

The Story of Two Ciphers.

Ober Jarret was a hard man. He rather gloried in his hardness. A hard man was a man who couldn't be fooled. Ober Jarret never was fooled. In his private opinion the world was made up of a few honest men, and a great many fools and knaves. An honest man was one who paid his way and neither asked nor gave favors. Fools might call him hard, and knaves might snarl because he wasn't glib, but what cared Ober Jarret?

The honest man sat at his desk that June afternoon with his pen loosely dangling in his fingers, and his check book open before him. He was in no hurry. To give away money was so new a sensation that he felt justified in prolonging it. Not but that he could simply afford to give the sum he had fixed upon; it was the principle of the thing that held him irresolute.

He was worth close to \$80,000. There was a memorandum slip in the upper right hand drawer that showed this total in round figures. He could have for days together with the dollar or two. It was a gilt-edged property—stocks, mortgages, cash and a little real estate.

"If I was sold out tomorrow," said Ober Jarret, smiling grimly, "I would bring every penny that I've totaled it at."

He had won this comfort with propriety by shrewdness rather than hard work. For more than 20 years he had bought mortgages and loaned money, and snapped up unconsidered financial trifles, in that same old office. He slept in the rooms above it, and sometimes for days together he didn't leave the building. There had been few episodes to enliven the dullness of this money-grubbing life, but tomorrow one of them was to take place. Tomorrow his son, his only child, was to be married.

Instinctively his eyes turned to the portrait above his desk. The portrait of a brown haired young woman with smiling eyes and slightly parted lips. As he looked upon the gentle face he felt a little tightening about the heart. Dead four and twenty years. Their son was four and twenty, and he married tomorrow. Their son had done his duty by his mother. He thought so. He had certainly given him a good schooling. The boy had gone through college with credit to himself and his father, and had helped to pay his way, too. Ober had wanted him to study law, but he had a love for chemistry, and in company with a fellow student, had set up an office of his own. They started in as consulting chemists and assayers, and were from all Ober could learn—building up a fairly remunerative business, was certainly a good boy, though perhaps a little lacking in that respect for his father which begets confidence. It seemed but a day or two ago that he had come to him and said:

"Father, I am going to marry."

It was like a blow to Ober. "Well, well," he presently said in his testy way, "since it's all settled, why do you come to me?"

"Because I think you should know it," said Arthur stoutly. "You don't think to consult me before you took this step," said the old man, grimly. "You couldn't expect that, father," said the son. "I am no longer a boy. Besides, you can't help but approve of her. She's the dearest girl. Her name is Alma Truman, and her father is chief accountant with Fancher & Co. She's the eldest of six, and they're awfully broken up at the idea of her going. That's the kind to marry, father. The kind that is missed at home. But you must see her."

Everybody looked quite happy, including the younger Trumans, who were bearing up bravely. Arthur took his father with him to the house, and then left him in the hall in charge of an usher.

"There is usually, I think," said Ober to the usher, "a place set aside for the gifts to the happy pair. Am I right?"

"This way," said the smiling usher. "The way," and he led him upstairs to the little room where the modest gifts were displayed. Fortunately for Ober, there was nobody in the apartment at the moment, and when the usher's back was turned he slipped the check from his pocket and laid it under the edge of a plaque on the table. Then he softly stole down stairs.

After the ceremony he came slowly forward, following the others who had offered their congratulations, and took his son's hand and pressed it firmly. Then he turned to his new daughter, surprised at a look that passed between the happy pair, and wondering what it meant.

"Father," said Alma, as she raised her face and the old man quite without forethought stooped and kissed her. "Father Jarret, you know that nobody can refuse a bride's request. And Arthur and I want you to promise to come and live with us just as soon as we are settled in our flat."

"No, no," said the astonished Ober. "I—I should be in your way."

"That's no answer," said Alma, "say, at least, that you will come and try it." The old man hesitated. She certainly was a dear girl.

"I will promise to try it," he smilingly said, and somehow his heart felt lighter than it had for many years. "And to think," he muttered to himself as he stepped back, "that she invited me without knowing a blessed thing about that check!"

A few moments later his son called to him. "Father," he said, "come up with us and look at the presents. It's a good time, everybody is busy talking, and Alma wants you to see how nice and kind her friends have been."

fortable to lean upon. Why didn't he sit down?"

"Why—er—it was just the artist's idea, you see. The man stopped to lean on his hoe—the laborer in the field—don't you see?—typifying the workman of the ages—the empty ages," Markham wrote.

"Was it Markham had the hoe?" "Oh, no! Markham was a poet and he saw the picture and saw the poetry in it. Then he wrote the poem and called it 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

"Was it pretty?" "It was a magnificent idea—the figure of that man as typical of the workman—the patient slave ploughing the field."

"What did he have a hoe for if he was ploughing?" "You don't understand. Don't you catch the idea? Labor—the farmer at work—ploughing along without an idea—sweating over his work."

"You just said he'd stopped to rest." "Er—yes—but when you read it, you'll see the splendid picture Markham drew."

"Excuse me, John; was Markham the artist or was he the man who had the hoe, or the man who just wrote about it?" "He was the poet, my dear; he wrote the verse."

"I suppose he was paid for it, wasn't he?" "I suppose so, my dear."

"Then what was the trouble? Really, John, I can't seem to understand what all the fuss was about." "Markham wanted to show the miserable condition of the hard working farmer—the slavery of the toiler—the fetters—"

"Why, John Dobley, you know you have often said you'd like to be a farmer because they have everything so easy. Hoing and raking is child's play, and as for ploughing it's just like riding a bicycle nowadays. You sit in a sort of a sulky and the horses know just where to go. I suppose they will have automobiles after a while."

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DOBLEY'S MAN WITH THE HOE.

From the New York Sun.

"I might just as well resign at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley. "I had no idea that joining a literary club meant that one had to perform in public. I simply can't do it."

"What do they want you to do, my dear?" asked Mr. Dobley. "A song and dance or a cakewalk? I wouldn't mind a little thing like that. You can pick it up in no time."

"It nothing like that," said Mrs. Dobley, passing a typewritten document over the breakfast table. "And you needn't make any fun of the matter, either. The frivolous way in which you look at everything is tiresome. Now, what am I to do?"

"I am sure, my dear," began Dobley—"Just read it—read it!" commanded Mrs. Dobley, and her husband read: "Dear Madam: At the next meeting of the Literary Club the topic of discussion will be Markham's poem, 'The Man with the Hoe.' As you have been selected as chief speaker of the evening, you will kindly be prepared to recite the poem and give a short sketch of the author's career. Also to give your opinions as to the idea contained in the poem, as well as the general style and literary construction of the poem."

THIS TELLS YOU HOW THINKING IS DONE

THEORY OF THE BRAIN'S WAY OF WORKING.

Millions of Brain Cells that Operate Apparently on the Principle of a Great Telephone Exchange, with Nerves for Wires—The Great Function of Sleep.

From the New York Sun.

At last scientists seem to be on the point of finding out what happens in the brain when a person thinks. It has long been known that the brain is the thinking organ, but just how the machinery of thought comes about has been a puzzle. The celebrated Cabanis has solved the matter offhand by saying that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. This terse saying passed into common use, but soon came to be recognized as a clever speech rather than an explanation of the mystery. Now, however, the most recent researches of the microscopists are making it appear that after all the saying is not so far wrong, but that, correctly interpreted, it in some measure expresses the facts. Of course, thought being intangible, is not properly to be compared with bile or any other physical substance, but it appears that the processes in the brain which produce thought, and without which thinking is impossible, are comparable to those changes in the liver and other organs which produce the tangible secretions.

A committee of British physicians, acting jointly, have been giving particular attention to this topic for some years, and their researches, though not yet altogether complete, already show some very interesting results, which, taken together with those of investigators on the continent, let us see a long way into the intricacies of the brain.

WEAR OF BRAIN CELLS.

It is shown unequivocally, for example, that a brain cell, which is the really important part of the brain, actually loses part of its substance during action. The brain cells of persons and of animals that have died during a period of great exhaustion from overexertion are found to be greatly changed from the condition of the normal cell during times of health and vigor. The cell of the exhausted person, instead of being plump and full of nervous matter, is found to be hollowed out or "vacuolated," a cavity within its substance having formed and being filled with water. This means that a part of the cell sub-

USES OF SLEEP.

It is not sleep alone, however, that restores the brain, but sleep is absolutely essential to recuperation of the brain as a whole. But not all parts of the brain are involved in any one kind of mental effort. The blood supply of the brain is so arranged that by expansion or contraction of different arteries parts of the brain may be flushed with blood and other parts dammed off, so to speak, somewhat as the various currents of an irrigated field are regulated by the gardener. And as rapid flow of blood is essential to great mental activity, this means that one part of the brain may be very actively at work while another part is resting and recuperating. Thus it is that a person suffering from brain fatigue may leave his desk and go out into the fields with a golfstick, or on the highways with a bicycle, and by diverting his mind, give the overworked cells a chance to rest and recuperate. But it must not be overlooked that such exercise involves other brain cells, which, in turn, become exhausted, and that in the end, for the recuperation of the brain as a whole, sleep is absolutely essential. No recreation, no medicine, no stimulant will take its place. The man who does not give himself sufficient hours of sleep, or who is unable to sleep when he makes the effort, is literally burning away his brain substance and can no more keep on indefinitely in this way than a locomotive can run on indefinitely without getting fresh supplies of fuel.

In this new view it appears that each brain cell is a sort of storage battery, which can perform a certain amount of work and then must be recharged. This likeness to a battery is further emphasized by the fact that the nature of the brain cell's work consists, like that of any other battery, of the sending out of charges of energy along connecting wires, or, at least, along fibres that may be likened to wires. Brain cells,

AN APT COMPARISON.

This likening of the brain to a telephone central office is a comparison that may be carried to a remarkable length. Indeed, no other comparison serves so well to give one a correct notion of the method of brain action. But until recently there was one phase of the matter that could not be explained. How is it that the various messages that are sent through the brain are directed to proper channels, among these multitudinous wires? When you call up the central office you give a certain number, and the operator connects your particular wire with that number. When you are through talking the operator breaks the circuit, and you can no longer communicate along that line. But is there anything similar to this making and breaking of currents possible in the brain? Astonishing as it may seem, the answer is yes. There is precisely such a series of changes in the circuits of the brain cells as is effected by the operator with the telephone wires.

The manner of it is this. Recent studies of the brain cell, particularly those made by the Spanish physiologist, Mamon Cajal, have shown that many of the wires which lead out from a cell do not go on uninterruptedly to a termination in some other distant cell, as they were formerly supposed to do, but instead terminate in "blind ends." That is to say, they point out toward other cells, but do not reach them. Such a fibre clearly cannot convey any message, because, like a telephone wire that has been cut, it does not lead anywhere. But under certain conditions of stimulation a very extraordinary thing happens. The "blind" fibre, under stimulus from its central cell, lengthens out until it touches a fibre of a neighboring cell, and presto, with such contact, a circuit is completed and a message flashes between the cells. Manifestly such coming together of the "blind" fibres is precisely comparable to the operator's connecting your telephone with another. And as in the case of the telephones, so in the case of the cells, when the communication is completed the connection is broken, the fibres retract and cease to touch one another, and no further message can be sent.

BRAIN KINKS.
Sometimes the telephone girl does not

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