LOCOMOTIVE "WALKS" LIKE ELEPHANT

Liverpool Man Invents a Pedrail That Gets Over Obstructions and Climbs Stairs.

FOR some years past Liverpool has been to the forefront in scientific study and practical experiments of means of road haulage of freights. Contests of motor wagons are held here yearly under the auspices of the Self-Propelled Traffic Association, of which the Earl of Derby is the president. The amount of heavy haulage in Liverpool from the ships and docks to local warehouses and railway stations is probably greater than in any other city in the world, and is a serious item in the cost of goods. Then railroad freight charges in England are enormous—from two to six times as much as in the United States. Consequently, there is always great interest in this city in any invention or system which promises to reduce the cost of haulage.

Professor Hele-Shaw, of the engineering department of the Liverpool University, is admittedly one of the greatest living authorities on mechanical locomotion; therefore his unequivocal and enthusiastic indorsement of a new invention called the "pedrail" has attracted wide and respectful attention in England, not only among the general public, but among scientific engineers. Professor Hele-Shaw recently gave an address before the Liverpool Self-Propelled Traffic Association on the pedrail, illustrated by models, drawings, and cinematrograph pictures. Had the door spaces in the university lecture hall been wide enough and the floors strong enough, the professor would have had a pedrail for actual demonstration. He asserts that it was quite possible for it to have climbed up the steps and walked into the hall.

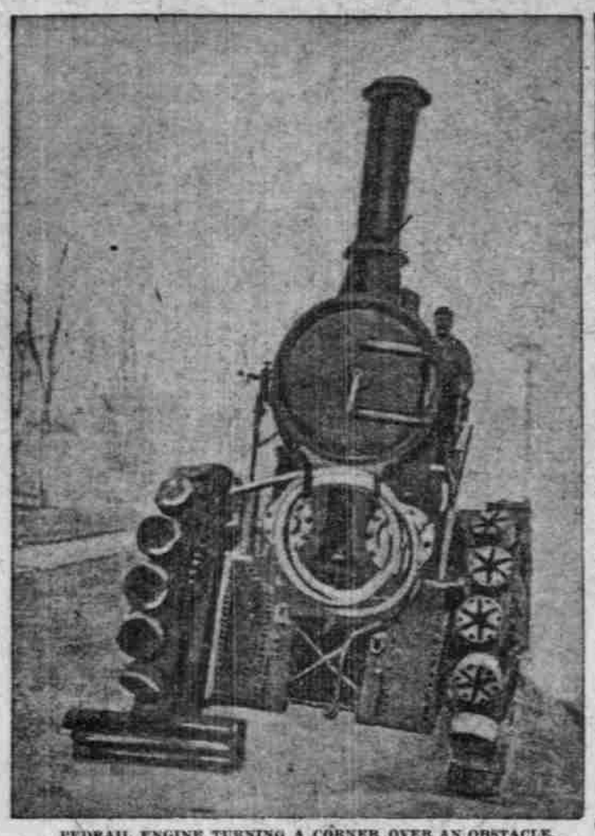
Ignores Obstructions.

The pedrail is variously described as a "walking locomotive," a "half traction engine and half walking machine," a "combination of an endless railway and a trotting machine," and a "rail moving on wheels." The Automotor Journal, of London, describes it as "a traction engine which actually and literally walks upstairs with the stride and sure-footedness of an elephant and hauls loads behind it under circumstances which would nonplus an ordinary traction engine. Ruts, curbstones and bowlders it makes nothing of, and even nine-inch balks of timber are stubble before it." The inventor is Mr. Bramah Joseph Diplock, of London. Professor Hele-Shaw says that he had some years since conceived the idea of a locomotive with rails moving on wheels. He encountered difficulties which to him seemed insuperable, but these difficulties, he asserts, Mr. Diplock has surmounted. The professor declares that the pedrail is "a revolution in mechanical locomotion." The pedrail, it is claimed, can be used with advantage not only for ordinary freight haulage on common roads, but is thoroughly practicable as a traction engine over bad roads, and even in districts where there are no roads at all and where progress by the ordinary traction engine would be absolutely impossible. It would, for instance, as claimed, be suitable for hauling minerals from newly developed mines and heavy lumber from partly cleared forests, and would successfully meet the rough emergencies of military operations.

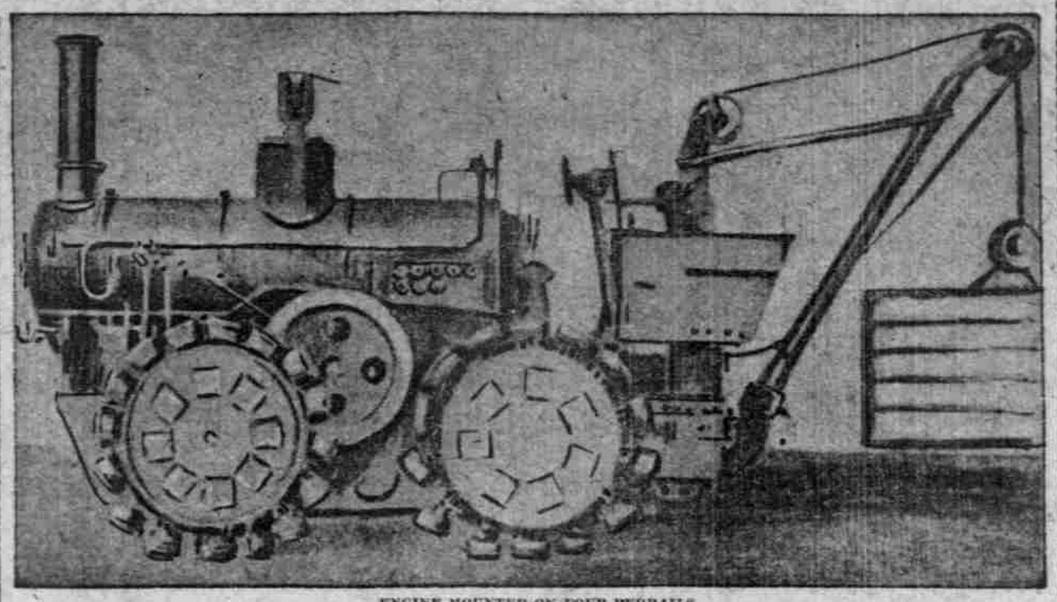
Wheel Has Reached Its Limit.

While Professor Hele-Shaw is convinced, after an intimate and close study of road locomotion and the properties of the wheel for many years, that no contrivance can take the place of the wheel and the pneumatic tire in circumstances where the road service is good and the conditions suitable, he is also convinced that the wheel itself has reached its utmost limits of carrying power, both in regard to weight and speed upon the ordinary roads, however well the roads may be constructed or however perfectly the wheel may be made.

Professor Hele-Shaw argues that many great inventions are imitations of the working of nature itself. He instances the screw propeller as being an exact reproduction of the action of the fish in swimming; but because the motive power of the propeller has to be of a rotary nature the continuous revolution of the screw is substituted for the intermittent action of the fish's tail. Screw propulsion, the professor adds, may be said to have solved the great problem of ocean navigation.



PEDRAIL ENGINE TURNING A CORNER OVER AN OBSTACLE.



ENGINE MOUNTED ON FOUR PEDRAILS.

Professor Hele-Shaw submits this question: Is there in use a means of locomotion on land imitating successfully the marvelous natural process of animal locomotion, but modified to suit the mechanical requirements of the case? The wheel, he says, falls hopelessly short of the mechanical action of an animal's foot. The animal does not turn upon its foot; the turning takes place upon the ankle, which, being flexible and having a ball-and-socket joint perfectly lubricated, affords the very minimum of resistance. The foot is placed upon the ground and kept there, thus insuring the minimum of rubbing action with the surface; whereas the wheel is only adapted to turn on the surface of the ground itself. Second, while the wheel when it strikes an obstacle meets with bodily resistance, the foot can be brought down upon an obstacle and the body elevated over it gradually with the least possible amount of shock. These considerations have naturally suggested the invention of walking machines. They have all been failures, and principally so because they have not combined satisfactorily the adapting of the movement of an animal—which is intermittent—with the continuous movement afforded by the properties of the wheel. In the belief of Professor Hele-Shaw the solution of the problem is the pedrail, which is described by him as follows:

The Pedrail Described.

"The Pedrail indicates by its name that it is a rail carried upon feet, and the principle of its action may be explained in a few words. It is simply this: Instead of having a permanent rail carried for the whole of its length on permanent feet, viz., sleepers, and wheels running upon this rail, the process is inverted. The feet are (as in the case of the railway) placed upon the ground, but instead of the rails being carried upon the feet, these feet support wheels, and the wheels thus supported act as bearers for a short length of rail attached to the moving carriage.

"The fundamental idea itself is not a new one. You may see in many timber yards that the logs are moved about by being pushed over supports which carry wheels, and by shifting these supports from place to place the heaviest logs of timber can be rolled upon the wheels to any required part of the yard. The pedrail invention, however, does more than this. The feet and wheels which they support are attached to the moving carriage itself, so that by an automatic process the feet are carried round after the rail is moved over them and placed again in front of the machine, thus affording a continuous track of wheels upon which the supporting rails can be carried in any direction in which the vehicle is steered.

"Briefly, the invention might be described as replacing the wheels of an ordinary traction engine by revolving frames carrying sliding spokes, each spoke having at its end a circular foot, and on the spoke itself, at a little distance above the foot, a small wheel or roller. In connection with each series of revolving spokes a fixed frame is attached to the side of the traction engine. This fixed frame somewhat resembles in form an inverted heart. When the axles revolve the spokes are carried round and in turn place the feet upon the ground. At the same time the wheels, which run round in contact with the heart-shaped frame, when brought underneath it—that is, under what may be described as the broader portion of the heart—act in turn as supports for the heart-shaped frame to glide over. Hence the engine is itself supported in turn through the wheels by the spokes which happen at the time to be resting with their feet upon the ground.

"The pedrail consists of two main parts, one of which is a railway which is fastened to the axle box and does not revolve, and the other part is a kind of circular box carrying sliding spokes, rollers, and feet in such a manner that the rollers and feet are placed in succession on the ground, and the rail runs over them.

"It has attached to it a four-ton crane, so that it can lift and carry heavy goods, minerals or agricultural produce.

Strenuous Trials.

"This engine I have myself tested at Stoke-on-Trent under the most trying conditions. I took it up the steepest hill—practically a mountain—which I could find in the neighborhood, threw down large stones in its path, over which the feet simply set themselves at an angle and did not crush them, though the wheels of a heavy traction engine immediately crushed and distorted the road surface. I made this machine walk over three-inch, then six-inch, and finally a nine-inch balk of timber thrown down in its path, and I could scarcely believe that the whole structure was not permanently distorted and damaged, whereas it was well within the limits of play allowed by the mechanism.

"Finally, it walked up the lane to the works in the softest ground, where there were ruts of eight and ten inches deep, with the greatest ease.

"On another occasion, in a trial at Lincoln, owing to the unskillful handling of the man at the wheel, the engine got into a position in which I thought it must infallibly overturn in the soft bank into which it had fallen, and while I was discussing how it should best be got out, the application of steam by the driver caused it to walk out of its difficulties in a way which I can only describe as like that of a cat.

"The action of the pedals on the road is very remarkable. Whereas the ordinary traction engines destroy roads to such an extent that they have been forbidden in many parts of this country and also in various parts of the world, and heavy motor wagons and traction engines have been severely taxed by local authorities and made to contribute to the repair of the roads, the pedrail positively improves the road over which it walks. This has been proved by actual experiment, and it is more than probable, from the remarks of an eminent municipal engineer, that the pedrail is destined to entirely replace the road-roller for repairing roads, as the action of stamping and ramming is much better than rolling for this purpose."

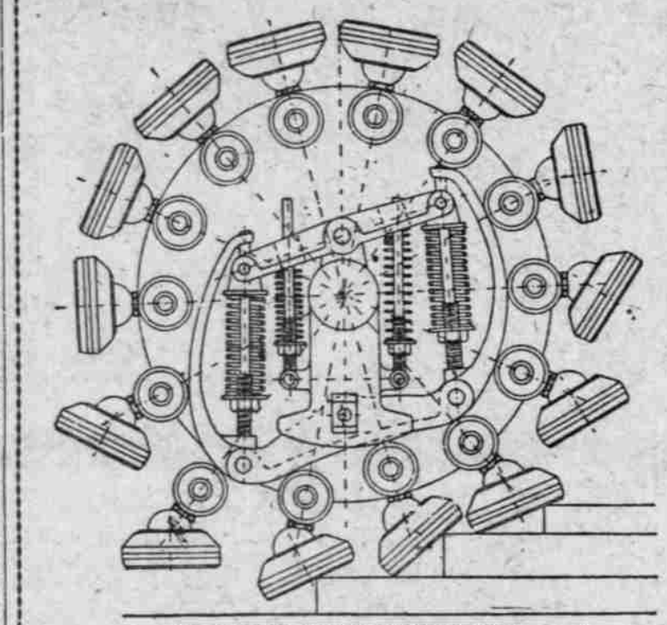
Not a New Idea.

The numerous articles now current in the English press descriptive of Mr. Diplock's pedrail assume that the mechanical principles of the engine are entirely new. But while it probably must be conceded to Mr. Diplock that the idea was original with him, and that he is to be credited with the honor of this remarkable invention, yet it appears to be the fact that (as so often happens) he had a forerunner. A correspondent of the Liverpool Courier on December 6 says that the pedrail reminds him of "Boydell's traction engine," which between 1856 and 1857 was exhibited at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. The correspondent thus describes Boydell's engine:

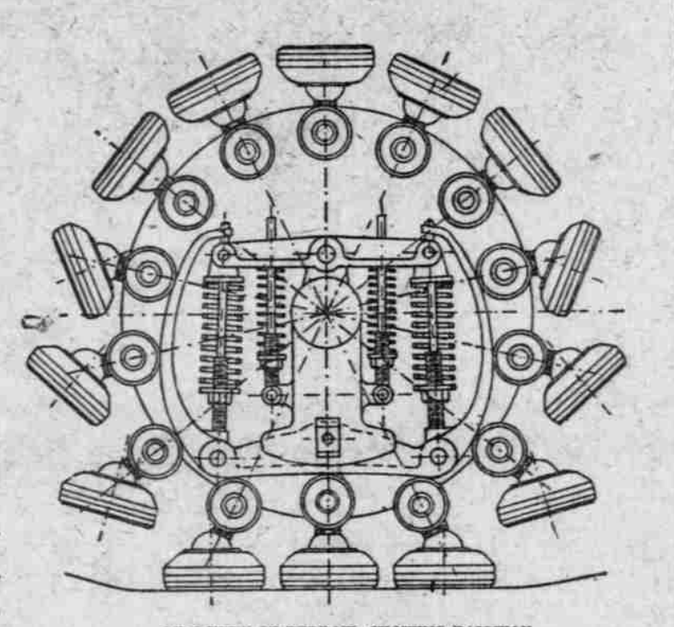
This machine had flat feet attached with a loose joint to the periphery of each of the four road wheels and was a veritable walking monster, and could travel steadily over hedges and ditches, or surmount blocks of timber or other obstacles in its way. It was severely tested at Woolwich and was quite successful, but the strong prejudice of the day against traction engines and the existing laws against the use of road locomotives prevented its being adopted. On the death of Mr. Boydell the following year it seems to have been consigned to the limbo of forgotten inventions.

It is claimed that the pedrail can, by certain modifications, be attached to any ordinary traction engine.

JAMES BOYLE, Consul.



SIDE VIEW OF PEDRAIL MOUNTING STEPS



SIDE VIEW OF PEDRAIL, SHOWING RAILWAY

The Bishop's Expedient.

Not being able to secure a berth on a sleeper because of the "Jim Crow" car laws of Southern states, the colored Bishop Arnett hired a whole Pullman car some days ago in which he traveled from Cincinnati to Mobile. It cost him $81.50, it is said.

A BILL FROM TIFFANY'S

By Josiah Flint and Francis Walton

MISS SADIE MEEKER was a young woman who was interested in the market value of things; particularly in the market value of herself. As a money-changer at the desk in Major & Fairbank's her market value was just $4 a week; but a woman's real market value, as Sadie well knew, is never what she can honestly earn, but what the best man who wishes to marry her can earn, whether honestly or not. Later she came to think seven times out of ten of her husband and the remaining three of her children; but for the moment she was conscious mainly that Margie Payne had married a saloonkeeper, and Kittie Barwig, a part owner in a dance hall; and saloonkeepers and part owners in dance halls as lords and landed gentry in the Under World.

Margie and Kittie had been Sadie's next friends, and for some time after their marriage she, too, would have been contented to wed a saloonkeeper or a part owner in a dance hall; but after some hesitation she concluded to become engaged to marry Charley Minick. Also his mustache curled beautifully.

Charley Minick, in his 28th year, had achieved a knowledge how the world is made. He had joined the "force" with a resolution to be an "honest copper"; and his high aspirations still clung to him, though they had become modified. He would not be so honest as to be unpleasant; he would be just a little—oh! the veriest trifle—better than his neighbors.

"I don't set up for no saint," said the magnanimous Minick, "but there are places where I draws the line."

A Pitt or a Lincoln could have said no more.

Margie's gifts from her lover had been diamonds of price; Kittie's gifts from her lover had been diamonds of even greater price; and Sadie was perfectly aware of every woman's inalienable right to possess better jewels than any women of her acquaintance, if she can induce a man to give them to her. She explained her views to Minick with vigor and point; she revealed to him the double jurisdiction under which he had agreed to live; he must stand his trial in the judgment of her peers.

"You wouldn't have me ashamed before Kit and Marge, would you?"

"The Pear of Pie Alley couldn't stand ashamed before Kit and Margie; she hasn't got the shape! But I forgot; it's a man that's proud of a woman's shape; the woman's only proud of what she's got on it!"

"Even now they say I'm a fool to tie up with you. They say there's no scale in your job the way there is in Jim's and Bob's; they call you a hundred-a-month man; they say you don't take in nothing on the side. Kit and Marge said last night I was marrying you for your 'mustache.'"

"Kit and Marge!" said the alert detective, with theatric scorn. "Kit and Marge are a couple of clapper-tongued pot-wrestlers. You'll make your ears long as a Gover-ment mule's a-listen' to 'em. Jim married Kit for her mustache,' you know he did; and what she says o' mine is pure envy!"

"Yes, I suppose. But I ain't talking of 'mustaches'; I'm serious! It means a lot to me. You've got to get me what I want; that's what you marry me for! and you've got to go to the right place to get it—I tell you those; I want to show Kit and Marge the box."

"All right," laughed Minick, "I'll get you the box!"

Three days after this conversation there was a great social "event" at the town house of Edward Sandys of Sandys & Merton, who served God and mankind to the amount of some millions per annum. They performed their service largely by accepting a controlling interest in undertakings to which the name of Sandys & Merton lent a commercial value. The great social "event," with its great display of plate and jewels, was followed by a great cracksman's "event." Before the awakening of the Sandys household after the festival a judiciously selected portion of the jewels had disappeared.

The reward offered was so large that the Front Office was touched in its tenderest sensibilities; there seemed something almost wicked in declining to supply a man, anxious to part with a sum like that, with a chance to hand it over. The instructions to the Chief were a model of manly eloquence:

"Somebody's got to get that dough; Sandys 'll throw a fit if he can't cough up, and you coppers got to help him. I ain't goin' to have the Eye people snake in all the loose coin; I give it to you straight. They more'n did us on that Hogan deal; an' the papers roasted me. They called me a 'jaundiced tutelary dodo'; I don't know what the blamed thing means, but I won't stand for it. You fellows spread yourselves on this case, you take my tip. Get your mouthpieces on the run, bribe 'em, pinch 'em, do what you damn please, but get that dough. An' get the gun, too. Some o' the country papers have been shoutin' 'bout this force bein' crooked; they say that we're only out for the dough in jobs like this, an' let the gun make a get-away. I'm sick o' this hollerin', an' if it don't quit I'll make every man jack of you sick of it too!"

* * *

That afternoon an ornate reporters' column in one of the public prints consisted of an interview with the "subtle and competent Detective Minick." Charley was alleged to be "working" on the Sandys case.

One morning, while matters were at this pass, the Chief handed Minick a telegram which was dated Akron, O. It signified that one Bud Denmer, aged 38, height 5 feet 11¼, complexion dark, eyes blue hazel, hair prematurely gray and black, beard solid black, teeth good, nose large and pugnacious, weight 165 pounds, was "wanted," and was supposed to be in New York. The reward was $500, and the particulars would follow by letter.

* * *

Richard Cober was fast becoming the head of a profession of which he was proud, but which he disliked to hear called by its right name. He was only from time to time actively engaged in it, and it took him for the most part out of town into the beyond. He was understood by his children and nominally by his wife to be a "traveling" man. His absences would last for a few days or a few weeks, and out of the beyond he would commonly bring back a great deal of money or a very bad temper. Once his absence lasted nearly three years, and he brought back only a new suit of clothes, a pallid face and a most unpleasant trick of the eyes.

When Richard Cober was in luck he was lavish with his "kids," and at all times liked nothing better than to have them tumbling over him; and whether or not he was in luck, there was nothing their mamma could want that he did not find a way to provide. For the most part he looked uncommonly sharp and hard; but in his daintily upholstered flat in Clinton Place he was at least adored. He sang songs and cut a double-shuffle for the kids and played at blind man's buff; and Mrs. Cober possessed jewels that would have made Sadie Meeker's frosty eyes burn with desire

One afternoon while Bessie was dangling a doll half as big as herself and Richard and Bobbie were doing a cakewalk with an energy and freedom of grimace and gesture that made her scream with laughter, the door opened and a gentleman who had held a little soliloquy with the maid in the hall entered unannounced. The gentleman was Detective Minick.

"Eighteen-carat place you got here, Buck, old sport; pie-anna, French clock, Turkey rugs, nice kids; things been goin' your way."

"Don't look as if you'd been up against hard luck yourself, Skip, kids. Mr. Minnick and me will be wanting to bill and coo in private."

"Somethin' doing?" he asked, with laconic elegance.

"A little matter o' my own. I want you to put me next."

"What the blazes do you come to me about 'next' for? I ain't next to nothin' in this town except you dead ones at the front office."

"Read the papers lately?"

"One o' you fly cops croaked an' you want to touch me for a bouquet for the stiff?"

"Seen the details o' that Sandy job?"

"Oh, it's that, is it? You can search me. You'll have to guess again if you want to pick a winner. I ain't mixed up in that. I haven't done any work in this town for five years; I live here, an' you know well enough that where I live there's nothin' doin'. I've got too much at stake."

"Don't suppose I'd be sittin' here rubberin' at your wallpaper if you done it, do you? But I want you to get mixed up in it. There's five thousand semoleons reward, an' I need 'em in my business."

"Who told you 't I was interested in your business? I got troubles o' my own. It won't do, Charley; I give it to you straight, I didn't do the job myself an' don't know who did; but if I did know I wouldn't tell you. I ain't got nothin' against you personally; you always treated me square, an' I'd go as far for you as another man; but I never yet beefed on a pal an' I'm not goin' to begin. I'm a bad lot, if you like, but I wouldn't turn mouthpiece for the whole five thousand."

"Better wait till I offer 'em," said Minick, intently; "what'll you do for this?"

Minick passed him with one hand a telegram from Akron, O., and with the other fingered a revolver in his coat pocket. Minick's acquaintances whom he met in the way of business were sometimes spasmodic in their movements. Also Richard Cober was "age 36, height 5 feet 11¼, complexion dark, eyes blue hazel, hair prematurely gray and black, beard—that is to say, close-cut mustache—solid black, teeth good, nose large and pugnacious, weight 165 pounds."

"Swell place you got here, Buck; pie-anna, French clock, Turkey rugs, nice kids; I should think you'd hate to stiff."

Minick was to be congratulated on the completeness with which he had thought out his case.

"I don't want to be hard on you, Buck; I'll give you time all right to turn the thing over in your mind; but understand me, I want those semoleons. If you should happen to discover a way of helpin' me get them, well—it's been six years since I seen Bud Denmer in Joliet; I might be so stuck on myself I couldn't recognize him in the street if I passed him a dozen times a day; an' I'm the only man on the force that's on to his mug. If you shouldn't happen to discover a way of helpin' me, that telegram reads cuffs in Clinton place, jail in Akron, stir in Columbus, free rides between pints, an' free grub an' lodgin' everywhere."

"Dick, you've said time after time that if it ever came to pass again where you had to choose between me and the kids and a gun you'd let the gun go; and you're up against that choice now," urged Mrs. Richard Cober when Minick had said "so-long" and taken his leave. "You've got enough money saved up to quit the business, anyhow. I've often told you that, with what we have in the bank, we could go over to London, bring up the kids respectably and live decently ourselves."

"A man like me's no business with kids, Nell, old girl; nor with a woman, either," said Cober, wearily, not for the first time in his life "up against" the eternal difference between a woman's world and a man's.

That evening, after his pacific interview with Minick, Cober loitered listlessly about the better sort of haunts of the Powers That Prey. Richard would have been too shrewd, which is to say he loved his own skin too intelligently to put direct questions about the Sandys job; nor would there have been the least reason why he should ask questions.

He had fully mastered his ideas in this connection when he entered "The Green Dragon" and the presiding Belial stepped forward and handed him a note. It consisted of but two lines and a signature—he had received the precise duplicate of it just as he was leaving Clinton place. "I want to see you in a hurry, Buck. Pull the ringer at the number given in the other note.—L. C." Half an hour afterward he was sitting at the bedside of Lubin Cavanaugh in a house on Sixteenth street. When in obedience to a weak-voiced summons to "come in" Richard first entered the room, he perceived an emaciated head fallen back in an ecstacy of exhaustion among the pillows; when the emaciated head had identified its visitor as "Buck" Cober, it hailed him with "Hello, old Sport!" and the man to whom it belonged sat upright, threw back the bedclothes and resumed an interrupted labor, which was the labor of "setting," or possibly, as Richard judged, of resetting jewels.

"Thought you might be the doctor with some more dope. He an' I are doin' a little song and dance together while I fix up this pennyweight job. I'm playin' the pennyweight game alone, an' he might want to cut in. He'd speculate on these sparklers in his bill, if he knew I had 'em—beutes, ain't they?"

The time had been when a "sparkler" had the same fascination for Richard Cober that it had for Lubin Cavanaugh, but he was in no mood that evening to admire another man's plunder. A wonder as to the previous ownership of the jewels he could not repress—even in the "Stir" men make guesses as to the origin of an unscheduled piece of bread—but the etiquette of the Under World forbids inquiry in regard to such matters.

"What you so blue about, Buck? Dig into that booze there, an' get a brace on. You an' Nell ain't been havin' a row, have you?"

"No. It's jus' a general case o' grouch. I get hipped ev'ry now an' then jus' as I used to. What can I do for you, Lubin? I got to shift in a few minutes."

The two looked at each other for an instant in that quick but piercing way which all guns, let alone pals, have.

"I'd a let you into the job, Buck, but it was jus' the kind o' game to attract an old single-handed stiff like myself, an' I played it alone. What I want is a 'dopp' just like this one without the break," and he handed Cober a little instrument newly broken. "I've got to have a new one by 11 o'clock tomorrow morning, an' I'll be dead obliged to you if you'll get it for me. I'd get it myself, but I got these symptoms, you know, an' the push thinks I'm out at that crib in Mexico, rollin' the wheel. Understand, don't cher? Say Buck, if it's dough you need, reach under my pillow here an' you'll find a roll. I been there myself, you know."

"That's all right, Lube. 'Tain't as bad as that."

"Well, take care o' yourself, old man, an' if you see any o' the push, tell 'em I'm baskin' in the sun down among the Mexies. So long, Buck."

* * *

"Well," said Mrs. Cober expectantly when Richard paused at the close of his account of the evening's interview with Cavanaugh.

"Well! It's cuffs in Clinton Place, jail in Akron, free rides between pints, free grub an' lodgin' everywhere. I can't 'beef' on a pal like Cavanaugh, Nell. A man's got to stick by his friends."

"It ain't a case o' beefin' on a pal, Dick; it's a case o' doin' dirt by me an' the kids. There ain't one o' your friends has stood by you like me an' the kids; if you got to stick by your friends, you got to stick by us."

"It won't do, Nell; a gun's seen his luck when he turns mouthpiece. Be square with the push an' the push'll be square with you, an' it'll be the better for you in the end. I don't even know for sure that Cavanaugh made the touch; but whether he did or not, he'd know I had split on him, an' he'd follow me till he croaked."

"A woman is perfectly helpless when she's tied to a man that means to play the fool," she said bitterly. "You have to be square to the push or the push will get even with you, you can do as you like by the woman an' the kids. No matter what you do, they've got to stand for it."

This statement being self-evident, Richard Cober made no reply to it; he went to bed. Half an hour later Mrs. Cober put on her hat and shawl and softly left the house; that perhaps was a part of her idea.

* * *

The raid was one of those ordinary manhunts with the game at bay, the details of which even the newspapers have long since wearied of reporting. The "flatties" in uniforms surrounded the place, and Minick with three fellow huntsmen went into the building to face an animal rather more dangerous than one of the larger carnivora. The animal, however, was intelligent. Cavanaugh had not the slightest chance of escape, and knew it the minute his door was forced open and the detectives drew their revolvers. "They're good," he remarked in the gambler's jargon, and allowed himself to be handcuffed. His only comment on the capture lay in the words: "Another case of beef."

The Sandys jewels were all found in Cavanaugh's possession, a number of them very skillfully reset and two of the larger very skillfully disfigured. The public prints rang the next day with the praise of the celebrated Minick, and repeated their version of the unrecognized intellectual profession, which taxes the swiftest and subtlest powers of the mind and to which society owes its immunity from crime.

Sadie Meeker drew the attention of both Margie and Kittie to the most highly ornate paragraphs in praise of the celebrated Minick and enjoyed the proud delight of fame. She had been in some doubt until the newspapers took him up whether she cared for him "really," but the reporters' eloquence decided her. When the ring was brought a great flush of triumph came into her face—the diamond was bigger than Kittie's and prettier.

"Oh, Charley, there is scale in your job," she exclaimed, "and I will marry you—for your mustache!"

The "box" was as satisfactory as the stone, and a receipted bill from Tiffany's was even more satisfactory than the box; but there were a number of items of which Tiffany took no account.

The week that the marriage of Detective Minick was announced, an incident occurred in one of the side streets of the City of Mexico. At the city hospital, where the injured man was taken, certain papers and checks found in his pockets showed that he conducted his financial affairs at least over the name of Oliver Hewes, but the police were much puzzled to find tattooed in blue ink on the left forearm the name "Buck Cober." He never regained consciousness, and it was impossible to obtain any statement from him. The wound in his head seemed to indicate that he had been hit with an uncommonly heavy billy. A woman came forward from nowhere in particular to claim the body, but she showed no disposition to supply biographical details; she dedicated her energy to hysterics.

It has, perhaps, no connection with this incident that two weeks previously the following paragraph appeared in various newspapers in the United States: "Lubin Cavanaugh, alias New York Lube, escaped from —— prison last night. He was a notorious professional burglar and has a record against him which takes up several pages of the —— prison's blotter. A reward of $500 is offered for his capture and imprisonment until the prison authorities can be communicated with."

There are those who rate themselves "wise," however, who believe that the two trivial incidents are connected, and that a belated item should be added to the Bill from Tiffany's.

(Copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

50 Years Difference In Ages.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The octogenarian Earl of Leicester, who is on his deathbed, has been the father of 18 children, of whom 14 survive. He numbers among his sons-in-law four Earls, a Viscount and a Baron. There is nearly half a century difference in the ages of his oldest daughter and his youngest son. And he is at once a great-grandfather and the father of a boy of 10. His marriage to Miss Georgia Cavendish took place exactly 100 years after the marriage of his father.

RISING BREAST

And many other painful and serious ailments from which most mothers suffer, can be avoided by the use of "Mother's Friend." This great remedy is a God-send to women, carrying them through their most critical ordeal with safety and no pain. No woman who uses "Mother's Friend" need fear the suffering and danger incident to birth; for it robs the ordeal of its horror and insures safety to life of mother and child, and leaves her in a condition more favorable to speedy recovery. The child is also healthy, strong and good natured. Our book "Motherhood," is worth its weight in gold to every woman, and will be sent free in plain envelope by addressing application to **Bradfield Regulator Co. Atlanta, Ga.**

MOTHER'S FRIEND