

FROM COURTROOM TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

At last Frank, pulling the old blue jacket from under his head and passing it to Mary, said: "Take it to Bill Bender. He offered me a shilling for it, and a shilling will buy milk for Alice and crackers for mother—now it's yours."

"No, Frank," answered Mary, "you would have no pillow; besides, I've got something more valuable, which I can sell. I've kept it long, but it must go to keep us from starving. I'll sell it to view the golden lock which George Moreland had thrown around her neck."

"You shall not," said Frank. "You must keep it to remember George; and then, too, you may want it more some other time."

Mary finally yielded the point, and gathering up the crumpled jacket started in quest of Billy Bender. He was a kind-hearted boy, but much older than Frank, whom he had often befriended and shielded from the jeers of the companions. He did not want the jacket, for it was a vast deal too small; and it was only in reply to the fact that he had been offered him a shilling, but now, when he saw the garment, and learned why it was sent, he immediately drew from his old leather coat a quarter, all the money he had in the world, and giving it to Mary, bade her keep it, as she would need it all.

Half an hour after a cooling orange was held to Frank's parched lips, and Mary said, "Drink, brother; I've got two more, besides some milk and bread," but the car she addressed was deaf and the eye dim with the falling shadow of death. "Mother! mother!" cried the little girl, "Franky won't drink, and his forehead is all sweat."

Mrs. Howard had been much worse than Billy, but she made her strong springs to his side, she wiped from his brow the cold moisture which had so alarmed her daughter, chafed his hands and feet, and bathed his head, until he seemed better. "Do you mean, Franky, that you're all right now, and when all was dark in the sick room, Mary sobbed out, "We have no candle, mother, and if I go for one, and he should die—"

The sound of her voice aroused Frank, and feeling for his sister's hand, he said, "Don't go, Mary; don't leave me—the moon is shining bright, and I guess I can find my way to the lower drawer."

Nine—ten—eleven—and then through the dingy windows the alvery moonlight fell, as if it tried to light the way of the early lost to heaven. Mary had drawn her mother's tongue up in the lower drawer, and in a state of almost perfect exhaustion Mrs. Howard lay gasping for breath, while Mary, as if conscious of the dread reality about to step, knelt by her mother's head, and heard laid her hands on Mary's head, and prayed that she might be preserved and kept from harm by the God of the orphan, and that the sin of disobedience resting on her head might not be visited upon her child.

After a time a troubled sleep came upon her and she slept until roused by a low sob. Raising herself up, she looked anxiously toward her children. The moonbeams fell upon the white, placid face of Frank, who seemed calmly sleeping, while over him Mary bent, pushing back the hair from his forehead, and uttering curts and striving hard to smother her sobs, so that they might not disturb her mother.

"Does he sleep?" asked Mrs. Howard, and Mary, covering with her hands the face of him who slept, answered, "Turn away, mother—don't look at him. Franky is dead. He died with his arms around my neck, and told me not to wake you."

Mrs. Howard was in the last stages of consumption, and now she lay back, half-fainting upon her pillow. Toward daylight a violent coughing fit ensued, and she knew that she was dying. Beckoning Mary to her side, she whispered, "I am leaving you alone in the wide world. Be kind to Ella and our dear little Alice, and go with her where she goes. May her soul rest in peace, and may she be dressed and rewarded you as you deserve, my darling."

The sentence was unfinished, and in unremembered time the orphan girl knelt between her mother and brother, sobbing in the presence of death, and then weeping to think that she was alone.

CHAPTER III.

Just on the corner of Chippewa Common, and under the shadow of the century-old elms which skirt the borders of the grass plot, by the village of Chippewa, "Mall," stands the small red cottage of Widow Bender, who in her way was quite a curiosity. All the "ills which flesh is heir to," Widow Bender, if she could ascertain the symptoms, was sure to have in the most aggravated form.

On the morning following the events narrated in the last chapter Billy, whose dreams had been disturbed by thoughts of Frank, arose early, determined to call at Mrs. Howard's and see if they were in want of anything. But his mother, who had heard rumors of the scarlet fever, was up before him, and on descending to the kitchen Billy found her sitting before a blazing fire—her feet in hot water and her head thrown back in a manner plainly showing that something new had taken hold of her precious frame.

"Oh, William," said she, "I've lived through a sight, but my time has come at last. Such a pain in my head and stomach. I do believe I've got the scarlet fever, and you must run for the doctor, quick."

"Scarlet fever!" repeated Billy, "why, you've had it once, and you can't have it again, can you?"

"Oh, I don't know—I never was like anybody else and can't have anything a dozen times. Now be sorry and fetch the doctor, but before you go hand me my small box and penicillin powder, please, of tea for the troops."

Billy obeyed, and then, knowing that the green tea would remove his mother's ailment he hurried away toward Mrs. Howard's. The noise was just rising. Within the cottage there was no sound of life, and, thinking its inmates were asleep, Billy passed several minutes upon the threshold, fearing that he should disturb them, and with a vague presentiment that all was not right, he raised the latch and entered, but instantly started back in astonishment at the scene before him. On the threshold lay Frank, cold and dead, and near him, in the same long, dreamless sleep, was his mother, while between them, with one arm thrown lovingly across her brother's neck, and her cheek pressed against his, lay Mary—her eyes filled with tears which, though sleeping, she still shed. On the other side of Frank, and nestled so closely to him that her warm breath lifted the brown curls from his brow, was Ella. But there were no tear stains on her face, for she did not yet know how bereaved she was.

For a moment Billy stood irresolute, and then, as Mary moved unthinkingly in her slumbers, he advanced a step or two toward her. The noise aroused her, and instantly remembering and comprehending the whole, she threw herself with a bitter cry into Billy's extended arms. If he alone were all the protector she now had in the wide world, Ella, long and low, to awake, and the noisy outburst which followed the knowledge of her loss made Mary still the agony of her own

her mistress, who reclined upon the sofa with her face entirely hidden by her cambric handkercher.

"It's most too soon, I guess," thought Hannah, "I'll wait to know."

Accordingly next morning, when she had expected, she was told to carry her mistress's toilet and coffee to her room, she lingered for awhile, and seemed so despondent speaking that Mrs. Campbell asked what she wanted.

"Why, you see, ma'am, I was going to say a word about—that young fellow Howard girl. She's got to go to the poorhouse and a pity, she's so handsome. Why couldn't she come here and live? I'll take care of her, and I wouldn't be nigh so lonesome."

At this allusion to her bereavement Mrs. Campbell burst into tears, and motioned Hannah from the room.

"I'll keep her till I fetch it about," thought Hannah, but further persuasion from her was rendered unnecessary, for Mrs. Lincoln, the afternoon, and after assuring her friend that she never before saw one who was so terribly afflicted, casually mentioned the Howards and the extreme poverty to which they were reduced.

Mrs. Campbell commenced weeping, and as Mrs. Lincoln soon took her leave she was left alone for several hours. At the end of that time, lapped by something she could not resist, she rang the bell and ordered Hannah to go to Mrs. Bender's and bring Ella to her room, as she wished to see how she appeared.

(To be continued.)

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Comments on Everyday Matters by a Well-Known Atchison Journalist.

Piano playing is not music; it is a bad habit.

Sawing wood is the better exercise, but golf is more popular.

Some men cannot even take up advertising signs, and do it with a flourish.

There's one thing about a liar: it is difficult to deceive him with a lie.

Unless she intends to split kindling, a woman has no use for a hatchet.

When a man quotes "prominent citizens," he is really expressing his own opinion.

Down in every woman's heart is a longing to be loved like they love on the stage.

If it comes easy for some people to do a thing well, it is the result of constant trying.

An ordinary person receives a lot of appreciation when he does do anything commendable.

One of the funniest things in the world is the man who speaks of his "spiritual adviser."

Many men who can tell you exactly where to go to catch fish, cannot catch any fish themselves.

When a woman wishes she had some one to love, it means that she wants some one to worry over.

We imagine that some women must be as hard to fit as it would be to fit a garment on a rocking chair.

After a girl has prepared refreshments for a party, her next step is to hide them from her brother.

It is some people's notion of a joke to talk about the worms in apples when the hostess passes the cider.

A man never knows until after he marries how much of her time a woman spends with hair pins in her mouth.

Sentiment is changing. When a minister calls, there is no longer consideration when he sees a deck of cards on the table.

Who sees a man with a long beard, it always occurs to us how much worse it must look when he has his night clothes on.

When a woman has been away a few weeks, she says when she returns that she found the dirtiest house that ever disgraced a civilized country.

Boys should be taught early that they don't have to go to war to learn courage; there's the fire to be lighted on cold mornings, for instance.

Science and progress have done away with many old notions, but we notice that hot water and mustard have lost none of their prestige.

By the time a boy has made his mother believe he has been to the dentist, he has forgotten to ask for pie, and hope in her heart revives again.

As people grow older, they begin to grow more alarmed over the brief time in which a family looks serious after there has been a death in it.

Some women are always undoing some other woman's work; the boy whose mother fed him his breakfast, when he married, and had to light the fire.

Many a modest girl gives her photograph to a young man, and it appears later on his dressing case surrounded by pictures that come with cigarettes.

There is no doubt that every woman, if given her choice, would rather have a diamond ring in her crown in heaven and wear it in the world below.

When a preacher moves into a town, he is as full of hope as a young girl who takes a trunk full of new clothes off to visit in a strange town.

When a woman goes for the proof of a picture she has had taken, it is with the hope that she will turn out better looking than she has always been thought to be.

When a man resolves at a revival to be a better man, his wife concludes she will make less work of her cooking, since he will no longer get cross and impatient.

STRANGEST OF ALL FISH.

Penizen of the Deep that Angles for the Food It Devours.

Most remarkable of strange fishes is the angler fish, whose very name seems a paradox. The fishing fish is nevertheless a reality, and a stern one to all that approach those awful jaws of fish. With a body the color of mud, he generally lies in the shadow of some rock on the bottom of the sea, waiting motionless for the approach of his prey. He is provided with an odd kind of fin just over the mouth, and this is held up in front of him to give warning of the coming of something to be swallowed. One taken alive was experimented on and it was found that if this projecting fin was touched with a stick, even though the stick did not come near the mouth, the jaws closed convulsively. This shows that the fin by some provision of nature, closes the jaws as soon as it is touched.

The mouth is tremendous, growing to the width of a foot, while the whole fish is only three feet long. One of these anglers was caught not long since and, although it was fifteen inches long, was found sticking in its throat. The angler is provided with a peculiar set of teeth, in double or treble rows along the jaws and at the entrance of the throat. Some of these teeth are a foot long. He is not a pretty fish to look at, but he attends strictly to business and will swallow anything that touches his food or not. All kinds of things have been found in the stomach of anglers, from bits of lead and stone to fish almost as large as the angler itself. This is without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting fish in the whole ocean.

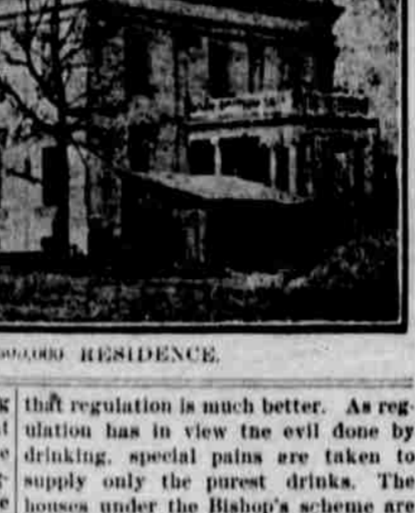
HAGGIN'S GREAT HORSE FARM

Reveries Seven Square Miles of Fine Pasture—Delicious Grass—

Millionaire J. B. Haggin is erecting at Elmore, near Lexington, Ky., a \$300,000 residence. He intends to spend the remainder of his days in Kentucky and will endow the place so that after his death it will be run as a breeding establishment. He has now 4,200 acres and is buying as fast as owners can be induced to sell, in order to put the establishment in a square tract. The main tract is that which was settled by the great-grandfather of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago. The new residence stands upon the summit of the long slope within a hundred yards of the old Harrison home. Hundreds of men are working in the attempt to have the place ready for occupancy of the owner and his young wife by fall.

Barrooms of the Bishop.

The people of England are much interested these days concerning the working of the plan of the Bishop of Chester for dealing with the evil of excessive drinking. The Bishop thinks that prohibition does not prohibit and



J. B. HAGGIN'S \$300,000 RESIDENCE.

Mr. Haggin's reasons for making this his permanent residence are that his wife, as well as himself, is a native of the State. After his death, his wife desired to live in the greatest comfort and to continue at the head of the greatest breeding establishment in the world. He will remain the establishment "Green Hills."

The house itself stands out like a white landmark against the sea of green on every side, and can be seen for miles around. In this home of his declining years, Mr. Haggin proposed to spend a quarter of a million dollars, but so many alterations have been made since the beginning that not even the architect can tell what the cost will be. The house, apparently, is already on the verge of completion, but so elaborate will be the finishing touches that ten months or a year will probably elapse before the mansion is really finished.

Some idea of the estate which Mr. Haggin intends to make of Elmoreford may be obtained from the improvements already made. The blacksmith's and wheelwright's shop, completely equipped, is, of course, an essential, but on this farm the blacksmith's shop is the central office of a complete repair system, connecting two or three different points on the farm, and running to the town office of C. J. Knight, who has the management of the estate. A grain elevator, with machinery for cracking corn and oats and mixing them, is an institution which no farmer breeding farm in the world boasts. The power station, with several large gasoline engines, will furnish lights and electric power, and there is now in prospect a plant involving the expenditure of several thousand dollars which will cook food for the broad masses during the season that they require it.

Many of the broad-acre farms are to be torn out and more improved ones to be put in, and countless other improvements on the place are in project. Four or five years' time will be required to put it in the condition that Mr. Haggin wishes.

NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

Guinea Pigs are Fattened by the Employment of the Fin.

This is the age of electricity, so that one is not surprised to hear that an electric diet has been discovered. Naturally, you would conclude that it is designed to aid invalids of weak digestion, but it is something of a shock to learn that the latest scientific discovery has no nobler object than the fattening of pigs!

Certainly, there is an element of novelty in the notion of eating electricity fattened pork. Besides, from pigs so many rise to higher things.

Anyways, Dr. W. J. Herdman has found out that the galvanic current promotes the growth of tissue—that is to say, the increase of flesh. It had previously been ascertained that plants develop more rapidly under the electric stimulus and there was no obvious reason why animals should not be equally responsive to it. Hence the idea of Dr. Herdman, which promises well, though its application cannot as yet be said to have passed beyond the expert mental stage.

The doctor began his experiments with guinea pigs, half a dozen, which he put in each of two cages, taking care that they should all be of exactly the same age, so as to make the conditions of the trial as free from flaw as possible. Around one of the cages he strung several wires, through which a current of electricity was passing night and day, while nothing of the kind was done with the other. Meanwhile, for a stated period, the animals in both cages were fed with a precisely equal quantity of provender of the same kind, so that there should be no advantage in this respect on either side. As a result, it was found that the guinea pigs that lived in an electric environment gained in weight during a measured time 10 per cent more than those in the nonelectric cage.

Dr. Herdman is confident that ordinary pigs, if subjected to similar treatment, would exhibit like results. He proposes to buy suitably wired pens and to furnish the growing swine with regular supplies of electricity, much in the same way as was done with the guinea pigs.

Nobody can say what may be the final



UNUSUAL HABITATION OF THE BE-REAVED GEORGIAN.

OVER HIS WIFE'S GRAVE.

Unusual Habitation of This Bereaved Georgian.

Col. Elijah De Board, of Gilmer County, Georgia, is probably the only man in the United States whose home is over a grave. This unusual habitation is not due to eccentricity or for the purpose of attracting notoriety, but a simple case of local devotion shown in a visible way to the memory of his wife.

The recent loss of his partner in life affected him deeply, since which time he has become a recluse. His devotion has been carried to an extreme, it is thought by his neighbors, as he has given up living in his large home and has just built a house on the spot where his beloved wife rests, on the beautiful mountain side near his home.

She was passing a park and vice versa. But when she alights she does not fail to the pavement in a frenzy of prayers of thanksgiving. She is restrained by twentieth century shame, but her fingers have had of each other the ring of the ordeal from which she has just been delivered.

Will Not Lend the Books.

A noted collector of New York, whose library is filled with some of the rare treasures of the bibliophile's heart, recently complained of the total lack of the collector's spirit among literary men. "I was recently asked by a literary man to send him a copy of an extremely rare book that I have on my shelves to aid him in some work he is doing. Now, I want to help him all I can, and if he will come to my house I can have the use of the book as long as he wants it, under the most favorable circumstances. But send him the book—no, under no circumstances! It is not the fact that it is worth hundreds of dollars anywhere in the market, but the fact that if damaged or lost it would be utterly irreplaceable that makes the collector shudder. If it were lost or spoiled Mr. Literary Man would send an object letter expressing his deep contrition at an untoward accident, perhaps with a check enclosed, but of the real horror of the situation I think he and his tribe could have no inkling."

The Symptoms of Love.

A German scientist has recently described the symptoms of love as follows: The oscillations in the interior of a person's body, as may be seen in the case of vibratory attraction, are in harmony—that is to say, they are at the first movement in complete concordance with the oscillations in the interior of some other person's body. It is, of course, necessary that the reactionary sentiment in the case of the two subjects should be of an agreeable nature, since the two vibrations facilitate the movements of the atoms, which in this case accumulate and emit their rays without disturbing the diffusion.

A Master of Appare.

"I don't believe that one can tell character by physiognomy and bearing."

"No; when a man has on his old shoes it gives him a cringing air."

Good Year for Farmers.

Last year the farmers of the United States received \$185,000,000 more for their products than in 1909.

Science Invention

Greenwich time has been adopted definitely by Spain and the hours are numbered from one to twenty-four as in Italy.

The moving sidewalk of the Paris exposition was a great success; 6,094,808 persons paid for the privilege of using the platforms, while only 2,935,967 used the railway that carried passengers in the other direction.

Recent experiments in wireless telegraphy, in connection with the French fleet, have been so satisfactory that it has been decided to provide the whole Mediterranean squadron with wireless apparatus, which will be subjected to extensive tests during the coming cruises of the squadron.

A movement is on foot to mark the place of Commodore Perry's landing at Yokohama, Japan, with a suitable memorial. It is probable that it will take the form of a lighthouse on the dangerous Plymouth rocks at the entrance to Uraga bay, the beacon to be surmounted by a bronze figure of the commodore.

A new hotel which is to be built in New York will have many interesting electrical features, among which will be a system of electric service elevators, or movable pantries, fitted with electric heating tables. They will be run through every apartment, thereby insuring rapid service and hot food to guests taking their meals in their rooms.

In the new Simpson tunnel experiments have been made with liquid air for blasting purposes. The cartridges consisted of wrappers filled with paraffin and charcoal soaked with liquid air. When placed in the shot-holes they were detonated with gunpowder primers. The use of these cartridges was discontinued because they had to be fired within a few minutes after being taken out of the liquid, else their power was gone. But the problem of adapting liquid air to blasting is still being studied in Germany.

The discovery within the past few years of several new elements, one of which, helium, had previously been recognized only in the atmosphere of the sun, has led to a chemical classification of the "non-metals" by Professor E. D. Merrill of Yale, in which the name "noble gases" is bestowed upon helium, neon, argon, krypton and xenon. Oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen are called "chief gases." Presumably it is the inertness of the five gases grouped as "noble," their apparent indisposition to form miscellaneous alliances, that has earned for them their aristocratic title.

During the year 1909 no less than 24,621 human beings were killed by the bite of venomous snakes in India. The number was larger than in several preceding years because, it is thought, of the floods, which drove the snakes to the high lands, where the homesteads are situated. Wild beasts during the same year destroyed 2,900 human lives, tigers being responsible for 869 of the victims, wolves for 338, leopards for 327, while the remaining 1,402 were killed by bears, elephants, hyenas, jackals, crocodiles and other animals. The destruction of cattle amounted to 80,238 killed by wild beasts, and 9,449 by snakes. These statistics are from the government report of India.

SIBIRIAN GOLD PLUNDERS.

Illicit Mining in El Dorado East of the Ural Mountains.

The illicit extraction and robbery of gold in Siberia has long been one of the greatest difficulties with which the Russian officials and mining authorities east of the Ural have had to contend. Nowhere else has there been a particularly striking instance of the way in which the rich gold deposits along the river system beyond Lake Baikal have been plundered by whole colonies of adventurers and vagrants of every description. Some time ago a number of these men discovered a fresh El Dorado of unusual richness on the Korolon, a small stream running into the Vitim, a tributary of the Lena, where private "claims" had already been marked out, but not yet occupied. A justice of the peace from Chita, with seven Cossacks, and other attendants, repaired to the spot, and found a very large, well-organized and prosperous free community of gold-seekers, with a row of no less than eighty-nine tents and shanties.

They had all the necessary tools and appliances for working the precious metal, and also large stores of provisions, which had been brought thither partly on rafts and partly by reindeer across the mountains, and which were being sold at enormously high prices. Most of the miners dumped at once on the appearance of the authorities, about 300 of them re-emerged behind. These were induced to depart only after twenty-five of their number had been put under arrest, but a few days later, when the justice had left, they returned in greater force and defied the Cossack guards to interfere. Another expedition, with more Cossacks, had to be sent, and an attempt was then made to confiscate all their goods and provisions, but as they pleaded the danger of starving to death in the Taiga, and promised to depart if allowed to take everything with them, they were all let off free. They were too numerous, too well-armed, and determined to admit of any harsher treatment at the hands of the small force sent against them. The authorities in this district are described by the foreign engineers as extraordinarily rich, yielding sometimes as much as half a pound weight of gold to the ton and a half of soil, and it is calculated that nearly a ton and a half of gold was carried away in about two months and disposed of at Verkhni, Uldinsk and Petroski—St. Petersburg Correspondent London Times.

Hard Wood from Oregon.

As a specimen of Oregon hard wood a chunk three feet long and weighing 300 pounds will be found to beat that of the Pan-American exposition. This log was brought down from the Cascade docks and given in charge of Henry E. Doeb, to be taken with other specimens of Oregon woods to Buffalo, How long ago it grew, or the exact spot upon which it stood when a thrifty fir sapling, will never be known, as it is now a solid rock, having been petrified centuries before Lewis and Clark struck the country. One end of the log will be saved off to show the grain of the fir, and to prove to the visitors at the exposition that it is solid clear through—Portland Oregonian.

Facts About Australia.

Two-thirds of the Australian continent is a desert, and yet her productivity is enormous. This land contains over 100,000,000 sheep, between 30,000,000 and 35,000,000 head of cattle and horses. It has given to the commerce of the world over 400,000,000 in gold, copper, coal and iron, two provinces of Ballarat and Bendigo alone have produced 410,000,000 of gold, and as much more have come from the great Tambaroora and Lambing Flat in New South Wales. It sends to England annually over 440,000,000 worth of metals, grains, wool, beef, tallow, hides and mutton.

Joe in Cuba.

"I was out in the rural districts in Cuba," said an American official, "and by some chance we got a chunk of levit to us. I told our cook, a raw native, to let us have it at dinner. When the time came there was no ice and I called on Joe for it."

"Oh, oh," he cried, holding up his hands in appeal, "put it in the pot to boil and it's gone, sir."

A BADGE OF SHAME.

A Time When No Gentleman Wore a Mustache.

"Back in 1850," remarked a New Orleans professional man, chatting about the habits of his friends, "I was struck by great suspicion all through the Mississippi valley. It was supposed to be the mark of either a military swashbuckler or a gambler, and a gentleman, particularly if he wanted to go into society, shaved his mustache. Beards were looked upon as an unclean foreboding sign, and I recall a curious incident based on that prejudice. A charming young English gentleman, who was a near relative of a distinguished man of science, was visiting at a river town noted for its aristocratic and punctilious society. He was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and following a fashion which had just obtained a foothold in London, he wore

PARTNERS IN BUSINESS.

New and Sharp Dodge in the Line of Street Begging.

While Broad street was crowded with theater-goers on Saturday evening, a fairly well-dressed young man approached a gentleman who was accompanied by a lady and asked for a shilling to buy a cup of coffee. The man spoken to was feeling in his pocket when a third man came up hurriedly and, addressing the beggar, said: "What do you mean, you wretch, by stopping other people and asking for money just after I have given you the money you wanted. It's plain that you're not hungry, but that you are a common beggar, no better than a swindler. I've half a mind to have you arrested."

Assuming an air of anger, the beggar, in a choked voice, answered: "I am a beggar, I am sorry to say, and for twenty-four hours I have not had a bite to eat. Now, having plenty, don't know what hunger is. I had hoped to get a few cents more to add to what you gave me, so that I could get a square meal, but I'd rather die of starvation than take money from such as you." With that he handed the man a five-cent piece, and the latter walked off muttering.

Quite a crowd had gathered, and nearly a dozen persons, including the lady and gentleman, indignantly at the man who took back his nickel, gave the beggar nickels, dimes and quarters, telling him not to mind the mean man. One man, who was skeptical, watched the beggar, and after his sympathizers had departed, saw him join the man who had been his enemy. He picked the coin the beggar received; they were partners in the begging business.—Philadelphia Record.

TOM JOHNSON.

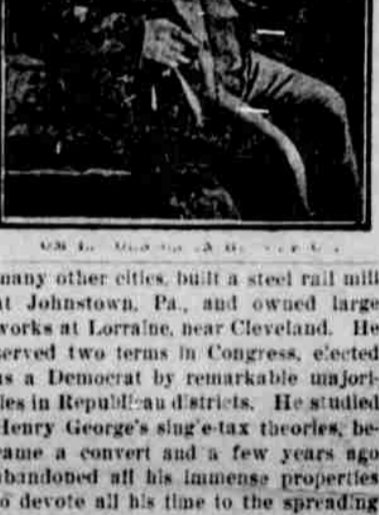
Former Single-Taxer, Recently Elected Mayor of Cleveland.

Tom L. Johnson, the millionaire single-taxer, who was elected mayor of Cleveland, is a native of Kentucky, and began active life in a street car office in Louisville when he was 15. A dozen years later he owned a line of Indianapolis and was at the head of the entire system of street railways in Cleveland, which he had consolidated. He purchased and operated lines in

many other cities, built a steel rail mill at Johnstown, Pa., and owned large works at Lorain, near Cleveland. He served two terms in Congress, elected as a Democrat, but renounced his party in Republican districts. He studied Henry George's single-tax theories, became a convert and a few years ago abandoned all his immense properties to devote all his time to the spreading of the single-tax idea. Recently he has lived in comparative quiet in Cleveland. When placed a few months ago by 15,000 voters to run for mayor, he declared that he would do so if the Democrats nominated him. His victory is thought by his friends to be a forerunner to his entrance into State and National politics.

Prevents Spilling the Paint.

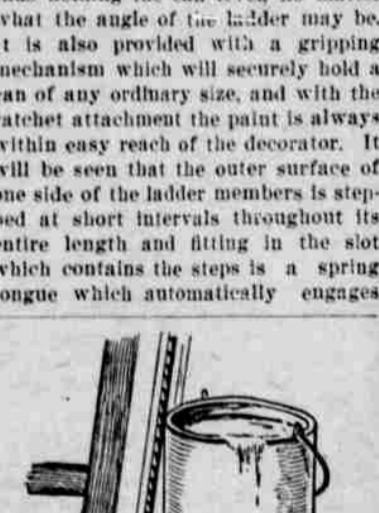
The difficulty of holding a can of paint on a stepladder while decorating the interior of a house or doing other painting where a ladder is utilized, has induced Harvey Kepler of Dawson, N. D., to design a can-supporting attachment for stepladders, which is shown in the picture. It has the advantage of being adjustable in any position, thus holding the can level, no matter what the angle of the ladder may be. It is also provided with a gripping mechanism which will securely hold a can of any ordinary size, and with the attachment the paint is always within easy reach of the decorator. It will be seen that the outer surface of one side of the ladder members is stepped at short intervals throughout its entire length and fitting in the slot which contains the steps is a spring tongue which automatically engages



Substitute for Pockets.

Everybody knows that British sailors wear their trousers wide at the bottom, but everybody may not know that they can either make, mend or wash their own clothes. Now, at one of our every other day's sufficient cloth given out to make the articles in question, with just a bit left over for future repairs. But here came the difficulty. He was not allowed to have any pockets. So, quite naturally, he kept the replacing bit in a handy place, where it could not get lost. If he wanted to mend a hole in his jumper all he had to do was to cut a piece out of his trouser ends. It will be readily seen, therefore, that by the time the trousers were altogether worn out they had become the same width of the whole way down, or better still, the much-desired peg-top shape. The sailors are so conservative, that their sailors' trousers still continue to float in the breeze nowadays.

When a young man takes a pretty girl for a boat ride he is seldom content with hugging the shore.



COL. DE BOARD'S HOME.

The structure is a small but substantial octagon of stone, and on the iron opening into the single room is the following inscription: "One in life and one in death."

In the right-hand corner is the grave of his wife, while a secondary space near by he has reserved for himself, where at the end he can find repose, says a correspondent of the New York Herald. Around the window flowers have been planted, and the venerable patriarch spends the days in beautiful surroundings of his strange home.

On the anniversary of her death, with the assistance of a local pastor, the funeral ceremony is repeated. The funeral has turned a deaf ear to numerous attempts of his friends to give up his solitary abode, as he has expressed the desire to spend the remainder of his days in this tomb-like structure.

A BADGE OF SHAME.

A Time When No Gentleman Wore a Mustache.

"Back in 1850," remarked a New Orleans professional man, chatting about the habits of his friends, "I was struck by great suspicion all through the Mississippi valley. It was supposed to be the mark of either a military swashbuckler or a gambler, and a gentleman, particularly if he wanted to go into society, shaved his mustache. Beards were looked upon as an unclean foreboding sign, and I recall a curious incident based on that prejudice. A charming young English gentleman, who was a near relative of a distinguished man of science, was visiting at a river town noted for its aristocratic and punctilious society. He was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and following a fashion which had just obtained a foothold in London, he wore

Everybody knows that British sailors wear their trousers wide at the bottom, but everybody may not know that they can either make, mend or wash their own clothes. Now, at one of our every other day's sufficient cloth given out to make the articles in question, with just a bit left over for future repairs. But here came the difficulty. He was not allowed to have any pockets. So, quite naturally, he kept the replacing bit in a handy place, where it could not get lost. If he wanted to mend a hole in his jumper all he had to do was to cut a piece out of his trouser ends. It will be readily seen, therefore, that by the time the trousers were altogether worn out they had become the same width of the whole way down, or better still, the much-desired peg-top shape. The sailors are so conservative, that their sailors' trousers still continue to float in the breeze nowadays.

When a young man takes a pretty girl for a boat ride he is seldom content with hugging the shore.