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READ THE OBSERVER ALL the time. For County news

Paulton's Prisoner.

By W. F. Bryan.

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Absurd as it may seem, Edith Mortimer had run away from happiness.

Realizing that Guy Paulton was determined to marry her, she had looked into the commanding eyes and surveyed the determined chin and had fled in a panic to the mountains after artfully announcing that she was bound for the shore.

This was not because she did not want to marry Paulton. To the contrary, the prospect thrilled her with tender delight, but what she did want was another social season without ties of any sort. She did not want to retire to the ranks of engaged girls and wallflowers after only one year's triumph as the belle of the season.

Guy, on the contrary, seemed determined to be married at once, and as a last resort she had fled to escape his proposal. From babyhood Guy had had a masterful way, and Edith knew that if she stopped to argue she was lost.

Her old chum, Belle Manton, who was going to Beach Haven, forwarded Edith's mail and otherwise helped to maintain the polite but obvious fiction.

Loyally she strove to protect her friend's secret, and, though Paulton alternately begged and threatened, he could gain no hint of Edith's whereabouts. Edith smiled at the desperate letters he wrote, but she carefully saved them in her little rosewood traveling desk, and could Paulton have seen the tender light in her eyes as she reread them in the quiet of the summer nights he would have been content. The trouble was that Paulton could not see, and he was putting in a most uncomfortable summer.

Oddly enough, Edith was really enjoying her runaway vacation. She

"ALL'S FAIR"—

had stumbled on a quaint village far from the haunts of fashion. In simple gowns and with her hair in braids she rejoiced at the freedom from dress and social routine that had been her portion all winter. In her gingham sunbonnet she might have passed for the daughter of a farmer, and for the moment Guy Paulton took her to be such when he came upon her in the little woodland where Edith spent most of her time. Her back was turned to him as he parted the bushes and trampled down the ferns.

Edith started at the sound of his voice, but promptly drew the all concealing bonnet down in front and managed to stammer an answer to his question if she had seen any soldiers about.

For the first time she noticed that he was in uniform, and she immediately realized that the rough service dress was most becoming. Paulton was built in heroic mold, and, though he looked well in the conventional dress of a man of fashion, the heavy blue shirt, open to display his fine throat, and tight fitting riding trousers emphasized the good lines of his powerfully muscled figure.

Edith shook her head.

"You are certain that there have been no soldiers about," he asked again, "no chaps in brown uniform?"

"Haven't seen any," denied Edith in nasal tones. "You're the first soldier I've seen since the county fair. Is it a parade?"

"It's a game of war," explained Paulton. "They divided the militia into two armies. The browns must beat the blues to win, and of course we blues are anxious to see that they don't. I am supposed to be scouting."

"Like real soldiers?" she asked innocently.

"Of course," was the impatient reply. "That is the whole idea, to train us like the regulars."

Edith giggled in a very good imitation of Dolly Spence, the village flirt.

"I didn't know that real soldiers stopped to talk to girls when there was a war on," she suggested as she raised her hand to the bonnet the better to adjust its shade.

The movement was fatal to concealment. Paulton noticed that her hand was unusually white for a girl who worked about the farm, and the next instant he recognized the slight filigree band that circled one of the slender fingers. It had been his mother's, and how often he had suggested to Edith to wear it!

"We are like regular soldiers also because we are not above a pleasant little flirtation," declared Paulton smilingly. "I believe that a regular soldier would kiss such a pretty face as yours!"

"How do you know that it is pretty?" demanded Edith from the security of the sunbonnet's shade. It hurt her to think that Guy would flirt with any girl he met, but she was determined to carry the game as far as she dared.

"I'll take the face on trust," announced Paulton calmly. "All's fair in love and war, they say, so your face must be fair, since this is mimic war."

"Maybe it's only make believe fair, since this is make believe war," suggested Edith coquettishly.

"To the contrary, this is very real war," declared Paulton, "and I am obliged to place you under arrest."

"What for?" demanded Edith, not without some alarm. "You cannot draw country folks into your games."

"You are wrong," retorted Paulton. "It is the soldier's duty to take into custody those enemies of his country whose sentiments threaten the success of a campaign."

"But I am not your enemy," protested Edith. "I won't be taken prisoner."

"Perhaps," assented Paulton, "but a stern duty confronts me. I must take you a prisoner and hale you before a court martial unless"—

He paused tantalizingly.

"Unless?" She told herself that if he demanded a kiss as the price of her freedom she would never believe in men again.

"There is but one way out of it," continued Paulton. "Prove your loyalty to your country by marrying one of its protectors. There is a parson just beyond here. I passed a church not very long ago We will slip over there and get married, and then I shall be certain that you are not an enemy to the country."

"And if I refuse?" asked Edith loftily, in her anger dropping her vocal disguise.

"In that case," answered Paulton, "I am afraid that you will be thrown into the guardhouse until you change your mind."

"I shall report you to the colonel," cried Edith angrily. "He will not tolerate such conduct."

"I am quite certain that the colonel will approve my conduct," said Guy placidly. "Coming up on the train he told me that I ought to marry, and I assured him that, through no fault of mine, bachelorhood was my lot. I am sure that he will be pleased at the promptness with which I have acted upon his suggestion when I bring my bride into camp."

"I won't be your bride!" stormed Edith. "You are rude and ungentlemanly to take unfair advantage of a woman."

"All's fair in love and war," reminded Paulton, "and this is both love and war. I am doing the loving and you have been doing the warring. Do you think it was fair to run away as you did and never give me a hint of your address?"

"You know me?" gasped Edith.

"Most assuredly," declared Paulton. "I was not positive until I saw that you were wearing the little ring I gave you and which you never would wear in town. Then I knew that perhaps there was a chance. Will you marry me, Edith?"

"Not now," protested Edith in sudden panic. "Guy, don't make me marry you right away. You have your scouting to do, and—I never did like the minister of that little church," she added inconsequentially. "Dr. Miron is much nicer."

"May I come back when this cruel war is over—next week?" asked Guy tenderly. "Then I'll ask Dr. Miron to marry us, and we'll have our friends up to see the prisoner of war marry her captor, just as they do in historical novels."

"I think that I'll just have to marry you," assented Edith. "You are such a persistent torment."

"All's fair"— Paulton began his favorite quotation, but the rest was lost in the pasteboard tunnel of the sunbonnet as he claimed a kiss.

The Larynx.

The larynx has been compared to a wind, a reed and a stringed instrument. The comparison of it to a violin gave rise to the not very accurate phrase "vocal chords" as the name of the two cushions which are its most prominent features. But no string so short as those vocal chords could produce a musical bass note. In fact, the comparison of the larynx to any instrument which produces only musical tones is inadequate to begin with. There is no instrument but the larynx which produces both song and speech, and as those comparisons view the larynx merely as a producer of musical sounds we have no further concern with them at present. Besides, the voice can be trained for speech, elocution and oratory without a knowledge of the physiology of the larynx.

We have the power of adjusting the larynx, of varying the tension of its cords, cushions or ligaments, as they have been variously called. We can do these things without scientific technical knowledge of how they are done, without any knowledge at all of vocal physiology, and it is the work of the trainer of the voice to teach the pupils how to do them.—Chambers' Journal

The Reward of Beauty.

"What a beautiful little girl!" said the woman.

"Yes," replied the man, "and some day it may be necessary for her father to pay millions in order to get some scrawny little foreigner with bowlegs and watery eyes and a receding chin to marry her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Govern your passions, otherwise they will govern you.—Horace.

In African Wilds.

Kermit Roosevelt's Task as Official Photographer of the Animal Hunt In the Dark Continent—F. M. Chapman. -:-

THE president may be ever so successful in shooting wild animals in Africa, but if the snap shooting end of the expedition is not well attended to the hunt will lose a great part of its interest to the public. In appointing his son Kermit official photographer of the hunt the president showed his appreciation of the importance of the role. Kermit is a good shot with a gun. If he takes as good aim with his camera as he has been accustomed to do with the rifle he will bring home some fine plates for the benefit of the natural history museums and the publishers of the book the president will write in description of his adventures and observations. Kermit has been training for his part in the expedition for some time. Not only has he hunted wild animals of some size and ferocity in the west, but he has participated in the rough sports of hunt clubs in the east and in capturing manikins and the like has sustained some bad tumbles. He has taken them like a man and continued in the sport without any signs of the pains incident to mishaps.

For his work as photographer the president's son has been preparing himself by a course of instruction under the noted ornithologist Frank M. Chapman, associate curator of the department of ornithology of the Amer-

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FRANK M. CHAPMAN AND KERMIT ROOSEVELT.

ican Museum of Natural History in New York. Mr. Chapman's attainments as a naturalist and as a photographer of animal subjects are well known to the president, and he was anxious to secure his services as a member of the expedition. Failing in this, he decided to have Mr. Chapman train Kermit in his methods of photographing the denizens of the jungle.

Nearly every year Mr. Chapman goes to some obscure corner of the earth to get new specimens of birds or photographs of them or information about their habits. He has done perhaps more than any other man of his generation to interest the American public in birds, especially those native to the western continent. Besides being connected with the Museum of Natural History, he is editor of the magazine called Bird Lore and is a lecturer on his favorite subject. One of his latest publications is entitled "The Color Key to North American Birds" and is a sort of illustrated dictionary of birds belonging to this continent. Mr. Roosevelt is anxious to make his trip beneficial to the museum, and photography will be a great help to this end if rightly employed. Mr. Chapman is not only an expert in bird lore, but he knows how to get snapshots of them at close range and thus to picture them to the public just as they look in their native haunts. Sometimes he constructs a blind, covers it with brush and leaves it for weeks until the birds have become accustomed to it. Then he slips into it before the birds are astir and gets good negatives of them as they hop around unconcernedly only a few feet from his lens. At other times he has hung a piece of burlap over a bush and left it until he passed that way on another expedition, when he would creep under it and wait until opportunity was presented for securing some rare snapshots.

The heart of the dark continent is a fine place for securing scientific material by such methods, and the museums might be much enriched by their employment. The president will have every opportunity for making his African hunt not only adventurous and exciting, but fruitful of results beneficial to science and nature study. The administrators of the Uganda railway are building for the expedition a special train of observatory, dining, sleeping and reception cars.

NEW MALADY IN STYLE.

"Summer Neck"—Have You Caught This Disease Yet?

"Summer neck ache" is the latest disease.

Have you a pain in the left side of your neck and in your left shoulder?

If so, you are suffering from a fashionable epidemic.

Case after case has been treated by doctors.

"It has been suggested to me by many of my friends who are suffering from it that it is rheumatism," writes one sufferer. "Now, rheumatism is, unfortunately, common enough, but an epidemic of rheumatism always located in one particular portion of the body is most singular.

"It might almost be contagious, but I believe it has been definitely established that the malady is not caused by bacteria and therefore cannot be communicated from one victim to another."

An eminent specialist when consulted in regard to the matter said:

"I have noticed it myself and have had several people to treat for it. My personal friends have spoken to me about it, and, worst of all, I have had it myself just recently. Certainly it is rheumatism.

"On the face of it, it is very puzzling, but I think the explanation really is simple. People are learning more and more the advantage of sleeping with their windows open. Now, every one naturally lies on the right side, because that position is most favorable to the heart and rests it most. If the weather is hot when bed is sought, the first thing that happens is that the clothes are thrown back as soon as sleep comes on.

"Consequently the left shoulder is exposed to the cold air of the small hours and gets thoroughly chilled. The result is this epidemic of a noninfectious ailment—rheumatism—and that is why in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it appears in the left side of the neck and the left shoulder.

"People should not sleep with closed windows, but they should take care that no portion of the body is exposed to chills."

PLANNING NEW CENSUS.

Director North Preparing to Count the American Public.

It will cost $1,500,000 more to take the census of 1910 than that of eight years ago, on account of the increased number of men, women and children, estimated at 25,000,000 persons, but the work will be far better done, which is one of the notable advantages of such a permanent bureau organization as the United States has maintained since 1900, aside from the valuable vital statistical work it has been accomplishing in the meantime every day. The director of the census, S. N. D. North, has made his arrangements for enumerating the population two years hence, and, notwithstanding the increased and varied information that will be gathered, he confidently estimates the cost at only $14,000,000. This estimate will be submitted to congress at the next session, as Mr. North desires the appropriation in a lump sum, so that all arrangements for the taking of the census may be completed without any worry about money.

Besides the count of the population, there will be a census of agriculture that will cost about $2,000,000. That census has been urged by farmers' institutes, grangers' societies, agriculture and live stock associations all over the country.

The results of the thirteenth census will be published in not more than seven volumes—three less than were required in 1900.

SHARED CAKES WITH BEAR.

Lost Child Cried When Taken Away From Frightened Bruin.

Not heeding a warning not to wander far, ten-year-old Maggie Fanning of Chicago, who with her mother is visiting relatives near Farnwood, Sullivan county, N. Y., was lost in the woods the other day. When found she was sitting on a log feeding a half grown bear with cakes from a paper bag.

At the approach of the searching party the bear fled, and the child cried because they had scared it away. The little girl said she had walked a long way, picking and eating huckleberries, and at last became tired and sat down on a log to eat her cakes when the bear, which she thought was a dog, came out of the brush, and she handed it a cake. This was followed by other cakes until the whole dozen had disappeared. Then she said she was about to follow her doggie to his home, where she knew there would be people who would take her home.

The child had been gone five hours.

A Hard Blow.

"Alas, alas!" cries Johnny D.
"An awful shock this is to me
That this great, big United States
Wants fines from me at such high rates—
Insists in spite of all I say
That I can well afford to pay.
If this fine stands, it ruins me!
What shall I do?" wails Johnny D.

"Just think! I've worked so hard and long,
Been righteous e'er and ne'er did wrong.
I have a heart that's free from guile
And only earned a little pile.
But now, when gray haired I'd be called
Save for the fact that I am bald,
The nation comes with legal lore
All to deplete my little store."

'Tis very hard on Johnny D.
Just think how angry we would be
If judges saved us from a fate
Would our few millions confiscate
And this United States persisted,
On payment of the fine insisted.
'Tis harrowing this thing to see.
Ah, drop a tear for Johnny D.
—Baltimore American.

The Heat that Doesn't go up the Flue

You receive intense, direct heat from every ounce of fuel burned—there are no damp chimneys or long pipes to waste the heat from a

PERFECTION Oil Heater
(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

Carry it from room to room. Turn the wick high or low—no bother—no smoke—no smell—automatic smokeless device prevents. Brass font holds 4 quarts, burns 9 hours. Beautifully finished in nickel or japan. Every heater warranted.

The Rayo Lamp gives a bright, steady light to read by—just what you want for the long evenings. Made of brass, nickel plated—latest improved central draft burner. Every lamp warranted.

If your dealer cannot supply the Perfection Oil Heater or Rayo Lamp write our nearest agency.

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The Scrap Book

A Queer Kind of Savage.

When Albert Henry Savage Landor reached St. Petersburg on his way from the forbidden land, the fact was duly chronicled, and the London press associations sent cable messages to Australia telling of the hairbreadth escapes and manifold sufferings. The Melbourne Times received but a short note, which was this:

"A Savage Landor arrived in St. Petersburg today from Tibet after suffering greatly at the hands of the natives."

This was meager enough, but the news editor was equal to the occasion. The following morning, among the other matters of news, the readers of the Times found this startling information:

"A savage landor got into St. Petersburg yesterday, and the people of the city were terrified. After considerable difficulty the beast, which came from Tibet, was captured, taken to a remote place and there dispatched. It is said that this is the first animal of the sort ever seen in Russia. How he reached the city after his fights with the natives of Tibet, which is a comparatively unknown country, is a mystery."

Caustic Repartee.

Douglas Jerrold's genius for repartee is perhaps best shown in his most famous reply to Albert Smith, whom he disliked and frequently abused. Smith grew tired of being made the butt of the other's wit and one day plaintively remarked, "After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat." "Yes," came the answer, "but not with the same skulls."

Not a Miracle.

In an English town two curates lodged together. One day one of them was returning home after a round of parochial calls and encountered a beggar woman in the street.

The poor creature asked the good man for alms, but, as he knew that he had left his purse at home, he told her that he could not help her.

"Oh, please, sir," pleaded the woman, "just see if you haven't a stray copper in one of your pockets."

In order to satisfy her, he searched, and, to his amazement, he discovered half a sovereign in his trousers' pocket.

Thinking it must have been providentially secreted there for the special benefit of the beggar before him, he handed it to the woman, who, as may be imagined, invoked blessings upon his head.

When he reached home, however, he found, to his fellow lodger's chagrin, that he had been wearing the trousers of the latter.

Making a Job of It.

Pat, who had a weakness for the wine of the country, once did a day's work for an Irish village priest and labored so nobly that when he begged for a drink at the end of it the kind man had not the heart to refuse.

"'Tis a nail in your coffin all the same, Pat," said he, as he poured out a couple of fingers.

"It is that, your riverence," said Pat, as he drained the glass, "but now that ye've the hammer in your hand, ye moight as well dhrove in another!"

How to Clean Windows Easily.

Take a cotton sock and moisten with common kerosene and rub over the panes of glass several times. Then rub the glass with a cloth that is free from lint until the oil disappears and the glass is bright. Your windows will be clear with only half the work required by the ordinary way. Leave the windows open for a few minutes, and the odor from the oil will quickly disappear.

PTOMAINE POISONING.

How to Prevent It in Meat, Fish and Crabs.

The reports of cases of ptomaine poisoning from eating crabs should be a warning to housekeepers and cooks as to all kinds of ptomanic dangers. A ptomaine is not a microbe, but is the product of a microbe, as all grain alcohol is the product of fermentation, caused by the yeast microbe, which changes sugar into alcohol. Alcohol itself is, therefore, a ptomaine, but as to its poisonous effects opinions will continue to differ. Vinegar is another ptomaine, the product of the microbe Mycoderma acete. This ptomaine is not dangerous when properly used.

But there are many dangerous ptomaines, the products of various putrefactive microbes. The microbes themselves may always be killed by boiling, but ptomaines may not be so killed, as boiled alcohol is still alcohol. The only sure way, says the Baltimore American, to prevent ptomaine poisoning in meat, fish, crabs or any other article of diet is to kill the microbes and thus prevent the production of ptomaine.

Crabs are not healthy unless killed by severe and sudden heat, as by being thrown alive into boiling water. This practice appears to be cruel, but it is just the contrary, as the hot water causes the crab to lose consciousness instantly and its suffering ceases at once. And any crab killed by boiling water can be eaten with perfect safety.

If crabs are kept six hours after boiling, they should be boiled again for at least a few moments, after which they may be kept safely for another six hours. Then they should be boiled again, for the same reason as before, to prevent the production of ptomaine. It is not safe to keep crabs, fish, meats or any other cooked articles of food longer than six or eight hours without reboiling, even if kept on ice.

Ice retards the work of microbes but does not kill the microbe or stop his work. In fact, unless the greatest care is taken by the housekeeper ice chest may become a most dangerous incubator of microbes.

Water made boiling hot is man's best defense against his infinitesimal but often fatal enemy, since no microbe can survive contact with it.

How to Clean Straw Hats.

To clean a white milan or a split straw scrub with toothbrush or nail brush dipped in a weak solution of oxalic acid and water, then with clear water, not wetting more than necessary. Then scatter precipitate of sulphur and lay in the sun. Brush off with a clean brush when dry and your hat will be clean and white. A black milan, hemp braid or horsehair clean with nap side of velvet dipped in alcohol and rubbed thoroughly with the tips of the fingers. Black chip give a coat of bottle shoeblacking. Colored hats clean with gasoline and a piece of velvet. Faded hats can be tinted with a dye made of oil points and gasoline. The only remedy for chip hats that are sunburned or faded is to give them a coat of polish or take them to a professional. White, colored and black lace or net hats can be cleaned by dipping the entire hat, without the trimming, in clean gasoline and drying outside.

How to Catch Cockroaches.

A florist has discovered by accident a new way to catch cockroaches. A pint fruit jar containing a scrap of bacon happened to be left overnight in one of his greenhouses. Next morning a dozen or more cockroaches were vainly trying to climb the slippery sides of the glass jar. The florist has succeeded in ridding his establishment of these repulsive creatures, which formerly ate such high priced plants as orchids and gardenias. It is necessary to paste a piece of paper on the outside of the jar so that the insects can get sufficient foothold to climb up into the trap.