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MRS. DORA FLIPPEN

Los Angeles, Cal.—"I had a heavy cold that settled on my lungs, with a constant cough. I could not sleep at night, had no desire for food, and had a feeling of fear and despondency. Two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helped me greatly, for it relieved the tightness in my chest and rid me of my cold. I could eat and sleep naturally. I am enjoying good health now and can safely recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to those who are ailing and rundown."—Mrs. Dora Flippen, 1220 San Antonio St., Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a well known tonic and builder that can be procured in tablets or liquid from your neighborhood druggist. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkg. of the tablets and write for free advice.

An Idea of Space.

One may judge how great is the distance to even the nearest stars, says Nature Magazine, from the fact that Vega, a near neighbor, is about 1,500,000 times more distant than the sun, which is our own particular sun, the one about which our earth revolves.

A Sweet Breath at all times!

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Obliging.

A man charged in an English police court wrote that he could not attend in the morning, but if the court would sit for him any afternoon he would "be pleased to make an appointment."

Wonderful.

Simpson (telling of trip out West)—The most wonderful thing we saw was the Grand canyon. It's really imposing. Just think, when my wife saw it she was speechless for five minutes!

Bulldog's Ancestry.

The bulldog is a cross between an English mastiff and a large pugdog from southeastern Asia.

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P. N. U. No. 20, 1925

THE MAN WHO DID THINGS TWICE

By DON MARK LEMON

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OF COMMANDING figure and soldierly bearing, with deep-set gray eyes, hollow, cadaverous cheeks, and mustache and hair an intense blue black, his singular personality alone had anywhere and at all times attracted special attention to the man; but coupled with this distinguished personality, and singling him out as remarkable in the highest degree, was the fact that he lived in duplicate.

Thus—if on Monday he arose early, breakfasted on coffee, toast, and eggs, afterwards retired to his rooms to occupy himself until noon at his desk; then, after partaking of lunch, quit his rooms to ramble about the city, giving alms to the old blind organ woman, going up and down particular streets and through particular quarters, thence back to his hotel, to his dinner, to his desk after dinner, and finally to bed—on Tuesday he would go through precisely the same regime; arising early, breakfasting on coffee, toast, and eggs; afterwards retiring to his desk, thence to lunch, to his rambles up and down those particular streets and through those particular quarters that he had visited on Monday, giving alms to the old blind organ woman; thence back to his hotel, to dinner, to his desk and papers; finally to bed.

On Wednesday he perhaps would spend the day quite differently, arising late, going out on horseback for the entire day, attending the theater at night, and to bed at midnight or later; but however he spent Wednesday, Thursday—or the day following—was sure to be a repetition down to the smallest detail.

Friday would see commenced a new series of action for Saturday to duplicate.

That this man should deliberately go about living as if his soul were a stereoscope, and life, to be appreciated, must be like the stereoscopic picture, double, was generally considered an astonishing thing; and, besides, it seemed such a reprehensible waste of energy, time and money.

To fall from his horse upon a Wednesday at a particular crossing, bruising his body and spraining his wrist was bad enough; but to repeat the accident at that particular crossing upon the following day was a pure waste of energy. To lose a half-hour on Friday by coming down to the depot too early was perhaps an error of calculation; but to repeat the action on the following Saturday was a waste of time. To visit his tailor on Monday and order a new suit of clothing was nothing reprehensible; but to drop in on the following day at precisely the same minute and order a similar suit of clothing could be nothing less than a waste of money.

It was this trait of duplicating all his expenditures that had first attracted attention to the man's singular character. And, indeed, one who coolly and voluntarily paid all his bills twice over was certain, sooner or later, to have minute notice taken of himself and his comings and goings.

It may have been that the man's mind was divided, one half acting normally and consistently, whilst the other half drove him each alternate day to imitate his conduct of the preceding day, as a little imphish boy imitates the actions of one going before him in the street. Or perhaps he was merely eccentric. But there seemed something more than eccentricity in his conduct when, upon a certain Saturday, he deliberately returned and allowed a vicious dog to bite him in the manner that it had bit him some twenty-four hours before. Such conduct could arise from nothing less than methodical madness.

Living his own life in his own reserved way, cultured and studious, troubling no one, offending none; doubly liberal in his expenditures and never pressed for means, steadfast in his chosen eccentricity—if such it were—and in his face and manner no questioning doubt of himself, perhaps in time Henry Hobart had been accepted like any other man, the curious had ceased to be curious, and his mysterious character, without any further or deeper scrutiny, had become one of the mysteries of human life, had not the man been suddenly struck down as by an invisible hand and the appalling mystery of his death heightened tenfold the mystery of his life.

On a Tuesday morning, at fifteen minutes of ten o'clock, an attendant was summoned by the call-bell to room 63 of the Sumner house, and upon obeying the call found Henry Hobart struggling in the throes of a strange and unnatural death.

The Man Who Did Things Twice, half-dressed, standing in the center of his outer room, was battling with the invisible air about him for breath, or, as the attendant put it later, "Like he was fightin' with something that weren't there."

The hotel was aroused, Doctor Thiel was hastily summoned from his office on the next floor, and everything was done that science could suggest or despair persuade, yet in less than ten minutes Henry Hobart lay dead on the floor, within his stilled brain hidden the profound mystery of his life, and still echoing in the death room his one strangled cry ere death sealed his blue lips—Tomorrow!

It was a strange case, a questionable case, a frightful case, but beyond

all it proved a baffling case, for the police came, removed the body to the morgue, intimating death by poison or other foul play, and examined the rooms and overhauled the possessions of the dead man, but who the deceased was, who his kindred or what his former residence, or the cause of his death, they could not discover. The scholarly tones that filled his shelves bore no signatures or book-marks, and private papers of any kind there were none. The autopsy made the same day—afternoon—upon the body of the deceased failed to discover any poison, and Doctor Thiel's belief that the man had been strangled seemed without support, as no foreign substance or growth of any kind was found in the windpipe or air passages.

Nevertheless, Doctor Thiel was firm and blunt: "The man was strangled," he maintained. "Make the best of that, gentlemen, and then go to your dinners."

One thing only seemed certain, one thing only was undisputed—The Man Who Did Things Twice, with covered windpipe and autopsy-marred body, would not duplicate his own death upon the morrow. He had come to his death on a Tuesday, a Tuesday with which—had he lived—he would have begun a new course of action to be duplicated on Wednesday. But he had died, and now for once The Man Who Did Things Twice would fall in his eccentricity. Perhaps for that his spirit would be troubled.

Next morning, while the attendant who had been first on the death scene of the previous day was holding forth at length on the tragedy with certain servant cronies, the call-bell suddenly rang and the hand of the call dial spun around and pointed to No. 63.

The man hastened to obey the summons, not noticing that the hands of the hall clock pointed to fifteen minutes of ten, nor delaying to recollect what guest occupied room 63.

The tragedy of the preceding day had been the event of his life, and he had not as yet descended to the trifles of his daily routine.

As he tapped briskly at the door of room 63 and put his hand upon the knob to enter, it suddenly came over him that he had done precisely such a thing before. That at about that time of some other morning he had been summoned by the call-bell to room 63—had knocked, turned the knob, entered—and a loud cry, a shout thick with horror, broke from the man's lips, and he reeled back into the hallway.

There before him, in the center of the fateful room, half-dressed, battling with the invisible air, with blue lips and protruding eyes, stood The Man Who Did Things Twice.

The ominous, ghostly hush that followed the frightened attendant's cry was quickly broken by the hurry of many feet, and soon again the hotel was aroused and again Doctor Thiel bent over the prostrate and dying Henry Hobart.

Outside and distantly could be heard the clang of the fire bells, but in the room of death all was sudden silence, all were hushed by the frightful, ghostly thought that the scene before them had been enacted before—the dying man with his discolored face and struggling hands, the physician bending over him, the alarmed, pitying faces of the gathered guests, and the frightened servants huddled in the background. And the man must die as he had died!

They looked on, and waited. Then the end came, and Doctor Thiel, arising, said, "He is dead!" He had uttered those words once before and under like conditions. And the guests and the servants spoke together in horrified whispers, as they had done before; then the assembly broke up and the hallway was cleared, as before!

There was something immeasurably painful about it all, to live a thing over in that frightful way, to be, as it were, mere puppets at a show, and one day to be to another day as a reflection in a mirror.

For a time those who had witnessed both tragedies seemed to live in a kind of trance, and moved about and whispered together like being in a dream; but finally the natural reasserted itself, and then curiosity seized them.

What was the meaning of it? Henry Hobart had died and his body had been mutilated by the surgeon's knife. How, then, had he died a second time and his body shown no marks of the knife? Had he been deceived by a ghost? No: there in room 63 lay the dead man—flesh and blood—and seven blocks away, resting on a marble slab, with the water dripping continually on it, lay the other body of Henry Hobart—The Man Who Did Things Twice.

A sudden doubt came into the mind of Doctor Thiel, a misgiving that frightened him. Was that other body—that autopsy-marred body—still resting quietly on its slab at the morgue? Or—

Hastily quitting the hotel, he hurried towards the morgue, and suddenly came up against an insurmountable blank wall of mystery. The morgue was a heap of charred ruin and smoldering, steaming ashes, and if the autopsy-marred body of Henry Hobart had been lying on its slab during the period of the fire, then it had been totally consumed, and that other body up at the hotel was that of a second Henry Hobart; but, if the autopsy-marred body of Henry Hobart had not been lying quietly on its slab during the raging of the fire, then, in God's name, who and what was he who had died up at the Sumner house that morning?

By Use of Ultra-Violet Ray

Science, working toward creation of synthetic tissue by use of the ultra-violet ray, is now able to produce vegetable matter artificially.

THE TEACHER

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

FOR half a century, and more, The feet of boys forever wore A pathway to the teacher's door.

Yet, fifty years he took his stand, A Latin grammar in his hand, And taught the children of the land.

A general, a great divine, Yes, men whose names with luster shine, Learned Latin at that simple shrine.

For often here the great began To dream, to wish, to hope, to plan; Today is born tomorrow's man.

And so the teacher grew to gray; Yes, fifty years have passed away When someone happens on a day

To pause before the teacher's door, The threshold that the children wore A half a century or more,

And asks, as that good man appears: "Are you not weary, tired to tears, Of teaching Latin all the years?"

A simple answer he employs To tell a teacher's holy joys: "I don't teach Latin—I teach boys."

God bless the teacher who can look Above, beyond, the open book, The one who teaching undertook.

Not merely for the Latin's sake But for the holy chance to make Tomorrow's man, a soul to wake;

Whom nothing wearies, naught annoys, But gladly all his life employs, Not teaching Latin—teaching boys. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

Loving words will cost but little Journeying up the hill of life, But they make the weak and weary Stronger for the strife.

Do you count them only trifles? What to earth are sun and rain? Never was a kind word wasted, Never was one said in vain.

FAVORITE FRUIT DISHES

A LUSCIOUS basket of fruit garnished when possible with its own leaves, is an ornament to any table. Next to taste and palatability, we like to have our food appeal to the eye. Food nicely served and daintily garnished will be much more appetizing than that which is served carelessly.

Salpicon of Fruit. Shred pineapple, add a banana or two cut fine, an orange and a grapefruit broken into bits. Mix with a cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of water, boiled together until it boils; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and when cool pour over the fruit. Serve chilled in tall glasses and garnish with a cherry. For those who cannot eat uncooked apples or pears, here is a dainty dish: Stew the fruit in a rich sirup until tender enough to pierce easily, then decorate with quartered blanched almonds, dust with powdered sugar and return to the oven to finish cooking. Pour the sirup around them and use to taste the apples during the cooking. Serve with whipped cream and the thick rich sirup. If pears are used add a little lemon juice to the sirup.

When fresh fruit is not to be obtained use a few preserved strawberries added to a lemon jelly or orange jelly; serve in quivering mounds with whipped cream and garnish with a few berries. Cored apples filled with nuts and marmalade, covered with a meringue is an attractive way of serving such fruit. Grated apple added to the white of an egg and powdered sugar and beaten until stiff makes a delicious dessert. Serve garnished with cubes of bright-colored jelly. Peaches put through a sieve added to plain almond-flavored ice cream are delicious.

Halves of ripe peaches, filled with chopped nuts, heaped with sweetened and flavored whipped cream are very good. Canned peaches may be used, placing one-half on rounds of sponge cake, with plenty of the fruit juice. Serve with cream.

Stewed pears cored and filled with jelly, served with cream, is still another way with fruit.

Orange Juice. For an elderly member of the family who needs a tonic and a jog to the digestive tract, orange juice, from one orange, at least three times a day, is a wonderful health-giver. A month of its use will show real results. The orange juice contains mineral salts, fruit acids and life-giving principles which cannot be given in a more pleasant form. Very small babies are fed a teaspoonful of orange juice between feedings, thus doing away with cathartics which, except in rare cases, are inadvisable.

For Supper or Luncheon. Oysters wrapped in bacon and cooked under a gas flame until the bacon is crisp, served on toast with a pepper sauce prepared as for peppers on toast, omitting the celery, make a fine supper or luncheon dish. Place the oysters on a deep platter and the sauce in the center.

Nellie Maxwell

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Explaining Dew.

Three concurrent sources of dew are recognized: the condensation of the moisture of the atmosphere (when dew may be said to fall); the condensation of watery vapor arising from the earth (when dew rises), and the moisture exhaled by plants.

Gale Plays Queer Prank. When a gale struck the home of George Nelson in a small New England town, it ripped off one chimney on his house and blew a hole through the other, leaving a stable shell and in no way disturbing the top layers of brick or other parts of the building.

Great American Surgeon. The father of American surgery is a title sometimes given to Philip Syng Physick, a Philadelphia surgeon and physician, born in 1768, died in 1837. His name and profession made him a butt of the punsters.

First White House Bride. Lucy Payne Washington, sister of Mrs. Dolly Madison, was the first White House bride. Her marriage to Associate Justice Todd of the United States Supreme court took place in the President's mansion in 1811.

Keeping it Dark. In Manchester, England, a magistrate who remarked: "You are married?" was interrupted somewhat indignantly by the exclamation: "Hey, not so loud—it ain't a thing I boast about, anyway!"

First Map of the Atlantic. The first map in which the Atlantic ocean is depicted and given its proper name was published in the year 1396, and was the work of an Italian geographer, Marino Sanuto, of whom little is known.

Celebrated Trick Horse. Morocco, a horse owned by one Banks, amazed all London by his cleverness at the close of the Sixteenth and the beginning of the Seventeenth century. Mention is made of him in contemporary plays.

Grouchy Reflection. An old bachelor says that the most prolific source of a woman's worries is her inability to think of something to worry about.

Keep Your Credit Good. If you don't pay de fiddler, you'll have ter depend on de wind ter whistle for you when you wants ter dance.—Atlanta Constitution.

Watches Must Be Exact. Railroads insist that employees' watches do not vary more than 30 seconds a week.

Nothing Gained by Hurry. Business dispatched is business well done; but business hurried is business ill done.—Bulwer-Lytton.

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"Peoples Jee" natchelly likes to be scared," said Uncle Eben; "which is what makes 'em want to listen to ghost stories an' git 'initiated in secret societies."—Washington Star.

Droughts in Greece.

During droughts in Greece children are sent in processions to all wells and springs under the leadership of a girl adorned with flowers, who sings at each halting place.

Charge Account.

Another time man gets the last word is when he says: "All right! All right! Just tell 'em to charge it."—Duluth Herald.

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