A Desperate Expedient.

DR. ROBERT BUCHANAN called on his old bachelor uncle one afternoon in answer to a note. He was not in a particularly pleasant frame of mind. As he rang the bell he was thinking what a very weary world this is for a young medical gentleman who has not enough of this world's goods to feel justified in asking the loveliest girl in the world, Enid Humphrey, to become his wife.

When ushered into the library, however, he answered his uncle's greeting with as cheery a nod as he could manage, the two being really fond of each other.

"Well, Robert," said the old gentleman, getting down to business at once, "I want to talk to you about your medical practice; how is it progressing?"

"I am glad to be able to say that 'progressing' is the right word, Uncle Tom, but it is slow."

"Of course it is slow; what else did you expect? Let's see, you have been back from the university three years?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, I will tell you what the trouble is: you need a wife. You must marry and settle down."

"I have known that for some time," Dr. Buchanan gloomily asserted.

"Have you? That is a good sign. When a man knows what he wants he is half-way on the road to its possession. Why don't you get you a wife?"

"Money!" said Dr. Buchanan, briefly.

"You mean lack of money, I suppose? Now, how much would you consider necessary?"

"With $10,000 and my practice—for that is sure to increase—I would feel safe in making the venture."

"Yes, that ought to start you. I suppose you haven't picked out the girl yet? Now, I am going to make you an offer. The day you tell me some nice, sensible girl has consented to marry you I will give you my check for $10,000, along with my blessing. What do you say?"

"I say it is a go," and Robert grasped his uncle's hand.

"Very good, but that is not all. Of course, my boy, I do not want to interfere in your affairs, but—you know Enid Humphrey, of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, her mother and I were great friends; it amounted to a deal more on my part, and that is your old uncle's romance. Now, my boy, I could not get the mother, but if you, my nephew, should happen to get the daughter I should be very glad—and Robert, not meaning to use any undue influence, you understand, I would make that check, say $25,000."

Robert seized his uncle's hand and worked it up and down 500 to the minute, his face beaming with delight and gratitude.

"Uncle Tom," he gasped, "you are a brick of purest ray serene. You sit right down and fill out that check, and I will be back for it in twenty minutes," and he was gone.

"Lord bless my soul!" said the astonished old gentleman. "I was evidently mistaken about his not having yet picked out a girl."

Twenty minutes after leaving his uncle's house he was sitting by her side, an engaged man and one of the happiest in the universe. He told her the exact day and minute when he first knew he loved her, she reciprocated, all was bliss.

Finally Robert declared that he must go. "You see," he said, "I have a very important engagement with Uncle Tom. In fact, my dear," with a grin, "it is a matter of 'bread and butter for two.'"

"I don't understand."

"Of course not; women never do understand that part of it. But I am going to clinch that very necessary adjunct to matrimonial happiness this very afternoon."

"What on earth are you talking about, R-Robert?"

"It is very simple. About an hour ago Uncle Tom made me an offer; promised to give me a check for $25,000 the instant that I could tell him that you had promised to be my wife."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, real clever in the old boy, wasn't it?" said Robert, with a dim perception that somebody had blundered.

"Very clever, indeed. And very clever in you to take such quick advantage of so generous an offer."

"Why, great goodness——"

"But you are not so shrewd," she hurried on, "in telling me so soon of the great inducement that brought you here this afternoon."

"Enid, dear——"

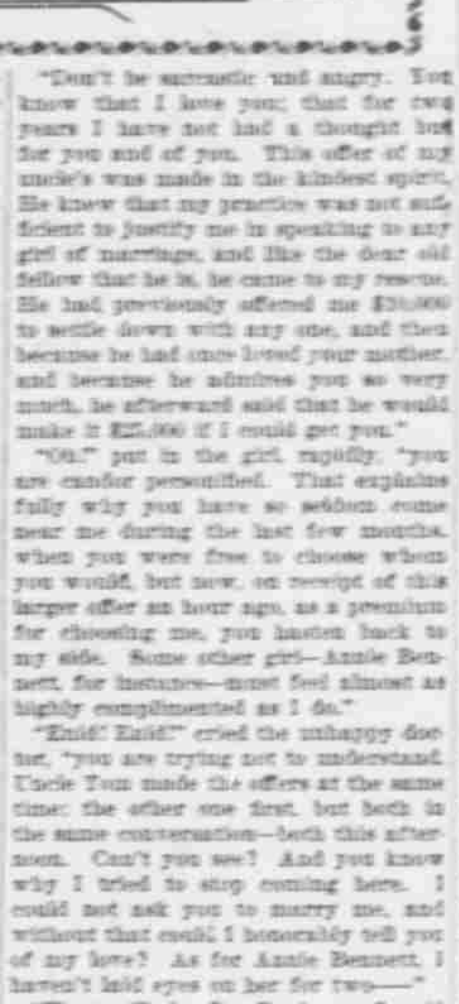
"Miss Humphrey, if you please, Dr. Buchanan."

"Don't be sarcastic and angry. You know that I love you; that for two years I have not had a thought but for you and of you. This offer of my uncle's was made in the kindest spirit. He knew that my practice was not sufficient to justify me in speaking to any girl of marriage, and like the dear old fellow that he is, he came to my rescue. He had previously offered me $10,000 to settle down with any one, and then because he had once loved your mother, and because he admires you so very much, he afterward said that he would make it $25,000 if I could get you."

"Oh!" put in the girl, rapidly, "you are candor personified. That explains fully why you have so seldom come near me during the last few months, when you were free to choose whom you would, but now, on receipt of this larger offer an hour ago, as a premium for choosing me, you hasten back to my side. Some other girl—Annie Bennett, for instance—must feel almost as highly complimented as I do."

"Enid! Enid!" cried the unhappy doctor, "you are trying not to understand. Uncle Tom made the offers at the same time: the other one first, but both in the same conversation—both this afternoon. Can't you see? And you know why I tried to stop coming here. I could not ask you to marry me, and without that could I honorably tell you of my love? As for Annie Bennett, I haven't laid eyes on her for two——"

"That will do, Dr. Buchanan," said Enid, rising, "you need not try to explain any further. I take back my



AND WHO—WHO WAS THE OTHER GIRL?

promise; all is over between us forever!" and she could not hold back the sob in her throat.

Miserably enough, Robert picked up his hat and passed out into the hall. With his hand on the street door he paused.

He muttered, "It is now or never. I'll risk it."

When he re-entered the room Enid was standing before the mantel.

"Enid," he began, humbly, "forgive me if I say one more word. I cannot leave you in this way. I was so astounded at what you were saying that I forgot another offer my uncle made me."

He paused, but she did not help him. Robert continued:

"He named another girl, and said that if I would marry her he would give me $50,000."

"Oh!"

"Yes, he really did."

"And who—who was the other girl?"

"Well, Enid, I was so overjoyed at the offer about you that I rushed off here without waiting to hear the rest of it; but as I slammed the front door, I think I heard him say 'Annie Bennett.'"

For a moment there was another pause. Robert ventured to take the hand hanging at her side.

"Don't you think, Enid," he said, pressing it between his own, "don't you think that makes a difference?"

And Enid said, very low, "Yes—I suppose it does—R-Robert."

The girl was not crying now, and Robert took her in his arms.

Uncle Tom promptly filled out his check for $25,000.

"Thank you, sir," said Robert, as he folded and carefully placed it in his pocket-book, "and, Uncle Tom, if any one ever mentions this matter to you, be sure you do not forget that third offer you made me."—Buffalo News.

When a man has a trouble he regards his burden as being particularly heavy if he has no one to go to for sympathy. He is fortunate that he is compelled to keep it to himself, and doesn't know it.

If a man is a particular friend of yours he may not be so very particular after all.

PERIL OF WINDOW-WASHERS.

Dangerous Employment of Janitors on Chicago's Sky-Scrapers.

The man who rents an office in one of the large buildings of Chicago pays as much attention to the man who washes his windows as he pays to the charlatan who scrubs his floors. In both cases he notices them only to wonder that they can put in so much time and achieve so little. The window washer, however, is worth some study. Like the wild duck, he lives a life of peril and hardship and when he falls, as a general thing, he falls a good deal further. Chicago is a town of high structures and strong winds and bitter weather and the proportion of accidents among the men who clean its windows is large. It is so large, in fact, that more than once a move has been started to obtain State legislation looking to the enforced protection of the artists of the soap and rubber broom.

All of the window washers do not fall at once, so the public gives no heed to the number of fatalities among them. It is a fact, however, that more than 400 men lost their lives by falling from window ledges in the United States last year. Of these casualties Chicago furnished its share. Indeed, it is a rare week which passes without the chronicling of one or more of this class of accidents. Ten, or at most twenty, lines in a newspaper give information of the workman's death. Except by the woman and children who depended upon him for bread he is speedily forgotten. The thing is so common that the risk of a window washer's life is regarded as extra hazardous by all insurance companies.

The danger of the calling is apparent. A man earning his living by washing the windows of the Masonic Temple has to keep his wits awake. That is the windiest corner in the world. Even on still summer days, when the lake is glassy and perspiring pedestrians a block further north or south long for a breath of air, a blast from the deepest lung cells of Boreas is whistling around the Temple, hurling dust into the eyes of passers, playing bowls with their hats, wrenching their coattails, forcing them to lean far out of the perpendicular, and doing wicked things to the ladies' skirts. On the window ledges which mark the twentieth story this blast is a howling gale. Often in the winter time it blows so strongly that a man cannot stand in it. In these cases the window-washer wisely postpones his work and the man who rents the offices goes down and swears at the janitor. Fifty miles an hour is a common rate for air travel about the upper stories of the Temple, and in this sort of blow work goes on as usual. Many times in the winter the stone ledge is covered with snow, or with smooth ice an inch thick. This ren-

WORKING AT A DIZZY HEIGHT.

ders the washer's task doubly perilous. Above him is the open sky. Far below are the stones of the cruel street. The people moving about look like ants. Between him and sickening death is only a slender bar of steel, which fits into a socket on each side of the window frame and passes across the small of his back. He is compelled to use both hands in his work. If he slips he trusts to catching the bar with his numbed fingers. It is contended that some window-washers develop claws on their feet after a year or so. Those who do not are "dead when picked up."

There are various safety devices, but the steel, or iron, bar is the most common. Sometimes the bar breaks; sometimes the socket breaks; sometimes the screw breaks. It all amounts to a cheap funeral in the end. One of the best of the guards is a wide heavy belt of webbing or leather, which passes about the man's middle. It has a staple in the center of its back and through this staple a strong rope is passed and hooked to each side of the window. If a man slips while wearing the belt he is suspended in air and straddles about with arms and legs until he catches hold and resumes his task.

The window washers make no complaint of the dangers to which they are subjected or of the lack of guards with which they are furnished. The steel bar crossing the small of the back is, in bad weather, but little better than no protection at all, yet they accept the risks calmly. Four men in a big city will do a good deal for permission to make a living. They say, when asked about it, that nearly every death among them is traceable to the carelessness of the workman. It is said often that one of the safety devices breaks—that is, comparatively speaking. A man who has washed a hundred windows a day for three years in all sorts of weather gets to thinking that he cannot fall. When he reaches this state of mind the tumble always follows. Ten are killed from carelessness where one meets his death through a fault in the bar or the belt, all of which they admit freely.

TO PREVENT FOGS.

Novel Plan Is Proposed to Remedy London's Great Plagues.

R. H. Thwaite, C. E., F. C. S., author of a number of books on sociological questions, has been studying the smoke problem in London and proposes a novel remedy. Mr. Thwaite says that, naturally, the London atmosphere is as clear and pure and often as bright as that of Paris. This, he says, is easily shown at night or at early morning, before fires are alight. Unhappily this desirable condition is destroyed by the fall of smoke that follows London's awakening.

The deprivation of comfort and the ruin of works of art by London's smoke plague is a small part of Mr. Thwaite's indictment against this ever-present evil. "No plague," he says, "has contin-

PLAN TO STOP LONDON FOGS.

gion has a more destructive influence on the well-being and stability of men's lives than the smoke-laden fog of London."

The average weekly rate of mortality during the prevalence of fogs is increased nearly twofold. Mr. Thwaite declares, and the deaths traceable to diseases of the respiratory organs are more than doubled. In persons of advanced age this rate is increased to an alarming degree. A few years ago a fortnight's heavy fog in London brought the death rate to 40 per 1,000, a rate equal to the great cholera year. Not only does an ordinary London fog sweep away each day the population of an English village, but its effect upon the moral stamina of the people is declared to be appalling. In fact, Mr. Thwaite charges fogs with being the cause of most of the crimes and misery of the city. He contends that the increase in the cases of drunkenness during foggy days substantiates this statement.

The almost daily fog that hangs over London weighs, according to scientific investigators, 300 tons, composed of fifty tons of carbon and 250 tons of hydrocarbon. The value of these commodities is estimated at £2,000,000.

The solution of the problem that Mr. Thwaite suggests is to supply London with gas generated in the coal fields of South Wales, South Yorkshire and Staffordshire. London consumes 12,000,000 tons of coal a year. In transporting this there is probably a loss of 60,000 tons, equal to £45,000. The cost of transportation by rail is estimated at £2,700,000, and by sea £1,500,000. The profits of various merchants, middlemen and carters and the loss in nitrogenous and other constituents of the coal bring London's annual coal bill up to £8,500,000. All this, Mr. Thwaite argues, would be saved by the erection of gas-generating plants in the coal districts and the carrying of gas by pipes to London. Cheap coal gas could then be supplied to every householder of the metropolis.

Her Soldier and His Cake.

The simplicity of mind of a great people in the United States with regard to the proper uses of a soldier is admirably illustrated in the following letter, said by the Army and Navy Journal to have been received lately by the Secretary of War:

Sir: I know it is most presumptuous in me to address so great a man, but firmly believing as I do that you truly have the interest of every soldier at heart, I venture to make a bold request that you will not start the Second Division of the Second Brigade, First Army Corps, now at Americus, Ga., to Cuba until after Dec. 12, because my soldier has a birthday about that time, and I want to send him a birthday cake, with candles, to "remind him of home and mother," and you know the cake would not stand transportation to Cuba.

Caughey—"Who on earth is trying to play the piano, Caroline?" Mrs. Caughey (proudly)—"It is Arabella. She is learning to read music." Caughey (testily)—"Well, ask her if it is necessary to read it aloud."—Stray Stories.

When a woman washes her head, all the neighbors know it.

She Didn't Make That.

"The girl that mother used to be" she [illegible] him with a [illegible] and he wisely paused.

"Your father," she [illegible] seemed sufficient to [illegible] mother to keep a [illegible]

Still, he was a reasonable [illegible] not easily discouraged.

"The girl that mother [illegible] made never did amount to [illegible] way," he asserted, but there [illegible] of enthusiasm in his manner that told her she had won a victory.—Chicago Post.

There was a young man from [illegible]
Who boldly went off to the [illegible]
The "best" made him sick,
He recovered quite quick
By the prompt use of old [illegible]

Somehow we always suppose [illegible] low who gets mad first to [illegible] the argument second best.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Naming a battleship Washington is all right, but [illegible] with that name he at anchor.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Under Henry V. an act of parliament ordered all the geese in England to be counted, and the sheriffs of counties were required to [illegible] arrow-feathers from each goose.

"I DO MY OWN WORK"

So Says Mrs. Mary Bock, of Linden, New Jersey, in Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was bothered with a [illegible] would be quite annoying at times, at others would almost stop.

"I used prescriptions given me by physician, but the same state of affairs continued.

"After a time I was taken with a flooding that I was obliged to keep my bed. Finally, in despair, I gave up my doctor, and began taking your medicine, and have certainly been benefited by its use.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has indeed been a friend to me.

"I am now able to do my own work, thanks to your wonderful medicine. I was as near death I believe as I could be, so weak that my pulse was very poor, and my heart had almost given out. I could not have stood it one week longer, I am sure. I never thought I would be so grateful to any medicine.

"I shall use my influence with any one suffering as I did, to have them use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Every woman that is puzzled about her condition should secure the sympathetic advice of a woman who understands. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her your trouble.

Plunder's Oregon Blood Purifier
HEALTH RESTORER

SURE CURE FOR PILES

TEETH WITHOUT PLATES
Roots Crowned. Bridges Made. Painless filling and extracting.
Dr. T. H. White,

DR. LANGWORTHY
DENTIST
...HAS REMOVED...

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A soil of very deep dark loam; will grow all kinds of vegetables, grain, hay—in great abundance. Climate splendid. Crop failures impossible. Adapted to the raising of cattle, sheep, hogs; dairy and poultry industry. In a mining district, providing an excellent market for all products. Also rich cranberry marsh. Magnificent chance if taken at once. Write for descriptive book giving full particulars. Address today. C. R. DeWITT, Secretary, 28 Thurlow Block, San Francisco.

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