COL. GRESHAM'S BURNSIDES.

They Nearly Cost His Life.

Colonel Gresham, stockbroker, turned gentleman farmer to produce new varieties of fruits.

Nature grows some two-colored apples, but when you ask her to add two additional colors she wants time to think the matter over. Every experiment was a failure, but that only made the colonel and his gardener the more determined, especially the gardener.

It was his duty as an employee to give his master all his ideas, but he made an exception in this one case. He clung to it with dogged obstinacy, but he kept it as secret as the grave. He might have clung to it a year or so longer had not the colonel become impatient. He said something one June day about giving up the experiments, and the gardener replied that he would have some news for him next day. He asked the broker to come home an hour earlier than usual and to come directly to the large farm barn.

At the hour named the colonel was there. He had scarcely entered the barn when he received a crack on the head that made him unconscious for the next quarter of an hour. When he came to he had been stripped of coat, vest and tie and was bound hand and foot. He had not caught sight of his assailant before being struck, but now found the gardener hovering over him with a murderous look on his face.

"Will you tell me what this means, Henry?" asked the victim.

"Yes, sir. I have finally found how to grow four-colored apples. It has been a long time, but I have struck it at last. I hope to have fifty bushels on the market this fall."

"Well, let's hear about it."

"All the apple trees are now in blossom. The red ones are all right, and the yellow ones are all right, and I have found a way to make the blue and green ones all right. I have simply to sprinkle them with the blood of a man wearing side whiskers. A drop of blood to a blossom will do the trick, and once the apples start to growing that way they will continue."

Now, the colonel had a growth of side whiskers that were the envy of Wall street and a matter of joy to himself. Whenever you saw the colonel you saw his whiskers. He might forget his commutation ticket now and then, but never his whiskers. The two were one and inseparable. He didn't like the gardener's reference to those sacred objects. It smacked of familiarity, and there was a covert threat behind the words. He was at first inclined to bluster, but another look into the gardener's face satisfied him that the man had become crazy. He therefore changed his tactics and quietly said:

"All right, Henry. We will go up to the orchard and experiment. I am delighted to find that you have achieved success at last."

"But how can you go when I want your blood?" asked the man. "You see, you are the only man around here with side whiskers. If the coachman or the butler had 'em, that would do, but they haven't, you know. They are fine ones, colonel—fine ones."

And Chapman bent down and tenderly caressed the iron gray side whiskers that floated away from each cheek and were gently stirred now and then by the June breezes blowing into the open door. Never had another man on this earth except the barber dared to lay his sacrilegious hands on those reverenced objects of the money center of the world.

"But we will look up some one else," said the colonel as he felt a sinking of the heart. "I know of several men with side whiskers, and I will coax one of them home with me tomorrow."

"But I must have the blood today, colonel. Besides, for this first experiment we must have the nicest sort of whiskers. There is nothing in the state of New York to compare with yours. The papers have said so over and over again. How soft they are! How luxuriantly they grow! How the breeze toys with them! Your blood is all right, and the first bushel of four-colored apples shall be deposited on your grave."

"But I want to see the trees you have selected. I may decide to make some changes."

"The trees are all right, colonel. Here is a knife to open an artery, and here is a pan to catch the blood. What shall I do with your whiskers after you are dead? It seems a pity to bury 'em like so much horsehair."

"You blamed fool, this has gone far enough!" exclaimed the colonel, going to the other extreme. "Unbind me at once or I'll have you sent to prison for life!"

"It won't do," replied the gardener, with a shake of his head and taking up a knife he had made ready for the purpose. "You are as anxious for the four-colored apples as I am, and you mustn't bring all our labors to naught. Here goes for the blood."

The colonel began yelling for help, and fortunately the coachman was at hand to respond. He entered the barn on a run and narrowly escaped being stabbed, and the crazy gardener had to be knocked down with a club before he could be secured. He was found to be clean daffy and was sent to an asylum and is there yet, and should you ever visit the institution he will beckon you aside and whisper:

"Do you know that if it hadn't been for Colonel Gresham we'd be having four-colored apples in market today? He had the blood, and he had the side whiskers, but he backed out just when success was certain."

The colonel hated to part with them, but he has had all those whiskers shaved off. He doesn't want anything around him to attract lunatics.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

Horrible Custom of a South American Indian Tric.

The Ucayali Indians, a numerous south American tribe, with decided cannibalistic tastes, who inhabit both banks of one of the uppermost and longest of the affluents of the Amazon, have a system by which they preserve the features of their dead, so that friends can always identify those that have gone to the "happy hunting ground" as surely as if gazing at a photograph.

To accomplish this they cut the head from the body, but retain the long hair. The ghastly, bleeding trophies of a day's battle or a night's massacre of their enemies are suspended by the long, straight black hair to the limb of a tree. Directly under this they dig a hole, which they fill with water, in their primitive way causing it to boil by placing hot stones in it, or, if near a camp or village, an earthen pot of boiling water is used.

The ascending hot vapor and steam which envelop the suspended head outlined by the fire and shadows, like ghosts in the darkness of a tropical night, in the deep solitude and under the black shadows of the palm forests, accompanied by the weird antics of the ugly human brutes and the shriek of wild birds of the night or the howl of tigers, make a scene that cannot be fully described to the imagination.

This steaming process has the effect of loosening the scalp from the skull or in some way of softening it that all the bones are removed. With the vacant sack of skin drawn from the head intact, they next fill it with hot pebbles and sand. These are replaced by others when they are cool. The process they use has the effect of drying and shrinking the skin, but in some way, not clearly known, it preserves the original features of the victim. They are thus distorted and ghastly looking reminders of the departed. —London Spare Moments.

A REAL WONDERLAND.

South Dakota, with its rich silver mines, bonanza farms, wide ranges and strange natural formations, is a veritable wonderland. At Mound City, in the home of Mrs. E. D. Clapp, a wonderful case of healing has lately occurred. Her son seemed near death with lung and throat trouble. "Exhausting coughing spells occurred every five minutes," writes Mrs. Clapp, "when I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, the great medicine, that saved his life and completely cured him." Guaranteed for coughs and colds, throat and lung troubles, by Chas. Rogers druggist. 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

BADLY MIXED UP.

Abraham Brown, Wintereon, N. Y., had a very remarkable experience; he says: "Doctors got badly mixed up over me; one said heart disease; two called it kidney trouble; the fourth, blood poison, and the fifth stomach and liver trouble; but none of them helped me; so my wife advised trying Electric Bitters, which are restoring me to perfect health. One bottle did me more good than all the five doctors prescribed." Guaranteed for blood poison, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, by Chas. Rogers druggist, 50.

Leading financiers agree that the scare is over and that prosperity will return quickly.

Good Cough Medicine for Children.

The season for coughs and colds is now at hand and too much care cannot be used to protect the children. A child is much more likely to contract diphtheria or scarlet fever when he has a cold. The quicker you cure his cold the less the risk. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the sole reliance of many mothers, and few of those who have tried it are willing to use any other. Mrs. F. F. Starcher, of Ripley, W. Va., says: "I have never used anything other than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for my children and it has always given good satisfaction." This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a child as to an adult. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

In cast. his vote at Oyster Bay the president was in the booth four minutes. This is not much time to give the country once a year, but there are many who begrudge ten seconds for the duty, and many also who neglect it altogether, though they expatiate for hours on the defects of government.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup, the new Laxative stimulates, but does not irritate. It is the best Laxative. Guaranteed or your money back. Sold by T. F. Laurin. Owl Drug Store.

Jewelry manufacturers expect a decrease in Christmas gifts of their wares. Many orders are being canceled.

When the doctor is called he asks: "How are the bowels?" They are generally wrong. His visit might have been saved by a timely dose of Lane's Family Medicine.

SHAPE OF THE EARTH.

Scientire Claims Its Original Form Was That of a Pear.

According to the deductions of J. A. Jeans of Trinity college, Cambridge, the shape of the earth when it began to cool and to solidify from a liquid mass was that of a pear. But its shape could not have been maintained long against the enormous strains which would be set up in it as the process of cooling proceeded, and this shape would gradually give place to an approximately spherical form. Such a configuration would possess a single axis of symmetry, and this axis, it is suggested, passed through a point of latitude and longitude 6 degrees north of 30 degrees east. Thus Africa, the continent whose center above sea level is greatest, must be taken as the center of the land hemisphere, while the protuberance which formed the stalk of the pear is submerged in the Pacific ocean, which now forms the water hemisphere. Almost the only remaining evidence of the existence of this protuberance is the fact that the axis of the pear coincides with the earth's greatest diameter. If we suppose the pear to contract to a spherical shape the change in curvature and the relative displacements would be greatest in the neighborhood of its equator, and hence we should expect to find earthquakes and volcanoes in greatest numbers near to this circle.—Exchange.

Meaning of Protocol.

Like many other English words derived from other languages, "protocol" has long since lost its original meaning. It is derived from the Greek "protos," meaning first, and "kollan," meaning glue, and meant originally a sheet glued in front of a manuscript bearing the writer's name and other particulars. From this the meaning evolved into that of a rough draft of a document and was so used by the Romans, who called it "protocolium." The definition of the word as used in modern diplomacy is given as a rough draft of any document or a document preliminary to some transaction. It likewise is defined as "a diplomatic document or minute of proceeding signed by friendly powers in order to secure certain diplomatic ends by peaceful means."

Undismayed.

Counsel for the Defense—Gentlemen, I appeal to you to return this unfortunate to his little home, where a tender, loving wife awaits him, where his little children call him father—

Judge (interrupting)—I will call the learned counsel's attention to the fact that the accused is unmarried.

Counsel (undismayed, continuing)—So much the more unfortunate is this poor man, who has no little home, where no tender, loving wife awaits him, where no little children call him father!—Filegende Blatter.

Muscular Pains Cured.

"During the summer of 1903 I was troubled with muscular pains in the instep of my foot," says Mr. S. Pedlar, of Toronto, Ont. "At times it was so painful I could hardly walk. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was recommended to me, so I tried it and was completely cured by one small bottle. I have since recommended it to several of my friends, all of whom speak highly of it." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Have you ordered the Morning Astorian delivered at your door?