

INVENTIONS WE NEED.

Plenty of Opportunities For Would Be Inventors and Could Be Edison.
The world is full of would be Edison's, and the point we want to bring out is that quite a lot of them are could be Edison's.

A man invented the stocking frame for weaving silk stockings. He got the idea while he sat watching his wife work. But surely he wasn't the first man who sat and watched his wife work.

There is a huge fortune for the man who can commercialize weeds. The raw material is luscious, for it grows itself automatically every year. It might pay a reader in the paper making trade to follow up this idea.

Then we want a patent that will last as long as the material upon which it is placed and an iron that won't rust. We want something that will counteract the wearing effect of the atmosphere. It's going to be invented some day, and it may as well be done now, and you who read this may as well be the person to do it.

In some remote corner of the earth today a could be Edison may be experimenting with the possibilities of cities on the sea. There are millions of square miles of water that are more or less wasted, and sooner or later, as the land area of the earth becomes crowded, people will inevitably take to cities on the sea.

Above all, keep your eyes on Nature, who is continually making inventions which she never protects with patents.—Stray Stories.

FREE FALLING.

Just Collapse, Drop Limply and You May Escape Serious Injury.

It was stated in a description of a recent aeroplane mishap that the aviator had time to clamber to the upper struts of his machine and that when the crash came he was practically unharmed, the landing wheels and lower part of the machine receiving and absorbing the shock.

Flying men, too, in the early days of aviation frequently leaped from falling machines and escaped with minor injuries. There is a knack in leaping and an art in falling, and athletes and aviators know both. It is to "fall free" and to offer no resistance or as little as possible.

It is not Providence that specially guards drunken men and little children when they topple. They collapse, and as the muscles and sinews are not drawn taut and no resistance offered, but little damage and frequently none results. The bone of a limp arm would need some force to be applied before it broke. A "resisting" arm would snap almost at once. It is a fall all attempts to recover one's balance. If unsuccessful, men greater damage. Let yourself collapse—fall limply—and you may escape serious injuries. It is the strain and wrench on muscles and sinews which make the bones snap.

Fall anyhow. Don't try to save yourself—and you will.—London Answers.

Height of it.
"They say Mabel's husband is cruel to her."

"Brutal! He's never given her a chance to find fault with him since they've been married."—Baltimore American.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Story of the Growth of a Famous New York City Landmark.
Madison Square Garden, indubitably associated with the city of New York, was purchased in 1853 by the Harlem railroad after the extinction of the old eastern post road, which ran diagonally across the block. In 1854 the railroad company put up sheds for the handling of the early morning milk supply and farm products.

In 1863 the train sheds were rebuilt to house a passenger terminal of the Harlem on Twenty-sixth street and of the New Haven road on Twenty-seventh street, the trains being broken up at the present Grand Central and the separate cars being drawn down by mules.

The railway ceased to use the building in 1871, and in 1873 it was remodeled and leased to Barnum for the congress of nations. Sheridan Shook and Patrick Gilmore, in joint conduct of a museum, were the next tenants. Barnum returned with the circus and menagerie April 27, 1874. Gilmore took the place for the next season and produced the first of his concerts May 20, 1875.

On May 31, 1879, the place was first designated Madison Square Garden. The tearing down of the old building was begun Aug. 7, 1880. The present structure was formally opened June 14, 1890.—Argonaut.

Health For Canaries.

Even a canary must be cared for judiciously if its life is to be happy. Regular exercise outside its cage is desirable. If its owner has time to look after this exercise. A scrupulously clean cage, fresh water and seed every day, exercise of some sort—letting, cecery, planting—once or twice a week, and enforced abstinence from sugar, sweet biscuits and other odds and ends that are often fed to birds—these details insure health and, therefore, happiness to the caged bird. Perhaps the fact that it is caged, that it has so few ways of making its wants known, should make its owner more careful of its health than he would be even of the health of a dog or cat.—New York Sun.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Catarrh treated free. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

There's a Family Pill for constipation.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

A Story of Parisian Politics

By F. A. MITCHEL

Politics was running high in Paris. A candidate was speaking to an audience, inveighing against the demagogues who, he asserted, were corrupting the masses. "Money," he said, "is flowing like water. There is a man in this audience who I know has received 100 francs for his vote. Just think of it—100 francs for the surrender of the invaluable privilege he enjoys under the republic of expressing his wish in national affairs!"

After the meeting the speaker, Victor Daroux, was sitting in a restaurant on the Boulevard des Italiens with a couple of friends, partaking of a supper. He was just raising a glass of wine to his lips when a man stepped up to him and said:

"M. Daroux, I am the bearer of a message to you from my friend M. Charlier. He demands a retraction from you in tomorrow morning's journals of your accusation in your speech this evening that he has sold his vote in exchange for money."

Daroux, who was staring in wonder at the speaker, broke in—

"Why does M. Charlier assume that I referred to him in my remarks?"

"Because you looked directly at him when you made the accusation," Daroux was deliberating what to do in the matter when a waiter approached and informed him that a gentleman in another part of the room desired to speak to him privately. Excusing himself, Daroux went to this newcomer.

"M. Daroux," said the man, "I represent M. Arnoux. He demands an immediate retraction of your accusation made this evening that he has sold his vote for 100 francs."

Daroux was tempted to laugh, but the speaker was so serious that he refrained.

"Why does M. Arnoux assume that I referred to him in my remarks?" he asked.

"Because you were looking directly at him."

Daroux was silent a few moments, then said:

"And if I refuse to retract?"

"In that case M. Arnoux expects that you will give him the satisfaction due from one gentleman who has wrongfully accused another."

"Let me have your address," said Daroux. "I will send an early reply."

Returning to his table, Daroux received the same announcement from M. Charlier's friend of what was expected in case of a refusal to retract and called also to his address. The man had scarcely gone when a third came and demanded a retraction for M. Blanc for the same offense and received the same answer as the others.

"It seems," said Daroux to his friends, "that if a guilty conscience counts for anything there has been a good deal of vote selling."

During the next half hour three more men demanded a retraction of M. Daroux for accusing them of selling their votes, and the accused, after being informed that a refusal would be followed by a challenge, called for the party's address and promised to send an early reply.

"It does not seem so remarkable," said Daroux after the last man had been disposed of, "that so many men have sold their votes, but that the price in each case should have been a hundred francs. I have heard before rising to speak, that 10,000 francs had been distributed among certain influential voters, but I did not know that a hundred francs was the current price paid. I fancied that some one of the persons bribed might be in the meeting, and it occurred to me to fire an effective shot by making a pointed accusation. It seems that I have killed half a dozen birds with a single stone."

These words were spoken to friends who were with Daroux when the avalanche of demands for retraction fell upon him. One of the party suggested that if the matter were properly handled sufficient capital might be made out of it to win the election.

Daroux was running for the corps legislatif, but his opponent was so lavish with money that he had no hope of being elected. However, those gentlemen now gathered about him at the restaurant were shrewd politicians, and they set themselves to find a method of procedure by which the incident at home might be used to turn the scale in his favor.

It was decided to stave off the matter till the day before the election, which was to take place in four days. The day after the demands for satisfaction were made no reply was sent. The second day each one of the conscience stricken men received word that M. Daroux refused to retract. A reply to his refusal was returned by each one of the six men accused in the shape of a challenge to mortal combat.

Daroux chose six seconds to the avowed combat, and, being the challenged party, he was entitled to choice of weapons, time and place of meeting. He instructed each second in accepting the challenge to choose fells, to appoint the time at 10 o'clock on the morning before the election and the place the Place de la Concorde.

Every challenger was struck with amazement that so public a place should have been chosen for the meeting. "I cannot see," said M. Charlier, "how he expects to make capital out of so great publicity. He has made an accusation which is thrown back in his teeth, and he must answer for it under the code. Surely, there is no advantage in this." M. Arnoux was much puzzled at the choice of place of meeting, and M. Blanc—who, by the bye, had distributed the money used to buy votes—began to fear that some game was to be played. Nevertheless he did not see how he could do anything to prevent it.

At a quarter to 10 on the morning appointed for the fight M. Daroux, surrounded by his six seconds and a surgeon, appeared in the Place de la Concorde, near the base of the obelisk. Paris was quite alive at that hour, and many persons were passing and repassing. Seeing the party at the foot of the obelisk, the seconds with fells under their arms, the surgeons with their boxes of instruments, persons stopped to learn what it all meant. Gradually a crowd collected, and the word was passed from one to another that there was to be a duel.

"Can you tell me," asked one of another, "who that distinguished looking man is, with his arms folded, waiting?"

"That, monsieur, is M. Victor Daroux, candidate for election tomorrow for the corps legislatif."

"And why so many attendants?"

"That I do not know; I am waiting to find out."

At the moment a carriage drove up, and M. Arnoux, attended by his second and a surgeon, alighted. He seemed quite cheerful at seeing the crowd, but it had been not entirely unexpected. He supposed that Daroux was intending to make a display of his skill and bravery on the eve of the election. Arnoux, seeing that no one of the other party made any advance to begin the fight, said:

"Pardon me, gentlemen. If we are to fight so publicly it may be well to begin at once and have it over with."

"There is another friend of yours, monsieur," replied one of Daroux's seconds.

"Another? What other?"

"One who took M. Daroux's accusation to himself."

Arnoux winked.

Another carriage rolled up, and another challenger alighted. He, too, was delayed, and before the cause of his delay could be explained to him four other defenders of their honor arrived in quick succession. The crowd by this time had swelled and was in a fever heat of expectation. No one understood why so many men, each attended by a second bearing fells, should continue to pour in. It happened that M. Charlier, who was the first to come, M. Daroux's second, the first challenger, arrived last. As soon as he came M. Daroux's second begged the crowd to make room, since the duel was about to begin. The other five challengers protested, and the crowd began to hoot and yell, at the same time pressing the duellists so closely that there was no room for the fray. Finally some one of the crowd yelled:

"What's it all about?"

"It's a put up job!" cried one of the bystanders.

"There's half a dozen of 'em picking on one!" shouted another.

"There's an advertising dodge in it somewhere. Wait and see," was a third person's explanation.

"Here comes a gentleman!"

Meanwhile Daroux stood silent with folded arms, the only person whose dignified appearance commanded respect. When the gentleman arrived Daroux said something to him in a low tone, to which the officer assented.

Then M. Daroux, raising his hand to impose silence, made an explanation. He began by telling of hearing on good authority that a large sum was being used to land his political opponent in office and of his having made a blind charge. Then he told how each of six different men in the audience had taken the accusation to himself and demanded a retraction or satisfaction.

"And now, my friends," continued the speaker, "I am here to back my words. I have accused none of these gentlemen. For we all know that a guilty conscience needs no accuser."

The men who had come to fight Daroux got away as fast as they could, amid the jeers of the crowd. Daroux entered his carriage with his attendants and drove across the Seine to the legislative building on the other bank, attended by an enormous crowd. There he alighted and made a political speech, in which he told the story to a multitude of voters.

Every evening paper in Paris had an account of the affair, and the cafes were filled with persons laughing at the way Daroux had exposed the corruption of his opponents. That night he spoke to an immense concourse, who demanded again and again to hear the story from his own lips.

The journals the next morning all published editorials upon the low grade to which French politics had sunk and the inequity of using money in elections. During the day Daroux drove from one polling place to another and wherever he appeared was greeted with shouts of applause mixed with laughter at the way he had turned the tables on his opponents.

Before 9 o'clock at night it was known all over Paris that Daroux had been elected, and when the papers came out the next morning they announced a landslide in his favor.

What became of the six self-accusers was never known. They got away from under the limelight as quickly as possible, and on the day after the election not one of them was to be found in Paris. Daroux was urged to proceed against them for bribery, but, since the only evidence against them was what they had themselves furnished, no action was ever taken in the matter.

The Outdoor Life.
"The doctor says I don't take enough interest in outdoor pastimes."

"Are you going to profit by his suggestion?"

"Yes. I'm going to sit down and read every word on the sporting page."—Washington Star.

Astec Emeralds.
Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico were found many fine emeralds. They were exquisitely cut, and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come.—Exchange.

Imagination.
"A poet needs a great deal of imagination."

"Yes. If he really waded around in the wet grass looking at sunbeams and thinking for robins he wouldn't last long enough to write much poetry."—Washington Star.

Limitations.
"Jack! I hear that you have quit the literary game. Well! Yes! I despaired of ever writing up to my publishers' printed estimates of my work."—Life.

THE LAUGH

How They Solved the Mystery

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Harley and Rogers, investigating lawyers, faced each other in some dismay.

"A murder case," remarked Harley at last. "That's rather out of our line, isn't it?"

"Just because no one has brought one to our doors. We've taken everything in sight so far," grinned Rogers. "Then we won't let this one get by. Good thing it's vacation time. Now tell me what Dr. Hibbert had to say about the matter."

"I found him waiting in the office when I arrived this morning. He said that he had a curious story to tell me."

"It seems he has been attending a patient, Emery Armstrong, who lives in a dilapidated house on the Freeman road. Armstrong was a middle-aged man of eccentric habits and lived alone with a hired man, a Swede of the name of Lindquist."

"Armstrong had money or was reputed to be a miser, but his house appeared poverty stricken. He always paid the doctor with grumbling reluctance."

"Armstrong had been sick for some time, nothing dangerous apparently, merely a low malarial fever. He was so much improved that Hibbert decided he need not come any more."

"When he went to pay his last visit last night the man Lindquist met him at the door and said that his employer was unconscious. The doctor found Armstrong had been dead for several hours. Investigation showed that the man had been shot through the heart as he lay in bed."

"The shot had penetrated bedclothing and all, and yet there were no powder marks from a gun pressed against the bedding."

"Lindquist appeared stupefied when told that his employer was dead. He admitted that he had been away all night and had just returned. Hibbert came directly to us and has now gone to notify the police authorities."

"Where is Lindquist?" asked Harley.

"Oh, Hibbert left the man alone there. Rather an odd thing to do under the circumstances."

"Of course Hibbert's reputation is impeccable," remarked Harley, reaching for his hat. "Coming with me?"

"Yes. I'd like to beat the police to it. My car is below."

The young lawyers went down to the street and entered Rogers' low swung racing car. In fifteen minutes they were turning into the neglected grounds surrounding the Armstrong house. They were quite extensive, and the masses of shrubbery furnished excellent hiding places for any one prowling around bent on mischief.

The house itself, once a lofty colonial mansion with pillared porticoes and many wings, was in a tumbledown condition.

There was no sign of life around the place, and Rogers could not help a sudden tightening of heartstrings when he recollected that the murderer might be concealed where he could pick them off one at a time as they entered the house.

The same thought occurred to Harley, and he was glad they were both armed with automatic weapons.

Rogers lifted the ancient brass knocker and rapped gently.

If Lindquist was on guard he would answer at once.

The knock reverberated as though through empty rooms.

"What was that sound?" asked Rogers.

"It sounded like a laugh!" Harley had heard it too.

"Perhaps the Swede has gone insane," he suggested and turned the doorknob.

The door opened halfway and then stopped.

The two men entered and almost fell over the squat form of a man huddled on the floor in a pool of blood.

"It is Lindquist—shot in the back!" muttered Rogers as he got up from his knees.

"It has just happened," Harley touched his companion's arm. The murderer may still be here," he breathed.

Weapons in hand, they searched the lower rooms, finding only dust and decay, except in the kitchen, where bore evidence of being in daily use.

On the second floor only one room was habitable. This was the one in which the dead man lay.

This was a lofty chamber furnished in the black walnut "period" of forty years ago. There was every evidence of comfort here; the bookcases running over with volumes. The well equipped writing desk, with its scattered papers and the reading lamp, denoted that Emery Armstrong had spent much of his time in his own apartment.

Dr. Hibbert hastened to explain the presence on the scene, but the young investigators were given to understand that their presence was both untimely and quite unofficial.

The coroner and his associates were eager to have the investigation to themselves and felt jealous of the interference of the two young lawyers.

They scorned the theory of a third person being involved, though Rogers told them about the uncanny laugh which had followed their first knock upon the door.

"You find the laugh, young fellow," grinned the police detective, "and I'll get the chief to appoint you on the detective bureau."

"Done!" exclaimed Rogers confidently, and he withdrew with his partner, while the others went on upstairs.

"How about the laugh?" queried Harley as they stood in the kitchen.

"We must find the woman," said Rogers.

"The woman?"

"Yes. There's a woman somewhere around the place. Why? She has been down and made some tea. The pot is still warm. There are the drags in a cup. Armstrong is dead, and Lindquist probably did not make the time. Men by strong liquors in time of stress. This tea was being made when we entered the house."

"Where is she?" asked Harley. "All the doors are bolted on the inside, even the door leading to the cellar."

"We might try the attic. These back stairs will take us up there."

Rogers led the way up a narrow, dusty flight of stairs. Once he paused and searched the treads with his flashlight.

Plainly visible in the dust were the imprints of a small stockinged foot.

"We are on the right track," said Harley.

The stairs ended in a small hall on the second floor, and, opening another door, they discovered a dusty flight winding upward.

Now they walked cautiously, guns in hand. Under the low roof the attic divided into several rooms.

Harley and his companions had not taken ten steps before they heard once more that wild laugh.

They peered through a half open door.

The room was directly over Armstrong's sleeping apartment.

In the middle of the floor a board had been removed, and beside the hole knelt a woman. She was a small creature, bent with years and illness. Gray hair hung in tangled locks about her wrinkled face, and her large, dark eyes were wild and glittering as she lifted her head and regarded the two men.

Then, without comment on their intrusion, she bent over the hole and appeared to look down.

Rogers silently placed himself where he could lean over and look down also. He saw the lath and plaster of the bedroom ceiling and a white point of light that streamed up through a small hole.

Suddenly the hole was obscured, and to Rogers' horror, he saw that the woman had covered it with the muzzle of a revolver.

With a signal to Harley, they both leaped for her and tore her away from the hole.

She fought like a tigress, and again and again her wild, insane laughter echoed through the house.

The men below came tearing upstairs and secured the raving woman. "It was Dr. Hibbert who identified her," said the physician. "For years she has been confined in the Leeds asylum. I did not know she had escaped, and I did not connect her with the crime."

It is plain to be seen how she accomplished her deed. She concealed herself here and made a small hole in the ceiling close to the hook in the middle of the plaster centerpiece. From this hook the lamp was suspended.

"As for Lindquist, she probably surprised him and killed him as he tried to escape. Four friends, Harley and Rogers, had not traced the laugh it is very likely that she would have got on more of us."

As the mad woman was led screaming to the patrol wagon in which the officers had arrived Dr. Hibbert turned to the detective in charge.

"How about your promise, Smith?" he asked. "My friends here traced the laugh."

The detective shook hands with Harley and Rogers.

"The next case you have, my friends," he said, "will have the backing of the detective bureau."

"Not if I know it," grinned Rogers as they left the house. "But I'll tell you one thing—I don't want another murder case."

Billy Atwood's Degree

It Was at Least Honorably Earned

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

"Billy," said John Atwood to his son, "I have something of great importance to say to you before your departure for college. You are going to receive what I have always regretted not having received myself—a university education. It depends upon you whether you take advantage of this great benefit I am going to give you or throw it away. If I were in your place I would study hard in order that I might take an influential stand in the world. I would chew everything but my books, try to take all the prizes."

"Father," the boy broke in, "I'm going to college to please you. I'd rather go into a machine shop and amuse myself with tools than worry over books. I never could learn anything by studying hard to do it; I must do it. And when I've done it once I can do it again and the second time better than the first and go on improving on what I have done. However, I doubt if a college education will hurt me, and if I can get through honorably I'll do so, but I won't go through by doing what I hear so many do—passing examinations by illegitimate means."

"You needn't resort to illegitimate means if you'll give your time and attention to your studies."

"Well, goodby, father. I'll do the best I can."

William Atwood while a freshman strove to please his father by attending to his studies. But when he came to the examinations at the end of the first year he ran up against certain subjects upon which he must be examined that he had no taste for and upon which he was as stupid as any dunce. There was small chance of his passing an examination in any of them. He had been picked out for one of the mainstays of the college in his athletic contests, and the college did not wish to lose him. Some of the best students in his class offered sympathetically to help him with his examination papers, but since he was obliged to sign a statement that he had not received such help he declined the offer. They argued that receiving such help was a common practice among the students, but he did not move Billy. However, he was such a favorite with the professors that those passing on his examination papers gave him the benefit of sundry doubts and cleared him by a small fraction.

When the spring opened Billy was called upon for twirler of the university baseball team and won largely by his own efforts the championship for his college for that season. Again the faculty treated his examination papers elastically and scripped each through the final examination for the year.

Billy was as successful at football as at twirling. He was a husky fellow and as spry as a hawk. When in November the game between his college and its principal rival was played, a run he made—celebrated at the time—won the championship for his team, and he was carried off the field with the usual eclat. Again he was "tided over his exams by the professors, for he resolutely refused to be helped by his classmates."

After this it became an axiom—a self-evident truth—among both faculty and students that Billy Atwood must, by hook or by crook, be boosted through college. It didn't make any difference to Billy how it was done provided he was not called upon to sign a false statement. The faculty were interested in keeping a man who by winning champion athletic games was attracting attention to the college, and the students were interested in the story attending the winning of the games.

And so it was that in one way or another Billy, like a waterlogged scoundrel in a shallow strait, replete with obstructions, was floated on till he approached the final examinations for his degree. His father went on to see him graduate, arriving the day after the exams had been finished. Crossing the campus, he met the president, who the moment he saw him rushed forward, seized his hand and exclaimed:

"We've got him through!"

"What?"

"Your son. The examiners in metaphysics declared they couldn't possibly pass him on that subject. I called for the papers, found an ambiguous answer to a question, interpreted it favorably and made the mark three hundred above the minimum. We're all delighted."

Mr. Atwood tried to look pleased, but failed. He left the president much disappointed that Billy had barely scraped through college. He inquired of a student he met who was the valedictorian of the graduating class and was surprised to receive for answer "Bill Atwood." Upon expressing his astonishment the young man added, "Oh, I was thinking of the man who won the game for us the other day."

"Great heavens!" muttered Billy's father. "Can it be that in college the man who kicks has taken the place of the man who thinks?"

The next day Mr. Atwood took his son home, and the athlete was escorted to the station by most of the students and a number of the faculty. The valedictorian went to the train alone.

Billy Atwood had inherited his strength from his mother's family, his father being rather a delicate man and, at the time his son was graduated with a diploma which should have read in stead of "bachelor of arts" "bachelor of athletics," was in poor health. He nursed his disappointment in secret, but did not reproach him. One thing in Billy's college career he was proud of, but Billy had not achieved his diploma by dishonorable means. And this matter set the father to thinking. After all, was it wise to place a temptation before mere boys such as in all his own career had never been imposed upon himself? He thought much on this matter, but did not arrive at any solution of the problem.

John Atwood, soon after Billy's return from the university, found it necessary to close out his business and seek a salaried position. He attributed his ill success to his want of education and, finally, to having spent so much money on putting his son through college. Being well liked, it was suggested to him by friends that if he would run for a lucrative office they would give him their support. He consented and was nominated by the best men in the town on an independent ticket to run against a man supported by as corrupt a gang of scoundrels as ever remained out of jail. From the moment of his nomination the opposition managers decided that if he could not be defeated by fair means he must be by foul. Certain of Atwood's supporters were let into this decision. Some of them were disposed to expect a failure.

Billy Atwood at a conference with the manager of a daily newspaper agreed that if given the use of its columns during the campaign he would not only show up the methods of the opposition, but would take the responsibility for doing so upon his own shoulders. He was assigned a desk in a room by himself, which was used