement while it lasted.

"One day I read in the paper of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I received a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it was so much value to me that I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment at the drug store. I used both according to directions. In about ten days my face began to heal up. My face is now clear of the warts and not a scar is left." (Signed) LeRoy C. O'Brien, May 12, 1913.

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.

Mosquito Pest Overcome.

Fighting mosquitoes was one of the construction problems of the power development at Stave Falls, British Columbia. Two years ago the pests were so annoying at the height of the mosquito season that for two weeks work was suspended altogether. It is reported that this season there have been practically no mosquitoes as a result of the fact that a man was detailed to spend his time putting oil on pools in the neighborhood.—Engineering Record.

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

Test for Bunting.

The government test for bunting is six hours in salt water and then six hours' exposure in the sun.

A pretty girl can get a lot of entertainment out of her mirror.

Women of Middle Age

From 40 to 50 Woman's Critical Period.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, severe headaches, melancholia, dread of impending evil, palpitation of the heart, irregularity, constipation and dizziness are promptly treated by intelligent women who are approaching the period of life.

This is the most critical period of woman's life and she who neglects the care of her health at this time invites incurable disease and pain. Why not be guided by the experience of others and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is an indisputable fact that this grand old remedy has helped thousands of women to pass through this trying period with comfort and safety. Thousands of genuine and honest testimonials support this fact.

From Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, Cadiz, Ohio.

Fort Worth, Texas.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and derived great benefit from its use. It carried me safely through the Change of Life when I was in bad health. I had that all gone feeling most of the time, and headache constantly, I was very nervous and the hot flashes were very bad. I had tried other remedies and doctors, but did not improve until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has now been sometime since I took the Compound and I have had no return of my old complaints. I always praise your remedies to weak women."—Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, R. F. D. No. 5, Cadiz, Ohio.

From Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

Fleetwood, Pa.—"During the Change of Life I was hardly able to be around at all. I always had a headache and I was so dizzy and nervous that I had no rest at night. The flashes of heat were so bad sometimes that I did not know what to do.

"One day a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me a strong, well woman. I am very thankful that I followed my friend's advice, and I shall recommend it as long as I live. Before I took the Compound I was always sickly and now I have not had medicine from a doctor for years. You may publish my letter."—Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

From Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORE, Munford, Ala.

Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand to have a gate slam.

"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend it to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORE, Munford, Ala.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

WINCHESTER

Black Powder Shells

The superior shooting of Winchester "Nublack" and "New Rival" shotgun shells is due to the Winchester method of construction and loading, which has been developed during over forty years of manufacturing in a country where shotgun shooting is a science. Loaded shells that meet the exacting conditions of American sportsmen are sure to satisfy anybody. Try either of these shells and then you'll understand.

LOOK FOR THE RED W ON THE BOX

Terrible Thought.

The baby was slow about talking and his aunt was deploring that fact. Four-year-old Elizabeth listened anxiously.

"Oh, mother," she ventured at length, "do you think he'll grow up English? We couldn't any of us understand him if he turned out to be French!"—Lippincott's.

Where Hard Work Comes In.

It is easier for a man to acquire a reputation for being clever than it is for him to keep it up.

ABSORBINE TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain; Stops Spavin Lameness. Allays pain. Does not Blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. $2.00 a bottle, delivered. Book 1 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind. For Synovitis, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic deposits, Swollen, Painful Varicose Veins. Will tell you more if you write. $1 and $2 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature Brent Good

CARTER'S ITTLE IVER PILLS.

WANTED RELIABLE MEN OR WOMEN [illegible]

CANCER FREE TREATISE. The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind., has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of Cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

READERS [illegible]

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High-est references. Best results.

RAZOR $1 [illegible]

FOR INFORMATION about best part of Florida, write BOARD OF TRADE, FT. MEADE, FLORIDA

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. WRITE FOR FREE booklet, calendar, blotters, etc. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

CHEW AND SMOKE MAIL POUCH THE QUALITY TOBACCO

5 Cts

The woman who does her own housework has no time to flirt.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

You can't measure the enjoyment of others by your own.

Foley Kidney Pills Relieve promptly the suffering due to weak, inactive kidneys and painful bladder action. They offer a powerful help to nature in building up the true excreting kidney tissue, in restoring normal action and in regulating bladder irregularities. Try them.

An Ingrate.

"Tightwad says that he owes his success as a money-getter to his wife."

"Yes; but he does not appear at all disposed to pay her anything on account."

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

"They say faith can move a mountain," he muttered. "I certainly hope nobody has fooled with Ararat."

There are lots of "also rans" in the human race.

ZUMOTA MUSTARD OINTMENT "It's Hot, But Won't Blister" [illegible] ZUMOTA REMEDY COMPANY, Springfield, Mass.

PISO'S REMEDY Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS