## THE RISE OF MARY.

Story of a Perilous Flight In an Aeroplane.

By KARL K. SHIMANSKY.

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"Well, Mary, things look pretty bad," said William Jennings to his wife drew the last \$50 out of t bank week ago, and there aren't my pro-pects of getting more unless I get t government interested in my machin

I wrote them day before yesterday."

Jennings and his wife walked out to the aeroplane shed and rolled out the machine, which was made of bamboo and canvas. Springing in, Jenning thrust a lever forward, and the engine puffed and purred for an instant, and then the plane rose slowly and evenly.
"Be careful, Will," cried his wife.

"and come back soon."

"I'm always careful," he rejoined. laughing, "but I'll have to be unsually so today because of the wind."

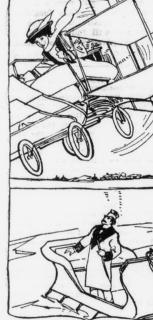
Soaring up easily several hundred eet he then dropped slowly to the ground.

"Do you want to take a ride, Mary?" he called to his wife. "I'll let you run it. You know how." "I'd rather not," she replied. "You know how it is—I feel brave enough

until I get in the seat, and then I al-"Well, I'll put it in, then," she said.

springing out. "These propellers need oiling. One of them squaked badly

wheels with a big oil can in his hands As he stooped he heard a slight puff and sprang aside. But he was not quick enough. The powerful engine in cooling off had turned over, and the light but strong blade struck him a stinging blow on the shoulder. With a cry he staggered backward, but the next blade hit him a crack across the



AN UNUSUALLY STRONG GUST OF WIND HIT IT.

ribs, and he fell back in a heap. Mary heard the engine exhaust and then the She turned quickly and saw Wil liam lying on the ground in a heap Although he appeared to be badly hurt she was able, with his help, to drag him to the house. She phoned for th doctor and in the meantime gave him

The kindly old doctor come clattering up the road behind a big gray horse which was panting hard from its

"Mr. Jennings will be all right in a couple of weeks," said the old gentle-When the postman came he left a long, blue, official looking letter stamp-

ed "War Department, Washington." Mary ran upstairs and cried, "Oh, Will, here's a letter from Washington!" She tore it open and read that a government expert would be there the next day to see the machine make a

The next morning there was a knock tt the door, and a stranger inquired, 'Is Mr. Jennings at home?"
"Yes," replied Mary, "but he is badly

"Oh, that is too bad!" exclaimed the man in a disappointed voice. name is Hart. I am a government agent and came here to examine his aeroplane. We have heard some good reports about his machine, and I would

like to see it in flight. You are Mrs. Jennings, I suppose?"
"Yes," Mary answered. "The doctor says that Mr. Jennings will not be able to get out of bed for at least able to get out of bed for at least a week. He was examining the propeller, when the engine turned over, and the wheel hit him and broke several ribs. Would you like to see my

Mary led him into William's room

ind introduced him.
"I'm very sorry you can't fly." said
Mr. Hart. "I'd like to see you go." "The doctor says that he can fix me up in a week," said Will. "Can't you

emain that long?"
"Why, yes," said Hart. "I am al lowed just a week for the inspection.

"That is good!" exclaimed Will, much

'May I look it over now?" said

"Certainly," said William. "My wife

will show it to you.' Mary and Hart walked out to the

shed. On the way Mary exclaimed: "That's just our luck. Mr. Jennings gets injured at the very moment when he ought to be in perfect health. But I am very glad that you can wait."
Hart examined the aeroplane approv

"It's like a good many others I have seen," he said, "in all particulars ex-cept one, and that is the engine. It is the smallest and lightest I have eve

machine of this size."
replied Mary; "Mr. Jennings invented it himself. He worked over itously.

it a good many months. That engine weighs only forty-five pounds and has been tested up to a hundred and ten horsepower."
"What," cried Hart—"a hundred and

ten horsepower! I'll certainly have to stay to see it work."

That afternoon a boy came running up to the house with a telegram for Mr. Hart. He read it and frowned.

"Mr. Jennings," he said, "I'm very sorry, but I am ordered to Washing-ton at once. Here! You may read the

Will took it and read in a dazed sort

of a way: "Return to W. at once. War

William in dismay.

"At once means within twelve hours; immediately, twenty-four," said Hart

"May I use the telephone?" asked

He called up the railroad station to

find out when a train left, but he learned that no trains were running from the island to the mainland. Hart was told that he would have to drive across

the ice in a sieigh.

"Oh, don't do that!" cried William.

"There is a strong south wind, and the ice is melting, and a breakup usually

But no argument could dissuade the

es the price that was usually Hart drove past the Jen-ottage and waved them good-

then drove out on the ice.

"I wish he wouldn't go," cried Mary.
William's teeth were set, for he realized that their hopes of riches and fame

were fast disappearing. By this time Hart was halfway across the ice. "Boom!" sounded out over the bay. "Heavens!" cried Mary. "The ice is cracking. Look; his horse is running!"

"Boom! Boom!" A great crack could be seen close to shore.

"Look," shouted William; "the horse is down!" And, picking up fieldglasses, he cried, "Hart has cut him loose

The ice was cracked all

and is running for it!"

such a strong wind.

and exclaimed:

gain.

open and paying no attention to the fice, but he kept his eyes fixed on the plane. Suddenly it slowed up and sank, then turned and came down.

But an unusually strong gust of wind hit it and drove it back. But Mary let

the engine go full speed and came on again in the face of the wind. The machine settled slowly but surely and

came to rest on the ice just beside the

sleigh. Hart sprang down to the ice and ran over and climbed in. "Beautiful!" he murmured. "Beau-

Mary guided the machine to the main

shore and landed. Hart helped her out

"I want to thank you, Mrs. Jennings

You saved my life. You managed the machine most skillfully, and it be-

admonished Jennin

"No, dear, I won't." was her re

sponse. "I'll wait until the trains run

Much to her delight, traffic was re-

sumed that same day. Before she opened his door Mary read the note. With a cry of joy she rushed into

'Why, Mary, you dear thing!" he ex-

"I'm something more," she said.

proval of the Jennings aeroplane.

Why He Applauded.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the con-cert who was applauding vigorously

cert who was applauding vigorousi, after a pretty girl had sung a song in

a very painful way.

"Not particularly," replied the young
man frankly. "but 1 am extremely
fond of the musician."

"Does your heart ever reach out for

"No, but my hands do when my husband is not at home. There are three

buttons at the back of my gown that I

"Do you? Now, I should think that

parrots were better adapted to learn-ing polysyllables."

Sarcastic.

"There's just one thing I wanted to say to you,' began Mrs. Acid to her husband.

"Only one, M'ria?" queried he sollo

"Aren't you feeling well?"

More Appropriate.

the unattainable?"

can't reach."

"I teach

announced Hart's ap-

Even before Mr. Hart had left

"What! Can't you wait at all?" cried

Department.

the ice in a sleigh.

grimly.

BLANK CARTRIDGE.

A Southern Revolutionist Who Fell Into His Own Trap.

By OSCAR COX.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.] A friend of mine who had been United States consul in Central America told me this story one evening while we were smoking on the deck of a steamer on our way from the isthmus to New Orleans:

You've hard of the Mancha family, I suppose, who did a bigger business at revolutionizing than any lot of men who ever put out the sign "Revolutions" in Central America. Well, Juan Mancha, the oldest brother, was head of the firm and was the keenest, the foxiest rascal of the lot. His eye was always on the loot, but he had the faculty of playing patriot with more emotional accompaniments than any revo-lutionizer in Central America. I was consul at Costa Rica when Juan Mancha engineered the revolution of 18-and knew all about the story of Diaz But no argument could dissuade the agent. He had his orders, and he was going to obey. He had difficulty in finding a horse and sleigh, for none wanted to risk his property on the ice on a day like this. At last he found a man who would rent him a rig for Valdez, the secretary of state, who finally went over to him with a satchel

containing half a million dollars.

Mancha had got most of the people on his side and liad stolen enough money to send to New Orleans for a of arms and ammunition. He have appropriated this find to himself, but it wasn't enough. He was not a small dealer in revolutions, but a big one, usually alming for some-thing like a million or two. But he was in need of more funds when Valdez, thinking that he was sure to win,

concluded to go over to him.

Senora Valdez was a mighty pretty and a mighty bright woman. She had been a great coquette before Valdez married her and hadn't outgrown the habit, though you'll see from what I'm going to tell you that she was true to her husband. Well, Valdez told his wife one day that Mancha was sure to win in the end and that they'd better arrange to go over. He suggested that to Mancha and tell him that her husband was ready to join him with



"TAKE HIM OUT AND SHOOT HIM."

\$500,000. But Valdez didn't wish to isting government. To avoid this oblo quy he would be on a certain day at a certain village midway between the government and the insurgent forces, and Mancha could send out a dozen or so mounted men and capture him. Senora Valdez was to secure Mancha's promise to permit the secretary and herself to take passage for the United States with \$300,000 of the \$500,000, the remaining \$200,000 to go to the "cause of the revolution."

This was a very nice and looked like a very safe scheme to the secretary, but his wife, who was brighter than he, couldn't see why Mancha should be content with \$200,000 when he could haved beautifully. By the way, will you give this to your husband?" And he wrote a note, which he gave as well have the whole sum. How-ever, she volunteered to go and make the deal. So, giving out that she was Mary phoned to her husband to apprise him of her safety.
"Don't risk coming home in the maill and shut up in her home, she went under cover of the night to Marcha's lines and in the morning, raising a vhite handkerchief on a stick in sight of the revolutionary vedettes, was taken in and conducted to Mancha.

Now, Senora Valdez did not propoto have her husband give himself up until she had swept those handson but keen eyes of hers about her and learned something of the situation. The revolutionary army at that par-ticular point consisted of between 100 ing her husband's safety she made up her mind to capture it. I don't mean that she, a woman, would take so many men prisoners, but she would win them to do her bidding in case of need. She didn't work openly before Mancha's very eyes, but secretly and principally among the officers, especially the commander in chief, a half breed Spanferd and Aztec not twenty-five years old, whom she proceeded to

tie up in a bowknot When she had made due preparation she sent a messenger, or, rather, Man-cha did, telling Valdez to be at the appointed place the next night. At the time agreed upon Valdez was there. quietly sleeping, so it was supposed, at an inn. when a troop of revolutionary soldiers swooped down on the place and carried him off. He reached the in a smallpox hospital, where the very

headquarters of the insurgents the next day and was conducted between two soldiers to Mancha two soldiers to Mancha "Take him out and shoot him," said

nated against scarlet fever. The reacthe revolutionary chief.
"Before I die," said Valdez, "may I tion of our blood against the disease immunizes us. No such result follows influenza or a common cold. We brew

"Before I die," said value.

have a word with you?"

Mancha took him into a private room, where he unbent, grasped his room, and embraced him.

Influenza or a common con.

nothing that is permanent. We are just as susceptible to a later invasion as we were to the invasion that is just as susceptible or a later invasion. "Senora Valdez has assured me," said Mancha, "that you are especially anxious not to be known as deserting

QUICK WORK.

your good name it would be well to have you shot."
"What do you mean?" asked Val-

and your senora can step on a steame and remain dead in New York, Paris-

and remain dead in New York, Paris-wherever you find the climate most to your taste."
"Very well. I presume I shall have to remain under guard till I am ex ecuted. When will that occur?"

"I suppose I may bid goodby to my

Senora Valdez was called in and th

matter explained to her. She though a moment and said: "Your plan is admirable, but you are

making one mistake. The re-ution must not take place till just before steamer leaves."

"Very well," said Mancha. "A steam

er leaves tomorrow evening for New

York, I shall appoint your execution to take place at 7 p. m. You will sai

Senora Valdez went at once to Gon

zales, the commander of the army, and told him that her husband was to be

stood up to be shot at, but no orde

The next afternoon the secretary

was marched out for execution. His weeping wife was there to see. Gon-

zales was there, too, and whispered to

mander. Mancha appeared, wondering If there could be a hitch in his

stead of blank cartridges."

"I believe, general," said Senora Val-

Mancha did not know what to do or

"Colonel Gonzales," continued the

lady, "I have General Mancha's promise that my husband shall be fired at

with blank cartridges. You are an honorable man. Make a test of your

guns by firing them at General Man-cha. If he has fulfilled his promise he will not be injured."

Gonzales, who was prepared for this, took a gun from one of his men, aimed ft at Mancha, fired and shot him dead.

The act was the signal for a counter

revolution, if it could be called such, where there were but some hundred and forty rascals led by a greater rascal than any of them, Of course Gonzales feigned astonishment that the

piece he had fired at his chief had been loaded. Senora Valdez rushed to her husband and embraced him. Then,

turning, she addressed the garrison

"promised for the sake of appearances

to pretend to execute my husband. You see that the traitor has been kill-ed by one of the bullets intended for

Then Gonzales told them that there was a treasure to be divided among

them; that they were to march to the

capital and have preferment among

the government forces, which now that the treacherous Mancha was dead would surely be triumphant.

The first thing done was to bring out the treasure and turn it over to this valiant army, whose conscience was altogether too tender to see a

was altogether too tender to see man stood up to be shot down by b lets when he had been promised bla cartridges. There was a fine spr that night, and the next terming t army, with Senor and the red was cartial. They received an ovarion, for was certain that the killing of Men.

was certain that the killing of Man

and the defection of this small the relatively important portion of army would end the revolution.

had been carried out exactly

more reigned in the state

Senor Valdez gave out that the

been conceived. Of course there was a shortage of half a million in the ac

counts, but the people didn't mind a little thing like that since it had ac-complished such a brilliant result. The

outstanding revolutionary armies soon

of executing the scheme, though her

and when the president's term expired

The Persistency of Colds.

Why is it that we are so heavily subject to colds? Other epidemic dis-

eases—measles, typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria—may get hold on us once

and there is an end; it is not usual to

have any of them twice. We brew in

our blood immunity. The poison of the disease evokes in us its proper anti-dote. Our blood cells make a sort of

natural antitoxin and keep it in stock,

ver, again, we are, as it were, vacci-

Valdez was elected in his place

husband was supposed to have con ceived it. At any rate, she was the most popular woman at the capital,

laid down their arms, and peace once

the man he would slay."

"that there is treachery. My hus-d will be fired at with bullets in-

dez, blanching

"At once."

agreed.

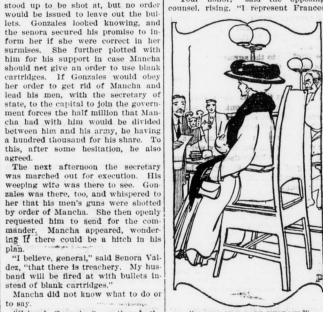
"Certainly."

"I mean that if I place you before a firing squad whose guns are loaded with blank cartridges, they fire at you. By Which an Attempt to Wrongfully Inherit Is Defeated. you drop and are carried away, the news will go to the capital that you died a noble death. Meanwhile you

By THERESA C. HOLT.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]
"Your honor," said Peter Hardman attorney, addressing the judge in the chancery court, "this is a case where Joel Hardman, who was married twice, left his property, supposed to be worth \$300,000, to his only child. Peter, by his first wife, with this provision: I Frances Hardman, his only child by his second wife, should marry before she comes to be twenty years old and should have male issue before coming to the age of twenty-five, then the property is willed to her, she being commanded to pay to said Peter Hardman, her half brother, the sum of man, her half brother, the sum or \$1,000 a year so long as he lives. Said Frances Hardman was born on the 5th of May, 1890. This is the 8th of May, 1910, and she is past twenty years old. She is not yet married and does not claim to be married. Peter Hardman claims the property as the rightful heir claims the property as the rightful heir under the will."

"Your honor," said the opposing ounsel, rising, "I represent France



"IS THIS MAN YOUR HUSBAND?"

Hardman in this case and can give reason for this singular instrument. Joel Hardman knew his son Peter to be profligate and unfit to take care of the property he (Joel) had been a life-time accumulating. He therefore in-tended by the will to encourage his daughter Frances to marry with a view to transmitting it in the female line. Peter Hardman is considerably older than his half sister and at their father's death took possession of his papers, including the will. My client does not appear to have been inform-ed of its contents; indeed, she was but fourteen when her father died and fell under the care of her brother. It was only yesterday that she was informed that today, three days after the expiration of the limit of time allowed her by the will to marry, her brother was about to claim the inheritance. She petitions that, in view of this want of knowledge of the re quirements of the will, the time be extended.

turning, she addressed the garrison, nearly all of whom had turned out to witness the execution. "Soldlers," she said, "my husband and myself came here to make an offer by which you should all profit. That man," pointing to Mark ha's body, "promised for the sake of an experiences." "Do I understand." asked the judge "that Peter Hardman is charged with having used fraud to secure the prop-

> "Doubtless fraud has been practiced, but since it would be difficult to prove fraud no such charge enters formally into this suit.' "Then the will must stand as it is

The court has no power to alter it by extending the time allowed Frances Hardman to marry. I understand that to fulfill its conditions your client should have been married by noon of the 5th, and this is the 8th." "It is true that the will enjoins upon

my client that she shall marry on or before the day that she is twenty years old, or the 5th of May, but I have examined the will and have nave examined the will and have found that by a codicil she has been allowed three days grace. In other words, the time is extended to this day, the 8th of May, at 12 noon. It is now 11. An hour, your honor will admit, is too short for any woman to select a husband."

"There is my such could in the will.

"There is no such codicil in the will. your hover." interposed the opposing counsel, "I have examined it careful-ly and have never seen it." The will was produced, and in an

The will was produced and in an inconspicuous place it was found, written in a small hand, and was what Frances' attorney claimed it to be. Peter Hardman, who had evidently falled to find it, moved uneasily in his seat. Then he looked at the clock and seemed to take courage. During this legal debate Emery Hale,

a young lawyer student, who was at-tending court in pursuance of his studies, sat on one of the outside benches. His attention was fixed upon the singular position of the legatees, and especially one of them. Frances Hardman, who was in court. Young Hale marked the contrast between her and her half brother. Peter Hardman bore the stamp of dissipation. Frances would have served as a model for a Madonna. She appeared to the young lawyer to be just the person to be

swindled by her profligate brother.

Hale was interested in the case both as a matter of jurisprudence and as a matter of sympathy with the girl. In an hour \$300,000 would pass from her to her undeserving brother. How

so that we are henceforth protected against the disease. A well vaccinated nurse, for example, works with safety could the matter be staved off? Suddenly a resolution took possessihim. He would claim the girl as his wife. The court must give him time to prove his marriage with Frances Hardman. It was but a subterfuge and would not fulfill the conditions of the will because he was not, as he proposed to claim, the husband of the legatee. But it would delay handing the property over to Peter Hardman and might give opportunity for a com-promise. Rising, in a clear, firm voice he said:

"Your honor, I claim Frances Hard-

If a bomb had fallen in the center of the courtroom it could not have occasioned greater surprise. Peter Hardman lost his color, and his course sat wondering whether the claim could be substantiated or was only a trick of opposing counsel. He glanced at his opponent and saw even greater aston-ishment on his face than there was in

himself. The judge awakened from the lethargy of an overworked man. "Have you the proofs of your mar-riage with you?" asked the judge of Hale.

"I have not, your honor."

"How long would it take to procure and present them here in court?"

"That I cannot tell. It might be a few days, a few weeks or a few months."
"At what date do you claim to have

married Frances Hardman?"
"To answer that question I shall have to refer to papers that are not low in my possession. The judge turned to Frances.

"Is this man your husband?"
"I object," said Frances' counsel. "I
desire time to confer with my client." The objection was sustained, and the awyer, going over to Frances, conversed with her earnestly, but in whis-"Is the man your busband?"

"Not to my knowledge."
"Do you remember any marriage

been performed between you and any one?" eremony, even in play, that has ever

"Have you any idea as to what is his object in claiming you as his wife?"

The lawyer thought a few moments then said:

"I think I have an inkling of what it all means. He is a fine looking young fellow, isn't he?"

"Very." "It may be necessary for me to make a bold stroke, or, rather, to follow up what I believe is a bold stroke of his own. If I ask you any question be-fore the court answer in the affirma-tive. Will you do so?"

"My case is in your hands. I will act as you instruct."
"Very good. Now I shall interview the young man who claims to be your

busband." Going to Hale, the lawyer asked him his object in making a claim he could not substantiate. Hale gave his rea-

Who are you?" asked the attorney

"I am Emery Hale, son of Judge Hale of the superior court."

"The deuce you are! I know your father well. I have tried many a case before him." The lawyer took out his watch.

"Half past 11," he said. "Something must be done and done quickly. Leave the rest of the matter to me and main tain your claim."

Returning to the table on which wa

spread out his books and papers, the attorney called Emery Hale to the witness stand. "You say," he said, "that this woman is your wife?"

"That will do. Call Frances Hard man."

Frances took the stand. Most of her color had left her face, and her boson

was heaving tumultuously.
"Your name?" asked the lawyer. "Frances Hardman.

"Your age?"

"I am twenty years old."
"Please take notice, your honor, that
my client is of legal age." Then, turning to Frances again, he said, "Is this man," pointing to Hale, "your hus-

band? The blood rushed tumultuously into the girl's face. She hesitated, cast a glance at Hale, lowered her eyes to

he floor and said in a low voice: At this moment the object of thes juestions and answers got into

head of the opposing counsel. Jumping to his feet, he cried:

"I object!" "You may sustain or refuse to sustain the objection, your honor, as you like," said his opponent. "It makes no difference in this case. My client has

compiled with the conditions of her father's will. She has been legally married to Emery Hale and is now Frances Hardman Hale. 1 do no think your honor or any one else wi deny that in accordance with the law of the land when a man in presen of witnesses acknowledges a wome to be his wife and she acknowledge him to be her husband they are man ried.

The lawyer who objected threw him self back in his chair with an exect tion, and his client, who by this tin was coming to understand what had been done, was muttering curses

When the denouement was understoo by the spectators there was a cheer which the judge found it difficult to repress, and nothing would do but the the bride and groom should appear newal of the uproar.

The improvised marriage turned out to be a very happy one, showing that, whether we take years or minutes to consider so important a step, we are to die unpolluted." still in the hands of fate.

A Point of Information "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "If the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death the prisoner cannot be convicted."

An hour later a messenger came

An nour later a messenger came from the jury room.
"The gentlemen of the jury, my lord," he said, "desire information."
"On what point of evidence?"
"None, my lord. They want to know

how to spell 'pneumonia.' "-London His Last Words.

Detective (in search of clew)—Can you recall the last words your husband addressed to you before he went away? Deserted Wife—Yes. He said, "Maria, for heaven's sake do hush!"-Sheffleid Union.

Gander Damages Baby While playing in her front y three-year-old Laura Wakefield Gardiner, Me., was attacked by an angry gander. She was knocked down by its wings, and then it got on top of her and pecked her face, almost tearing one eye out.

Hope for the best, but work hard

for the result. ART P

"ROSEY"DESERTS TANGLE OF LAW

New York Character Enters Clothing Business.

HE INVESTS, NEPHEW DIVESTS

Bar "Ain't What It Was Used to Be." Declares Dean of Essex Market Pelice Court, and "Individualism" Has Disappeared Entirely—Will Not Des

One of the legal lights of New York has retired-and gone into trade, tooin the person of Hyman Rosenchein. known to thousands of "the masses as "Rosey the lawyer."

For more than thirty-five years he

practiced, chiefly in the Essex Market police court, in New York, but at the age of sixty-four he has formed a part-nership with a nephew in the cloak and clothing business, because, as he says, "the law ain't what it used to

"Rosey" summarizes his career and

legal maxims as follows:
"Born in the province of Posen, Germany, I came to this country in 1871 at the age of twenty-five or maybe twenty-six. Soon I entered upon the study of the law. I ain't so old but what I well my first case remember. A lady client had fallen downstairs and had sustained infernal injuries.

Banana Skin First Case.

"A banana skin was on the staircase. The defense sought and besought to prove that the banana skin had been placed on the stairs subsequent to her fall and not consequent to it. They dastardly claimed that she had purposely, willfully, maliciously and irrelevantly herself dropped or caused tofall the banana skin the stairs upon.

"I succeeded after a long battle, in which at one time I had seventeen law books stacked in front of me, in introducing in evidence the fact that my client did not like bananas and there. fore could not have dropped the banana skin. I won the case, \$14 and a

modest fame.
"But that was a long time ago, and nowadays we do not have such cases. We have these days a lot of people gathered in by the police, and it is raus with them quick. The individualism, the consideration of each case at length and the reviewing of it in its various aspects is all gone. Maybe in the supreme court it lingers yet, but not in our lower courts.

Clothing and Pinochle Left. "Maybe I have made \$500,000 dur-ing my career. I shall be a silent partner in my nephew's business. I invest; he divests. The high cost of living it is a terrible thing. It is one reason having something to do with my retirement. I enter the clothing business and am assured clothes now. and any profit I make that can go for food so as the high cost of living shan't get me yet. But luxuries I cannot allow myself-maybe a shower bath in the morning, followed by golf, a brisk game of pinochle, that is all; a placid existence, but one I shall

law is overcrowded. But any young man will succeed if he will only practice my own motto, which is, 'Make the most of what you have, while at the same time not neglecting to take every step to get more.' That is a splendid rule which I am only glad to recom-mend to the youth of America and no charge. It is a favor."

The arrow that pierces the eagle's breast is often made of his own feath-

The Exclusiveness of Caste. An English officer who some years ago was wounded in a battle in India and left lying all night among the native dead and wounded tells this story: "Next morning we spied a man and an old woman, who came to us with a basket and a pot of water, and to every wounded man she gave a piece of joaree bread from the basket and a drink from her water pot. To us she gave the same, and I thanked heaven and her. But the Soobahdar was a high caste Rajput, and, as this woman was a Chumar, or of the lowest caste, he would receive neither water nor bread from her. I tried to persuade him to take it that he might live, but he said that in our state, with but a few hours more to linger, what was a little more or less suffering to us—why should he give up his fate for such an object? No; he preferred

A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing. Spouting and Ceneral

Stoyes, Heaters, Ranges,

Furnaces, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

---:0:---JOHN HIXSON

NO. 110 E. FRONT ST.

the government cause. Now, it has oc A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart. - man for my wife. curred to me that in order to preserve Quarles.