

RELATES TALES OF ROYALTY

Interesting Reminiscences Published by Caton Woodville, Famous English War Artist.

"Random Recollections," by Caton Woodville, the English war artist, contains some enjoyable tales about royalty.

One of the amusing anecdotes concerns Edward VII. Woodville painted an equestrian portrait of the king, who, says the artist, was greatly pleased with it until he examined the legs.

"Oh, Mr. Woodville," he said, "what a pair of magnificent legs you have given me. They are simply splendid. But look at my short ones. You will have to make these in the portrait shorter."

"I pointed out," says Woodville in telling the yarn, "that in some of his photographs his legs appeared to be quite as long as I had painted them, but no argument could convince him. A piece had to come off, and it did."

The old Duke of Cambridge was notorious for the facility with which he could go to sleep at dinners and other public functions. Once when Christopher Sykes and Woodville were in the party the Duke succumbed. Awakened by a loud laugh, he opened his eyes and demanded, "Christopher, have I snored?"

"I have had the honor to hear your Royal Highness sleeping well," replied Sykes.

Woodville painted a large equestrian portrait of the Emperor Frederick of Germany in the handsome white uniform of the Imperial guards, with the magnificent golden helmet crowned by the silver eagle.

"It was a sad task," says Woodville. "I painted the portrait shortly after the Emperor's death, and the Emperor was very particular about the color and shape of his eyes. She wore a bracelet with a miniature of one of his eyes painted on ivory in a medallion upon it. She stood beside me for hours holding the bracelet so that I could see it in the best light and not miss any of the details."

Drowning the Bells.

The strangest thing that the Office Window man saw during the New Year festivities was the population of this great city decreeing that glad chimes should be rung at Trinity as the year came in, and then drowning the sound of the bells, when they were rung, by the blowing of horns and the ringing of cowbells, remarks the New York Mail. The visitor from Mars must have wondered greatly at this. It was like asking Melba to sing for you, and then, when she opened her lips, raising so great and wild a shout that not a note of her song could be heard.

The Trinity bells on New Year eve—if for a moment you could get away from the din of the horns—were sweet. They were well rung, and the airs were the tender and familiar songs that touch the people's hearts—"Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Roblin Adair," "The Old Kentucky Home" and the like. But as one stood on the opposite side of Broadway, in front of the church, absolutely not a murmur of the church bells could be heard through the roar of the horns and other medlums of discordant sound. The vast crowd plainly came there to smother the chimes, not to listen to them.

Meal Time in a Small Village.

Zona Gale, writing a piece of fiction in the March Woman's Home Companion which she calls "The Flood: A Story of Friendship Village," begins with the following little picture of breakfast time in a small town:

"I don't know how well you know villages, but I hope you know anyhow one, because if you don't they're things to life that you don't know yet. Nice things."

"I was thinking of that the morning that Friendship Village remembers still. I was walking down Daphne street pretty early, seeing everybody's breakfast fire smoke coming out of the chimney, and hearing everybody's boy splitting wood and whistling out by the chip pile, and smelling everybody's fried mush and warmed up potatoes and griddle cakes floating out, sort of homely and old fashioned and comfortable."

"Look at the family," I says to myself, 'sitting down to breakfast, all up and down the street!'"

Fancies in Weathercocks.

Weathercocks seem to date from early times. According to Ducange, the cock was originally devised as an emblem of clerical vigilance. The large tail of the cock was adapted to turn with the wind. Many churches have for a vane the emblems of the saints to whom they are dedicated. St. Peter's, Cornhill, London, is surmounted with a key, St. Peter having the keys of heaven and hell. St. Laurence has for a vane a gridiron, and St. Laurence at Norwich has the gridiron with the holy martyr extended upon the bars. A gilt ship in full sail is the vane upon St. Mildred's church, in the Poultry. St. Michael's, Queenhithe, has a ship, the hull of which will hold a bushel of grain, referring to the former traffic in corn at the hithe.—Daily Chronicle.

Free Talk.

Punch. First Trooper, Imperial Yeomanry (discussing a new officer)—Swears a bit, don't 'e, sometimes? Second Trooper—'E's a masterpiece, 'e is; just opens 'is mouth and lets it say wot it likes.

WELL CALLED "CANNY ANDY"

Carnegie's Shrewdness as Much in Evidence Now as When He Was Piling Up Millions.

Andrew Carnegie started in with a one-horse blast furnace outfit and built up the greatest steel business in the world. Shrewdness, that peculiar trait prominent in so many of his countrymen, played the important part of that great achievement. Later he sold out his business to the steel trust for the sum of \$300,000,000, stipulating that \$100,000,000 should be cash and \$200,000,000 in first mortgage 5 per cent. bonds; that the bonds should be guaranteed against any future state or national tax. Again that shrewd foresight. Now comes the income tax; but instead of Mr. Carnegie contributing on the income of those two hundred-million-dollar bonds, the government will have to look to the United States Steel Corporation, says the Popular Magazine.

The old ironmaster uses the same methods in his present vocation of giving away money as he did in the early days of accumulation. He makes sure that each contribution is going to serve a proper cause, whether it be \$10 or \$10,000,000.

Some time ago a delegation from a small church in a Pennsylvania town, where Carnegie once lived, called upon the philanthropist.

"Mr. Carnegie," said the chairman, "we have come to ask your help in the purchase of a pipe organ. We need it badly, and knowing that you once attended our church, thought possibly you would be interested."

"How much do you want?" asked Carnegie.

"Well," answered the chairman, "we have figured on \$20,000."

"Go back and raise \$10,000 and I'll talk with you," commanded the old fellow.

A month or so later the delegation returned and with a twinkle in his eye, the chairman explained that the \$10,000 was in hand.

"Well," said Carnegie, "that's enough for any organ. I'll not contribute a cent."

How to Test Water.

Every one knows and admits the necessity for pure water. When you are away from home, and are not sure of the character of the water supply, it would not be a bad idea to make a few simple tests. The results may prove that it was decidedly worth while to take the trouble, says the New York Sun. Here are two tests that you can make very easily:

Fill a tumbler with water, drop in a lump of white sugar, cover it with a saucer, and let it stand over night on the bricks at the side of the range, on the kitchen mantelpiece, or, in fact, anywhere where the temperature will not sink below 60 degrees. If next morning the contents are clear, the water is pure. If, on the other hand, the liquid is cloudy, some source of contamination is indisputably proved.

The second test is to drop a few grains of permanganate of potash into a tumbler of water, cover, and let it stand for an hour. If the water is still of the bright rosy color to which the chemical turned it, it is perfectly safe for drinking; if it is of a brownish color, it is impure, although the impurity may be of the kind that boiling will rob of its power to harm.—Youth's Companion.

Cost of Radium.

Testimony before congressional committees is apt to consist of half truths, even when given by persons who know, as witness many statements in tariff hearings of former days. In the radium matter Joseph M. Flannery of Pittsburgh, knows a good deal, and whether or not he told all he knows, his remarks were interesting. He said that his company had spent in three years \$650,000 to produce two grams of radium. This cost \$480,000, he estimated, and brought in \$240,000. In April, he said, the company would be producing one gram a month. "There is enough radium ore in Colorado to supply the world five times over," remarked Mr. Flannery. "Only 200 grams are needed for the whole United States. I will undertake to deliver to the government in five years from January 1, 1915, 200 grams of radium at a maximum price of \$80,000 a gram."—Engineering Journal.

HANDICAPPED.

This is the Case With Many Lancaster People.

Too many Lancaster citizens are handicapped with bad backs. The unceasing pain causes constant misery, making work a burden and stooping or sitting an impossibility. The back aches at night, preventing refreshing rest, and in the morning is stiff and lame. Plasters and liniments may give relief but cannot reach the cause if the kidneys are weak. To eliminate the pains and aches of kidney backache you must cure the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys—thousands testify to their merit. Can you doubt Lancaster evidence?

William Carnes, farmer, R. F. D. No. 8, Lancaster, says: "My kidneys were disordered and my back pained me. The kidney secretions were too frequent in passage and caused a burning sensation. My rest at night was broken and I had to get up four or five times. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me great relief."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Carnes had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

BEYOND LIMIT OF PATIENCE

Bridget Had Become Annoyed at Constant Importunities of Borrowing Neighbor.

Bridget was annoyed. That was plain. There was fire in her eye, and one instinctively had a fear dishes might be hurled at a moment's notice.

"Why, Bridget!" exclaimed her mistress, "what is the matter?"

"Matter enough," muttered Bridget. "I can't beat her game, mum, and I've jist racked thim brains of mine till me head feels like a carpet stretcher had been run over it. It ain't no use, and her returnin' the last scuttle of coal half dust! Shure she's borrowed everything in the house from the fryin' pan to the bed sheets, and—"

"Well, what is it this time? Nothing to get so annoyed about, I hope. You must not be rude to the neighbors, you know, and besides what harm does it do anyway?"

"Shure, mum, it keeps me from gettin' me work done—that's what it does. It's 'Plaze, Bridget, will yez let me have a cup of lard?' and no sooner do I get the lard over the winder sill, than it's 'And plaze will yez lind me the gridiron,' and thim, 'Plaze something else,' till I jist can't do another thing for waiting on her. Now it's plaze will I lind her the broom and me wanting to sweep meself. No, mum, I plaze will not lind her the broom and I told her so."

"Why, Bridget, what excuse could you possibly make for not lending her the broom?"

"Shure, mum, I jist told her that yez had made it a rule not to let the broom go out of the house, and if she wanted to use it she would have to use it here—shure I couldn't be afther being delayed wid me cleaning any longer."

Statesman's Private Bottle.

In the office of a great statesman at Washington there entered a large man with a large thirst and a nervous disposition:

"Give me a drink," cried the large person in husky tones as he clutched the lintel of the doorway. "I famish." The great statesman drew out a bottle on which was the label "Carmine Red Ink."

"I am serious," said the large person. "I had a bad night and I must have a drink or I'll fall in a faint."

"Drink some of that," said the great statesman.

"Don't trifle with me; I am serious. I must have liquor."

"That's the best in Washington," said the statesman, pointing to the red ink.

The nervous person went muttering down the corridor and the statesman poured out a little of the "red ink" for himself. It was really very fine, very old Kentucky whiskey.

"I keep it in a red ink bottle to allay suspicion," he said, as he tossed off a beaker full.

Scientific Swindler.

Oh, yes—there are new ways of fooling us being devised every day. And some of us are being just as easily fooled as were our ancestors, in spite of all the knowledge we have packed into our heads. Sometimes we are snared by the scientific swindler. At other times we snare the scientific swindler—just to preserve the balance of things. Only the other day Samuel Spitz was telling persons in Oakland, Cal., that he had invented or discovered a machine whereby he could throw on a glass disc at night the image of anything out of doors within a five-mile radius. He offered "stock" in this "wireless spectroscopic" concern at low figures. Some boobs bought it, too. But iconoclastic persons investigated. They found at a "test" that a panorama film was being hidden in the machine and worked off on them. Now they propose to prosecute the "inventor."

What does all this amount to? Well—the fellow with the "show me" mental attitude isn't wholly a nuisance, is he?—Detroit Free Press.

Wireless for Miners.

An invention has been brought to light which will serve considerably to minimize the dangers to which every day the large number of underground workers in the kingdom are exposed. A clever German subject, Herr J. H. Reinecke of Westphalia, has invented a system of wireless telegraphy for use in mines. The system has been adopted at Dinnington main colliery in Yorkshire, where instruments have been fixed at two points and conversations have been carried on with the same ease as is the case with ordinary telephones. There is a portable instrument adapted for use in the cage while ascending and descending the shaft, and so a means of communication with those above ground in time of disaster has been established. By this means rescue work will be considerably facilitated, for entombed miners will be in direct communication with the pit head, thus being able to call for assistance and give directions as to their whereabouts and the best means of reaching them.—London Times.

A Fixed Habit.

A dispatch to The Record from New York says Governor Bleese in an interview there "attacked" Senator Smith and President Wilson. Seems to be a habit so confirmed with the governor that he can't quit when there is no possible object to be gained by it.—Columbia Record.

Many a man hasn't half a chance after acquiring a better half.

COULD DO WITHOUT JOHNNY

Daddy's Sober Reflection Resulted in Restoration of Cherub to His Mother's Arms.

A Washington lawyer had a call recently from a woman in distress. The hubby, it seems, was given to the flowing bowl and spending more on his good times than in the upkeep of his home, so the wife sought the attorney with a view of relief in this unhappy state of affairs.

"I must get some legal protection," she moaned. "I left Mr. Jones (which wasn't his name) three months ago and took Johnny with me, but I am afraid he will take the child just for spite. He has threatened to, often. I don't like to go to the courts, but I am in daily terror lest he take Johnny before I have established my sole legal right to him." (Business of copious weeps by distressed woman.)

Now the attorney was a man who knew a man's nature. "I think the best thing in the world would be to let him have Johnny," he remarked with a smile. "Just let the child go along with the father the next time Jones gets gay trying to frighten you, and I bet a dollar he is home at day-break the next morning."

So after much talk the lawyer persuaded Mrs. Jones to call her hubby's bluff the next time he came around making Rome howl. In a few days Jones, half full, called and though the mother pretended to put up a weeping protest, she let the boy go with his father. That night she did not sleep a wink.

By nine the next morning the bell rang, the door opened and Johnny came bounding into his mother's arms. The trick had worked, just as the lawyer knew it would.

Jones boarded at a place where he had to meet about fifteen men and women every evening at dinner and when he brought Johnny in to the table the boy began to cry for "mama." The sterner Jones was, the more Niagara-like the flow of tears. Then men at table glowered at Jones, the women expressed in loud whispers their opinion of a brute of a man who would be cruel enough to steal a baby boy from his loving mother's arms and the landlady told him in plain terms that she would not stand for such scenes at table or such homesickness around her house.

Nobody spoke to Jones after dinner in the parlor and when he bore the crying boy to bed he heard sundry hot and uncomplimentary remarks following his embarrassed footsteps up the stairs. It took a pound of chocolate candy, five "funny papers" and two ice cream sodas to quiet his sorrow.

Day did not break soon enough for Jones. He managed to pull through a frosty reception at breakfast, then started for his wife's rooms.

Thirty Years' Will Suit.

The death of Mr. Richard Davey of Wheel Buller, near Redruth, England, reopens a litigation which has been going on at intervals of over thirty years.

Nearly 35 years ago his uncle, Capt. John Davey, died at sea, leaving a will by which he bequeathed £200 a year to Mr. Richard Davey and the bulk of his estate, valued at more than \$300,000, to Richard Davey's unborn eldest son, Richard Davey being then unmarried.

Mr. Richard Davey married, but never had any children, and for 21 years the estate remained invested at interest. At the end of which time it amounted to about £90,000. Various attempts were made by Capt. John Davey's six sisters to break the will, and at the end of 21 years the court allowed the next-of-kin to benefit to some extent from the income of the estate.

Captain Davey's will provided for his estate to go to charity in the event of his nephew having no son, but another attempt will be made to have it declared void.

Corollaries.

Hilary K. Adair, the prominent western detective, said somewhat despondently as he boarded a train in Lincoln:

"Yes, I have failed here. I am leaving this fine town of Lincoln defeated. I suppose I haven't attended properly to my corollaries."

"In detecting, you know, everything depends on your corollaries. Every fact, that is to say, has its corollaries, or interlacing facts, and it's the detective who works out his corollaries best who best succeeds."

"An example of a corollary? Well, let's see. H-m! Here you are:

"When you behold a young man at midnight hurrying down a deserted street with a melted collar in zero weather, the corollary to that is that a pretty girl is tiptoeing upstairs in a nearby house in the dark, with her shoes under her arm and her hair all rumpled."

Her Reason.

Boston Transcript.

Mistress—Why did you place the alarm clock beside the pan of dough, Mary?

Mary—So it would know what time to rise, mum.

Johnny in Bad Company.

Exchange.

Mother—"Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!"

Johnny—"Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it."

Mother—"Then don't play with him; he's no fit companion for you."

The poorer the soil the better the crop of wild oats.

WHENEVER YOU NEED A GENERAL TONIC - TAKE GROVE'S

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic as the formula is printed on every label showing that it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic and is in Tasteless Form. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Bilioussness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. A Complete Strengthener. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

Wanted CATTLE, HOGS, POULTRY BUTTER AND EGGS We Pay More For HIDES than anybody. When you have any to sell see us first. We handle the choicest Meats and can give you any kind of cut you want. Fresh Celery, Home Ground Meal, Cream Cheese always on hand. For the best, phone 160. CITY MEAT MARKET Stogner Bros. & Connor Proprietors.

ON GENERAL'S STAFF MULE'S FAME SECURE

NO AID-DE-CAMP OF SUCH IMPORTANCE AS THE BEE.

HUMBLE ANIMAL HAS PERMANENT PLACE IN HISTORY.

Treasured Secret of the War Department of the United States Seems to Be Rendered Valueless by This Publicity.

Prejudice Against Him on Account of His Mistaken Sense of Humor is Forgotten When There is a Load to Be "Toted."

News that will be of interest to all army men was received here in a copy of La Gazette de Hollande. The Gazette, which is published at The Hague, has discovered a secret long cherished in the war department—the use of bees as messengers.

No longer will the aid-de-camp spur his staggering horse through shot and shell to carry the message to the front. Instead he will don his gloves and mask and, going to the portable bee hive back of headquarters, seize one of the faithful little insects and send the well-trained messenger through the air.

"Whoever possesses a receiving outfit can read the secrets of the wireless," says La Gazette de Hollande; "one can cut the wires of the ordinary telegraph; the pigeon does not always escape the bullet. Therefore other means have been searched for. In America the general staff dreams of using, as a dispatch bearer, the bee."

"The bee, like the homing pigeon, guided by his marvelous instinct, returns to the hive from wherever he may be liberated. Tiny dispatches, which can be deciphered with the magnifying glass, can be attached to its breast."

"But something better still has been found. By an ingenious process the wings of the tiny insect are sensitized and by means of microscopic photography the message is imprinted on the wing, doing away with extra weight."

"And there you are," says La Gazette de Hollande, "tiny aeroplanes of war."

The secret is out, but all is not lost. La Gazette de Hollande has not discovered the wonderful process by which to dispose of the fireflies that an up-to-date enemy would send to ruin the sensitized wings of the trained bees.

The details of course can not be divulged. Suffice it to say that as soon as an enemy's firefly reached the dark hive where the bees are waiting to have their wings photographed its presence is made known by the action of the metal selenium, which is sensitive to light, and the alarm is given to a corps of trained dragon flies, who speedily make away with the intruder.—New York Herald.

Buy from Those in Need.

To be effective, the people who buy cotton in the buy-a-able movement should buy cotton only from those who are in need of cash with which to pay for picking, ginning and baling their cotton and to buy the necessities of life, and not from those who are themselves able to hold their cotton. The object of the movement should be to prevent the market from being gutted and the consequent slump in the price of cotton.—Orangeburg Times and Democrat.

The mule family escutcheon has the bar sinister across it, but he has nevertheless occupied a secure position in society since Biblical times, and nobody knows how much longer. In the biographical dictionaries his personal achievements may not be mentioned but he is entrenched in the Encyclopedia Britannica between Gerardus Johannes Mulder, a great Dutch chemist, and Elisha Mulford, an eminent Episcopal minister and philosopher.

That is saying a good deal for an animal of modest pretensions who is popularly believed to cherish a heartier regard for the Afro-American than for others in this part of the world, and is said never to give his entire confidence to the white man as an associate.

In war the mule plays with high credit the role of Kipling's Gunga Din. He is bullyragged. He is blasphemous. He is belabored. But he is always on hand when needed, and he is always needed. In peace he is sportive.

His humor is sometimes mistaken for spitefulness when he kicks a well meaning farmer into a protracted sojourn at a hospital or sends his soul sky-winding into the hereafter with his body not far behind. But when it comes to pulling a load, uphill or on the level, subsisting upon a limited menu, and starving the veterinarian, he puts it all over his handsomer and more aristocratic cousin, the horse.

Wherever the footing meets the requirements of an able bodied goat the mule can go and is willing to "tote his load." His hide is tough and weather proof, and his expectancy of life is higher than that of a thoroughbred.

Electricity relieved the mule of the task of pulling street cars. Inventive genius has provided an electric substitute for him on the tow-path along the Panama canal. The treadmill is now used chiefly as a figure of speech. Where the lay of the land is right more or less plowing is done by tractors.

But there is still plenty of work for the mule to do. It is his proud distinction to cost nearly as much as a small motor car. He was perhaps seven thousand years old when the motor car was invented. He is built on the original model. He has the same tendency to backfire that made it a risky business to start him when Alexander set out to cross the Indus, when Hannibal crossed the Alps, when Charles Martel double crossed the Moors, when Washington crossed the Delaware and when the farmer boy tried to cross a swollen creek in the last freshet.

Although he is sometimes infernal, the mule is eternal.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Few men recognize good luck when they meet it.