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TERMS, $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Consumption in Colorado.

The Colorado state board of health presented a most interesting report to the recent tuberculosis conference. Its statistics show that the increase of cases contracted in that state during the last six years is both alarming and significant. Of the 435 deaths in 1893 in Colorado, from consumption, 49 were contracted there. Of the 501 deaths recorded there from the same disease in 1898, 99 began in Colorado. The tables during the six years show the increase to be gradual but steady. It is traced to three causes: The expectoration of consumptives; the milk from tuberculosis cows; the flesh of tuberculosis animals. For protection from the milk and meat danger the general public must look to state officials. With the danger from expectoration, which the report places at the head of the list, every individual may concern himself, says a scientific contemporary. At the moment there is more or less talk of the possibility of the bubonic plague stealing in upon us, and there are nervous souls who are dreading lest it shall do so. Infinitely more terrifying and disastrous, however, is the tuberculosis plague that we now have thoroughly established within our borders, and against which we are making little headway. Every woman may help in this matter by spreading first her knowledge of the danger, and second, the ease with which preventive measures may be enforced in this most important point of expectoration.

Reason for Some Failures.

How many publicists, asks J. Lincoln Brooks in Success, have fallen because they have been discourteous to subordinates, to newsgatherers, to voters after election! How many, on the other hand, have climbed to great heights of power and reputation because they paid attention to the civilities of life! People have long memories. They never forgive the slightest affront to their sovereignty. The moment a public man so far forgets the source of his power as to treat the humblest individual with scant courtesy, he places in action an engine for his own destruction. Per contra, let an official be thoroughly agreeable in manner, and genuinely interested in the welfare of persons whom he may never have occasion to "use," and he places in unknown hands cymbals to proclaim his merits. Popular favor is swayed as often by the personal manner of a candidate as by the principles he represents. True courtesy, however, springs from the heart, rather than from the head. It takes little account of rank, or circumstance, or benefits to be derived.

Edward Bok on Divorce.

"Every once in awhile we have perfect hemorrhages of righteous indignation upon the subject of divorce," writes Edward Bok, of "The Ease With Which We Marry," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "We say divorce must stop, or that there must be no divorce. But wouldn't it be a bit better if we let this subject alone for awhile and concerned ourselves with the evil which leads to divorce? The fact of the matter is that there is a notion, which is altogether wrong, that divorce is easy in this country. Divorce is not easy. I am far from saying that our divorce laws are what they should be. But it is a senseless thing to make those divorce laws more stringent while we allow our marriage laws to be as loose as they are. Let those who cannot see any farther than the revision of present divorce laws ask themselves this question: Is it fair to allow foolish, inexperienced girls to be led into what they believe to be a fairy-palace, and then, when they find it to be a prison—yes and worse, a positive suburb to the infernal regions—to refuse to let them out, if they can get out? Is that merciful? Is that just? Would we not come closer to the common sense of this whole question if, before we go any further in this campaign against divorce, we turn back and tighten the door which leads to it? Divorce is not so easy but that we can afford to leave it precisely where it is for the time being. It isn't a particle easier than it should be, so long as we allow marriage to be as loose as it is."

In New Haven, Conn., it has just been decided by a court that a man who asks another for a chew of tobacco cannot be held on a charge of begging.

There is always more or less of an epidemic of osteo-porosis, and you have often had it, maybe, without knowing it. The common or garden name for it is "swelled head." The impression has been, cheerfully remarks the Philadelphia North American, that it prevails chiefly among jackasses, but now the learned Society of Veterinarians of the University of Pennsylvania declares that it rages among horses and other higher animals as well, and, after the manner of learned societies, has discovered this new and formidable label for it. The society has been studying the causes and effects of the disease of late, and it was the chief topic of discussion at its annual meeting the other day. The result of this investigation will be published in a book, for which a large popular sale is assured. From advanced sheets of this publication it is learned that the swelling of the head is only the first symptom of osteo-porosis. After that the bones of the head begin to soften and crumble, and this softening and crumbling eventually extends to all the bones in the body. In advanced stages of this malady the victim becomes utterly worthless, although death is not necessarily a result. There are cases, however, where the disease often produces a fatal termination through violence, even before it has progressed beyond the first symptom. Overfeeding and lack of work are the primary causes, and it comes impartially to the high-stepper upon which my lady takes her morning canter, and to the high liver with whom she takes luncheon afterward. At the same time, while it knows few class distinctions among human victims, it visits only the aristocracy of horse flesh and the pampered pets of wealthy families which only leave the stables—the pets, not the families—when the air is gentle and balmy and the most frequent sufferers. There is only one cure. The victim must be energetically curried two or three times a day, fed exclusively on hay and oats, and compelled to conduct at least three cotillons a week.

A Matrimonial Tangle.

The state of South Dakota seems determined to keep itself before the public in a matrimonial way. Now that it has retired from business as a divorce center it comes forward with a matrimonial tangle involving a considerable number of its own citizens. All the trouble is caused by the fact that a South Dakota newspaper published some months ago a small item, stating that marriage licenses issued in any county in the state were good in all the other counties. A number of young people, who for one reason or another wished to keep their marriages secret for a time, took advantage of this interpretation of the law, and, after taking out a license in a county remote from their homes were married elsewhere. Now it appears that the newspaper was wrong. A marriage license is only good in the county in which it is issued. Consequently, ministers and justices of the peace have been working overtime recently in marrying for the second time people who were misled by the unfortunate publication of a misinterpretation of the law.

Something to Be Dreaded.

A current item says that a pet monkey belonging to a son of Rev. W. G. Herbert, pastor of the Caroline Street Methodist church, of Baltimore, got into the study of the clergyman the other evening, opened a volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and tore out 16 pages of the article on Darwin's "Origin of Species." Then it turned to Butler's Analogy, and it was examining it with great apparent delight when the clergyman returned and put a stop to the proceedings. What better could be expected of a monkey belonging to a minister's son?

The story that a painted advertisement of a liver remedy on the side of an Iowa barn caused a span of mules to run away, resulting in the death of one mule and the driver, causes Gomer Davies, a local genius, to remark that nobody but a fool mule would stop to read an advertisement painted on a building or a fence, anyhow. The startling effect of the ad. in question goes to show that Gomer doesn't know a good thing when he sees it.

Think of Your Ancestors.

The farmer who complains that farming nowadays is hard work, should think of his grandfathers, with their sickles and cradles, when he is sitting on his mowing machine.

Prof. Beal, of the United States department of agriculture, calculates that one species of sparrow—the tree sparrow—destroys 375 tons of noxious weed seeds in seven months in Iowa alone.

The Cure that Cures
Coughs, Colds, Grippe,
WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT
CONSUMPTION IS
OTTO'S CURE
Sold by all druggists 25&50cts.

To Repair Broken Articles use
Major's Cement
Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

ABOUT FACIAL ANGLES.

The Average Height of Men and Women and Some Other Particulars.

As a rule the greatest facial angle belongs to those of a refined and intellectual nature; the average is about 80 degrees. In some of the Grecian statues it is as high as 100 degrees; but the Roman type is represented in over 95 degrees. It was the Dutch connoisseur, Camper, says an exchange, who first used the term facial angle—that angle which is formed when a straight line is drawn from the middle of the forehead to the point juncture of the nose and lip, where it is met by another imaginary line crossing from the opening of the ear. To form an opinion as to one's intellectual capacity, their profile or facial angle must be studied.

The average height of a man of the Anglo-Saxon race is five feet two inches, and the average weight 140 pounds. Their weight is greatest at 45 years of age.

Early grayness without baldness is an indication of a long life.

Persons naturally thin are apt to live longer than those who are fat. This knowledge may be a source of satisfaction to those of a lean and hungry aspect, like Cassius.

The average height of women of the Anglo-Saxon race is five feet two inches, and the average weight 117 pounds. Their weight is greatest at 50 years of age.

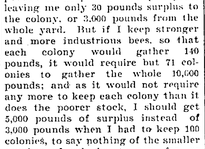
A little light work should not make a woman's back ache—
And it wouldn't if the kidneys were right
Sick kidneys are to blame for three-fourths of the pain and misery in this world.
If all the kidneys in the world could be made strong and healthful, backache would disappear like magic.
Doan's Kidney Pills
Are making well kidneys just as fast as people let them. They never fail. Have cured thousands of men and women.
Read this testimony of their merit.
Mrs. L. French, dressmaker, of 280 Castle street, Geneva, N. Y., says:
"I derived much relief from using Doan's Kidney Pills. I tried many remedies, for that tired and weary feeling which haunted me, the dull, oppressive aching across my kidneys, those awful pains in the back of my neck, and that embarrassment that accompanies too frequent action of the kidney secretions, but they all failed. It was not the case, however, with Doan's Kidney Pills. I procured a box at a drug store to try them, having heard a great deal about them. I had so much running up and down stairs I thought it caused the lameness in my back and that it would be useless to try medicine. Although worse at this time than on any previous occasion, Doan's Kidney Pills positively cured me."
Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

POULTRY & BEES.

DEVICE FOR BROODERS.

How to Avoid an Inconvenience Which Has Annoyed Poultry Raisers for a Long Time.

Almost all the brooders, whether factory made or home made, have a lower story for the lamp and an upper floor in which the chicks are housed, making necessary an inclined board for the chicks to run up on. They are constantly getting under this board, and often become chilled because they do not know enough to "walk the plank" properly. The cut shows how this trouble may be avoided easily. Three strips are added to the incline, thus affording no chance for missing the way. A chicken is a very stupid thing, and cannot be depended upon to do any thinking for itself. It is this natural trait of both young and young fowls that makes it so necessary to be constantly watchful in managing poultry. A little lack of care and a dozen chicks, perhaps, have become chilled and lost. The careful caretaker by using such devices as that shown in the cut can save himself some work by making it nearly impossible for the chicks to go wrong. There are many such devices for saving labor that can be thought up.—N. Y. Tribune.



MAKING BROODERS SAFE.

FARM TURKEY RAISING.

Giving the Young Birds the Right Kind of Food Is the Most Important Matter.

When the turkey hen is in a good sitting mood, give her 17 eggs; at the same time set two chickens on 11 eggs each. When the hatch is off, give all turkeys to the turkey hen.

Feed the young turkeys on curd, often mixing black pepper in it. Feed three times a day all they will eat. Do not give raw corn meal; if fed at all, bake into corn bread. Screenings is a poor food, as it contains many wild seeds, causing diarrhea, killing them in 24 hours. That is the one thing to guard against and the greatest difficulty in raising turkeys. When feeding only curd and other principal food, you overcome that trouble.

I find by keeping the young turkeys in a pen 10x10 feet and 12 inches high for a few days it gives them strength and they can follow the hen. You cannot shut turkeys up in a coop or yard, as they will die if confined. After four or five days old, let them go, see that they come home every night, which they will do if fed morning and evening. For breeding purposes, select hens not less than two years old, toms from two to three. of the Ky Bronze variety.—Clay C. Suydam, in Farm and Home.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Generally, the quicker a sick hen is killed the better.

Select out the best of the fowls each year for future breeding.

Exercise is better than drugs as a stimulant for egg production.

The hardy, wide rangers, those clean of limb and having small combs, are the kinds of fowls wanted by farmers.

For broilers you should have some breed that matures rapidly, and that will not have to be fed all summer to make them weigh a pound or two.

On the farm, especially, one good breed of poultry, well fed and cared for, is of more value than a dozen varieties neglected. — Garden and Farm.

To keep a horse in a dark stable, says an agricultural exchange, is cruel to the animal and dangerous to its owner. When led out the sudden change from darkness to daylight is very trying to the horse's eyes. The retina becomes deadened and more or less useless, and after a time the sight is seriously impaired. The horse starts and shies at objects it sees imperfectly, and many a dangerous accident has been caused by this rather than any vicious habit of the animal.

Should Honor Their Calling.

In order that the farming industry may be raised to its proper place, as head of all others, it is necessary that the farmers themselves should think more of it and give increased attention.—Prairie Farmer.

DIFFERENCE IN BEES.

Figures Demonstrate That Some of the Busy Insects Are Not as Busy as Others.

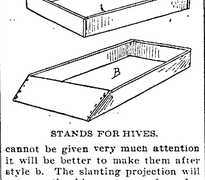
The thought is familiar to farmers that it takes about the same to keep a poor cow as a good one, the difference in profit consequently sometimes depending largely on a few extra good ones, but the thought may not be so familiar that the same thing obtains with bees. It is none the less true. It sometimes happens in a poor season that one colony stores quite a bit of surplus for its owner, while another colony sitting right beside it not only gives no surplus but does not gather enough for its own support, but has to be fed for winter. It should be remembered that the greater part of what the bees gather from the flowers does not find its way into the surplus boxes, but into the brood chamber to be eaten by the bees themselves. A writer in Gleanings puts the matter in this fashion:

The flowers within range of my home yard give on an average yearly, say, 10,000 pounds of honey. Now, if I keep the average run of bees it will take about 100 colonies to gather it, or 100 pounds of honey for each colony. If this it will take about 70 pounds to keep each colony a year, leaving me only 30 pounds surplus to the colony, or 3,000 pounds from the whole yard. But if I have stronger and more industrious bees, so that each colony would gather 140 pounds, it would require but 71 colonies to gather the whole 10,000 pounds, and as it would not pay me any more to keep each colony than it does the poorer stock, I should get 5,000 pounds of surplus instead of 3,000 pounds when I had to keep 100 colonies, to say nothing of both smaller number of colonies to care for, or hives to keep in repair. And what is true of my home yard is true to a greater or less extent of any other yards.

STANDS FOR HIVES.

Upon Their Proper Construction Depends the Success of the Beekeeper.

In making stands for hives, we make them six inches high and the length and width of the hive, using common seven-eighths inch lumber. If the ground in front of the hives is kept free from weeds and tall grass, the style a will do. But if the bees cannot be given very much attention we should prefer to make them after style b. The slanting projection will prevent the hive entrance from becoming obstructed, and the loaded bees that miss the alighting board and drop in front of the hives can crawl up to the entrance.—Orange Judd Farmer.



STANDS FOR HIVES.

PRESERVING EGGS.

The Water Glass Method, Very Popular in Germany, Has Proved to Be the Best.

Of 20 German methods of preserving eggs the three which proved the most effective are coating the eggs with vaseline, preserving them in lime water, and preserving them in water glass. There is a drawback to the water glass method; the shell easily bursts in boiling water. This, however may be prevented by piercing the shell with a strong needle. This objection having been conceded, the water glass method heads the list, as varnishing the eggs with vaseline takes a great deal of time, and treating them with lime water is apt to give them a disagreeable odor. In most packed eggs the yolk, sooner or later, begins to settle on one side and the egg at once begins to depreciate. This does not happen when water glass is used, and the eggs retain a surprising freshness. In one test it was found that a ten per cent. solution of water glass preserved the eggs so effectually that at the end of three and a half months eggs that were packed on August 1 appeared perfectly fresh. A gallon of water glass, which will cost 50 cents, will make enough solution to preserve 50 dozen eggs.

A Problem That Puzzles Many.

Which is most profitable, to go into poultry raising for the sale of flesh and eggs to consumers, or to go into the raising of breeders to sell to other people? Well, that depends on a good many things. The man with no capital is not likely to make much trying to raise fancy poultry, unless he is more than ordinarily fortunate in securing customers for his breeding birds and eggs. It takes money to find customers after the eggs or breeding birds are produced. But a man has the money he can find customers. The finding of a market for fresh eggs is not difficult, a poultry man can always be sold market prices.—Farmers' Review.

The credit man of one of the large department stores in New York was asked what class of customers were most trustworthy. "Young married people can have all the credit they wish, and no questions asked," was the reply. "The standard of business morality in the army and navy is positive assurance that we will get our money."

A Story of Sterility,
SUFFERING AND RELIEF.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 69,185]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Two years ago I began having such dull, heavy, bearing pains in my back; menses were profuse and painful, and was troubled was leucorrhœa. I took patent medicines and consulted a physician, but received no benefit and could not become pregnant. Seeing one of your books, I wrote to you telling you my troubles and asking for advice. You answered my letter promptly and I followed the directions faithfully, and derived so much benefit that I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. I now find myself pregnant and have begun its use again. I cannot praise it enough."—MRS. CORA GILSON, YATES MANISTEE, MICH.

"Your Medicine Worked Wonders."

"I had been sick ever since my marriage, seven years ago; have given birth to four children, and had two miscarriages. I had falling of womb, leucorrhœa, pains in back and legs, dyspepsia and a nervous trembling of the stomach. Now I have none of these troubles and can enjoy my life. Your medicine has worked wonders for me."—MRS. S. BARNHART, NEW CASTLE, PA.

IF
IS a small word that has caused worlds of trouble.
If you have a cough, you do not want to experiment with it. You want to cure it at once.
IF
YOU take our advice, you can.
Dean's Balsam
will cure you quickly, and save you lots of suffering—and perhaps from a consumptive's grave, for coughing leads to consumption.
DEAN'S BALSAM
is the King of Cough Cures—that's why we sell more of it than any other kind.
Let us give you a sample to try.
Large Bottles, 25 Cts.
SOLD BY
L. A. BURROWS

BRACE UP.
BEFORE. AFTER.
"The above cut shows the application of our "Up" Signs and Clamps securing smooth "or barb wire" fences. Simple, easily applied, reasonable in price. Makes old fences as good as new.
The following Cut represents one of our fence posts attached of No. 9 smooth "wire." You build short pulling in as many horizontal "braces" as your sight sees then, clinch either with our "Unequal Leg" Clamps, making it hog or sheep proof if desired. In common sense and the strongest fence "ever made of wire." Dont get the idea that our "fence" is any perishable "cobblers" fence, made of cedar posts and wire. A postal card will bring you circular and price list. Why not look into it.
OPEN CLOSED
ANCHOR FENCE CO.
Jamestown, N. Y.
See our agent in your town. If you dont find one correspond with the above address.
Reliable agents wanted in New York and Pennsylvania.

GRAY'S 25c BALSAM
DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH but dissolves it, soothes the soreness and heals effectually. It is the best known remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Pharyngitis, Lung troubles generally. Sold by all dealers.

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Subscriptions to The Patent Record $1.00 per

THE ORIOLE.

blossom-time the oriole flings
t to the air the midnight wings;
breast, trembling so joyously,
fragment is of sunset sky.
recess at the tree-top swung,
gers, and with such colors hung
ne'er were wove at Arras, there
waits his sweetheart of the air,
owing the love-tryst will be kept,
many skies have gleamed or wept
ong, now, louder, with answering
chime,
blossom time.

but mural splashing there is seen!
ty, pale rose and tender green,
d brown of bud, and glint of dew,
ch fragrance in each dainty hue;
carfy floor and columned bole,
e orchard for the Oriole!
each tint of the apple tree
far less glorious than he,
ending to him a glow more fair;
ch vanity makes this his care
blossom time.

ow hastily he trills his cheer
strike for coming listening ear!
passionate expectancy
ansmutes his soul to melody.
hence that to his call have come
and all in vain their deeper hum,
d lost upon the flowing air
their drowsy twilight nocturne there.
on she will come from southland far
where the scented petals are.
neath the bridal roof of blue!
d me with thee, and you with true,
d kiss with bliss, will ever thrum,
blossom time, in blossom time!
aryl B. Storrs, in Youth's Companion.

How Major Wharton Let Go

By M. Quad.

(From the National Magazine, by Permission.)

MAJOR WHARTON was not a bad man. He sat down in his office one day with his feet on his desk and figured it out that he wasn't. He couldn't remember one single instance in his business career where he had been guilty of downright deception or swindling. On the contrary, as affairs passed in review, he could recall a dozen instances where the other man had come in the better of him by unfair means. He trouble with him was too much truth and honesty. The man who did business with such principles to guide him was sure to come to grief, he felt it. Instead of getting ahead like other dealers and speculators in his times, he had been growing poorer for several years. Of course he had the consolation of his principles all the time, and, while that was worth something, it was not cold cash to satisfy his creditors. Yes, he had been truthful and honest and square, and the world had taken advantage of it was high time that he changed. He would become a liar and a fraud. The world had driven him into it, and now the world must take the consequence.

The major's plan to become a bad man was at first vague and unsettled, but as he clung to the idea the details began to work themselves out in his brain. There was the "Paradise" mine. He had bought and sold that mine three or four times over. Every time he bought it he had been grossly swindled; every time he sold it he had told the truth and lost money thereby. He had left his hands only a month before for a mere song, though queerly enough the purchaser was already talking about it and claiming to have been done for. Indeed, as the major was wondering over the perversity of human nature in buying a mine and expecting to reap anything but a hole in the ground, the owner of "Paradise" entered his office. His name was Clark, and he had a dangerous look in his eye. He intended to call the major several kinds of a fraud and swindlers, threaten him with a generous slice of the law, and make things generally so hot that a resale might furnish him with enough money to get out of Colorado, but his intentions were nipped in the bud.

"See here, Clark," began the major, "if he got his feet off the desk, "you're an honest man."

"But you ain't!" bluntly replied Clark.

"That's where you are mistaken. My honesty has almost headed me for the poorhouse. I've lost a fortune by it. I've been figuring things up this afternoon, and I've made up my mind to do as others do. I sold you that blue dog-cheap, but there's nothing in it for you as it is. You and I are in the same boat. We are altogether too conscientious. We've got to take the other fellow by the scruff of the neck and throw him down and scoop the public." "How do you mean?"

"We'll 'salt' 'Paradise' and work her off for a hummer."

"But that will be swindling," protested Clark.

"Of course it will, but what of it? Hasn't the world swindled us? Hasn't it come to the point that even to pay our running expenses we've got to lay aside our consciences? We let go of our running expenses we've got to lay aside our consciences. We let go of our running expenses we've got to lay aside our principles, we've got to lay aside our principles, we've got to lay aside our principles and allow mines don't mix. Clark, we have been martyrs to principle. I'm going to turn sharper. We'll go in together and 'salt' old 'Paradise' and make her pan out fifty thousand apiece."

Clark went in. The major had "soaked" him on the mine, and it was human nature to want to get even. He didn't have to hold any argument with himself to still the accusing voice. In fact, as in the case of most others who get left on a mine, there was no accusing voice to accuse. The result of a long and earnest conversation was a "deal." Clark was still to hold the mine in his name, and the major was to work up a boom and get half of the profits. Under his directions, and with more or less of his personal aid, the "salting" process was carried out. It wasn't exactly the salt of commerce and the dinner table which was blown into the mine. It was honest output from other mines, and though Maj. Wharton had always been too honest for his own good, he somehow had the processes of "salting" at his fingers' ends.

When he got through with that hole in the ground, which had been dug for a swindle, and had never given up five dollars' worth of ore, there were "indications" to make a man's hair stand on end. There was no other outcrop of excitement over the new bonanza. In fact everything was kept very quiet, and "Paradise" still passed for a hole in the ground. When the proper time came the major began to throw out hints. His wife was the first to receive them. He had heard on the quiet that "Paradise" was panning out to a fortune, and had almost tore his hair when he remembered that he had sold it for a song. Mrs. Wharton was told to keep quiet about it while her husband planned to buy in, and of course she told everybody about the big strike. The news was public property in two days. The major was sarcastically commiserated for not holding on, and Clark was warmly congratulated for not abandoning the hole too soon. There were a dozen men ready to buy it if it was really a good thing, but "Paradise" was not for sale—not just then.

It was only when a Boston capitalist who was traveling over the west with his wife, passed that way and heard of "the coming" that Clark would even consent to talk about a sale. He didn't know much about mines himself, but from what little he did know he judged that the mine was a fairish investment. He might be induced to sell it, but he had a little rather hang on. He was in this undecided state when two or three parties were quoted as offering thumping big figures. That was where the major's fine Italian hand came in. He was doing his share of the work, but doing it on the outside. The Bostonian wasn't averse to picking up a good thing at a bargain, even if it was far from home, and he soon began to talk business. The bait wasn't jumped at, however. An expert was secured to make investigation and report, and the Bostonian took a whirl further west while waiting.

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Wharton was summoned to receive a legacy left her. It was a sum large enough to permit the major to return to his lofty principles and stick to them for life, or as long as he continued to buy and sell mines, but, having taken hold of "Paradise," he was bound to see her through. If he could beat somebody out of $50,000 by working off that "salted" mine it would be just retribution for what he had suffered by being honest. His wife had heard more about the mine than all others in the state. Day after day the major had bemoaned his foolishness in not knowing enough to hang onto a good thing, and he bewailed the fact that he hadn't the money to buy an interest in the biggest hit of the decade. If that legacy had only come a few weeks sooner! If the Boston would only turn to redwood lands or a California fruit farm and surrender his option on "Paradise." But things didn't come the major's way. A few days after his wife left home the Bostonian returned. The expert's report was ready. It was glowing. It left nothing to be desired except a transfer of ownership. A check was drawn and the papers were passed, and as the new owner departed for home to complete his arrangements for turning out a ton or two of silver daily, Maj. Wharton beamed upon Clark and chuckled.

"Fifty thousand big dollars apiece!" he said, as he rubbed his hands and beamed some more. "Didn't I tell you so? As honest, square-toed men we were going to the dogs. As up-to-date cheaps we have made a scoop at the first crack! Let's look around for another hole."

Mrs. Wharton received her legacy in Buffalo. All the way from west to east she was thinking of the "Paradise" mine and wondering if her money couldn't get the major at least a quarter interest. There was a delay of three or four days in Buffalo, and she was almost in despair. When she finally got the money she telegraphed the good news and advised her husband not to lose a good thing. He laughed as he read the telegram. He wasn't missing any good things thus far. When the wife reached Chicago on her return trip, she stopped for a day to order some dresses. To offset the delay she sent another telegram to brace up the major. It was while she was inquiring and thinking of bonanza silver mines and various sorts of dresses, that she heard a couple near her speaking of the "Paradise." It was the Bostonian and his wife. The discovery was sun made that the mine had changed hands. Mrs. Wharton was overcome with despair for a moment. Then she made a move which a business man would have hesitated over. She introduced herself and wanted to know if the new purchaser wouldn't sell out for a satisfactory bonus. For the last day or two there had been creeping into the Boston man's mind a feeling that he had better have invested his hundred thousand in hides and leather or Back Bay land. That expert's report had been a little too fervid. The assay had smacked too much of Golconda. He was not an impetuous man. He took ten minutes to think it over, and then said he might be induced. He was induced, but it took exactly $50,000 to induce him around. Mrs. Wharton had barely enough money left to see her through, but "Paradise" was hers. What was hers was also the major's. It did not take long to draw up two and a commissioner of deeds two hours to complete the transfer, and it was a happy, rejoicing woman who went west on the ten o'clock train. The major was there to meet her. He was to telegraph her husband again, and she sent him a dispatch which lifted him out of his rocking chair, as he sat smoking and chuckling in his library at home. There wasn't much to it, but every word pulled his hair on end.

"Congratulate your little wife! I have bought the 'Paradise' mine for a tenth of its value, and have the deed in my pocket! Home Thursday evening."

The major didn't sleep that night as a business, and men missed him off the street for the next two days. He made a modest attempt to figure out how his wife had got hold of that mine, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. As he waited for her arrival he tried to make himself believe that it was one of her little jokes. Two or three times in their married life she had attempted to spring jokes on him. They had been dismal failures, but perhaps she was not discouraged. The man who tries hard enough to make believe in anything can succeed up to a certain point. The major's hair settled down on the second day, and he actually caught himself whistling now and then, but he refrained from going to his office. He even thought it better not to go to the depot to meet his wife. It was all over within two minutes after he had opened the door to her. She fell into his arms with a giggle and fell out again with a laugh. She fell out that she might wave that deed in the air and exclaim:

"I telegraphed you about it, and here it is. You are the owner of Paradise mine at last!"

The major's knees began to wobble and he sat down. He was expected to say something right away, but his tongue refused to do duty. It was long minutes before he could pull himself together and tell his story, and there were dull thuds enough in it to shake the chandeliers. It amounted to just this: He had made $50,000 by selling a mine, and his wife had dropped $150,000 by buying the same thing back again.

Two days later Clark entered the office and said he had found another hole in the ground which could be bought dog cheap and "salted" to sell. The major looked at him for a long minute and made no reply.

"Being that honesty don't pay," mused Clark—"being that the world has no use for integrity and an honest man has got to bring up in the poorhouse at last, let's you and I—"

The major held up his hands to stop him.

"What's the matter? Has the Boston man got onto the trick and come back to raise a row?"

"No, it isn't that," replied the major, in a voice as hoarse as if it had been filtered through an army blanket.

"We sold 'Paradise' for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Egad, but we did."

"And my wife has bought her back for a hundred and fifty thousand!"

"Thunder!" gasped Clark, after a painful silence, and he tiptoed to the door and passed out without another word or a look over his shoulder.

PUT IT WRONG.

Amusing Blunders Made by Actors and Actresses of Noted Old Time.

Many stories are told of the way in which Mrs. Siddons, the famous tragic actress, alarmed people in private life, says Youth's Companion.

She was visiting at the country seat of a friend. One day the butler, who was passing her the dishes, hastily withdrew the plate, saying: "Excuse me, madam, there is a fly on the butter."

"A fly, say yet" came those never-to-be-forgotten tones. "How gat he there?"

Upon which the butler's wits promptly forsook him, and he began to stammer unintelligible explanations, to the vast amusement of the company.

His fate was similar to that of a meek young man who essayed conversation with Fanny Kemble, the niece of Mrs. Siddons. She also was possessed of a tragic manner, and tones not much below those of her aunt in their power of inspiring awe in the breasts of her listeners.

The unfortunate young man met the actress at Rome, and as an opening remark after his introduction, said timidly: "I hear you have very fine hotels in America."

"Sir!" was thundered at him, in such a way that he almost jumped from pure fright. "I have no hotels in America!"

OLD FRIEND NEWLY NAMED.

A Book Title That Was Forgotten and Remembered in New Form.

A somewhat crusty old chap of our acquaintance had boarded for some time with a widow whose garrulous and designing nature had excited his contempt, says the Boston Courier. Learning one day through a breakfast-table hint that her birthday was at hand, he determined that he would like to send her something that would in a measure reflect his opinion of her. Speaking to a friend about it, the latter suggested "Widow Bedotte," as the very prototype of his lady acquaintance, and advised his getting a copy of the book for her. He forthwith accepted the idea, and, visiting a neighboring city entered a bookstore to secure the coveted volume. Approaching a counter where a clerk awaited him he at once started in with:

"Have you—have you—" and then came to a dead stop.

The experienced clerk appreciated the fact that he had forgotten the name of his intended purchase, and said nothing.

An embarrassing silence of some moments followed, when a smile of relief irradiated the visitor's face, and unconsciously prompted perhaps by his prejudice, he confidently exclaimed:

"Have you a copy of a book entitled 'The Widow Bedam?'"

Food for Thought.

The price of horses keeps going up, says the Chicago Times-Herald, in spite of the fact that Ladysmith and Mafeking have been relieved.

An Insinuation.

An English clergyman, rather pompous of manner, was fond of chatting with a witty chimney-sweep.

Once, when the minister returned from his summer holidays, he happened to meet his youthful acquaintance, who seemed to have been at work.

"Where have you been?" asked the clergyman.

"Sweeping the chimneys at the vicarage," was the boy's answer.

"How many chimneys are there, and how much do you get for each?" was the next question.

The sweep said there were 20 chimneys, and that he was paid a shilling apiece.

The clergyman, after thinking a moment, looked at the sweep in apparent astonishment. "You have earned a great deal of money in a little time," he remarked, solemnly, wondering, probably, what the sooty fellow would reply.

"Yes," said the sweep, throwing his bag over his shoulder as he started away, "we who wear black coats get our money very easily!"

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