

SUN TATTOOED HIM.

Plight of a Man Who Went to Sleep Naked on the Beach.

When He Awoke He Looked Like a Lobster and Even the Friends of His Childhood Failed to Recognize Him.

Charles Spenser has, according to the Boston Advertiser, furnished to the Emergency hospital a case of sunburn that will figure in history. He accidentally fell asleep on the beach while bathing, and when he awoke found himself unable to get his clothes on. Dr. Bakeman was seated in the Emergency office when an individual clad in a long ragged mackintosh walked painfully into the outside waiting room. His eyes glared like two holes in a red table cloth, and he extended both arms as if a spider had crawled down his neck.

The doctor summoned his man up quickly, and made up his mind that he was dealing either with a lunatic or a victim of locomotor ataxia. "Well?" "Doctor," gasped the visitor, "mix me up a dose of poison quick. I can't move enough to shoot myself." "Oh, you don't want poison," said the doctor, reassuringly, as he stepped up to the man and placed both hands on his shoulders.



WENT TO SLEEP IN THE SUN.

accustomed to spend hours on the sand. At noon Spenser had a hard swim and threw himself down on the sand afterward in complete abandon. Like Zip Van Winkle, he went to sleep. He awoke just as the sun went down. Spenser had slept with his face to the sand. Old Sol shed a regular Fourth of July smile on his left side first. When Spenser was well done on the left, the sun sped joyfully around to the right and toasted the sleeping man nicely on that side, too. Spenser's legs and feet were buried in a pile of seaweed, and were decorated with strange and artistic devices. Up to Spenser's knees a blended lace work of snakes and water plants had been tattooed by the artist Sol. The sizzling of his back and sides prompted the sleeper to change his position, and soon he was well-cooked all over.

Spenser awoke with a start, when a thousand hornets seemed to be stinging him for a prize. Half dazed, he started for the camp, and found his friends wondering at his long absence. He was surprised and disgusted that they were somewhat at odds in recognizing him. When he tried dressing he did not recognize himself. Amidst cinders and laughter, he tried one piece of clothing after another, only to roan in despair and throw them all aside. He walked the beach all night and next day borrowed an old mackintosh and a pair of gunny sacks for trousers. In the train he clung to the back seat and walked up to the hospital because he could not sit down. Spenser felt when he entered that there was absolutely nothing to live or, but under Dr. Bakeman's skill he recently changed his mind. "You certainly look like a lobster," observed the doctor, as he finished with Spenser. And the patient was willing to confess that he was one.

Unusual Tribute to Actress. An unusual tribute was frequently paid to the late Mlle. Conjetto, the French actress. For months she enacted the part of a woman who is poisoned by strychnine, and to prepare herself a faithful representation of the symptoms produced by this drug she studied its effects on dogs. So realistic were her agonies that medical professors brought their students to the Theater Francaise to learn to recognize through her manipulations the symptoms of the terrible poison.

She Kept Things Going. A remarkable woman dwells in Gibraltar, Pa. Recently, during the illness of her husband, Mrs. John Bucher directed all the work in a blacksmith shop, a sawmill and the management of a farm, besides taking care of five children and nursing her husband through a protracted period of sickness.

Heroic Cure for Corns. An heroic cure for a corn was tried by Jacob Gannon, an old gentleman of Cincinnati. For years a corn on his great toe had been troubling him. He happened a chisel, and with it cut off the afflicted toe.

WESTERN IRON KING.

John W. Gates, of Chicago, One of the Important Factors in American Business Life.

John W. Gates stands in the foremost rank of iron and steel manufacturers in the country. Business associates say that they have never known him to be wrong on the iron and steel market, and his ability and judgment have placed him at the head of some of the most important enterprises in that industry in the United States.

Mr. Gates was born in Du Page county, Ill., on May 18, 1855, and was educated at the public schools and at Northwestern college, Naperville, Ill., from which he graduated in 1873.

He entered business as a dealer in grain, and then in hardware. While there he foresaw the possibilities of the wire business, and finally established the firm of J. W. Gates & Co. to deal in wire products. He organized in 1881 the Southern Wire company, and became its president.



JOHN W. GATES. (An Important Factor in Western Business Life.)

Three years later he formed the Badcock Wire company, of Pittsburgh, and with his associates became interested in the Iowa Barbed Wire company, of Allentown, Pa., the St. Louis wire mill, and the Baker Wire company, of Lockport, Ill. These companies were combined in December, 1892, into the Consolidated Steel and Wire company, with a capital of \$4,000,000.

Mr. Gates resigned as president of the Consolidated Steel and Wire company in 1893, and in that year he became president of the Illinois Steel company. He held that position until September, 1898, when the company was taken into the Federal Steel company. In the meantime the Consolidated Steel and Wire company continued to grow, and in April, 1898, it was combined with other companies into the American Steel and Wire company, and Mr. Gates was elected chairman of the board of directors. Mr. Gates remained in that office for some time after the absorption of the company by the United States Steel corporation this year.

Mr. Gates is traveling abroad now, but has large business interests in Chicago. He and his friends bought the control of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company recently at an average price of about 50 for the stock. He is largely interested in Port Arthur, Tex.

THOUSANDS OF VIPERS.

Slain Every Year by a Peculiar Official Employed in the Prefecture of Haute, France.

In the prefecture of Haute, Loire, France, according to La Nature, they have an official viper killer. The pres-



COURTOL VIPER KILLER. (On an Average He Destroys 1,500 Venomous Snakes Per Year.)

ent incumbent of this important office is a gentleman by the name of M. Courtol, who, judging from the statement that he kills an average of 1,500 vipers a year, and one year killed 2,502, must be pretty expert in the business. He receives five cents a head for all he destroys and makes a tolerably comfortable living out of his employment.

M. Courtol says the viper when at rest is not easily seen, according to the Philadelphia Times, as it assumes the color of the ground or rocks of the locality, becoming bluish black upon basaltic rocks and reddish upon volcanic scoriae. In addition to this, according to him, the viper chooses its bed before retiring by seeking ground of the same color as its skin.

M. Courtol has utilized 1,800 skins of these snakes in making himself two suits of clothes. One of them, which he is seen wearing in the picture, consists of a pointed cap, jacket, waistcoat and trousers; the other is in the style of Louis XV.

A Western City Sport. Three bears were killed recently within the city limits of Seattle, Wash.

An Involuntary Wooing.

By Kenneth F. Harris.

It was not the atelier of a fashionable, or even a prosperous artist; as a matter of fact, nobody was ever known to call it an atelier at all. Teddy Stebbins usually referred to it as "my shop," a designation that was rendered more or less appropriate by its situation on the fourteenth floor of a downtown office building. It contained no soft hued oriental webs or faded tapestry; there was not a rusty corslet or a spidery rapier on the premises, and the big windows were as innocent of stained glass as they were of curtains.

Miss Gleason was the stenographer for Balch & Skinner across the way. If Teddy left his door open and moved his easel out into the middle of the room, he could see her from where he worked, and she could see him from where she worked; wherefore it is not to be wondered at that they soon detected one another in the act of what Miss Gleason characterized as "rubbering."

Within a few weeks, however, Miss Gleason met the young artist's ardent gaze with perfect frankness and a smile that was as sweet and sunny and altogether charming and dazzling as a smile as ever turned a young man's head. In fact, she smiled so frequently that old Balch, her employer, noticed it, and was curious enough to steal up behind her and find out what she was smiling at. To his credit, however, he said nothing about it, although it is more than likely that his glistening bifocal glasses were turned on his pretty stenographer rather oftener than before.

Then Teddy, guilefully taking occasion to wander out into the passage when he heard the slamming of the elevator gate in the morning, met Miss Gleason and was bold enough to wish her a good morning and follow up with something about the weather. Later the scope of the conversation widened. She admired the carnation in his buttonhole and he very gallantly asked her to wear it for him.

"Some of these fine mornings I'm coming in to see your pictures," she said, as she left him. For the next few days Teddy got to "his shop" half an hour earlier, in order to sweep the floor and tidy up generally. The majolica utensil was pushed altogether out of sight under the desk and the pipes were stowed away into a drawer. The young man began to consider whether, after all, Robinson's advice was not good, and wondered how he would look with a beard. It was only the probationary month of bristle that deterred him from attempting it. As a matter of fact, he did make up his mind to let his hair grow. One morning Miss Gleason made the promised visit, and he had a delicious half-hour of her all to himself.

"I think that you must be wonderfully clever," she said, as he turned canvas after canvas around for her inspection. "I took lessons once, but I could never do anything but pansies, and I couldn't do them very well. I don't suppose a person could ever get anything as natural as you do unless they had genius for it. What a beautiful girl that is!" "It's Miss Peyton," he said, indifferently.

The coming of Miss Peyton a week before had gladdened his heart to the point of ecstasy. Not that she was anything like as good-looking as the little stenographer, although her skirt had perhaps a better set and swing, and her boots might have been a trifle trimmer; but she was the daughter of G. W. B. Peyton, and consequently her patronage meant a great deal. "I wish that I could paint your portrait," he added; "I would give anything in the world for that—if I could do it justice, that is."

"I don't see why you couldn't," said Miss Gleason, blushing. "I—I guess it's about time that I was in the office. I heard Mr. Balch a moment ago," and she made her escape.

Miss Peyton called for her second sitting the day after that. Her chaperone was with her, of course, but had to leave for a little while to do a little shopping. Teddy decided that the girl was a particularly nice girl and not a bit spoiled. It is not certain whether Miss Peyton had come to any decision regarding him at that time. It is certain, however, that as the sittings went on, she became more and more friendly. She had blue eyes, by the way, and while Teddy was prepossessed in favor of eyes of a velvety blackness, he was compelled to admit to himself that blue eyes had their good points. Naturally he looked into them quite often. He had to.

Miss Peyton had a dash of the practical spirit of her father, apparently, for she took Teddy to task concerning his lack of sociability, urging the necessity of this quality from a business point of view. "I didn't know that I was unsociable," said Teddy.

"I don't mean that, exactly," she rejoined; "I think that you are very nice, but why don't you only go out a little?" "If you only knew!" said the young man.

"And I don't mean that, either," she hesitated, while he looked at her, smilingly; "I mean," she continued, "that I never see you anywhere that I go, and—"

"Oh, that!" laughed Teddy. "Well, that's my misfortune."

"It will be your fault from this time," she said. "Now, to begin with, I'm going to send you an invitation to a party I'm going to have on Wednesday night. You will promise to come, won't you?" "I won't promise."

"But you will!"—and he did. But as to keeping his promise, that was another thing. He was not particularly bashful, but he had an idea that the sort of society that Miss Peyton moved in was not his sort of society, and he was a little uncertain about his dress suit, which was certainly not shabby from continuous wear; therefore Miss Peyton looked for him in vain and in consequence snubbed several of her admirers so that they longed for death, or said they did.

Miss Peyton scolded Teddy with an air of proprietorship that the young man found to be very embarrassing when she saw him the next time, and then she suddenly became embarrassed and treated him with icy reserve for nearly an hour. Soon after this she brought G. W. B., her father, up to the studio, and the old man was quite cordial and seemed to approve of Teddy's shirtsleeves. He invited the young artist to drop in and see him at the house some evening when he had nothing better to do.

"That's what I have been trying to get him to do," murmured Miss Peyton, with a side glance at Teddy from under her drooping eyelashes, "but he won't come."

"First time you haven't got your own way," chuckled the old man. "I guess it will do you good, missy. But if he won't come for you he won't for me." Whereupon Teddy could do no less than say that he would most certainly call, if he still might, and he did call this time, and papa came down first and made him smoke and talked to him about his prospects in an easy sort of way and recommended him to cut the arts and go into business, which Teddy thought might not be such bad advice after all.

After a little Miss Peyton came down in a most bewildering little frock and the smile that Teddy got ought to have been sufficient reward for coming. G. W. B. trotted off before long and Miss Peyton played and sang in a sweet, tiny little voice songs that made Teddy rest his chin in his hands and lose himself in the flicker of the fire. Then the girl left off singing and came and sat down by him and before he knew it he was talking about himself, which is a bad sign, and he was conscious that the delicate perfume of her hair had somehow got into his brain. For a time, it is to be feared that he forgot all about Miss Gleason. At last he pulled himself together and rose to go, and she was obviously unwilling that he should go just then, so she stayed, and it was quite late when she waved her hand in farewell from the doorstep.

There would, no doubt, have been a different ending to this story had it not been for Teddy's idiotic habit of talking to himself. He was a boy who took in a show, as a general thing, at least twice a week, so he might have remembered the almost invariably fatal consequences of soliloquizing to villains and the occasional inconveniences to heroes from the same foolish practice, nevertheless he talked to himself, and, as it happened, talked himself into a good thing.

It was after he had talked for nearly ten minutes to Miss Gleason, whom he had called "Della" for the first time. He was not only unreproved, but she noticed that his necktie had drifted to one side and had straightened it for him.

When he went back to the shop he threw himself into a chair in front of the easel, whereon Miss Peyton's nearly completed portrait was placed, and, thrusting his hands deeply into his trousers pockets and gazing at the picture blankly and unseeing, began to free his mind.

He was very much agitated, otherwise he would have noticed that the original of the portrait had arrived and paused at the half opened door. Miss Gleason saw her, and shortly after old Balch saw his stenographer suddenly rise from her work and walk unsteadily to the window as the door on the other side of the passage closed with a slam.

Miss Peyton paused at the door because she observed the young man sitting and gazing intently at her portrait, not working at it, but just looking, and with a rapt expression that she had never seen on his face before, although she had tried to imagine it. Then Teddy spoke.

"It's all foolishness," he said; "I'm a chump to think that she cares for me just because she has looked kindly at me a few times. She can't help being sweet and kind, bless her! And I haven't got any business to ask her how about it; I'm too infernally poor. It wouldn't be the square thing."

Miss Peyton did not wait for further particulars. She tiptoed in, and, being an impulsive young person, put her arms around Teddy's neck, laid her cheeks against his and said: "You won't have to ask her, dear."

So, after all, it was not altogether Teddy's fault. And we cannot hope to have things always turn out as we want them in this vale of tears.

In conclusion Mr. Balch remarked to Mrs. Balch one morning, as he laid down the paper: "It's the same Stebbins used to have the studio right opposite the hall from us. I used to think that you were a little gone on him in those days, my dear." And Mrs. Balch answered: "Me! Gone on him? The idea!" "Some of my latest photographs," said the camera fiend, "I took 50 feet under water." "Why did you go to the trouble of taking them there?" remarked Peppy. "It would have been easier to tie a stone to them and throw them in."—Philadelphia Press.

Where He Went for It.

Albert was sent downtown by his mother to get some horseradish which she needed for her pickles. After quite a long absence he came back home, tired and empty-handed. "Well, where is the horseradish?" asked his mother. "Why, mother, I went to every grocery store in town, and they didn't have a bit," answered Albert, with a weary sigh.—Tit-Bits.

Understood His Business.

Fruit Vender—Why you notta tella me move on? Policeman—Your cart is not in the way there. Fruit Vender—Den I put ita in da way, and I wanta you tella me move on. Policeman—What for? Fruit Vender—Dat maka big crowd and I sella banan.—N. Y. Weekly.

A childless home is a cheerless home. The maternal instinct exists in every woman and when it is ungratified she is deprived of much of the happiness of life. It often happens that childlessness is due to some cause which can be removed, and often is removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The vigor and vitality which this remedy imparts to the delicate womanly organs, puts them in a condition of normal health, the lack of which is often the sole obstruction to maternity. Every woman should read Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1008 pages and 700 illustrations. It is sent entirely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper bound volume, or 31 stamps for cloth covered. Address Dr. R. V. Pier, c. 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

People who live in glass houses should keep the shades down.

HEART RELIEF IN HALF AN HOUR.—A lady in New York State, writing of her cure by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, says: "I feel like one brought back from the dead, so great was my suffering from heart trouble and so almost miraculous my recovery through the agency of this powerful treatment. I owe my life to it." Sold by C. A. Klein.

Many a rich man would trade the price of his dinner for a poor man's appetite.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

DR. T. C. HARTER, Pres. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A. N. YOST, Treas. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE KEYSTONE COPPER MINING CO.,

Incorporated Under the Laws of South Dakota, June 15, 1901.

Capital Stock, \$1,000,000.

Divided into 200,000 Shares of Par Value of \$5.00 Each.

FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.

We call special attention to the fact that one share of this Company, whose entire Capital Stock consists of only 200,000 shares of the par value of Five Dollars each, secures an interest in its property equal to 5 shares in a Company of One Million Shares of the par value of only One Dollar each, as is the case with nearly all Mining Companies offering shares at a price seemingly lower than the present price of the shares of this Company, but in reality much higher.

Property of Company.

This is very extensive, consisting of four mining properties, each over one mile in length, on a great copper vein over 100 feet in width, pronounced by Copper experts as among the widest and richest copper veins known, lacking only the necessary development to place same in the front rank of the greatest dividend and copper producing properties.

It is on the same great Copper Mineral Belt upon which are located the world's present greatest copper mines, each paying many millions of dollars annually in dividends and developed to the depth of from 1000 to 2000 feet, thus fully establishing the fact that the veins are not alone inexhaustible, but wide and become even more profitable with depth.

The great vein on this property is of such unusual width and so prolific in copper ore from surface that only moderate developments are needed to begin the production of ore on a scale to insure large dividends on the shares of this Company.

The Company is sinking a shaft now nearly 100 feet in depth on the vein of one of its four properties, the "Pay Roll." This shaft is entirely in ore, which, by tests, gave values at the surface of from 3 to 4 per cent. copper; at the depth of fifty feet tests gave values of from 8 to 10 per cent. copper; at the depth of seventy feet tests gave values of from 12 to 14 per cent. in copper, while selected samples show values as high as 12 per cent. copper and nearly \$15 in gold and silver per ton.

The value of the gold per ton will enable the Company to produce copper at very low cost. As showing that this great vein is not alone of unusual width, but also of rare richness in ore as compared with some of the richest copper mines, we refer to the great "Anacanda Mine," paying over \$5,000,000 annually in dividends from ore averaging less than five per cent. in copper; or to the "Boston and Montana" paying over \$6,000,000 annually from ore averaging less than six per cent. in copper; or to the "Great Verde," paying nearly \$5,000,000 annually in dividends from ore averaging less than six per cent. in copper.

To give an approximate idea of the amount of ore and its value, that can be opened by a moderate development in only a small part of such a vein, the following estimates are given: Estimating pay ore vein at only 25 feet in width, depth of shaft, 500 feet, length of levels, 500 feet, would open up 6,250,000 cubic feet of ore, or over Five Hundred Thousand tons.

Estimating the net Profits at Twenty Dollars per ton, would give total net profits of Ten Million Dollars, or Ten Times the Amount of the Par Value of the entire Capital Stock of the Company, and sufficient to insure dividends to amount of Ten Dollars for each share of the stock. As the length of the vein on this one property, the "Pay Roll," is over one-quarter mile in length, and the depth to which same can be worked many thousands of feet, it will be seen that as a copper investment the shares of this Company offer an unusual opportunity.

The property of the Company is situated in Rio Arriba County, in the northern part of New Mexico (only 40 miles from the southern boundary line of Colorado), convenient to Railroad Station and in a section heavily timbered and one of the healthiest in the United States.

The Company has no debts or mortgages. Its property is free and clear and its management is under able mining experience.

One-quarter of the entire Capital Stock of the Company being 50,000 Shares of the par value of \$250,000 has been placed in the Treasury of this Company as a working capital, of which a limited amount is offered for sale at

\$1.00 PER SHARE

Until October 1st, when the price will be advanced to \$1.50 per share.

As there are only 200,000 shares in this Company it will require net earnings of only \$200,000 to pay dividends at rate of \$1.00 yearly upon each share. This will require only a moderate development.

Those wishing to purchase shares can make remittance, by check or otherwise, to

The Keystone Copper Mining Co.,

Harter Building, 208 Main St.,

BLOOMSBURG, PEN'A.