

The Perrin Contract

Love and Graft.

At W—, a famous seaport in the north of England, there is no more respected name than that of Perrin. The firm of John Perrin & Company, has built ships for generations, and is practically the oldest established firm in W—.

The present head of the firm, John Perrin, is a widower with one daughter. It has been said that Mr. Perrin is the longest-headed man in W—, and that what he does not know about shipbuilding is not worth knowing.

Dorothy Perrin, at the time this story opens, was 19 years of age. She was a wonderfully pretty girl, with a sweet, sympathetic nature. Most of the eligible bachelors of W— had fallen in love with her at different times, but, so far, Dorothy's heart was in her own keeping.

Mr. Perrin's offices were of an extensive nature, and he employed a large number of clerks. It is with two of the latter that we are principally concerned. One of them, Walter Jerrard, a nephew of Mr. Perrin, was in the private office, and it was a common rumor that one day he would be taken into the firm. The other employe, Arthur Evison, was a confidential clerk to Mr. Perrin, and had been in his employ since his boyhood days.

Both of the young men (for they were each of them but 25 years of age) lived in W—, but, whereas Jerrard was an orphan and lived with his uncle, Arthur Evison resided with his mother, who was a widow, and his earnings constituted their sole income.

In common with the many other bachelors of W—, both Evison and Jerrard had succumbed to the charms of Dorothy Perrin, but so far the object of the affection was unaware of it.

Each of the two men, however, knew the other's secret, and this quickened a dislike that they had long mutually fostered. Evison distrusted Jerrard; he saw behind that handsome face and careless expression a mean and shifty character. In his turn Jerrard had the natural dislike of Evison, which his kind invariably bear toward men of an upright disposition.

Arthur Evison could scarcely be called handsome, but there was something attractive in his strong, clear-cut features; people could distinguish at once his manly, truthful nature, and in consequence he was liked and respected by nearly all who knew him.

Some years ago the shipbuilders of Britain began to grow alarmed at the competition of foreign countries—America and Germany in particular. So much was this felt in W— that many houses were forced to close on account of the bad times.

Several of the old houses, though, such as John Perrin & Co., were able to face the difficulties, but even with them matters were serious. For Mr. Perrin personally it did not matter, he being possessed of large private means.

However, when the North Atlantic Steamship Company asked for tenders for two new liners from several of the shipbuilders of W—, matters began to show signs of improving.

The two new liners were to be larger than any of the North Atlantic Company's present fleet, and would be the largest vessels ever built in a W— shipyard.

Perrin & Co., was one of the firms asked to tender, and they naturally made every effort to obtain the order. Mr. Perrin knew that his only serious rival was Josiah Grey, whose yard adjoined his own.

Arthur Evison had a great deal to do with the preparation of the estimate, as had also Walter Jerrard. They were both at the frequent consultations held in Mr. Perrin's private office, and naturally the whole affair was conducted with the utmost secrecy no one handling the papers without Mr. Perrin's knowledge.

Every night all the papers were securely locked up, Mr. Perrin himself carrying the key.

One evening Arthur Evison was returning from a solitary walk across the common when he was somewhat astonished to see Walter Jerrard in company with an employe of Josiah Grey. Evison knew that his fellow-clerk had hitherto had nothing but a nodding acquaintance with his present companion, but he put down their being together to a chance meeting. They had not seen him, and he speedily forgot the matter.

It was Evison's custom several evenings in the week to stroll over the common and climb Erkon Beacon, a lonely hill about two miles from W—. Here he would sit and smoke a solitary pipe while he contemplated the glow of the furnaces of W—, and, farther away, the lights of the shipping in the bay.

About a week after he had seen Walter Jerrard in company with Josiah Grey's clerk, Evison was on Erkon Beacon in the early evening. The light was yet good, and presently he distinguished two figures come together at the foot of the hill and greet each other. To his astonishment Evison again saw Jerrard and his new acquaintance.

This second meeting caused him to think seriously of the matter and in the morning he cautiously led up to the subject during a conversation with Jerrard. Without touching directly on what he had witnessed, Evison was enabled by a little diplomacy to draw out Jerrard. It was very evident

that the latter intended to keep his new friendship a secret for he stated that he had been otherwise employed on the evenings that Evison had seen him at Erkon Beacon.

The rest of the conversation only plunged Jerrard deeper and deeper into the mire, although he was quite unconscious of it. However, it left Evison strongly determined to watch his fellow-clerk's movements, for he began to feel that there was some treachery afoot.

During all this time Evison was growing every day to care more and more for Dorothy Perrin, until at last he found it impossible to keep it to himself. He saw Dorothy frequently, and on every occasion his passion became more intense. He found it very hard to refrain from telling all to her, but out of feelings of respect for his employer he deemed it his duty to speak to Mr. Perrin first.

Accordingly Arthur managed to get alone with his chief one evening after the other clerks had gone, and immediately began to broach the subject.

"I want to ask a great favor of you, sir," he commenced, and then paused. "The fact is, I want—er—" he paused again, for, although he had definitely decided beforehand what to say, the words failed him at the auspicious moment.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Perrin, for Evison was a great favorite with him, "if I can possibly help you I will, but I hardly know yet what you are in need of. Is it money?"

"No, sir," cried Evison, his face flushing. "I—er—I want to get married."

"Oh, is that it?" returned Mr. Perrin, cordially. "I'm pleased to hear it, who is the lady?"

"Well, I haven't spoken to her yet; I don't know whether it is advisable."

"Why not? She will be a lucky girl, in my opinion."

"I'm glad you think so, sir," continued Evison, "because it is your daughter I want."

"Oh!" Mr. Perrin's face assumed a very different expression. He became thoughtful, and gazed meditatively at the papers before him. Arthur waited in trepidation for some moments, until at last Mr. Perrin began to speak.

"I'm sorry, my boy," he said, "but it cannot be. Forgive me for saying it, Arthur, but I have other views for Dorothy."

"I suppose you mean my position is not good enough?" said Evison, bitterly.

"Not exactly that, Arthur," replied Mr. Perrin, "but—" He became silent. "Then I suppose it is useless, sir?"

"I am afraid so, my boy."

And so they settled matters without dreaming of consulting Dorothy.

Arthur Evison left Mr. Perrin's office and went out into the cool evening air. The decision of his chief affected him considerably; he felt a choking sensation, his brain was whirling and everything around seemed to dance before his eyes.

He must go away from W—. Yes, there was no doubt of that; he could not live so near to Dorothy and know all the while that she could never be anything to him. He decided that he would ask Mr. Perrin to let him go to the firm's office in London and take up an appointment there.

All the while he was stumbling forward through the twilight, crossing an unfrequented part of the common which led to Erkon Beacon. Presently he sat down by a clump of furze and again commenced to think over his sudden misery. At that moment the wind carried the murmur of voices to him. Presently the speakers drew near, and Evison distinguished the voices of Walter Jerrard and Mortimer, the clerk in the employ of Josiah Grey. As they passed by Evison's retreat, Jerrard was speaking.

"That will be it, then," he was saying. "You meet me at the back door in Histon lane at 10 o'clock tomorrow night, and I'll let you in. You can get the tender and—" their voices died away.

Arthur jumped to his feet and stared into the gloom after the retreating figures.

Ten o'clock tomorrow night? The tender! What did it mean? Did Jerrard mean treachery?

All thoughts of his own troubles were driven from his head. There was evidently some scheme on foot to get at Mr. Perrin's estimate for the two new liners. Evison knew that if the estimate or a copy of it, got into the hands of the rival firm they would underwrite Mr. Perrin and so secure the order.

"I'll be there at 10 o'clock as well," he said to himself, "and see what goes on."

On arriving at the office on the following morning he found that Mr. Perrin would be away for the day. Jerrard was there, as usual, but very pale and preoccupied. The day seemed to pass by with leaden wings, and Evison was heartily glad when the hour of departure arrived.

At Histon lane there was a back entrance to Mr. Perrin's office. The door worked with a spring, and could only be opened from the outside with a key. Thus anyone locked in the office could get out without any trouble.

late, so that there was no flaw in his plan.

Slowly the evening passed by, and at about 9.30 Evison took up his station at a window overlooking the entrance to Histon lane. There was a street lamp just opposite the door, so that anybody entering could easily be seen. It was just five minutes to 10 when Evison suddenly saw Jerrard's figure sink into the lamplight. Click! The door was unlocked and then he thought it best to leave his position. It was well for his scheme that he did, for almost immediately Jerrard came up the stairs and occupied the place he had just vacated.

Presently Jerrard saw Mortimer and he crept downstairs again. Then the two men returned together, passed along the passage and entered Mr. Perrin's private room, where the safe was. Evison was waiting with bated breath in a doorway further along the corridor.

As soon as the two accomplices had entered the private office, Evison stole along and stood in the shadow of the half-closed door.

It was entirely as he suspected. Jerrard opened the safe door and withdrew the estimate for the two liners from an inner drawer. Then Mortimer produced some pieces of paper and commenced to make notes.

Both men looked up in sudden terror to meet Evison's smiling gaze. Before another word was spoken, however, Mortimer jumped to his feet and rushed from the room. Jerrard and Evison stood looking at one another.

"So, my friend," commenced Evison, deliberately, "this is how you serve your uncle?"

"Spy!" hissed Jerrard, and for a moment he made as if to spring at Evison, but something in the latter's demeanor made him suddenly alter his mind. Then he took a fresh line of tactics.

"Don't say anything about it, old chap," he entreated. "I wanted money badly, and Mortimer tempted me. They were going to give me £100 for a copy of the tender."

"Why didn't you ask your uncle, he would have helped you?"

"I didn't care to," muttered Jerrard, "because of Dorothy."

"Dorothy!" cried Evison. "What has she to do with you?"

"Oh—er—we're engaged."

"Engaged—to you?"

"Yes, why not?" replied Jerrard. "Please don't mention it, though, as Dolly does not want anyone to know about it yet."

"Dolly!" repeated Evison, bitterly. "Ugh! the familiarity cut him to the quick."

"May I ask what this means?" said a voice suddenly. Both men looked up and saw Mr. Perrin standing in the doorway. For a moment they were taken aback, but Jerrard was the first to recover himself.

"It means this, uncle," he burst forth. "I was passing by Histon lane when I saw Evison sneak down toward the office. I hastened after him, and saw him enter here. He left the door open, I followed, and saw him copying the tender."

Evison listened as in a dream to this tissue of lies, and was only awakened by Mr. Perrin's stern voice.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

A thousand words of defense sprang to his lips, but ere he could utter one he remembered Dorothy. If he told all he knew it would break Dorothy's heart.

"Well, Evison, I am waiting. What have you to say?"

"Nothing," was the dully spoken reply.

"Come, my boy," said Mr. Perrin, his liking for Arthur for the moment overcoming his anger, "can't you confide in me?"

Evison slowly shook his head.

"Very well," continued Mr. Perrin, "I am more than sorry, for I have always had the highest opinion of you. If I ask you to call at my house tomorrow morning, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," Evison replied in low tones.

"Then I shall expect you at half-past 9. Er—you may be curious to know how I happened to come here," Mr. Perrin added, "but I saw a man running from Histon lane, and an impulse led me down it, to find my office open."

Stunned by this sudden blow, Arthur staggered rather than walked to his home. He did not go to bed but sat the night through in his bedroom.

In the morning, with pale, haggard face, he called at Mr. Perrin's house, as he had promised, and was shown into the drawing room.

He had hardly been there a moment before Walter Jerrard entered the room. He gazed at Evison in a rather shamefaced manner, but the latter took no notice of him.

"I've asked uncle to get you a good job somewhere," Jerrard blurted out at length.

"Indeed," replied Evison, "that was really very good of you, especially after your charitable behavior of last evening."

"Oh, you would have done the same in my position," sneered Jerrard. "Besides if you had told uncle what you had seen I should have denied it, and my word is as good as yours any day."

"But what about your constant meetings with Mortimer near the Beacon?" Jerrard changed color and glared malevolently at his companion.

"Seems to me you've been watching me pretty much," he said.

"It was quite an accident; and while on that subject despite your friend's indisputable prowess in untruthfulness, do you think he could deny this?" As he spoke Evison exhibited the sheet of paper on which Mortimer had commenced to make his copy of the tender for the liners.

Jerrard was completely nonplussed; his face grew livid with combined fear and fury.

"Oh, don't be alarmed," said Evison; "I shall not show the paper to Mr. Perrin. But please remember that it is only for Miss Perrin's sake that I am taking the blame of your scandalous behavior."

Jerrard mumbled an inaudible reply.

"If you had not been engaged to Miss Perrin I should have denounced you on the spot; as it is—"

"You will denounce him now," said a voice.

Evison and Jerrard turned to see the curtains by the garden window thrown aside and Dorothy Perrin, with pale face, standing before them.

"I was looking out into the garden when I heard your voices," she explained, "and thinking you would not be long I waited, and glad I am that I did wait."

"But you mustn't take any notice of what you heard—," began Evison; but Dorothy interrupted.

"I must take notice," she cried; "Walter told you that he was engaged to me, and I tell you that it is not true. I have never been engaged to him, and I would rather marry any man on earth than him."

A great wave of joy rushed over Evison, and his heart beat with wonderful rapidity. He was about to speak when he was interrupted by Mr. Perrin's entrance.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "Dorothy, Walter, why are you both here?"

"To save an innocent man," cried Dorothy. "Listen, father," and immediately she began to pour forth all that she had heard.

"Is this true?" demanded Mr. Perrin, in grim tones, when his daughter had finished speaking. Evison bowed his head, inwardly wishing himself miles away.

"Give me that paper," Mr. Perrin continued. Mechanically Evison handed it to him. Then he looked up and caught Dorothy's eyes fixed on him with an expression new to him—an expression which sent the blood coursing madly through his veins.

"Well, sir," Mr. Perrin said, sternly, addressing himself to his nephew, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," returned that worthy.

"Nothing," repeated Mr. Perrin in low tones. "By heaven! you are a disgrace. Listen to me, sir, I give you a week to make arrangements in and then you leave my house and my employ."

Mr. Perrin stood aside and Walter Jerrard silently left the room.

"Now, my boy, what can I say to you," said Mr. Perrin. "I would you and my nephew could have changed places for I should be proud indeed, for you to be a member of my family."

"That is easily arranged, sir," added Arthur, emboldened by what he had read in Dorothy's eyes.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"By granting me the permission you refused last week," as he spoke Evison took Dorothy by the hand and drew her, not unwillingly to his side.

"It seems to me that you have already taken it," replied Mr. Perrin, smiling as he spoke. "Well, well; take her, my lad, and God bless you both."

The other day Mrs. Arthur Evison christened one of the two new liners built by Messrs. John Perrin & Co. for the North Atlantic Steamship Company.—Tit-Bits.

DIAZ AS A MAN OF DESTINY.

Relation Between His Life and the Date of Mexican Independence.

"If ever a man was a living proof that our fates are predestined," said a mining man from Mexico, "it is President Diaz."

He was born at 11 o'clock at night on Sept. 15. That is the anniversary moment of Mexican independence, although Sept. 16 is celebrated as the national holiday.

The revolutionary conspirators had agreed on Sept. 16 for the outbreak and were to open the ball at the ringing of a bell on the plaza of Guanajuato. But Hidalgo, the Mexican Washington, learned that their plans were known, so he rang the bell and started things going at 11 o'clock on Sept. 15.

"That was in 1810. Diaz was born Sept. 15, 1830."

"That is a matter of common knowledge and superstition in Mexico. What is not generally known is that every one of his many children was born either on Sept. 15 or on the anniversary of one of his big military or political victories. I have it from a member of the Diaz household that there is not a single exception to this rule."

"Every year on Sept. 15 the people gather on the plaza in the city of Mexico. Diaz comes out on a balcony above them sharply at 11 and rings the old Mexican independence bell, which has been brought up to the capital. That is the signal for beginning the independence celebration."

"Diaz, you know, considers himself a man of destiny. His life has been one long fight against enemies, intrigue, secret plots, open rebellion."

"He has beaten them all and established a good government where there had been only tyranny or chaos for 300 years. They say that he has grown superstitious about it all, believing that he is under a lucky star, and that he takes these coincidences of birth as a mark of heavenly favor."

Owing to an error in calculation made in 1820, the height of every Alpine summit, says the Alpine Post, will have to be written down by about ten feet.

MASTERY OF THE AIR.

PROGRESS IN DIRIGIBLE BALLOONS AND FLYING MACHINES.

Lessons of the Aero Club Exhibition—A Flying Machine Which Stayed Up Thirty-eight Minutes—Invention in America and Appreciation in France—A Speed of Two Hundred Miles Per Hour Predicted.

It is characteristic of the American people, with our practical turn of mind, that we refuse to take any sensational invention seriously until it is set down perfected at our feet. We are not interested in the preliminary progress, and take an attitude of skepticism, until we wake up some day to find it a realized fact.

It was so with the automobile, which received no encouragement on this side of the water until about five years after the French had proved to their satisfaction that it was the coming vehicle, and it was so with the wireless telegraph, which many persons had never heard of until it was in operation.

The exhibition of the Aero Club of America in connection with the automobile show, has been, for this reason, a revelation to many who have paid no attention to the progress of aerial navigation during the past ten years, regarding the subject with about the same amusement as the search for perpetual motion and believing its successful solution about as distant as the Judgment Day. In the light of this exhibition, it seems necessary to admit not only that aerial navigation is possible, but that it is on the road to becoming practicable. Of course, much remains to be done, but balloons steerable in a light wind are now accepted facts, and far more remarkable scientifically—a machine has been constructed of materials heavier than air with which a man has made a flight of thirty-eight minutes' duration travelling safely a distance of twenty-five miles.

It is necessary in considering aerial navigation to draw a line between the two methods employed—between the dirigible balloon or airship on one hand and the flying machine, aeroplane, or aerodrome on the other. The balloon principle is the oldest and most firmly entrenched in popular fancy, but it seems to be inferior in possibilities now to the flying machine. The balloon depends for support on the use of a gas lighter than air, and when equipped with a motor has proved steerable, so long as there was an absence of wind, but the bulk is such that it offers too much resistance to be capable of high speed, the body is too fragile to be driven with great force, and the cost of construction and maintenance is considerable. The flying machine is far bolder in conception. It is built of materials heavier than the air, but is supported in and propelled through it by attached motor power.

It is thought that the speed of a balloon cannot much exceed twenty miles an hour. The aeroplane has done about twice that, and it is only a question of combining power with lightness in the motor to improve upon this so that a rate of 100, or even 200 miles an hour is declared possible. The cost of an aeroplane is slight, as is that of operating it, and as there is no expense for right of way or roadbed, it has been fancifully estimated that passengers might be carried from New York to Chicago for a dollar apiece with profit. So far flying machines have been built only large enough to carry one man, but this, of course, need not be the case once the type of construction is somewhat settled upon. Balloons have, already been up with several passengers, and there are no necessary limits to the size of them or their engines. The Court Zeppelin No. 2, now under trial at Constance, is a mammoth affair, carrying a 160-horsepower engine. In flying machines Herring has a model now on exhibition with the Aero Club, in which a one-tenth horsepower electric motor is enough for nine pounds weight of the aeroplane, but no fixed ratio has been determined yet between weight and necessary horsepower.

Although all the real development of the flying machine has been done by Americans, and mostly in America, its sponsors today like the Wrights, Langley and Herring, have less reputation in this country than has Santos Dumont, whose achievements in the way of a dirigible balloon have been notably not less revolutionary. Santos Dumont chose Paris for his experiments, where the imaginative French mind made much of them, and his reputation was imported to this country, like many other things French, at its face value. If he had conducted his tests in this country he would probably be less famous. In fact, it has taken the French to come over here and put a value on our own experiments, the Wright brothers having only recently sold the rights in their improved flying machine for the use of the French government for a consideration amounting to about \$300,000.

The beginnings of the balloon go back to 1782, when Joseph and Stephen-Montgolfier invented one of the hot-air type with a capacity of 40 cubic feet, which rose 70 feet. The year following, using a Montgolfier balloon, Pilastre du Rozier went up 300 feet with a rope attached. The first free ascent was made on November 21 of the same year by du Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes at Paris. They went up 3000 feet, descending after twenty-five minutes five miles distant, Benjamin Franklin witnessing the feat. On December 28, 1783, Rittenhouse and Hopkinson in this country rigged seven hydrogen balloons to a

car in which James Wilcox went up 1000 feet.

Between 1812 and 1857 Charles Green, an Englishman, made some 1,400 ascents. Three times he tried it over the sea, and fell in twice. The most remarkable thing about his career was that, in spite of all this, he lived to be eighty-five, and then died of old age. In 1785 a Frenchman, Blanchard, and an American, Dr. Jeffers, first crossed the English channel. The highest ascent on record is one of over seven miles, made from Wolverhampton by James Glaisher and Henry Coxwell. In 1850 Julien, a French clockmaker, turned out the first balloon of the modern cigar-shaped type. Two years later motive power was first applied by Henry Gifford, who made an ascension of 5900 feet with steam. The real dirigible balloon came with Santos Dumont's experiments in 1888.

The attempts of men to imitate bird-flight antedate the invention of the balloon. That celebrated all-round genius of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Leonardo da Vinci, made studies in this direction, but never put them to practical test. The first aerodrome was patented by Henson in 1842, but never, in fact, constructed. The most thorough and extensive experiments in wings were made by Lillenthal of Berlin, who, between 1891 and 1896, made some 2000 short flights. Lillenthal was more of a naturalist than an engineer. He met with some success in his way, but the project was chimerical, and he finally lost his life in the course of experiment.

The credit of constructing the first plausible flying machine belongs to Hiram Maxim, the American inventor, although the work was done in England. He built his flying machine in 1894, and provided it with a track of eight-foot gauge. At a slight elevation was another track of thirty-foot gauge, to hold it from rising more than so far. He used steam as a motive power, and found that at thirty-six miles an hour all the weight was sustained by the air. Professor Langley produced a flying machine in 1896 and another in 1903, but neither met with the success hoped for. Herring made some valuable experiments in the balance of flying machines—the most difficult point in the whole problem. The shape which he adopted of two slightly convex planes as supporting surfaces has practically been preserved in the more recent machines of the Wright brothers.

The Wright brothers, Wilbur and Orville, worked on the flying machine during the years 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, with the result that it passed from a possibility to a fact. Their first effort was to build something which would not only fly but would be strong enough so that it would not be wrecked when it came down. They simplified construction to the greatest possible extent, and as timber used the best quality of spruce, getting it from a special manufacturer, and then throwing out two-thirds of what he sent. Before installing a motor they made sure of their machine by short flights without. In their best trial, at Kitty Hawk, N. C., the machine, with one man and considerable ballast was up thirty-eight minutes and travelled 25 miles, coming down only because the gasoline was gone. It had been planned to stay up an hour but the motor was allowed to run for a quarter of an hour before starting with the intention of refilling the tank at the last moment, but this was neglected.—New York Post.

Not That Sort of Competition.

Senator Foraker was contradicting a certain statement.

"Though this is a firm contradiction," he said, "I want it to be a pleasant and polite one. It is not necessary, when men tell falsehoods, to call them liars and cuff them over the head. Their error can be pointed out in neater and more graceful ways. For instance: In a small town in Indiana a group of drummers were assembled. They sat in the reading room of the country hotel. On the flimsy hotel paper they had finished writing to their firms with the lumpy ink and the rusted pens which the hotel management provided, and now, with newspaper reading and desultory talk, they whiled away the tedious evening. A young drummer in a red tie took the cigarette from his mouth and said:

"Well, my day's sales here reached \$5,000. Not bad for a small town, eh?"

An elderly drummer looked up from his newspaper and said quizzically:

"Not bad at all. It is wonderful what one can sometimes do in these little places. On my last trip here my commissions came to just what you say your sales did."

"The young man reddened."

"This isn't a lying competition," he said gruffly.

"Oh, excuse me," said the other. "I thought it was."—Galveston Tribune.

New Bullet for French Army.

Important improvements have recently been made in the arms and ammunition of the French infantry soldier, and a new cartridge is shortly to be issued which combines many new features. This cartridge is absolutely smokeless, not even giving the small puff observed with the discharge of the present cartridges, while its bullet is a cigar-shaped cylinder of bronze. This revolves with a speed of 3,600 turns per second during its flight, and at 800 yards it will have sufficient power to penetrate a mass equivalent in bulk and resistance to six men standing behind one another.

This new cartridge is fired from the Lebel rifle, which is thus brought into the front rank of military weapons.—Harper's Weekly.

DAZED WITH PAIN.

The Sufferings of a Citizen of Olympia, Wash.

L. S. Gorham, of 516 East 4th St., Olympia, Wash., says: "Six years ago I got wet and took cold, and was soon flat in bed, suffering tortures with my back. Every movement caused an agonizing pain, and the persistency of it exhausted me, so that for a time I was dazed and stupid. On the advice of a friend I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and soon noticed a change for the better. The kidney secretions had been disordered and irregular, and contained a heavy sediment, but in a week's time the urine was clear and natural again and the passages regular. Gradually the aching and soreness left my back and then the lameness. I used six boxes to make sure of a cure, and the trouble has never returned."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Millburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Photographic Thought.

That brain waves, or what may be so termed, are capable of producing photographic effects is the problem that Dr. M. A. Veeder, a well-known resident of Lyons, believes he has solved.

Dr. Veeder invited several friends to the photographic study of Mr. Russell, in that village. A plate from an unopened package was put in the holder and placed on a table, the shutter being closed. Each person present placed one hand about four inches above the plate and table.

After an exposure in this position for about one minute the plate was taken into the darkroom and developed, whereupon it was found that a spot had formed the size and shape of a silver dollar, which, as a matter of fact, was the form of the object which the persons participating in the experiment had in mind at the time.—New York Tribune.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles. Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Bacon valued at \$30,000,000 was imported by Great Britain in 1904.

STOPS BELCHING BY ABSORPTION—NO DRUGS—A NEW METHOD.

A Box of Wafers Free—Have You Acute Indigestion, Stomach Trouble, Irritable Heart, Bitter Spells, Short Breath, Gas on the Stomach?

Bitter Taste—Bad Breath—Impaired Appetite—A feeling of fullness, weight and pain over the stomach and heart, sometimes nausea and vomiting, also fever and sick headache?