

Make a Lasting Epitaph. Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name, in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars.—Chalmers.

Where You Can See Meridian Line.

The meridian of the earth, the scientist will tell you, is an imaginary line running from north to south. It is not generally known, however, that near Greenwich observatory the meridian line can be actually seen and walked upon. It is deeply graved in stone, and is laid in the footpath that leads round the observatory.—Wide World Magazine.

Queer Sign Posts. In the neighborhood of Warmbrunn, in the Silesian mountains, there are to be found some very curious signposts. One seen by a writer in the Wide World Magazine represents a farm laborer sharpening his scythe, on which is inscribed, in the old Silesian dialect, "To Giers Village, One Hour." The signpost is well carved and painted in natural colors, so that it appears very life-like. Another signpost in the same district represents a schoolboy carrying a slate bearing the name of the nearest village, toward which the boy is pointing.

Say Farewell to Cares. Quick is the succession of human events; the cares of today are seldom the cares of tomorrow; and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles: "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—Cowper.

The Hampden Murder

Old Hampden was dead—murdered! It seemed odd that it could be so, that morning as I walked up the wide avenue leading to the great stone building that had stood on Hampden Heights for a hundred years. He had been buried three weeks, when they telegraphed for me, and, on my arrival, I went to the house, up into the room where they had found him lying so ghastly and grim. The best detectives in the city had examined the house, and failed to find a clue. I could hardly hope to do better than they had done, but I made the circuit of the apartment three times, I examined the doors, then the windows, and finally, without the least idea of finding anything, glanced behind the screen that half concealed the fireplace; for John Hampden, having a fondness for old-time ways, clung to the broad stone hearths and wide chimneys of ancient days.

For a moment I was startled at what I saw, but recovering myself I stooped down and examined it. There, firmly stamped in the half-baked ashes, was the imprint of a foot, a singularly made affair, looking as though the foot that wore it was deformed.

I went out of the house and passed round to the eastern side. A horse had been tethered in a cluster of trees not far away, and there, hidden in the rotten end of a decaying log, I found the boot itself, stiff with human gore.

The name of the manufacturer was stamped on the inside, and taking the down train the next morning, I called at his office.

I described the article, and asked him the name of his customer. "His name is Hughes," replied the bootmaker, "and I am now making him another pair. He will call for them in less than an hour."

"Please detain him until I return, if I should not be in when he comes," I said.

"By what right do you command such a thing?"

"This."

I opened my coat and showed the glittering badge that shone brightly as the sunshine rested on it.

A shadow fell for a moment on the door-sill and a half-suppressed impression reached by ears. I looked up, and standing before me, his eyes riveted on the glimmering badge of my office, was a man whom I instinctively felt to be the one for whom I was seeking.

He suspected my object, for as I advanced toward him he turned and fled down the street.

"That was the very man!" cried the dealer.

"I thought so," I replied, and hastily leaving the shop, I hurried to the chief of police. Like a swift flash the wires of the telegraph had carried a minute description of the assassin to all points in the city, and the outlets of escape were effectually guarded.

But like a fox under cover, he kept us at bay, and it was two weeks and over ere, in the densely populated city, I found him.

One evening a lady and two gentlemen stopped at the hotel where I boarded, and engaged rooms. One of the gentlemen was very ill, and muffled completely in shawls and comforters.

I often sent up fruit and little delicacies to tempt his appetite, and once went to his door; but he declined to see me, stating that he was really too ill and dispirited to see any one.

The next thing I heard was his death, and his wife, a young and elegant-looking lady, wrote me a note, asking me to send an undertaker to them.

I watched the hearse drive up to the door the next morning to convey the corpse to the train, for it had been his request to have his body buried in his native state. Yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, I followed the body, and seated myself near the coffin after it had been deposited in the baggage car.

His wife wept profusely, and would not leave the corpse, so the officials made her as comfortable as possible where she was.

The lady seemed very nervous, and after a while asked me if it would not be pleasanter for me to sit with the other passengers. But I preferred to remain where I was. My eyes could not and would not leave that dismal coffin, and I looked at it so long and attentively that it seemed as if every nail and curve would be branded on my memory forever.

At last I walked up to it, and was about to turn back the reversible lid that covered the glass over the face, when she sprang at me with a wild cry.

What before had been in my mind only a vague something shaped itself suddenly into a strong suspicion, and throwing back the lid, I pushed her off and looked in.

There, with his mouth and nose pressed closely to a small aperture in the side of the coffin, his eyes staring blindly into mine, and his livid face covered with great drops of sweat, was the man for whom I was seeking—the murderer of John Hampden. He was not yet recovered from the effects of the drug he had taken, and secured him easily.

AMUSEMENTS.

Down in the annals of theatrical history goes a success for Rowland and Clifford's first attempt in producing a play for the higher classed houses. For years this firm has produced success after success in the untill priced houses but it wasn't until the production of William Anthony McGuire's play, "The Divorcee," that the standard of Rowland and Clifford was established at the point where it has reached since the success of "The Divorcee" now playing at McVicker's theater, Chicago. This play begins the fifth week in Chicago Sunday night and there is every hope to believe that the management's forecast of the play running well into the summer, will be realized.

On Monday night the Irish Fellowship club of Chicago will hold sway in the body of the house where two-thirds of the seats have been reserved for this organization. Throughout the week there will be other numerous clubs featuring this play with special parties. No play has ever received the endorsement from the pulpit as has "The Divorcee" in the last two Sundays in the churches of all denominations in Chicago.

MAJESTIC.

More than the usual number of big feature acts have been provided for the Majestic theater, Chicago, program for the week of May 20. One of the leading features will be Trixie Friganza; the joyous comedienne who probably is the best laugh promoter and the jolliest lady altogether at present on the vaudeville stage.

Maclyn Arbuckle, who is known as one of the best comedians on the legitimate stage, has been secured, with his company, to play an entirely new comedy sketch written with special reference to his personal characteristics and to his ability as a broad comedian.

"The Son of Solomon" is a sort of semitic classic written by Aaron Hoffman and staged by Ben Teal, and introduces a very pleasing, romantic and sentimental theme.

The Fillis Family bring with them a number of trained horses—high school animals.

"The Magic Kettle" presented by Mr. Andrews is a most interesting number showing experiments in physics of the most remarkable and almost unbelievable character.

Rube Dickinson is one of those rare monologists who is born not made—that is to say, who has a genuine talent for character comedy.

Seably & Duclos present a very smart dancing novelty; Mullen & Coogan are comedy singing and talking comedians.

The program as a whole is one of those big, well rounded, thoroughly entertaining arrays of talent which has become the rule rather than the exception in the Majestic programs.

CORT.

"Ready Money." James Montgomery's brilliant and successful comedy, enters upon the eighth week of its engagement at the Cort theater, Chicago, next Sunday night. With the passing of each week the play's appeal to Chicago theatergoers seems to increase rather than diminish. The play tells the story of a young man, Stephen Baird, a mining promoter, who is ready to confess himself a failure and is about to lose his mine. He meets Jackson Ives, an international counterfeiter, who assures him that he has the manner and ability to be a success, that all he needs is the money to make a "flash." He claims it is not necessary to spend money; that all that is required is to be able to show a roll, and the rest will be easy. He induces Baird to make the experiment and the result fully verifies his claim. Baird's friends, who a short while before were sympathizing with him on his failure, when shown the \$50,000 with which Ives has supplied him, fall over themselves to force their money upon him. They become convinced that his mine, which has been considered worthless and the stock valueless, is a bonanza, and beg him to accept their checks in payment of shares in it. It is needless to say that with the aid of the money thus acquired gold is discovered and the mine proves to be the richest in Arizona. Manager Frazee has provided a cast which might well be called an all star organization.

Thomas W. Ross Prospers at the Olympic—"The Only Son" Approval Continues Undiminished.

Thomas W. Ross in "The Only Son" still continues his record-breaking business at the Olympic theater, where delighted audiences continue to shower encomiums of praise on what is considered quite the most pretentious and entertaining comedy which this sterling player has yet presented.

Throughout his entire career, Mr. Ross, who has played many and diverse characters, says he has never before experienced such unvarying attention. That is to say, in most comedies the laughs are sometimes spontaneous in spots where an author expects his comedy to develop such response from an audience. In most cases, the audiences differ from night to night in character, but according to Mr. Ross, the points in "The Only Son" are so naturally developed in this story of wonderful human appeal, that its theme and accompanying side-lights seem to hit in the same spots at each performance.

No more pretentious production has been seen upon the local stage outside of the spectacular offerings. It is even hinted that the luxurious furnishings in the first act, which are supplied by Elsie de Wolf, the noted decorator, have been copied from the drawing room in the Fifth avenue home of Pierpont Morgan. It has also been hinted that the character of the father in "The Only Son" is not unlike that of the famous financier, in so far as his career as a captain of industry is concerned.

AT THE MOTIOPHGRAPH

SATURDAY, MAY 18TH.

Tim and Jim.—Sylus Jenks, an old widower, has a daughter Bess, and in the house also is pretty Nora, the cook. Like most children of 17 or 18, they have sweethearts, much to dad's worryment. Nora loves Tim Sullivan, the grocery boy, and Bess Jenks loves Jim Jones. Dadda don't like Jim any too well and will not have him in the house. One day Nora catches Jim kissing Bess and thinks it is Tim. She goes up in the air and for a few seconds there is "rough house." When the mistake is discovered Nora gets an idea, the first she has ever had. Tim is coaxed into a dress suit and a letter is planted where Dad will find it. The letter supposedly written by Jim, discloses the fact that he and Bess will elope that evening. The old man goes on a hunt for Bess and failing to find her, grabs Tim thinking him to be Jim. Jim and Bess slip off and get married while dad is having his session with Tim. Then the bride and groom come back home to be forgiven and congratulate Nora on her engagement to Tim.

Not the Original Liberty Bell.

A correspondent of the Literary Digest avers that the famous crack in the Liberty Bell is not a crack, but only the fac-simile of a crack. His assertion is that the original bell was in deed cracked, but that the present bell is a recast from a model of the old one, with the crack filled up, though still showing the lines of the defect.

Worshiped in Ancient Days.

In the National Museum, Washington, there is a meteorite weighing 1,400 pounds. In the Yale collection is one weighing 1,635 pounds, and one at Amherst 427 pounds. Some sacred stones, as the black meteorite worshiped at Emesa, in Syria; the holy Kaaba of Mecca; and the great stone of the pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico; owe their sanctity to the belief that they had fallen from heaven.

Steam of the Earth.

If dry earth is wet suddenly the heat emitted is due chiefly to the affinity of potter's clay and humus for water. That affinity is so powerful that the two substances release 20 and 30 calories per every two kilograms.—Harper's Weekly.

Height of Folly.

A woman is foolish to marry a man for his money, but then the man is twice as foolish to let her.—Detroit Free Press.

Sometimes Best to Be Patient.

Frequently the worm that turns very gets itself bruised on the other side.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A WORD WITH WOMEN.

Valuable Advice for Downers Grove Readers.

Many a woman endures with noble patience the daily misery of backache, pains about the hips, blue, nervous spells, dizziness and urinary disorders, hopeless of relief because she doesn't know what is the matter.

It is not true that every pain in the back or hips is trouble "peculiar to the sex." Often when the kidneys get congested and inflamed, such aches and pains follow.

You can tell it is kidney trouble if the secretions are dark colored, contain sediment; the passages are too frequent or scanty. Then help the weakened kidneys. Don't expect them to get well alone.

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WHEN THE STOMACH CALLS

Feeling Which Common Humanity Knows as Hunger Is Explained Fully by the Scientist.

The answer looks easy. Any small boy, schoolboy or other, would say, "Why, hunger is just wanting something to eat and wanting it bad." But the doctors find that it isn't so easy.

It seems, according to an extraordinary utterance in the Journal of the American Medical Association, that emptiness of the stomach has nothing to do with hunger. It is not due to the secretion of any sort of acid in the stomach, nor to congestion of the gastric glands. Professor Cannon, in this article in the journal aforesaid, attributes hunger to contractions of the stomach's muscular walls. In the doctor's words: "Hunger is normally the signal that the stomach is contracted for action; the unpleasantness of hunger leads to eating; eating starts gastric secretion, distends the contracted organ, initiates the movements of gastric digestion and abolishes the sensation." Here is to the abolition of the sensation; may there always be something with which to "start the gastric secretion!"

Lightning and Concrete.

The effect of lightning on concrete, which has long been a matter of dispute, has been observed by a leading member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, who has a reinforced concrete water tank on his country estate. This was struck by lightning, which caused no injury, but changed the texture of the concrete in places from granular to vitreous. The tank was heavily reinforced.

Salt a Bathroom Cleanser.

The bathtub and bowl, and also other pieces of enameled ware and crockery, may be satisfactorily cleaned with common salt used on a slightly dampened piece of flannel. This removes dirt and stains without scratching the surface.—Housekeeper.

Daily Thought.

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart, to hope always; like God, to love always—this is duty.—Amiel.

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