

GILLETT A GOLFER

Mr. Fred H. Gillett, the Springfield, Mass., congressman, has been a staid member, given to serious conversation and avoiding society as though it were a plague and yellow fever combined. Mr. Gillett has changed. He has been deeply at the spring of social life and has become intoxicated. He is a frequent debater's teas, and is a welcome guest at debutantes' dinners. It is his great delight. He is a constant visitor at the Chevy Chase club, and in the sparkling repartee of small talk is unexcelled. Wherever he goes he is the center of attraction. The "Dolly Dialogues" is now his daily companion. All this was unknown to his constituents until the other day, when a Massachusetts farmer, a man of much plattitude, but of substance and influence, came to Washington. He went to Gillett's hotel to see the congressman. He had to wait three hours, but he did not regard the time as ill-spent, for he knew that Gillett was somewhere struggling with the problems of state. Finally Gillett appeared. He was clothed in all the beauty of a fashionable golf suit, he was singing an air from an opera, he wore a jaunty hat. "Frederick," said the old farmer, "I never thought this of you." Gillett said never a word. Explanations would have been useless. And since the old farmer returned home, the friends of the Massachusetts farmer have echoed the successful tale of Gillett's fall.—Washington Post.

Try Maple City Self Washing Soap for washing woollens or lace curtains. It is unequalled for washing ladies' shirt waists.

Books in Closets. So often when cleaning closets we find it would be especially convenient to have an extra hook or two. It is such an easy matter to put up the new wire hooks, that there is little chance for one not always keeping a supply on hand. This is the one I have in mind, and they come in bronze wire at twenty cents per dozen and brass plated at thirty cents per dozen.—Boston Journal.

A Chemist's Discovery. A Dutch chemist in Java claims to have discovered a process by which starch may be converted into sugar at half the present cost of sugar. The two substances are composed of the same chemical elements.

HOMESSEKERS' EXCURSIONS

Via Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad. On the first and third Tuesdays of June, July and August the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad will place on sale Homeseekers' Excursion tickets to various points in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas. One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets are limited on going trip fifteen days from date of sale with stop over privileges in Homeseekers' territory. Returning tickets are limited twenty-one days from date of sale. Remember that we now have in service a new wide vestibuled train between Chicago & Waco & Ft. Worth, Texas, leaving Chicago daily at 1.50 p. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars and free reclining chair cars. For further particulars call on or address any agent Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad or C. L. Stone, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

There is a Class of People. Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Creeping Rails. The Ends bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis has always been subject to the phenomenon known as "creeping rails." The creeping occurs always in the direction of the traffic, and varies with the amount of tonnage passing over the rails.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes. One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 75c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A new educational plan is being tried in Copenhagen. No books are used, but the boys are instructed orally when they perform at the same time some light manual labor.

Many a man dresses more expensively than the men to whom he owes money.

SOWING SEEDS WITH ARTILLERY

How the Duke of Athol Modernized a Baron's Crag From Sterility. In the grounds of the Duke of Athol and near Blair castle, England, stands a high, rocky crag named Craig-barna. It looked grim and bare in the midst of beauty and its owner thought how much prettier it would look if only trees, shrubs, etc., could be planted in its nooks and crannies. It was considered impossible for any one to scale its steep and dangerous acclivities and no other way was thought of to get seed sown. One day Alexander Nasmyth, father of the celebrated engineer, paid a visit to the duke's grounds. The crag was pointed out to him and he was told of the desire of the duke regarding it. After some thought he conceived how it could be accomplished. In passing the castle he noticed two old cannons. He got a few small tin canisters, made to fit the bore of the cannon, and filled them with a variety of tree, shrub and grass seeds. The cannons were loaded in the usual way and fired at the rocks from all sides. The little canisters on striking the rock burst, scattering the seeds in all directions. Many seeds were lost, but many more fell into the ledges or cracks where there was a little mess of earth. These showed signs of life and in a few years graceful trees and pretty climbing plants, all sown by gunpowder, were growing and flourishing in nearly every recess of the formerly bare, gray crag, clothing it with verdant beauty.—New York Press.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Homeless Shad. Big catches of shad are reported along the coast. In our opinion boneless shad will be the very crown of Yankee ingenuity.—Boston Journal.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Representative Fitzgerald, of Massachusetts says there are too many bachelors among the younger members of the house.

KING DON: A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA. BY MAJOR ALLAN.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.) The Indian now, with a savage grasp on Don's throat, had ploned him against the gunwale, and Don, unable to utter a sound, was fighting desperately with his hand for dear life. Then, as through a thick mist, he saw Lillie's sweet face near him, convulsed with anguish, and terrified officers rushing forward. A great lurch of the vessel blotted out the rest. Locked in his antagonist's ruthless embrace, he felt himself whirling backwards into the boiling sea and the waters closing over him. Instantly the captain's voice came ringing out in quick command: "Sentry, let go the lifebuoy! Bosun's mate, call away the lifeboat crew!" Quick as the order, it was obeyed. The great ship was swiftly hoisted. But what agony of heart was every second of delay to the paralyzed young bride! Officers and men had now gathered on the scene, scanning the choppy sea with telescopes and speaking in tense, awed tones as they watched the gallant cutter straining might and main to reach those black specks which rose so often to the surface only to disappear. Lillie stood apart, speechless, almost sightless, in that wild endeavor to peer through the gloom of night, while the remorseless deep was lit up with a spectral terror by the lurid light with which the lifebuoy was charged. Once the ship's surgeon went to her side and begged to take her below. She only shook her head. She was past speaking now. At last! at last! A thrill of excitement passed from lip to lip. The lookout man on the main-mast had detected the rescue of both the drowning men—alive or dead, who could tell? Impatience to know the worst was checked as the boat came alongside, in deference to the young wife, who stood in their midst waiting—waiting for what? She followed blindly as they bore Don's prostrate form to his cabin and laid him on his couch. The seaman was dead. Had Don, too, passed away across the mystic ocean, whence the voyager no more returns? In the weird lamplight that still, unconscious face looked indeed as if it already bore the stamp of death; and, with a despair terrible in its calmness, she turned from doctor to steward while they unfastened coat and vest and laid bare the ghastly wound and its streaming blood. "Tell me," she said, "is he dead?" Oh, what a whole history of pain and pathos lay in that brief question! The doctor looked the sympathy he felt. He was a bluff, stolid Scotchman, insured to scenes of sorrow and suffering, but there was something in that pathetic picture of the strong young man struck down in his prime, and the lovely girl wife in her uncomplaining strength of endurance that touched him infinitely. "He is not dead," he answered. "Be assured I will do everything that is possible to save him," he added cheerily, as his busy fingers sped at his work. She stood aside in breathless excitement. "This is a nasty wound," he spoke at last; "but fortunately the salt water has stanchd the bleeding. It is after effects I am more afraid of. I should like to get two trained nurses, who happen to be on board, to undertake the case. They are very clever. I could thoroughly rely on them." For an instance there was tense silence. "Could you not rely on myself for one?" was the answer which faltered through her parched lips. "Are you strong enough?" he queried kindly. "If it is a matter of expense, I think you will find I will arrange." She interrupted him with a little gesture almost of scorn. All her life she had known nothing of the bitterness of poverty, and now it seemed like a mockery to her to mention expense in conjunction with her love and Don's life. "Spare nothing—nothing that money can buy!" she spoke breathlessly. The doctor paused to take her slim wrist between his finger and thumb and calmly count her throbbing pulse. "We'll make a compromise," said he soothingly. "You shall relieve my nurses from duty now and then; but you must remember his life depends on constant care night and day. That settled the question definitely, and Lillie allowed herself to be led away to partake of a strong cup of tea and some refreshment to fit her for the long hours of watching which lay before her, for she insisted on the nurse not being summoned at least till morning, as the doctor himself meant to be in close attendance on his patient at night. In his heart he deeply pitied the fair young bride, who evidently loved so deeply the stalwart bridegroom stricken down to the very gates of death. Yes, Lillie loved Don, even as she had never loved him till now. It was not until he lay before her thus, in the extremity of helplessness, till, while

"We are very nearly home. In a few hours we shall be in the Solent." She was astonished that he manifested no surprise. It was as if his active brain had been speeding onward with the ship's throbbing engines; as if he, too, while his fragile barque drifted towards the unknown shore, had been dimly conscious of the great sea of time and space. "Lillie," he spoke again, with labored difficulty, "when we reach Southampton will you wire to Roddy and Di to come to me?" Hot tears welled up into her eyes and fell upon the wasted hand he strove to lift and lay on hers. "We will go over to the Isle of Wight to them. Wouldn't that be better, Don?" "If you will not mind the trouble," he said, with all the trustful dependence of a little child. And then suddenly, with fluttering breath, he spoke again, so faintly she could scarcely hear. "I dreamt just now you kissed me. Lillie, would you promise not to leave till the end?" She broke down then, and flung herself upon his breast. "Oh, Don! Don! Don't you understand? I will never leave you—never, never!" she cried. His fingers closed upon hers with a feeble pressure and a look almost of rapture swept his face. Then, still holding her hand, he fell asleep. (To be continued.)

RICH IN MEMORIES.

The Long-Neglected Harrison Mansion Finds a New Owner. The long-neglected Harrison mansion at North Bend, O., has been purchased recently by Mrs. O. H. Hall of Cincinnati, for the sum of \$15,000, and is to be preserved in commemoration of the illustrious men who have been sheltered within its walls. It was built in 1814 by Gen. William Henry Harrison, who presented it to his bride. There he dwelt until he went to the White House, and where his nine children and his illustrious grandson, Benjamin Harrison, were born. At the time the house was built Harrison was governor of the Northwest Territory, and as the conqueror of Tecumseh was a national hero. Those were exciting days, times of great personal danger, and no conveniences, and the Harrison mansion, simple as it was, was regarded then as aristocratic and stately. The hospitality of its halls was famous. Not a day passed that it did not afford entertainment for many guests. It is said that on occasions no less than sixty guests sat down together at the long mahogany tables in the great sun-lit dining hall. It is said that the bride was not content unless her cook served three kinds of meat on the festive board at times when cattle were scarce, when settlements were hundreds of miles apart. But wild duck and the fish in the rivers were plentiful, and no group of strangers or guests ever passed the gate in their day's journey who were not begged to remain and share the prodigal generosity of their host and hostess. In those days the estate, now sadly dwindled to seven acres, was composed of 600 acres. From Gen. Harrison the estate passed to his son, John Scott Harrison, a gentle, amiable man, with no financial ability. He lived there until his death in 1878, his property gradually diminishing until at his death he was actually a dependent. Benjamin Harrison was born there and it was his home until his marriage, when he moved to Indianapolis. For years the old house has been vacant. The gardens have been overrun with wild, insolent weeds, the fields deserted, the great rooms and halls lonely and dead. Not even the ghost of former laughter and hospitality has echoed for years along its spiral staircases. The spider, pitiful tenant, has swung his tent ropes from rafter to rafter. The lofty heads of the old oaks sigh among their lofty crests at the saddened picture.

MAGIC OF FIGURES.

Trick in Simple Subtraction That Will Puzzle Every One. You can never tell what figures will do. Of course they are truthful, if properly handled, but some of them are capable of the most bewildering antics. Here is a method by which figures may be made to tell secrets in a way that will astonish those who are not informed about how to do the "figuring." Ask some person to put down unknown to you a number composed of three figures (say 762). Tell him to transpose the figures (making 267) and to subtract the lesser from the greater. Then ask him to tell you the first figure of the result, and you can tell him the entire number. For instance, your first number in the present example is 762, which transposed makes 267. Subtract 267 from 762 and you have 495. The only figure that you are told is 4, the first of the result. All you have to do is to subtract 4 from 9, which will give you 5, the last figure, and the central figure is always 9. So your number will be 495. This is true in all cases where only three figures are used in making up a number. The central figure will always be 9 when the transposed number is subtracted from the original number, and the two end figures when added together will make 9. So, knowing either the first or last figure of the result, you can give the entire number.

Story of Rapid Growth.

Some time ago an Iowa man contracted to make a plat of the town. Since then there have been fifteen additions to the city, and the new ones are coming in so rapidly that he hasn't been able to figure when he will finish his task. The growth of a gas town is like unto that of a snowflake when the sign is right.

MISERABLE You're not feeling just right this spring, are you? Somehow, you haven't your old-time strength, cannot take hold of things with your usual push and energy. You just drag around, fairly well one day, not so well the next. You are wretched, disconsolate, discouraged; you are miserable. That's Nerve Poverty To be rich in nerve power you should take a good spring medicine, something that will give you pure and rich blood. A perfect Sarsaparilla will do this every time; not a cheap Sarsaparilla, not one that promises you a great deal of bulk for your money; but a highly concentrated Sarsaparilla, one that has more cure in it than any other Sarsaparilla in the world. That's AYER'S The only Sarsaparilla made under the personal supervision of three graduates: a graduate in pharmacy, a graduate in chemistry, and a graduate in medicine. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. For thirty-five years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. There are many other kinds on the market, but I have great faith in that word "Ayer's."—N. Mouszcz, St. Anthony, Iowa.

Thompson's Eye Water



Not the cheapest but the best Buggy our factory can build for the money. \$14.00 down the buggy here illustrated, fully equipped, with heavy rubber on all wheels. 2nd spring. Painted, green, dark browned green, body black, with very fine finish. Keenest leather trimmed. The best bicycle covered rim wheels, 1-inch tread. Full length Brooks correct. Book, strong spring, white section, full drop handle, toe rail, silver rim, leather trimmed wheels. We have vehicles from \$25.00 to \$100.00. Write for catalogue. Send money order, check, or cash. No cash orders. Address: T. E. Roberts' Supply House, 111 N. 1st St., St. Paul, Minn.