

**NEW FRATERNAL HOME.**

**Settlement in New Mexico for the Care of Lung Affections.**  
Six miles west of Las Vegas, N. M. in the Rio Gallinas canyon, known formerly as Las Vegas Hot Springs, there is now in full operation a fraternal city, the scope and objects of which are unique. The idea is to provide, without thought of profit, open air settlements for the cure of tuberculosis and allied affections, at which the patients may reap the benefits of the climate and of scientific treatment. The foundation stone of Fraternal City is co-operation. By enlisting the aid of the patients and furnishing them with work which will not tax



THE MONTEZUMA HOTEL.

their strength and of a character to aid them in their recovery, the promoters of the institution expect to make it possible for all to take advantage of the scheme.

Las Vegas has long been the center of New Mexico's consumptive colony and famous for its hot springs, which, with the beautiful new Montezuma hotel, are the gift of a railroad to the new enterprise.

Eleven thousand acres of land have been turned over to the city, and with-



TENT CAMPS IN FRATERNAL CITY.

In a radius of ten miles from the hotel every temperature from summer's heat to winter's cold may be found, and every altitude necessary in the cure of the "white plague."

The Montezuma hotel will be the headquarters of the patients. It is a beautiful building four stories in height, erected three years ago, and has 350 well appointed rooms, ample hospital accommodations, with liberal provisions for indoor recreation. The principal feature of the city, however, is to be the camp life.

Physicians will determine for each individual case what altitudes and what work and recreation a patient requires for the speediest cure. Then he will be assigned to one of the many camps which start at a height of 5,000 feet above the sea and run up to 9,000. The hotel is also surrounded by a fully equipped dairy, a chicken ranch, a bath house, a modern club house, a casino with stage and scenery, a livery stable and cattle barn and waterworks of a total value of \$1,000,000.

**STRANGER THAN FICTION.**

**Triumphs of Science Astound the Shade of Jules Verne.**

A phosphorescent cloud floated slowly into the editor's room last night, hovered over the big leather arm chair and settled there. Gradually the half luminous mass took shape—a man's shape, says a writer in the New York World.

Jules Verne sat there. "Graciously it has been permitted me to revisit the earth on this memorable day," he began, in a calm, sonorous voice. "One of my rewards in the beatific state that I enjoy is liberty to study, from time to time, those triumphs of latter-day sciences which are stranger than all the imaginings of my fiction.

"Before this I have tried to grasp the wonders and possibilities of wireless telegraphy, of radium, of the X-rays, of liquid air. To-day I hastened to New York, because, of all places in this particular world, it possessed the deepest interest for me.

"I foreshadowed man's conquest of the air in 'Five Weeks in a Balloon' and in the 'Cloud Clipper.' To-day an airship was floating far above your loftiest housetops—an aerial craft under its navigator's perfect control.

"In 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea' I described the fantastic performances of a submarine boat. To-day the Plunger is steaming below your near-by waters.

"To-day, too, I have seen the newly invented periscope, which enables those in a submerged vessel to see the whole horizon for miles around and which at the same time pictures the entire surface of the water and everything above it. And, more wondrous

still, I have examined, all unknown to the man whose mind created it, the the fluorescent searchlight, which will light up the ocean's profoundest depths, and which, as a surface searchlight, will light up the sea's surface for two miles around, itself remaining invisible.

"It needs no prophet now to foretell that soon will come the time when man will enter into possession of a realm beneath the waters a thousand times more vast than all the continents together," exclaimed the voice of Jules Verne, enthusiastically. "The bottom of the ocean will have its explorers, its tragedies, its long history of conquest and failure. Millionaires will abandon their surface yachts for yachts that can plunge and will explore the depths once forbidden. Instead of going after big game to India, the hunter will pursue the ferocious inhabitants of the deep in coral jungles. Men will fight for the ocean cavern they have discovered as they do now for their gold placers.

"Nations will presently annex portions of the sea bottoms as they have done with savage islands and territories, and they will locate and operate their submarine mines of coal and metals. New lines of business, new industries, new commerce will spring up to exploit the products of the ocean.

"And man's dominion of the air will yield him—"

The luminous shade remained silent for an instant, then spoke again:

"You will misunderstand me. I am giving you the false idea that in the flesh I was vain of the fulfillment of my so-called prophecies. It will surprise you, perhaps, to learn that I did not take especial pride in having written of the motor car, in 'The Steam House,' of the submarine boat and the navigable airship before they became actual facts; of the astounding devel-

opment of trusts and philanthropy in the 'Five Hundred Millions of the Begum.'

"When I write about them as realities these things were half-discoveries already. I simply made fiction out of what became ulterior fact, and my object in so doing was not to prophesy, but to disseminate, as widely as could be, such knowledge as was given me."

The voice was silent; the phosphorescent specter grew dim, dimmer—vanished.

**OUT OF THE PAST.**

**Ancient City of Annapolis Attracts by Its Mellowness.**

Annapolis is a city for which we should thank "whatever gods there be," for it proves conclusively that upon occasion one of our cities can stop growing and get ripe.

Though it is more than 250 years old, its population is only about 8,000 and it doesn't possess a street car line—a fact that one records reluctantly lest some enterprising promoter immediately approach the authorities upon the subject of a franchise.

Far back in the past, ships from all parts of the world lay at anchor in its harbor. To-day its charm lies in its mellowness. You feel that it was picked long ago and placed on these quiet shores to absorb the sunshine of the years. \* \* \* Or, to quote Daniel Clapsaddle Carvel—"The lively capital that once reflected the wit and fashion of Europe has fallen into decay, the silent streets no more echo with the rattle of coaches and gay chariots and grass grows where busy merchants trod. Stately ballrooms where beauty once reigned are cold and empty and mildewed, and halls where laughter rang are silent. Time was when every wide-throated chimney put forth its cloud of smoke, when every andiron held its generous log—andirons which are now gone to decorate Mr. Centennial's home in New York, or lie with a tag in the window of some curio shop.—Four-Track News.

**His Own Petard.**

At last there arose in the halls of legislation a statesman who seemed to have something like a good idea.

He introduced a bill providing a severe punishment for anyone who agitated fool legislation, such as taxing bachelors, abolishing tips, regulating the size of women's hats and similar freak laws.

Whereupon the authors of bills to tax bachelors, pension old maids, compel women to wear divided skirts and to alight from street cars properly, prohibiting lovemaking in parks, and so forth, denounced him as a three-ply idiot and a trampler upon the inherent rights of his fellow men.—Judge.

**Popular Science.**

An interesting hygrometer is made by dipping a strip of calico in a solution of one part of cobalt chloride, seventy-five of nickel oxide and twenty of gelatine in two hundred of water. The strip is green in fine weather, fading as moisture appears.

An Italian scientist has invented a novel substitute for irrigation. He uses the fruit of the Barbary nopal, a fig tree which bears figs that are excellent reservoirs of moisture. In the spring the scientist digs a ditch about the foot of the tree he desires to protect from the coming drought and this ditch is filled with figs cut into thick pieces. A dense layer is made and beaten down. The mucilaginous pulp, covered with earth, stores up much moisture, which it gives off gradually, watering the tree sometimes for as long a period as four months.

The light of the firefly is believed to have an efficiency of virtually 100 per cent of the energy expended, whereas recent tests indicate that the light efficiency of the ordinary incandescent lamp is only 2.6 per cent; the rest of the energy is expended in producing heat which is not needed. Inventors do not yet despair of success in imitating the firefly's economical method of producing an illumination. In a recent paper F. C. Caldwell says that it is well within the range of possibility that we may see the transmission of light-producing energy entirely done away with, and a return made to some form of portable lamp, consuming an exceedingly small amount of material, and producing a "cold," or firefly-like, light.

If the earth, says Prof. E. Rutherford, were supposed to have been composed, initially, of pure radium, the activity 20,000 years later would not be greater than the activity observed in pitchblende to-day. But, since there is no doubt that the earth's age vastly exceeds 20,000 years, it is necessary, in order to account for the existence of radium at all in the earth, to suppose that it is continuously produced from some other substance. At the present time it seems most probable that uranium is this parent substance. The observed activity in a good specimen of pitchblende is about what should be expected if the uranium contained in it spontaneously breaks up into radium. Radium itself is continuously transformed into an emanation which, in turn, is changed into other types of matter, and there is no evidence that the process is reversible.

A portable electric plant for fixing rails and packing sleepers, the invention of A. Collet, of Paris, is in use on several French railways. The apparatus runs on wheels adaptable for ordinary roads or railway tracks, and includes a twenty-five horse power engine, which is coupled by a belt to the dynamo that generates electric current. Steam is supplied by a vertical tubular boiler of a capacity of only 15½ gallons. The engine being in place, a copper circuit is carried along the permanent way three-fifths of a mile on folding ladders, and a continuous current of 220 volts is led to the track-laying machines. With two wood screw machines on a small truck, four men lay 19.7 yards of track in ten minutes, setting two hundred screws, this being seven times the rate by hand. The sleeper-packing tool gives four hundred strokes per minute, and enables six men to pack a sleeper in broken stone in one minute or in sand in thirty-five seconds.

**WRITER OF CHILD STORIES.**

**Mrs. Carter H. Harrison Gaining Fame as an Authoress.**

Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, wife of Chicago's recent Mayor, is gaining fame in the realm of literature. She has written several fairy stories for children, and her tales for the little folks, written at first for the entertain-



MRS. CARTER H. HARRISON.

ment of her children, have gained favorable notice from the critics. They are written from a mother's experience with the child's mind. Mrs. Harrison, before her marriage in 1887, was Miss Edith Ogden and she has always been popular in social circles.

Ever see a woman use a spade? It's funny.

**UNCLE SAM—A Remedy That Has Such Endorsements Should Be In Every Home.**



**Election Returns That Interest All Parties.**

**Made of Ebony.**

A Massachusetts gentleman met a colored man who had recently worked for him, and into whose family, says the Boston Herald, a girl baby had come shortly before.

"What have you named her?" asked Mr. Green, on being told by the father of the addition to his family.

"Dat's what we can't 'cide on," was the reply. "I wants her name Clara and my old woman wants it Nettie."

"Well, then," suggested Mr. Green, "why don't you call her Clarinet?"

"I declare, Marse Green," said the colored man, admiringly, "dat is purtier dan either of 'em."

Meeting his colored friend several weeks later, Mr. Green was amused to hear him say, "We's named her Clarinet."

**A King's Punctuality.**

All men agree in the abstract that "punctuality is the soul of business," but few act up to the maxim with the strictness of the king of the Belgians. Wherever or however he may travel, whether the visit be of business, pleasure or ceremony, he is punctual, not only to the hour, but to the minute—it might also be said to the second. And yet his majesty is never seen to consult a watch. But his familiars know that his habit of passing his hand along his frowning beard is only a device for glancing at a small watch which he wears fastened to his wrist.—London Globe.

**No Improvement on Nature.**

Irate Patient—Here! you told me these false teeth would be just as good as natural ones, and they hurt me horribly.

Painless Dentist—Well, didn't your natural ones hurt you?—Le Rire.

**Theory of French Waiter.**

"I have a theory about dyspepsia and indigestion," said the head waiter in a French restaurant, "that I think ought to be considered by sufferers from stomach complaints. I believe that much of this class of trouble is due to people's persistency in eating the same kind of bread for weeks, months and sometimes years, without a change.

"Now, nobody does that with any other kind of food; meat, for instance, or vegetables, or fruit or other dessert. Yet the average man will eat the same kind of bread twice or even three times a day and think himself wise. The stomach, unless it is of extraordinary constitution, will naturally get tired of this monotony and refuse properly to digest this eternal bread. Then the bread eater knows he has dyspepsia and starts on a course of dieting—generally sticking religiously to the same old bread—that most often leaves him in worse plight than ever.

"There are many varieties of bread—corn, rye, whole wheat, graham, Boston brown, aerated, barley, Vienna and French bread. All of these differ in the making and the material, and if the average man would only take a turn at some of them for a change from his regular loaf he would find himself healthier and happier."—New York Sun.

**Moving Cheese.**

"Will you start the cheese this way, please?" said the thin boarder at dinner.

"It's not time for cheese yet," said the fat boarder.

"No, but if you start it now it will probably get here by the time I'm ready for it."—Yonkers Statesman.

**RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY**

When the joints are sore and swollen, and the muscles throbbing with the pain of Rheumatism, relief must be had at once, and it is natural to rub the affected parts with liniments, oils, etc. This treatment does good in a way, by temporarily relieving the pain and reducing the inflammation, but has no effect on the disease itself, because Rheumatism is more than skin deep; it is in the blood and cannot be rubbed away. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, weak kidneys, poor bowel action, stomach troubles and a general sluggish condition of the system. The refuse and waste matters, which should be carried off through the natural avenues of bodily waste, are left to sour and form uric acid and other irritating poisons which are absorbed by the blood, making it thin, weak and acid. Then instead of nourishing the different nerves, muscles, joints and tissues it fills them with poison to produce the aches, pains and other disagreeable symptoms of the disease. Rheumatism is usually worse in Winter for the reason that cold and dampness are exciting causes. The nerves become excited and sting with pain, the muscles are sore and drawn, the joints swollen and stiff and the sufferer lives in intense agony; and if the disease is not checked it often leaves its victims helpless cripples for life. Rheumatism cannot be rubbed away but it can be driven from the blood by S. S. S. Being a perfect blood purifier this great remedy soon produces a complete change in the entire circulation; the thin, acid blood is made pure and rich, and as it goes through the body nourishes and soothes the irritated nerves, eases the throbbing muscles, and dissolves and carries out of the system the irritating particles in the joints which are keeping up the pain and inflammation. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism permanently, and in addition tones up the digestion and stimulates the different members of the body to their full duty so there is no cause for another attack. Do not waste time trying to rub Rheumatism away, but get it out of the blood with S. S. S. so that the cold and dampness of Winter will not keep you in continual pain and agony. Special book on Rheumatism and any medical advice will be given free.

While at work for the F. C. & P. E. R. in the swampy region I contracted Rheumatism and was completely helpless for about four months and spent over \$150.00 with doctors, but got worse every day, and finally quit them and began S. S. S. I took a few bottles and was cured sound and well. My health is now splendid, and I weigh 175 pounds. There is a lady living near me who is now taking S. S. S. for acute Rheumatism. For two months she could not turn herself in bed, but since beginning your medicine about three weeks ago has improved rapidly, and is now able to sit up. I can recommend S. S. S. to all suffering from Rheumatism. S. C. LASSITER, Uiah, N. C.

I was severely troubled with Rheumatism. I had it in my knees, legs and ankles, and any one who has ever had Rheumatism knows how excruciating the pain is and how it interferes with one at work. I was truly in bad shape, having been bothered with it for ten years, off and on. A local physician advised me to use S. S. S. I did so. After taking two bottles I noticed the soreness and pain were greatly reduced. I continued the medicine and was thoroughly cured; all pain, soreness and inflammation gone. I recommend S. S. S. to all Rheumatic sufferers. S. L. AGNEW, 803 E. Greenbrier St. Mt. Vernon, O.

**S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE.**