

SAW DEATH ANGEL

Apparition That Appeared to Royal Children.

Story Related by Governess of Russian Princesses—Czar and Czarina Believe Supernatural Figure Really Was Visible.

Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse had a very pretty little daughter by his first wife, Princess Victoria Melita of Great Britain and Coburg, now married to Grand Duke Cyril of Russia. This little girl's name was Elizabeth, and on account of her beauty and sprightly cleverness she was a universal favorite and the only tie between her parents after the estrangement. F. Cunniffe Owen writes in the New York World.

While staying with her uncle and aunt, the present czar and czarina, at their picturesque country seat in Poland, she succumbed when seven years old to poison—potamine poison, according to some, but according to others drugs conveyed into food or drink by the nihilists for the purpose of taking the life of Emperor Nicholas.

A remarkable account of the affair is given by an English woman of the name of Miss Eger, who, after spending a number of years in the service of the emperor and empress of Russia as the nursery governess of their young children, published on her return to England, with the full authority and approval of their majesties, a volume entitled "Six Years at the Court of Russia."

According to her, little Princess Elizabeth, or "Ella," of Hesse was taken ill one afternoon or night and died before the following morning. Between nine o'clock and ten o'clock two of the little girls of the czarina, who were sleeping together in a room adjoining that of their seven-year-old cousin of Hesse, suddenly alarmed every one within hearing by the most frantic screams.

When the empress, Miss Eger and the doctors rushed in they found the two little grand duchesses standing up on their beds, shrieking and shaking with terror. It was some time before they could be soothed, and then they related that they had seen a man with flowing robes and huge wings in their room. While they were still talking the eyes of both children suddenly dilated with terror, and both pointing in the same direction, they cried: "Look! Look! There he is again. He has gone into Ella's room. Oh! Poor Ella! Poor Ella!"

Neither Miss Eger nor the czarina, nor yet the physicians, could see anything. But a few moments later Princess Ella suddenly sat up in her bed, crying: "I am choking. I am choking! Send for mamma!" Three hours afterward the child, who had immediately after the cry for her mother fallen into a state of coma, passed away, in the absence, of course, of her parents.

Miss Eger expressed her firm conviction that the little grand duchesses had seen a supernatural apparition and that the apparition in question was the angel of death. That the czar and czarina shared her impression is shown by the fact that they had authorized her to publish the story in her book, as well as by the circumstance that she retains their favor and good will and is in receipt of an annuity from them for the remainder of her days.

Makes His Money En Route.

A genuine California booster is with us. He is C. E. Langley of Watsonville, Cal., according to an Atlantic City correspondent of the Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Langley is president of the Pajaro Valley National bank in Watsonville, and he puts the bank, the town and the state on the map by advertising in an unusual way.

Whenever a waiter presents a check in the dining room, Mr. Langley brings out a pair of scissors and a roll of green paper, clips off a \$5 bank note, signs it with his fountain pen and pays the check. The captains and waiters know their business and accept Mr. Langley's money-making stunt without a lift of the eyebrows. The bank notes are already signed by the cashier of the California bank.

Opportunity in Syria.

From the comparatively few letters that pass the rigid censorship of the Turkish government, the Presbyterian board in the United States learns that the work of the Syria mission is going on as usual. The boys' schools have not as large attendance as in ordinary years, owing to the fact that so many homes have suffered financial losses. The girls' school, however, at Beirut, has more applicants than it can take care of. This is because of the fact that the schools carried on by missionaries of other nationalities, such as the French and English, have been closed and the missionaries sent away. Their pupils have consequently knocked and not in vain at the door of the American Girls' school in Beirut.

Four and a Half Ton Mirror.

The 100-inch-diameter reflector for the Mount Wilson observatory in California, which will be finished early next year, will be the largest mirror ever cast. It will be 13 inches thick and will contain, in one solid piece, 4½ tons of glass.—Engineering Record.

PLEA FOR BED AS IT WAS

Modern Things That Masquerade as Such Are Properly Condemned by Chicago Newspaper.

Modern life, having succeeded in eliminating economy from the list of virtues, is now, apparently, conducting a drive against sleep, which the older authorities numbered among mankind's blessings. People, city people in particular, seem to be ashamed of the fact that they must sleep. Tired nature's sweet restorer, sore labor's bath, that which knits up the raveled sleeve of care—the inventor of which was so praised by Sancho Panza, prince of squires, is in disrepute.

This tendency to conceal the fact that sleep still falls upon mankind is strikingly illustrated by modern furniture. The bed that was frankly a bed is being thrust into the background as something to be ashamed of. Its place is taken by various kinds of monstrosities that masquerade as other articles of furniture in the daytime, and, indeed, far into the night, confessing that they can be made to serve as beds only when frivolity can no longer stand or sit, but must, perforce, become recumbent.

The bookcase, the piano, the bathtub, the mirror, the closet door, the Morris chair—these may at any moment, by the pulling of a strap or the pressing of a spring, be revealed as sleeping utensils—beds one cannot fairly call them. And they function as beds in a diffident, half-hearted way, as if ashamed of the office. Jacks of many trades, they are masters of none.

Until sleep itself becomes obsolete the human race must have beds of some sort, and the more comfortable they are the better. No sleeping implement disguised as a phonograph, a bird cage or a cook stove can take the place of the old-fashioned piece of furniture that was a bed and nothing else.—Chicago News.

Japan's Factory Law.

Operation under the new factory law in Japan, which was to have gone into effect on June 1, has been postponed for two months by order of the privy council in order that the regulations may be revised. These, it is pointed out, did not sufficiently guard the interests of the workers and would result in confusion if at once enforced. To the working people of the United States the hours of labor permitted under the new law will seem extraordinary long, but it must be remembered that factory work is young in Japan and that the working hours are founded on the hours voluntarily devoted to work by the people on the farms or in their own workshops—twelve to sixteen hours a day. The most important thing is the forbidding of child work under 10 years and limiting the hours of girls under 15. It is, on the whole, an advance on conditions as they have been and will open the way to further concessions to labor.

Linens Growing Scarcer.

Summing up the linen situation recently, one of the principal importers to this market spoke this way: "Business is as active as it ever is at this time of the year, when everyone is trying to reduce stocks as far as possible before taking inventory, and orders are placed only for goods that are really needed to meet some special demand or to fill out a broken line. Flax continues to get scarcer and dearer as time goes on, and linens of all kinds are also getting scarcer and dearer. This will continue, at least until the war ends. In many cases merchandise is still being let out in this market below the cost of replacement, and this will be done as long as present methods of averaging up buying and selling prices are retained."—New York Times.

New Bug Killer.

A new piece of agricultural apparatus has been developed for the purpose of combating the destructive bugs and undesirable vegetable growths by an application of steam to the soil penetrating some distance below the surface. The machine carries a steam generating plant and moves over the surface on a large drum, the periphery of which is staggered with protruding steam outlets in the shape of blades or spines. As the apparatus is drawn over the ground the spines laced themselves in the soil and while in this position the steam is released and penetrates the soil for some distance around the outlet, killing the worms, larvae and bugs and the undesirable crop of weeds which seed themselves from one season to another.

Hearing Your Men at Work.

The manager of a machine shop or factory can know how much work is being done at benches by mechanics or by power-driven machines or tools by means of microphones or telephone transmitters connected with the working apparatus, says Popular Science. By becoming familiar with the vibrations of the different machines he can tell at any given moment just how fast Pat is working the lathe, or how industriously Mike is operating the milling machine on one of his blue Mondays. In addition to this he can tell at a simple turn of the switch if the machines are running at normal speed and smoothly and properly, as they should.

Her Limit.

"Where is your wife going this summer?" "She's looking around for some place where none of the women have more than two gowns. She has three."—Life.

Outdoor Living Brings Health From Babyhood to Old Age

By SAMUEL G. DIXON, M. D.
Commissioner of Health of Pennsylvania

God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul.—Genesis.

Air is life; without it man ceases to live. Living in impure air, his health gradually depreciates and he becomes a dyspeptic, predisposed to tuberculosis and other diseases. Often after suffering for years, during which time he is unable to enjoy the good things of life, he meets an untimely death.

The majority of us have to work in offices and buildings artificially heated during the cold season. Our places in which we spend so many hours during the winters and early spring

Some New Ways of Getting Best of That Tricky Memory.

The old method of tying a string about the finger to recall to mind some task to be done at a certain time has been done away with. The new way is to transfer a ring from one finger to another. On the accustomed finger the ring feels natural and does not cause annoyance, but on any other finger it slightly irritates. This irritation constantly will aid in recalling the task to be done. Just try it once.

Another and more novel way is to carry a colored ribbon in the coat pocket. Suppose, now, you are in your office. Your wife phones you to be sure and bring home a certain thing. Go to your coat hanging on the office rack, take out the ribbon, and tie it tightly around a sleeve. At night when you start to go home your fist will jam itself against the tied sleeve. "Oh, yes," you will say to yourself, "there's that cough sirup Molly told me to be sure and bring home tonight," and off you will go at once to make the purchase.

POULTRY POINTERS

Dispose of all the old stock you do not need. This had best be done now, while prices are good and before the annual molt starts.

The feeding of milk to young chicks has a most favorable influence on the growth and on lessening the mortality. It tends to prevent mortality from all causes, and if fed soon enough and for a sufficiently long period greatly reduces the death rate caused by bacillary white diarrhoea.

An open-front poultry house is better than too much glass, even in our cold northern climate.

The hot weather is already giving the plumage a rusty appearance, and it will grow worse from now on until molting time.

Keep the chicks free from lice; keep them growing, for every little attention tells and brings nearer the coveted blue ribbon.

A splendid mixture for laying hens is equal parts of cracked corn, wheat and oats, which should be scattered in the litter.

Be sure to give plenty of water and see that the chickens, both large and small, have plenty of green food. If your yards do not have plenty of grass, try dividing the runs and sowing part to rye or rape.

Greatness.

We can be great by helping one another.
We can be loved for very simple deeds.
Who has the grateful mention of a brother
Has really all the honor that he needs.

We can be famous for our works of kindness,
Fame is not born alone of strength or skill.
It sometimes comes from deafness and from blindness
To petty words and faults and loving still.

We can be rich in gentle smiles and sunny,
A jeweled soul exceeds a royal crown,
The richest men sometimes have little money,
And Croesus off's the poorest man in town.
—Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press.

Use of Jersey.

It is likely that when Jersey, both silk and wool, at last finds its proper level it will appear among the trimmings. As broad or narrow bandings, as the foundation for hats and as collars and cuffs and scarfs it will never have an equal, but where American women at any rate are consulted no lasting vogue will ever be conferred upon a material which sags incorrigibly and stretches in every direction at the same time.

days are far from having perfect ventilation. This therefore is the reason for us all to take advantage of mild weather conditions to get all the fresh air possible to build our physical bodies up so as to resist the unfavorable conditions we must submit to during the cold months of the year.

This should apply to all ages, especially including babyhood and on up to old age. It means outdoor living as much as possible both day and night. When compelled to be in buildings keep the windows up; otherwise you have dead pockets of air in your rooms at your homes and place of occupation.

Clean, well aired, homes built so as to admit of plenty of fresh air all the year around and outdoor living as much as possible during the summer, will do much to bring health to the home and just in proportion to your health your life will be worth living.

A Few Smiles.

Getting Monotonous.

"I see we are facing a new crisis this morning," said the first restaurant patron, scanning his newspaper.
"Yes?" replied the second restaurant patron, mildly, as he continued to dig into his cantaloupe.
"You don't seem excited."
"Why should I be? By Jove, sir! During the past 12 months we've faced so many crises that when the next one bobs up I shall be tempted to turn my back on it!"

Preparedness.

"War is a terrible thing."
"No doubt about that."
"I see where some debutantes have called an urgent mass meeting."
"What's the idea?"
"They are going to send sofa pillows to their friends at the front."

True.
"A man who owns an automobile is not always envied by pedestrians."
"No?"
"A great deal depends on whether he's in it or under it."

A Real Hardship.

"I certainly will be glad when the war in Europe is over," said Asphodelia Twobble.
"Of course, you will, my dear. And so will everybody else. It's a cruel tragedy."
"I wasn't thinking about that. It's so much fun to go to the pier and see one's friends off for Europe. I haven't been able to do that for ages."

Bearing Up Well.

"You are never satisfied."
"Oh, yes, I am," answered the lazy individual.
"You'll have a hard time convincing me of that."
"Well, you never hear me complaining because I live more than two miles from the nearest golf links."

Both Departed.

"You don't often see an old-fashioned whittler nowadays."
"No. The type is dying out. Also the diminutive bad man who used to pull out a bowie knife and threaten to whittle his foe down to his size."

Serious Obstacle.

"Mr. Dubwaite is so anxious to go to Mexico and fight that Mrs. Dubwaite can hardly restrain him."
"I had no idea he was so warlike."
"Yes. There's only one thing that keeps him from going."
"What is that?"
"He says the social inferiority of a private is more than he could endure."

Wise and Otherwise.

Wise is he who has the cage ready for the bird.
Old age commands respect—except in jests and poetry.
If you can get a horse at a bargain—drive the bargain.
The worst man is sometimes capable of giving the best advice.
When a fool is angry he opens his mouth and closes his eyes.
The rich are able but not liberal; the poor are liberal but not able.
Women have never been able to find a successful way of keeping secrets.



NEW MOLE HOME.

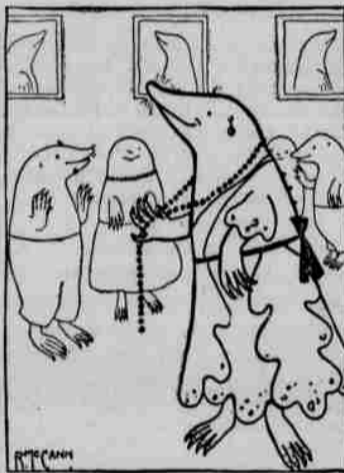
"Mr. Mole was going to get married," said Daddy, "and he wanted to build a fine, fine Home for the new Mrs. Mole. So he went forth into the nearest meadow he could find, and there, just at the end of it, near an old fence, Mr. Mole started to burrow into the ground.

"You know the Moles live underground almost all of the time, and there make their Homes. Just near the fence Mr. Mole began to dig and dig. First of all he made a long, long tunnel, a funny underground passage which he called the Drive-Way of his Home!

"Of course the callers of Mr. and Mrs. Mole could hardly drive along this tunnel, but they could run and scamper along, and they liked to call it by a big name like Drive-Way.

"And after the long, long tunnel Mr. Mole started in to make a fine Home out of the earth. He made lovely rooms, one for Mrs. Mole, one for himself, one for the little Mole who was to do the cooking and housekeeping and several for guestrooms. For, as you can imagine, Mr. Mole was very fond of company. In addition to all this Mr. Mole built a very fine picture gallery—made in tiers of earth and mud—long rows and rows of it. On these he put pictures of his family which he made out of earth, too. Of course, Mr. Mole made every member of his family look just alike, but that didn't make any difference. The Moles are not very fussy if their pictures aren't very well taken, for they can't bother to look at pictures much of the time.

"You see their eyes are very small and they like to look at things more worth while—such as food and corn starting to grow in the ground and all the things the Farmers plant. They love farms you know, where wonderful vegetables are planted deep down in



"Please Admire My Dress."

the earth. They are very apt to burrow along and make paths so they can walk to a farmland and have a feast.

"But I must tell you more about Mr. Mole's new home. The very last thing he did was to build a beautiful throne in the picture gallery for Mrs. Mole.

"At last it was time for her to come to her new Home and Mr. Mole had invited their friends and cousins, the Cricket Moles, to come, too. These cousins have very strangely shaped front legs with which they burrow homes just like the regular Moles, and so they are considered relations.

"Here we all are," said Mrs. Mole, and she blinked her very small eyes, while all the other Moles blinked their tiny eyes, too, and looked about them. Through the Drive-Way they ran until they came to the House with all the beautiful rooms.

"The room Mr. Mole took them to last was the picture gallery, where Mrs. Mole sat on the throne in honor of her wedding day, and the little Mole, who cooked, brought out some of the delicious stewed vegetables she had made for the wedding feast.

"You should have heard the Moles as they looked at the pictures. They thought every picture was one of their own relatives.

"One Mole would say: 'Why, there's Mamma,' and another would say: 'Why, no, that's not your Mamma, that's my Papa.' However, they didn't get in the least angry about the pictures—in fact, they thought it very clever of Mr. Mole to make pictures which looked like all their relations at the same time.

"But you haven't noticed my wedding dress," said Mrs. Mole. "I think my new Home is S-C-R-U-M-P-T-I-O-U-S, which means beautiful in case any of you little Moles don't understand the word I've said in honor of the day. And now that you've all admired my Home, please admire my dress."

"For the first time the Moles noticed that Mrs. Mole had attached to her tiny ears little earrings made of mud with a red berry in each, and she wore a necklace to match. Her dress was of dull oak leaves which Mrs. Mole had saved for a whole year to wear on her wedding day.

"You're a handsome Mole," said Mr. Mole, "and I'm so proud you're to share this Home I've made," and all the other Moles grinned and ate more and more of the vegetable wedding feast to show what a good time they were having."

Dense Scholar.

There is such a thing as being so "scholarly" that one is dense.



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Only a Lady in the Making.
Five-year-old Freddy often showed pugilistic tendencies. One day he had been using his fists on 3-year-old sister Helen. His visiting auntie said, "Freddy, don't you know that a gentleman never strikes a lady?"

Instantly Helen stopped crying and exclaimed, "They do, too."
"Why, Helen," said auntie. "When did you ever see a gentleman strike a lady?"

With an air of convincing proof, the little maid replied, "Why, my daddy spanks me."—Christian Herald.

Bringing It Home to Her.
"I'm glad to know," said the Billville matron, "that there's such a thing as a conscience fund in this country and people are secretly returning to the government the money they embezzled from it. How nice!"

"Yes," growled the old man. "It is nice; and if I had all the dollars and dimes you've frisked from my pockets overnight, there'd be a home-conscience fund that would be a great relief to both of us."—Atlanta Constitution.

Twice Worse.
A German spy was being marched on a very rainy day to the tower.
"What brutes you English are," he said, "to march me through a rain like this!"

"But how about us?" grumbled one of his escort. "It's worse for us. We've got to march back."—London Opinion.

Affection's Pangs.
"Do you love your country?"
"Of course I do," replied Senator Sorghum. "And I don't mind saying that it gets me riled to see my country flirting with people who don't belong to my political party."—Washington Star.

Not Always.
"Like always produces like."
"Does it? Then just you try to get some cold cash from a snowbank."—Baltimore American.

HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE

Stopped Most Terrible Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Denison, Texas.—"After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female trouble and could hardly do my work. I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would almost burst. I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's step-sister told my husband if he did not do something for me I would not last long and told him to get my medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking the first three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."—Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.

If you are suffering from any form of female ills, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and commence the treatment without delay.

