16

ever since you were a child. While you

have not seen much of me, perhaps, still I feel a certain right to care for you." "You are very good, indeed you are," Daisy answered prettily, "please don't seeld me, the first thing, to prove your

goodness. Breton noted a new air of half coonetry. The shy, silent girlish dignity, which had made her seem to him unlike other women was broken by a touch of that light wooing way women have; women who live on admiration, women who win by their wily daintiness. Yet her sweet dark eyes had

airendy shadowed into graveness to meet his own. Would it not be possible to con-vince her of the dangers she faced, to in-duce her to go home again? Even as he thought this, she said: "You must meet Miss Soundar" Miss Sonaday.

"I have met Miss Sonaday." She did not note his inflection.

"Ah! if you know her, you know what a dear, sweet, true girl she is."

'I have observed that she is very charm-

A brilliant idea struck Daisy. "Won't you join us at supper after the theater? I know Freda will be glad to have you

Supper after the theater. How well she knew the phrase; and this was Daisy! "Will you not permit me?"

"Oh, no! Freda and I have supper here. The head waiter lets us have a little table, though it's after hours." "Rather lonely?"

"Oh, no! Charlie or Parlance-those are boys in the company-often come with us. I should like you to meet them, too. They are such nice fellows."

are such nice fellows." "Every word went through Breton. "I shall be delighted," he said referring back to the supper. "May I call at the theater for you and Miss Sonaday?" "I get out early-before the piece is over. Wa had better all must here."

We had better all meet here." Freda, however, was particularly late. Breton and Daisy had already begun sup-per when, with a flinging open of the door, Her cheeks were bright and her eyes sparkling. The Persian lamb boa she had used in the last act was still in soft fleeciness about her throat, and her cap had a specially jainty tip. Daisy realized un-easily that her friend looked more than

usually "like an actress." "Is this Mr. Breton?" Freda extended her hand, adding: "I didn't know whom Daisy meant. I meet so many people, but I remember you quite well." This with an arch turn of her head and a little smile up through her lashes-then: "Let's have sup-per up stairs, Daisy. This big room, lighted one end, always gives me the horrors. Mr. Breten will understand that our rooms are our parlor. Besides Fred Sticknor is coming

'Fred Sticknor, who was at school?"

"Yes, they close to-night. I persuaded him to wait over. The company does Bal-timore next. He's gone down to get the manager to change his ticket. He can go over just as well in the morning." Daisy felt a bit bewildered, but before the know what was come on support the knew what was going on supper was served in Freda's room and Freda was giv-ing Breton permission to order wine.

Champagne?" "The actresses' wine?" she said mocking-

Iw. "Yes, it you choose. "How will Fred know where we are?" ven.

tured Daisy. "I told him 238. He will come right up. It was rather late for him to ask in the of-

fice. You see," turning to Breton, "we stare people are careful of appearanceswhen its quite convenient." Daisy flushed. She fancied she caught a glance from Breton. Oh, if Freda would only not like herself, her sweet, bright,

usual self! A footstep sounded in the silent hall, and Freda called as someone passed the door. "Here you are, dear boy! Mr. Breton-Sticknor. Fred, you remember Daisy. Very little changed, I think, don't you?

Bit down, sit down." Meanwhile she disposed of Sticknor's heavy cont on the bed, which was pretty well covered now with raps. Then she opened the door slightly. ""That," she explained, "is for propriety."

She booked at Breton. "Of course the peo-ple who go by say to themselves: "Those readful actresses, having supper at this our?' But at least the open door proves that we are observing the proprieties. As for being actresses, half the critics will tell you that I, for one, am none; and as for

"Freda, stop!" "The woman whose heart can be won is worth no better, and whoever is smart enough to win it insincerely is absolved from blaffie by the mere fact that he could

win it. Oh, believe me, these are your 'gentlemen' as we find them!" "What is the matter. Freda? You aren't a bit like yourself. You were so different, too, at supper." "My dear, they tell us an actress' life is

one continued round of pleasure and dissi-pation. Why not take it so sometimes?" But there were tears in her eyes as she laughed, and presently she began pacing up and down. "Dear Daisy, don't mind me. I am in trouble, dear, and I don't know which way to turn. The more I try to get right with myself the worse I feel."

Fred Sticknor's pained face recurred in a flash to Daisy's mind. "Freda, darling!"

"Freds, daring." As often happens between women, the thought passed without words. "Yes, dear," Freda said miserably. "He is the best fellow in the world. I should cut off my right hand rather than hurt him. Not any any hear I are different."

cut off my right hand rather than hurt him. Yet, see—see how I acted!" "Do you care for him?" Freda started up gloomily in front of her, saying absently: "The woman, who in this life of ours is lucky enough to be loved honestly, ought to care." Then remember-ing Daiss, she cried hastily and with un-mistakable decision: "No, dear—no—I don't care for him—I—I think."

CHAPTER VI. OF WHAT GOOD?

"Bird," said Kildare, "I've got to have ore money. The girl's face lighted. "How much?"

"Five hundred dollars." "Oh, Bob!"

"Is it too much? Never mind, then." "No, Bob. I don't mean that; but are we doing so badly?" "Dash is a fool-that's what's the matter. I have told him to order printing and stuff for 'The Merry Miser.' We have got to do

it. That's what I want the \$500 for. Of course, if it inconveniences you —" and Kildare turned as if to go. "Please don't speak so. Here it is." Kildare took the check.

"Um! Any more word from your law-

"They-they have sold something, Bob." "More advice, too, I suppose." "Yes. But it's none of their business. I

"Why not?" have a right to use my money as I please. When I am 21 I can have everything. And, Bob, dear, I believe there is a good deal." "How about that will of yours? Suppose "Oh, it's nonsense-blithering nonsense Fall in love with an actress, if you like;

spend your money on her, if you can't help it; but marry her? Never!" "See here. If it comes to that, why She laughed a pitiful little laugh. "The lawyers said it was all right, didn't they, Bob?" Then of a sudden she reached out her arms, crying: "But, oh, I would rather live-that I might give it to you my "My boy, my dear fellow, a man wants to be sure of the woman he marries." Breton felt Marguerite affronted. He

plowered over his glass and said in his own self! Her face had turned a strange white and great tears fell.

great tears fell. "For heaven's sake, brace up!" said Kil-dare. "Get some color in your face. I am sick of seeing you look this way-always either making scenes or moping around." "Dear Bob, I-I don't mope, and I am mite coll."

von die?

quite well." "What's the matter with you, any how?" She drew a hard breath and her lip began to quiver, though her tears had stopped. Presently she lifted her eyes solemnly to

his. "Don't look at me like that! Aren't you happy?" "Yes-except for-"

"Except for what?" "Ob, Bob! Let me tell them!" The man scowled fearfully. Bird began to moan and twist her fingers together. Then she slipped to the floor and clung to his knees. "Bob! Bob! please. I will not be a bit more bother to you than I am now-indeed I wou't! As it is my heart is breaking!" "Why don't you do a little of that at night? Women will not do their best act-

night? ing on the stage."

"Acting! It is my life going from me. It isn't much to ask, dear. Let me tell them. Let me tell Freda." "No. And shut up this infernal non-

sense. What good are you to me that I should make such a sacrifice for you? Let's quit all this foolery or "-he smilled grimly-I'll not let you play in the 'Miser." She drew herself from him till she to marry such a woman." Breton swallowed a good deal of brandy. He did not like the idea of Marguerite's

Kildare paced the room. Once he pushed her fretfully with his feet. At this she ived a telegram as follows: "Henroyd wants looking after." [To be Continued next Sunday.] rose, understanding that her position irri-tated him, and crept into a chair. Her wee face was haggard and her eyes woefully big. Kildare spoke more gently, "Why do you make me unkind to you by being unreason-

"Yes, Boh, and my money, too."

She struggled to her feet, erying:

able:

shut.

might think she believed it. The sister ap- CAPE COD GRANGERS "Can you, Henroyd indirectly by letter. "Can you, Henroyd, with all your propects," she wrote, "afford to be constantly attendant on actresses, however charming they may be?"

But she got no answer at all. Neither But she got no answer at all. Neither did various aunts who broached the subject get any satisfaction. Breton merely ex-claimed between his teeth and wondered who had been talking. It all put him in an irritable frame of mind, and when a cousin ran into him on the street and asked: "Going over to Boston?" he growled out: "Yes—is it your business?" The men turned into a lounging place. "How are the folle?" Boston sched

The men turned into a fotnging place. "How are the folk?" Breton asked. "Well, except great Uncle Pratt. You are as interested as I am in the news that he's a little shaky." "We ought to come in for a good share of the old man's stuff," Breton mused. TROUBLE WITH A JEHU OF BOSTON

go to Boston?

idiots.

them

actress?

hroat:

"Um-yes, but you must stop running after pretty actresses." "The old man did too much of that himself in his time to take it amiss in us," Hen-

age women does not hold a candle to the aver

age actress for attractiveness. There is a catch and go about her. The advantage is a man can quit when he wants to. You must keep quiet till some of these old people knock off. Don't let them think you are going to

marry one of these women." Breton thought of Marguerite and

answered whimsically. "I don't know. I might marry one of

"Good heavens! You can't marry an

"An actress may be a good woman."

seif in his time to take it amiss in us, "Reh-royd said, awkwardly. "Who is she, Breton?" "What's the story, now?" "Don't lose your temper, Breton. Pretty actress in Washington-admirer in attend-ance-in the very view of his Washington is a and be the story of the lantic ocean and on the west by Buzzard's Bay and the Cleveland boom which juts up against it. The soil is mostly light and sandy, producing the resinous germ of the contingent of relations. Washington is a bad place to begin that sort of thing. Quiet watch-various reports. Handsome admirer, for instance, appears at various towns along the company's route. Even here, in Phila-delphia, under the eyes of the home con-tingent of relations. Here is to her, dear old boy! But don't get tangled up. Why go to Bostang'' John pine and the bright red boxberry." Dairy products, corn and wool, flourish here to some extent, and the little Farmers' Alliance at Buzzard's Bay, of which Mr. Jef-

ferson, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gilder are members, meeting on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, furnishes a most "I believe my relations are all malicious entertaining place to go for an evening. There you will hear of the ravages of the "Don't be a fool yourself, Henroyd, I'm one of your relations and I have a sincere interest in your welfare. It won't do for you to get the old people down on you. I like actresses myself. It's a pity. The aver-

curculio and what the prospects are for ensilage and persiflage this fall. Mr. Jeffer-

Glimpse of Cleveland, Jefferson

and Booth on Their Farms.

WISE PAPERS ON AGRICULTURE

Proceedings of Farmers' Alliance Chapter

832 and Its Influence.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

county, which is co-extensive with Cape Cod, is the eastermost county of Massachu-

setts and has an area of 290 miles. It con-

sists of a peninsula which is sixty miles

long, terminating in Cape Cod. It is

bounded on the east and south by the At-

CAPE COD, MASS., Aug. 28.-Barnstable

HOADHITTANCE TARMERS ALLIANCE IN HERE 1 -

Could Hear on the Outside.

"No offense, Henroyd; but who knows an so onense, Henroyd, but who knows an actress is a good woman? She may be, of course. But you can't in nature feel sure of a woman who goes through what an actress must go through, and a man must be on keeps 1,600 head of cows on his Lonis iana place, and it is said raises his calves on condensed milk. He loves dearly to fool with agriculture.

FISHING ON RAINY DAYS.

sure of the woman he makes his wife." "Do you know what you are talking about?" On rainy days, when Mr. Jefferson can-not work on the farm, he may often be seen "Yes; I do. I'm talking about women in an oilskin coat digging for angleworms, while near by you will see Mr. Cleveland with an old peach can almost filled with these delicious insects. The two start of from 18 to 28-women who live in the world, with no guidance but their own caprice; no protection but that of their own prudence. Women who are open to the attentions of any cad who can get an intro-duction to them. I'm talking of women together, and are often gone all day fishing in Buzzard's Bay, Buttermilk Bay or some of their tributaries. Trout came down into the salt water for the shrimps and also, I whose ambitions and vanities are constantly whose ambitions and vanities are constantly catered to, and whose attractiveness invites attentions, invites temptations against which their unprotected position affords them no safeguard. Women, too, whose daily companions are these actor fellows-mostly no account duffers, but deuced judge, for the breeze and change of scene, so that often the brook trout and sea bass, mackerel, weakfish, bluefish, etc., are caught in the same waters. All sorts of sea food, attractive. "Actresses are charming; they know how to dress; they are dainty from top to toe; they know how to walk; they are witty and

in the same waters. All sorts of sea food, from the large, aromatic codfish of com-merce to the kippered herring of the work-aday world, are found here in the front dooryard of the great comedian. It is rather low of course to accept of a man's hospitality and then speak lightly of his agriculture, but I must say that those members of the Buzzard's Bay Farmers' Alliance, Chapter 832, whom I met, includ-ing those I have named, and also Mr. Booth and the Elder Couldock, did not fool me with their farmer talk for a single moment. saucy and bright; they are a bundle of fas-cinating femininities; they can help a fellow get a headache, and sympathize with him when he's got it; but a man does not want guit all this foolery or "-he smiled grimly-I'll not let you play in the 'Miser.'" She drew herself from him till she could rest her head on a chair near, and, with her face hidden, crouched, sobbing. He did not like the idea of Marguerite's being described in that way. "I am stopping too long," he said, gruffly, and the Elder Couldock, did not fool me with their farmer talk for a single moment. I did not know something about farming, so I was not permitted to join the Alliance. That evening Mrs. Marimone. Boston, reof the papers prepared by these gentlemen, and I say that if such men are to wield the balance of power in '92 the underpinning of our national fabric will become very porous indeed.

that he is a just man. Even his enemies must admit that. When we go out fishing and return at night, Mr. Cleveland will not accept more than his just share of the catch. I do not say that Mr. Blaine would expect to catch 'chubs' and 'pumpkin seeds' all day and then expect to offset them against brook trout, but at the same time I think he might convider that his conversational brook trout, but at the same time I think he might consider that his conversational powers would offset his suckers, while Mr. Cleveland does not try to so work his diplo-matic gifts as to keep him in grub. He is a man who wants to give substantial justice to everybody, and of course this does not suit those who never tried it. Mr. Cleve-land and his wife make good neighbors here, and he has never borrowed anything vet that he has not returned. I help him in

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, 1891.

vet that he has not returned. I help him in having and he helps me in harvest. We ex-change works. I let him have my 'autobi ography' to read and he loans me some o most spicy old messages to Congress.' THE FOOTFALL OF THE BOOM.

Property has greatly appreciated in this sountry since the arrival of the Clevelands, Jeffersons and Gilders. From \$32 per acre paid by Mr. Charles Jefferson, the price has gone up to \$250 and \$300 and even to a price per front foot. But footmatche the price er front foot. But fortunately the specu hator will not get a chance at it, for the colony holds enough of it to keep the semi-barbarism of a boom out of it. What can be sadder than the stealthy footfall of a \$2 om in the soothing silence of the pfimeval

Looking over the United States, it is wonderful how health and pleasure resorts have built up within a few years. From the east to the west, from the north to the south, the coast and the hills are freekled with cottages and inns for those who have learned that a change of air is better that

learned that a change of air is better than the entire pharmacoposia. Nantasket Beach, the Coney Island of Boston, is a beautiful stretch of shore, giving upon Boston harbor. I saw a wagon load of young men on the Jerusalem road who had been up to Nantasket and im-proved their health so much that they spoke about it in high terms to every one they met, even stopping a good many carthey met, even stopping a good many car-riages to tell joyfully and yet with ill-guided elocution and confused rhetoric, how the sea air had benefited them. The following day they followed up their dietetic course with 12 hours' gentle exer-

cise in macadamizing the roads of Cohasset returning at night with a healthy glow and in charge of an officer. THE HUB IN SUMMER.

Boston does not seem so deathly quiet in midsumer as New York. While the hot weather reduces the speed of pedestrians on Washington street somewhat, I succeeded in getting a shoulder knocked off before In getting a shoulder knocked off before breakfast as I was hurrying down to the common for a brisk walk and also to see the parched and feverish frog pond, hoping that at that hour I might find it moust, with may ap a frog in it. Boston used to be called Shawmut by the entomological red brother. It was afterward called Tremont, pronounced Tremmont. This pronuncia-tion when it gets as far as Pittsburg be-comes Treemont and at Chicago, Tremont. It really means trimountain, because it was cated on the tops of three hills.

The herdic is a favorite relaxation in Boston among the middle classes. I have fought with cabmen in all countries, but never got hold of one that I could whip till I came to Boston this time. You always know when you get into a herdic that you will not only have a pleasant little choppy ride, but that you will know exactly how much to pay when you get through. Un-fortmatchy I payed to yick on an anily fortunately, I paused to pick up my valise, which had fallen off the perch of the driver.

He should have gotten it himself, becaus



REST IN COLORADO. Pretty Cottonwood Grove Where

Olive Thorne Finds Peace.

FAR DOWN IN A LITTLE CANYON. Rustic Frame Cottage Surrounded by

Colony of Pretty Tents.

THE SCENERY OF THE GREAT STATE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] -CHEYENNE CANYON, COL., Aug. 12 .-Imagine a pretty one-story cottage, set down in a grove of cottonwood trees with a gnarly oak and a tall pine here and there to give it character, and surrounded, as a hen by her chickens, by tents, six or eight, in every conceivable position, and at every possible angle-except a right angle. Add to this picture the sweet voices of birds, and the music of water rushing and hurrying over the stones; let your glance take in on our side the grand outlines of Cheyenne Mount-

Made doubly sacred by the poet's pen And poet's grave,

and on the other, the rest of the range, overlooked, by the snowy cap of Pike's Peak, 14,000 feet higher than the streets of New York. Do this and you will come as near to realizing Camp Harding as one can who is hundreds of miles away, and has

never seen a Colorado camp. Do not think, however, that camps such as this are common, even in this land of outof-doors, where tents are open for business, even the business of education in the streets of the towns, and where every householder sets up his canvas in his yard, for invalids to sleep in from June to November. This little settlement of tents is an evolution, the gradual growth of the tent idea in the

ONE COMFORT-LOVING WOMAN.

She came here seven or eight years ago, She came here seven or eight years ago, bought this grove under the shadow of Cheyenne, put up a tent and passed her first summet thus. The next year, and several years thereafter she gradually improved her transient abode in many ways that her womanly taste suggested, as a wooded floor, a bick herebeard cartitions of muching a high baseboard, partitions of muslin or critonne, door and windows of wire gauze. critonne, door and windows of wire gauze. The original dwelling has thus, step by step, grown to a framed and rough plastered house, with doors and windows, while grouped picturesquely around it are some of the most unique abiding places in Colorado. They are in effect handsome hard-wood boxes three feet high and of different sizes boxes three feet high and of different sizes up to 14x16 feet, with platform in front and canvas roof. The "boxes" are without tops; and each side is surmounted for its whole length with a wire-gauze continuous window, capable of being tightly closed by the under canvas of the two which form the the under canvas of the two which form the roof, or opened for the air to sweep through. Inside these structures are models of com-fort, with regular beds and furniture, rugs on the floor, gauzy window curtains, drap-ery wardrobes, and even tiny stoves for-cool mornings and even tiny stoves for-the comforts of a house with the open air and delightful freshness of a tent, where one may hear every bird twitter and see the dancing leaf shadows in the moonlight. Over the front platform the canvas cover ex-tends to form an awning, and a wire-

seeing them. She believes what she hears -never were such grand mountains, never such soul-stirring views, never such hair-breadth roads. She believes-and stays in her cottonwood grove content. She knows how it all looks, has she not peered down into one canyon-holding her breath the while-and with slightly differing arrange-ment of rocks and pine trees and brooks, are not all canyons the same? Has she not gazed with awe at the "trail" to the grave and watched-without envy-the sighttends to form an awning, and a wire-gauze door, in addition to one of wood, makes them airy or snug, as the weather and watched-without envy-the sight-seeing tourist struggling with its diffidemands.

THE CURE OF REST.

Nothing is more fascinating to the stranger in Colorado than the formation of In one of the rooms of the original house your correspondent is delightfully domi-ciled, enjoying the comforts of the East with the freedom of the West. Better still, she was perfectly rested and refreshed before the end of a week, and since that has been laying in new stores of life and energy for the account of the months of eare and work its canyons, not only the grand ones running up into the heart of the mountains, running up into the heart of the mountains, but its lesser ones, cutting into the high table lands, or Mesa, at the foot of the hills. The oft-mentioned cottonwood grove for example, with its dozen of dwellings and a natural park of a good many acres above it, with tall pines that bear the marks of age, is so curiously hidden, that one may acres almost unort the ott-mentioned cotton wood grove for example, with its dozen of dwellings and a natural park of a good many acres above it, whosoever will may profit by also. Here is her method, her "rest cure," her "foun-tain of health;" tired reader, "Go thon and do likewise!

tiny ones with sharp peaks, as though pre-paring for mountains. Before long they re-treated to a distance and grew bigger, and at last far off appeared the mountains, topping all one great white peak, the

A Person Can Be Identified Without Any Element of Doubt.

SOME VERY REMARKABLE TESTS.

Simple Precautions That Will Prevent Premature Baldness.

THE CANTEEN SYSTEM IN THE ARMY

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

ment of their identity. According to Fran-

cis Galton, there is no longer any occasion

for doubt or difficulty on this score, and he

has shown that in the examination and reg-

istration of the marks on finger tips is to be

found an almost infallible method of identi-

fying human beings. The marks on the

finger tips are the mouths of ducts issuing

from the glands of perspiration. Such ducts, of course, exists all over the body,

and their issues are surrounded by slight

elevations of the skin. But there is a dif-

ference between the ducts on the inner sur-

face of the hands and the soles of the feet, and those in the other parts of the body, in that in the former the ducts are contained in delicate ridges, which are like oraters

along the crest of a mountain chain, while

in the latter the ducts are contained in sep-

arate elevations like craters in isolated

to be a set of the set

of life. The proportions of the ridges may change with fatness or leanness, and as the

hands are altered by use, disease or age, the pattern, as a whole, may change in tength or breadth, but the number of the ridges

and the details remain the same. The finger

tip has been aptly likened to a piece of lace

the outlines of which may be changed by stretching in one way and shrinking in the other, but which always has the same number of threads. Mr. Galton

same number of threads. Mr. Galton gives a great number of instances in which the certainty of this finger record is established, notably that 4 a friend whose impressions were preserved in sealing-wax for 17 years and found to correspond with recently taken impres-sions. The same correspondence is shown in eases where the impression of the thumb of a child of 23 years is commared with the

of a child of 2% years is compared with the record of the same child when 15; in the finger prints of three persons in childhood, and again after seven years; the finger-

prints of many persons at 25 or 30 and again at 50 or 60, and those of a man at 63 and

The making of the impressions is a very

simple process. Over a glass plate a coating of thin ink is spread by a printer's roller.

and the finger tips are pressed lightly upon the glass and then upon paper. Mr. Galton has so much faith in this new system that

he looks forward to a time when every con-vict shall have prints taken of his fingers by

the prison photographer at the beginning and end of his imprisonment, and a register made of them; when army and navy re-cruits shall go through the same process; when the index number of the hands shall

be commonly inserted in advertisements for

persons who are lost or who cannot be identi-fied, and when every youth who is leaving

his home for a long residence abroad shall obtain prints of his fingers at the same time

that the portrait is photographed, for his friends to retain as a memento.

How to Delay Baldness.

An English physician has written to tha

papers to exhort people not to grow hald before their time, because there is no need

that they should if they will take only reasonable care of their heads. After premis-

ing that one of the great primal causes of

premature baldness is civilization, with its

many artificial restrictions, he dwells on

the importance of taking care of the gen-eral health as one of the surest ways of

again at 80.

, Giver of gold, king of eternal hills. A welcome awaited her in the summer home of a friend at Colorado Springs, in the very presence of the grand mountain range, at one end the beautiful Cheyenne, with its tender memories, and behind and above all the snow cap of Pike's Peak, with its thrilling associations of gold fever times. Four bliasful days the enchanted traveler gave to friendship and the mountains, and then she set up her honsehold goods-the few she had brought-in this cottonwood camp on the banks of the Minnelowan (or which, formed by the junction of two from the canyons above, comes tumbling down from the Cheyenne, rushing and roaring as if it had the business of the world on its should-ers and must do it man-fashion, with con-There has always been some unsatisfac tory element in the methods hitherto adopted for purposes of identification, and ers and must do it man-fashion, with con-fusion and noise enough to drown all other many cases are on record in which criminals have escaped punishment in consesounds. quence of the miscarringe of the system which has been relied on for the establish-

DELIGHTS OF COLORADO.

Giver of gold, king of eternal hills.

Four things attracted the traveler to Colorado. First, friends-few, but precious; second, the hope of rest and change; third, the wish to see the wonderland; fourth, to the wish to see the wonderland; fourth, to spy out its birds. As to rest, it is to be had in perfection, for both soul and body—if one chooses to take it. One may swing in a hammock and be happy all day watching the "clouds that eruise the sultry sky"—a sky so blue one never tires of it; or beside the brock he mere "ilie mere it happened sky so blue one never tires of it; or beside the brook he may "lie upon its banks and dream himself away to some enchanted ground." Or he may study the ever-chang-ing aspects of the mountains; their dreary, veiled appearance with the morning sun full upon them, their deep violet blueness in the early evening, with the sun behind them, and the mystery of the moonlight, which "sets them far off in a world of their own." set the and upon a mountains in own," as tender and unreal as mountains in a dream. He may do this day after day, and night after night, indulging his soul in dreams and rapture's and poetic flights impossible to everyday mortals in every-day life.

day life. He may observe, but he's far more likely to become excited, and finally bewitched by guide books and photographs, and talk all about him, of this or that canyon, this or that pass, the Garden of the Gods, Maniton, the Seven Sisters Falls, the grave of H. H., and unless he is a fool or a philosopher, be-fore he knows it he is in the full swing of sight seeing. He becomes learned in bur-ros, the "Ship of the Rockies," so indis-pensable, so common that even the babies take to them. take to them.

THE SIGHT SEEKER'S WOR.

He climbs peaks, he drives over nerve-

shaking roads, a sheer wall and a frightful precipice on either side, he toils up hun-dreds of steps, he goes quaking down into ruins, he looks and admires and trembles,

till sentiment is worn to threads, purse de-pleted, and body and mind alike a wreek.

For this sort of traveler there is no rest in Colorado, there is always another mountain

to thrill him, another canyon to rhapsodize over-to one who is greedy of "sights" the tameness of Harlem or the muddy flats of Canarsie will afford more rest.

As to the teller of this ever true tale.

she can bear to be near sights without seeing them. She believes what she hears

ALMOST COMPLETELY HIDDEN.

As for the hour-how could we make it earlier? You outsiders are so brilliant in your judgment of us. Not that we are any better than

We seem."" Freda lifted her glass airily. "Tim' would be impossible," said Breton

"Just like a play, isn't it, Fred. Daisy,

you are not enting." Poor Daisy's head was too much in a whirl to permit of her eating. What had mie to Freda? She and Breton were so brillianly merry that the silence of Sticknor apparently passed unnoticed, but Daisy wondered at his heavy frown and his look of pain. By 1:30 Freda said cheerily: "We must turn you out. Daisy and I have gone beyond our hours. Daisy and I here usually sup on crust and cheese, and refre at 12 " So, too, does Fred, I'll warrant. By the way. You have been so quiet, Fred, that you may stop a few minutes to tell Daisy and me of your wanderings. But, you sir,

must go." "I shall hope to see more of you later," said Breton

You might come to the theater."

"You are too good!" "I hope not!" Their eyes met, and poor

Daisy felt like crying. "You were good to permit me to outstay your other guest," Sticknor said wearily, "but I fear I cannot amuse you." "Ught don't look so sombre. Daisy, Fred here has a lecture for me. Run in worr moment that's a dear and space me the

your room, that's a dear, and spare me the humiliation of being solded before you." Daisy glanced helplessly at the clock, then said obediently: "Good-night," and passed to her room through the connecting or She knew Freda would not like her to close the door. Daisy was tired and nerv-She laid her head on the arm of the big chair and presently fell asleep, while the two others conversed in earnest tones. By and by Freda's hand on her shoulder waked her. The discussion with Sticknor was over and he had gone.

While Daisy combed her pretty dark hair before going to bed, Freda sat, her face away from the light and her head down. Presently she said:

"You aren't engaged, or anything like that, to this Breton, are you?" at, to this Breton, are you?" "No!" cried Daisy, in some alarm.

"Likes him

"Freds, what makes you talk so?

Well, do voi "He was a friend of my father's. They

had business interests together. He-he is older than he looks. He was often at the

"Like you?" Oh, dear! I don't know."

"Don't get so flurried, Daize; I just wanted is know." In the midst of her embarrassment it cecarred to Marguerite that her friend's inter-est was somewhat intrusive. Freda seemed divine the thought, for she protested air-

Not a bit of it sweet field flower.] met him some time ago-on the Casine roof. was with a party of boys-charming fellow! I have an idea he wants to experiment. Now, I'm very conscientious about prior claims, and all that-regard them sared, and that sort of thing. However, as is!" Freda kissed the tips of her fingers toward the chandelter and smiled prettily. "I should hardly take Mr. Breton for a man inclined to flirt," Daisy said, almost

Billiy. You never can tell, dear girl." "And, oh, Freda, I hope you won't lead him on. You-you seem so reckless."

"Men can take care of themselves; and why shouldn't he experiment?

"He is a gentleman." "Fiddlesticks-doubtless. And a man of nor, as the world goes. But, dear me it's not a man's province to set the reserve of every woman he meets. It's his busine to respect a woman's self-respect, once he is sure of it; and, in the case of us actresses and many other woman who work their way, he has a right, if he pleases, to make himself sure of it."

BITS OF FEMININE FANCY. FLAT hats will remain in favor for wint year, but not with wide brims. "I have given up so much," Bird moaned,

"I have given up so much," Bird moaned, as if to herself; her brown eyes wide and unreeing, "All my ambition is gone, ex-cept to please you—except to play well enough so that you will keep me in the cast. All my friends are gone!—gone! I would not daye try the latch of my own home, for the fear that it might not yield to AT the seaside this motto has be dopted: When in doubt wear blue serge. THE panier is making headway. Full puffings on the hips are among the things to be looked for in the near future. THE most acceptable present for your lady riends is one of the new designs of hat pins The most admired are those of a single dis

nome, for the lear that it might hot yield to me. My mother! God knows how her heart fares in these lonely days. They used to call me pretty. Look at me now. All-all gone into the great gulf of your cruelty! All! even the strength to bear it. I am weak and iil. All gone! all gone!" A PRETTY morning gown has a skirt of dark a restrict morning gown has a skirt of dark blue India silk, with rows of hemstitching across the bottom. With this skirt wear a silver gray silk olouse waist. THE late summer parasols, whether of

"And your money, too: you forget that, foulard or surah striped, "spotted" or plain, are lined with light and delicate tints and have amazingly long handles.

"Anything more to work off your mind A sew words of prophecy: The hours of A saw words of prophecy: The hours of the "Louis" coat are numbered. Just two inches below the hips will be the order of the tailor's autumn day. The short jacket is weary of banishment and will come home to its own again. Baby? All over your complaints and whinings and tantrums?"

Some of the electric dinners are rea

be procured of any first-class druggist.

"Robert! You will be sorry, you will indeed. Hard as you are, your heart must warm sometime. But oh, my dear, I love SLILPPERS made with sides of undres you. Let it warm a little to me now Don't wait until the time is too late. eather or cloth exactly niatching the stock ings and with toes of patent leather, or em-broidered, or beaded, make the foot seem small, for the sides catch no light and all that one sees is the bright point of the shoe. Kildare snarled an inarticulate exclama-tion, seized his hat and made for the door, turning at it to say: "Are you such a fool as not to know yet The present popularity of yellow and ecru

in silk, organdie and grenadine is especially becoming to brunettes. The most stylish gowns fashioned of these fabrics are prin-cess shape, rosettes of velvet ribbon adorn-ing the fail of cream color lace set on the that a man won't stand talk like this? The more true it is, the less he will stand it. Get over this streak of idiocy. The sooner the better for you, and keep your mouth

With this he slammed the door open and As effective and novel portier can be made strode out. of rope, the kind ordinarily used for clothes lines. This is cut in regular lengths, one "I wonder what I shall do," the girl

asked herself aloud, a chill despair settling upon her. "I wonder what I shall do?" She crossed to her trunk. The upper tray was an orderly confusion of all kinds of feminine elegances: gossamer handkerchiefs in transparent cases, lace scarfs, an amber handled creamy parasol; a couple of fansone a sumptuous group of plumes, the other costly lace-silk stockings in all dainty shades, with silver and jewelel clasped garters to match, gloves upon gloves upon gloves, and two or three jewel cases. F an unsuspected drawer in one of these Bird drew a bit of half printed, half written paper. Looking over it seemed to give her new courage. She thrust it back hastily, and replaced the box. Then, as her face grew haggard again, she said to herself: "Of what good? Of what good?"

Perhaps she meant the finery in the trunk; half disordered by her hasty dis-

lodging of the box. Perhaps she meant the pearls and brilliants the box held. "Of what good? Of what good?"

CHAPTER VIL. HENROYD WANTS LOOKING AFTER.

Breton's "duties" must have been accommodating, for they brought him to a good many towns when Kildare was playing them. He found it difficult to make up his mind about Marguerite. Freda, too, she warded him off so cleverly that he also found it difficult to make up his mind about

Meanwhile, Breton's family were ually thrown into some excitement. They were a "good old family," mentioned, if you please, in the book of "American Aristocracy," with a page and a half all to itself, too. Henroyd had been something of a black sheep. The family really did not ex-

through the centre, broken every now and then by nymphs holding wreaths of flowers, each blazing with lights. peet Henroyd to marry, unless he get a for-tune thereby. As for his marrying an ac-tress, it was unthinkable. Yet, rumors were abroad that his intentions seemed al-Dr. Mott on Speer's Wine Dr. Mott, of the Bellevue Hospital Col-lege, gives his unqualified endorsement to Speer's wines, and recommends their use to sickly females and consumptives. It can most serious. Mrs. Breton wrote to a sis-ter. She really could not herself stoop to protest over such a matter to her son; he

GIVING ASPARAGUS AN AIRING.

Mr. Cleveland's paper on "How to Air an Asparagus Bed" showed that the most pro Asparagus Bed showed that the most pro-found statesmanship may be connected very often with the most pitiable ignorance re-garding farm work. People never do have to air an asparagus bed. Mr. Booth, who has been visiting here this summer, and who knows very little regarding agriculture, was admitted by card, while I was shut out. He followed Mr. Cleveland's paper with a discussion regarding "Spring and Fall Application of Mayonnaise Dress ing in the Cultivation of Asparagus." When people talk that way about growing simple garden truck and are given a life membership in the Alliance, while one like myself, who farmed it successfully as long as his wife's money held out, and who therefore, ought to know something regard-ing agriculture, is not permitted to join the debate, it naturally has a tendency to em-

debate, it naturally has a tendency to em-bitter one. Mr. Gilder read a paper regarding the "Rotation of Grops," and described a new machine by the use of which he thought that crops could be given a rotary motion. From this the discussion became general, and gradually drifted into literature and the use of fresh liver and cod's heads for erabbing purposes. The use of iambic versi-fication and the chub rod took up the at-tartion of the Alluance for the rest of the tention of the Alliance for the rest of th evening. From what I could hear on the outside, I judge that these men knew no more regarding the uses and abuses of agriculture than do the Sockless Simpson and the umbrageous Peffer.

SOME TRIALS OF THE FARMER.

Mr. Couldock showed how the farmer suffered, how he was trodden into the earth and ill treated till his life was not worth living. He said that it is a dog's life. He showed that the farmer is reviled secretly by the politician and hoodwinked at the

end of each piece fastened at the top of the window to the rings on a pole. The lower end is then fringed to a depth of six or eight inches with admirable effect, The greatest novelty of the season just now polls, ground down by the money lender and skinned by the merchant, ridiculed by the comic papers and lied about by the un-comic papers, flayed by the lawyers and then barbecued by the fruit tree peddler, bunkoed by the bunko steerer, gouged by the green goods man impored by Congress onsists of thin silk blouse waists which are ande of almost any color of soft, plinble silk, Cows-tail red, coral red, water green, emer-ild green, pale green, orange and the deli-sate shades of blue are the favorites. Over these blouse waists a sleeveless vest is worp. binkoed by the bunko steerer, gouged by the green goods man, ignored by Congress, cursed by the consumer, skun by the wealthy and peppersauced by the poor, peeled by the penniless and tobaccosauced by the usurious, dogged by the Sheriff and taxed to his grave, that he may prosper the interests of the non-resident. Mr. Couldock ONE of the prettiest and most novel of the eason's conceits among the Parisian dress nakers is the epaulette effect produced on evening and demi-toilet gowns with flowers For this purpose, large or small flowers are chosen, according to the fancy of the indi vidual, and when mixed with grass o foliage, give a decidedly military effect. hen read a paper on "How to Keep Boys THE German Emperor is said to be extremely fond of his big, kind-hearted blonds on the Farm

fran, and is reported as saying: "I could wish no better to the men of my nation than that the girls would follow the example of their Empress in devoting their lives as she does to the cultivation of the three K's—Die Kirche, Die Kinder und Die Kuche" (the church, the children and the cuisine). Buzzard's Bay is only a short ride from Boston. A bright correspondent of the press is at the station. I did not know it when I went there. He was disguised, I think, as a baggageman, for I saw no one but the regular station men when Mr. Robson and I got off, but the paper the next day had a graphic account of all we said and did, both when we landed at Buzzard's Bay and when we left the day afterward. I THE most elegant handkerchiefs now are all white. They are trimmed with white lace and embroidery, with an edge of Valenciennes lace fully a finger wide surrounding the open hem. The old-fashioned style of setting lace and embroidery in the corner of handkerchiefs has come in again. Handker chiefs with colored borders are fashionable but not so chie as those with colored center and white borders. Bay and when we left the day atterward. I do not know who he was, but he was a success from a newspaper standpoint. He was graphic, and described how my clothes seemed to fit me better than I could have done it myself. Far better, in fact, for I might have been prejudiced. He was not. He just haid aside all feeling and hewed to the line bet the block the day to

the line, let the chips fall where they may. Just as the Prince of Wales would do. tions of more fantastic dreams than those related among the Arabian Nights' wonders One recently given was served upon a table of glass shining through fine white linen, with countiess electric globes beneath its surface. A garland of roses wound down

GROVER ON HIS HEALTH.

did not succeed in drawing out Mr.

I did not succeed in drawing out Mr. Cleveland regarding his candidacy, but he said naively, as he turned aside to spit on his bait, that his health was tiptop. "That," said he, as he unfastened his hook from the wainscoting of my trousers, "is one thing which I like about me. While not in any sense a candidate, you may say in a general way that my health is right good."

good." "What I admire about Mr. Cleveland," said Mr. Jefferson the following day, "is,



he was the one who dropped it, but he had a skittish horse, and so I got it. But, o course, we stopped while I did so. When we came to settle he charged me double price because we had stopped on the way. A SETTO WITH THE JEHU.

I saw that he was a consumptive, and knowing that he had a skittish horse, I raised myself to my full height, a thing that I very rarely do, and told him that I would give him only the price of a single trip He then struck at me with his whip, which fortunately hit me so that I had an oppor tunity to catch it by the lash, and quickly tunity to catch it by the lash, and quickly jerking it, he meantime retaining his hold upon it, I pulled him from his perch, and, maddened by a cup of chocolate which I had just drank at the tavern and the fumes of which had risen to my brain, I struck him repeatedly with my clenched hand, one knuckle of which I allowed to protrude in way calculated to give him great pain, at least if it hurt him as much as it did me. I had just polished him off and made

good my escape, when a policeman, less than a block away, closed the *Atlantic Month-*ly, in which he was reading a continued story, and started for me. I thought I had already made good my escape, but at this time I decided to make some more improve-ments on it, which I did, and soon might have been seen gayly perched on the after-deck of Mr. Robson's steam yacht, the Why, and, with the wind on my quarter, was speeding swiftly toward Cohasset. It is very seldom that I imbrue my hands

in the warm, steaming blood of a fellow being, but when I do there is generally a good stiff market for mourning goods among his immediate relatives for a week or so afterward. BILL NYE.

UNCLE JERBY RUSK SCORES. His Advice to Pull the Tassels Off Cor.

Seems to Be Very Good.

The Agricultural Department lately sent out a circular advising corn growers to pull the tassels off their corn, because much of the strength of the plant went into the tassel, and by removing this the yield of grain would be increased, says a Missouri farmer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. I have tried it on about ten acres, and though it is yet too early to state the result with exactness, the indications are that I will have about twice as much corn on that patch than on any other similar area of ground on my farm. The ears are far more numerous, and already considerably larger than those of plants the tassels of which have been plants the tassels of which have been allowed to remain, and for one I think Uncle Jerry Rusk has made known a good

thing. It Is Malaria That Alls You.

If you have a constant dull headache a periodical neuralgia on one or both sides of the head, malaria is the cause. If you of the head, maiaria is the cause. If you have a furred tongue, no appetite, heavy feeling at the pit of the stomach, belching of wind, it is malaria that does it. Shivers of pervous chills, flashes of heat, cold sweat, and a feeling too hot or too cold, are all in-dications of that subtle and health-destroy-ing point known as welcoin. In some ing poison known as malaria. In some localities the air is filled with it, the water permeated by it, and the soil infiltrated by

Beneficians on each bottle. For a free book on malarial diseases send to The Peruna Medicine Company, Colum-bus, Ohio.

As her train rolled out of Jersey City one Saturday night her only desire was for rest. She had been hurried and worried up to the last, but the moment she was alone, with her "section" to herself and no one to speak to, she "took herself in hand." All her affairs, all her interests, all her respon-sibilities she shook off, with the dust from her feet, and left in that busy city where a few burdens more or less would not matter anybody. With her trunks checked, and her face turned toward the far-off Rocky Mountains, she left the whole work-a-day world behind her, departing, so far as she was able-a liberated soul, with no duties excepting to rejoice and recruit. TT IS A DIFFICULT TASK.

This is not so easy as it sounds. Done thoroughly it is like a rending apart of one's very life; but it can be done, it has been done, over and over, and it is a charm more potent than magic to bring restoration and recreation to the brain and nerve-weary worker. To bring herself fully restful state of emancipation from her habit ual environment, she interested herself in the study of her fellow passengers as if they were a new species, their peculiarities, their little idiocyneraties, indications of character all from which the close observer may know what they manner of persons they are. Above all, the car porter, who is always an amusing study, the most imposing personage on the train; an autocrat, who rules his small domain ike a Car; whose gracious permission is necessary before one can open a window, which he at once fills with a screen, clogged which he at once fills with a screen, clogged with the dust of ages, to keep out cinders, and fresh air as well; his carefully studied evolutions in opening and making up the berths, conscious of being the cynosure of all eyes; lastly, the struggles of the subdued and meek passengers with the difficulties of undressing benind a curtain in a space one for which with the the the scheme the p by the foot wide, and then the lulling to sl monotonous rattle of wheels over the rails. Behind the friendly curtain, moreover, is freedom. Windows may be opened (if one has strength to manage a sleeping car win-dow). Sweet country air and cinders may be enjoyed together; the eye of the dictator

is not upon you. ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

So she went on, day after day, night after night, till she entered Kansas which was new to her. By that time she had succeeded in banishing to the farthest cor-ner of her memory, behind closed and locked doors, all the anxietics, all the perplexities and problems, all the concerns in fact, of her home life. She was like a newly-created soul, fresh and eager to see and enjoy every-thing. She refused the morning papers; she wished to forget the world of strife and crime, and to get so into harmony with the trees and flowers, the books and the breezes, that she would realize herself

Kith and kin To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows. In one word she wishes as nearly as

In one word she wishes as nearly as possible to walk abroad out of her hinder-ing body of clay, for only in this way can one truly rest and recreate herself. She looked out of the windows to see what the Cyclone State had to give her. It offered flowers and singing birds, broad fields of growing grain, and acres of rich black soil newly turned up to the sun. Everything was fresh and perfect as if just from the hands of its maker; it seemed the paradise of the farmer. From the fertile fields and miles of flowers the train passed to bare blossomless earth; from rich soil to rocks; from Kansas to Colorado. That part of the State which appeared in the morning, looked State which appeared in the morning, looked like a vast body of hardly dry mud, with nothing worth mentioning growing upon it. Each little gutter had worn for itself a

deep CHANNEL WITH PRECIPITOUS SIDES. And here and there a great section had sunken, as though there was no solid foun-dation. Soon, however, the land showed inclination to draw itself up into hills-

Colorado Springs by an electric road which runs along the Mesa south of the town. As the car nears the end of the line one begins to look around for the grove. Not a tree is in sight, right and left, as far as can be seen, stretched the treeless plain to the feet of the eternal hills; not even the top of a tall pine thrusts itself above the dead level. Before you is Cheyenne-grim, glorious, but impenetrable. The conductors stops. "This impenetratice. The conductors stops. "This is your place," he says. You see no place —you think he must be mistaken. "But where is Camp Harding," you ask. He points to an obscure path—"trail," he calls it—which seems to throw itself over

an edge. You approach that point, and there, to your wonder and your surprise, at your feet nestles the loveliest of canpon-like valleys, aspen, oak and pine, with here and there a tent or red roof gleaming through the green, and a noisy brook hurrying on its way down hill.

A PARADISE OF THE WEST.

By steep scramble you reach the lower level, birds singing, flowers termination level, birds singing, flowers tempting on every side, and the picturesque, narrow trail leading you on, around the ledge of rock, over the rustic bridge, till you reach the back entrance of the camp. Before it, np the narrow valley winds a road, the car-riage way to the Cheyenne Caneas. Colorado Springs is a really beautiful town of broad streets and pleasant homes

with every modern' improvement. Its flowers and foliage are kept green and growing by constant irrigation, the whirligig sprinkler on every lawn, and the sugges-tive "ditch" beside each street. It is very droll to an Easterner to see a lawn "put in soak" and a row of trees with their feet in the water, but these are very acceptable at-tentions to Colorado vegetation. So perfect is the weather that strangers resent a rainy day as if it were a personal insult, and but one person is on record of wearying of the perpetual sunshine. That was an or the perpetuit summine. That was an Englishman, who announced himself as "tirged of your beastly blue skies." So dry is the air that invalids and the "night-air fiend" sit out till bedtime, and sleep tran-quilly in tents or with doors and windows wide over.

wide open. Thus it is in summer, in and near the town "east of the mountains and west of the sun," as it appears to the temporary so-journer. What it may be the other 11 onths one should stay a year to find out. OLIVE THORNE.

BAILROAD INCONSISTENCY.

How a St. Louis Conductor Was Bon for a Thing He Could Not Help.

Railroad men who make rules for safety of lives and property are often extremely unreasonable, says a railroader in the St. Louis Republic. In one of the yards of a particular road-at a terminal, in fact a freight conductor who was handling a lot of empties received orders to immediately get off the main track for a special. He had his train almost made up, but was so situated that he found it necessary to back in

nated that he found it necessary to back in over two tongue switches. Both were un-steady affairs and must be held open or closed, or become unreliable. He had no time to wait for help a minute, so he held one of the switches himself and waved his engineer back. The other switch jumped open when the train was about half in, off the track went half a dozen cars, and the "special" was delayed a long time. The conductor was summoned before the master of trains and here is what was said: Master of Trains-Where were you when

Master of Trains-Where were you when switch No. 1 jumped open? Conductor-I was holding switch No. 2. M. T.-Why didn't you hold No. 1 or

have it done? C.—They were both liable to jump open and I had no time to wait for assistance; I did not know that No. 1 was any more lia-ble to fly open than No. 2. M. T.—Well, you ought to have been holding the one that flew open; you are suspended for 60 days.

keeping the hair on. He recommendat everyone to avoid tight-fitting hats and collar unless they be of some perons ma-terial, and to ventilate all headgear which is not porous at the top and sides to allo a free current of air; not to sit or stand with the top of the head near a gas light or lamp light, as the heat thrown out is apt to paralyze the scalp tissues and dry up the hair itself; not to adopt the common practice of dipping the comb in water when arranging the it produces decomposition, and rancidity of the natural oil, and so leads to "rotting;" not wash the head oftener than once a fort night, and then rub in the yolk of an egg, and thoroughly rinse in warm water into which has been thrown a pinch of borax, dry carefully and apply a little pure olive oil; if the hair be naturally dry, apply a little olive oil occasionally; if naturally oily wash occassionally in a lather of tepid water and soap bark; wear an oil cap while bathing, as salt water is most injurious to the hair; avoid stiff brushes, treat the hair gently and use the comb as little as possible; have the ends clipped once a month, but don't close

Effects of the Canteen System. The introduction of the canteen system

rop.

into the American army has had a marked influence on its soldiers. Its immediate effect as gathered from the reports of officers in command of various stations is that drunkenness has been abolished and the offenses incidental to it, for which formerly nine-tenths of the men were tried, have entirely ceased. It is surprising what a well-managed canteen will do to check crime in regiments. An English officer, in telling of his experience, says: PI was de termined to put a stop to the crime which I found . a feature of my battalion when I came home from abroad to take command. Acting on the advice of a good Sergeant Major, I did every-thing I could to provide a well-ordered canteen, clean and comfortable reading rooms, teen, clean and comfortable reading rooms, games and field sports for the men, and, above all, a well-served bar, where my men could rely on getting an A 1 glass of beer. I told my afficers what my ideas were, and they supported me. Instead of rushing off to town whenever they got a chance they stayed in quarters with their men. The ef-fect of our system was most marked; from being one of the worst disciplined bat-talions in the army, I soon found myself in command of one of the best. A well man-ared canteen, where the soldier knows that aged canteen, where the soldier knows that he gets his money's worth for his money, is the great essential to good discipline, and, what is of almost equal importance, the off-

Rapid Photography.

cers should identify themselves, judiciously of course, with the men off parade."

The great progress that has been made in the methods by which rapid movements can be analyzed is well seen in a series of photographs lately taken. The subject of these pictures is a dog jumping over a small bush. In the act of making one jump the animal has been photographed 24 separate times, and each picture is not a silhouette, as was the case with many former attempts of this kind, but a little picture showing half tone and detail. Some of the attitudes appear very ludierous, for they represent a phase of movement which the eye is unac nase of movement which the eye is unac-customed to and cannot possibly appreciate. Notably is this the case in the commence-ment of the jump, when the dog's hind legs only touch the ground; and sgain, at the finish of the jump, when his legs are gath-ered together in a bunch.

permeated by it, and the soil inhitrated by malarial emanations so completely that en-tire escape is impossible. To all such Pe-ru-ns is a boon and protection. Pe-ru-ns will prevent or cure malarial chills and fever and fever and ague when all other medicines fail. For sale at most drug stores.