•••••••••••••••• The big flower filled drawing room was brilliant with afternoon sunshine. Through the open window came the sound of the trot of horses' feet as they passed on the broad "Unter den Linden." Ransome Prentice looked about him with a sigh of satisfaction It was good to be back in Berlin. Then he smiled at the girl who was handing him a cup of tea.

"So here I am at last," he said. "And, now, tell me the news. You left America so suddenly that I had no chance to come and bid you goodby. How do you like your elevation to the rank of ambassador's daughter? And has anything exciting happened thus far? You see, I had to follow just to hear it all." The girl hesitated, playing with the spoons on the dainty tea table.

"There is not much to tell," she answered slowly. "And yet there is one thing," glancing across at him. "I think you will be pleased, as it is largely due to your instrumentality. I should never have—have known him so quickly had it not been that, owing to your old friendship, I aiready feit as he were no stranger when we met. Of course you can guess whom I mean. It is not announced yet, but I am going to marry Max von Witzleben.

The man's cup clattered in its saucer. "You-to marry Max!" he repeated. Then, "Do you-do you care for him se much?" he asked.

For a moment Miss Freeman frowned. But it was only Ransome. He and she had always teased and questioned and confided in each other. Yet she paused over the answer.

'I-I do not think that I am the kind to care very deeply for any one," she said soberly. "I admire Max. You have always told me how noble he was; how brave. And I adore bravery. My idea of his character is really drawn largely from your letters."

Prentice's lips twisted into a smile. 'I was an enthusiastic chap in those days," he commented dryly. "I hope you have some better foundation for your affection than letters written by a boy in the university. But I am forgetting what was partly my errand this afternoon. "Buffalo Bill" is to open in Berlin tomorrow afternoon, and i thought perhaps you would like to go. It is only patriotic for the Americans to turn out. Should you care"- Miss Freeman nodded.

'I suppose it would be the proper thing to do," she agreed. "I have not seen 'Buffalo Bill' since I was a child. They sent father a box, but he does not care to go, and I had not thought about it. Suppose you come with us. I will ask Max, and we can take Frau-

A few minutes later Prentice rose to take his leave, and it was not until after his departure that Miss Freeman remembered that he had forgotten to congratulate her. For the rest of the day the girl was decidedly absent-

But the next afternoon, seated in the box of honor in the big open air arena, Freeman appeared to have quite regained her normal spirits, chattering gayly with both men. Von Witzleben, precise, neat, with parted hair and pointed mustache, sat on her right, and the girl glanced critically from his somewhat impassive face to that of the American, with its keen dark eyes and steady, clean cut mouth. study of the two men was more absorbing than the show. Her attention had wandered from the ring and the flourish of trumpets which heralded tip Deadwood coach caused her to start. The next moment a man pushed his way to their box and bowed.

Colonel Cody would be honored if any of the American ambassador's guests would wish to ride in the Deadwood coach." the man suggested courteously. Miss Freeman, in sudden mischief, looked at her fiance.
"What do you say to it?" she queried

demurely. The German gazed back in horrified disapproval.

"You go around in that coach and make a spectacle of yourself," he

gasped, "before all these people! Aber, what a shocking idea! I could not al-Into the girl's eyes there came a sudden gleam. She had not meant to do this thing. But ever since her spoiled babyhood a dare had been to her spirit

like fire to gunpowder. She lifted her "Thank you. We shall be glad to accept," she said to the man, who still stood, hat in hand, awaiting her deci-"If you are afraid, pray remain here," she added defiantly to Von Wit-

zleben. "Will you come, Ransome?"

"But"- began he. One glance at her set mouth showed the futility of remonstrance. And wherever she called he would follow, be the consequences what they might. In stience he let her precede him down the steps, Von Witzleben bringing up a sullen rear. The fraulein left behind wept in unheeded

It was not until the coach had fairly started that Miss Freeman realized all that she had brought upon herself. From her childhood she had always detested firearms. And these pursuing Indians! But, without flinching, she bore it all-the crack of rifles, the smoke which choked eyes and mouth, the flendish yells. Then all at once she swaying and bumping strangely. A man sitting opposite her suppressed an

"I told Bill to exercise them horses," he muttered, "And this blamed ring has mighty short corners. You better hold on tight," he added to the girl, "if this rickety old thing does break loose or turn over," expressively. Miss Freeman felt her heartbeats quicken. There was danger then-real danger. From the box came the driver's voice in frantic abjurgation to the now thoroughly frightened animals. Miss Freeman turned toward Von Wetzleben.

"Max," she whispered. But the German, his face ashy, his eyes fixed and staring, sat with strained fingers clutching at the wooden door. He had quite forgotten the girl. A little sob broke from her parted lips. Were they going to die? A strong hand closed over hers, and, opening her eyes, through the smoke she saw Ransome, stendy, calm, self controlled.

"We shall pull through all right," he said. "Don't be frightened, dear." The girl, conscious only of the word which had slipped inadvertently from his lips, caught her breath in the sudden shock of a great revelation. Ransome loved her-Ransome!

All at once she comprehended why it was that she had hesitated to announce her engagement until Ransome should learn of it, why it was that she had judged Von Witzleben from Ransome's standpoint rather than her own, appreciated that it had been the fact of his intimacy with Ransome which (Ky.) Bulletia.

had been his chief attraction and how near she had been to never knowing Now at last, in this supreme moment she grasped the truth; knew that even as Rausome loved her, so she loved him. And whether death or life lay before them, with that knowledge in her heart, that touch on her hand, she

And then with one strong, mighty pull from above the horses trembled

down to quiet. For a day or so the Berlin papers the girl who had rendered herself so conspicuous. No equally well born German girl would ever have done such a thing, they declared. But Miss Freeman, utterly glad in her new found happiness, only smiled in undisturbed

BAR HARBOR.

The Early Days of This Now Famous Maine Summer Resort.

In 1683 Mount Desert and its neigh borhood were granted by the French to a man named Cadillac. When Acadis was finally as a result of that long war relinquished to England it was given to Governor Bernard, but as this gentle man when the Revolution broke out was loyal to King George the estate was confiscated. Meanwhile M. Bartholomew Gregoire and his wife, Maria Theresa, who was the granddaughter of the original grantee, revived the claim of Cadillac, and it was allowed.

For years the island remained a solitary place, with long stretches of unbroken forests into whose labyrinths no stranger dared venture without a guide, its land uncleared, its future undreamed of, but artists, weary of the commonplace, found out the spot and bore to dwellers in towns glimpses of its wild charms, and now and then a world worn, brain spent man would steal away to seek the Island's solitude and stimulus. These seekers for beauty or health would carry their own camp outfit or later would patronize the hotels.

The first summer cottage there was built on a site that was bought for \$300. When fashion had put her stamp of approval upon the place land that would not have brought a dime an acre during the time of the Gregoires was sold at from \$25,000 to upward of \$100,000 an acre.-Four Track News.

Switzerland's Heat Holidays. The heat holiday," said a school-"Is a Swiss novelty that we hool. When the thermometer goes | charlot chasers, do you? e that maximum there is no school,

on the wind swept lakes, of students you ever saw.' Swiss recognize that we can imat a stretch in an intolerably

booksom. They know that chilit; hence the school directhollings to save the teachers and time." - Louisville Courler-

Green Coonnut Milk. "der in the tropics says: "For harp knife, pour the conclass, and you have a drink t most kindly and often wish now blithesome college lads, but our task that I had a chance of repeating that turned out to be not so difficult after alm grows one has a good vegetable hand-the heart of the head of the raw, as I found when out hunting

The Way of the Arab.

A traveler in Egypt writes; "In a amel caravan we once met in the desthere was a beast with a gigantic of eases towering above and on sides of him. On the left flank of mountain of cases rode a small ious-the camel engineers had mislegiated in loading and had put too much on the off side, thus giving the camel a heavy list to starboard. Arablike, being too lazy to repack, they had orrected the error by using a light Arab as trimming ballast."

Luck and Labor.

to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a and with busy pen and ringing hamlies on chance, labor on character .--Richard Cobden.

Deceived. Mrs. Blinkers-What! Going away? Servant-Please, mum, when I come yesterday you gave me the keys o your trunks and drawers and chests and Jewel boxes to keep for you. Mrs. Blinkers-Yes, I did that to show that I trusted you. What is the matter? New York Weekly.

In Their Order of Importance. "What did you discuss at your literary club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband in the evening.

"Let me see," murmured his wife, Oh, yes, I remember now. Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street and Longfellow."

Easy.
Old Lady (watching a football match) I canna' unperstan' that footba'. Her Son-Well, you see, each side is trying to kick the ball between those posts at either end of the field. Old Lady-Weel, that wudna be hard tae dae if they'd a' got oot o' the road.

Wonder if This Is So?

If you put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first. Isn't it curious?

At the Wrong Time.

"You say your playing created a great deal of talk?" said the friend. "but "Yes," answered the planist, unfortunately it was mostly during my performance.'

Ever notice how much time the other tell you how to run yours?-Maysville 'Space,' who had been let in through | good lawn.-Garden Magazine.

A THEATRICAL TRICK IT FOOLED JOE JEFFERSON, AND IT

FOOLED THE PUBLIC TOO. The Story of an Ovation That Was Given to the Great Actor on One Occasion When He Was Playing

Rip Van Winkle In Baltimore. "The best story on Joe Jefferson was never printed during his lifetime, and were rather sharp in their criticism of the kindly old gentleman bimself went to his reward without ever having heard it," said the advance agent, "for none of the people around him ever got up nerve enough to tell him that he had been taken in along with that dear public whose attention we heralds of art were endeavoring to catch.

"It was years ago in Baltimore Jef-

ferson opened on a Monday night in 'Rip Van Winkle,' and, although he was always a prime favorite with the ater goers there, neither the attendance that evening nor the advance sale of seats for the week had been over good The folks in front of the house cast their eyes over the ticket rack and came to the conclusion that unless something unusual was done the receipts would not be as large as they should show reaches that point things are II able to be doing in the good old 'con line within a very limited space of time, and the boys on Jefferson's payroll, if they were not the sniftlest at that sort of thing, were certainly not the slowest in the profession. We put our heads together and arrived at the conclusion that what was needed for good, fat press notices was some remarkable popular manifestation of appreciation of genius. I don't mean the clapping from the orchestra nor the cat calls from the gallery, but something

that would set the town to talking. We thought long over the various schemes suggested, but none of them appeared to be just the proper one for the purpose. Suddenly the office boy, who was as retiring as the usual run of office boys around a theater, butted in with, 'Say, why don't you have him dragged?' 'Dragged-what's that?' I asked.

'Why, have him rushed after the matinee this afternoon by a howling mob of admirers. Have them unhitch his horses and drag him off to his hotel with their own hands. And say, gee whiz, I've got it! Let the bunch that does it be Johns Hopkins boys!"

" 'That ain't bad for the kid,' remark-

ed the assistant treasurer patronizingcat to introduce here. It is not right | ly, 'but where are you going to get us to treat our school children in your Johns Hopkins boys? You don't matter of weather as we do. The think they're lying around waiting to 3 have a maximum temperature turn themselves into a bevy of Roman "'Oh, say, you're dead slow,' replied

the the month be April, May or the office boy, with every indication of disgust. 'Come with me down on it are free to bathe in tin- Marsh Market space, and in ten min-3, to plenic in cool groves utes I'll have you the greatest bunch

"Not knowing the town very well o g eater suffering on little chil- then, I was puzzled at how Hopkins an to confine them for long students were to be found on Marsh Market space and said so.

"'Why, they ain't students at all, under such conditions explained the all knowing office boy. 'They're bums, the worst lot of can tre wise enough by making these chasers in the town, and there are bundreds of them. For 50 cents a head discrete much misery and much for the day you can get all of them you want. Get thirty or forty, dress them up in store clothes that you can get at any old costumer's-baggy trousers all turned up at the bottom, short coats with a southwestern exposure, dinky my morning drink I rec- hats with colored bands, jaunty little to try the milk from the fried egg caps and sassy, slap-on-the-Cut off the top of the wrist sort of canes-and the rest'll be

easy money." "We began to appreciate the feasibil-The cocoanut must be ity of the scheme and soon were coningapore I was a bit verted to it. I must admit, however, ted a doctor. Part of that it was not with an altogether easy reservition was cocounut milk feeling that I started on our work of at thing in the morning. I took to metamorphosing a lot of tramps into

"The 50 cents was an alluring proposition to most of the gentlemen of In removing this the palm is leisure whom we found congregated killed. This growth is not bad eating around the bungholes of the beer barreis most recently ejected from the We fed on the palm and wild dirty barrooms with which the neighborhood was infested. We got together thirty or forty and marched them all to an institution called the Workingmen's Residential club and had them washed and shaved and put in apple pie order, so that some of them looked almost respectable by the time we got through. One great hulking fellow, whom we wanted as the h slung in a sling. The reason was leader of this gay and care free aggregation, refused absolutely for a time to part with his whiskers and only consented to the sacrifice when we told him we were going to pay him \$5 to captain the bunch.

"Meanwhile our agents had been busy getting together a suitable wardrobe for our little company. There was a fitting on process for the next Luck is ever waiting for something hour, at the conclusion of which it was voted that we had a crowd of seniors and freshmen that would have faded the flower of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Hopkins all rolled into legacy; labor turns out at 6 o'clock one. It required no little skill to make some of them look youthful enough mer lays the foundation of competence. for their part, but we managed fairly Luck whines, labor whistles. Luck re- well, for all that. When we lined the gang up we noticed that the trousers of a few hardly reached to the ankles and caused one involuntarily to think that the tailor had done better to have turned them down instead of up, and here and there a student's toes would seek to prove at first hand that his shoes really contained feet. But we consoled ourselves by reflecting that no one would be so heartless as to be moved to audible reflection by this inbecame conscious that the coach was Servant-There don't one of 'em fit.- | dication of poverty on the part of a brave young man drinking deep at the fountain of knowledge. We further congratulated ourselves, as we ran our eyes up and down the line, that

the ensemble was not so bad. 'Now, gentlemen,' said one of our party, 'remember you are college boys, careless and light hearted, with just a touch of deviltry in you. You are carried away with the performance of Joseph Jefferson-Mr. Jefferson is the greatest actor on the American stage, you know-and you are enthusiastic to do something that will show your appreciation of his genius. That enough for the present, except that whatever you are called upon to do do it with youthful vim. Throw your hats in the air, clap each other on the back and make a noise. Mr. Joy here is your leader, and you are to follow his instructions from this time on. What, you don't know Mr. Joy without his whiskers? Well, it is he, all right. If you do well, boys, there'll be a rattling fine dinner waiting for you after the

show, in addition to the 50 cents.' "The instructions to Mr. Joy, who was taken fully into our confidence and who, in fact, was quite an intelligent fellow, were more explicit. He was given the Hopkins yell and told to have his men proficient in this and some other details when the time for action arrived.

"As the spectators were filing out

the stage entrance and then passed out into the auditorium from behind the private boxes. Out on the street and before the crowd had dispersed they were ready for business, beginning with what I suppose was intended for the university yell and which sounded

something like this: "Rah, rah, rah! Who are we?
We're the Hopkins boys, you see!
Roo, roo, roo!
Clear the way
For the bunch from J. H. U.

"Of course, public attention was a once centered on this howling mob of when one is full the other is empty; a ardent collegiates, and our fellows kept things going hot until Mr. Jefferson emerged from the alley at the side of the theater. He was immediately surrounded by the Hopkins coterie, who cried with one accord:

"Jefferson, Jefferson, Grand old man. Let her rip, boys, All you can!
He's the stuff
For me and you—
Here's luck, Joe,
From J. H. U.

"Well, sir, before Jefferson had time to recover from his surprise they seized and carried him to the carriage, cut the traces and turned the horses loose. and, shouting and howling, started up the street madly, with the driver on the box and the actor inside, followed by a mob of hundreds. They pulled him to

him cheer after cheer. "Mr. Jefferson, of course, absolutely ignorant of the true character of his strenuous admirers, made them a little speech from the steps of the hotel, in which he spoke of the drama and art and three or four other things which his hearers did not know the meaning of, but which were cheered to the

"Naturally we saw to it that the omniscient eye of the press did not overlook this interesting piece of news of the Johns Hopkins university boys honoring the veteran actor, and if you will take the trouble to look up the newspapers of that day you will see that they gave ample space to the per

"Our college boys of the hour, with one or two dishonorable exceptions. who sacrificed their dinners and lucre for the fashionable toggery we had loaned them, received their due reward and then went back to their accustomed haunts, ready to give their whis kers free play until another advance man should seduce them with a tempting offer of gold and food."—Washing ton Star.

A Calm at Son.

All the afternoon the brig rolled on the long swells, which hourly grew heavier. They leaped against the horizon, swung onward beneath the keel and swept past with the unrelenting persistency that seemed the embodiment of vindictive hate. A gale can combated, but in the grasp of a calm man is helpless. Every part of Latin and by earlier English use, is the vessel cried out in protest. The really a sinew. When Pope speaks of canvas slatted and flapped like the wings of a huge bird vainly trying to rise from the waves; every block rattled and croaked; the main boom. hauled chock aft, snatched at its sheets with a viciousness that threatened to part them at every roll and made their huge blocks crash; from the pantry be low came the constant rattle of crock ery, and the blue sea, dipped up through the scuppers, swashed back and forth across the main deck. By eight bells every stitch of canvas had been furled or clued up to save it, and the brig lay rolling in the dark hollows like a drunken sailor reeling home.-L. Frank Tooker in Century.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries hats were commonly worn by men in Protestant churches both on the continent of Europe and in Great

circumstance that at the French church at the Savov he saw, on Sept. 28, 1662, what he had never seen be fore-viz, a clergyman preaching with his hat off.

Another author of the period says some congregations took off their hats ston's toll was for nothing. He never when they sang the Psalms, but kept had the heart to write that story again. their heads covered if they read them. The custom almost flied out after the restoration, but was revived again by William III. When William, however, found the Dutch habit caused offense to his English subjects he diplomatically remained bareheaded during the his skirt a hitch with both hands, as if prayers and then put on his hat for the to keep it from bagging at the knees.

Poleworth says the custom survived in Truro church as late as the year

A Language Lesson. Beautiful is an adjective applied chiefly to brides, heroines of novels and ladles in distress. It is employed principally by society editors, novelists. newspaper reporters and poets and holds its age and shape well in spite of constant activity and overwork. The only novelist who never used the word was Rhoda Broughton. Her heroine Belinda was green eyed, freckled and cautankerous and is the only unbeautiful beroine on record, just as the count in Wilkle Collins' "The Woman In White" is the only fat villain. The only poet who has never used it is Swinburne. He always compares his herolues to serpents, they are so wise and sinuous. The society editor or newspaper reporter who has never worked it to a silvery edge does not live, contrary to the rules of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Inoffensive

Adjectives.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch. How to Seal Letters.

It is often very desirable to know how to seal a letter so that it cannot be opened without betraying the fact. Steam or hot water will open envelopes closed with mucilage and even a wafer. A hot iron or a spirit lamp dissolves scaling wax, an impression in plaster having been taken of the seal. By the combined use of wafer and sealing wax, however, all attempts to open the letter otherwise than by force can be frustrated. All that is necessary is to close the letter first with a small moist wafer and to pierce the latter with s coarse needle (the same applies to mucilage), whereupon sealing wax may be used in the usual manner. This seal can neither be opened by dry heat nor by moisture,-Chicago News.

Making a Lawn. Four things are required to make a good lawn-time, soil, climate and intelligent labor. In England they have a saving that it requires 100 years to make a lawn and 200 years to make a good lawn. In this country, where we are trying to make suburban homes while you wait and where a month or two seems a very long time, people are too impatient. It speaks well for their ambition that they want lawns as soon as they move into their houses, but they are really expecting too much. At the very best it requires no less than three years to make a presentable from the matinee at 4:30 o'clock among lawn and five or ten years to make fellow can spare from his business to them were our garnished friends of the what we uncritical Americans call a

A LAND OF WONDERS.

of the Queer Things That Ar Three scientists, two from America

and the other from Britain, are reported to have spent several months in Korea trying to elucidate the wonders

The wonders in question consist of hot mineral spring which is supposed to heal anything from a cut to a cancer; two springs so arranged that the purpose of restoring normal conditions to the diseased body. Anything cavern in the mountains in which s cold, piercing wind rages perpetually; a large grove of plue trees which will sprout again directly they are cut down; a stone which floats in space and, last, but not least, a rock which gives forth great heat however cold

The scientists studied the springs first of all and, failing to understand them, turned their attention to the wonder ful cavern. The moment they entered the interior they were almost blown off their feet, and, although they adopted all manner of dodges to find the origin of the wind, they had to return to the open sadder but not wiser men. They next walked into the grove o pine trees, known as the "Incradicable forest," and here again they were

the weather might be.

his hotel and then as he alighted gave the trees by fire during the night, and stumped. They destroyed several of next morning they were regrowing strongly out of the very ashes! The fifth wonder of Korea, the float ing stone, in honor of which a temple

has been built, tried the scientists patience to a maddening degree. This stone, to all appearance, rests on the ground, yet when two of the men stood upon it, one on each side. the third was able to draw a thick string underneath without encounter

ing any obstacle. Why, they were

never able to discover. The warm rock, the last wonder, also puzzled their brains. This rock is really an immense stone, on the top of which a small inn has been erected. The building requires no fires for heating purposes either in winter or summer, for the rock always keeps it

The scientists jumped to the conclusion that the stone was situated over an underground volcane which still had life in it, but on taking soundings they found that they were mistaken. There was no natural furnace below; ndeed, the ground was quite cold, not a trifle damp .- Pearson's Weekly

Nerve and Norvous.

A celebrated English surgeon assert: that the Japanese "have no nervous system" and that "nerves," as west ern nations know the term, is untrans latable in Japan. This invites a refer ence to the significant history of the words "nerve" and "nervous." "nerve," by derivation from Greek and "norvous arms" he means exactly the "brawny arms" of the village blacksmith, and this sense survives meta phorically in a "nervous style of writing," which is very different from "neurotic" one. Shakespeare used 'nervy" in the same sense. But now that "nerves" no longer mean sinews 'nervous" in the common use has almost reversed its old meaning. In Dr Johnson's time "nervous" in the mod ern sense was still only 'medical cant.' Now men of "nerve" are very different from men of "nerves."

There is a pitiful story told in the Bookman of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him, and he sat down to his typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote fapidly for hours and had nearly finished the story when a friend came in. "Read that," what you think of it." The friend stared at the happy author and then at the blank sheets of paper in his hand before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter, and Mar-

Gave Himself Away. Detective Captain-How did manage to spot the thief through his woman's disguise? Dejective-I saw him sit down and noticed that he gave Then I grabbed him. -- Washington Star.

The Tick of a Cleck. In a recent police court squabble over clock one man test fled that he could identify the timeplece in question by, the tick. This statement was received with derision by most of the courtroom attaches, the magistrate included, but later a watchmaker to whose attention it had been called declared that the scoffers laughed before they know what they were laughing at.

"Of course you can tell a clock by its tick," he said. "I don't mean that every clock has an individual tick that can be recognized by its friends, but many of them have, and a parson who has owned a certain clock for a long while and has studied its style and mannerisms can, if he has a good can, detect that particular tick among a hundred. Many clocks that are apparently made on the same plan develop peculiarities in their running gear. Some canter along at an even pace, others go by jerks and spurts. Some are stately and solemn, others frisky and gay. The ticking of clocks varies, too, in rhythm, pitch and dynamics. With all these differences in tone is is any wonder that a man who has meas ured his life by one clock for several years can swear even in court to the particular tick?"-New York Post.

Troublesome Children. Everything is relative, after all, ever age, yet one might suspect that the 'children" of one of Mr. Muzzey's "Men of the Revolution" might have arrived at years of some discretion and

proper regard for behavior. When I saw the old soldier, says My, Muzzey, he was the sole survivor of those who witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill. At the age of ninety-five years he was attending a Whig cole bration held at Boston in 1850, and there I met him. He was a good looking old man with a large, well shaped head, blue eyes and mild expression His whole countenance beamed with

I asked him if he had any children. "Oh, yes, I have two sons," he re-

"Why did you not bring them with The old man's smooth brow wrinkled into a semblance of a frown as he said

ered with them."

"I didn't want to be plagued with those boys on an occasion of this sort.' to your majesty." "Why, how old are they?" I asked, vondering if he could mean his grandthe emperor, with vivacity. "I conchildren. gratulate you on your success!" "Oh, one is seventy, and the other is ertheless be conferred a pension upon seventy-two. But I couldn't be bothhis old master.

EXERCISE THE EYES **GYMNASTICS THAT MAY WORK AWAY**

THE NEED FOR GLASSES. Course of Treatment Which Will

Strengthen the Muscles and Which Is Indorsed by an Expert In the Treatment of the Eyes. Eye gymnastics constitute one of the applications of the principles of prac-

tical physical culture as employed for

which will obviate the necessity of pu'ting on glasses is to be welcomed, as everybody who has become a slave to spectacles will agree. In many cases of muscular weakness of the eye certain exercises which may be taken at home without apparatus will result in cure. The symptoms of muscular weakness include pain through the eyes and a tendency on the part of the lids to close. Sometimes it becomes difficult to keep the eyes open, and there is a vague sensation as though some invisible force was tugging at one side of the eye until the victim wonders if he is not becoming cross eyed. In such cases strong glasses support the weakened muscles and relieve the symptoms, but they do not effect a cure. Sometimes they are necessary, but often, on the contrary, persistent and systematic exercising of the muscles will restore them to a condition of

Let the first exercise be taken for the purpose of strengthening the muscles of accommodation. Extend the hand st arm's length with the first finger pointing upward. Fix both eyes on this digit and slowly bring it toward the face until it touches the tip of the nose. Then slowly carry it away from the face again until the first position is reached. Do this three or four times at first, keeping both eyes constantly upon the raised finger throughout the operation described.

The second exercise consists in turning the glance upward and then downward as far as possible without alter ing the position of the face. Repeat this two or three times at the first trial and then vary the exercise and bring a new set of muscles into play by turning the eyes first to the right and then to the left as far as possible, the face remaining motionless. After two or three movements of this character, with the face still in the same position carry the glance to its full extent first to the upper right hand corner of the eye, after that to the lower left hand corner, then to the upper left hand cor ner and from there to the lower right hand corner.

To complete the series of exercises rotate the eyeballs in their sockets two er three times, causing the glance to reach the extreme limit of vision in making the circle.

It is necessary that these exercises be employed with caution at first, for otherwise they will tire the muscles and bring on dizziness or headaches. The fact may be hard to realize, but the whole practice is exactly the same in character and effect as the exercising of the muscles of the arm or leg, and it is just as certain that the muscles of the eye will be strengthened and developed by the movements described. Persons who are troubled with weak

eyes may often secure considerable benefit from the use of the eye cup. This is a small receptacle of thick blue glass and so constructed that when inverted it fits tightly over the eye. It costs 15 or 20 cents at the drug stores and should be used night and morning. The eye cup is employed for the pur pose of applying salt and water to the eye as a tonic. The proportions should be a level teaspoonful of salt to a pint of water. The latter should have been warmed to about the heat of the body. Fill the cup with the solution and place Pepys notes in his diary as a singular said Marston proudly, "and tell me it over the eye. Then turn the head backward and open the lids. It will be found that there is no unpleasant feeling whatever from the contact of the salt solution with the eye. As a matter of fact, this solution is almost identical with the saline fluids of the eye. Should the water be used without the salt it would cause the eye to

smart painfully. Slight attacks of granulation of the eyelids may be cured by the use of absolutely pure olive oil, one drop being allowed to enter the eye twice a day. In dropping medicaments into the eye place the finger just under the lower lid and draw that lid out a trifle, allowing the remedy to fall upon it. This is a simple way of accomplishing what many people consider a difficult

proceeding. Above all, in dealing with the eye it should be remembered that much de pends upon the condition of the general health. A debilitated state of the system is very apt to show itself in the eyes. These delicate organs depend upon the blood to keep them in good order, and rich blood and an unimpaired circulation are of primary importance. This calls for plain, nour ishing food, an abundance of fresh air and a moderate amount of exercise. Good Housekeeping.

The Last American King. Maximilian and his followers were shut up in Querataro. Many powerful influences were at work to save him. Seward also did his best. But he made little or no effort to escape. If he had failed as an emperor he could at least face disaster with the courage and the dignity of a right princely nature. Betrayed by the infamous Lopez, tried before a court martial of boys and ordered to be shot, he spent his last days in the discharge of all the obligations of friendship and courtesy. A false report of the death of Carlotta being ought to him in prison he said sim ply. "One less tie to bind me to the world!" Led forth to his execution and told to stand between two of his generals who were likewise condemned, he surrendered the place of honor to General Miramon in recognition of his courage. The rattle of the muskets marked perhaps the 12 of all monarchy in the new work out the bitterest critic of democ. .. y could scarcely desire a gentler figure than Maximilian's to stand before the eyes of Americans as the last representative of aristocracy and of kingship on this continent,-William Garrott in Atlan-

Napoleon and His Tutor could not spell. His handwriting was also so bad as to give rise to the rumor that he used undecipherable char acters to conceal the fact that he, the master of Europe, could not master French orthography. In the early days of the empire a man of modest aspec presented himself before the emperor

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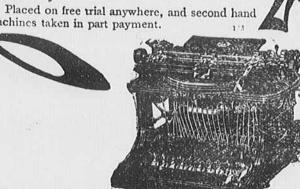
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